

**A LUCKY
DOGFOOT
of
WW2**

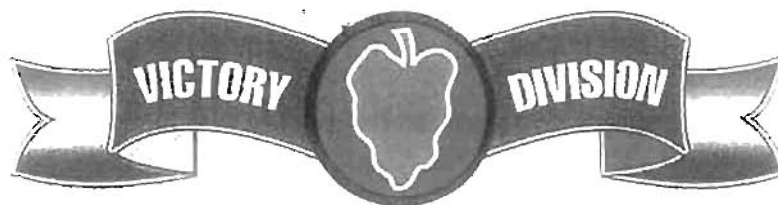


**One dogfoot by the name of
Jacob Meier
G.I. #37312909**



The bewildered dog-foot, looks
like he's had it.
Wondering around by the air-field.
at San Jose, Mindoro, P.I.

Take Meier

- **Farro****Leaf****FIRST TO FIGHT**

MY PERSONAL EXPERIENCES AND OBSERVATIONS
OF MY THREE YEAR-THREE MONTHS SERVICE IN THE
U.S.ARMY AS A FRONT-LINE INFANTRY MEDIC AS AN
AID-MAN WITH AN 81mm.MORTAR PLATOON AND A
BATTALION AID-STATION, THIRD BATTALION, 19th.
INFANTRY REGIMENT, 24th. INFANTRY DIVISION, (THE
VICTORY DIVISION).

I SERVED UNDER GENERAL DOUGLAS MacARTHUR,
COMMANDER OF THE ASIATIC-PACIFIC SOUTHERN
THEATRE OF WAR.

ENTERED THE SERVICE, 1st. OCTOBER, 1942, UNTIL
17th. DECEMBER 1945

CAMPAIGN PARTICIPATION:World War 11

New Guinea (w/arrowhead) Leyte (w/arrowhead)
Central Pacific Luzon
Southern Philippines (w/arrowhead)

DECORATIONS;WORLD WAR 11

* Philippine Presidential Unit Citation
(Streamer embroidered, 17 October 1944, TO
4 JULY 1945) awarded in 1950

Chain of command Asiatic-Pacific-Theatre Of War;

General Douglas MacArthur, Commander of the Asiatic-Pacific, Southern Theatre.

Admiral Chester W. Nimitz, Commander, Central-Pacific - Theatre, Navy;
Lieut. General George C. Kenney, Fifth Air Force.

Admiral Thomas C. Kincaid, U.S. 7th. Fleet.

Major Gen. Franklin C. Sibert, Commander of the 10th. Corps.

Lieut. Gen. Walter Krueger, Commander of the U.S. 6th. Army.

Lieut. Gen. Robert Eichelberger, Commander of U.S. 8th. Army.

Major Gen. Roscoe B. Woodruff, Commander of the 24th. Infantry Division After 11/44-45.

Brigadier Gen. Kenneth F. Cramer, 24th. Div. Commander, New Guinea, Biak and the Philippine Islands.

Major Gen. F.A. Irving, Assist. Commander, 24th. until Nov. 18, 1944.

Colonel Thomas E. Clifford, Commander, 19th. Inf. Regiment, and a good one, sorry to say that he was killed by a Jap mortar shell by a small village outside of Davao City, Mindanao just a few days after the surrender of the Japanese. The Plaza in town is named after him.

My first Doctor Officer in charge of the 3rd. Battalion Aid Station was Capt. Mark Pomeranz.

Our next Medical Officer in charge of the Aid Station, and until I went home was my good friend Captain Dr. Fregosi.

Our NCO of the Aid Station, was from the beginning At Scofield Barracks to latter part of July was Srgt. Bernard J. Lee.

After being relieved for a-while in the late 40's Gen. Cramer took Command of the Southern Occupation Forces in West Germany. There he died while hunting.

He was past Pres. of the 24th. Inf. Div. Association. The Taro Leaf, 1947-48.

Men of the Aid Station
Mindoro, Island, P.I.

Meier

(?) (?)

Duff



D.R. Sweat

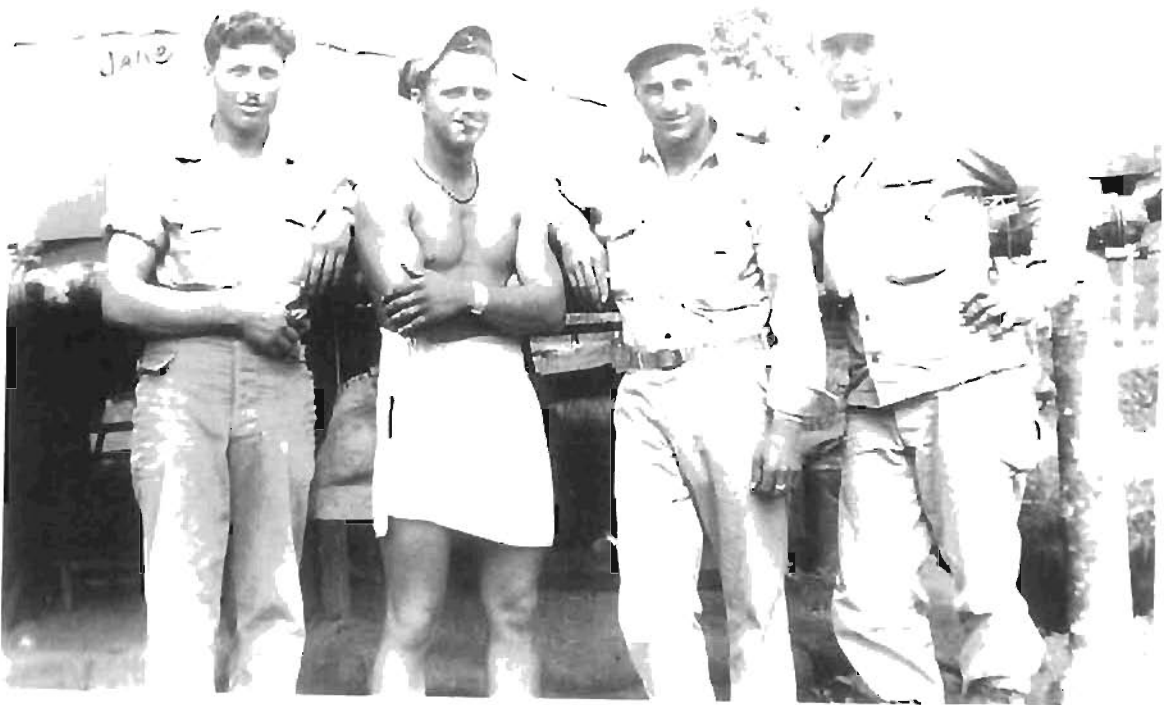
Mainoro

Distasio

Leonard

Manzulo





Arthur Auch, Menno, S.D., passed away, 12/1/1983

Jake Stolz, Mitchell, S.D., killed in action near Palo City, Leyte Island, P.I. with bayonet & torch. While defending east end bridge the night of the banzai. Oct. 24th, 1944, left behind, wife and two children.

Joe Sarrason, #3 Burns Court, Chicago, Ill. also had wife and children.

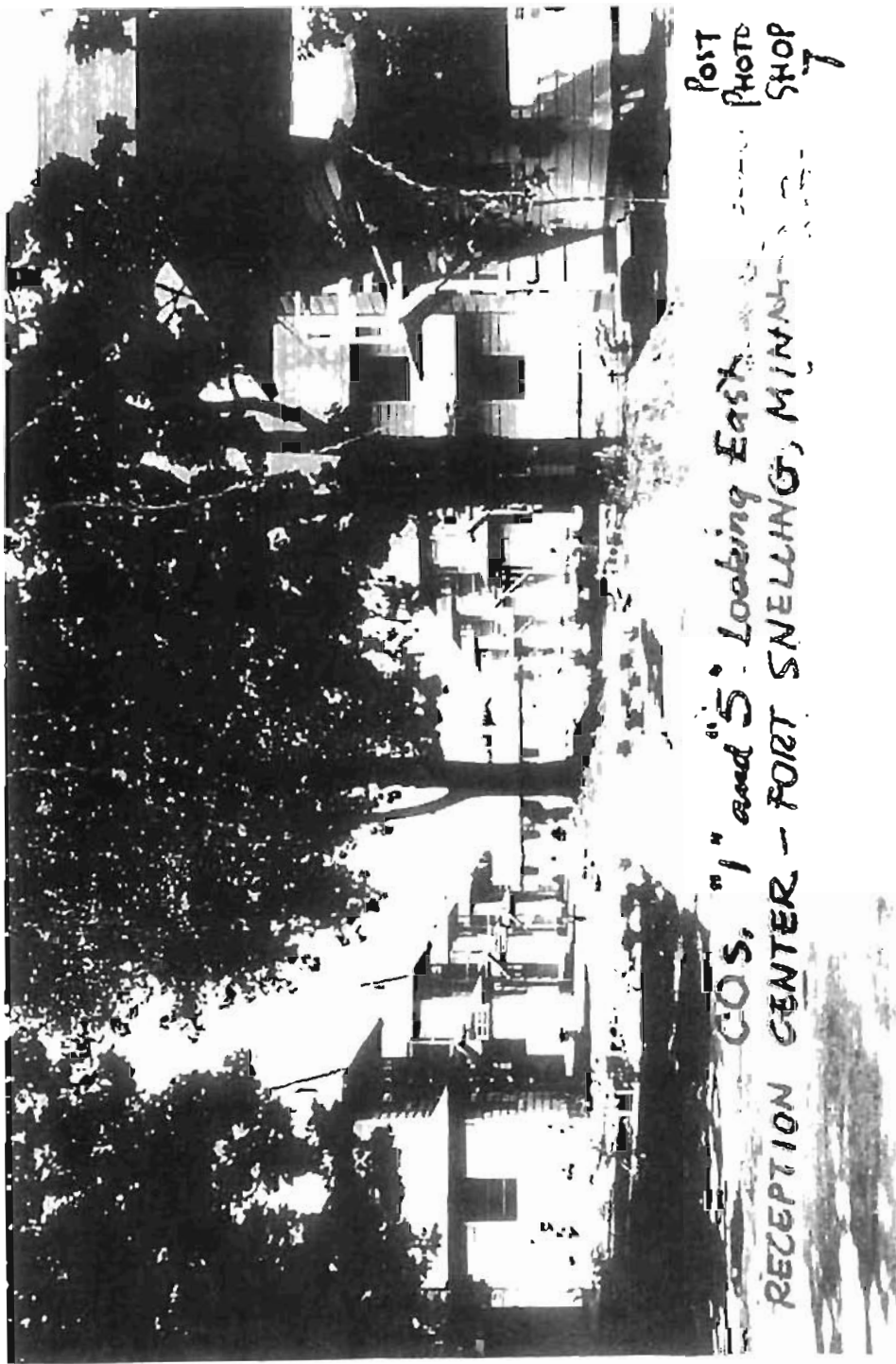
A G.I. from Lemmon, S.D. who was lucky to make it home - alive-in-'45, The three men were with the 81mm. mortar platoon. Close buddies of mine to them I was called, 'Doc.' I attended to their aches and pains, and also the rest of the platoon.

I was at home with the family at the Nyberg place north of Lemmon, South Dakota, listening to some music on the radio when the announcement came that the Japanese had bombed Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, that morning. It was about two-thirty in the afternoon; I knew for sure that soon I'd be on my way to war.

I was working at the Schremp Coal Mine just a mile north of the folks' farm at the time, coming home again after the third year of working at ranches north of Livingston, Montana, near Wilsall on the Shields River. I usually went out there early in the year and came back by October. I already had registered for the draft and kept working until winter set in. In the meantime, my brother, Pete, was drafted and left for Fort Lewis, Washington, going on from there to the Aleutian Islands in Alaska. The folks got a deferment for me to help with the crop the following year, so I put in the crop and helped harvest. On October 1, Mom and Dad took me to Hettinger, North Dakota, to catch the train to Fort Snelling, Minnesota, to be inducted into the service.

I was stationed at Fort Snelling for several days until I'd had my physical and was issued my new G.I. clothing, and, of course, getting the shots which I always hated. I'd hated shots since the time that I was in the CCC camps.

It was decided that I was going to be a medic in the Army. I found this out when I arrived at Camp Barkeley, Texas. Always wanted to go to Texas, but didn't think that some day I'd get a free ride. And I ended up getting many miles of free rides, like over twenty-some thousand.



POST
PHOTO
SHOP

COS, "1" and "5" Looking East
RECEPTION CENTER - FORT SNELLING, MINN.

AND TO ALL MERMAIDS, SEA
 SERPENTS, WHALES, SHARKS, PORPOISES, DOLPHINS, EELS, SUCKERS, LOBSTERS,
 CRABS, POLYPODS, AND OTHER LIVING THINGS OF THE DEEP & BLUE SEA.....
 KNOW YE THAT THERE APPEARED WITHIN THE LIMITS OF OUR ROYAL
 DOMAINS, THE GOODSHIP (CENSORED), LONGITUDE (CENSORED),
 LATITUDE (CENSORED), THE YAIN VESSEL, OFFICERS, & CREW THEREOF,
 HAVE BEEN INSPECTED & PASSED BY OUR ROYAL STAFF. BE IT KNOWN,
 BY ALL YE SAILORS, LANDLUBBERS, & OTHERS IN HIS PRESENCE AS
 THIS DAY HAVING BEEN FOUND WORTHY TO BE NUMBERED AS
 ONE OF OUR FLEET BY SAID OFFICERS. MEET, JACOB.

HAS BEEN GATHERED TO OUR FOLD & INITIATED INTO
 THE SOLEMN MYSTERIES OF THE ANCIENT ORDER OF THE
 DEEP. BY VIRTUE OF THE POWER INVESTED IN ME, I DO HEREBY
 COMMAND ALL MY SUBJECTS TO SHOW DUE HONOR & RESPECT
 TO HIM WHENEVER HE MAY ENTER OUR REALM. DISOBEY
 THIS ORDER UNDER PENALTY OF OUR ROYAL DISPLEASURE.



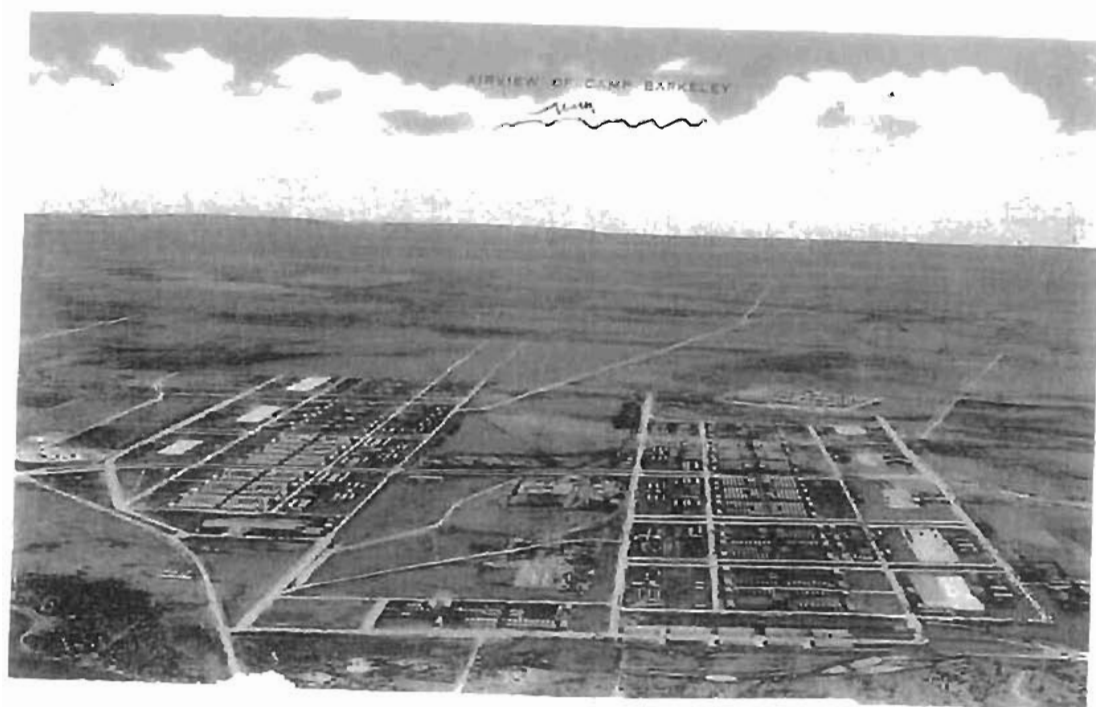
Neptune
 (RULER OF
 THE DEEP)



SKIPPER

76







Five mile office.



Hall call



rain and sand

Sack

I received my "boot" and medical training at Camp Barkeley, near Abilene, which took until January, 1943. I was taught how to take care of the wounded, give first-aid, improvise and apply splints, give shots (including morphine, of which I would give quite a few). I learned how to take care of the sick and wounded in a hospital and about treatment during chemical warfare. Lew Ayres, the movie star, taught us how to take care of patients in hospitals, how to make up hospital beds, etc.

At the training camp we also were taught the nomenclature and care of organization equipment, the location of the Battalion Aid Station and its function and equipment. We learned the recording, examination, sorting, treatment, and disposition of patients; the medical tag and where it was supposed to be placed or attached to the body; the duties of an aidman and the emergency supplies he carried in his two aid kits. We had the most classes in elementary anatomy and physiology. Also included were map reading, pharmacy, physiology of drugs, CPR, tourniquets and the points where they are to be applied; communicable diseases; treatment of chemical gas burns; types of bandages and where to apply them. We took quite a few classes in field sanitation as well. We did the five mile hikes, went on bivouacs, took the different obstacle courses with live ammunition, etc.

By this time I had an ill feeling that I was either going to be a litter bearer or and aidman with the front line infantry, hopefully by the aid station. It eventually turned out to be the 81MM Mortar Platoon, which was just as good. The 81MM Mortar Platoon was attached to 'M' Company, a heavy weapons company.

I had one weekend pass to Abilene, Texas, but never a furlough the entire time I was in the service. It was so cold that night when I went into town. I had on all the wool that I could wear, but the wind went right through and it was still cold. I didn't think that Texas could be so cold. Even Christmas Eve was quite crisp.

Our medical training ended, after three months, in early January. So I guess we were ready for action and to be assigned to an outfit either in the Pacific or European Theater. When we left Abilene and headed east I thought for sure that it was going to be Europe. We ended up at Camp Butner, North Carolina, near Durham. The officer there said that he was going to make killers out of us before we left there. I don't think I ever saw him again. Besides, we didn't train to be riflemen; we were trained to patch up the so-called killers. (We were issued carbines while in the Pacific Theater, whereas the aidmen in the European Theater were not supposed to receive any. The Japs didn't honor the medics; they'd just as soon get them first.)

It was a lot different there than in Texas, more trees and the weather was fairly nice most days. The camp was a replacement training center where they decided where you were to be sent as a replacement for someone that had been put out of action. I spent most of the time in the sack and the rest of the time playing volleyball or baseball and doing exercises.

We had been at Camp Butner a month or so at which time I managed to get a one-day pass, so I decided to go to Raleigh to have my picture taken.

One day we were asked to pack and get ready to leave camp, and to my surprise we were heading east again. At Washington, DC, we turned

north and went through Pittsburgh and then on to Sharon, Pennsylvania. We arrived at Camp Shenango, another Replacement Center. So I figured that we just might not go to the European Theater, which made me feel a bit better.

The weather wasn't too pleasant while we were there; snow and rain most of the time, not much sun. We couldn't do much outside, so did a lot of sack time again, and pulled KP a couple of times. The water was so hard that we had to use some lye in the dishwater to cut the grease, which caused you to end up with blisters on your fingers by the time you got through with the dishes.

I don't remember how it came about, but Glen Bagley from Rhame, North Dakota, and I were invited to a church program in Cleveland, Ohio, just across the state line. And so we went, had a real good dinner, saw some good plays, and met some real nice people. A couple of the girls took us back to the camp afterwards.

In February, after we had been at Camp Shenango for maybe three weeks, we were leaving on a troop train again. This time there were others, others besides just us medics. Of course, again they didn't tell us where we were going until we had been out a day or so. This time it was to be a five day ride. We headed north through Chicago and then west across several states. We got autographs from some girls along the way who promised to write if we let them know what our post office box number would be when we got settled. We did receive a few letters, but who knows how many soldiers the girls promised to write to.

I enjoyed the trip across the midwest, over the mountains and on to the west coast which I hadn't been able to see before and had always hoped that

someday I'd get to see. All the while that we were in the Pacific our address was: U.S.P.O. Box 24, San Francisco, California. That was us in the 24th Division.

Anyhow, it was a beautiful sight after we got over Donner Pass and on into California; nice and green, and the flowers were blooming. We ended up at Pittsburgh and then went on the another replacement center, Camp Stoneman. The days were fairly warm for so early in the year.

We had a few classes, more sack time, volleyball, baseball, and morning exercises. The Baer brothers, Max and Buddy, put on a boxing exhibition one day at the outdoor sports field, which was a treat. I don't remember how many days we were there, but figured we were at or near the port of embarkation, and that it wasn't going to be long before we'd be on our way overseas.

One day we packed and went down to the dock and got on a U.S. ship, the Catalina, and sailed down the bay to a troop ship at a dock on the San Francisco waterfront. We embarked the same evening, moved out into the Bay of Oakland, and dropped anchor for the night. The next day at about four o'clock we sailed out under the Golden Gate Bridge, and into the sunset. Now the wondering and waiting was over for this phase of the game.

While we sailed under the bridge, I worked my way to the bow of the ship and thought, "Hey, this is going to be great, sailing on the ocean!" But, by the time we had been out about an hour or so, I was sicker than a dog. I was watching the ship's bow go up and down, and sometimes it seemed like we were sixty feet out of the water, the next moment about ten feet. And so it was for the next eleven days until we got to Honolulu, Hawaii.

I was sold alka-seltzer tablets for twenty-five cents each, but nothing seemed to help. I thought I'd die, I was so sick. And strange as it may seem, of all the sailing I've done since then, I've never gotten seasick again. And I must have traveled nearly twenty thousand miles on the water. It took a couple of days after I got on shore until I stopped rocking and rolling.

I was supposed to do KP a couple of times, but every time that I stuck my nose into the galley and got a whiff of the rotting onions and bananas, I was gone. Back to the bunk it was, with my helmet hanging on the side of my bunk post, ready for the next upchuck. I'd rather not write how it was at the ship's head--the latrine. That was something else, not pleasant to mention. And the sad part of it all was that during that first cruise I missed celebrating my birthday.

I don't remember if they informed us as to where we were going to disembark, but what a pleasant surprise when we saw the Aloha Tower in Honolulu, Hawaii, heard the Hawaiian music and were greeted by the hula dancers. There was a narrow gauge railroad train waiting to take us to a tent city just outside of Scofield Barracks. We waited around there for a few days while they decided with which outfit to place us.

So now was the time when our medical training came to a head, and it was a great joy to know that we hadn't ended up at the front line immediately like some did later on.

One morning I was taken to Scofield Barracks and to M Company's 81MM Mortar Platoon of the 3rd Battalion, 19th Infantry Regiment, 24th Division. M Company was the heavy weapons company of the regiment. Besides the 81s they also had the 50 caliber machine guns. I was satisfied

that I was going to be an aidman rather than a litter bearer. And also that I would be with the mortar platoon rather than a rifle company. Although it was right out at the front line, it put me near the Battalion Headquarters and the Battalion Aid Station which would give me a little more protection. Whenever we set up a perimeter of defense we would be in the middle. Even though the enemy would always try to take out the command post first, it turned out to be safer. We lost several aidmen with the rifle companies because they had to go with them on patrols.

Once you were placed with the people with whom you were going to be for a long time, it didn't take long to make friends, especially if you were an aidman. You were called "Doc" right off, knowing that there would be a medic nearby all the time.

It was nice to be at Scofield, a large Army Post. The buildings were two stories high and placed in quadrangles, with the drill fields in the center. The place to enter was at the corners.

The 21st Quadrangle, Company G, is where they filmed the movie "From Here to Eternity" with Frank Sinatra and Yul Brynner. There was a quadrangle per regiment. The 19th, the 21st, and the 34th plus other attachments comprised the 24th Division. The 24th Division had been stationed there since 1924 and was known as the "Victory Division."

The mess halls, dispensaries, supplies, and all were under one roof. The theater was a separate building made of concrete, as was the seating. It was about as good a place to be in the military as you'd want to be. The weather was usually nice, but hot and humid. It rained a lot, especially on the northeast side of the island; supposedly two hundred inches a year.

A lot of the regular Army personnel had been there since before the war, so that meant strictly garrison. Which means that you had to have permission to speak to anyone with a higher rank than you had, like from a sergeant on up.

The battalion would be at Scofield two weeks, and then two weeks at an outpost on the island. One outpost was a place called Pupukia, which is on the northeast end of the island. It's up the road from the famous Sunset Beach. We'd have classes there, play volleyball, play cards, and read a lot.

It would cloud up in five minutes, pour rain for ten to thirty minutes, and then quit. In an hour or so it would repeat the cycle. But it wasn't as bad as those darn mosquitoes! I'd never seen so many in my whole life. You had to have netting around your bed or else they would eat you up. Also at times you'd have to cover your face with a mosquito net when you were outside. In order not to get malaria fever we had to take atabrine the entire time that we were in the Pacific.

While in this area we would at times go on maneuvers in some rough terrain, and sometimes through the pineapple fields. It would cost you twenty-five bucks if you were caught eating a pineapple. The one thing that I'll never forget is when a centipede had gotten into a guy's shoe, and when he put on his shoe the centipede bit him in the big toe. That poor guy did scream and we had to give him a shot of morphine to kill the pain.

Another time during the summer we went over Koledole Pass to the west side of the island to do amphibious landing practices, or dry runs, as we called them. The climate was altogether different than it was over on the east side. It was hot and dry. We were near a village called Waianae, or Pokai

Bay. We were there also about three weeks. We slept in our pup tents while we were there and had brought our portable kitchen along for the hot meals. For relaxation we'd go to the beach and paddle around in the water, as we had at Pupukia or Sunset Beach.

One weekend we filled our little two-wheeled trailer that we pulled behind the Jeep with ice, pop and beer, and drove to the east side of the island to a village called Laie and had ourselves a huau. We had the pig roasted in a pit with the apple in its mouth, and it was good. So was the rest of the food, except for the poi; I did not care too much about that. While we ate, the hula dancers entertained us with music and singing, and the native men with their sword dancing.

I had one weekend pass to Honolulu and two Texans and one Dakotan went along with me, guys outside my unit with whom I had made friends since being at Scofield. One of the Texans lost his life in the Philippines. We toured Pearl Harbor, Waikiki Beach, and downtown Honolulu. We took our pictures at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel and spent the night in a cabin near the hotel.

The island had the most beautiful flowers, foliage, and trees. So unlike anything I had ever seen before. Lots of different fruits. I liked the monkey pod trees; they were nice and shady. I saw my first banana and coconut trees.

We did some more preparing for jungle warfare and then one day got the orders to get ready and pack up to leave the island. We were taken down to the Naval Base at Pearl Harbor, onto the troop transport ships, and then out to sea. Destination unknown. Tokyo Rose knew that we were on our way to

somewhere. She was wishing us smooth sailing and playing our popular band music. Someone must have tipped her off about our move.

The weather was great, the ocean blue most all the time during our trip across the South Pacific. But scary; never knew when the Japs would fire a torpedo at us.

After we left the Hawaiian Islands we headed due south, changing course now and then, to Christmas Island, a possession of the U.S.; changing course now and then was to confuse the enemy as to where we were heading.

Christmas Island is some fourteen hundred miles from the Hawaiian Islands. Some personnel of the 24th Division were guarding this island. I don't remember if we stopped there to pick them up. The island is about the same distance as Tarawa Atoll, in the Gilbert Islands, which at that time was already occupied by the Japanese. From there we changed course toward the southwest and headed for the islands of Samoa, another possession of the United States, the distance being over fifteen hundred miles.

By that time we got to spend some time of top deck without our T-shirts to get some of those wonderful sea breezes and some sunshine. But when some of the thirty nurses who were aboard came up on deck, the brass made us either get on our T-shirts or go back down below. That happened quite often. The nurses quartered on the upper decks above the main deck along with the brass. They also had their separate mess hall. And we heard that they'd have steaks now and then, whereas we ate a large amount of crackers and cheese. The food that we got on this trip wasn't so good or plentiful, and besides, we were constantly harassed by this 2nd Louie, a ninety day wonder, during the day and during the night. At night he'd run us

up, and during the day when we thought that we'd get a little sun and relaxation, he'd run us down. Some swore that he wouldn't last the day after we got into combat, and thinking back I don't remember seeing him again after Australia. Anyhow, he gave us a bad time. Most of the time that he ran us up on deck was at two in the morning when we were fast asleep.

We stopped at Pago Pago, American Samoa, one afternoon and stayed until nightfall. We took on some fuel and some more cheese and crackers, I guess, and then we were on our way again.

To my great surprise, I wasn't seasick so far on this trip, even though it did get a little wobbly at times. Other than being harassed and concerned about an enemy attack, it wasn't half bad. I was just thinking that maybe that Louie turned chicken and went home after we got into combat, or before.

So we headed toward the southwest again, crossing the International Dateline some two to three hundred miles from Pago Pago, to the "Domain of Neptunus Rex," Ruler of Ye Raging Main. The longitude and latitude were censored. That day I was found to be numbered as ONE OF THE TRUSTY SHELLBACKS and was gathered in the fold and initiated into the solemn mysteries of the ancient Order of the Deep. The ruler commanded all his subjects, by virtue of his power, to show me due honor and respect whenever I entered into their realm.

On we went again, in a southwesterly direction between the Fiji Islands, a British Commonwealth, and Tonga Islands, still zigzagging by changing course now and then.

It was a fairly large convoy that we were with and it was escorted by some Naval warships, especially destroyers. They were constantly out

SACRAMENTO AIR DEPOT TEAM LOSES TO STONEMAN BOXERS; MAX BAER CLOWNS FOR FANS

By Sgt. LEN BEEHLEY

By winning three of five bouts, and drawing one, a team of Camp Stoneman boxers defeated a Sacramento Air Depot squad in impressive fashion last Monday afternoon at the Service Club arena before a large crowd of fight fans. The visiting boxers were coached by Pvt. Max Baer, former world's champion, and his brother, Buddy, contender for the title.

In the opening match, Pvt. W. Price, a well-muscle Stoneman Negro, won a three-round decision over Pvt. O'Neill, a slightly built lightweight from Sacramento. Pvt. Price kept a nice left jab in O'Neill's face to win easily.

Only Draw

Pvt. Lopez, Camp Stoneman, and Pvt. E. Cook, Sacramento, fought to a draw. The barrel-chested Lopez had good footwork and plenty of class, but was held even by Cook, a good looking southpaw battler.

In the weakest bout on the card, Pvt. Slider won the nod over Pvt. Genoues, another Negro Depot fighter. Slider had a nine-pound weight advantage, and Genoues went into a low crouch, covered his face with both gloves, and there was very little fighting.

Pvt. Willie Hale, Camp Stoneman, won over Pvt. Stuart, a grizzled veteran, by a technical knockout in a bout that had the crowd cheering wildly. Hale swung a left to the jaw that felled Stuart in the second, and followed up by knocking the white soldier on the ropes under a barrage of wicked punches, and as he was about to go down again, Ref. Benny Wagner stopped the fight, and awarded the decision to Hale on a TKO. Stuart didn't know whether he was here or at McClellan Field, and was a badly beaten man when Wagner stepped in and stopped the shambles.

Depot Win

Another good crowd pleaser came in the final bout when Pvt.

knocked the little 115-pound head through the ropes rained blows on his body. Of course, it was all in fun. Ring Antics

At the end of the first round, Maxie placed his big brother Buddy, his second, on the chair in his corner and worked over him feverishly. He was knocked down again in the second, and after a SALVO photographer snapped his picture while prone, said "thanks" and went back into action.

One of the biggest laughs of the show occurred when a spectator yelled, "Here comes Joe Louis!" At that, Maxie, who was knocked out eight years ago by the Brown Bomber, screamed: "My God! Where?" and started to run out of the ring.

Maxie's only serious moment came at the end of the exhibition when he told the crowd of soldiers:

"I've had a lot of fun clowning for all you real fighting men today. Let's hope this thing is all over soon, and God bless you all."

Contributions

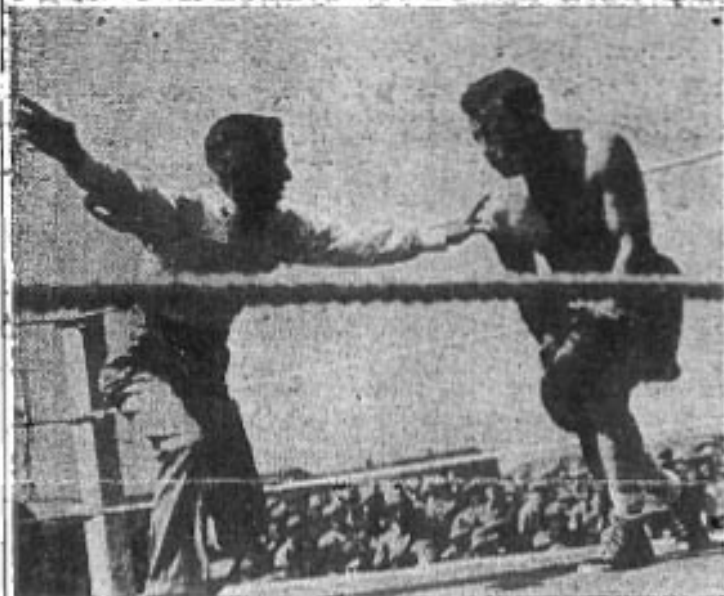
Jimmy Bivins, a brother of Stoneman's Cpl. Bivins, who is being touted as the successor to Joe Louis as the heavyweight king, was introduced from the ring, and it was later announced that he had made a donation of \$100 toward the purchase of equipment for Camp Stoneman's baseball team.

Pittsburg Bartender, Local also made a donation of \$50 to

Highlights Of Successful Show



Here's a ringful of fighters. Just before last Tuesday's boxing show got underway, they lined up to "watch the birdie." Left to right are: Jimmy Bivins (duration light-heavyweight champ), Max Baer (former heavyweight champ), Benny Wagner, referee (and former bantam-weight champ), Buddy Baer (heavyweight contender), and Stoneman's Otis Bivins, instructor of the Section J fighters.



Referee Benny Wagner continues the count as Pvt. Stuart of the Sacramento Air Depot staggers weakly to his feet after being knocked flat in the fourth bout. Stuart lost in the same round on a TKO to the Stoneman fighter. For complete details, see story at left above.



Nomenclature and care of
Organization Equipment.

Battalion Aid Station Equipment;
And Function, Battalion Aid Station;

Recording.
Examination.
Sorting.
Treatment, Emergency.
Disposition.

Compact Dispensary, Combat-tactical situation;

Equipment, Battalion Aid Station;

- #1- 2#1 chests-a flat layer table, bandages, dressings, etc.
- #2- 1 #2 chest, -Operating: 1 top, middle and lower drawers.
- #3- 2 blanket sets, in canvas bags, to be used on shock table.
- #4- 12 litters.
- #5- 2 containers for liquid stimulants.
- #6- 2 lantern sets, used to light station, or as a guide.
- # 7- 2 sets of splints.
- #8- 2 axes.
 - 2 picks,
 - 1 large rope,
 - 2 buckets, canvas.
- #8- 1 lister bag, Sterilizer.
 - 1 side-wall tent.
 - 1 wheeled litter carriage, (jeep with trailer).
 - register book of cases that come in and leave.

Eleven personnel assigned to Station.

- 1 Medical Doctor, surgical technicians and
litter bearers.. Doctor with Captains rating.
- 1 Non-commissioned officer with staff sergeant rank
in charge of personnel

Company Aid;

Three Company Aid-men per combat Company.

Equipment; Aid kits; per aid-man

Left kit;	Right kit;
2 litter straps	1 Tourniquet
1 pencil	2 Candle-ring straps
1 E.M.T.	1 adhesive roll
8 first-aid dressings	3 triangular bandages
	12 compressed gauze bandages
	2 pks. iodine swabs
	1 flask with cap
	2 cards of safety pins
	1 pr. bandage scissors
	2 oz. of spirits of ammonia
	1 kit insut

Three Platoons in a Company;
During combat, 2 platoons on front line, 1 in reserve.
1 aid-man to a platoon.

The duties of a Company Aid-man;
The progress of the Company.
The exit location.
The amount of casualties.
Exam, and tagging of dead, and location, marking position.
Instructing walking wounded to station.
Place the wounded in shelter.

Responsibilities of Medical Kit Private;

- 1- You
- 2- C.O.

Equipment;
1- Expendable
2- Non-expendable

A
2 Pouches
2 suspenders
2 cantle ring straps
4 litter straps

FIELD SANITATION

1 Human waste Disposal

- A, urine
- B. feces

- 2-, On the march
- 3-, bivouac, one to five days
- 4-, permanent Camp, 6% at times

Bivouac

Straddle trench

One foot wide, two feet deep, eight foot long per fifty men.
two feet per man, takes care of 16 men latrine.

Camp

- Feces-, Pit latrine-85 of men
8 feet long by 4 feet deep, 2 feet wide.
Quarter-master box fits trench with 4 seats on either side.
- Urinal-, V-shaped urine trough connected to pit.
Urine 80% pit 4 feet square filled with tin cans, rocks, etc. Pipe punctured with holes as ventilators.

Pail latrine, 1-2 % cresol at bottom of pail.

Location

100 yards from kitchen.
Have latrine lower than well,
and at least 100 yards away.

A-, Urinal washed with soap and (H₂O) water once a day

B- Latrine washed with soap and (H₂O) water a day Cresol .2 times a week

with movable seats and altars, whose arrangement will depend "upon the time of day, the position of the sun and the purpose of the meeting." The tower will contain a water tank (*see cut*).

Q A Thermal, Calif. chapel, "conceived as an oasis in a desert community," will be built around an open court, which will be full of green vegetation, and floodlighted at night. The congregation will be able to look at the oasis through a big glass window at the head of the chancel. A cube-shaped "tower" will house machinery to keep parishioners cool.

Q A Lutheran Church planned for a Midwestern town will be adorned with boxlike windows and a "reflection pool" reminiscent of prewar world's fairs (*see cut*).

Q A proposed Catholic Church (not yet sold to any parish) would be semicircular, with tiered seats like an amphitheater. Its tower would be two high walls intersecting at right angles to recall "the mission to go forth and preach the Gospel to the four corners of the earth."

But most new churches will look just like the old ones. Says Walter A. Taylor, consultant to the Interdenominational Bureau of Architecture: "History and logic to the contrary, the now familiar forms of the Victorian and neo-Gothic have become a tradition—the phrases of architectural language which say 'church.'"

Going-Forwardness

The name on the plaque said "Franklin Delano Roosevelt." Otherwise people might have been hard put to recognize the bronze face (*see cut*) which President Truman will unveil next week in Washington's Recorder of Deeds Building.

Selma Burke, a Negro sculptress and onetime pupil of France's Aristide Maillol, won a nationwide competition to design the plaque. Said she, explaining the less-than-speaking likeness: "I had to make up my mind to show . . . three or four things which I felt he meant to me and millions of others: strength, determination, and that look of going-forwardness."



F.D.R. IN BRONZE
Labeled, luckily.

Associated Press

RADIO

Gang Buster

Lewis Joseph Valentine has a sweet-sounding name, but he is a tough man. He joined New York's Finest in 1903, at 21, and quietly became an outstanding cop for his day: he was honest. As a result, Valentine's life was not a happy one.

He pounded a beat for ten years. Then he did such a good job on the "shoofty" squad, routing out grafters among his fellow cops, that he won promotions and made many a political enemy. Not until 1934 did his stubborn honesty pay off; then reforming Mayor Fiorello LaGuardia made him the \$12,500-a-year Commissioner of New York's 18,000-man police force. In his first six years in office, icy-eyed



POLICEMAN VALENTINE
From shoofty to dragon-slayer.

Commissioner Valentine fired some 300 men, officially rebuked 3,000, fined 3,000. He was even harder on the crooks.

Once he took offense at a natty, well-manicured prisoner in the police line-up, issued a famous order to the 200 detectives present: "He's the best-dressed man in this room. . . . Don't be afraid to muss 'em up. Blood should be smeared all over that velvet collar." Under Valentine (and, of course, with the help of LaGuardia and Tom Dewey) the slot-machine gangs, gambling rings, white-slavers, "popes and rabbis" (meddling politicians) were largely driven out or undercover. New Yorkers boasted, for the first time in memory, of the most honest police force in the land.

Last week hard-boiled, honest Lewis J. Valentine at 63 was entitled to his reward. He stepped down from the police force and announced that, starting Sept. 15, he would become "Chief Investigator-Commentator" for radio's *Gang Busters*

(ABC; Sat., 9-9:30 p.m. E.W.T.). Salary, \$25,000 a year. Said Mayor LaGuardia, an old dragon-slayer on the radio himself: "Busting gangs on the microphone, Lew, is going to be real easy. . . . Give them the works."

Tokyo Rose

Newsmen and a handful of G.I.s at last, after three long years, got a look at the Jap radio's famed, honey-voiced Tokyo Rose. Their opinion: with television, she wouldn't have lasted.

As U.S. intelligence officers had suspected, she was California-born, Jap-blooded: one Iva Toguri, a 29-year-old graduate of the University of California. She said she had left Los Angeles "to see a sick aunt" in Japan in July 1941, was stranded in Tokyo after Pearl Harbor. She was surprised at her popularity among U.S. servicemen (who liked to listen to



TOKYO ROSE
The wages of sin: 147 yen a month.

her program of old jukebox favorites, which were intended to make G.I.s homesick) and amazed that anyone would believe she had done her native U.S. wrong: "I didn't think I was doing anything disloyal."

According to Iva, two other girls doubled on the *Zero Hour*, one American, one Canadian—and if anything bad was said, they said it. The continuity was written, she said, by a Captain Charles Cousins, an Australian captured at Singapore, and a U.S. Army captain named Ince. She first went on the air as "Ann" (short for announcer), and later expanded the name to "Orphan Annie, your playmate." (She never used Tokyo Rose, the G.I. name for her.) It was all a lie, also, she insisted, that she had opened her program by saying: "Good evening again to the . . . forgotten men, the American fighting men. . . ."

The wages of sin, in her case, were 100 yen (\$6.60) a month, later raised to 147

TIME, SEPTEMBER 17, 1945

patrolling back and forth. I suppose there were U.S. subs following us all the way too.

At times we would dump our garbage overboard at a time when we thought the Japs wouldn't pick up our trail by our garbage. And that's when the sharks would be up to get it. So one time we took a rope with a makeshift hook on the end, put some garbage in a bag and onto the hook, and threw it overboard. It wasn't long before one of the sharks grabbed hold of it. We tied, or had tied, the rope to a winch and pulled the terrible smelling thing on board. We looked him over, took his measurements, and wrestled him back over the ship's side into HIS domain.

Some of us would sneak up to the deck at night when it was real hot. And I mean it got hot, being we were down there by the Equator. Along about the middle of the night we heard a scream. A fellow from Washington had fallen over the side. He had been laying on a pile of rope on the back side of the ship and had probably rolled onto his side in his sleep and was too close to the edge and went on over. The destroyers searched for him for two hours, but couldn't find him. He may have gotten into the propeller. Being that there were not to be any lights at night, it made it all the more difficult. They did use searchlights. I was up on deck too that night, sleeping between some winches, and I heard him when he screamed.

The dolphins were continuously swimming along the front and sides of the ships like they wanted to race, or thought the ship was a great big dolphin. Also the seagulls were ever present way out in the middle of nowhere. Sometimes they'd hook a ride by sitting on the ship's rail, and at other times

just rest on the water for a while. The flying fish would come sailing out of the water for a short flight.

For excitement we had boxing matches, played poker, black-jack, pinochle, and exercises on top deck. Sometimes some guys would put on a comedy show for us. One time, Stan Lawrukiewicz and another fellow were boxing and Stan didn't have his shoes on. During the boxing he tore the skin off the bottom of his foot, but it healed up OK. We had one Army GI from Oklahoma City that practically cleaned out the Navy guys playing poker. Every now and then he would make a trip to the ship's safe. He did the same thing coming back. He said that he was going to buy a casino when he got home. At one time I heard he had over six thousand dollars.

Sailing on, we changed course again and headed due west, past New Caledonia, a French possession, and on to our destination which turned out to be Gladstone on the east side of Australia, by the Great Barrier Reef and the Coral Sea. It took us over two weeks to get there; we must have traveled close to six thousand miles with all the zigzagging.

We arrived at Gladstone late in the afternoon just before sundown. It was a beautiful sight to see land again, and the city looked nice, too, with the orange clay roofs. A lot of the townsfolk were down by the shore to greet us with music and happy faces. Some of the houses near the shore were on stilts or pilings on account of heavy seas at times. Since the houses were up off the ground about four or five feet, the residents kept their livestock (sheep, hogs, and chickens), lawn mowers, etc. underneath there.

We disembarked from our ships yet that evening and got onto the truck convoy. We headed inland to a point between Mackay and Rockhampton,

and set up our tents. Each man was given a cot and bedding, and so we went to bed for the night. The next morning when we got up there was an inch of snow on the ground. So, being that we were that far south of the Equator, it was wintertime there.

Strange, but the sun at noon was to the north of us. Never did get over that. Now my directions: to me the sun came up in the west. I still had my directions straight up to the day before we came on shore at Gladstone, but no more.

We had our last snow of the winter, spring was on the way, and by Christmas it was hotter than blazes way down under. But I loved the climate which was quite a bit like the plains states; more trees, though, and nice rivers. Lots of cattle ranches and farmland. Very interestingly, they also have their natives called Aborigines. They are a little darker than our Native Americans.

It took several days until we got organized, and after we did, it was back to the same routine.

One thing different was that we had a river which we could practice crossing, and some fairly large mountains not too far distant. At times we did some hiking during the night. One time we hiked, or I should say that I tried to hike with the rest of the gang, but I petered out before the hike was over, so I sat down beside the road until our Battalion Aid Station Ambulance came along, and I hailed it down and crawled into the back. I did have blisters on my feet, I was tired, and it was terribly hot that day, so I had an excuse. There were others in the back already, including a couple who had collapsed from heat exhaustion.

The river crossing was a little scary. They had a rope stretched across the river on which we had to go hand-over-hand until we got to the other side. One Italian from Brooklyn even bawled and asked them not to make him go across. We also had rope ladders several feet high that we had to crawl up and over. There was something we did have to do several times during our beachhead landings, and that was to go over the side of a ship and into a landing craft. I believe we did this when we got off the ship at Gladstone. There were a lot of lessons on physiology and anatomy which we had to review, and so many more classes.

M Co. went out at times to practice on the firing range and I went along with the 81mm Mortar Platoon. We had a tragedy one day when a mortar shell exploded shortly after it came out of the barrel and killed one person and wounded fourteen others. Lucky for me that the forward observer asked me if I would like to come up forward with him and watch how he zeroed in the rounds. We were three hundred yards up on the top of a hill when the thing exploded. As a target there was an old shack down by a creek about a half mile from where we were. They had shot one round of incendiary shell, which puts out a puff of smoke.

The forward observer had seen where it landed, so he gave them the information as to what direction, up or down, left or right. So he asked for another round, this time an explosive shell, and that's when it happened. We hurried back to where the mortars were, and when we got there it was total confusion. People were running in the brush, some were lying by the mortars, bleeding. What a mess. I had help from men from the heavy weapons platoons that were nearby. The concussion from the shell had stunned those

that were out in the brush, which was three to four feet high. It took some time to bring them back. That was it for that day.

One of the officers wrote a sympathy letter to the family of the person who was killed, and we in the platoon signed it and, along with his personal belongings, sent it to his family. The mortar shell was defective; never did have another one that did that, thank God. But you always remember.

I often wonder what would have happened to me had I not been asked by the observer to come forward with him.

The officer who wrote that letter to the family was our newly assigned Chaplain. He was with us throughout all the time that I was with the regiment. He was a Catholic priest. Every evening he would say a Mass as well as on Sunday mornings. I still have a small missal and a rosary that he gave me when he came to Australia. The missal got a little moldy from being carried around in the steaming jungle for two years. The Chaplain had a Captain's rank. We would set up an altar almost anywhere--even on the back of a Jeep. The Chaplain usually hung out by the Aid Station because that's where the wounded were brought. If they were expected to die before they reached the Field Hospital he could give them the Last Rites.

We had our amphibious training here several times, as well as hikes at night through the farmland with map reading. We didn't do too much swimming out at the beaches because of the shark-infested waters and the coral.

Australia was the last place we were to get to go on weekend passes; from there on out it was combat time.

I got to go to Rockhampton two times. One time two of my friends and I went to a river nearby and set up camp under the bridge for an overnight. We had taken our pup tents along and some Sterno heat cans to heat up our food. We tried to catch some fish and otherwise just sat around and relaxed.

At Rockhampton we went to the movies and the USO Club; maybe danced with the old Red Cross ladies. They served us some snacks, and we'd just wander around to see the town. The town was by the river and we'd go and sit. Then at night we'd crawl into our sleeping bags.

The seating in the theater was different from anything that I had ever seen before. From aisle to aisle they had a pipe about three to four inches in diameter at the top back and another one at the bottom about where your knees would be, and then a canvas fastened to them, something like a hammock. Any time anyone would move, the whole thing would move.

We had a beer party one afternoon at camp. The Battalion had bought a keg of Australian beer and it was so green that it was terrible to drink. I don't think the keg was ever emptied. I had filled my canteen cup, but couldn't finish drinking it all. It must have been that it never had a chance to get ripe; too many beer guzzlers.

One day along about a half hour before lunchtime we were told to dress in our best uniforms complete with ties, and fall out and march to the parade grounds because Eleanor Roosevelt was going to be there to speak to us. So she spoke to us and sent us greetings from the President and the people back home. She had come there on the train from Sidney, and on the train there were some GIs on the way home from a leave. As she came down

through the aisle to visit with them, one of them patted her on the seat. That didn't go over so big; she recommended he be made to spend six months in New Guinea after the war to become civilized.

On one of the hikes through the ranchland, a friend of mine offered to buy a ranch for me if I'd help him get started with a ranch that he was going to buy. He said that money was no object; he had more money than he knew what to do with. I had told him about my three years working on the ranches in Montana. His name was Sisely, and he was from Buffalo, New York,

One time while I was there I gathered eighty-six names of friends that I had met there. Seven of them wrote to me for several years every Christmas until some of them passed. I still hear from four of them after forty-two years. I can still remember some of their faces when I read their names.

It was in this area that General MacArthur set up his headquarters after he left Manila, Philippine Islands, when he saw that the Japs were sure to take over within a few days. So, I think, that is one reason why we were there, and that the Japs were not too far away from us at Papua, New Guinea, a territory of Australia, about eight hundred miles away. The battle was going on between Port Moresby and Buna on the east side of Papua. The Japanese had come in at Gona. Also, it was thought that the Japs' next plan was to invade the east coast of Australia.

So there we were near Rockhampton nearly seven months; then we shipped out one day and went to the Coral Sea. We went up to Port Moresby and when we got there we spent the night. The next day we sailed around

Milne Bay and landed at Goodenough Island, one of the islands of the D'Entrecasteaux Islands.

The Allies suffered 3,095 killed and 5,4501 wounded in the Buna-Gona Campaign, a bloodier fight than the Guadalcanal Campaign. This was going on during the months while we were in Australia. The Thirty-second Division had the dirty job of helping the Aussies there. It was said that it was so bad that the food supply wasn't getting to the Aussies. Soldiers were eating human flesh from the bodies of the dead. Another thing that the Allies had to put up with was malaria, dysentery, skin ulcers, and dengue fever.

I suppose that we were sent there to Goodenough Island to keep the Japanese from taking the island since they were being driven out of Buna. I guess we were there from late January until mid-April. The island is in the Solomon Sea and not far from the island of New Britain, on which the Japs had a stronghold at Rabaul, one of their most heavily fortified in the Southwest Pacific.

General MacArthur had command of the Southwest Pacific Area, while Admiral Chester W. Nimitz was Commander-in-Chief of the Central Pacific and Fleet. An aircraft carrier was named after him. He was the one to make the decisions on the islands of the Central Pacific, like the Solomons, Gilbert (where the big battle of Tarawa Atoll was fought), the Kwajalein Atoll in the Marshall Islands, Saipan, Guam in the Mariana Islands, Truk, and the Palau Islands in the Carolinas. General MacArthur had New Guinea, Papua in the east, and the Netherlands New Guinea in the west, as well as Biak, Morotai, Borneo, Palawan, and all of the Philippine Islands.

THOSE DAYS

Taken from Taro Leaf issue
January 1954.

Bob Solomon (34th) editor of "THE 34th Infantry Informer" had this Nostalgic item his last issue. We liked it so well, we ---- appropriated it:

DO YOU REMEMBER?????????????

Oahu, t. h.

Your reporter has recently viewed the movie "From Here To Eternity", and the location brought back memories. The action took place between Schofield Barracks and Honolulu. Do you remember some of those things about those places? The majority of the action took place in either the 19th. or the 21st. quadrangle. One of the 19th'ers or 21st'ers can tell which one it was. We spend our first Xmas in Hawaii in one of the Quadrangles as its original occupants were at beach positions. The most vivid recollection of our stay there was the Xmas dinner.... ..so called creamed chicken.. It was, like A. Godfrey says about Lipton Chicken soup, "Chicken passed through on the way to the other side of the road". After our stay there we moved to the upper post and took over the area of the 298th Inf. That was our home for the remaining stay on the Island excluding the east range area, tent city to train recruits and the many bivouacs we made. We should remember Kole Kol Pass where Montgomery Clift had to hike in the movie. Speaking about hikes, do you remember our hike around the Island and over Koolau Range, slippery as it was? In the movie, the first scene of Honolulu showed River Street. Need we go further? How about those beach positions? The first ones we took over at Kukua, right near the air strip. That was a pretty handy spot... then we had to become woodsmen and chop down a lot of trees for fields of fire. At Schofield, we had movies and shows at the Bowl. What I couldn't understand was the professional basketball league whose champion was the Dozers of the 24th Div. After the season of pro. ball, they went right into the A.A.U. season. How could anyone be both pro and amateur? That's Hawaii I guess.

Here is what our reporter, Jan Valtin wrote about the situation in the Catholic Church at Palo, P.I.:

In the vault-like gloom of the church the explosions reverberated like thunder rolling beneath the surface of the earth few slept, among the thousands. Bullets shattered the stained glass windows. In the stench of cooped-up and fearful humanity children cried, a woman went insane, and another baby was born. Under the effigies of the saints couples mated, heedless of the storm. Their sighs mingled with the sounds of many mumbled prayers and the clatter of machine-guns, and a priest's somber voice read the mass in the tomblike darkness.....!!

I lost a very good friend here in the battle of Palo, Leyte, P.I. He was from my home State of N.D., tortured and buried one and a-half ft. dirt, with his hands sticking out and burned. A father of two and his wife left behind.

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Americans Control Leyte Valley

(Story on page 1.)



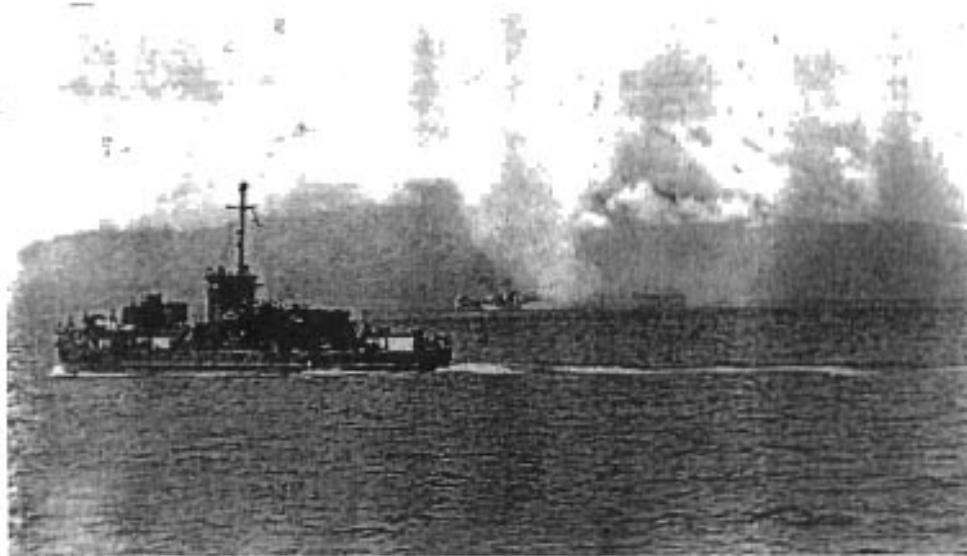
Latest developments reported in campaign on Leyte Islands



UNLOADING AT A BEACH ON LEYTE, 21 October 1944. Beyond the two barges are several LCM (3)'s. An LVT (A) (2), the armored Buffalo, can be seen on the beach. On 20 October landings were made on three beaches, one in the Palo area; another between San Jose and Dulag, and the third about fifty-five miles to the south to control Panaon Strait which was between Leyte and the near by island of Panaon.

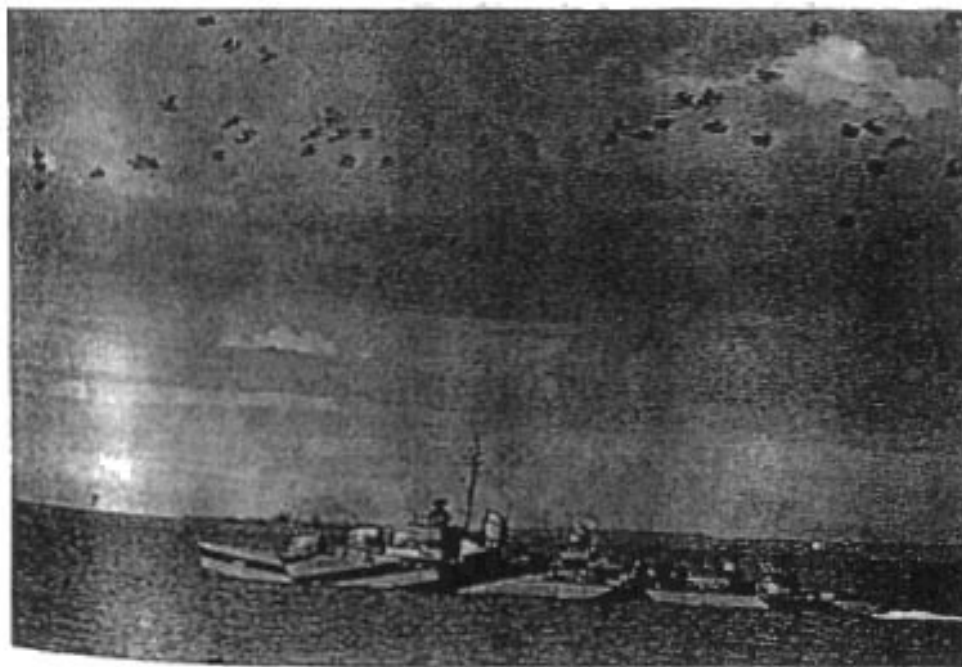
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Definitively this is the spot where I stepped off the LCP(R) on the morning of 20 October 1944. This looks very familiar. We went on to Palo from here, we were to retreat two times before we were able to take the town.



U.S.S. *Nashville* hit by kamikaze off Negros, 13 December
 An LCI(G) in foreground
 This is just the way that I saw it that afternoon

Was on Craft like this one.



Destroyer U.S.S. *Barton* repelling air attack off Mindoro

Kamikaze Shows His Hand



LST-472 burning after kamikaze hit, 15 December
Destroyer U.S.S. Hopewell assisting



19th - Troops landing from LCI at Beach White, Mindoro

Official U. S. Army Photo

Strafing started 4hr. after we
landed. No ground opposition.



PORTION OF A LANDING BEACH ON LEYTE where Philippine civilians left their hiding places to see the American forces. Fires smoldering in the background were caused by preinvasion aerial and naval bombardment. On one of the beaches heavy opposition was encountered. Enemy mortar and artillery fire sank several landing craft and U.S. forces had to fight their way across the beach.



WATER SUPPLY POINT set up near a beach on Leyte, 21 October: note the collapsible water tank. By the end of the 21st, Tacloban, San Jose, Dulag, and two airfields were captured. Heavy fighting continued at Palo.

We were now under the command of General Walter Krueger, Commander of the Sixth Army. While we were at Goodenough, he landed some troops unopposed on the islands of Woodlark and Kiriwina. They may have been regiments of our division, because I don't think that there was enough room on the island to take care of the whole 24th Division.

Well, the climate here was a lot different; it was hot and humid, while at the District of Queensland, Australia it was nice and dry. While we were on our way there we were handed a booklet to study Pig Latin, a language that the natives were supposed to speak: "Like man he go, he go stop," etc.

It was interesting to watch the natives, the fuzzy-wuzzies, put up a hut. The engineers had them put up a mess hall and some other buildings for us. They were put up entirely without nails. Everything was made out of wood from the surrounding trees. The roofs were thatched from palm tree branches, also some of the side walls were made out of the same material. The natives were of short stature; never did hear them speak "pig Latin." Their teeth were kept dark brown from roots that they rubbed on them. I suppose it kept the teeth from decaying.

All we did there was put up gun emplacements and hold the island, besides going on patrol to check and see if there were any Japs there. I sat around with the mortar platoon at their positions.

The fifteenth of April we took off out to sea again and ran into some very heavy seas going through the Vitiaz Strait, which is between the Huon Peninsula, Papua, and New Britain, then out into the Bismarck Sea. A hurricane must have been coming through there, because the wind was real strong, and the waves must have been twenty to thirty feet high, with some

huge breakers and white caps. Sometimes you were way up and could see all of another ship, or one with just the mast showing, then you'd go over a breaker and come down with a BANG, and at the low of the wave you wouldn't see a thing, like being in a large bowl. One time our craft came down so hard that the fellow from the top cot came down, and, along with the second fellow in his cot, landed on the cot below, tearing the ropes that were tied to the framework. The LCI (Landing-Craft Infantry) has a flat bottom. The water just came rushing over the top of the craft, and before it was over we had four inches of water on the bottom.

No indoor plumbing, and what a struggle if you had to "go." You had to hang on for dear life while going to the back of the craft to a railing that was over two feet high, and hang on a lot more while doing your "business." No picnic at all. And all of this on my birthday again. What a celebration.

No hot meals either, only C and K rations. But I didn't get seasick this time, just a heavy headache, and wondering if we were going to make it. I thought for sure that we were going to drown.

Well, by afternoon the storm let up, and it calmed down. By this time we were coming to the Admiralty Islands, and beached on the big island of Manus. We were asked to get off so we could have a nice hot meal of fried chicken and all. It was quite a treat after not knowing what was ahead. We got back onto our craft again after a short break, and then out to sea again.

As we got out to sea the next morning there were all kinds of ships out there, a fleet of two hundred or more. The weather was nice again, nice and sunny with no breeze. We headed for the west and north, changing course now and then. I guess we went beyond the area where we were to land,

because one morning we came back and made a beachhead landing at Tanahmerah Bay, while the 41st Division landed on the shores of Humboldt Bay on April 22, 1944, just before dawn. This was the largest amphibious operation yet to take place in the Pacific. We were at sea seven days getting there. The Japanese had two airstrips there which MacArthur wanted to have before going on to the Philippines.

Between the two bays, the enemy had a garrison of 11,000 or more at Hollandia. They were mostly ground crews, service personnel, and pilots without planes since the planes had all been destroyed by our bombers. There were some combat troops, but the ones that weren't killed took to the hills or surrendered. We had very few casualties. (Hollandia is now Sukarnapura.)

In four days the airstrips were secured and things were ready for a large base for us. Eventually there were over one hundred thousand men there. When the 81mm Platoon got there later, the bulldozers had pushed about 250 Jap planes into huge piles; they weren't going to bother us anymore. Seems like we were there only one day, then we went back to Tanahmerah Bay, and set up to stay a while.

We set up camp near the beach, as good a beach as you'd want to be at. I even put up my own little Aid Station not far away (I have a picture of it.) and there I would take care of my platoon and others, even a native now and then. I would also give haircuts to those that took a chance on me cutting their hair. Now and then I would go to the beach for a dip. I also hung my hammock between two trees and slept there until we left again.

My hammock was not very far, I found out the first three nights, from the 155mm artillery rifles; right in their line of fire toward the Hollandia airstrips, which were fifteen miles away. The concussion would rock me and my hammock when they fired away, which was several times throughout the night. Every night for some time a lone Jap plane flew over around midnight. He was doing some wild shots, never did hit anything, but you could hear his bombs go off out in the hills somewhere. Thankful that he was a bad shot.

For quite some time our infantry patrols would go out into the mountains and jungle to search for the enemy and bring back some prisoners for interrogation. Some of them were so weak that they had to be carried on a makeshift stretcher, and some didn't make it one way or the other due to a mishap.

One time I asked to go along, and this was over the top of a ridge of mountains to a village on the other side. It was a tough go, so a couple of days later, when it was time to go back, we conned a native from the village with an outrigger canoe to paddle the two of us back around the bend. As we got beyond to the other side, my friend must have gotten tired of sitting in one spot, so he got up to change positions. It's a good thing the native was on the ball because the outrigger dipped into the water and he quickly righted the canoe. We could have drowned, especially me who couldn't swim, and we almost lost our gear. We paid the skipper ten dollars each for the trip. We thought we'd catch hell when we got back, but we didn't. They just wondered what the crazy idea was. I have a picture of the bend or point and the bay where we came around with the canoe, and it shows us coming in to

make the initial landing. I cut this picture out of "Life" magazine. It took until mid-afternoon until we got to base after starting in the early morning.

While we were at this village on the other side, I saw something very peculiar, a certain custom these local natives had. I've only been able to tell my brothers about it. I couldn't believe my eyes.

We had some stateside entertainment at Hollandia. I can't remember just who it was, and we also were shown movies once in a while. We had laid logs parallel to each other for seating. Not the best, but were glad to see the movies. One time while we were waiting for the movie to start there was an earthquake that shook the ground quite a bit.

We also had mail come to us there quite often, which was a welcome thing to see. I had my camera with me that I had brought from home, and took some pictures now and then. It took maybe two weeks to get them developed.

By now I'm sure that I was holding the high rank of a glorified PFC. So I could have been getting the huge sum of ten dollars a month more which, with overseas pay, I should have been getting \$84.00 a month.

While we were there General MacArthur had the engineers put up a new house and headquarters at Hollandia, also an Officers Mess Hall and an entertainment center. His home was built on a knoll from what I gathered, with a blacktop road leading up to it. Well, for some reason or other, one night the Officers Club burned down; arson, it was said.

One day it was decided that some of the outfit would go up the coast for a few miles. Don't really remember how far it was to another village in the opposite direction of the village where I was at one time. It was kind of a

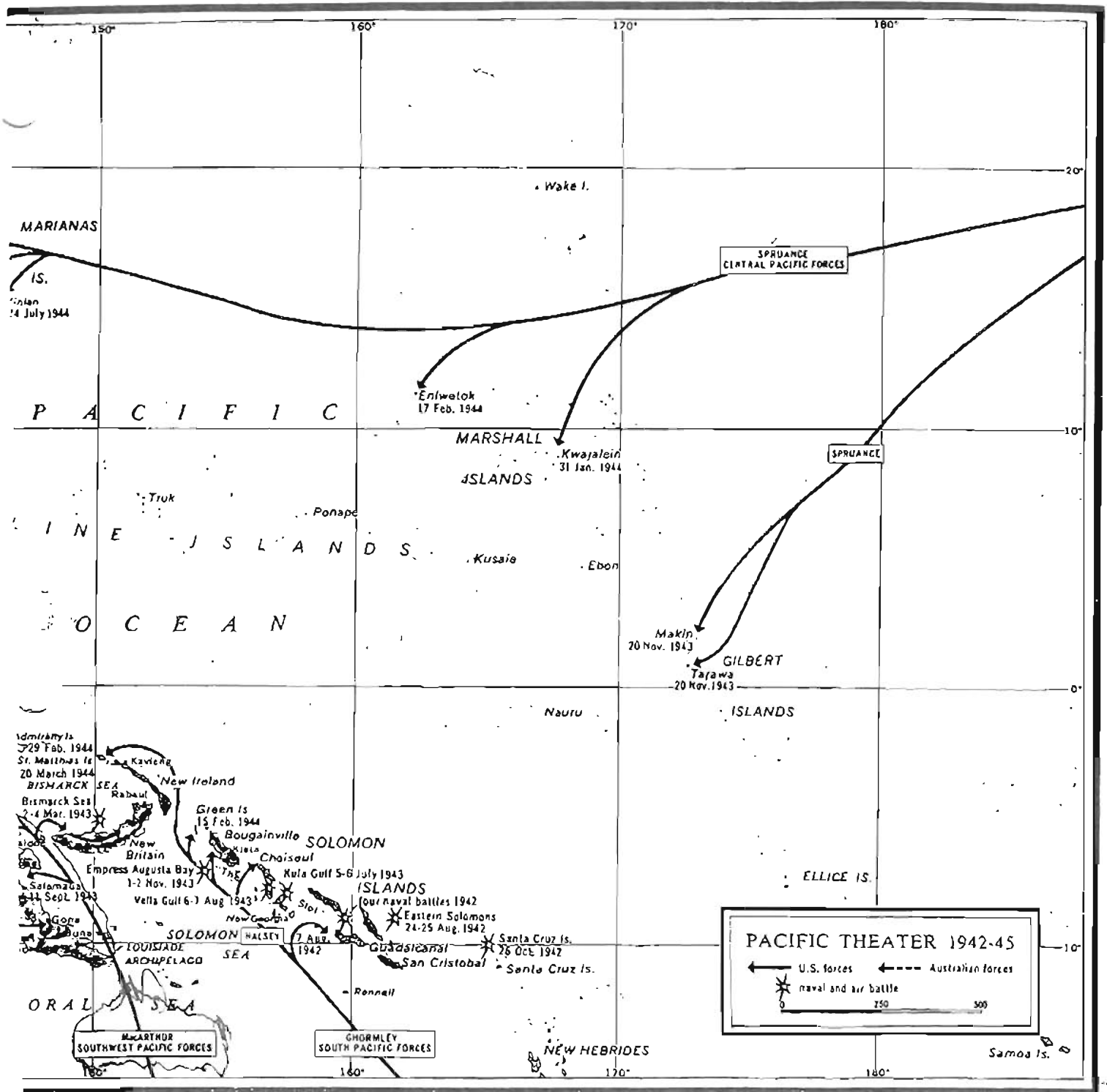
small invasion, and to do some more mop-up of the enemy; also capture some prisoners.

I remember one prisoner who was brought in one evening. There was a small stream that went through the middle of this village, and they had this prisoner take a bath in it. He was given a scrub brush and GI soap. I kinda felt sorry for him; poor guy was nothing but skin and bones. I don't know if they got any information out of him or not. They already had some prisoners locked up in a pen not far from where this one was given his bath. Some stories were told as to how things went during some of the events of the patrol. There was this one sergeant who wasn't too lenient with some of the captured.

In this village there was a granary filled with rice, so the company cook prepared some for us this one time. It was discovered that there were these tiny little worms in it. That was after we had eaten a meal of the rice. No more rice after that.

One evening three of us had a native take us out offshore a ways to get us some fish to eat. The other two had hand grenades, and so they pulled the pin and threw the grenade out into the water. The grenade exploded and up came the fish, enough for us and some left over for some of the skipper's friends or family. Some fancy fish came up out of the water, striped and different colors. We had us a good meal; was better than the rice.

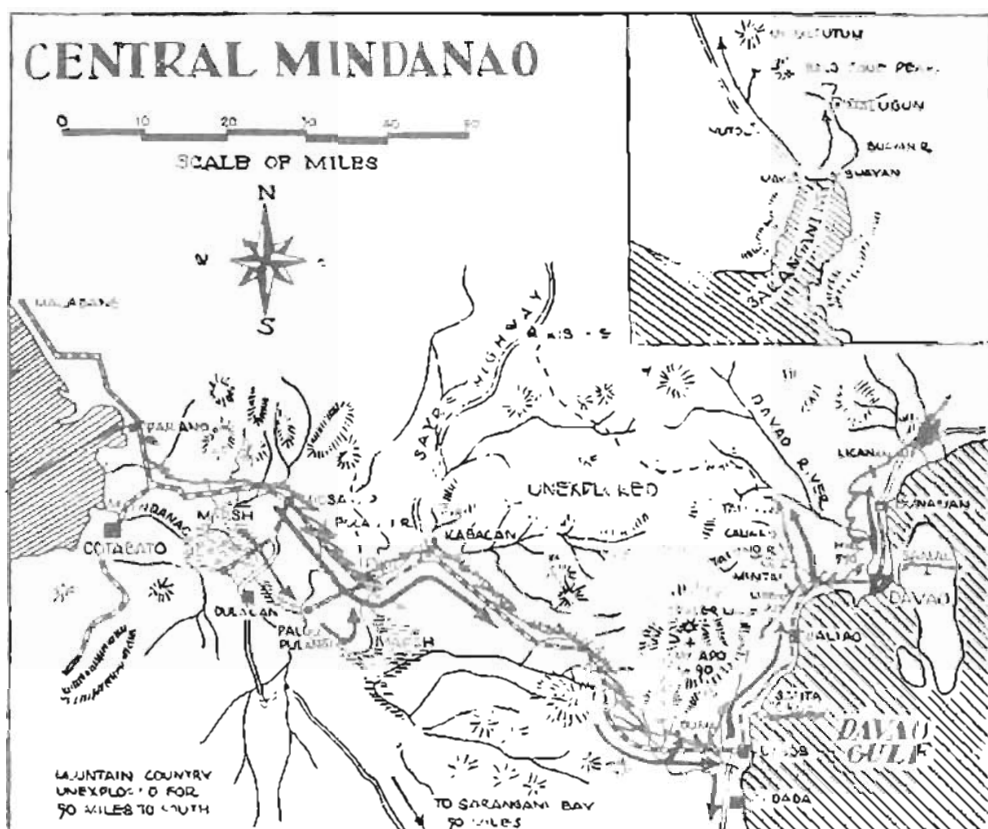
We had been there in that area of the north coast of New Guinea since April 22, and it was now going on six months, and overseas away from the States and home for two years. When I would think of my life at home it would seem like it was a place from a dream that I had had; a faraway land.



Unlike the war in Europe, where the lay of the land was familiar to most Americans, the war in the Pacific often seemed hard to follow. MacArthur's men fought at places with strange names that were a problem to find on the map. And the amount of ocean that had to be conquered was so vast that a lot of people never did quite get the picture. As this map shows, the scale of the Pacific war was enormous, the strategy essentially simple. Two great thrusts westward, one starting at Guadalcanal (lower right), the other at the Gilbert and Marshall Islands (center), would converge on the Philippines. Islands along the way would be taken one after the other, unless, as was the case with Rabaul and Truk, they could be merely bypassed.

THUNDER TO DAVAO

(The Notebook of a Cross-Island Campaign)
By Jan Valtin our reporter.



THE Division struck Mindanao like a thunderbolt. It struck with a hundred ships, with thousands of men, scores of field guns, hundreds of trucks. It struck where the Japanese least expected it to strike: at the town of Parang, in Moro Gulf, at dawn, April 17, 1945. A day after my 29th birthday.

The Division convoy had steamed out of San Jose harbor, Mindoro Island, at 1300, Friday, April 13. Original plans had

However, a radio message received on the way had brought intelligence that the Malabang area had already been liberated by guerilla forces. Whereupon General Woodruff boldly changed his plan of invasion while the convoy was still on the high seas. Instead of landing at Malabang, he struck Parang.

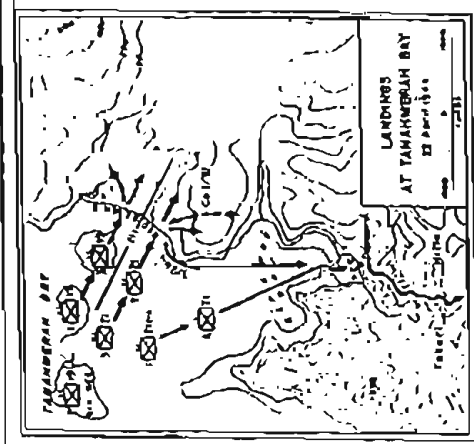
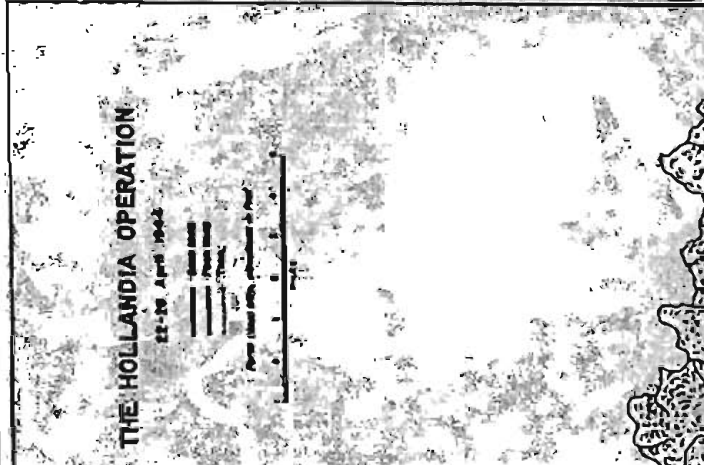
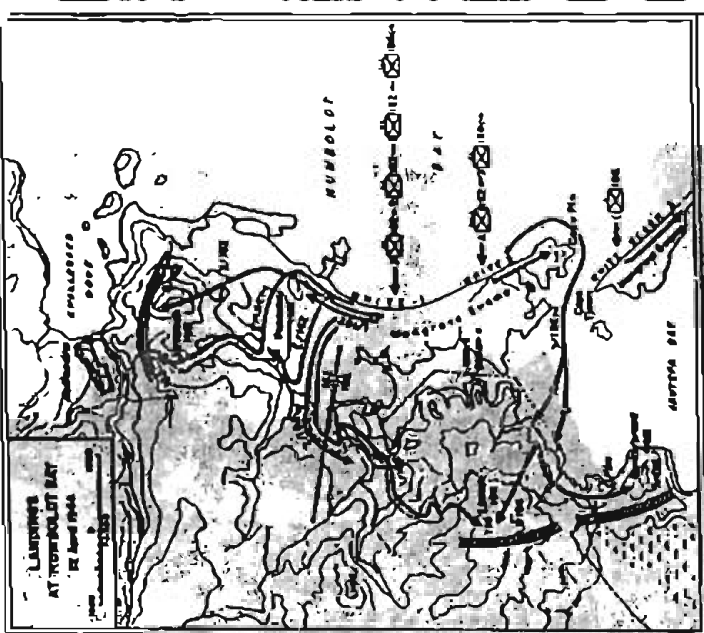
The Division's goal was the city of Davao. At that time the bulk of an estimated 50,000 Japanese troops defending Mindanao were encamped in the Province of Davao, one hundred fifty miles east by trail from Parang. The naval base of Davao and the surrounding countryside has been for decades a hub of Japanese colonization. After the fall of Manila it was Nippon's last major bastion in the Philippines.

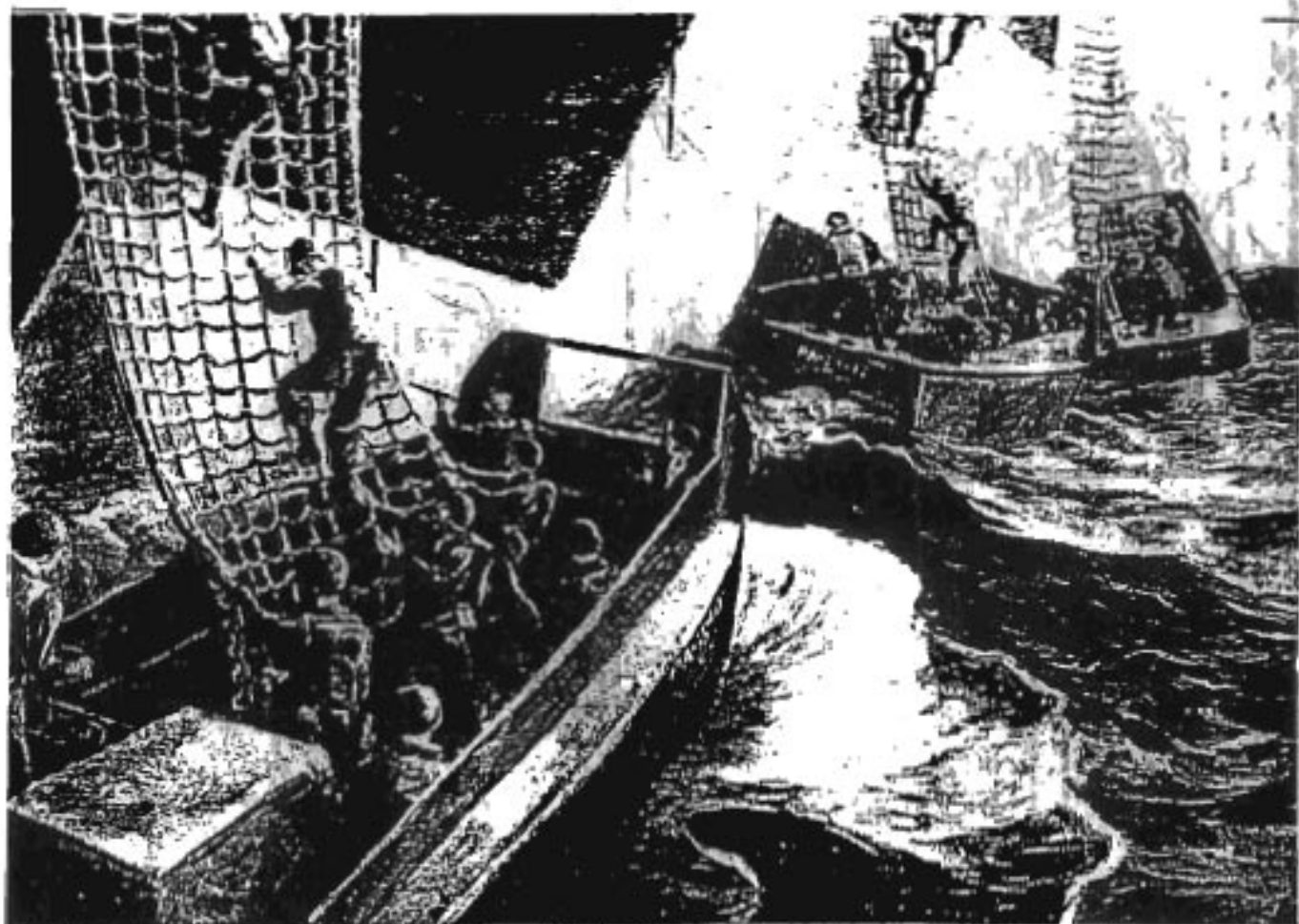
Broad valleys, high mountains, belts of jungle, lay between Parang and Davao. More than fifty streams and rivers obstructed the Division's advance. They flowed through wild country inhabited by Mohammedan Moros; and by tribes still addicted to head hunting and cannibalism. Maps depicted large expanses of the country in white patches and the legend "Unexplored." The "National Highway" to Davao was mostly a one-lane track with a thousand-and-one twisting curves. The Japanese had burned or blasted more than a hundred bridges along the route. They had planted hundreds of mines, plotted scores of ambushes to delay the fantastic cross-island rush.

The Division pounded across Mindanao, from Parang to Davao, in two hectic weeks. It set an all-time record of mile-eating in tropical warfare.

The beach at Parang was narrow, black, steep. Jungle-covered ridges arose a hundred yards inland. The town of Parang was wrecked and deserted. Jap demolition, American bombs, Jap vengeance, American naval cannonade and rocket blasts and infantry invasion had driven the populace into the mountains. As the first waves stormed up the beach, a lone figure met them: a brown, sinewy woman clad in rags and armed with an old American rifle. When she saw the Division's code letter "V," painted

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Troops Going Down Landing Nets, by James Turnbull. By taking Hollandia, General Douglas MacArthur hoped to bypass and cut off 40,000 Japanese troops. Taking Aitape's airfields would provide General Kenney's Fifth Air Force with a base to support the Army's gains.



TROOPS MOVING INLAND on 22 April found the way through the swampy areas near Hollandia difficult (top). The men exercised much caution as they penetrated the jungle toward the Hollandia airstrips (bottom). The landings were virtually unopposed since the enemy had taken to the hills.





LAKE SENTANI NEAR HOLLANDIA. Men in a "Buffalo," LVT(A) (2), are firing a machine gun at enemy riflemen hidden in the bushes (top); troops waded through knee-deep water, 27 April (bottom). Despite the dense jungle and lack of overland communications, satisfactory progress was made. The three airfields at Hollandia were taken within five days of the landings.



And it seemed like I had been there all my life. So far it hadn't been too life-threatening compared to what lay ahead. We would make up rhymes like, "Back alive in '45," or "Back in heaven in '47," etc.

In the time that we were there the battles were going on for the islands of Biak (off the west coast of New Guinea), Aitape (on the coast east of us), Saipan, Tinian, and Guam (in the Mariana Islands), and Peleliu (in the Palau Islands). The Marianas were fought with the Army's 27th Division and by the Marines under the naval command. The other islands were under MacArthur's command. We were lucky not to be involved in those battles.

So now was the time for the big one that General Douglas MacArthur was waiting for: The Return to the Philippines. The way had been cleared, the Japanese were annihilated in the Southwest Pacific, and they had lost most of their naval air power. What navy warships that they had left were pulled back to defend the Philippines and their homeland.

Now the dispute between Nimitz and MacArthur was on again; whether to invade Formosa first or the Philippines first. And when that was decided, if the Philippines were first, should the island of Mindanao, which was 300 miles away, be first or should the island of Leyte. Admiral "Bull" Halset suggested to Admiral Nimitz that the island of Leyte was wide open, which it wasn't, and should be the one. So it was passed on to President Roosevelt and he agreed, so the invasion was moved up two months to October 20th.

An invasion force was formed at Admiralty Island and in the area of Hollandia, including us in the 24th Division, the 1st Cavalry Division, the 96th Division, and the 7th Division. The U.S. Seventh Fleet and the U.S.

Third Fleet, an armada of 17 fleet aircraft carriers, 12 battleships, 28 cruisers, 150 destroyers, and hundreds of other ships must have added up to 800 or more vessels. Wherever you looked, there were ships. It looked like we were in for something really big. And we found out, after we got out a few hundred miles, of the over a thousand miles that we had to go until we got to our destination, which was the center of Leyte in the Philippine Islands.

At dawn on the morning of October 20, 1944, we were in the Leyte Gulf on Leyte's east coast. The big battleships were shelling the beaches. What a sight and what a racket as the infantry was crawling down the rope ladders of the troop transports into the LCVPs (Landing Craft Vehicle Personnel).

We went in circles between the transports and the beachheads until everyone was in their landing craft, and then took off for our designated areas to land. We were to land on Red Beach One. After circling, we formed a wave, or line, before going to the beach. I was in the third wave with the 81mm Mortar Platoon in one of the LCIs. We were luckier than the second wave. The first wave got through all right, but by the time the second wave came through, the Japs were zeroed in and wiped most of the wave out. So before they reloaded and fired, we snuck through. But we did get some splash from the shells now and then. I looked over the boat one time and saw one of the craft get hit. From then on I kept my head down.

A thirty-nine year old aidman of our Battalion Aid Station told me the morning before we got off the troop ship that he had a feeling that he wasn't going to make it; and, sure enough, I heard that the boat that he was on had sunk and he had drowned.

While the shelling of the beaches was going on, a lone small Jap plane flew over the entire landing force from one end to the other, and made it without being hit. Seemed like every ship was firing at it. The sky was full of shell bursts.

The sea was fairly rough the morning of the landing. We had to climb down over the side of the transport ship, which was a Liberty-type ship, on those rope-type ladders and into the landing craft with a 60 pound backpack. The craft would bob up and down two to three feet. Besides the packs, the infantry also had to carry their ammunition; the mortar platoon had to carry their barrels, bases, and some shells.

Just before the first waves got to the beaches, the shelling stopped. The trees along the shores were stripped of all their branches; they looked like large toothpicks standing there.

After I got on the beach, I couldn't find anyone of the platoon, let alone the Aid Station. I thought that they were either lying face down on their tummies, or that they might have gone inland. So I followed some infantrymen advancing, thinking that I might find someone that I recognized. And after all, it would be better to get off the beach in case the Japs started shelling the beach. There wasn't much gunfire going on at that time, so I kept following. When going through a kind of swamp, a fellow not far ahead of me was shot in the calf of his leg, so I tied a bandage around it. As I did that, an officer came by and asked who I was and what I doing up there on the very front. So I told him that I was looking the M Company or the men in our Aid Station. He said that I had better go back to the beach, that they would most likely be there.

When I got back, things were really popping. Some Japs had waited in a cement pillbox until then to do their work, which was to pin everyone down in their line of fire, which was usually in one arch and direction. I didn't know that until I crossed their line of fire and was in a shellhole with some other GIs, by a building. Every now and then they would fire some rounds with their machine guns and the chips would fly from near the bottom of the building. A bulldozer came along, but they stopped that too. Someone eventually crept up from the back side and threw a hand grenade into the opening for their guns. That put an end to that.

After I was sure that they had finished away all of the enemy, I crawled out of the hole and found my outfit. They were still back by the shore, and had been pinned down.

After this was over, we all moved inland a ways further; everyone except those who stayed behind to guard the beach and the unloading of the supplies. We set up a perimeter for the night. While we were doing this and digging our foxholes, the fellow digging next to me was shot in the head by a Jap sniper who was hiding in a ditch in tall grass. So, seeing this, I figured that I had better dig myself a deep foxhole, which I did. Did I get some sleep that night? Not a wink. There was too much going on, not so much on account of the Japs, but our own trigger-happy men. One was killed because he decided to get out of his foxhole and go over to the tank to get something or other. After all the preaching we had had about wandering around at night, he should at least have known not to get up and go for a walk at night, for any reason. There were a couple of other instances when someone lost his life that way. Two were new recruits, or replacements, walking down the trail to

have an early morning BM and triggered a bouncing Betty that had been placed along the trail to get a Jap in case he came sneaking along. The other one was at Samal Island just outside of Davao City, on Mindanao. We knew immediately what happened when we heard the explosion.

So now came the task of clearing the Japs from the island. The infantry was up early in the morning and had moved out. They hadn't gotten very far, maybe a half mile, when the Japs stopped them. The casualties were coming in pretty regularly, and I didn't know until forty years later that our head doctor had panicked and taken off for the back, leaving our staff sergeant in charge. Because of that, our chaplain recommended that the Silver Star be awarded to the Sarge, and he received it.

The Japs repulsed our advance and we had to retreat. After all the infantry returned, they said that there was still a wounded man out there who needed to be brought in for treatment. Three other aidmen and I were asked to go out there and get him. Would you believe that there was no one out there to protect us? We didn't know that, so out we went into a wide, open area. We hurried along and finally found a fellow by a tree, his hands as well as his rifle shot to pieces. He had been dead for some time. We thought that he couldn't be the guy whom we were to get, so we went on looking the area over, but found no one.

All this time the Japs were still where they had been when they stopped our infantrymen. Late in the afternoon, after the infantry had brought up some light tanks, they took another stab at it. After a fellow on the tank had his head blown off and they had suffered more casualties, they were driven back again.

I was following along, and I'll never forget the cracking of the bullets from the Jap machine guns, like lighting a whole bunch of firecrackers. And it sounded like they were all around my head. Then I came upon a fellow that had just been hit in the most unusual place, right through the middle of his private. All the while I was bandaging him to stop the bleeding, he kept crying. And I could understand why. I hadn't realized that the bullets were coming that low.

When I saw the men coming back, I could understand; so we all went back to our foxholes for the night.

The next morning they tried again in the same direction, but the Japs had pulled back, back to put up another stand. We moved on and were able to take the bridge and cross the river by midafternoon, and also captured the town of Palo. We set up our aid station in the Catholic Church that was in town and not far from the end of the bridge, and dug our foxholes around the outside of the church. The infantry put machine gun and anti-tank positions at the street intersections of the town.

This one night the Japs were on the offensive and gave us a taste of their banzai attack, while we were on the defensive. They were able to come across the bridge that night, take one of our machine gun emplacements, and start using our own gun on us. But one of the men that was with our four that were in the emplacement played dead and shot the Japs.

A nineteen year old and Jake Stoltz, a good friend of mine, were among those who were guarding the east end of the bridge when the Japs started to come. They held out as long as they could by blasting them with their Tommy guns as they came around the bridge abutment. As soon as their

heads came up over the abutment, they let them have it. The nineteen year old said that the barrel of his gun was covered with blood and brains.

After they saw that they couldn't hold out any longer, they jumped into the river and floated downstream a mile and a half. The nineteen year old made his way back the next morning before noon. When Stoltz didn't return, a patrol was sent out to look for him. When they found him, he was buried in a foot and a half of dirt with only his hands and forearms showing. The fingers were scorched, and his body punctured by bayonets.

Jake Stoltz was from Mitchell, SD. He had a wife and two daughters. He was a close friend of mine, as was Arthur Auch of Menno, SD. We spent a lot of time together. Art had been sending a Christmas card to me every year until 1983. He passed away November 30, 1983, at his brother's house. Art was 19 days older than I. He kept telling me that he was going to get married, but he never did. They both were with the 81mm Mortar Platoon, so we got to see each other almost every day.

As far as I remember, Art and I were in all the amphibious landings and battles in which the 3rd Battalion was involved, both in New Guinea and the Philippines. His obituary mentioned sixteen islands; some of those islands were taken by the 21st or the 34th infantry regiments.

I wasn't with him and the platoon after July, 1945. I was brought back to the aid station to take over when our leaders with enough points went home. Art mentioned that he got five Bronze Battle Stars, two Bronze Arrowheads, a Bronze Oak Leaf Cluster, the Victory Medal, a Good Conduct Medal, etc. I never heard that he was ever wounded. One time when we went down the visit Kasper and Florene we went to see him.

The Japs suffered heavy losses the night of the banzai attack compared to our losses, so on the morning after, their corpses were gathered and placed in the corners of the intersections. They were piled up about four feet high and then hauled away in dump trucks to be buried. They had gathered some of their own and put them in a pile and burned them. Our wounded were taken to the Cathedral for first aid and then out the bay to a hospital ship. Those that couldn't come back soon were sent to Hollandia or back to the States. To read about our campaign from the beach to Palo and beyond, I have a book entitled Children of Yesterday, written by our war correspondent.

The morning after the banzai attack, a lone Jap bomber or troop plane flew over and was shot down by a gunner on a tank with a 20mm anti-aircraft cannon. You could see the tracers coming closer and closer until it started to smoke. When the tracers got to the plane, everyone cheered with shouts when it started to spiral down.

I learned later that Lew Ayres had come to the church where we had set up our aid station (which was set up as a field hospital), as an orderly or male nurse. Since the war, I've seen a picture of the inside of the church after it was changed to a hospital. After a few days there to make sure that the Japs were cleared out, we moved out on a road that cut across the island. During this time, about three days after we landed on Leyte, the battle between the U.S. and the Japanese Navies was going on. It was to be the finish of the threat of the Jap Navy. A lot of their biggest warships were sunk or crippled, plus they lost a lot of their air force. We heard this commotion going on out by the gulf, but didn't know that the Jap Navy came so close to

wiping us out before we got through with our advance to Palo. I didn't know this until I read about it after I was back.

The Navy almost blew it, being they got their signals crossed. The main Naval Task Force had taken off to the north to search for one of the Jap forces said to be coming south. They had left a small force by Leyte Gulf to protect the landing parties. Thank God, the Jap fleet commanders got into a disagreement too, or the outcome of the war would have been a different story. The southern Jap force came through the Surigao Strait, and the central force came through the San Bernardino Strait, north of Leyte, and were to come around and into the Leyte Gulf. The Japs got clobbered on the way in the Sibuyan Sea and in the Mindanao Sea by our planes and PT boats, and were crippled by the time they got to outside of Leyte Gulf.

After the initial landings, the 1st Cavalry Division went inland and took the city of Tacloban and went on north. They also had a rough time building airstrips for our heavy bombers and fighter planes due to the heavy rainfall, plus harassment by the Japs. The 96th, after San Jose, fought its way north up the coast to where we had been. The 7th Infantry Division took a road west and then north, to the road that we were going on. And I think they also went down the coast south on Highway 1 and across the island to the west.

We moved on to the northwest on a one lane dirt road with some resistance from the enemy once in a while, until we came near a place called Pastrano. Then the going got a little tougher; a Jap sniper was up in a tree and pinned us down by firing wood bullets at us. One of the riflemen rolled over on his side and let go a burst with his Tommy gun. First the Nip's rifle came down, and then he dropped to the ground. A lot of times the snipers

were strapped to the tree, live or die. After that we moved on and didn't get very far before we were stopped dead still. We had come to the town of Pastrano.

We moved forward a ways and then the Japs that we had passed over started to snipe at us. A young fellow and I had started to dig our foxholes when from up front there was a call for a medic. I dropped my pack and took off with my aid packs, which I carried all the time, and found the guy right in front of the pillbox, about two hundred feet from it. Two headquarters men were lying there side by side. The one to the right had been shot through the fleshy part of his upper arm, so I cut his sleeve away and wrapped a bandage around it. About that time a Jap bullet went through the front of my helmet as I crouched down. It missed hitting me in the eye, although I did get some metal by my eye and the side of my face. As I got down flat on my stomach and face, a mine went off in a tree back where I had come from, and a piece of shrapnel hit the ground just inches from my face, the gravel and dirt stinging the same side of my face again. I decided that was enough, and got up and took off back to where I had come from. On the way I came upon a shell hole and lay down in it, and stayed there until things quieted down, which was an hour, I'm sure.

Some of the aid station men were pinned down nearby by a fallen log and were lying flat beside it. The Japs beneath the shack were peppering the log just above their butts. They kept firing until one of the infantrymen got into the shack, stuck the barrel of his Tommy gun under the floor, and fired away until he figured that they were all dead. And that was the end of that.

When I got back to where I had been digging my foxhole, the young fellow who was digging with me lay dead. A piece of shrapnel from the mine that had gone off in the tree had hit him and taken his arm off at the shoulder, and he died within minutes. So maybe I wouldn't have been so lucky back there either.

Since the action had stopped, I decided to see about the Jap who had taken a shot at me. I was accompanied by a Philippine scout who had been with us since Palo. We went into the pillbox, and there in the corner were a bunch of Japs, four deep. One must have been playing possum, and after the GIs had passed through had raised up and took a shot at me. There were many dead Japs in this building, also below the floor, many without limbs, and a lot with bandages on their heads and bodies.

After we went through the pillbox, we went around it to the corner where the one had taken a shot at me. There was a tunnel going down and under the building. The scout walked up to take a look, and as he did, a Jap from in the tunnel shot him in the forehead and killed him. Maybe this was the same Jap who took a shot at me. When that happened, someone let the man on the bulldozer know, and he grabbed two five-gallon cans of gasoline and came over. He dumped them into the hole, lit the gas, and you could hear some screaming. The driver went back to his dozer, brought it over, scooped up a bucket of dirt, and dumped it over the hole. Then he backed off and took a run at the building to level it. When he came out the other side of the building the metal roof was hanging to the cab of the dozer. While he was doing this, we commenced to gather the Jap bodies and lay them in a street ditch for him to come along and push the bodies together until he had a

bunch. Then he let the blade down, picked up some dirt, and covered up the bodies. And on he went until he had them all covered up. I don't know how many there were in the bunker, but on the outside we picked up fifty-eight.

I will mention that after the Japs were taken care of in and under the shanties, the medics took care of the cuts on the side of my face. I think that since the bullet hit the front and side of my helmet, it glanced off; otherwise it would have done more damage. The hole in my helmet was a good inch in diameter. We stayed in Pastrano overnight after setting up a perimeter, and had the artillery lay in a box barrage. A box barrage is when the artillery places rounds across the front, the sides, and the back of a perimeter, and then bring in the rounds as close as they can. So, in case the enemy decides to attack, they have a rough time getting through. This was done every time after a move. The howitzer guns could fire as far as seven miles, the 155mm cannon, or rifles, as far as 15 miles.

The next morning we took off down the road to the left and went several miles without seeing any Japs. Toward sundown we saw them walking in the same direction that we were, about a half mile to the right of us, walking single file. The riflemen tried to get them with heavy machine guns, but they kept right on as if nothing were happening. So we set up our perimeter in a place that happened to be a swampy and open area. It was dark by then, and I dug myself a trench-like foxhole. I placed some grass and stuff on the bottom of my so-called bed, and bedded down for the night. After seeing those Japs, I was afraid I wouldn't get much sleep again that night. Well, it wasn't long before it started to rain heavily, and by morning I was laying in eight inches of water. And naturally I didn't dare to raise up

and lay on top of the ground for fear that someone would take a shot at me. I must say that my toesies were wrinkled, and so was the rest of my body.

This was the time of the year when the monsoons were due. Leyte is eleven degrees north of the Equator. Hollandia was less than three hundred miles south of the Equator and a lot hotter, but I don't remember it raining there that much. Eleven degrees would put Leyte between seven and eight hundred miles north of the Equator.

Before daylight on the morning of the all-night rain, a patrol was sent out to see if those Japs were still in the area. They weren't over a mile away, still sleeping in a building. The soldiers went in the door and wiped them out before they knew what was happening. So on we went again, up the road until we got to Jaro; from there we went on by truck convoy to Carigara.

Between Jaro and Carigara, we passed a Jap troop column that had been caught between the two towns; dead and bloated along with the horses and water buffalo that they had used to pull their supply carts. I was glad that we were on trucks and moving fast, as the stench was something else. And I was also glad that the Air Force and artillery got to them before the Nips got to us on down the road.

Carigara is located on the north coast of Leyte Island. The 1st Cavalry Division had gotten there earlier; that's why we had been able to come from Jaro to that point. The 7th Division also had crossed the island and had reached the west coast, and headed north on Highway 2. The 1st Cavalry had made an amphibious endrun around the northeastern tip of Leyte and landed near Carigara. They were waiting for the 24th to come up from the south. The Japs had evacuated the town and were up on higher ground.

We had to fight our way to Limon, a small village where the road turns to the south toward Ormoc, a port on the west side of Leyte, in Ormoc Bay. In the meantime, the Japs had dug in on the ridges above and beyond Limon, and set up strong defenses. They placed their field guns to cover the sharp turns in the road. This was the strongest defense line so far in the war for Leyte. The 21st Regiment named a ridge "Breakneck" because it was the one that took them almost two weeks to capture. The terrain favored the Japs, and it resulted in a bloody stalemate, with hand-to-hand combat. And since our men had no change of socks, their feet were raw.

Besides, the monsoon rains were upon us now, and it rained constantly, making the roads too muddy for the tanks, the supply vehicles, and the foot soldiers. Besides, it was hard to make strafing runs or fly in food and ammunition. There were times when the C-47s dropped more rations into the enemy lines than to our men. Sometimes there was a race between our men and the Japs as to who would get to the rations first, and a lot of times the Japs beat us to it. It was almost no use to have a foxhole because it would fill up with water anyway. After two weeks in the rain and mud, the GIs' feet would get raw and blistered. Some of them had only one or two pairs of socks with them, and within a few minutes their feet would be wet, even if they wore packs.

The Japs had an elaborate tunnel system built, with entrances all over. They would wait until our men went by and then they would attack them from all sides. It was a seesaw battle for two weeks for the 21st, when finally the 32nd Division flanked the enemy, got behind them, and cut them off. They

drove the rest down toward Ormoc, and, along with the 77th Infantry Division, finished them off.

We in the 19th Regiment were in reserve at this time because it was thought that we needed a break after walking and fighting across most of the island. We did help with the wounded as they arrived from the front, besides holding down the town and the coast in case the Japs would try to make a landing nearby.

The 32nd Division replaced the battered GIs of the 24th Division on November 16. Between the two divisions that fought this end of the island, we suffered fifteen hundred casualties and killed an estimated 5,250 Japs. By the time Leyte campaign was over, the Japanese lost about 60,000 lives, on Leyte as well as in the surrounding waters off the island when their transports were sunk. The total U.S. killed were 3,000, with 12,000 wounded.

After two weeks of fighting, the 21st had advanced only two miles. Some days they gained only 300 yards. By this time General MacArthur had moved his headquarters to Tacloban, and already had plans for the 24th Division to invade another island the following month of December. So from Cariagara Bay we went back to Tacloban for a short rest and to prepare for the next venture.

I had a chance to go to the business district of Tacloban one day before we left town. I got to see their fish market. They had tables set up on Main Street with different types of fish, including some tables with just fish heads, and some venders would be sitting on the tables by their fish. Talk about a smelly place. I have a picture that I took of the market and of other Filipino ways of doing things.

I know that there were a lot of other happenings on the island, but my memory fails me after all these years; then again, I think a person wants to forget a lot of the stuff.

In the last week of November, the Jap high command still had the idea of driving us out of Leyte by bomber raids on the airstrips of Tacloban and Dulag, near the original Leyte landing beaches. And they were still trying to bring in some convoys and planes, but our Air Force was too much for them. So the Japs, being they were about out of planes, resorted to suicide pilots, called kamikazes. I understand that some or all of those planes were made out of plywood because they had a one-way mission. They also were going to land some troops from transport planes, but three were shot down before they got to their destination, so they abandoned that plan.

That was about the last week in November, 1944. At dawn one morning, a Jap general who thought that the transports had landed came out of the jungle and ordered an assault. They overran a bivouac and bayoneted a number of our service and engineer troops who lay asleep on the ground. Other GIs grabbed their weapons and, in their underwear and bare feet, began firing, but had to retreat. Five Japs entered a cook's kitchen to loot it, but he was able to kill all five of them. The rest of the Japs were driven off after they realized that they couldn't make it to the airfield, but not until they gave the Americans a hard time. Private Ova A. Kelley was awarded the Medal of Honor posthumously.

The fall of Leyte was an enormous defeat for the Japanese. Not only did they lose most of His Imperial Japanese Majesty's Navy during the Battle of Leyte Gulf, but they couldn't mount another major sea battle. So now it

was up to the suicidal kamikaze tactics. Our PT boats played a large part in wiping out the Jap ships and also many of their kamikazes, which is not to say that the little mosquito boats didn't suffer too. The PTs cut and slowed down the Jap warships as they came through the Surigao Strait before they got to Leyte Gulf.

On December 12th, we, the 24th Division, moved out through Leyte Gulf and into the Surigao Strait, and on to the Mindanao Sea on another assignment. We were escorted by PT boats, destroyers, and the cruiser, Nashville. The following day, in late afternoon, we saw about eight Jap planes come flying through the clouds. It wasn't long before we saw four of our P38s come from the opposite direction. When the Japs saw them, they took off into the clouds and above. About that time we heard machine gun fire and pretty soon one Jap came down smoking, and then another, with the P38s diving and still firing, until they were halfway down. Three of the Japs turned tail and headed for home, but one kamikaze came diving and dove into the port side of the cruiser, Nashville. He carried two bombs, and they touched off five-inch and 40mm ammunition in the top lockers. The blast killed 133 officers and men, including both the Army and Navy Chiefs of Staff, and the colonel of the bombardment wing. The Nashville returned to Leyte Gulf. At the time we didn't know that it was the Nashville, but knew that it was a cruiser, and saw the Jap hit. There was a ball of fire, and we heard the explosion and were wondering how many were killed, but didn't think there would be that many.

Later ten more Jap planes attacked and one got through to a destroyer. The explosion killed 14 soldiers and the destroyer also had to go back to Leyte.

We went ashore on Mindoro Island in the Mangarin Bay near San Jose around seven o'clock on the morning of December 15th. We

didn't meet very much resistance; drove back a small Jap garrison. We set up a perimeter defense large enough to be able to establish and protect a fighter base. Just an hour after we went ashore the Jap kamikaze came over and started to dive on the destroyers, but were shot down by fire from the ships in the bay before they were able to hit the destroyers. One Jap plane was brought down by one of the PT boats outside the bay. The sailors saw the kamikazes coming, so they got between the LSTs and the approaching planes. The kamikazes strafed the PTs, but didn't do any damage. The boats brought down three more of the seven that were coming. Two more were shot down by PTs and LSTs, two got through and crashed into two LSTs, setting them on fire. Eventually our destroyers had to scuttle them. A hundred survivors were picked up by PTs.

The next morning one kamikaze came along and was able to sink an LST, but his plane's tail was shot off and he crashed on the beach killing five men and wounding eleven others. Then some more came at the PTs and were shot down before hitting the quick-maneuvering mosquito boats. Some planes missed the boats by only a few feet and plowed into the water, spraying debris. I don't know just how many kamikazes lost their lives, but there must have been many. I heard one time that they had as many as 400 kamikazes. There were dogfights every now and then overhead. We used to

love to watch the Nips be blasted out of the sky as they were right overhead. I saw only one of our planes come down. The pilot baled out not far from where I was located. His P51 plowed into the ground about a half-mile away, so we thought we'd go over and see what would be left of the plane. All that was left was the tail section and a few other pieces; the rest was buried in the ground, especially the motor. Smoke from the motor was coming up through the ground.

The Japs were caught by surprise again; they must have thought that it would be Palawan or Luzon, because the Air Force was bombing those islands.

In eight days, the engineers established two fighter strips and put them into operation. And a few days after that, the Air Force was flying B-25 bombers from Mindoro. From where we were, the bombers were able to soften up targets on Luzon Island, the big one that the big General was after--his final goal, so he could say, "I have returned."

The fighter planes and bombers were also able to finish off the rest of the Jap Navy as well as what was left of their air force. The fighter planes were busy just about every day. We used to watch when they came back from a run. They would let us know how many Jap planes they had shot down by how many belly rolls they made; one roll meant one score. Sometimes one of the fighters would make three rolls, but usually each one would roll at least once. They operated in groups of four. One of the pilots was an ace; he had 38 kills. His name was Thomas B. McGuire, Jr. And so the airstrip on Mindoro was named after him.

I took a picture of a B-25 bomber parked on one of the runways, and also of the reader board with our Regiment sign, RCT-19, which stands for Regimental Combat Team. I wish I had taken a close-up so you could see what else it says, for I don't remember. I also have a picture of myself looking ragged after the time that we left New Guinea.

The Jap Navy, what was left of it, did try to blow us off the beach one night. A Naval Task Force, made up of a heavy cruiser, a light cruiser, and four destroyers, came up from the South China Sea on a mission to bombard our beachhead. They wanted to make a landing on the north side of the island and come and fight it out with us for the perimeter that we had set up. At this time all our warships were back down at Leyte, too far away to help. The only Navy that we had to protect us were the PTs. Army bombers attacked the Japanese Task Force all night, but didn't stop them before they came in and bombarded the beach for what seemed like an hour. The only damage that I heard of was that they knocked out one of our gun emplacements, but no one was hurt.

When they first came in, they turned on their searchlights and scanned the beach, and also fired off some flares that lit up the area. It was a little scary. We had been alerted earlier in the afternoon to get our gear together and be ready to head for the hills. I was glad that the Japs turned tail again.

I heard that two of the PTs took off after them as they went up the coast. They were able to sink one of the Japs' new destroyers, and the next day they picked up a few of the Jap sailors.

The Jap kamikaze raised hell with a convoy of supply ships on the way from Leyte, and sank a LST that was bringing a supply of beer for us. One of

five dive bombers came down on a suicide dive and hit an aviation gasoline tanker so hard that its engine went through the decks and out the bottom, tearing a large hole in the hull. Seven men were killed and eight were wounded. The tanker burst into flames. They pulled it as close to shore as they could. There it burned down to the water line. You could see the thing burn for about a month, it seemed like. Two destroyers were also damaged.

By January, the kamikazes gave up and let us have a little peace. By that time the airfields were finished and our planes, or else the Navy, got rid of them before they could get there. Thank God for the Navy, and especially for those little PT boats. They were a small target for the Nip kamikaze, so they were hard to hit. They were able to swing out of the way before the bombers hit. The Navy suffered the most casualties in the campaign for Mindoro. That was one time that I was glad that I was in the Army and on the ground. We hardly lost any men.

I put up a little aid station again, much like the one that I had on Tanahmerha Bay, New Guinea. Only this time I made it a little larger. I was able to get a pretty good-sized tarp for my roof. The Battalion Aid Station always carried some tarps with them on a trailer behind the jeep. So this time I was able to get myself a cot and set it up underneath the tarp. The station was out away from anyone very close; kind of private. I slept on the cot most of the time during the night. During the day it was used mostly for card games.

I took care of my mortar crew and M Company for their small aches and pains. I treated sore throats, headaches, athlete's foot, ear washes, cuts, bruises, rash, colds, and coughs with terpin hydrate and codeine, Acidylsaicylic acid, and three different types of sulfa drugs. I carried morphine in vials with needles attached. I had to use the morphine several times for pain or battle fatigue.

I must have taken care of at least seven men who broke down. Someone nearby usually had to help me to restrain them until I had given them the shot. Then they were put in an ambulance and sent on to the aid station or to a field hospital. I also carried smelling salts to bring someone around after a fainting spell. We used sulfa powder on wounds as well as jungle rot ulcers.

I also gave treatment to the civilians on the islands for jungle ulcers, especially women and children. They usually came with a tree leaf as a bandage over a three or four inch open sore that was sometimes a half-inch deep. On Mindoro, by the time I left, some were healed over; all but the ones that were really deep. In exchange for my efforts, the women would bring bunches of bananas of different varieties, and there were at least five different kinds. Some bananas were poisonous, but other varieties could be fried like potatoes. The bunches usually weren't quite ripe, so I would place my poncho over them and hang them up on a branch for a day or two. By that time they would be just right. They also brought live or cooked chicken, other local fruits, and vegetables.

Naturally, I shared my rewards with my buddies who hung around my hangout. The bananas usually didn't last very long. Papayas and mangoes were a favorite too. And now and then the Filipinos would bring the native drink, called "tuba," which kinda tasted like champagne. The only difference I noticed was that it was a little cloudy and had a few bugs, flies and other debris in it which could be skimmed off. It had a punch to it. I know because between Christmas and New Year I had myself two canteen cups of it, and it got to me. So much so that by that afternoon I had to ask one of my associates to tend to my duties while I slept it off, which took the rest of the afternoon.

In order to get your own "tuba," you had to find a four-foot length of four-inch bamboo pole, knock all the joints out, but leave the bottom one in. You then put a strap around it, strap it around your shoulder, find a coconut tree and shinny up to where the branches come down to meet the tree. Look for some liquid that has gathered at the base and fermented there, scoop off the undesirables first, scoop the "tuba" into your container, and shinny back down. (During a rain, water is caught between the tree and the palm branch, and with other particles and yeasts in the air, ferments there.) While you are that far up the tree, you might also drop a few coconuts. If you like, you can pop open the coconut and drink some of its milk as a chaser. It's interesting to watch a Filipino climb a tree. He practically walks up the tree, which is quite high--could be forty to fifty feet or more. The tuba makes an economical drink. My advice, though, is to ask a professional to retrieve your drink.

From the moment we hit the beach until we left, the climate was pretty comfortable. It was partly cloudy most of the time, which the suiciders loved because they could come sneaking out of the clouds. I liked it there more than any other island that we were on, except for Oahu.

Between the 27th and the last days of December, the worst of the battle of Mindoro occurred, when the supply ships came up from Leyte with supplies for us and the invasion of Lingayen, Gulf of Luzon Island was planned. After they got into Mangarin Bay, a Jap kamikaze dove into the side of the PT tender. The ship burst into flames and blew many sailors into the water. Fifty-nine were killed and 106 were wounded. PTs in the area pulled the swimming sailors from the water.

On January 1, 1945, Japs bombers came over and dropped fragmentation bombs, killing 11 men and wounding 10, survivors of

the PT tender. January 4th was the last time that the Japs kamikaze made a run. One of their planes was hit and it skidded into the side on an ammunition ship, exploded, and took 71 sailors to the bottom. Then for about a month we had a little peace.

Around the first part of February the 3rd Battalion of the 19th Infantry Regiment, meaning us, boarded LCIs and left for Luzon Island, ending up in Manila Bay. There a convoy of trucks was waiting, we got on, and headed for someplace unknown. While waiting for all to be loaded, a Filipino came by and I purchased a cup of tuba. After we were on the way, a crisis hit. I had to go number one, and you can imagine going down the road in a rough-riding truck, and trying to go between the slats in the back of a stake truck.

By this time, American troops had already landed in Manila and were fighting hard to take the city, around and in which there were about 16,000 Jap naval troops. Most of the Japs had been withdrawn and sent up into the foothills. As we traveled toward and past Manila, heavy fighting was going on, with shelling and bombing. It looked like the whole city was being hit. You could hear the explosions and the machine gun fire.

I was glad that we kept on going by because I didn't want to have any part of it. It was now near sundown again, like most other times when it was

time to get a hole dug. As we were driving along, we came to an area where for about a mile there were Jap bodies scattered along the way. They were shot down leaving Manila.

It wasn't long before we ended up just outside of Fort McKinley. It was our job to remove the Japs from the fort and the area around it. It took us two weeks because they had tunneled under the hills again, as usual. They had a whole network of tunnels. There weren't that many trees in the area, unlike other places that we had encountered. In the trees that were there, snipers were hiding out. One day the forward observer asked me to look through his binoculars because he saw that there were Japs moving around. So I looked, and just then a Jap came down out of a tree and joined some others, and they just walked off carrying some buckets or something. Maybe it was their ammo.

Under the topsoil was a layer of shale. I don't remember how thick it was, but I know that it was thick enough so a mortar shell would not penetrate it. The mortar platoon shot up 17 truckloads of mortar shells, and it didn't do a thing. There was a huge pile of empty shells piled up behind the mortars. The guys said, "What a waste of taxpayers' money." The only damage that I saw was a Jap mortar that our mortar platoon had knocked out. They had been firing it at us once in a while. It had been hit on the base next to the barrel.

When the mortar shelling did not do the job, the fighter bombers were called, and after a few runs that was called off. Then they asked the men with the flame throwers to try, plus pouring some gasoline into the vents, and that finally did the job; the entrances were plugged up. Before the guys with the

flame throwers went to work, they used a light tank to fire point-blank at the hole to keep the Japs down in their tunnel. No prisoners were taken this time. They died for their Emperor, which is what they wanted. When they were taken prisoner, they begged the riflemen to shoot them, no bayonets or knives. I guess they figured that they would get the same treatment that they gave our prisoners. It wasn't far from here to Bataan, where they were famous for the death march.

A group of twenty-five got cornered in a gravel pit but didn't want to surrender, so a light truck was brought up with canister shot, and they were put away. They said that they would get the same treatment when they got home.

After Fort McKinley was secured, we went to Cavite, on the coast of Manila Bay. I guess we were on standby while the 34th Infantry Regiment of the 24th Division and the 503rd Parachute Infantry Regiment were across the bay retaking the island fortress of Corregidor.

The G2 thought that there were only 850 Japanese on the "Rock," when actually around 5,000 naval troops and some soldiers were there. It was on February 16 when the assault was made. A lot of paratroopers missed their points of landing and were killed or injured in falls on rough terrain. For about a week the 34th was sitting on a powder keg; they were told to kill all the Japs, or the Japs had killed them.

As the Japs came out of their holes, they suffered heavy losses. K Company of the 34th paid a high price too, having their original 161 men whittled down to 33. One night the hill blew up while the Japs were trying to open the blocked tunnel exits. All but 600 of the 2,000 that were in this hill

were killed. And then there was this blockhouse called the "drum" that had to be taken too. The Army engineers pumped 3,000 gallons of oil into the vents in one place, and several hundred pounds of TNT in another. They then set a fuse, lit it and took off on landing craft before it blew. When it did, flames and smoke poured out of all the holes and vents with a terrific roar. I remember seeing the cloud of smoke.

In early February, the 37th and the 11th Airborne and 1st Cavalry worked their way into Santo Tomas and freed the POWs that had been there since 1942. In the latter part of February other troops of ours were still fighting for Manila. In Manila itself, more than 1,000 Americans were killed and 5,000 were wounded. More than 100,000 Filipinos lost their lives. Finally, on March 3rd, the fighting ended.

I had the good fortune of meeting a major in the Filipino Guerrilla Army and his family while being in the area. His name was Major David F. Alegre of Mendez, Cavite. His second address was 1430 Makato St., Manila, P.I. The family invited me to spend the rest of the afternoon at their house and to stay for dinner that evening. They had a real nice home, and what still stands out most in my memory is the beautiful, shiny, split bamboo floor. The house was nice and clean throughout. His wife cooked a good dinner for us that evening. They had a pair of twins and a little girl. I took a picture of them, and you can see part of their house in the background.

I met them at their church after Mass one morning. I also met the parish priest and got his autograph on the back of a 10-peso Japanese invasion bill. His name was Reverend Father Leon S. Coronel, Parish Priest, Mendez, Cavite.

Toward the end of March we went back to Mindoro again, to a staging area, and got ready for another amphibious campaign. This time we sailed to the south, in the direction that we had come from when we came from Leyte. There were still several months of fighting to be done on Luzon, especially in the mountains of northern Luzon. We sailed down through the Sulu Sea, going by Palawan and down around the western tip of Mindanao, where the city of Zamboanga is located, and east on the Moro Gulf to a beach between Malabang and Parang.

The top brass decided to take the 24th Division from General Krueger's 6th Army and add it to General Eichelberger's 8th Army. So from there on out, I was with the 8th Army until I was discharged.

On Palawan, it was learned that the Japs panicked when they saw our invasion force going by on the way to Mindoro, thinking that we were going to make a landing on Palawan. They took the 150 American prisoners they had, put them into the shelters in the stockade, doused them with gasoline, and set them of fire. Those that tried to escape were machine gunned, but three of the prisoners escaped through a tunnel. This time when we went by Palawan, Panay, and Negros, we weren't pestered by kamikaze, for while we were at Luzon, the Americans invaded and occupied these islands. Already on March 8th, C-47s flew in two companies of our division to reinforce the guerrillas at the Zamboanga Airstrip. Two days later the 41st Division landed there.

Again, on my birthday, I was on a LCI heading for another amphibious landing. The day after my birthday, April 16, we made another big landing; this time on the biggest island of the Philippines, Mindanao. The battle for

Mindanao was the biggest and bloodiest operation that the 8th Army was in. There were 43,000 Japanese troops on the island, plus 13,000 Jap civilians. The civilians lived around Davao City, the capital of Mindanao. They developed the hemp plantations. It was something else to get them out of the hemp fields; like finding someone in a cornfield. The Japs had moved inland again before we made contact with them; I guess the naval bombardment scared them off. They left five homing pigeons behind at their command post with notes attached to them saying that the Americans had arrived.

We moved inland yet that afternoon, down Highway 1. Naturally no one told us how far we were to go, so we hiked across the whole island, from northwest to southeast, 117 miles. We went through a roadway that was overgrown with jungle that had to be cleared at times with a dozer that we had with us again.

Some Japs were moving ahead of us, and they'd blow up the bridges over ravines and gullies. The engineers would construct Bailey bridges so we could move on. Every once in a while we'd run into a Jap ambush at a sharp turn in the road, and would be held up for an hour or more. Then they would bury some bombs in the ground with an inch of their noses sticking out of the ground. After some of the infantry got beyond it a little, they'd trip them. So we blasted them with the mortars before they could set them off. They'd also hoist a 250 pound bomb up a tree and wait a safe distance away. But if the thing didn't go off, they'd jerk away at it, figuring that they could make it go off that way. When a G.I. saw the rope he let loose with his Tommy gun and cut the rope with it. One of the squads tried to disarm one, it exploded, and nothing was left of the squad.

The Mindanao River ran parallel to the highway on which we were moving, so the 21st Regiment boarded some LCMs followed by some subchasers, and took off up the river. In two days they advanced 26 miles, but had gotten too far ahead of us, and so they were pulled back to wait. Five days after we landed the 34th, after mopping up Corregidor, landed where we did. In a few days they joined the 21st Regiment at Fort Pikit, an old U.S. Army post, and took that.

The 19th Regiment, us footsore guys, reached Digos, 20 miles south of Davao City. After overcoming many obstacles, we were looking across the Davao River at a ruined city. On May 3rd, after 17 days, the Japs had blown up the bridge to the city and mined the river, so one engineer swam across and cut the wires to the mines and defused them. The engineers put up a temporary bridge of logs, ladders, and what not, and we entered the city. My long time buddy from Brooklyn took off across the so-called bridge before any of the rest of us in the Battalion Aid Station made it.

We were a few miles up the road from the bridge, and were transported to the river by Army trucks. Every time the drivers would come back, they'd tell us to be sure and duck way down in the truck box because the Japs kept sniping at them. I was a little concerned, but we made it.

Here, too, the Jap soldiers took off inland to high ground, along with their civilians. So we were able to set up our perimeter in town before nightfall. I don't know if it was smart or not, but I dug my foxhole next to a small building, and near a new replacement rookie with a 50-caliber machine gun. During the night he let loose with it, lit up the whole area with his blasting, and mowed down a ten-inch tree, thinking that it was a Jap. I made

damn sure that I didn't move around that night. It's a good thing that there weren't any Japs around to fire back, or we'd both have gotten it.

I spent the next night in the same foxhole. And this night the Japs did come into town. They came walking down Main Street, the lead Japs with explosives tied to their bodies. It was thought that there were about eight of them. As they approached the intersection, they were spotted by a 37mm anti-tank gun crew who had loaded their cannon with canister shot, pellets. So the crew let loose with a round and there was a big explosion, knocking the gun crew out of their position. And for some time after, you could hear splats coming down onto the street from what was left of the enemy. The trees on both sides of the street overlapped, and in the morning there were parts of bodies hanging from the branches. Shortly after the blast, one G.I. said that as he reached for something above his foxhole he reached into some remains.

All that you could see on the blacktop where the mines had gone off were some half-inch shreds of clothing and some dents in the blacktop. A few nights later, a lone Jap came up a street from the south, and he ended up with the same fate. He blew so far that it took all morning to find any part of him, which was a leg. On this same street that morning two men in a weapons carrier came along and touched off a land mine in the street. When it blew, it made a wishbone out of the truck, blowing both men's legs off, and throwing them into a swamp nearby, where they died. They called for the medics, but it was too late.

Before I go any further with Davao City, I'm going to backtrack to the hike across the island and some incidents that happened along the way.

Mindanao is inhabited with quite a large number of tribesmen, Islamic Muslims that are scattered throughout the Philippines and the Sulu Archipelago. We were warned against having too much to do with them. But not all turned out to be bad; although one tribesman set the 19th up for an ambush. He said Japs were cooking rice and sleeping in a bamboo grove not very far ahead. So when our forward squads moved forward slowly, the Japs opened up with mortar rounds and our men withdrew. As they did, the Japs came out of the tall grass and attacked with spears, bayonets and hand grenades.

We also came upon a leper colony in one place. We were given a break so we looked the place over, and what a frightful sight to see. The lepers each had their individual hut just big enough for one person to move around. They were situated on a slope, I suppose for good drainage as it rained very heavily at times. The huts were made out of bamboo poles, palm tree branches, and bunches of grasses on three sides; the fronts were open at the time, although they may have had a cloth or something to hang over the opening during the night or when the weather was bad. We got caught in some such downpours during our hike across the island.

There they sat, their bodies twisted, the hands distorted, their fingers twisted all out of shape; so also were their faces. I didn't get any closer than twenty feet from them. But just to think having to sit there in pain and suffer until death. It was sad.

Where we were was 600 and some miles from Manila, so it was quite a bit warmer. It was about the same distance to the Equator.

One other time that stands out in my mind was when a C-47 dropped C and K rations with parachutes at an open area along the roadway; that was a welcome sight.

I may as well mention now, while I think of it, that I slept on or in the ground for 86 nights--between sleeping on a cot or bed of any kind. Most of my sleeping quarters in the ground were the trench kind, with a roof of ponchos over the top. I hated to think of it as a ready-made grave, and it was good to stretch out at night. I usually dug it a foot and a half deep and piled the dirt around the top sides so the water wouldn't run in when it rained.

And while I'm at it, I may as well mention that a leader of a Moro guerrilla group offered 20 centavos and one bullet to anyone that brought back a pair of Jap ears. And by early 1945 they were bringing them in by the jarful. That was his way of proving their loyalty.

I just don't remember how long we were in the city of Davao, but we did have to cross over to take the island of Samal. It was out in the Davao Gulf, not far from the city; could have been a mile or less. Anyhow, we ferried over there one forenoon. There were two villages on the island, Babak and Samal. What stands out in my memory again are the chickens. I must have craved chicken meat, because I don't think that I had had any chicken since the Mindoro Islands. Anyhow, it wasn't long before a chicken had lost its head and was cooking. We were there until the island was mopped up, and then it was back to Davao City and beyond.

It was on the island of Samal that a new recruit lost his life by not being aware of not moving around too much before everyone was up. I suppose he had to have a BM real bad, so he up and took off down a trail into

the bushes, where he tripped on a Bouncing Betty and it killed him. The personnel mine bounces up off the ground about three feet and then explodes, spraying shrapnel. A person doesn't have a chance of surviving one.

We went back to Davao City and advanced beyond it until we were stopped by the abaca fields, which were worse than the jungle. About two miles from Davao, the Japs had a defense line several miles long. The heat didn't help either, and the Japs had the famous network of tunnels and pillboxes.

In the evenings, the big caterpillar had to flatten the area in front of the perimeter by pushing over trees, shrubs, and tall grass. This was done to get a clear view in case the Japs made a banzai attack during the night. Sometimes while the dozer driver was doing this, a Jap would come out of the brush with a mine strapped to his chest and run up against the tractor to disable it and the driver. One time the driver saw a Jap hiding in the grass, lying face down, so he drove on top of him with one track and put on the brake.

This happened near a five-inch naval gun that was aimed out at the bay. They had several of these along the coast, a mile or two inland. The guns came off of British ships that had been damaged in ports in the Singapore area.

Whenever we ran into some heavy resistance, the field artillery would lay down a heavy barrage so we could move in. Whether they were on top of the ground or in a foxhole, the artillery would fire some rounds that would explode fifty or a hundred feet from the top of the trees and spray personnel.

We moved along the coast northward, and were fired upon as we went past Jap mortar and artillery. We must have been at least ten miles from Davao City when we set up a defense perimeter and stayed there for maybe two weeks. It was a nerve-wracking two weeks, although in this place there was hardly any cover; open fields or meadows, clumps of trees now and then, as in Australia. We were beyond a riverbed on a rise along the road and had a good view of the surrounding area.

The second night after we were set up, a lone Jap again tried to enter into our perimeter with a mine strapped to his body, and was shot before he even got close. For some time they would throw some shells at us from naval guns which they had improvised by creating a cylinder about eight or so inches round, placing or leaning it into the corner of a fence, and pointing it in our direction. The cylinder was about five feet long and had a small hole at the bottom in which to put a rifle round. This served as a detonator when struck with an object. First they would pour some black powder into the cylinder, and then put a round post down in it with a makeshift cradle on top, and lay the five inch shell on it, and fire away. To us it was kind of demoralizing to see this shell, followed by a pole, come flying up from behind the hill, thinking, "Hey, they have a new weapon." They got pretty close sometimes. When it blew, there was a big black cloud of smoke.

This was our position the last time that the Japs made a banzai attack against the Third Battalion of the 19th Infantry Regiment. One night, during a heavy rainfall, the Japs came at us from the creek, or riverbed. We had expected them for some time. The knoll on which we were was shaped like a horseshoe. A steep gully came up from the riverbed, like a V, and in this

gully was a chute of metal going down to the bottom. During the Jap attack it served a good purpose. On the left side of this V we dug a trench, possibly 200 feet long and three feet deep. On the right side, near the top of the V, was a former Jap dugout with timbers and with dirt on it as a roof. It was facing the trench. This is where I was that night, instead of my usual trench foxhole. Besides me, there were two other men from the mortar platoon. I was armed with a 30 caliber carbine, which we medics were issued. As the attack was on, the mortar friend said to me, "Give me the carbine and I'll let you have my 45 caliber handgun. Things might get to where a handgun would be handier when it comes to close combat."

The Japs must have known that our CP (command post) was not too far up from the V. They had three machine guns down below shooting up that way and at the trench, and trying to come up where the chute was. Every now and then our men in their positions would pull the pin on a hand grenade and let it roll down the chute to keep them from charging up. The machine guns were silenced by one B.A.R. man. Whenever they used a machine gun and he saw the flash, he would fire back and knock them out. As soon as he finished, he'd quickly roll down the hill several feet. And when they fired back to where he had been, he'd let them have it again. He kept it up until they didn't use the machine guns again. Fifty-eight Japs did take over the trench eventually by morning.

The artillery had prepared their box bombardment and were firing away, and were told to bring the rounds in closer; so close that you could feel the heat from the burst. At one point during this time my buddy above me let out a moan and rolled down onto my lap, so I held him and tried to feel where



SOLDIERS CARRYING RATIONS ALONG A TRAIL for the troops at the front, 24 December. Only a few trails led from Allied positions to the enemy's fortified areas at Buna and Sanananda. Food was so short during November and the early part of December that troops sometimes received only a small portion of a C ration each day. The rain, alternating with stifling jungle heat, and the insects seemed more determined than the enemy; disease inflicted more casualties than the Japanese.



ENEMY OIL DUMP ABLAZE from preinvasion naval fire as troops (top) and tanks (bottom) make their way inland from one of the invasion bases at Hollandia, 22 April. Forces invaded Hollandia, landing at Tanahmerah Bay and 25 miles to the east at Humbolt Bay. Simultaneous landings were made at Aitape, 90 miles east of Hollandia.



54.

he had been hit. I found that his head had been damaged badly, and decided that it was no use to try and save him. I don't know whether it was from a shrapnel from our artillery shells, the hand grenades, or a Jap mortar shell. All this time the roof was dripping with water.

My buddy's name was Russell Schiefelbein; he was from New York City. He was told many times to wear his helmet, but said, "If my time is up, it's up." And what is sad is that his wife wrote to him twice a day, and he would write to her as often.

We could hear the Japs blabbering down by the creek, and sometimes even in English. So at one time when they said, "Cease fire! Cease fire!" everybody thought that it was one of our men hollering. Then everything was quiet. All of a sudden I heard a Tommy gun burst from across the other side of the V, and I thought, "Why did someone break the silence?" But I found out that two Japs had crept up the draw and started to walk toward the CP. They were within fifteen feet of the same young man who had blasted the Japs at the bridge by Palo. He killed them and saved our necks; and that was the end of banzai.

The mortars were dug into the ground deep enough so that just the barrel stuck out about a foot. The holes were filled with water, so were the foxholes.

One morning a mortar man, after he had been shot in the leg, continued dropping a shell into the barrel with one hand and aiming the barrel with the other hand while standing on top of the hole.

The people at the command post called for a light tank to come to our aid early in the morning as some Japs were still in the trench. So they blasted

away at the trench for awhile until they thought that they had stunned the Japs, and then the infantrymen, armed with 45 caliber pistols, went along the trench and finished them off. And that also was the end of our stay there; we moved on again. I'm sure that three men were awarded medals for their performances.

During the time that we were there I took care of three men who broke down with battle fatigue. One fellow, a Cuban who was jolly and laughed a lot, broke down, and it took four of us to hold him down and place him into the ambulance.

We went in the direction from which those shells and posts were coming. When they got to the edge of the hill, the advance party held up so the artillery could soften up the area below. I had a chance to go with the artillery observer again.

There was a shack down below in a valley that they wanted destroyed. I saw them hit the shack with a phosphorous shell and the thing burned down. When we got down to it, we found that there had been two cases of Japanese handguns in the shack; they were burned enough so you couldn't use them anymore. And we found out where that new weapon was coming from in the corner of a corral.

We stayed there overnight, and the next day we saw a hole going inside of the hill not far from where we were. Two of my friends and I decided to explore the inside of this hole, which turned out to be a long tunnel into the hill. We had flashlights with us and went on to the end of the tunnel, and were lucky that the Nips hadn't mined the thing. We found all kinds of electrical motors, movie equipment, and aerial cameras. I picked up two

cameras, along with some rolls of film which were 8 inches wide, plus several filters. I put them on the trailer we had, but my Captain said that I had to get rid of one because we didn't have that much room on the trailer. So I took the lens out of one and left the rest behind. I brought the other camera all the way back to the States, and still have it.

We moved on and came to an area where there was a grove of trees. The Japs had put up some resistance, so the artillery was called upon to help out by shelling the spot. When we got there near sundown, we found sixty-one Japs scattered around in the grove, dead. So it was time to dig our foxholes again; but before we did, we decided to see if they had any souvenirs on them. I got to go through one body, and it was the first time I had done that. I was always been afraid that they may be booby-trapped. Maybe this time they hadn't had time to do that.

One fellow who was an embalmer before he was drafted was not interested in going through their clothes, but through and into their mouths. He took his bayonet and pried the gold filling out of their teeth, even if the tooth had to come along too. At this time he already had a Bull Durham sack full. It was so late that we had no choice but to dig our foxholes among the dead Jap bodies. The next day I found a complete set of Japanese dental instruments in a nice portable box. Everything was neatly stored in it. The minute that our medical doctor saw it, he said, "I'm going to take that." And he did. Well, I thought that he was so nice to let me carry my camera on the trailer, he could have it. And besides, who was I to say no to an officer? He was a real nice fellow anyhow. His name was Captain Fregosi. He replaced the one who tried to take off at Leyte, and saw to it that I was to be head

NCO(non-commissioned officer) of the Third Battalion Aid Station. That was in the month of July.

I was Corporal for such a short time that I really don't remember. I was Sergeant Technician only a month before I went to a staff sergeant rating, Technician Third Grade.

The war was over in Europe, too, by this time, and so the point system was in effect. The regulars and some of the early enlistees or draftees were also eligible to go home if they had enough points, or were married and had children. At first, I believe it was 90 points after May, and then 60 or 70 points by December 1st.

The forward observer asked me again one day if I wanted to go along up front because they had a target that the scouts wanted to bombard in a wooded area. After he was satisfied with where the shells were landing, he told the artillery in back of us to fire at will. It wasn't long before the whole area was covered with puffs of smoke. They were using the fragmentation shells, and once in a while a phosphorous shell.

We were up all night one night, trying to save a man's life who just had a small bullet hole in his back. We used seven pints of plasma, but it didn't help; he was bleeding internally. That same night one of our men was blown out of his foxhole by one of our own artillery shells. We went on and had a few more skirmishes, and the Japs retreated deeper into the hills and woods; finally we were relieved by another outfit. On my brother Tom's birthday, July 12, I slept on a cot for the first time in 86 nights.

We were taken to the town of Santa Cruz, down the coast south of Davao City and for a time were put up in a gym, or such building, and then

into tents after things settled down, which was before VJ Day. It was quite a relief after all the worry and anxiety of combat. Now you could figure that maybe, just maybe, you might survive the war.

Shortly after this I was appointed NCO in charge of the 3rd Battalion Aid Station, and so I had different responsibilities. For awhile it was alright, but after the war was over, we went back to garrison duty, which means stand for revelry and count-off to see if you were accounted for, calisthenics, classes, and -- saluting the officers and having to ask permission to speak to someone higher in rank. And the officers didn't fall in the same line with the enlisted men for chow, but that was alright. At least we always got hot meals from then on.

~~While~~ While I'm on the subject of chow lines—a 14-year old Filipino boy whom we befriended became our mascot. He kept following me through the chow line, which was frowned upon for awhile. But soon everyone thought it was OK. The poor fellow had lost his father, and the mother didn't have much to live on except a few chickens, some of which she brought to me now and then. Plus some other ladies in and around town kept bringing me fruit and garden stuff, just like the Filipinos did on Mindoro. And I, in return, treated their open sores and gave them a little money once in a while.

One time when a member of my mascot's family passed away we took up a collection so he could buy some flowers and help pay for the funeral.

Portanato Tatong was in the sixth grade, and was going to be in the seventh grade the following school year. Their school year started the first week in September, the same as at home. I had some of my fatigues altered for him, and then they fit him just fine. I also had some clothes made for him.

The name of the gal who altered and made the clothes for him was Ann; never did know her last name. One evening she invited us both to her family's house for dinner. I can't remember what we had for dinner. The family had a small house. The house, I should say place, in which Portanato lived was something that was just put together with odds and ends that the family had scrounged from the woods near town. Portanato was 14 years old at the time, the oldest in the family; he had a brother and sister who were still quite young.

I found out that a lot of the boys and girls in their late teens and early twenties had a good education; quite a number had a college education and more. They could speak better English than a lot of Americans, and seemed to know a lot of United States history.

Every now and then Portanato would ask me if I would write to him after I got back to the States, and I would promise him that I would, and he would say, "I'll bet that you'll forget all about me." He was right; not that I didn't remember him, only that it took two years until I finally got around to writing to him. I have never forgotten him, now will I ever. It's just that when I did write, someone at the post office got hold of my letter before Portanato did and decided to write to me. This person said that he saw my *"advertisement" and name at the post office and decided to write to me. Never mentioned that my letter was addressed to Portanato, or if he knew him. So, if he got hold of my first letter, he would watch for the next one. So I decided that it would not pay to send another letter to my little friend. The fellow that got my letter probably worked in the post office.

In his letter, the fellow wrote that he was 16 years old, in the 4th year of high school, and wanted shoes most of all. He would also like books such as Physics, Literature, Grammar and Composition, History, and English and American writers. The fellow's name was Fidel Casuyan Jr., and the letter was dated January 6, 1948. Maybe I should have written to him to see if he could locate Portanato, but the answer probably would have been, "Never heard of him."

A favorite pastime for the Filipinos was the cockfights. I saw quite a few of them and didn't think that it was such great sport, but I suppose that there wasn't too much else to do.

At the end of the Mindanao campaign, our Army's cost was 820 killed and 3,000 wounded, while the Japs suffered around 13,000 killed. That shows how dedicated they were to their Emperor.

Quite a few of the Japs, when they saw that the chips were down, would take a hand grenade, pull the pin, hold it to their belly, bend over and let it explode. You can imagine the mess. One of our own men did that as we hiked across the island of Mindanao, only he just pulled the front of his shirt out and dropped the thing into his belt. It wasn't very good for the men around him. He must not have given them any consideration.

On the 15th of August, when the Japanese surrendered, the local Filipinos from the town served a dinner and had a dance for the officers of the 19th Regiment. One other NCO and I were also invited. So I dressed in my khakis (summer tans), and went over to the banquet hall where this doings was to be held. I checked out the long table with all the different kinds of foods, and it reminded me of a Hawaiian luau. Along about that time it was

announced over the radio that the Japs had surrendered. Along came Captain Fregosi who said, "I'm sorry, but I'll have to send you back to camp to gather all the men's rifles, stash them under your bed, and sit on them all night." So that was the end of the party for me. At least he could have let me have a sample of some of the food.

I often wondered, through the years, why I had to guard the rifles, really, but knew that some of the guys might celebrate and do some blasting. I found out from the former NCO of our aid station that one of the litter men had threatened to get him before the end of the war. I suppose he didn't like the idea of being sent out to the front to pick up the wounded. Some of the stretcher bearers did become casualties by going out during enemy fire.

I will list some of the WIAs (wounded in action) and KIAs (killed in action).

Wm. J. Graul, PA - WIA

Clarence A. Listman, MI - KIA

James Flournoy, Breckenridge, TX - KIA

Edward A. Lavelle, PA - WIA

Monroe Jackson, Mannington, KY - WIA

paralyzed from the waist down

Joe Sirak, Chicago, IL - battle fatigue

✿ Russell Schiefelbein, NYC, NY - KIA

died on my lap, Davao, P.I.

Jake Stolz, Mitchell, SD - KIA

tortured and killed near Palo, Leyte, P.I.

Nester Small, San Francisco, CA - WIA

Bonham Lawson, Denton, TX

Alfred Dietzman, Phoenix, AZ - WIA

Ollie Coger, Pittsburgh, PA - KIA

Henry Cravy, Lumber City, GA - KIA

my first KIA

Murray Manzullo, Brooklyn, NY - WIA

Junior Rogers, TN - WIA

D.T. Prado, TX - KIA

Alfonse Gonzales, Cokedale, CO - WIA

Jack Sumpter, Chico, CA - WIA

Leo Uzarski, Los Angeles, CA - WIA

Roy Leviner, SC - KIA

I'd say that we lost way over half of the Medical Detachment personnel. As far as those that I personally attended to, I have no idea. I'd

say about three-fourths of our crew were casualties. That would leave only 8 out of 32 that weren't.

Our Commander-in-Chief of the 24th Division was Major General Roscoe B. Woodruff.

Our first medical doctor was Captain Doctor Mark Pomeranz from Chicago, Illinois. Bernard J. Lee from Green Springs, Ohio, was head NCO at the beginning of the war, and I was at the end of the war.

Manzullo and I shared our goodies from home most of the time; I, my cookies and summer sausage and he, his box of Philly cigars. He got the cigars quite often. Murray Manzullo was one character, always laughing and teasing someone, but never once did he tease me. I was his best friend, I guess. He would get some guys so mad until they were ready to pop him one, and then he would laugh his way out of it. You just couldn't stay mad at him.

He and I were opposites in personalities in more ways than one. He was from the big city of Brooklyn, with all the big-city ways of living, and I was from "down on the farm." And he had quite a way with the women. He didn't pull any punches. Embarrassed me the first time that I went on a weekend pass with him; and no more after that. He'd just up and ask a girl if she'd get mad at him if he were to ask her a personal question, either yes or no; she had no cause to be angry. Sooner or later he had a date. He always gave a Jewish guy such a bad time until the guy got transferred to Headquarters Company as a clerk. But Murray was good for morale, as was the Cuban who finally broke down. I thought sometimes that Manzullo would crack, but he didn't.

I must mention a person whom I will always remember for what she did for my morale during the three long years that I spent in the service. And that was a gal that I had met near home a few months before I left. She wrote to me nearly every day. Usually when the mail came, I had a letter; I was quite fortunate there. And if it hadn't been for her and my good little sister, Ann, it would have been mighty lonely. From Ann there also were some cookies and summer sausage. I had a Christmas card from brother Pete one time while he was stationed in Alaska. From the beginning I also received letters from girls in Iowa and Hettinger, ND. They probably had plenty of others to write to.

A person doesn't really realize how much it means to hear from the homefront, and that there is someone back there that thinks about you. So, again, I am very grateful to her and the others who kept up my morale.

Mail usually came through in two weeks or so, sometimes more, sometimes less, depending on whether we were on a mission. The mail being sent home was always censored by the military, so were the pictures.

For something to do when we were not in combat, I would go to the beach, if we were close by one, and try my luck at learning how to swim; to this day I have failed. I liked to beachcomb; had some luck at finding different seashells, some small enough to make a bracelet or a necklace out of, and sell them to someone. I also made things out of coins.

After we were relieved from front line duty, I thought that maybe I should take up a correspondence course and become an electrician, maybe a lineman, but when I got my answer back from the correspondence course people, I was informed that I would have to take from grade five through high

school first. Well, I couldn't see myself going back to grade school, so I dropped that notion right then.

I liked ranching in Montana, and had the war not come along, I'm sure that's where I would have stayed, after working on ranches out there the three years before the war. I surely didn't intend to go back to the farms in North Dakota and work eighteen hours a day, seven days a week for fifty cents or a measly dollar a day, when out there I was getting two and a half times more. I did end up in North Dakota, not as a farmer for twenty years, but as a carpenter.

Bernie Lee and another of the Aid Station personnel were asked by people of the graves department to go back to the area that we had covered and locate where we had buried our dead. I guess it was quite depressing to be there when they uncovered men with whom they had become close friends, as well as the other men that they had known all those months. Especially where the climate was so hot and humid. After Lee and the other person (I think Jack Sumpter) finished that unpleasant chore, they were given a furlough to Australia for an R & R.

After Leo Uzarski was wounded, he was sent back to Hollandia, New Guinea, to recuperate, as were others who had to come back to join their respective outfits. I knew that he must have been injured, because I don't remember seeing him on Mindoro Island.

My Captain gave me a chance to suture a fellow's clean-cut knife wound one day. I was surprised how tough a person's skin is. Also helped circumcise an officer one evening.

Finally one day we left Santa Cruz, Mindanao, sailed out of Davao Gulf, around Cape San Agustin into the Philippine Sea, and up to Tacloban, Leyte. There we boarded the Dutch ship, the KOTA BAROE, a ship like the one on which we had sailed from San Francisco to Hawaii.

As they were loading supplies and material, they pitched some Army cots up to the deck for the officers on which to sleep, so I latched onto one of those and set it up among some winches near the middle of the ship. I stretched a couple of ponchos over the top, and there I stayed the entire trip, all but two nights when we hit a bad storm. Never once did I get seasick. The ocean was beautiful most of the time, especially on moonlit nights with the silvery ripples glistening and a light breeze blowing. It took 9 days to go from Davao to Tacloban.

We left the Philippines on October 31, 1945, at 2 A.M. It took us thirty-one days to reach San Pedro, California, counting back to when we left over there. We traveled 6,600 miles, an average of 213 miles in 24 hours; not too speedy, wouldn't you say? This must have been the slow boat that went to China, and we caught it on its way back.

A lot of pinochle was played on my bunk every day; sometimes poker or blackjack; and, as usual, if I left it for some reason, it was occupied by the time I got back. But I didn't mind too much as it was some close friend of mine, and I always had company, which made the time go by faster.

I was a medic, and medics don't do KP or guard duty any time while stationed in a camp or otherwise, but on a ship it was a different story, especially if you were a non-com. Then you were put in charge of the KPs, and if they all didn't show up, you did KP too if you wanted to get it done,

like it happened to me. Out of the seventeen that were assigned to me both times, one time seven showed up, and the other time only five showed up. Paging them didn't help. We had to work like fools to get the word done between meals.

We crossed the International Date Line eleven days out of Leyte Gulf. It was a Saturday both times I crossed it. I didn't hear of any initiations this time, though. Things were fairly quiet, no air raids or submarine attack drills this time. This time we were in the DOMAIN of the GOLDEN DRAGON, Ruler of the 180th Meridian.

The food wasn't too bad on this trip either; much better than the cheese and crackers we ate going from Honolulu to Australia. I don't remember if the women on board were Waves or Wacs, and we didn't hear anything about the men having to wear T-shirts.

The rest of the trip was uneventful, but full of excitement and anticipation about how it was going to be when we finally hit the dock at Los Angeles and home. It was almost like making another beachhead landing. What a happy moment when at last you stepped on home turf. There wasn't a very large welcoming committee to greet us as we got off the ship, just a small Salvation Army Band and the Red Cross stand with cookies and coffee.

It was midmorning when we disembarked and were then taken by Army trucks to a tent city several miles southeast of Los Angeles for overnight. We were to be there until arrangements were made for us to go to the Separation Center at Fort MacArthur where we were processed for discharge. We also had dental work done if needed; I had some fillings put in as well as a partial plate. This all took the bigger part of a month.

I received my discharge on December 17, 1945, the day after my dental work was finished.

In the meantime, I could do as I pleased. One night I stayed in a hotel in downtown L.A. I didn't like that. The characters that sat around in the lobby weren't that friendly, and I didn't want to stay in my room all day. I knew one of my buddies lived in Whittier, which wasn't too far from downtown, and one day I decided to call him. and asked if I could stay with them for a few day. My friend, Leo Uzarski, said that it would be fine. So there I was, and sometimes I would take off and go stay at the Hollywood Stars USO Club in Hollywood. I believe they had 300 beds in the dormitories, free coffee and sandwiches, plus reading material, etc. There were other USO clubs in the area with live music and dancing, as well as more good eats.

Leo's brother, John, had a car, and one night we went to the Palladium and danced to Stan Kenton and his orchestra, and one night to a country-western dance in Riverside. One evening we drove up to Mt. Wilson Observatory above Pasadena. We also went downtown L.A. to Skid Row and saw the different bums hanging out, but didn't stick around very long. Didn't think much of the Al Pierce Radio Show that was rehearsing for that evening's broadcast.

I was able to get in contact with our former neighbor from the grade school years, Doris Gupman, and her husband. They were going back to Lemmon, South Dakota, for Christmas, leaving on the 23rd of December, so I decided to hitch a ride. The weather wasn't the best for a trip that far in the wintertime, but we made it by Christmas Day.

And what a switch it was, coming from near the Equator and in less than three months going to the North Pole. But it was good to be back home again with the family. The folks had bought the Keller place six miles north of Lemmon, and that was new to me.

I stuck around home for about a month, went to the New Year's Eve dance at the Legion Club in Lemmon, and had a good time meeting old friends. I couldn't see staying at home in the cold and doing nothing, so I got the old '37 Ford running and decided to go back out to L.A. where it was warmer. I would try and find a job there since there wasn't anything going on in Dakota at that time of year. Besides, I hadn't planned on my future in North Dakota anyhow, working those many hours a day for peanuts.

When a neighbor, Jakie Nelson, heard that I was going out west, he said he'd pay for half the expenses if he could ride along with me. So about the last week in January we left for the west coast.

We had fairly good going until we got into Nevada, before we got to Elko. We ran into a snowstorm and something went wrong with the car. We hitched a ride into town and bought whatever part it was that we needed, and hired a station attendant to take us back to the car. This was at eleven at night. We decided to stay in a motel for the rest of the night; up until that time we had been driving straight through. The next rough going that we had was when we got to Truckee; going over Donner Pass, I'd swear that the snowbanks on either side of the road were ten to twelve feet high.

I dropped off Jakie Nelson somewhere in L.A. and went on to Whittier to Leo Uzarski's house, and stayed there a few days. Then I went up to San Fernando to look for work. I got a job at a bicycle shop and worked there for

a few days. I didn't like the work, the boss, or the pay; hardly paid for my hotel room or my eats. A new building was going up on the corner across the street, so I went over and asked if there was a chance to get on. The fellow said, "Get yourself a hammer, a square, a measure, and an apron. Go down to the union shop, get yourself a permit and come to work in the morning." I did do that after a couple of days, while still working at the bike shop. I went to the next union meeting and was initiated for a Vet's fee of \$12.50.

I went over to the street corner and looked the job over and chickened out. I figured that it looked too complicated for me. So now I have been wondering how things would have shaped up, had I had the nerve to take the chance. But after coming out of one jungle into another, it must have been too much; it took long enough just to get adjusted to civilian life after three years.

I decided to quit the bike job and go up north to Sacramento where I knew a couple of buddies. I looked up John DiStasio, and stayed with them overnight. He was lucky enough to be employed and so didn't have time to spend with me, but I found out from John that Jack Sumpter was staying with his sister in Sacramento. I located her, and she told me that he was at the mental hospital on the outskirts of town; I drove out there, and they told me that he had been discharged. I called his sister and told her, and she said that he may be at his favorite tavern, and that is where I found him. He wasn't any help as far as knowing where to find work because he was in no shape for that. He did talk me into taking him and his sister up to Chico, where their home actually was. That night I checked into a hotel for three bucks; it

turned out to be a sleazy joint. It wasn't easy to get my money back to check out, but I did. I found a well-lit place in town and slept in the car.

I called home the next morning, and was told that a couple of old timers in Lemmon were looking for me to help them with carpentry work and remodeling. I didn't waste any more time in California; I took off for home. Lucky that I didn't have any troubles, or run into some heavy snowstorms. I was glad to be home, snow or not. On the 1st of March, 1946, I went to work as a carpenter and followed that trade until June, 1978, when I retired.

I had some bad times, and some of the best times of my life during the three plus years that I served my country. I had some of the best friends while there that a person could wish for. You were always amongst the best of them. I'll always remember those that gave their lives, and I miss them.

I was one of the lucky ones who came out of it. It could have been me, had it not been for the forward observer, in Australia; it could have been me instead of the one, the first evening on Leyte. It could have been me, when it came so close in front of the pillbox, and instead of the Filipino scout, or the young man that lost his arm and life that same day; and Russell, in the dugout that night. After being in combat so long you begin to feel kind of numb; you really don't dwell on being hit; seems like you don't care anymore in a way.

Anyhow, it was well worth the giving of my time. When I went in for my physical to be drafted, I was more worried about not passing my physical than passing. I guess that I didn't like the term 4F. And many thanks again, along with my gratitude, to the friend that kept corresponding with me. Her name, Deloris LaRue. It is quite a coincidence that, to my recent discovery, she has been living here in Puget Sound since the war ended, and only within

a couple of hours' drive from where I live. I had heard years ago that shortly within a couple of years after she was married, her husband was killed in an auto accident somewhere around Seattle. Later I heard that she had remarried. I am sure that she knew all the time where I was living because the person from whom I learned this has also been in touch with her.

I omitted some of the things that went on during the war within the operations of service personnel, the conflicts, etc., the behavior of some of the troops, and how they treated the civilians. But, I suppose that goes on in all wars. I wish that I had written about my tour of duty years ago when my memory was a little fresher. Then I would have had more to write about and make it more interesting. There is a story within itself of my buddy, Manzullo, who, always whenever we set up camp, etc., made sure that he was next to me in case of emergency. Also because the others didn't cotton to him, being that he was always picking on them, teasing, and so forth. Never once did he do that to me. Deep down he was good at heart, and a likable guy; and a lot of entertainment, which helped keep our minds off the situation at hand.

I remember him first on our seven day troop train ride from Camp Shenango, PA, to Pittsburgh, California; so we were friends from then on. He was wounded somewhere on Mindanao and was placed in a hospital off the island. I didn't see him around after I was in charge of the Aid Station. I wrote and sent him a Christmas card in 1946, got one back, but only signed and not a word. I tried one more time, but no more card. So I haven't heard from him since.

After forty years, I still hear from some of the guys at Christmas time. Three have passed away since then. I went to see Jack Sumpter of Chico, CA, John DeStasio of Sacramento, CA, and Leo Uzarski a month or so after I had been home. John already had a job and was working at the time that I went to see him. Jack had just gotten out of a mental hospital due to a nervous breakdown or battle fatigue. He had spent a month there. Leo looked the same as I remembered him, thin and sad. I saw Leo again in 1988. He now lives in Cherry Valley, CA. In 1986 I went to Green Springs, Ohio, to see the former Sarge. He had a health problem too, but was fine at the time. We had a nice visit. His wife is a real nice lady. Saw Arthur Auch in Menno, SD, six years ago. He passed away in November of 1983. I have seen Glenn Bagley several times as he lives in Spearfish, SD.

As I was doing this project, I decided to find out if I could get a medal that I thought that I had coming to me, like the World War II Victory Medal, which wasn't given to me at the time that I was discharged. At the Veterans Affairs in Everett they told me that it may take six months or more; well, it took almost a year. After six months I wrote to the Armed Forces Personnel Department, to see if they were working on my request. After three weeks I had an answer plus two certificates, one THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA PURPLE HEART CERTIFICATE, and the other THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA BRONZE STAR MEDAL. Also The Victory Medal, WWII, and the Republic of The Philippines Presidential Unit Citation Badge. I was told that it would be another 200 days before I'd get the medals themselves. So November 25th they finally arrived; a complete duplicate of the medals that I already had, plus the three new ones. I received The

Victory Medal WWII, and was surprised to get the other two decorations; they probably would never have sent them to me. The Bronze Star Medal was awarded to me already in August, 1962. I suppose JFK awarded or authorized it for me. I still think that the Philippine Liberation Medal should be awarded to me also, according to the Military Medals information. I'll be checking it out.

I had a letter from Bernie within the past month, and he tells me that he located our Chaplain who served with us during the war. I had forgotten his name, and didn't know what had become of him. Am glad that he is still around, so now I'll be writing to him one of these days. Lest I forget, his name is Rev. Harry G. Griffiths, 7333 East Thornwood Drive, Scottsdale, AZ 85251.

Other things have come about since I thought that I was through with this project, like the book that I acquired titled, Children of Yesterday by Jan Valtin. It's a history of the 24th Infantry Division from New Guinea until the end of 1945 at Mindanao, P.I. And I also got in touch with the 24th Infantry Division Association, became a member and receive its publications of the "Taro Leaf." I had dropped out in the mid-fifties. I made my own Medals and Awards Case, and placed all my decorations in it.

Just in the past three months a lot of changes have come about in the Communist countries, especially east European satellites of the Soviet Union; and now the Soviet Union itself. Germany is uniting; they and the Japanese are becoming powerful nations again. I hope that history won't repeat itself again. It's beginning to look like we won the battles, and they are winning the war.

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Lieutenant General Walter Knieger USA

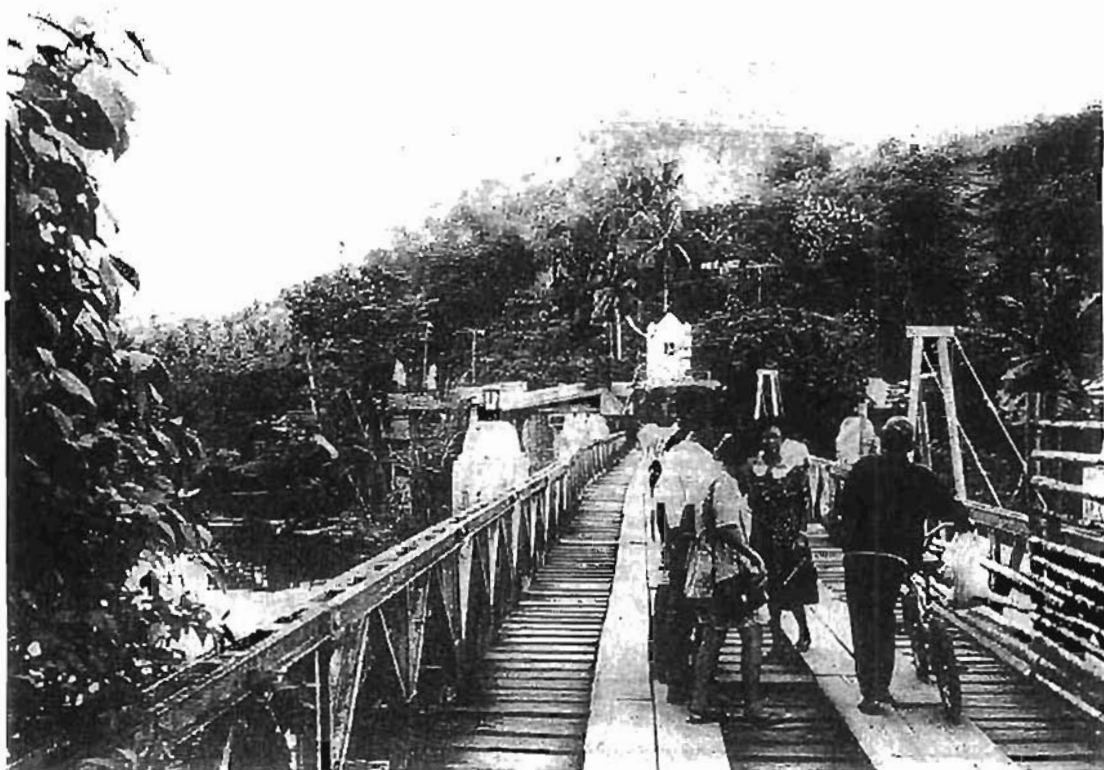




This church in Palo was used as a hospital. It is being enlarged.

Mrs. Loling Espana and Phil at her home in Palo. She visited our aide station in Santa Fe 50 years ago!





Hill 522 overlooking Palo
was captured by the 19th Reg.
24th Div.

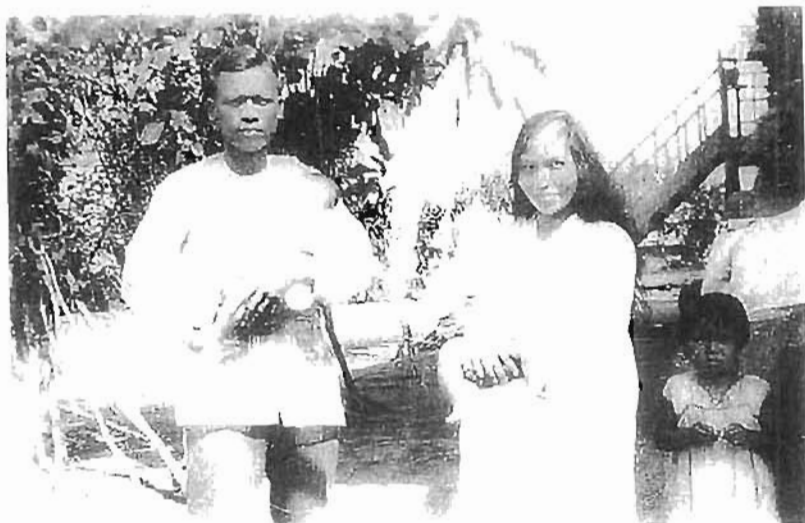


Murrey Manzulo, Flatbush, Brooklyn, N.Y., and Wm. Lassard, Gary Indiana, taking a dip at Tanamera, Bay, one sunny day, two of my good buddies. Gary's dream was to become a minister after the war so he wouldn't have to manual work for a living.

Manzullo, to back to the good times in Flatbush where he had many friends waiting for him to come home. He was my nearest to me friend, we shared goodies from home, his cigars, he my summer sausage from my sister Ann..

Below;

The Philippine couple that wanted to talk to me after church and invited me to their home for a visit, and dinner. They had a very nice home with the floors of shiny bamboo. And as you can see 3 small children. I was at Cavite, Bay, near outside Manila. We had taken care of the Japs at Fort McKinley, while our 34th. was fighting in the Bay we capturing Corregidor. K Company only had 33 men left out of 161.



1944



CIVILIAN HERALD

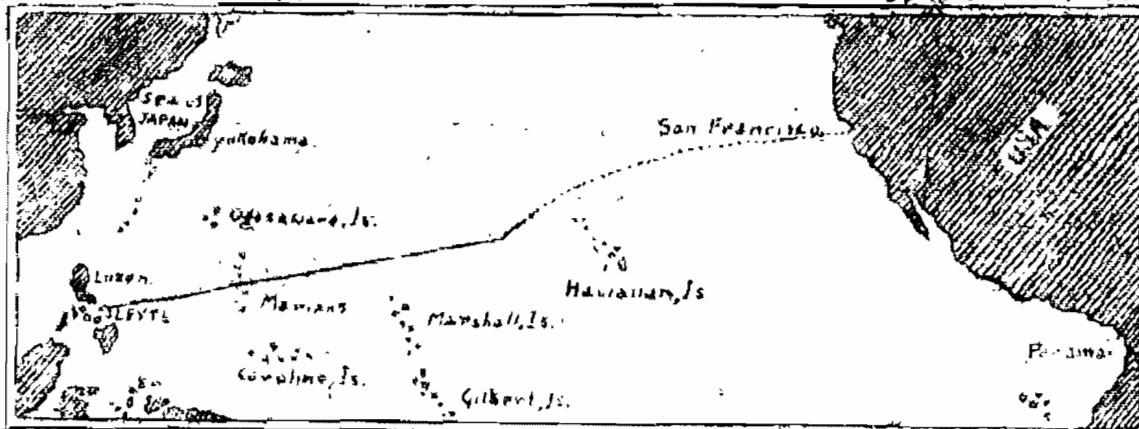
SHIP'S LOG

At 1200 hours yesterday, the KOTA BARCE was 297 miles closer to its destination, having only 2,703 miles to go.

Volume 1 Number 13

AT SEA

Tuesday, 13 November 1945



NEW COURSE TAKEN TO FRISCO

HAWAIIAN IS. WILL NOT BE SEEN ENROUTE

Since late Sunday, the KOTA BARCE has been following an E.N.E. course as indicated on the map above. This will take us well north of the Hawaiian Islands and into the regular sailing route from Honolulu to Frisco. The change of course will prevent us from viewing any of the islands of the Hawaiian Group.

JEROME KERN DIES OF CEREBRAL HEMORRHAGE

NEW YORK:— Jerome Kern, composer of many of the nation's best loved songs, died here at the age of 60. The composer was stricken with a cerebral hemorrhage last Monday while strolling on Park Avenue.

TRUMAN BACKS MERGER

WASHINGTON:— Supporters of the Army-Navy merger, yesterday said they had Pres. Truman's active backing. As a senator, he favored the merger and legislators visiting him reported he hasn't changed his views since that time.



GAS COSTS \$3.50 FOR 1,900 MILE TRIP

SANTA BARBARA:— Attaching a second-hand gasoline motor to a ditto bicycle, a discharged aviation cadet, Robert C. Ferguson, rode 1,900 miles from Roswell, New Mexico to his Santa Barbara home.

At an average of 125 miles to a gallon, his fuel bill was only \$3.50. To top it off, he won a \$20.00 bet from a friend who said he couldn't make it.

U.S. MAINLAND IS VISIBLE 40 MILES AT SEA

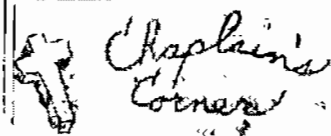
The first sight of the Mainland should be seen from a distance of 40 miles at sea if the weather is clear.

This statement came from the navigator of the KOTA BARCE in answer to many arguments on how far one can observe while at sea.

An official chart used by the ship's officers gives the following data: If a man stands 15 feet above sea level the horizon, or any object at sea level can be seen from a distance of 4.4 miles. By the same table it is proven a man standing at sea level can see an object a thousand feet above sea level from a distance of 36.2 miles. Altitudes of the mountains near Frisco range from 2,000 to 3,000 feet.

AMATEUR WINS DURHAM OPEN

DURHAM, N.C.:— Golfing history was made here as Amateur Frank Stranahan of Toledo, Ohio, won the Durham Open Tournament with a score of 277 and handed the game's professional stars their second defeat within a week.



THOUGHT FOR TODAY

"Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore, get wisdom; and in all thy getting, get understanding."

Proverbs 4:7

Catholic Mass will be held in the Officers' Ward room at 1000 hours.

KEEP YOUR G.I. INSURANCE IN FORCE SAYS I & E OFFICE

Your Government insurance is a valuable asset. Keep it in force. The "Term" insurance which you are now carrying is good for eight years from the date on which it became effective; after discharge you may continue it at the present low rate for that period of time before it need be converted.

It may be converted to any of the following plans: (1) Ordinary Life, (2) 20-Payment Life, (3) 30-Payment Life.

Your present "Term" policy provides the most protection at the lowest cost, but it does not build cash value.

The best advice is to keep your "Term" insurance in force until you know "where you're going" in civilian life, then convert to any of the plans mentioned above. By all means continue to pay the premiums on your "Term" insurance after discharge until you reach a decision as to which plan you will adopt.

The first premium must be paid within 31 days after your separation from the Service.

For further details concerning your G.I. insurance, listen to a special program over the ship's public address system at 1000 hours this morning.

FEARS ATOM BOMB EXPERIMENT

A Senator anonymously objected to dropping atomic bombs into the sea before lab tests fearing death of aquatic life from radiation.

CUSTOMS OF THE EAST CREW MEMBERS TOLD

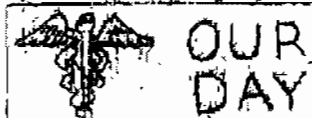
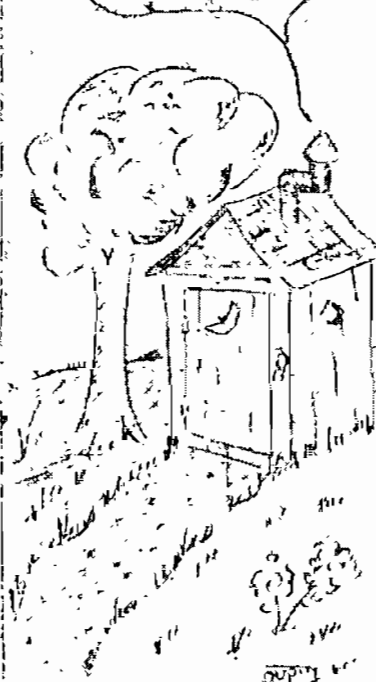
Aboard the KOTA BAROE are Indians, Javanese and Portuguese Colonials who are under the direction of Dutch officers. Much speculation among the passengers about these men prompted the IER-AID to search out some facts.

The Indians, who come from Bombay and Calcutta, India, are Mohammedans and are British subjects. They comprise the deck and engine-room crew and most of them have been at sea for many years.

Four Javanese, who come from the city of Soerabaja, Java, are also Mohammedans, and like the Indians, have certain religious practices. Their diet consists of rice and curry with beef. Pork is forbidden. They use the eating utensils and use their right hand only. All Mohammedans worship five times a day—at 1000, 1200, 1500, 1800 and 2200.

The Portuguese are from the Portuguese dominion of Goa, which is south of Bombay. They are Catholics and have a native diet consisting of rice, curry, pork and beef. They are the messhows

AH-H-H-H, THOSE LONGED-FOR COMFORTS OF HOME



Dr. Florence Eleanor Nightingale

What a change from Army chow! If perchance you find yourself seated near a windy parthole, in the course of your meal someone further down the line will casually remark that you didn't put quite enough seasoning in your food, or sugar in your coffee, which you so graciously, but quite unconsciously fed them.

There's a little more sucking, perhaps sunbathing, reading or knitting. One industrious gal is making a lovely petit-point purse. That takes intestinal fortitude, believe me. Some of us just gaze out at sea and start contemplating on what the future holds, the vastness of the sea, sky, and how minute you really are on this huge sphere, and yet how important we sometimes think we are. You wonder at the courage of those seamen of ancient times and how they ever managed it in these little ships of theirs.

There are two who still can't get their sea legs, look like the wrath of God, and stay close to their bunks. Upon being questioned by your reporter as to whether or not they would ever contemplate another ocean voyage, they look to the heavens, shudder very effectively and reply in the negative, of course.

THOUSANDS OF CIVILIANS KILLED IN JAVA CONFLICT

BATAVIA:—India troops supported by artillery, advanced into the center of the Java Naval Base of Soerabaja in house-to-house fighting yesterday.

President Soekarno declared that thousands of civilians were being killed in the action. Addressing 50,000 youths at Jogjakarta, Soekarno called on world public opinion to condemn the attack on Soerabaja and its 500,000 people.

CIVILIAN HERALD

SHIP'S LOG

The KOTA BAROE traveled 289 miles in the past 24 hours. We have traveled 4,174 miles and still have 2,426 miles to go.

Volume 1

Number 14

AT SEA

Wednesday, 14 November 1945

THANKSGIVING SET FOR NOV. 22

BLESSING OF VICTORY TO MARK DAY

WASHINGTON: - President Truman called upon Americans to observe Nov. 22 as a national Thanksgiving for the blessing of victory. The President's proclamation requested that the people give thanks with the humility of free men, each knowing it was the might of no one army, but of all, by which we were saved.

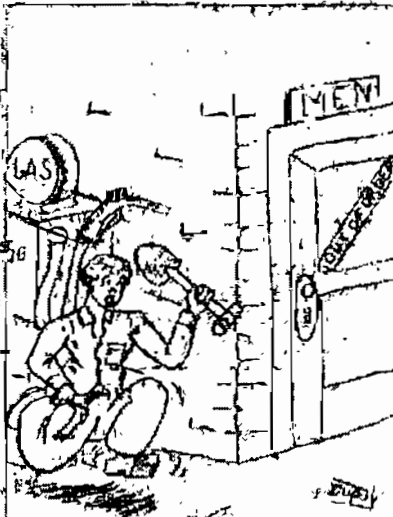
BRITISH WAR PLATES STRIKE AT SOERABAJA

BATAVIA: - British war planes struck at Indonesian strong-points in Soerabaja again Monday as Indian troops, now reportedly in control of nearly all the big Dutch naval base, fought off fanatical Indonesian charges.

The fighting was exacting a heavy toll of lives, both among the Indonesian Nationalists and the civilians who remained in the city. The Dutch news agency Aneth said some women and children were killed when they were caught in the crossfire as Indian and Nationalist forces battled in the rubble-strewn streets.

The agency also reported that houses and shops throughout the city were being looted and smashed as the Indonesians retreated. The Dutch reported the British had gained control of most of the city.

The movie on Hatch #3 tonight will be "Black Hills Expedition" with Rod Barry, and a few short subjects.



ERRONEOUS ANNOUNCEMENT MADE BY P.A. SYSTEM ON ARRIVAL IN FRISCO

The announcement that the KOTA BAROE would arrive in San Francisco in less than a week, heard yesterday morning over the P.A. system, was erroneous.

Upon investigation, the HERALD found that the change in course, made three days ago, was taken primarily to avoid heavy seas. There is no appreciable difference in distance as compared to the original estimated mileage.

The expected time of arrival is November 21, as previously announced in the CIVILIAN HERALD.

X-RAY TREATS HEMOPHILIA

CINCINNATI: - A new treatment for hemophilia, the blooder disease, was reported to the 38th anniversary meeting of a southern medical association.

It involves the use of deeply penetrating x-rays, applied in small dosages, to promote clotting of the blood.

NATIONALISTS STAGE ASSAULT COMMUNISTS SAY

CHUNGKING: - A Communist spokesman charged Monday that the Nationalist troops had launched an assault on the city of Shenhaiwan, which stands at the southern threshold of Manchuria.

Without confirmation elsewhere he declared more Nationalist troops were streaming towards the front in an attempt to deal a serious blow to armed Communist troops entrenched there.

Lt. Gen. Tu Li Ming, newly named Nationalist commander for Manchuria, said his troops would move soon. So far they have engaged only in defensive fighting pending the outcome of peace talks here.

The Communist spokesman reported that fighting was serious but that Shanhaiwan, at the coastal end of China's Great Wall, still was in the hands of Chinese Reds.

CORDELL HULL AWARDED NOBEL PEACE PRIZE

LONDON: - The Nobel Peace prize for 1945 has been awarded to former U.S. Secretary of State Cordell Hull.

The Norwegian Government information office in London made this announcement after Secretary of State Hull laid the foundation for the San Francisco Conference which drafted the United Nations Charter.

He was succeeded as Secretary of State on November 27, 1944, by Edward R. Stettinius, Jr.



Chaplain's Corner

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

"Whatever things are true, honest, just, pure, lovely and of good report; think on these things,"

Phil. 4:8

Catholic Mass will be held in the Officers' Ward Room at 1000 hours.

BWARE OF COLDS IS ADVICE OF MEDICS

Most of us will be suckers for colds this winter--we have two strikes against us.

The first, and obvious reason, why the ship's medics, is that we are acclimated to a tropical climate and will soon quite abruptly be exposed to winter.

The second, and even more important factor is, that through lack of contact we have lost some of our resistance or immunity to the stateside cold germs.

Unfortunately, medical science as yet has no magic drug or vaccines that will either adequately protect or cure the common cold.

The flu inoculation protects only against influenza and offers no protection against the common cold. Therefore, common sense is still the best doctor.

Any of the several conditions which through personal experience we have learned to associate with "catching colds," such as becoming chilled, or wet and chilled, will temporarily further reduce our already lowered resistance to the over-present cold germ. Common sense used in attempting to avoid those circumstances is the most important weapon we possess.

Reduced resistance not only means that colds are apt to be more frequent, but also more severe and more apt to lead to secondary infections, such as bronchitis and pneumonia. Few of us need to be reminded that alcohol taken to excess is asking for all of this.

RETURN FOR SEAGALS OF ATOMIC BOMB

WASHINGTON-- If the U.S., Britain, and Canada decide to offer Russia information about atomic energy, they may ask the Russians in return to make drastic concessions on their policy of national secrecy. This possibility, which some Allied officials regard almost as a certainty, grows out of Prime Minister Attlee's plan for creating a United Nations pool of basic information on atomic energy and other scientific developments.

President Truman had Attlee's plan under consideration this week. It was presented to him and to the Canadian Prime Minister, Mackenzie King, when the 3 leaders met in their second session of talks.

DEPLOYED VETS RETURN

PEARL HARBOR-- More than 1/3 of the 2,500,000 deployed in the Pacific last Aug., already have been returned to the U.S. Pacific Fleet Hq announced that Navy operated vessels alone have returned 825,899 personnel. Thousands more have reached the Mainland by air, aboard transports, or on War Shipping Administration vessels.



IT MUST BE JELLY



OUR DAY

By Florence Eleanor
Nightingale

If this ocean becomes any rougher, I'm afraid most of us are going to take to our bunks and remain there for the duration of this year-long (seems like) trip. Tried to find out what the gals' plans would be after they get home.

First they want to get there, amen. All in all, the general reply was a rebuff of some kind and getting away from it all. Next came marriage, a home and "natchery" children. Very many were undecided--had no idea--believe in letting Fate have her way and said things never work out as you planned them anyway. A few were returning to nursing. Some were going back to school, and one original (?) lass intends to sit on her front porch, with her feet on a stool, drink beer and watch the rest of the world go by. One of our "regular" gals is staying in the Army. Another down-to-earth gal is going to dig a cave, stock it with beer and eat and--well--what would you do? Life can be beautiful--in the U.S.A.!

LONG TRIP EASED BY VARIOUS GAMES

Checkers is a great game to while away the hours on a long trip. This is quite evident in the fact that the ancient game of our forefathers is played by 50% of the gamesters aboard the KOTA-BARCE.

The next in line as a favorite is Pinocchio, and the more ambitious knock themselves out by playing Quads or Ring Toss.

The demand for books at the library shows that reading is another important means of entertainment.

Since the cooler weather may suck a loss active and go below deck to catch up on their lost sleep by warming their bunks hours on end. They should be well prepared for the winter evenings at home.

Due to an overcast sky,
the exact mileage for
the past 24 hours is
not obtainable from
the navigator.

Volume 1

Number 15

AT SEA

Thursday, 15 November 1945

OCCUPATIONAL TROOPS NEEDED TO KEEP GERMAN PEACE

BOSTON:- A caution against too rapid return of American soldiers from Europe was left with the Nation by Gen. Dwight Eisenhower. The Gen. said the plain fact is, that the keeping of the peace requires maintenance of adequate forces in Europe.

"If disintegration of forces goes too far it will provide evidence to the German people that we are not equal to our task and an enduring peace might disappear. The war may have been fought in vain," he said.

Gen. Eisenhower was in Boston while enroute to Washington for what he called "a temporary assignment."

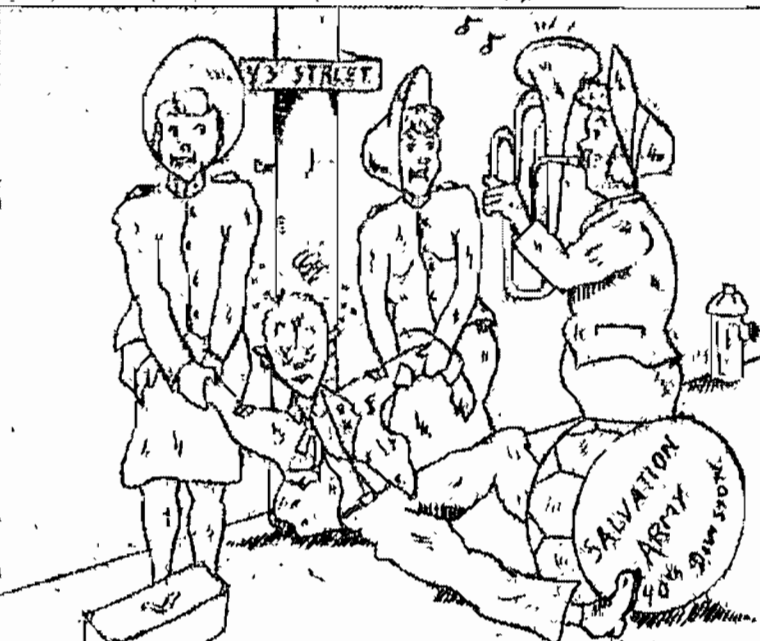
AUTO DEALERS ACCUSED OF HIGH PRESSURE LOBBYING

WASHINGTON:- Price Administrator Chester Bowles accused auto dealers this week of a high pressure lobby campaign to gain exemptions from the OPA policy. This policy requires retail merchants to absorb part of higher production costs.

He announced that the dealers' demands are being rejected. He added that price ceilings for new automobiles, to be announced today, would permit dealers to make a higher profit than before the war.

70 POINTERS AND NEARLY ALL 60 POINTERS OUT BY DEC. 1

YOKAHAMA:- General Robert L. Eichelberger, 8th Army Commander, estimated this week that all 70 point veterans and nearly all 60 point men would be enroute home not later than December 1st.



"PLAY 'ONWARD CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS', EMILY."

SAILORS DO K.P. FOR CIVILIANS CLASSED AS INEXPERIENCED

SAN FRANCISCO:- The Monterey docked Wednesday with 2,710 veterans and 1,221 civilians. Sailors aboard complained that they had to do K.P. and carry the luggage for the civilians. Two officers aboard said that the men had to work in the civilian cafeterias because the civilians were not experienced at the work.

(ED'S NOTE: What is an experienced K.P.?)

UNPROVOKED ATTACKS BY "GOOKS" CAUSE RIOT

HONOLULU:- A mob of 1,000 Naval officers and men rioted with bayonets, clubs, rocks, and hammers Tuesday night in Honolulu. Sailors said they were retaliating for "unprovoked attacks" against them by "gooks" who had waylaid, beaten and robbed sailors in Damon Tract.

CIVVIES SCARCE FOR VETS WHO WANT TO GO PLACES

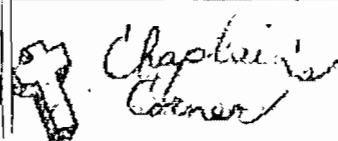
CHICAGO:- G.I. Joe, waving his discharge papers and ready to go places in civilian life, is finding it difficult to get dressed up.

The over-increasing number of servicemen, who are doffing their military uniforms, aren't finding much of a choice in mens' clothing, say retailers and manufacturers.

Discharged servicemen, most of them wanting to buy complete new outfits, are given preference by retailers, but the demand for mens' clothing is greater than at any time in the last year and stocks are depleted almost as soon as new shipments arrive.

COLUMBUS WAS SLOWER

In 1492, Columbus' best days run was 200 miles. Where would we be if it weren't for the Machine Age?



THOUGHT FOR TODAY

"A man that hath friends
must show himself friendly."
Prov. 18:24

Catholic Mass will be
held in the Officers' Ward
Room at 1000 hours.

70TH BOMBARDMENT SQUADRON
HAS COLORFUL CAREER

We have aboard the KOTA
BAROE a number of veterans
of the 70th Bombardment
Squadron, a medium bomber
outfit, which has seen
plenty of Pacific action.
At the war's end they had
completed the rather impres-
sive total of 520 combat
missions.

The B-25's of the 70th
struck enemy targets and
neutralized bases in Gunda-
lcanan, the Northern Solo-
mons, the Bismarck Archipe-
lago, China, French Indo-
China, Borneo, New Guinea,
N.E.I., and the Philippines.

Ground support was given
in the invasions of Zambo-
ango, Cagayan, Cebu, Negros,
Tarakon, Brunei Bay, Balik-
papan and several other
lesser known islands.

Activated in January '41
at Langley Field, Virginia,
the 70th first engaged in
anti-submarine patrol in
the Atlantic coastal waters
operating from Savannah,
Georgia.

Headed for Rangoon when
it fell, the outfit wound
up in Fiji, while the air
echelon stood by in Hawaii
in case the Japs broke thru
at Midway.

The neutralization of Ra-
baul, over which the 70th
flew 588 sorties, was the
most important accomplish-
ment of the 70th. This ac-
tion won for them commenda-
tion from Gen. H. H. Arnold,
commanding officer of U.S.
Air Force.

A fighting outfit from
its inception, the 70th's
combat record ranks with
the best out here in the
Pacific, adding a brilliant
page to the history of the
A.A.F. in this war.

UNRECOGNIZED INDONESIAN
REPUBLIC CHOOSES NEW
SOCIALIST PREMIER

DATAVIA:—Sutan Sjahrir,
youthful Socialist leader,
described as a moderate, be-
came premier of the unrecog-
nized Indonesian Republic
this week and said he prob-
ably fly to Soerabaja to try
to halt bloody fighting be-
tween armed Indonesians and
British Indian troops.

The sweeping cabinet reor-
ganization, putting a 36-
year-old Sjahrir at the helm
in a newly-created post,
gave rise to hopes that the
strike in Java and Indonesian
demands for independence
might be settled by negotia-
tion.

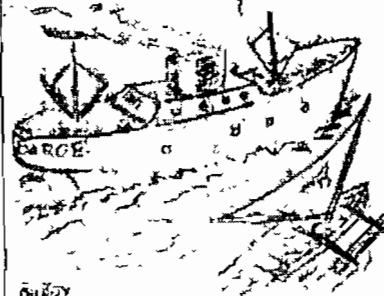
In Soerabaja, British for-
ces spearheaded by tanks and
supported by naval and field
artillery, continued to edge
forward in the big Dutch na-
val base. More than half of
it is now reported under
their control.

DRESS REHEARSAL FOR WAR
TRIALS HEARD IN 4 LANGUAGES

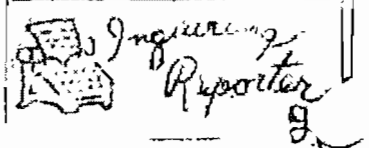
GERMANY:—Key personnel of
the International Military
Tribunal of the Nuremberg
war crime trial went through
a prepared script this week
in the first full dress re-
hearsal to test an elaborate
mechanical system for conduc-
ting the trial in four lan-
guages. Translators at sep-
arate microphones will re-
cord the trial proceedings
in Russian, English, German
and French, and listeners
can connect their earphones
to any translation they may
desire.

Net docks prompt caution:

SIR, HE SAYS HE
LEFT LEYTE
TWELVE DAYS AGO



Copy



QUESTION: What inconve-
nience caused by the heavy
snow annoys you most?

ANSWERS:

Have to spend my time in
the hold.--Wilber Willard,
Boston, Mass.

Have no appetite.--Murry
Schifter, Brooklyn.

Interferes with my jitter-
bugging.--Dorothy Wood,
Davenport, Iowa.

Sleep in bow of ship--no
sleep.--Don Emmiela,
New York City.

Inconveniences my romance,
but will carry on with a
poncho in the future.
Look sharp, girls!--
Harry Holcombe, Fayette-
ville, N.C.

It's not the butterfly
in my stomach, but the
little guy trying to
swim 'em.--Gpl Dick
Thomas, N. Arlington, N.J.

Seasickness--when I go to
chow and stand in line,
by the time I get there
I have no appetite.--
Peter Zovath, Allquippa,
Pa.

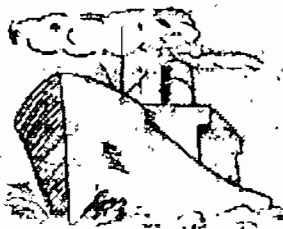
I can't walk on my own two
feet--it's mostly on other
people's feet.--Ann
Dizurko, Waymart, Pa.

I have no bed and the
strong wind makes it
rough on deck sleepers.--
S/Sgt S. R. Walker, Gruver
Texas.

The possibility that it
will take longer to reach
God's country.--Fanny
Natak, APO, 112 Herbert
St., Red Bank, N.J.

SUNDAY LAST DAY
FOR TELEGRAMS

Sunday will be your last
opportunity to send "Safe
Arrival" telegrams. You may
request these from 1030 to
1130 and 1530 to 1630 daily.



The KOT BARON traveled 321 miles the past 24 hours. This makes a total of 5,347 and leaves 1,253 to go.

Volume 1

Number 18

AT SEA

Sunday, 18 November 1945

CRACK LIMITED RAMS FREIGHT

CALL FOR HELP HEARD IN THREE INDIANA CITIES

CHICAGO:- The New York Central Railroad reported its East-bound advance Commodore Vanderbilt ran into a derailed freight train at Lydick, Indiana, 8 miles west of South Bend, Ind.

The locomotive and 7 head cars turned over, the headquarters said, and the 3 rear cars were derailed, but standing.

The railroad said it had immediate reports on Indiana, but the South Bend Police Dept received a call for all available ambulances and physicians. Similar alarms were sent to LaPorte and Michigan City.

LOUIS CHASES ONE, TABS ONE IN EXHIBITION BOUTS

SAN FRANCISCO:- Joe Louis world heavyweight champion, chased one foe around the ring for two rounds and gave another a last minute pummeling Thursday night in two exhibition bouts which were loudly appreciated by some 6,000 fans in Civic Auditorium.

The Brown Bomber took on Sugar Robinson (200), Los Angeles boxer, and Big Boy Brown (206), from St. Louis. Louis weighed 215 lbs.

Robinson spent the entire two rounds of his bout back stepping, while Brown did better, but could not stand up to Louis' final barrage.

Eddie Anderson, the "Rock-er" of radio and movie fame, was in Louis' corner for the exhibition.

DE BARKATION



ONE, TWO, THREE, BA-AAA

NAVY FOOTBALL SEASON TO
END WITH DEC. 1 GAME

ANNAPOLIS, MD:- Navy's football season will end with the Army game Dec. 1st, Vice Admiral Aubrey W. Fitch, Naval Academy Superintendent said in a statement following reports that the Midshipmen might be invited to play a post-season contest.

LON WARNEKE, FAMED BIG
LEAGUER, TO BE UMPIRE

CHICAGO:- Lon Warneke, after fifteen seasons in baseball leagues, and among the select circle of pitchers winning 200 games, is planning a new baseball career as an umpire.

The 35-year-old right hander, one of the league's top hurlers during his service with the Chicago Cubs and St. Louis Cardinals, obtained his unconditional release Thursday from the Cubs.

In 1941, as a top notcher, he pitched a shutout game for the Cards.

CRISIS SEEN IN DE GAULLE RESIGNATION

PARIS:- A political crisis stirred Friday after Gen. de Gaulle's office announced he had decided to resign as interim-President due to a deadly clash with a powerful Communist party over his new cabinet.

Sources close to the French leader, however, said his letter of resignation has not yet been made public. It indicated his willingness to continue efforts to form a government.

There was an immediate flurry of political conferences throughout the day. The Communist party demanded three top ministers' posts for participation in a coalition government.

NEW DISCHARGE REGULATIONS
WILL RELEASE 785,000

WASHINGTON:- The War Dept announced this week that all Army EM with three or more children under the age of 18 will be discharged upon request.

This was one of several changes in discharge regulations which the Department said will release an additional 785,000 persons, in addition to a slight reduction in the point system for discharge of enlisted men and officers and enlisted WACS, effective December 1st.

The changes provided for length of service regardless of age as a discharge factor, and release of all married WACS, both officers and enlisted women, before May 12, 1945.



Chaplain's Corner

TODAY'S SERVICES

0930--Catholic Mass will be held on Hatch #3
1015--Protestant Worship & Thanksgiving Service on Hatch #3

PRAYER FOR TODAY

Almighty God, Who in former times didst lead our fathers forth from lands beyond the sea into this fair country, grant us, thine children, the grace to face life in our generation grateful and unafraid. Amen.

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

"Offer unto God thanksgiving, and pay thy vows unto the Most High; call upon God in the day of trouble and He will deliver thee;"

Psalm 50:14-15

HISTORY OF 13TH AIR FORCE IS UNIQUE

(Continued)

During the Philippines Campaign, the 13th struck the southern and central sector, lending support to the ground forces and smashing the Jap strength here.

The 13th's Fighters also piled up some impressive records during the Rabaul campaign. None of the heavies were lost to enemy interceptors, a tribute to the excellent work of the fighter escorts.

The fighters have established a world's record for the longest mission on record, 2,200 miles from Palawan to Singapore. This 11-hour hop by 12 P-38's was the first strike at Singapore since that British bastion fell to the Japs in February, 1942.

While most of this article has been devoted to the operations and tactical set-up, the efforts of all members has been instrumental in the over-all achievement of the Air Force, and largely depended upon those who were the flying crews.

JOHN L. LEWIS LOSES FIGHT IN CONFERENCE DECISION PLAN

WASHINGTON--The AFL and John L. Lewis Mine Workers lost their fight to require all Labor-Management decisions to be unanimous.

The CIO and Management delegates, put over instead, a conference voting arrangement whereby only 30 votes--15 for Labor and 15 for Management--would be needed to approve any final conference decision.

Management and Labor each has 18 delegates at the conference.

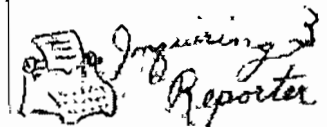
JOCKEY TO GET \$25,000 AS RETAINER FROM PALEY

ARCADIA, CALIF.--Jockey Ted Atkinson is receiving a flat \$25,000 retainer to ride Jay Paley's horses in the 54-day Santa Anita meeting which will start Dec. 12.

Last year's top rider, with 287 winners, Atkinson is a leading contender for top honors again this year.

GOVERNMENT ASKED TO STUDY ACUTE CLOTHING SHORTAGE

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.--It is said that returning servicemen are finding it almost impossible to buy civilian clothes, and it is suggested that the Government call a national conference to study the situation.



By Quincy Adams

QUESTION: Of all the things you experienced while overseas, what do you think you will remember the longest?

ANSWERS:

The time that I threw the little medicine ball overboard.--Fanny (Muscles), Joisey.

The 32 months that I spent overseas.--T/Sgt Al Albert North Bergen, N.J.

The 3rd Filipino emergency wife that I had.--T/Sgt Hem Johnson, Denmark South Carolina.

The 'Flip' kids that I saw who were bayoneted by the Japs at Cebu City.--Tec 5 J. C. G., Medical, Washington, D. C.

The delicious fish-heads and rice whipped up by my souvenir wife.--Tec 4 Orville Haney, St. Maries, Idaho.

The day I forgot to duck(?) and got a bullet in my--Pfc Elvia Baker, Texarkana, Arkansas.

The time four of us tried to drink a 55-gal. drum full of Jap alcohol.--Tec 5 Ray Rickard, Santa Barbara, Calif.

(ED'S NOTE: How can you remember that incident?)

BRIDE SPENDS WEDDING NIGHT WITH MAMA; SPOUSE SQUARKS

LOS ANGELES--Ragor Euron complained to a judge yesterday that his wife spent their wedding night with her mother. Furthermore, she had lived with them ever since, and that was two years ago. He asked for an annulment.

DIG THREE MAY MEET AGAIN

MOSCOW--Discussions were under way for a meeting of Truman, Stalin, and Attlee to solve current policy.



The KOTA BAROE traveled 333 miles in the past 24 hours; this makes a total of 5,680 miles.

Page 1

Number 19

AT SEA

Monday, 19 November 1945

JAP ATTACK NOTE HEARD DEC. 5

TASK FORCE TO RETURN HOME IF TALKS SUCCESS

WASHINGTON:- A coded message, "Climb Mt. Nietaka", radioed from Tokyo Dec. 5, Hawaiian time, 1941, gave a Jap task force the signal to launch the sneak attack on Pearl Harbor, congressional investigators were told Saturday.

They also were informed that the Japs were prepared to call off the attack if diplomatic negotiations in Washington had succeeded.

Rear Admiral T.B. Inglis
(Cont'd page 2)

BROTHERS DIE RETURNING FATHER'S FUNERAL

LINCOLN, ILL:- Two brothers, returning from their father's funeral were killed, and the locomotive and 11 cars of an Alton Railroad passenger train left the rails when the train and a light truck collided near Lincoln.

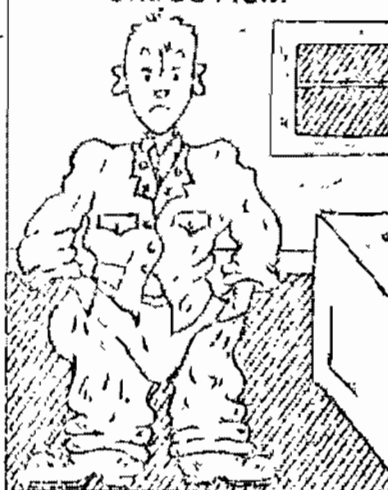
The dead were, Alvin T. Byrne, Jr., 36, and Myler Byrne, 47, Decatur, Ill. The collision occurred near the home of the Byrne brothers' father, Alvin, Sr., at Broadwell, Ill.

OPA OK'S HOLIDAY PRICES

WASHINGTON:- Public eating places may charge as much on Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's Eve as they did four years ago, the Office of Price Administration said Friday.

The new ruling revokes one which held restaurant prices on holidays, other than New Year's Eve, to 15% above the Sunday prices.

INDUCTION.



DISCHARGED.



TAILORED TO FIT BY ARMY

INDONESIAN PREMIER TALKS PEACE WITH DUTCH, BRITISH

BATAVIA:- Premier Sutan Jahir plodged to restore peace and met British and Dutch leaders in a crucial conference as British Indian troops continued to advance slowly and cautiously in Soerabaja against determined opposition from the unrecognized Indonesian Republican forces.

KOTA BAROE STEPS OUT IN HOME STRETCH

A new and improved E.T.A. was announced by the Troop Commander's office last nite. The KOTA BAROE is due to pull alongside the San Pedro docks Wednesday morning. Debarcation will not be delayed --we will get off in the afternoon.

The Troop Commander, Capt. Tounsan, is pretty reasonable about the uniform. He prefers OD's, but is willing to bow to your judgment--so put on your cleanest, neatest presentable outfit.

NAZIS WORKING ON ATOMIC BOMB GET FRANCO BLESSING

STOCKHOLM:- The newspaper "Expressen" said Saturday it had been informed by a reliable source that 20 Nazis were working feverishly in Spain to solve the secret of production of the atomic bomb.

The paper declared the experiments were being conducted with the approval of Generalissimo Franco.

There was no confirmation of the report from any other source.

SENATE OK'S REORGANIZATION

WASHINGTON:- Advocates of broad powers for President Truman to reorganize the executive branches of the Federal Government won a test in the Senate by a 37 to 26 vote.

By this margin, the Senate agreed that any such reorganization would become effective unless vetoed by the Senate and House of Representatives.



Chaplain's Corner

Catholic Mass will be held in the Officers' Ward Room at 1000 hours.

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

"A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver and gold."

Prov. 22:1

24TH DIVISION HAS ENVIABLE PACIFIC CAMPAIGN RECORD

The green taro leaf, insignia of the old "Square" Hawaiian Division, has done a lot of travelling since it became the shoulder patch of the 24th Infantry Div. on Oct. 1, 1941.

Called the "Victorie" Division by the Filipinos of Leyte, the 24th was one of the two organized divisions attacked by the Japs at Pearl Harbor. Two regiments the 19th and 21st, have been overseas since 1921 and 1922 respectively.

Charged with the defense of Oahu during the early part of the war, the division moved to Rockhampton in Aug. '43, then to Goodenough Island in January '44, to stage for the Hollandia-Trahmer Bay operation.

The Hollandia landings were on April 22, 1944, and the airfields were seized in 5 days. From this newly won base the 34th Infantry Regiment went to Biak in support of the 41st Division.

On Oct. 20, '44, Leyte's hottest battle was the scene of the landings of the 19th and 34th Regiments. After cleaning up Leyte valley, the 21st took over at Breakneck Ridge and was in turn relieved by the 32nd Div.

After Mindoro and Marinduque fell to the 19th and 21st, the 34th spearheaded the landing of the 38th Div. above Subic Bay and led that attack clear into Zigzag Pass. More supporting operations followed with the 3rd Battalion of the 34th attacking Corregidor with the 503rd Paratroopers, and the 2nd and 3rd Battalions of the 19th pushing on Manila

CAROLE LANDIS WAGGLES FINGER AT ATTEMPTED RAPIST

HOLLYWOOD:— Said comely Carole Landis, pointing a manicured finger, "That's him." Said the object of her gesture, "I never saw this person before." And that's how the matter of the actress' zipper costume stood today. In jail booked on an attempted rape charge was CHARLES L. Gramlick, 31. She said he opened her dressing-room door, embraced her, and began to fumble with the zipper.

1945 Hunting Season now open

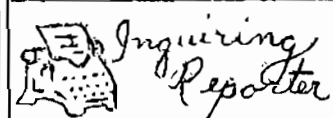
with the 11th Airborne Div.

After re-assembling on Mindoro the Division took on several island mop-up jobs. Calapan, in the north, was taken care of by the 34th while Lubang occupied the 21st. Dubugroot of the 13th took on three at once—Verde Island, Simara and Romblon.

Our last campaign began at Parang on Mindanao and wound up in the mountains back of Davao after a record-breaking 150-mile thrust across the most rugged fighting terrain in the world.

The 24th has probably done as much fighting as any other division in the Philippines and should be proud.

RUSH THE RIOT SQUAD OVER TO THE DRAFT BOARD—THOSE VETERANS JUST GOT IN



By Quincy Adams

QUESTION: What hobby has provided the most satisfaction to you while in the Army?

ANSWERS:

Those glorious hours of sack time was an ideal hobby.—Mary Miller, Peosta, Iowa.

* * *

Deep sea fishing while in the South Pacific.—Lt. Col. F.R. Greenstein, Toledo, Ohio.

* * *

Taking beautiful snapshots of the terrific South Sea island belles.—S Sgt Gene Doughton, Catgut, Wyoming.

JAP ATTACK (Cont'd)

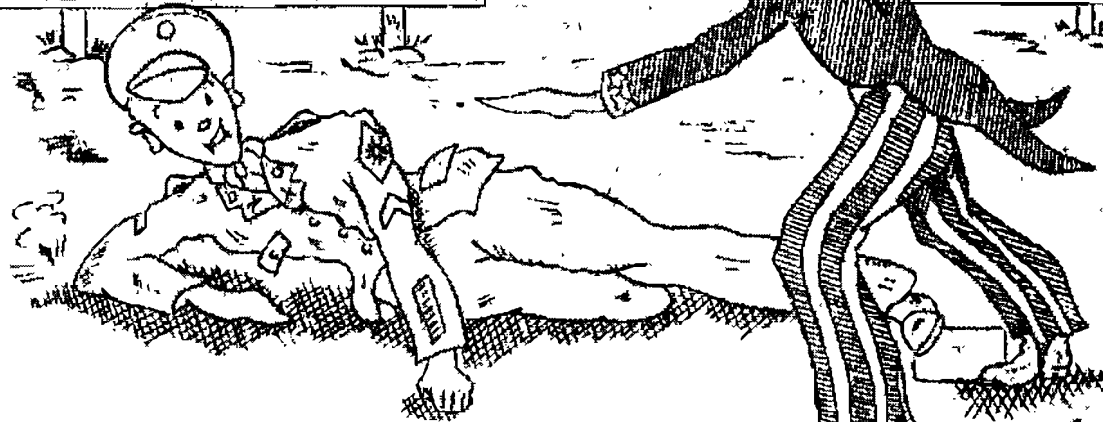
related to the Senate-House Committee the story of the Japanese planning as gleaned from captured documents and questioning of the Imperial Naval Command. He said information as to the Mt. Niitaka message had reached him from American headquarters in Tokyo only Friday night and had forced revision of an earlier conclusion that the Japs had left Hito-kappa Bay in the southern Kuriles Nov. 25 under instructions which included this statement, "Should it appear certain that Japanese-American negotiations will reach an amicable settlement prior to the commencing hostile action, all the forces of the combined fleet are to be ordered to re-assemble and return to their bases."

As it was the fateful "Climb Mt. Niitaka" message which was received when the task force of 4 carriers and escorts was between 800 and 1,000 miles away from Hawaii, the ships moved on to within 200 miles and in the dawn hours of Dec. 7, loosed 361 planes to blast the Hawaiian Naval Base and the proud fleet riding at anchor.

LONDON:— British Trade Unions will demand introduction of a 9-day, 40-hour week under a new program of industrial reform.

CIVILIAN HERALD

Souvenir
Edition



SAFE AT HOME

LAST EDITION

Tuesday, 20 November 1945

WE HAVE RETURNED

The moment we have all been living for is almost here. Tomorrow morning the good ship KOTA BAKER will tie her lines to U.S. Real Estate at Los Angeles Harbor, San Pedro.

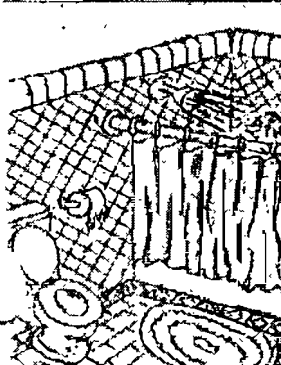
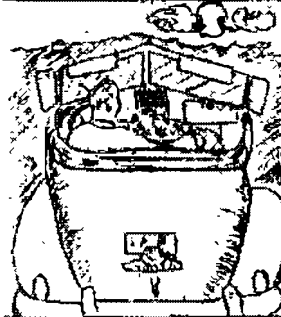
Many of us on board will be touching American soil for the first time in over three long years; and many new and strange things are in store for us, for the world has perhaps changed more in the past three years than any other like period in recorded history.

Recently it was quite common to see in all the leading periodicals serious discourse instructing civilians in the proper psychological approach to the returning vets. People were quite upset at the very apparent difference in themselves and returning servicemen.

There are two sides to the situation. Just as the civilians have never been exposed directly to the horrors and hardships of war, neither have the G.I.'s been exposed to the tremendous sociological and economic changes wrought in the American life by the forces of war.

Influences on both feather merchants and dog-faces have, to a great extent, reshaped their outlook and given them new aspirations.

In order to reach a common meeting ground, you must understand that allowances must be made for changes on both sides. The war is won; the future is ours; but, it is not ours alone, and the folks will be different. So, remember to take them up tenderly.



HALLELUJAH DAY COMES AFTER 22 DAY'S VOYAGE

At 1400 hours, 31 Oct. 1945, the KOTA BAROE began churning up garbage-strewn waters of Leyte Gulf.

Nurses hung over the bridge like flowers in a window box, unbounded joy radiant in their faces. Many G.I. faces, upturned, caught and reflected this glow. It was a pleasant scene.

In the long days that followed, 350 passengers who didn't have beds made arrangements to share bunks with more fortunate men.

The monotony of the trip was partially relieved by the efforts of Lt. E. B. McNeill, the I & E Officer on board, who was assisted in his various projects by passengers who generously gave their time and efforts that others could be entertained.

Among them, none worked harder than the projectionists, who had to overcome considerable technical difficulties to provide movies. Everyone is indebted to Mike Guffy, Edward Robak, and Gene Borden for their efforts.

Another very popular department was the library with its wide assortment of services.

About 1800 hours on Nov. 12 the ship's engines had to be stopped to exchange a faulty fuel injection assembly. After about 6 hrs. the engineers, ably assisted by hard-working returning vets, had the engine percolating and we got under way again.

Lazy days of sun, salt and sacks followed. We proceeded towards Frisco sans incident until the 17th when we received orders that diverted us to San Pedro, California.

Turning eastward, the trip was completely uneventful in anticipation of the Hallelujah Day.

NEW TIME OF ARRIVAL

The KOTA BAROE will dock at 0800, Wednesday, Nov. 21.



"HURRICANE?--NO, JUST SOME RETURNING VETERANS."

ENTERTAINERS GET NOD FROM KOTA BAROE TRAVELERS

We feel that a vote of thanks is due the members of the KOTA BAROE troupe--doubts as well as the cast of the several variety programs that have been presented for our entertainment. We have all enjoyed their efforts and just by way of thanks, we will here with put their names in print for all to see; that, together with the vigorous applause heard at each performance, should warm the heart of any Ham.

THE BAND: Earl Arquette, Violin, from Bridgeport, Conn; J. Feliz, Guitar, Modesto, Calif; Bill Power, Drummer, Philadelphia, Pa; Ed Murphy, Clarinet, NYC; George Eberlith, Guitar, Bridgeport, Conn.

ENTERTAINERS: Jim Lewis, Vocalist (ala Sinatra), the Deep South; Hal Cowley, song stylist, National City Calif; Jimmy Camp, Chicago's favorite Supper Club entertainer; Jimmy Barnes, the Dallas, Texas threat to the Ink Spots; Phil Vanderhill, ship's cook, who gets around quite a bit, but calls Holland his home; and Dick DeWitt, who squeezes a mean bellows. We say thanks

T.C. THANKS VETS FOR EXCELLENT CONDUCT

I'd like to express my personal thanks for the excellent conduct displayed by the passengers on this trip.

Three hundred fifty men, who otherwise would have had to wait, were able to come home with us because of your tolerance and cooperation.

When the KOTA BAROE docks tomorrow, your tour of foreign duty ends and you step into a new job of taking care of the U.S. at home.

It will be up to you to see that America does not allow itself to slip from its position of world leadership, militarily, economically or culturally.

Congratulations on the successful accomplishment of a difficult task, and my very best wishes for every success and happiness in your new life.

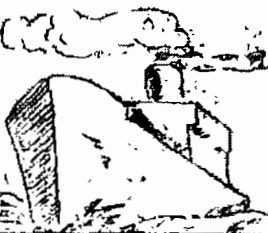
H. E. Townsend

H. E. Townsend,
Capt., T. C.

FLASH!!!

A suggestion becomes a command after a dozen repetitions. Therefore, be advised--there are only 29 more shopping days until Christmas.

CIVILIAN HERALD



SHIP'S LOG

The KOTA BARCE traveled 289 miles in the past 24 hours. We have traveled 4,174 miles and still have 2,426 miles to go.

Volume 1

Number 24

AT SEA

Wednesday, 14 November 1945

THANKSGIVING SET FOR NOV. 22

BLESSING OF VICTORY TO MARK DAY

WASHINGTON: - President Truman called upon Americans to observe Nov. 22 as a national Thanksgiving for the blessing of victory. The President's proclamation requested that the people give thanks with the humility of free men, each knowing it was the might of no one army, but of all, by which we were saved.

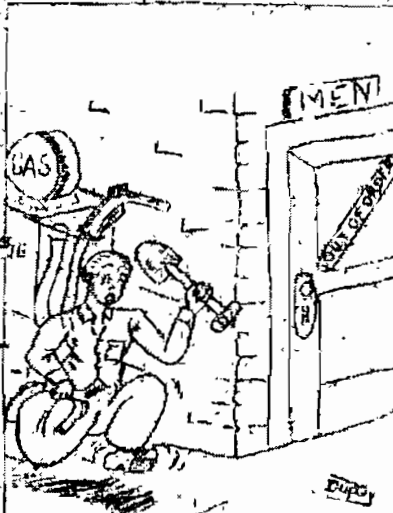
BRITISH WAR PLANES STRIKE AT SOERABAJA

BATAVIA: - British war planes struck at Indonesian strong-points in Soerabaja again Monday as Indian troops, now reportedly in control of nearly all the big Dutch naval base, fought off fanatical Indonesian charges.

The fighting was exacting a heavy toll of lives, both among the Indonesian Nationalists and the civilians who remained in the city. The Dutch news agency Aneta said some women and children were killed when they were caught in the crossfire as Indian and Nationalist forces battled in the rubble-strewn streets.

The agency also reported that houses and shops throughout the city were being looted and smashed as the Indonesians retreated. The Dutch reported the British had gained control of most of the city.

The movie on Hatch #3 tonight will be "Black Hills Express," with Red Barry, and a few short subjects.



ERRONEOUS ANNOUNCEMENT MADE BY P.A. SYSTEM ON ARRIVAL IN FRISCO

The announcement that the KOTA BARCE would arrive in San Francisco in less than a week, heard yesterday morning over the P.A. system, was erroneous.

Upon investigation, the HERALD found that the change in course, made three days ago, was taken primarily to avoid heavy fog. There is no appreciable difference in distance as compared to the original estimated mileage.

The expected time of arrival is November 21, as previously announced in the CIVILIAN HERALD.

X-RAY TREATS HEMOPHILIA

CINCINNATI: - A new treatment for hemophilia, the bleeder disease, was reported to the 36th anniversary meeting of a southern medical association.

It involves the use of deeply penetrating x-rays, applied in small dosages, to promote clotting of the blood.

NATIONALISTS. STAGE ASSAULT COMMUNISTS SAY

CHUNGKING: - A Communist spokesman charged Monday that the Nationalist troops had launched an assault on the city of Shanhaiwan, which stands at the southern threshold of Manchuria.

Without confirmation elsewhere he declared more Nationalist troops were streaming towards the front in an attempt to deal a serious blow to armed Communist troops entrenched there.

Lt. Gen. Tu Li Ming, newly named Nationalist commander for Manchuria, said his troops would move soon. So far they have engaged only in defensive fighting pending the outcome of peace talks here.

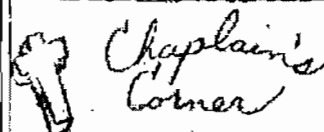
The Communist spokesman reported that fighting was serious but that Shanhaiwan, at the coastal end of China's Great Wall, still was in the hands of Chinese Reds.

CORBELL HULL AWARDED NOBEL PEACE PRIZE

LONDON: - The Nobel Peace prize for 1945 has been awarded to former U.S. Secretary of State Cordell Hull.

The Norwegian Government information office in London made this announcement after Secretary of State Hull laid the foundation for the San Francisco Conference which drafted the United Nations Charter.

He was succeeded as Secretary of State on November 27, 1944, by Edward R. Stettinius, Jr.



THOUGHT FOR TODAY

"Whatever things are true, honest, just, pure, lovely and of good report; think on these things."

Phil. 4:8

Catholic Mass will be held in the Officers' Ward Room at 1000 hours.

BEWARE OF COLDS IS ADVICE OF MEDICS

Most of us will be suckers for colds this winter--we have two strikes against us.

The first, and obvious reason, say the ship's medics, is that we are acclimated to a tropical climate and will soon quite abruptly be exposed to winter. The second, and even more important factor is, that through lack of contact we have lost some of our resistance or immunity to the state-wide cold germs.

Unfortunately, medical science as yet has no magic drug or vaccines that will either adequately protect or cure the common cold.

The flu inoculation protects only against influenza and offers no protection against the common cold. Therefore, common sense is still the best doctor.

Any of the several conditions which through personal experience we have learned to associate with "catching colds," such as becoming chilled, or wet and chilled, will temporarily further reduce our already lowered resistance to the over-present cold germ. Common sense used in attempting to avoid those circumstances is the most important weapon we possess.

Reduced resistance not only means that colds are apt to be more frequent, but also more severe and more apt to lead to secondary infections, such as bronchitis and pneumonia. Few of us need to be reminded that alcohol taken to excess is asking for all of this.

RETURN FOR SEAGALS OF ATOMIC DOME

WASHINGTON:-- If the U.S., Britain, and Canada decide to offer Russia information about atomic energy, they may ask the Russians in return to make drastic concessions on their policy of national society. This possibility, which some Allied officials regard almost as a certainty, grows out of Prime Minister Attlee's plan for creating a United Nations pool of basic information on atomic energy and other scientific developments.

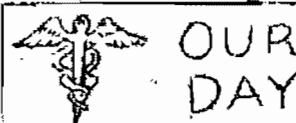
President Truman had Attlee's plan under consideration this week. It was presented to him and to the Canadian Prime Minister, Mackenzie King, when the 3 leaders met in their second session of talks.

DEPLOYED VETS RETURN

PEARL HARBOR:-- More than 1/3 of the 2,500,000 deployed in the Pacific last Aug., already have been returned to the U.S. Pacific Fleet Hq announced that Navy operated vessels alone have returned 825,899 personnel. Thousands more have reached the Mainland by air, aboard transports, or on War Shipping Administration vessels.



IT MUST BE JELLY



By Florence Eleanor Nightingale

If this ocean becomes any rougher, I'm afraid most of us are going to take to our bunks and remain there for the duration of this year-long (seems like) trip. Tried to find out what the gals' plans would be after they got home.

First they want to get there, anon. All in all, the general reply was a rest of some kind and getting away from it all. Next came marriage, a home and 'natchery' children. Very many were undecided--had no idea--believe in letting Fate have her way and said things never work out as you planned them anyway. A few were returning to nursing. Some were going back to school, and one original (?) lass intends to sit on her front porch, with foot on a stool, drink I and watch the rest of the world go by. One of our 'regular' gals is staying in the Army. Another down-to-earth gal is going to dig a cave, stock it with beer and salami and--well--what would you do? Life can be beautiful--in the U.S.A.!

LONG TRIP BASED BY VARIOUS GAMES

Checkers is a great game to while away the hours on a long trip. This is quite evident in the fact that the ancient game of our forefathers is played by 50% of the gamesters aboard the KOTA-BARCE.

The next in line as a favorite is Knochlo, and the more ambitious knock themselves out by playing Quoits or Ring Toss.

The demand for books at the Library shows that reading is another important means of entertainment.

Since the cooler weather may seek a less active life and go below deck to catch up on their lost sleep by warming their bunks hours on end. They should be well prepared for the winter evenings at

RESTRICTED

Symbols: RD Repl Depot
RC Repl Co

HEADQUARTERS
TWENTY-EIGHTH REPLACEMENT DEPOT
(DISPOSITION CENTER)

APO 318
29 October 1945

SUBJECT: Movement Orders, RR Group RK 392-14

TO : Individuals Concerned

SECTION I

1. Under authority contained in WD Radio 75420, dtd 19 May 45, the individuals listed in attached personnel roster, atchd unlasgd RC indicated, this RD, are assigned for movement to RR Group RK 392-14.

2. RR Group RK 392-14 will move on or about 31 Oct from present overseas station to a reception station to be named by indorsement to this order by the CG of the US port at which the group is debarked.

3. Capt John E Ray, Jr. is designated Group Commander and Custodian of records for RR Group RK 392-14 during the entire movement from time of departure until delivery of personnel and records to proper authority in the US.

4. RR Group RK 392-14 will be under the control of the CG, ASF from time of departure from overseas station until released by proper authority in the US.

5. TDN TONT 212/60425 65-427 PA31-02.

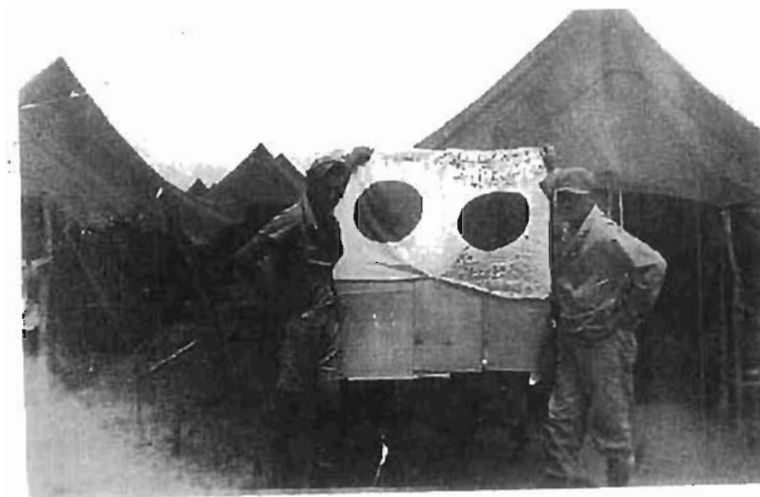
By order of Colonel WRIGHT:

James V. Shea
JAMES V. SHEA,
Maj, AGO,
Adjutant General

DISTRIBUTION:

55....CG POD
50....T Comdr
50....Group Comdr
2....CG AFJ ESPAG
2....CG AFJ
2....CG Repl Comd
1....AGQ Wash
6....TMO 28th RD
27....TMO Base X
14....AG Para
10....File
1....EM Concerned
10....O Concerned

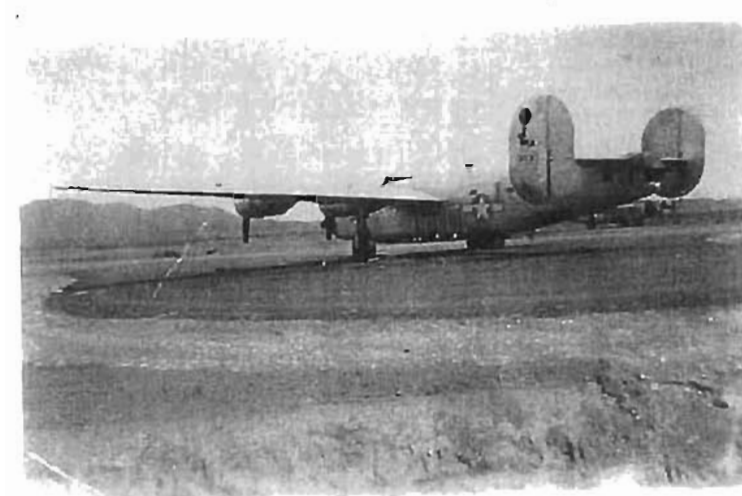
This is one of two sheets given to me before we left Davao City. Everyone that had been in charge of a group received these restrict orders. My name was listed on the other sheet, which I can't find.



The 1st.sarge and me with two of the flags that I managed to get while on a skirmish. I let him have the one that he is holding up. This was in Mindanao.



This picture is in front of our Regt.entry. RCT-19th.on San Jose, Mindoro,Island.I had my own little aid station not too far from here. The sign says,regiment combat team.



This is I believe a-B-17 Bomber,that went on bombing runs out of this air field.



Boot Camp, 1942.

Boot camp, Camp Barkley, Tex.
Oct. 1942-Jan. 9, 1943.

Jake



Doris R. Sweat and I Queensland, Australia, 1943.

Jake's on the right



Carlton Melven, and
William Sherwood,
Aid-Men, 3rd. Bat. 19th.
by a Pappia tree, Oahu.



Monroe Jackson,
Paralysis, W.I.A.
Aid-Man, 19th. Inf. 24th.



Arnaldo Olivas, Aid-Man
Litter-bearer, 19th. 3rd. Bat.
24th. Division, from Phoenix.

RESTRICTED

Movement O RR Group RK 392-14, Hq 28th RD, dtd 29 Oct/45 (Cont'd).

	<u>RANK</u>	<u>NAME</u>	<u>ASN</u>	<u>SSN</u>	<u>BRANCH</u>	<u>ASRS*</u>	<u>RC</u>
21.	Tec 3	SNYDER, JOSEPH A 1610 G St., Napa, Calif.	39399345	861	MD	82	636
22.	Sgt	CARENINI, ROBERT J 1443 Marsh St., San Luis Obispo, Calif.	39109090	745	Inf	84	638
23.	Sgt	COOPER, ALBERT B Rt. 2, Box 472, Fresno, Calif.	39023004	729	Inf	94	650
24.	Sgt	CUEVAS, ISIDRO 559 Main St., Colusa, Calif.	32001817	745	Inf	92	63
25.	Sgt	HEIM, WALTER P. O. Box 35, Victor, Calif.	39086728	776	FA	95	650
26.	Sgt	MOORE, JOHN R Rt. 1, Box 320A, Livingston, Calif.	39401193	605	Inf	83	638
27.	Sgt	SYLVA, FRANCIS A Box 126, Montague, Calif.	39087009	844	FA	95	650
28.	Sgt	TURNER, JOHN R 741 S. 19th St., Richmond, Calif.	38126948	605	Inf	93	650
29.	Sgt	URIZAR, BALBINO Tuscarora, Nevada	39827623	729	Inf	93	650
30.	Sgt	WILLIAMS, L'VERNON L P. O. Box K, Del Paso Hts, Calif.	39087022	864	FA	93	650
31.	Sgt	ZILLOTTO, FRANK R 1201 Stockton St., San Francisco, Calif.	6562723	844	FA	91	639
32.	Tec 4	RIBEIRA, HILARIO 1415 3rd St., Sacramento, Calif.	38100529	766	Sig C	92	639
33.	Tec 4	SWITZER, JACK F 371 E. 6th St., Chico, Calif.	19145510	863	MD	87	638
34.	Tec 4	TEFERTILLER, JOHN E 2125 Ventura Ave., Fresno, Calif.	39236824	275	FA	93	650
35.	Cpl	SARRI, WILLIAM Box 316, Belmont, Calif.	39836057	1607	Inf	93	650
36.	Cpl	CARPENTER, LORIN J Pittville, Calif.	39088953	605	FA	94	650
37.	Cpl	HALL, JOHN D Box 48, Sycamore, Calif.	39085921	405	FA	95	650
38.	Cpl	MARTINEZ, HENRY N. 470 Castro St., San Francisco, Calif.	39174775	345	Inf	92	641
39.	Cpl	PAULSEN, JOHN G Willows, Calif.	39086986	844	FA	96	650
40.	Cpl	REBOX, DON C 414 20th Ave., San Francisco, Calif.	39089315	605	FA	95	650
41.	Tec 5	ANDERSON, REE H Paso Robles, Calif.	39128518	240	Ord	93	641
42.	Tec 5	BERGMAN, EDWARD H Honolulu, Hawaii	30106916	035	CE	93	651
43.	Tec 5	BERTON, GULIELMO L 3720 Broadway, Sacramento, Calif.	39086887	605	FA	95	650
44.	Tec 5	BOYD, ROBERT Q 2399 E. 12th St., San Leandro, Calif.	3932178	511	Inf	82	638
45.	Tec 5	CAPELLO, JOHN F 2019 Uhu St., Honolulu, T. H.	30107236	050	CE	93	651
46.	Tec 5	DUNE, DOUGLAS Rt. 2, Box 72, Placerville, Calif.	39024170	345	FA	93	650
47.	Tec 5	FELIZ, JESUS B	39685690	521	Inf	96	640

PERSONNEL ROSTER

Embarkation Auth: Base Movement 0 182

29 October 1945

Staged at 20th RD, AFO 318

RR Group RR 392-14

After we sailed of port at Tacloban, Leyte, on the ship, The Kota Baroe, I was handed this PERSONNEL Roster to keep with me until we reach our final destination at the port at San Pedro, California.

	RANK	NAME	SN	SSN	BRANCH	ASRS*	RC
		<u>Section A</u>					
	Capt	RAY, JOHN E JR	0420236	1193	FL	96	644
		San Francisco, Calif.					
	1st Lt	PIERCE, WALTER U	01014396	1203	Inf	107	644
		1220 College Ave, Palo Alto, Calif.					
	1st Lt	RIESLAND, JOHN I	01167180	1183	FL	101	644
		201 Locasia St, San Jose, Calif.					
1.	M Sgt	MCCLELLAND, LLOYD	38007646	014	FA	91	648
		San Miguel, Calif.					
2.	T Sgt	ELGI, FRED J	39008885	645	FL	94	650
		23 Britton, San Rosa, Calif.					
3.	T Sgt	DISTASIO, JOHN W	39402018	861	MD	82	638
		2014 26th St, Sacramento, Calif.					
4.	T Sgt	TOMASELLO, JOSEPH E R	39109571	502	Inf	87	638
		27 Floyd St, San Jose, Calif.					
5.	S Sgt	BANDUCCI, BRUNO J	39684253	607	Inf	84	638
		2025 Beale Ave, Bakersfield, Calif.					
6.	S Sgt	BURTHUR, GEORGE H	39826118	812	Inf	93	650
		Totaluma, Calif.					
7.	S Sgt	CURTIS, CHARLES W	39686427	814	Inf	93	650
		746 Pacific Ave, Alameda, Calif.					
8.	S Sgt	HARRIS, CAROL M	39086926	641	FL	95	650
		Bieber, Calif.					
9.	S Sgt	HUTCHES, FRED H	39389920	605	Inf	93	636
		San Francisco, Calif.					
10.	S Sgt	LEE, WALTER L	20912894	824	FL	95	650
		1314 95th Ave, Oakland, Calif.					
11.	S Sgt	NIELSON, ELLSWORTH R	39627635	745	Inf	93	650
		Elko, Nevada					
12.	S Sgt	OLIE, HUBERT H	39683707	014	FL	91	639
		211 S 10th St, Las Vegas, Nevada					
13.	S Sgt	RIGNEY, ROY A JR	39006345	641	Sig C	92	639
		80 Sacramento Rd, Marysville, Calif.					
14.	S Sgt	SANTINELLI, ALDO M	39601317	745	Inf	96	650
		435 Hudson St, Oakland, Calif.					
15.	S Sgt	SHADWICK, RUSSELL R	6572846	814	FL	92	641
		Box 147, Seaside, Calif.					
16.	S Sgt	STEVENS, FRANK C	6240801	824	FL	92	639
		Box 892, Riv Visto, Calif.					
17.	S Sgt	TILFORD, SAMUEL R	35160677	824	Inf	89	638
		193 Six St, Oakland, Calif.					
18.	S Sgt	TURCO, JOHN	39007029	844	FL	95	650
		Oakland, Calif.					
19.	S Sgt	WYRICK, CLARENCE T	37144630	610	Inf	92	640
		Box 1306, Monterey, Calif.					
20.	Tec 3	WEISS, JACOB	37312909	861	MD	84	638
		San Francisco, Calif.					

2B-97

RESTRICTED

74

Route One
Lemmon, S. DAK.

Addresses of some of the G.I's
taken while in Australia;

98251

Starting, August, 1943. Men from the 3rd. Bat. and Bat. Aid Station
19th. Infantry Regiment.

Wm. J. Gaul, - W.I.A.
Westchester, Pa. Ist. Aid, 7/26/44

Bonham Lawson, W.I.A.
Denton, Texas. Ist Aid, 7/26/44

Marion Morris,
Rte. 3, Aiken, S.C.

George W. Swiers
Chatham, New York.

Lawrence H. Merman,
807 Walnut, St.
Coon Rapids, Iowa.

Manuel Fernandez,
507 Louisa, St.
Key West, Fla.

Carl E. Montgomery,
Weatherford, Tex.,
Dennis Star Route.

C.S. Kelley,
102 W. 6th. St.
Hombolt, Ia.

L.A. Davis,
Cardwell, Mo.
Rte. #1.

Carmine Castellona,
125 Classon Ave.
Brooklyn, New York.

James Flippin,
Route One,
Somerville, Tex.

Walter C. Dobbs,
Tishaminge, Miss.

Ernest Young,
1200 S. Robinson, St.
Oklahoma City, Okla.

Joe Sarrason good company.
3 Burns Court,
Chicago, Ill.

Lewis M. Dulong,
S. Meridian Parkway,
Malden, Mass.

Fred Schaifer,
R.R. #2,
Mt. Vernon, So. Dak.

James M. Jones,
Richland, Ga.
Rte. #2.

Mart. Mattox, Master Sarge Hqtrs. Co.
Rte. #3, Box, 87, 19th. Inf. Regt.
Lincolnton, Ga.

James C. Flournoy, W.I.A.
Breckenridge, Texas.

Junior Rogers
Birchwood, Tenn. Ist. Aid, 7/26/44

Roy Leviner, K.I.A.
Rte. #3, Box 25
Bennettsville, So. Carolina.

Jim W. Watson,
RFD #1,
LaGrange, No. Carolina.

Nester Small, W.I.A.
154, 10th. St.
San Francisco, Cal.

C.A. Swank, The best poker player.
535 S.E. 18th St.
Oklahoma City, Okla.

Donald Shaffer,
344 Wolcott Ave.
Beacon, New York.

John Bowman,
Richmond, Missouri.

D.T. Prado, Ist. Aid, 7/26/44
2713 Mary St.
Corpus Christi, Texas.

Ollie Coger, K.I.A.
2637 Penn. Ave.
Pittsburg, Pa.



RETURN TO OAHU ISLAND, HAWAII JULY, 1985.

This took place on the beach of, Barbers Point, Beach Park during a Luau along toward sunset.

We had a great time touring the Island and visiting the Cemetery at the place called, The PUNCH BOWEL, a grave site for the men and women of the military. I wanted to get to go inside of the Schofield Barracks installation, but had to have a sponsor, so was a little disappointed.

THOSE DAYS

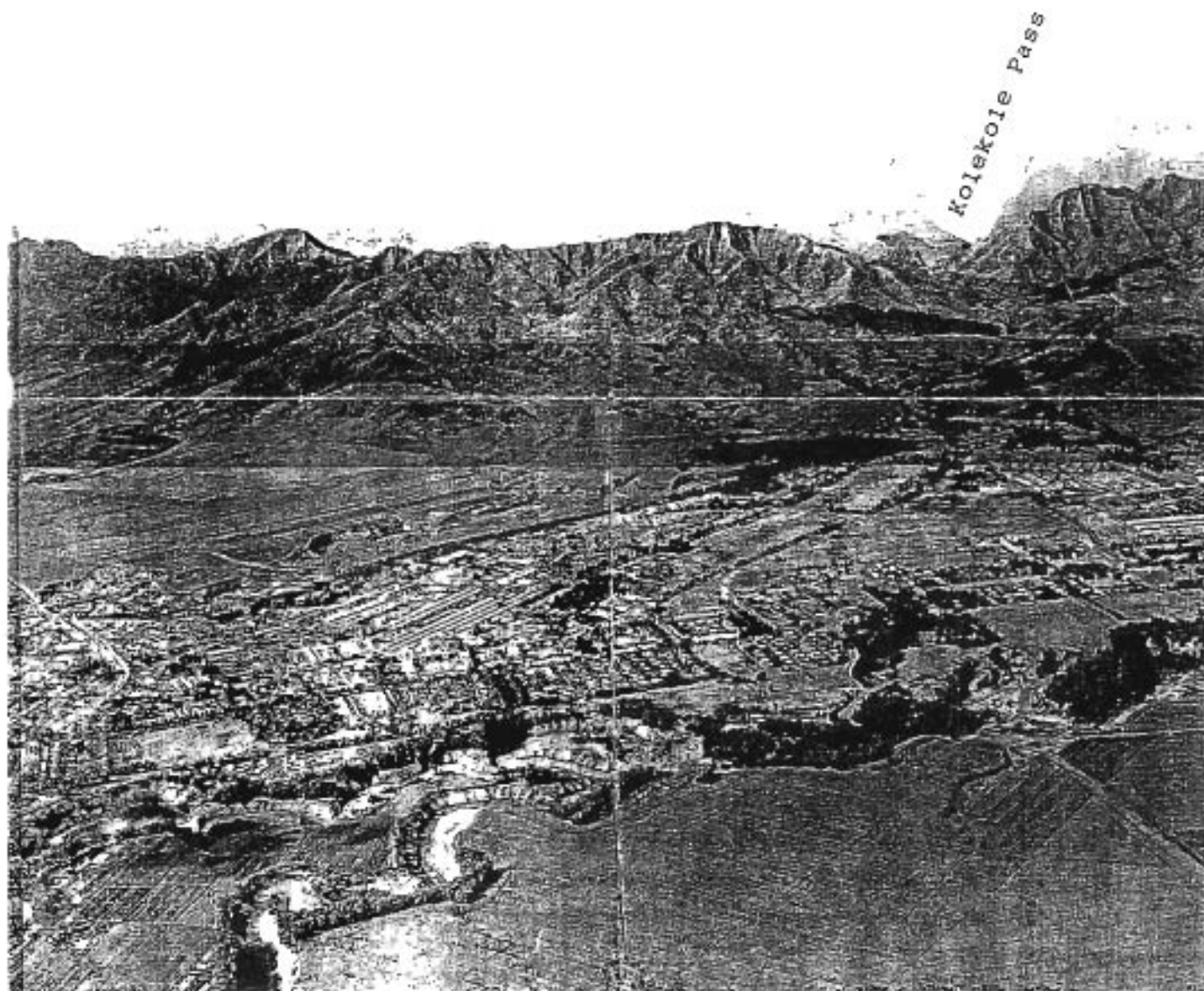
BOB SOLOMON (34th) editor of "The 34th
Country Informer" had this nostalgic item
in his last issue. We liked it so well, we
appropriated it:

DO YOU REMEMBER???????

OAHU T.H.

Your reporter has recently viewed the movie "From Here to Eternity," and the location of its plot brought back memories. The action took place between Schofield Barracks and Honolulu. Do you remember some of the things about those places? The majority of the action took place in either the 19th or 21st Quadrangle. One of the 19th'ers or 21st'ers can tell which one it was. We spent our first Xmas in Hawaii in one of the Quadrangles as its original occupants were at beach positions. The most vivid recollection of our stay there was the Xmas dinner...so-called creamed chicken. It was like A. Godfrey says about Lipton Chicken soup... "the chicken passed through on the way to the other side of the road." After our stay there, we moved to the upper post and took over the area of the 298th Inf. That was our home for the remaining stay on the island excluding the east range area, tent city to train recruits and the many bivouacs we made. We should remember Kole Kole pass where M. Clift had to hike in the movie. Speaking about hikes, do you remember our hike around the island and over the Koula range. Slippery wasn't it? In the movie, the first scene of Honolulu showed River Street. Need we go further? How about those beach positions? The first ones we took over were at Kukua, right near the air strip. That was a pretty handy spot... then we had to become woodsmen and chop down a lot of trees for fields of fire. At Schofield, we had movies and shows at the Bowl. What I couldn't understand was the professional basketball league whose champion was the Dozers of the 24th Div. After the season of pro ball, they went right into the A.A.U. season. How could anyone be both pro and amateur? That's Hawaii, I guess.

response to a plea to our Association, Chaplain, Major Christopher J. Berlo (19th). For news concerning the Schofield Barracks of 1954 was typical of the man; immediate, enthusiastic, wholehearted, complete. The above photograph is from the manager and owner of Kemoo Farms and was intended for our forthcoming publication, "The Autobiography of a Division." So delighted were we with the picture that we couldn't resist the temptation to give you this advance showing thereof. To Kemoo Farms, a hearty acknowledgement; to Father Berlo, a grateful recognition for a never-ending line of thoughtful favors, large and small. To all others -- a few clues in case they may be needed: in the upper right corner, Kolekole Pass; in the foreground, Wahiawa and Kaukonahua Stream; in the center at the far left, the road to Honolulu; across the center of the picture reading from left to right, Quad C, Library and PX, Quad D, Boxing Arena, Gymnasium, Quad E, Post Theatre, Old Housing Area, Quad F, New Housing Area, Old Hospital, Officers Club, Quads I, J and K, Ordnance and Chemical Depots.



The response to a plea to our Association Chaplain, Major Christopher J. Berio (119th) for news concerning the Schofield barracks of 1954 was typical of the man; immediate, enthusiastic, wholehearted, complete. The above photograph is from the manager and owner of Keweenaw News and was intended for our forthcoming publication, "The Autobiography of a Division." so delighted were we with the picture that we couldn't resist the temptation to give you this advance showing thereof. To Keweenaw News, a hearty acknowledgement; to Father Berio, a grateful recognition for a never-ending line of thoughtful favors, large and small. To all others -- a few clues in case they may be needed: in the upper right corner, Kolekole Pass; in the foreground, Wahiawa and Keweenaw Stream; in the center at the far left, the road to Honolulu; across the center of the picture reading from left to right, Quad C, Library and Pt, Quad D, Boxing Arena, Gymnasium, Quad E, Post theatre, Old Housing Area, Quad F, New Housing area, Old Hospital, Officers Club, Quads G, H and K, Ordnance and Chemical Depots.



Market street, in the city of Tacloban, P.I. in Leyte, Island. this is where Emaido, Marcos was born. I was stationed here for three weeks for an, R&R before sailing thru the Islands to do the invasion of the Island of Mindoro, December, 15th. 1945.



A typical Philippine village, made out of surrounding woods.



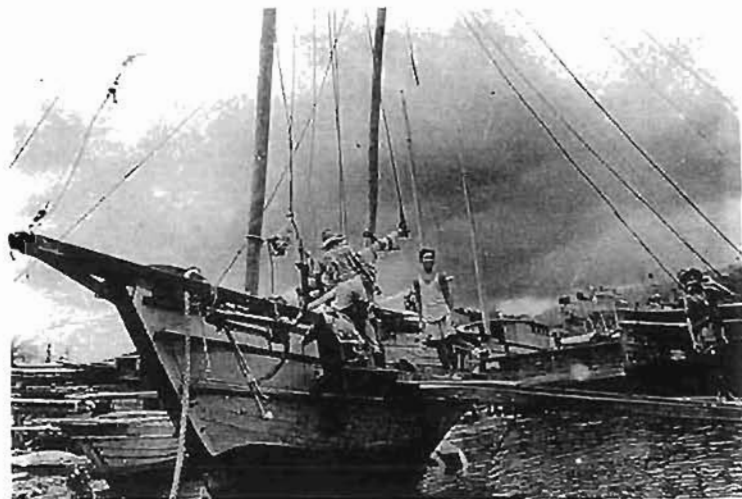
Fish market in Tacloban. Notice the fish-heads on the table's. Kind-of a smelly place.



A family doing my laundry in a small stream, I payed them by, peso's, fifteen, shirt's, and pants, ten peso, t-shirts, and shorts.



Chaffing rice.



A Fillopine fishing vessel



Filipine vilage.



Main street Tacloban, Leyte, P.I.

Victory Medal, World War II

Established by act of congress July 9, 1945, and awarded to personnel of the United States Armed Forces who served between December 7, 1941, to December 31, 1946.

- Front;** A bronze medallion 1 and 1 and 3/8 inches in diameter. At center is a female figure with right foot resting on a war god's helmet. Behind the helmet is a multi-rayed sun. Looking as though she has just broken a sword over her right knee. she holds the hilt of a broken sword in her right hand, and the broken blade in her left hand. Below the right hand the word, "World", and below the left hand the inscription, "War II."
- Back;** Around the outside edge of the medal is the inscription "United States Of America", 1941-1945." At center is a Palm branch above which is the inscription, "Freedom from Fear and Want." and below the words, "Freedom of Speech and Religion."
- Ribbon;** At center is a wide red stripe flanked by a thin white stripe. The ribbon then edged with the double rainbow of the World War I Victory Medal having a red center and butting up to the thin white stripe and both outside edges of the ribbon with purple.

Army Good conduct Medal;

Front. Established by Executive Order June 28, 1941; Conditions for award to read: enlisted personnel "Who on or after August 27, 1940 had or shall have honorably completed three years of Active federal military service, or who after dec. 7, 1941 have or shall have honorably served one year of military service while the United States is at war".

 A 1 and 1/4 inch bronze Medallion, at center portraying an eagle with wings raised up, tips down, perched on a sword, which is laid across a closed book, Around the out side edge the words, "Efficiency, Honor, Fidelity."

Back; At center a five pointed star above a scroll, for the recipients name. Above the star the words; "For Good." At the bottom, below the Scroll the word, "Conduct". All this then is encircled by an oak and Laurel wreath.

Ribbon; Red overall with thin white stripes towards each edge

Description of Medals and Badges;

The Purple Heart

Originally established by General George Washington on Aug. 7, 1782, at Newburg on the Hudson, New York, as an award for outstanding military merit, or the badge of military merit. The decoration was in the form of a cloth badge and only three non-commissioned officers received the order at that time. Though never officially abolished it, was never again awarded for almost one-hundred and fifty years.

Upon its revival in 1932, as the Purple Heart, the decoration was to be awarded in two Categories;

- A. For being wounded in action in any war or campaign under conditions which entitle the wearing of a wound chevron.
- B. For persons who perform any singularly meritorious act of extraordinary fidelity or essential service.

In 1942, President Franklin D. Roosevelt issued Executive Orders which provided that the Purple Heart would be available to members of all the Armed Services who were wounded in enemy action. Since then the Purple Heart has become one of the highly respected decorations of the United States Armed Forces. The decoration holds a very unique position in that it can be earned only one way, by being wounded. An attendant requirement is that the wound must have been received as a result of enemy actions.

Stemming from General George Washington's Badge of Military Merit,

~~Purple Heart is our oldest Military decoration.~~

Currently, the Purple Heart may be awarded to members of the United States Armed Forces and to Civilian citizens of the U.S., male or female, who, while serving with the Armed Forces, are wounded due to the result of a direct enemy action.

Front. A 1 11/6 inch gold rimmed, heart-shaped, purple enamel medallion.

In the center is a gold bust of George Washington. Above this are the red, white and green enamelled coat of arms of the Washington family.

Back, Below leaves and shield, a raised bronze heart with words, "for Military Merit", and an area for the recipients name.

Ribbon, Purple Moire edged in white.

Rank. Just under the branch Achievement Medals.

Asiatic-Pacific Campaign Medal

Awarded for service in the U.S. Armed Forces in the Asiatic-Pacific Campaign Theatre from December 7, 1941, to March 2, 1946.

front. A Bronze medallion 1 and a Quarter inch in diameter. In foreground are two G.I.s with carbines; behind them is a landing craft unloading men, and palm trees. In the back ground is the ocean having on its horizon a Battleship, Aircraft carrier, and submarine. Above them are aircraft. Around the upper outside edge is the inscription "Asiatic-Pacific Campaign"

Back; An American Bald Eagle, facing left, perched on a slab of rock. To the left of the eagle are the dates "1941 -1945" to the eagles back the inscription, "United States of America".

Ribbon; At the center a thin white stripe, to the right of this is a thin red stripe, and to the left a thin blue stripe. Flanking these three stripes is a wide orange stripe, a narrow white stripe, narrow red, narrow white edged in orange.

Note: The colors of the ribbon have a significant meaning. The red, white, and blue stripes in the center represent the United States. The red stripe is worn to the left of the wearer. The red and white stripes towards the edge at each end of the ribbon represent the colors of Japan. The others have no meaning.



"First to Fight"

Victory Division

Campaign	KIA	WIA	Total
<u>World War II</u>			
Pearl Harbor	3	8	11
Hollandia	76	528	604
Blak	19	83	102
Leyte*	558	1,784	2,342
Mindoro	18	81	99
Luzon			
ZigZag Pass	66	268	334
Corregidor	38	153	191
Nasugbu			
Visayas	0	6	6
Verde	10	20	30
Lubang	10	20	30
Simara	15	35	50
Romblon	540	1,885	2,425
Mindango**			
Total World War II	1,353	4,871	6,224
<u>Korea***</u>			
All Campaigns	3,736	8,154	11,889
Korea (POWs Dead)	498		498
Total Korea	4,231	8,154	12,385
<u>Lebanon</u>	1		
Intervention			1
<u>Desert Storm</u>	16		
All Campaigns		38	52

History Totals 5,601 13,061 18,862

* M. Hamlin Cannon, Leyte: The Return to the Philippines

** Robert Ross Smith, Triumph in the Philippines

*** Michael Clodfelter, A Statistical History of the Korean War



Honorable Discharge

This is to certify that

JACOB MEIER 37 312 909 Technician Third Grade

24th Infantry Division

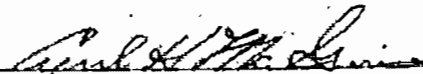
Army of the United States

is hereby Honorably Discharged from the military service of the United States of America.

This certificate is awarded as a testimonial of Honest and Faithful Service to this country.

Given at SEPARATION CENTER
Fort MacArthur California

Date 17 December 1945


CYRIL H MCGUIRE
Major Coast Artillery Corps

HONORABLE DISCHARGE

1. LAST NAME - FIRST NAME - MIDDLE INITIAL Meier Jacob		2. ARMY SERIAL NO. 37 312 909	3. GRADE Tec 3	4. AREA OF SERVICE Inf	5. COMPONENT AUS
6. ORGANIZATION 24th Infantry Division		7. DATE OF SEPARATION 17 Dec 45	8. PLACE OF SEPARATION Sep Cen Ft MacArthur Calif		
9. PERMANENT ADDRESS FOR MAILING PURPOSES Rt 1 Lemmon South Dakota		10. DATE OF BIRTH 16 Apr 16	11. PLACE OF BIRTH Burt North Dakota		
12. ADDRESS FROM WHICH EMPLOYMENT WILL BE SOUGHT See 9		13. COLOR EYES Blue	14. COLOR HAIR Brown	15. HEIGHT 5'10"	16. WEIGHT 167 lbs
17. RACE <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> WHITE <input type="checkbox"/> NEGRO <input type="checkbox"/> OTHER (Specify)	18. MARITAL STATUS <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> SINGLE <input type="checkbox"/> MARRIED <input type="checkbox"/> OTHER (Specify)	19. U.S. CITIZEN <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> YES <input type="checkbox"/> NO	20. CIVILIAN OCCUPATION AND NO. Tractor Driver 7-36.510		

MILITARY HISTORY


21. DATE OF INDUCTION 1 Oct 42		22. DATE OF ENLISTMENT 14 Oct 42		23. PLACE OF ENTRY INTO SERVICE Fort Snelling Minnesota	
24. SELECTIVE SERVICE DATA <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> YES <input type="checkbox"/> NO		25. LOCAL U.S. BOARD NO. 1		26. COUNTY AND STATE Adams North Dakota	
27. MILITARY OCCUPATIONAL SPECIALTY AND NO. Surgical Technician 861		28. MILITARY QUALIFICATION AND DATA (I.e., Infantry, aviation and marksmanship badges, etc.) Medical Badge			
29. THEATERS AND CAMPAIGNS New Guinea Southern Philippines Luzon New Guinea Leyte					
30. DECORATIONS AND CITATIONS Asiatic Pacific Campaign Medal Philippine Liberation Ribbon Good Conduct Medal World War II Victory Medal Purple Heart GO 22 19 Infantry Regiment Nov 44					
31. WOUNDS RECEIVED IN ACTION Philippine Island Oct 44 (Leyte Prov)					
32. LATEST IMMUNIZATION DATES DYSENTERY Jul 43 TYPHOID Oct 42 TETANUS Jul 44 OTHER (Specify) Typhus June 43			33. SERVICE OUTSIDE CONTINENTAL U.S. AND RETURN DATE OF DEPARTURE 22 Apr 43 DESTINATION Asiatic Pacific Theater DATE OF ARRIVAL 5 Aug 43		
34. TOTAL LENGTH OF SERVICE CONTINENTAL SERVICE YEARS MONTHS DAYS 0 7 28 FOREIGN SERVICE YEARS MONTHS DAYS 2 6 29			35. HIGHEST GRADE HELD Tec 3 DATE OF DEPARTURE 31 Oct 45 UNITED STATES 21 Nov 45		
36. PRIOR SERVICE None					
37. REASON AND AUTHORITY FOR SEPARATION Convenience of the Government (Demobilization) AR 615-365 15 Dec 44					
38. SERVICE SCHOOLS ATTENDED None					39. EDUCATION (Years) Grades 8 High School 0 College 0

PAY DATA

40. ALLOWANCE FOR PAY PURPOSES YEARS MONTHS DAYS 3 2 17			41. PAYMENT DUE TOTAL \$ 300 THIS PAYMENT \$ 100	42. POLICIES/RESPONSE None	43. TRAVEL PAY \$90.85	44. TOTAL AMOUNT \$585.98	45. NAME OF COMMANDING OFFICER F FRIEDMAN Capt FB
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INSURANCE NOTICE

IMPORTANT: IF PREMIUM IS NOT PAID WHEN DUE OR WITHIN THIRTY-ONE DAYS THEREAFTER, INSURANCE WILL LAPSE. MAKE CHECKS OR MONEY ORDERS PAYABLE TO THE TREASURER OF THE U. S. AND FORWARD TO COLLECTIONS DIVISION, VETERANS ADMINISTRATION, WASHINGTON 25, D. C.							
46. KIND OF INSURANCE War, Navy <input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	47. U.S. GOVT. MOBS <input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	48. NOW PAID Alignment <input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	49. Effective Date of Appointment Discharge 31 Dec 45	50. Date of Next Premium Due (One month after 50) 31 Jan 46	51. PREMIUM DUE EACH MONTH \$ 6.90	52. INTENTION OF VETERAN TO Continue <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Discontinue <input type="checkbox"/>	

53. SIGNATURE OF PERSON BEING SEPARATED 	54. REMARKS (This space for completion of above items or entry of other items specified in APPLICATION FOR REASSIGNMENT ALLOWANCE FORM 1-10 #148) ASR Score (2 Sep 45) 84 Lapel Button Inactive Service ERC from 1 Oct 42 to 15 Oct 42		55. PERSONNEL OFFICER (Type name, grade and organization - Signature) F J TURPIN WOJG USA
	<p align="right">APPROVED FOR REASSIGNMENT ALLOWANCE</p> <p align="right"><i>William Fernandez</i> 12 February 1946</p>		



SEPARATION QUALIFICATION RECORD

SAVE THIS FORM. IT WILL NOT BE REPLACED IF LOST

This record of job assignments and special training received in the Army is furnished to the soldier when he leaves the service. In its preparation, information is taken from available Army records and supplemented by personal interview. The information about civilian education and work experience is based on the individual's own statements. The veteran may present this document to former employers, prospective employers, representatives of schools or colleges, or use it in any other way that may prove beneficial to him.

1. LAST NAME—FIRST NAME—MIDDLE INITIAL			MILITARY OCCUPATIONAL ASSIGNMENTS		
MEIER, JACOB			10. MONTHS	11. GRADE	12. MILITARY OCCUPATIONAL SPECIALTY
2. ARMY SERIAL NO.	3. GRADE	4. SOCIAL SECURITY NO.	3	Pvt	Medical Basic Training (657)
37312909	Tec 3	Unknown	15	Pfc	Medical Aidman (657)
5. PERMANENT MAILING ADDRESS (Street, City, County, State)			16	Tec 3	Surgical Technician (861)
Rt 1 Lemmon Adams County, S Dakota.					
6. DATE OF ENTRY INTO ACTIVE SERVICE	7. DATE OF SEPARATION	8. DATE OF BIRTH			
14 Oct 42	17 Dec 45	16 Apr 16			
9. PLACE OF SEPARATION					
Fort Mac Arthur, California.					

SUMMARY OF MILITARY OCCUPATIONS

13. TITLE—DESCRIPTION—RELATED CIVILIAN OCCUPATION SURGICAL TECHNICIAN:

In a forward area Medical Aid Station attached to the 19th Infantry in the Asiatic Pacific and Philippines for 31 months. Was for 6 months in charge of the aid station of 32 men. Determined disposition of battle casualties and supervised non professional medical and surgical treatment and first aid.

24th Infantry Division

(The Victory Division)



T/3 JACOB MEIER
INFANTRY MEDIC

September 1942--December 1945



SYMBOLISM: The TARO LEAF is a well known symbol of Hawaii.

LINEAGE: Constituted 1 February 1921 in the Regular Army as the Hawaiian Division. Activated 1 March 1921 at Schofield Barracks, Hawaii. Reorganized and redesignated 1 October 1941 as the 24th Infantry Division. Assigned 21 October 1974 to Fort Stewart, Georgia.

CAMPAIGN PARTICIPATION:

World War II

Central Pacific
New Guinea (w/arrowhead)
Southern Philippines (w/arrowhead)

Leyte (w/arrowhead)
Luzon

Korean

UN Defensive
UN Offensive
CCF Intervention
First UN Counteroffensive Korea

CCF Spring Offensive
UN Summer-Fall Offensive
Second Korean Winter
Korea, Summer 1953

Armed Forces Expeditions

Operation Desert Shield (Saudi Arabia)

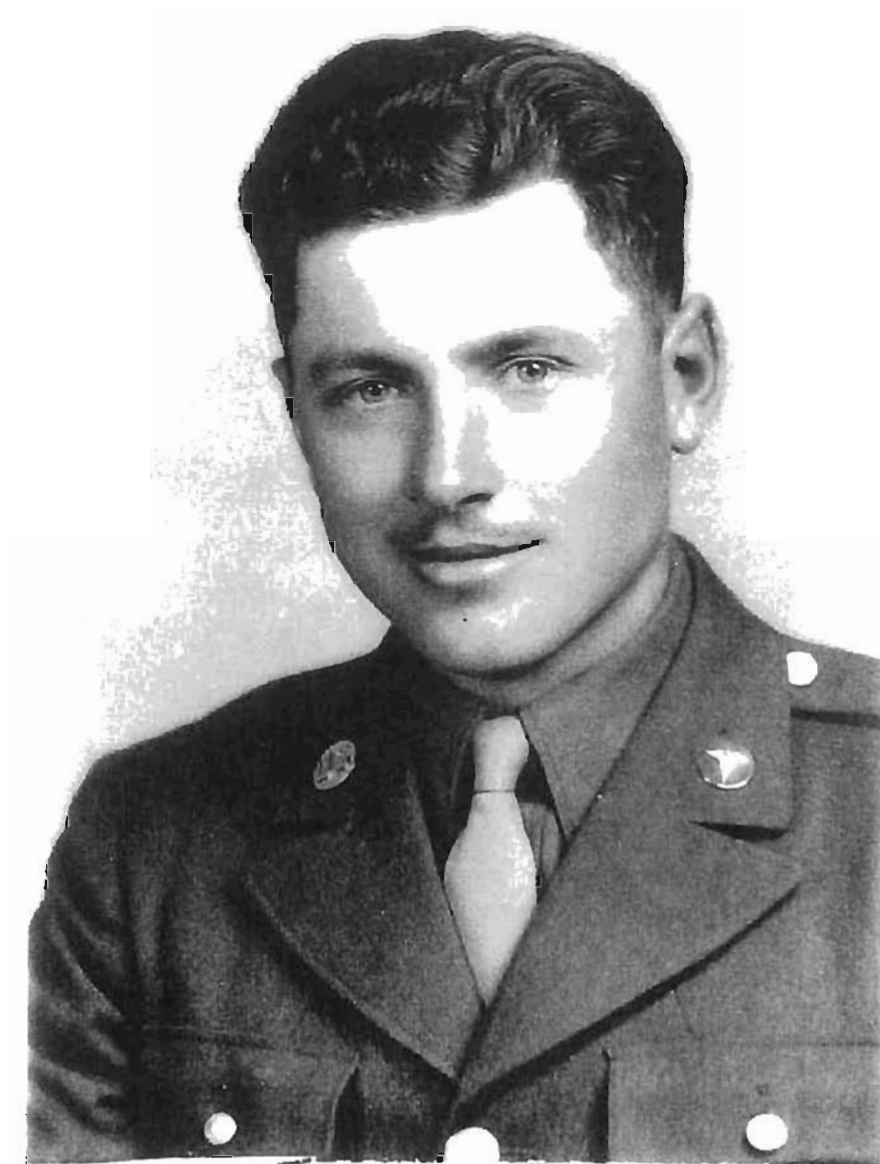
DECORATIONS:

World War II

* Philippine Presidential Unit Citation (Streamer embroidered 17 OCTOBER 1944 TO 4 JULY 1945) awarded 1950.

Korea

- * Presidential Unit Citation (Streamer embroidered DEFENSE OF KOREA) awarded 1950.
- * Republic of Korea Presidential Unit Citation (Streamer embroidered PYONGTAEK) awarded 1951.
- * Republic of Korea Presidential Unit Citation (Streamer embroidered KOREA) awarded 1954.



While satationed at Camp Butner near Raleigh,
Carolina,I decided to go to the City,and
have a picture of me taken.This was in March,
1943..

"MATTIE"

The young lady that became my wife.



I met her at a dance hall, during a fall Tri-County Fair. And within a year we were married. This was on June, 3rd. 1947. The ceremony took place at the St. Placidus Church, north of Mott, No. Dakota. By the priest that baptized both of us.

We are blessed with five wonderful children;

Paul Dennis, David Emanuel,

Cheryl-Ann,

Terrance James and John Steven.

All live within 40 miles of home. Mattie was born just two miles, from where I was born.



Wedding party leaving after ceremony, St. Placidus Church, June, 3rd. 1947.

Top to bottom, 1st. row;

Witness, Joe Schantz, bride's uncle,
(baptismal sponsor).

The bride, Matilda A. Frieze.

Bridesmaid, cousin, Alice Frieze.

Flower girl, Genevieve Meier,
(sister of groom)

Top to bottom, 2nd. row;

Joseph Meier, brother of groom,
(witness).

The groom, Jacob Meier.

Thomas Meier, brother of groom,
(best man)

Floyd Frieze, cousin of bride,
(ring bearer.)

1/2 Royal Keweenaw Hotel



Many years later, we went to Hawaii, where Gabe was stationed - at Seaford Barracks. We used to tell me of the times when Gabe from his outfit were allowed to attend the USO dances at this hotel - The Royal Hawaiian Hotel - it is all pink, white & prettier - a beautiful place!





THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

TO ALL WHO SHALL SEE THESE PRESENTS, GREETING: THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT THE PRESIDENT
OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA AUTHORIZED BY EXECUTIVE ORDER, 24 AUGUST 1962 HAS AWARDED

THE BRONZE STAR MEDAL

TO

TECHNICIAN THIRD GRADE JACOB MEIER, UNITED STATES ARMY

FOR

meritorious achievement in ground combat against the armed enemy
during World War II in the Asiatic Pacific Theater of Operations.

GIVEN UNDER MY HAND IN THE CITY OF WASHINGTON
THIS 26th DAY OF July 19 88


ADJUTANT GENERAL




SECRETARY OF THE ARMY



Dad took this photo.
Don't know who they are.

Historic Beauty

127 2nd St.

Gold Bar

\$187,000



Windermere
(425)290-0760

Windermere RE/WA, Inc.
helen@windermere.com

Partial finished basement

Nearly 1/3 acre lot

Mt. views

*Owner home in
Gold Bar for
53 years. Now
moved to Monroe.*

A. D. S. P. A. D. ,



Grand home in Lehigh Valley area in 2000.



JAMES H. HILL
1918-1945
2nd Lt. U.S. Army
KIA



Meier: 'I was one of the lucky ones,' WWII vet says

From Page A1

The voice in his book is that of an upbeat, happy-go-lucky, small-town guy who ranched, mined coal and generally worked hard for a living after leaving school in the eighth grade.

While at war, Meier experienced things both wonderful and terrible.

He learned about first aid and medicine and visited new places, including beautiful islands where the natives would bring the soldiers bananas. He became good friends with other soldiers, playing pinocle on Army cots and using hand grenades to catch fish during down time.

But he also faced horrors that only those who go to war encounter — ear-splitting explosions, sickness, hate, cruelty and death. He wouldn't leave the South Pacific before losing some of his good friends.

During his stories, Meier looks up and slightly away, as if his mind is rewinding and re-playing each scene like a movie.

As a scene transition, he uses the word "anyhow." It seems to be the only thing to separate the laughter from the tears.

Meier remembers the fire-cracker sounds of machine guns and the "poof" of dirt as bullets hit the ground near him.

He remembers administering pint of plasma through the night to an injured soldier, to no avail. He had to give out dozens of shots of morphine to soldiers who had "lost it" due to battle fatigue.

He remembers the stench as his convoy drove past piles of bodies of enemy soldiers.

And he remembers one American soldier who collected gold teeth from those bodies "to buy a casino when he got home."

A buddy lost

Meier paused "Anyhow." He remembers one rainy night his buddy Russell Schiefelbein from New York City was sitting on the roof of a bunker. Meier was below him. Suddenly, their battalion came under at-

tack by Japanese soldiers firing machine guns.

"I told him to put his helmet on," Meier said, as he tapped his hand on the table. He paused, and then the tears came. He put his head in his hands.

Soon after, Meier heard a moan, and Schiefelbein came rolling down the roof into Meier's lap, where he died.

"It was so sad," he said of the friends he lost. "It wasn't real that I ever was in that world. It didn't seem real."

With a pause and another soft, "anyhow," Meier was on to the next topic.

He made it back to write his book, while others did not. But there were many times it could have been Meier who didn't come home.

In Australia, he moved to the top of a hill to watch a platoon conduct target practice. Moments later, a defective mortar shell exploded prematurely, killing one and injuring 14.

On his first night on the Philippine island of Leyte, Meier was digging a foxhole to sleep in when the young soldier digging

"It wasn't real that I ever was in that world. It didn't seem real."

— Jake Meier

right next to him was hit in the head by a sniper.

While inspecting a captured enemy bunker with a Philippine scout, the two found a cautious tunnel. The scout leaned forward to look inside and was shot in the head as he stood next to Meier.

"I was one of the lucky ones," Meier said.

Countless stories

Both in person and in his book, he is an expert storyteller, recalling brilliant details, both delightful and unpleasant, that give his recollections explosive power.

There was the time first lady Eleanor Roosevelt visited soldiers camping in Australia, and one GI patted her on the rear. "It didn't go over so big," Meier said. She turned and suggested that the soldier spend an extra six months in New Guinea after the war to become civilized.

There was the time he spent a rainy night in a foxhole with 8 inches of water that seemed to permanently wrinkle his "toesies." This after sleeping 86

straight nights on the ground. Another time, a 14-year-old Philippine boy named Portanza to Tatong started following him around. They became friends, and Meier took some of his figures to a village seamstress to be made into school clothes for the boy, who had few belongings.

Or the times the soldiers would ask island natives to climb coconut trees to collect "tuba" — fermented rainwater that tasted like champagne — in a thick, 4-foot bamboo shoot if the soldiers were lucky, Meier said, the natives would shake down a few coconuts as well for "coconut juice chasers."

One time, in October 1944, the Dogfoot was at his luckiest. While he helped a downed soldier who had been shot in the upper arm, bullets whizzed by their heads left and right. As he leaned to bandage the man's arm, a bullet went through Meier's helmet, punching an inch-wide hole but somehow ricocheting and only grazing his right temple.

He threw the helmet away while still on the island of Leyte.

He later earned a Purple Heart for his injury.

All the while Meier lived in a dining room table to his wife's listening. She the stories before, and them. She was 18 when Meier at a Saturday night during a tri-county fair. He was 27.

Within a year, they married. In June, Jake and Meier celebrated 56 years together.

Mattie Meier was a woman in North Dakota who started returning bits of the war with Now her husband's war book.

"A Lucky Dogfoot" available in stores or But the fact that it exists tributes a strand to the history. His family and children and grandchildren know the details of his one close to them story through and survived most difficult periods history.

Anyhow, Staff Sgt. J. Meier's part in World War and history — is written in there, but I never read Meier said. "No way."

Reporter Jennifer W. 425-339-3429 or jw@heraldnet.com.

LIQUIDATION SALE * WHOLESALER QUITS

OVER 500 HANDMADE ORIENTAL RUGS

MUST BE LIQUIDATED AT BELOW WHOLESALERS COST

ONCE IN A LIFETIME OPPORTUNITY

ONE DAY ONLY

It was one of the lucky ones, WWII vet says

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He later earned a Purple Heart for his injury.

All the while Meier sat at his dining room table telling stories, his wife listened. She has heard the stories before, and more like them. She was 18 when she met Meier at a Saturday night dance during a tri-county fair in 1946. He was 27.

Within a year, they were married. In June, Jake and Mantie Meier celebrated 56 years together.

Mantie Meier was just a young woman in North Dakota when soldiers started returning, bringing bits of the war with them. Now her husband's war is in his book.

"A Lucky Dogfoot" is not available in stores or libraries. But the fact that it exists contributes a strand to the web of history. His family and friends, children and grandchildren will know the details of how someone close to them struggled through and survived one of the most difficult periods in U.S. history.

Anyhow, Staff Sgt. Jake "Doc" Meier's part in World War II — and history — is written.

"There were some bad things in there, but I never regretted it," Meier said. "No way."

Reporter Jennifer Warrick: 425-339-3429 or jwarrick@heraldnet.com.

SALE * WHOLESALER QUILTS

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IN A LIFETIME OPPORTUNITY

ONE DAY ONLY

St Ed's Bulletin

Jake Meier, ninety-one year old father of Paul Meier, passed away this past Sunday. His wife and children were with him when he died.

Mr. Meier was a Combat Medic in World War Two stationed for two years on the Philippine Islands serving in the jungles and surrounding areas.

He often spoke of the great courage of the Philippino men and women.

He received several medals. The medal he was most proud of is the Philippine Presidential Unit Citation Badge that he received directly from the President of the Philippines.

He also received the Philippine Liberation Medal, the Purple Heart and Bronze Star.

In a prayer to him I asked what it was like up there. His response was the following:

Hey

Hey...

I kind'a like it up here.

*Don't shed for me
too many a tear.*

*I'll always be with you.
I am very near.*

*Trust me, my friends,
there is nothing to fear.*

Paul Meier

His service was held at the St. Mary of the Valley parish in Monroe, Washington on Saturday.

The Taro Leaf TAPS

3rd Engineers



Eli J. Hostetler, Headquarters, 3rd Engineer Battalion, Korea 1950-51, passed away on March 5, 2008, in Canton, OH. He was a member of American Legion Post 44, VFW #3747, DAV Chapter 6, and the Korean Conflict Veterans of America. Eli faithfully volunteered at the Canton VA Clinic. He was a member of the Stark County Sheriff's Dept. Auxiliary, and was active with the children's DARE tours. He was preceded in death by his wife Betty Mae. Condolences may be sent to Eli's daughter: Debbie Graber, 3639 Swamp NE, Hartville, OH 44632

5th Regimental Combat Team

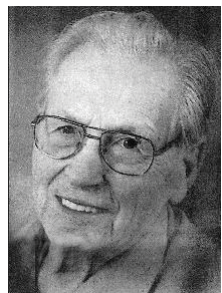
Dennis E. Finn, Life - #691 5th RCT Japan & Korea. Deceased per USPS returned *Taro Leaf* Vol 62, No. 1.

19th Infantry Regiment

Jasper D. Blow, Jr., Life Member - #2011, "C" Company, 19th Infantry, Korea, July 1950 to April 1951, of Scottsboro, AL, died on July 22, 2007. His wife, Sharon, died in 2003. (Earl Blow)

Kenneth C. Getter, Life #399, 19th Infantry, Japan and Korea. Died January 8, 2008. Cards may be mailed to: Mrs. Kenneth Getter, 216 Circle Dr., Viroqua, WI 54665-2203 (Mrs. Getter)

William L. McDonough, Life # 576, 19th Infantry, WWII, died December 30, 2007. He was buried with military honors at Alleghany West Cemetery, Bridgeville PA near Pittsburgh. Our last Association Reunion was in Buffalo, NY, and he was not too well then. Our son said at his memorial at the Veterans Hospital in Aspinwall, PA, "He was our hero." He had been seriously injured in the Philippines yet worked and raised a family. With respect and love. Mrs. Wm. McDonough (Dorothy), 93 Martera Pl., Pittsburgh, PA 15205-3428 (Mrs. McDonough)



Jacob "Jake" Meier, 91, of Monroe, WA, passed away on February 3, 2008, after having been in a nursing home for over two years following major surgery. Jake served as a surgical technician for the 81mm Mortar Platoon of the 3rd Battalion, 19th Infantry Regiment, 24th Infantry Division of the United States Army. Many lives were saved as he traveled with them through New Guinea, the Central Pacific, Southern Philippines, Leyte, and Luzon. His many commendations include the Purple Heart, Bronze Star, and Philippine Liberation Medal. He had a military funeral with an honor guard from Ft. Lewis, WA. Cards may be sent to Mrs. Matilda Meier, 15476 166th Ave SE, Monroe, WA 98272-2652 (Mrs. Meier)



Calvin M. Inman, Battery "B", 13th WWII in Australia; Hollandia, New Guinea; Leyte, Mindoro, and Davao, the Philippines, and Matsuyama, Japan, Association Life Member #2168, passed away in January 2007 in San Antonio, TX. Memorial services were held in San Antonio and in Hot Springs, SD. Cards may be sent to: Mary Inman, 3114 Clearfield Dr., San Antonio, TX, 78230-3414, ph: 210-699-5544, email: marycaltx@aol.com (Mary Inman)



Note and contact for Jacob's son

My father, Jake Meier, wrote THE LUCKY DOGFOOT using terms that may be politically incorrect in today's world. I had thought it appropriate to change Jap, Japs and Nips because those words may not be acceptable today. But we were at war, and Jake was in that war. Those words were reality for my father, and I had no right to change what my father wrote. I apologize to you if you are offended, but Jake documented his experiences and observation as they actually were. That's how the book stands; true to those times.

Paul Meier

3617 S. Hanford St.

Seattle, WA 98144

206-725-0953

Paulandberniemeier (at) yahoo.com