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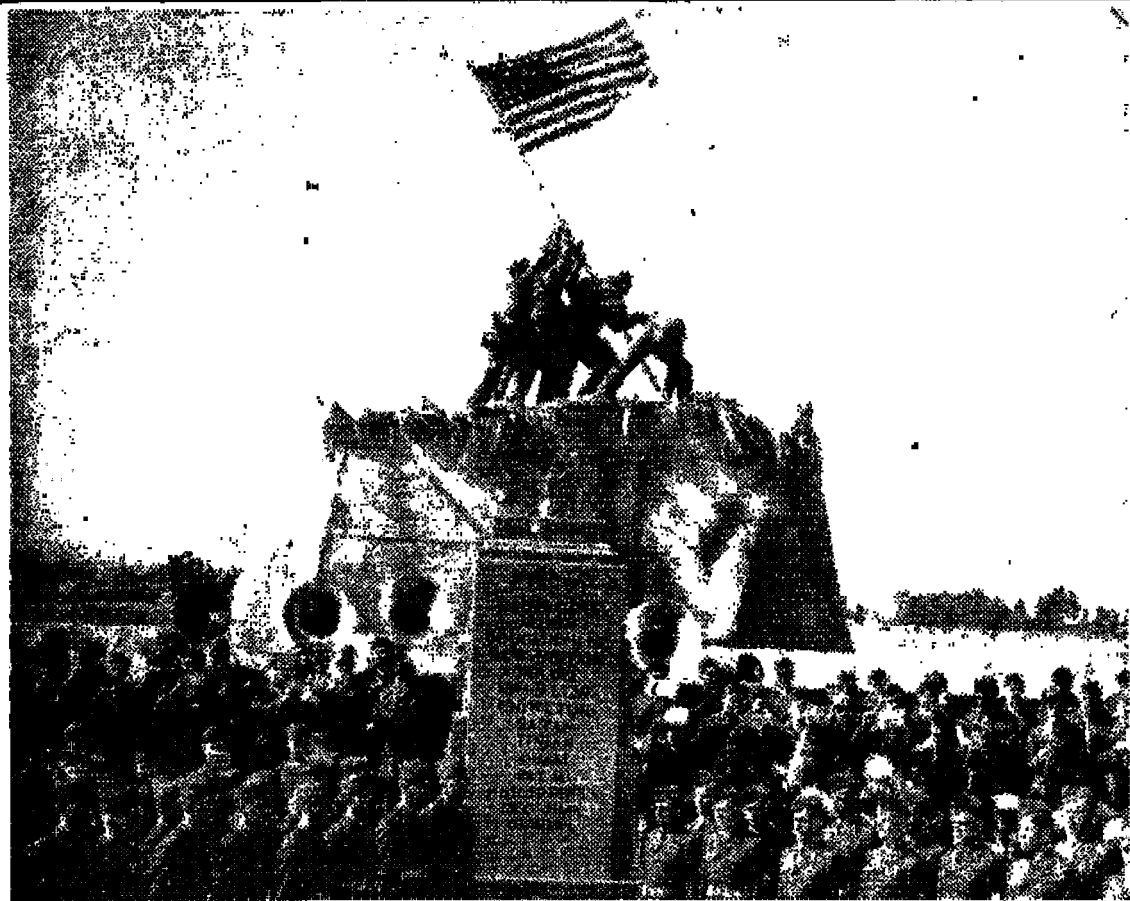


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Marines Spearhead Okinawa Climax



(Photo by PFC Marion E. Brown)

BUY BONDS. Six Marines from MCB Sea School dressed in battle gear duplicate the Iwo Jima photograph that gained renown, at an opening ceremony for the 7th War Loan drive here last Sunday. Scene of action was the north beach shore.

'Easy Campaign' Stories Discredited

By Staff Sgt. Ray Fitzpatrick, Combat Correspondent

WITH THE 3rd AMPHIBIOUS CORPS ON OKINAWA (Delayed)—In capturing the northern two-thirds of this island gateway to Japan and China, the Marines have had far fewer casualties than expected, yet many a Leatherneck smiles mirthlessly when he hears references to an "easy" campaign. To some veteran units of operations in the South, Southwest and Central Pacific the fighting here has been as bitter as anything they have encountered.

To win northern Okinawa, Marines have had to overcome a well-trained, simply-equipped, fanatical-fighting enemy. Given to reach the enemy the Leathernecks had to conquer unbelievably bad terrain—an area of mountains, cliffs and crags, honeycombed with caves, and affording countless opportunities for ambush by a foe familiar with every square foot of the territory.

The men of one company of the 4th Marines—a regiment whose record lists Makin, Guadalcanal, Tulagi, Bougainville and Guam—can tell you about "isolated opposition." In taking Big Nose Ridge on Motobu Peninsula, this company had almost 40 per cent of its members killed or wounded. Of 225 men in the company, there were 83 casualties.

COMMUNIQUE LACK DETAIL

The communiques, on which the general stories of the newspapers are based, give an accurate overall picture of an operation as it develops. They cannot, of their nature, give a detailed picture of the myriad fights, big and little, that make up the whole. In the grand strategic sense, opposition may be weak, but you can scarcely expect this to be the view of those on the lines who see their comrades fall.

Most enemy planes can be driven off by our outer defenses, but the Marines who crouch in foxholes waiting for the roar of bombs and splatter of strafing bullets can see

only the few which did break through.

The capture of Yontan Airfield was accomplished, in the broad sense, with little effort, but you

Detroit Recruit Shoots Highest

CAMP MATTHEWS—Pvt. Harold M. Clark of Detroit led his platoon in firing of the M-1 for record last week with a score of 321 out of a possible 340 points. He was a member of Plat. 19, which qualified 95.6 per cent of its men with scores of marksman or higher. The platoon was coached on the rifle range by Sgt. M. N. Gerstner.

Base Vocalists Flown to Pyle Memorial Site

Six Base Leathernecks were flown to Albuquerque, N. M., last week to sing as part of an all-service chorus at the memorial service for Ernie Pyle, famed war correspondent who was killed on Iwo Jima.

Joining a chorus of 18 Army, Navy and New Mexico University ROTC singers, the Base singers were 1st Sgt. Robert W. Wells, MTSgt. Frederick W. Buck, MTSgt. Clyde S. Hill, Corp. J. W. Meyer, Pvt. Donald R. Anthony and Pvt. Michael S. Beck.

would get agreement from Leathernecks who saw their battalion commander plucked out in half there by machine gun bullets. Or from the company whose commander, when mortally wounded, struggled to his feet and led his men another 50 yards before he died.

Mention in the communiques of "pockets" of Jap resistance on Motobu gives no hint of what it was like there: deep gorges and wooded mountains that hollowly echo the sound of hidden Jap guns; dim, shadowy trails lurking with danger and death; caves in which the foe lay in wait. To the men there, Motobu seemed an unreal world of shadowy darkness at noon, where the next step might mean an ambush.

NIGHT SELDOM DESCRIBED

There is no room in overall reports for a description of a night in a lonely bivouac in enemy country. The quiet is broken by the explosion of shells from hidden Jap mortars, the spraying of steel cutting through the underbrush like dozens of scythes. Later comes infiltration—one or a dozen or a hundred of the enemy—and the chatter of machine-guns and the clatter of rifles tear the blackness of the night into a thousand pieces.

No communique can bother to tell of the concealed sniper who opens fire from his hiding place, or the land mines along the trails, or the booby traps that bring death with the trip of a wire.

When death comes close, even once, the average fighting man won't remember it as part of a "walkover" campaign. And when it comes close many times, he'll never feel that the operation was anything but tough. And he's right, for to him war is the most personal thing in his life.

Leathernecks on Okinawa saw their heaviest action this week as key island towns fell to Marine-Army troops and the battle swung toward a climax.

Furthest action along the road to Tokyo and needed urgently for airfields, Okinawa is now within reach after a month of bloody campaigning. Army troops were following a 6th Mar. Div. spearhead into Naha, capital Okinawa city, today and 1st Mar. Div. troops had driven tanks into Wana, another key town.

Troops of Maj. Gen. Lemuel C. Shepherd Jr.'s 6th Division have fanned out to secure Sugar Loaf hill. Left flank of the 3rd Marine Amphibious Corps, fighting between Naha and Shuri, was the 1st Division under the direction of Maj. Gen. Pedro del Valle.

HAND-TO-HAND STREET FIGHTING

Naval gunfire aided the 22nd Regiment of the 6th Division after Jap forces had landed in small craft behind the lines. A fierce hand-to-hand scrap at the suburbs of Naha saw the 22nd Marines drive the enemy back into the middle of the town.

Meanwhile the 1st Division was closing in on Shuri, fourth of a mile to the west of Naha, along with 77th Army infantry units. Flame throwers were being employed to exterminate the Japs from concealed spots in the ruined city.

Total Jap Okinawa casualties through May 15 were announced as 46,605 dead and 1038 taken prisoner. One thousand Marines have been killed and 5329 wounded during the bloody struggle. Leatherneck casualties increased measurably this week as the battle to oust the Japs entered the final stage.

30,000 JAPS TO GO!

Doughboys and Marines were collected along the Naha-Yonabura line against fanatic Jap resistance for "a final lunge" for control of the big island. Only the locality of the 30,000 remaining Jap troops stood in way of a clean up.

A desperate Jap counter-attack against the 1st Mar. Div. north of Takamotaji caused the death of 585 Nips. A combat correspondent report to the Chevron said that a Leatherneck patrol which entered Naha "stayed for five hours without seeing a living person."



(Photo by PFC Marion E. Brown)

MOCK ASSAULT. First wave of Marines storm ashore at North Beach. This amphibious operation was staged here for the opening of the 7th War Loan drive last week.

Assault Waves Hit Beach, Open War Loan Drive

Marines of the Camp Pendleton training center charged across the sands of San Diego Bay last week to establish the latest beachhead of the Pacific war and open the 7th War Loan campaign.

Opening the attack, flights of planes swooped down the hypothetical Jap beach, sometimes as low as 100 feet in elevation, simulating bombing and strafing runs. Meanwhile, offshore LCVs disgorged amtracs from their opened bows and Marines transferred from ships to landing barges.

Within minutes, Leathernecks

were clambering from the vessels and storming across the sand. The beachhead was secured in record time.

During the operation, a commentator at a public address system kept the crowd of civilians informed of each step as the attack developed. The maneuver was climaxed by re-enacting the planting of Old Glory atop Mt. Suribachi on Iwo Jima.

Preceding the beachhead assault, air-sea rescues and jet-assisted takeoffs of airplanes were demonstrated by the Navy.



Photo by PFC, Joseph Harker

INTENSELY INTERESTED. A sergeant visits his wife, while a veteran of two relay's information to his buddy's family at the Base Hostess House. The cottage has done a high business since its founding.



I am rightin' you again about my favrit subject—wimin. But from a military standpoint, of course. From time in mem'rium I have been instructed in the opposit facts. Not to hear you too much with my boy life, Top, but wood you believe that when I wuz but in the second grade I wuz engag'd to a young female at the next desk. We were pritty repositul about the whole thing, tho, an decided not to git married until we were in the fifth grade an I wuz a littul better establish'd in life. When I got to the fourth grade I begun to realize I had bin "hook'd" and put away dead my parents to move to anuthur naborhood.

But to git to the point, the real subject of this letter, Top, is wimin in uniform. Neither Blotter Nose, Beast, Moonhead, Night Fighter or yourself have ever seen a Wom'n Reserv an it is my purpuss in life to explaine these females so that when you do get back to this country you will hav a better understanding of them.

You remembur when we first heard about WRs all of us over there were very skeplejle indeed. An Penbrain became so desperit at the thought of Marines with skirts on that he threent to drown hisself in the choral reef. Now, howsumever, Top, I am abul to giv you the benefit of two month's intensiv study on this speeshes of American wiminhood.

My first contact with a WR endred up with me belin' a littul perplex, as our conversashun wound up with her sayin' "Knock it off." It wuz the first time I had ever heard a womin use military expreshun. Befour I left the States I had heard us to such feminin quastashuns as "Quit it," or "Please don't," or maybe just a frigid "Puhlease!"

So you kan see, Top, I wuz a littul shockt to hear a womin talk like a Marine.

As for looks, well I wood say that the WRs look like a cross-section of America, jist like us, sum real good lookin', some average, like Beast an Blotter Nose and me, I will not say that a womin looks better in a uniform than she dux in a white evain' gown. No, indeed. An in the Core a female can't very well alter, camouflaj or conscal that wich Nachure gave her, like kan the debutantys an other stashtun wagon patriots, with ther' trick hare-do's and fantay dressus.

These womin, like most of the men in the Core, volunteered—an not like sum of the men—they didn't hav the draft board breathin' down there necks. So, Top, I can't help feelin' kindly toward the WRs. Fact is, I feel an kindly toward them I am hopin' to take a few of them out, in addition to the master technician sergeant which I am regularly courtin'. I allways feel kindly toward good-lookin' wimin.

Yes, Top, things hav certinly changed. Like the other night at the pub across the street I saw this Marine an he was cryin' in his beer an I askt "What is the trubl, ol man?" An he plubbered, "My WR, somethin' is bein' shipt overseas." That insidint is a true fact, Top.

I will hav to close now, as I am busy figurin' out my pointz, jist for him. You know how the armer is dischargin' men with 85 pointz. Well, tho it don't do us no good, we in the Core here are stait if we had can't pointz to get out of our green boots if we were in the Core.

I hav a second cough in the name who is gittin' out under the pointz sistim. He has bin in a little more than 3 years, which gives him 87 pointz. He spent the 3 years at a armer camp 6 blocks from his home and durin' this time, with his wife's help, accumulated 1 child in the las two bein' twins, which give him 48 pointz, which added to 77 give him a total of 85, which puts him back in the Core. War is hell.

Incidently, Top, in figurin' out the pointz for campane, dux the Battle of Wellington, New Zealand, rate a star on the South Pacific ribbon? For sum of us it wuz a pretty rugged battle, an you cud hardly ignore the fact there were kushultees. We wur constantly on the alert for the armer, you remembur, an many sleepless nites there were indeed.

Altho I never recall any medals bein' awarded for our engagin't there, Gut Head reciev'd a Letter of Condemnation and 30 days brig time for his part in the captor of the St. George hotel.

Trustin' for you to let my know about this an to pay my usual respects to Moonhead.

Buy Bonds!

Yours truthfully, in the Core,
SARJUNT HEINEMANN

Record Rush Hits Base Hostess House

By PFC, John Hunter

Ready and waiting, the Base Hostess House absorbed an avalanche of visitors this week, when families and friends swept in to see recently-returned veterans of the Pacific war.

Blends of tears and laughter, a myriad of questions, and gentle whispers in secluded corners pervaded the cottage. It was all very touching, and Mrs. Mullaly, the hostess, occasionally had to slip away to quell her emotions.

Evelyn Mullaly knows what it means when a man comes home, and she knows the Marine Corps. For 27 years she was the wife of



Hostess MULLALY

... not quite satisfied

a Marine officer—the late Lt. Col. Eugene L. Mullaly. Her daughter and son-in-law are both Marine officers.

When her husband died, she decided to be active in the Corps, accepted charge of the Base's new Hostess House, and set to work creating a casual, homey atmosphere in which Marines and their families could visit.

At first, her job was to summon Marines who had visitors and make the visitors comfortable until the Marines arrived. The beautifully furnished cottage and several assistants made the job a good one. But Evelyn Mullaly wasn't satisfied. By last week, she had seen to it that guests were furnished a number of little conveniences.

LITTLE THINGS FURNISHED

"It's the little things I worry most about," she said. "They're what the boys have missed and what makes the place home-like."

In the reception hall there were dishes of candies on the reading tables, food and drink machines along the walls, plenty of magazines, and a variety of card games. There was a nursery with several cribs in which babies could sleep while their mothers visited. Re-

freshments were being served nightly. Dances were being held monthly. But Mrs. Mullaly still was not satisfied.

She is now looking forward to barbecues and beer parties. A park is being built directly across from the Hostess House, on the site of the old Base Gardens. It is being landscaped and benches are being made. A barbecue pit, it is planned, will be installed and receive regular use.

The greatest rush of visitors at the cottage is for the men who have returned from overseas to look, but each night there is the

steady business of Base personnel. It is the official meeting place of WRs and their dates. On Wednesday, it is the playground of the fans. What Mrs. Mullaly considers of prime importance is that the Hostess House furnishes a place for Marines to relax in a pleasant atmosphere, free from regulations.

One problem remains to be solved. Despite several appeals, Mrs. Mullaly has had too few volunteers to help during the evenings with refreshments. The women who have helped during rush periods say that they have enjoyed it.

"Sure, they have lots of fun," Mrs. Mullaly said last week. "I still have the problem," she said—like most employed people last week—was a labor shortage.

CUPID FIRES EXPERT

Returning Vets Showered By Arrows

It spring weather turns most men's thoughts toward love, what will two or three years of constant tropical sunshine do to a Marine in the South Pacific?

Awosoooo!

The question was amply answered at the Marine Corps Base as hundreds of veterans of many Pacific campaigns streamed into R&R and Dan Cupid opened up a recruiting office to relieve an acute labor shortage of diapered bow and arrow marksmen.

"Cushlamoochreeee!" ejaculated D. Cupid. "I've used up all my pre-war arrows and still these Marines keep coming. I've put in a request to the war priorities board for a new shipment, but these re-tipped barbs really don't do the job properly. We have to stab deep just to make it official, you know."

A graver shortage than love-arrows and Cupid-helper manpower, however, was the unavailability of engagement and wedding rings as the sun-baked veterans stormed the R&R post exchange in search of "sparklers" and bands for the "girl back home." The cold, cruel nights on Iwo Jima, their first foray out of the tropical warmth of Bougainville and Guam—and failed to chill the torrid hearts of members of the 3rd Division as they took the preliminary move toward the mile-long altar march.

A small stock of rings was quickly gobbled up by the eager Marines and a hurry call was placed for a fresh civilian supply. Many of the men had no idea of what size ring their betrothed would wear.

"My girl wears a size 12 dress and size E EE shoe if that will be any help," offered one Marine. A BARman with khaki-blenched jeans and white shirt from 30 months sun and wear,

"Have you got something in five karats?" inquired a 20-year-old private first class. "My, I ain't too particular."

Informed that a five-karat gold band would run into the several thousands of dollars, the Marine changed his mind.

Many of the veterans, facing the war-time problem of an uncertain reception from the "girls they left behind," bought wedding and engagement rings "just in case."

One bewildered individual, still a bit dazed at the good fortune which whisked him from a death-strewn Pacific isle to the civilization of the United States, emerged from the crowd around the jewelry counter with a puzzled look on his face and a shiny engagement ring in his hand.

"I don't know what in the hell I'm doing with this," he frowned. "I just saw the big line at the counter. Being in the Core for so long I just naturally fell in with the other fellows and came out the other end with this thing. And, I've been married for 13 years."

One Way Trip

OKINAWA (Delayed)—A Japanese pilot broke into the radio channel guiding Marine fighters planes back to their base and asked, in accented English, where he was.

"Too far from Japan," the Leatherneck who intercepted the call answered.

The Marine wasn't kidding. Corsair fighters of the 2nd Marine Air Wing arrived in the area, and they shot down the enemy plane a few minutes later.



Photo by Corp. Louise Parker

CUPID'S CORNER. Getting ready for furloughs, these returned veterans of the 3rd Division rush the R&R post exchange for engagement and wedding rings. Friend Pvt. Anthony Bialick Jr. scrutinize his selection for the "girl he left behind."

Indian Lore Put To Use On Okinawa

By Sgt. Elias L. Lyle, Combat Correspondent

OKINAWA (Delayed) — Moloku Peninsula is filled with mountains, pastoral valleys, and hidden death. Here the fighting is like that of the Indian wars—stalking the enemy, ambushes, long periods of waiting.

The Japs may be hidden to the next hill, or the following one. There is no definite front. There may be two Jap snipers firing from a hillside in the rear, three enemy machine-guns ahead and Japanese mortars somewhere on the ridge on the right.

There's not a sound. Suddenly the air is filled with rifle fire, clattering machine-guns and exploding mortar shells. As quickly as it started the noise ceases.

A runner emerges from the brush. "A Jap machine-gun 300 yards ahead. We lost three men and killed two wounded."

AREA HEAVILY BOMBED

The commanding officer orders another patrol up an adjacent hillside. The patrol disappears, for when the Japs saw the patrol they fired again.

"Stop! What a beautiful Marine killed! The Japs killed him and his wife killed."

"Tommy," the dead hunter on the plain.

The news passes up and down the ranks. "Tommy's been killed." Yesterday it was Willy-Nilly. The freckled-faced youngster from Georgia. The day before, the husky lieutenant from Pennsylvania and Charley, the growling sergeant, died in an enemy ambush.

American fighter planes hover overhead, waiting for word from the ground forces that there's a concentration of Japs on a particular hill. Offshore, Navy destroyers keep their guns leveled on the mountainous coast, ready to fire the moment the Marines say where.

HAND GRENADES HEARD

Rifle fire, then the explosion of hand grenades. A communications corporal picks up a telephone.

"Enemy machine-gun destroyed. Eight Japs killed."

Then a message from the patrol on the left that enemy mortars are set up behind the next village. A few minutes later American fighter planes are low, bombing the spot. The planes leave and "Wag" stops shell the area.

"Even pretty mortar exploded and the crew escaped up the hill," reports the patrol.

The patrol is ordered to pursue the Japs.

Smog and the hills turn dark-red green. The hills look like those in Kentucky and the Missouri Ozarks. But the valleys, with their rice paddies and straw-roofed huts, are foreign.

CANNED RATIONS OPENED

The Marines dig foxholes and

open canned rations. "Cigarettes out in 15 minutes," an officer yells.

The men try to make themselves as comfortable as possible.

"Don't," someone calls, "don't have a nightmare tonight. I almost tossed a hand grenade in your foxhole last night when you screamed."

Soon it's dark and there's not a sound. Then a snap of a twig and a machine-gun lets loose two bursts. They quiet until midnight, when enemy mortar shells explode nearby. A few seconds later, one of the flares lights up the hillside. Our artillery rumbles. Thirty minutes later silence has returned.

Dawn comes. Another day. More patrols. The lines move a few more miles. Maybe Moloku Peninsula will be secured in a few days.

Diseased Natives Create Marines' Grave Problem

By PFC Stanley K. Leppard

OKINAWA (Delayed) — The burial of Okinawa civilian dead has turned out to be a bigger Marine graves registration problem than military burials, reports Sgt. Joseph E. Sudduth of Keesicko, Mass.

Sudduth, non-commissioned officer in charge of a Leatherneck graves registration unit, said:

"We had anticipated larger totals of military dead, and were equipped to handle that problem. But so far, the death rate of the disease-ridden civilians has exceeded that of the military."

"Okinawa burial customs have been responsible for a large part of the difficulty. The Okinawans believe in keeping their dead upright in tombs for three years, then having an elaborate ceremony in which the bones are placed in burial urns. Our cemetery burials are frowned upon as lacking in proper respect for the deceased. So they conceal their dead, not considering the question of sanitation, and are very reluctant to give the bodies up for burial."

The graves registration men, who have a trying job under the best of circumstances and who work in the front lines a large part of the time to handle the immediate registration of dead, have effected compromises with the natives in which the civilian dead are buried where they die, instead of being removed to a regular cemetery. According to Sudduth, this has eased the situation to a certain extent.

Base Attacks On Chichi Revealed

TWO JIMA (Delayed) — Latest target for raiding Mitchell bombers of Maj. Gen. Louis E. Woods' Air Wing operating from newly-captured Iwo is strategic Chichi Jima's Susaki airfield, once-for-while Jap air base in the Northern Bonins.

Low-level rocket strikes at Chichi by long-range Mitchells are designed to assist Iwo-based Army fighter planes in round-the-clock harassing of enemy airfield facilities on the air route to Tokyo.

Leatherneck PBI crews, veterans of more than 350 strikes from Iwo and the Marianas in five months of operation against enemy shipping in mainland waters, have succeeded in cutting the last Jap supply lines through the Bonins to isolated Marcus and Wake.

Furtive shipping attempts by the desperate Japs keep Marines alert, supplied with a dearth of targets en route to the Empire. — TSgt. John T. Kirby, Combat Correspondent.

MARINES WITH LEE

In 1859, U. S. Marines constituted part of the force under Col. Robert E. Lee, then an officer in the U. S. Army, that captured John Brown and suppressed the riot at Harper's Ferry.



MR. SPEC, New mascot for a Guard Company, Mr. Spec, is shown here sunning himself on the porch of his new home on the prison compound.

Southern Aristocrat Joins Elite Base Kennel Society

A touch of southern aristocracy was added to Base canine society last week when Pvt. "Spec," an English bulldog from Durham, N. C., reported for mascot duty to a Base guard company.

Originally under the command of Maj. Frank H. Vogel Jr., R&R executive officer, Spec was recently transferred to Col. Jesse L. Perkins, Base Provost Marshal.

Sgt. Maj. William J. Günst of the Base prison revealed that the new arrival's record book shows his Christian name to be "Stateside GI Joe," that he is 30 inches high, weighs 45 pounds and has enlisted for a four-year hitch.

His particular peevs are pistols and the sight of men running. The latter peev can be traced to his background in the lazy life of a southern aristocrat.

Shuffling entrance into the exclusive American Kennel Club to

JAPS' DIRTY TRICK

PELELIU, Palau Islands (Delayed) — Marine Corps pilots bombing one by-passed island in the Western Carolines recently found the Japs playing a new kind of "dirty" trick. The Japs had filled in bomb craters on their airstrip with dark dirt in an effort to make them appear from the air still to be deep holes, the pilots reported.

The Wolf

by Sansone



'Plane-A-Minute' Marines Record Highest Nip Score

WASHINGTON — The seven "plane-a-minute" Marine pilots who shot down 24 1/2 Jap planes in 25 minutes over Okinawa made the highest recorded score for a single Marine squadron in one aerial battle, a check with aviation reports showed recently.

The battle was reported briefly in field dispatches. There were no Marine losses. Two Corsairs were damaged slightly, only one by enemy shell. In addition to the 24 1/2 certain kills, the seven pilots, many of them never before in combat, made other aviation history that day.

It was the first time that three Marine flyers went from scratch, (no planes) to Aces, (five planes or more) in one battle.

One pilot made the highest individual score for a Marine in one battle since April 7, 1943. His six sure kills were only one below the all-time Marine record.

Two other pilots, getting five planes apiece, equaled a single action score last recorded Jan. 14, 1941.

One pilot got two certain kills and damaged one other Jap plane in 10 seconds.

Sgt. Don Branan, combat correspondent, reported that Gen. A. A. Vandegrift, Marine Corps Commandant, at Okinawa on an inspection trip, personally congratulated the three new Marine Aces: Maj. Jef-

erson B. Dorrach of Hood River, Ore., six planes; Maj. George C. Axtell Jr. of Laguna, Cal., five planes, and 1st Lt. Jeremiah J. O'Keefe of Blexi, Miss., five planes.

The single battle record for an individual Marine pilot is now held by Capt. James E. Swett who knocked down seven Jap planes in 15 minutes on April 7, 1943. Swett received the Medal of Honor for his air record. It took Dorrach 15 minutes also to get his six. And he had two probables besides.

In addition to knocking down five, Axtell damaged three and "nicked" eight planes.

1st Lt. Norman T. Theriault of Woonsocket, R. I., and Milford, Mass., was credited officially with 2 1/2 planes downed and one damaged. He turned in the fastest shooting of the big day, getting all his bag in 10 seconds.

1st Lt. Edward L. Ahner of Washington, D. C., another of the record-breaking group of seven fliers, got two Jap planes and damaged a third in 30 seconds.

1st Lt. William L. Hood of Benton Harbor, Mich., got 3 1/2 sure and damaged two Jap aircraft.

1st Lt. Charles S. Allen of Fort Worth, Tex., got one certain and one probable.

Theriault's "3 1/2" plane and Hood's "3 1/2" plane were shared with pilots who failed to report their share of the "kills".



(Photo by PFC Marion E. Brown)

OBJECTIVE REACHED. Crowds of civilians lining the North Beach shore witnessed the mock amphibious assault by San Diego Marines that opened the 7th War Loan drive here last week.



(Photo by PFC Marion E. Brown)

MEAT CARVING INSTRUCTION. WR cooks learn the art of proper meat carving under the guidance of Don Tyler, National Livestock and Meat Board representative. Witnessing Tuesday's demonstration were (left to right, front) Sgt. Mary Noble, Corp. Winnie Barton, StfSgt. Ruby Fisher, Corp. Dorothy Bananno and Mr. Tyler; (rear) WO. Wallace and Corp. Mary Ann Variano.

Winter Togs Handy On Moderate Iwo

IWO JIMA (Delayed)—Fleece-lined winter flight jackets, discarded in the South Pacific by veteran pilots of the first Marine squadron to operate from here were quickly resurrected from sep-

bags and packs when their planes rolled to a stop on Iwo's airfield. Chill breezes and biting pre-dawn cold are a totally new Pacific experience to the unit's Avenger torpedo-bomber crews.

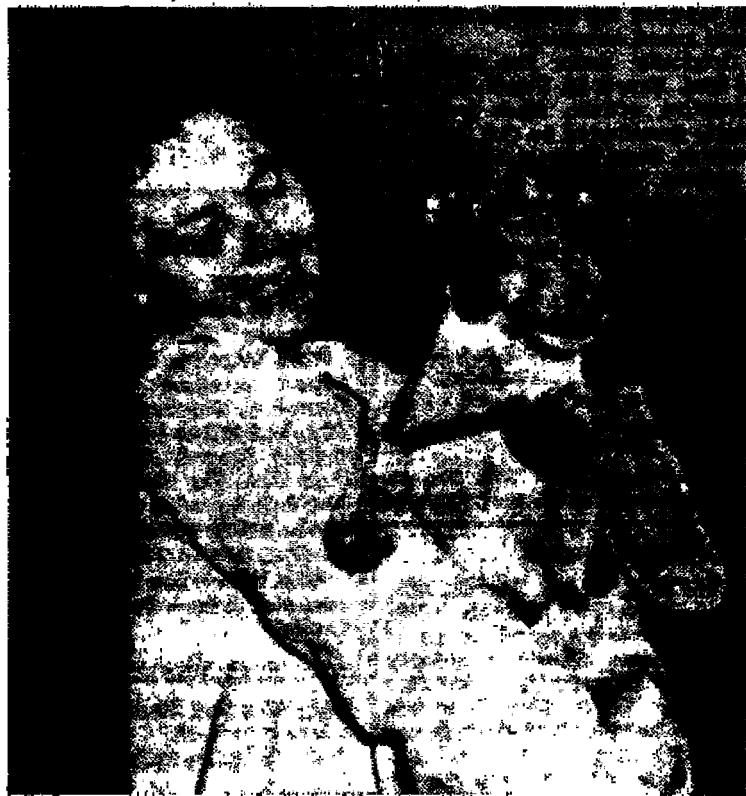
Prior to their recent six-months' assignment in the Marianas, where the climate is about the finest in the Pacific, the 4th Marine Air Wing pilots saw service at a steaming New Hebrides air base.

Veteran infantrymen of the three Marine divisions that participated in the hard-fought conquest of Iwo cast envious glances at newly-arrived Marine, Army and Navy airmen, clad in heavy flying suits, leather helmets and gloves.

Leatherneck ground crews engaged in servicing the Avengers for their 'round-the-clock' patrols of Iwo's sea approaches present an almost 'parade-ground' appearance.

Mechanics who scramble over their planes clad in factory-pressed uniform trousers, heavy flannel shirts and heavy ribbed-wool socks create the impression of careful grooming totally unfamiliar to Pacific Marine aviation, where greasy shorts comprise the usual dress.

Aviation quartermasters, warned of the chill-weather reception awaiting them here, solved the climate problem with last-minute imports that exhausted every available stock of cold-weather clothing.



Tribune-Sun Photo

HERE'S DILBERT. The perky fox terrier with an overseas air record, lost in San Diego, was found at Camp Pendleton through a story in the Chevron. Mrs. Eunice Fillion, who brought the Marine mascot back, poses here.

Dilbert, The Flying K-9, Found After Long Trek

Dilbert has been found!

Grounded and lost in San Diego, the Australian fox terrier wandered for three weeks while his master vainly searched for him. Last week the Chevron ran a story and description of the flying K-9, and from Camp Pendleton came a report.

"Dilbert is here!"

The mascot of Marine air raiders trotted into Tent Camp 3 at Pendleton, footsore and weary after apparently hiking the 60 miles from San Diego. And Dilbert is not accustomed to hiking. He has spent virtually all of his life with Marines on bombing raids and Jap hunts.

He campaigned with his owner, Lt. Emil A. Audette of Miramar, for 17 months in the South Pacific. When his orders arrived to

return stateside, he flew in from Hawaii.

Tied up in a San Diego garage while awaiting Audette's return one night, he broke his chain and joined a group of passing Marines. The pilot didn't hear of him again until the answer was made to the Chevron's appeal for help.

Dilbert, a purebred New Zealander, is "strictly a Marine dog," according to his owner. He was the pilot's constant companion for an overseas tour of duty. He ran away to join Marines. He was found by Marines.

Audette, who was heartbroken over the dog's loss and spent part of a previous leave looking for him, will soon be reunited with his companion. Dilbert will be shipped to Fall River Mass., to join his master on duty.

Marine Bandsmen Aid Corpsmen

SOMEWHERE IN THE PACIFIC (Delayed)—Because there were not enough Navy corpsmen to handle the record number of Marine casualties at Iwo Jima, PFC William L. House of Walkerton, Ind., and 36 other members of the 3rd Mar. Div. band stepped in to do a valuable job aboard a hospital ship off shore.

Marine bandsmen receive extensive training in first aid because, until the Iwo Jima assault, they acted as stretcher bearers during combat operations, carrying wounded from exposed positions to evacuation stations.

At Iwo Jima bandsmen assisted in the operating room on the hospital ship, helping with amputations and handing surgical instruments to the doctors. They also stood first-aid watches, taking needed supplies to the patients.

Some wrote letters home for Marines who lost an arm or who were too weak to write. Others played games with the wounded to entertain them.

The work of these bandsmen ended when they placed the casualties in Higgins boats for transfer to a troop ship going back to a rear base. These duties completed, they went ashore to serve as guards around the 3rd Mar. Div. command post for three weeks.—PFC Wayne F. Young.

Marines Encounter Droll Characters On Okinawa

OKINAWA (Delayed)—These are some of the local characters Marines are telling each other about:

The Hermit: On a dusty road outside the hamlet of Yaka, he sat cross-legged and bent with age. He had a long, wispy beard, black-rimmed spectacles, and a torn robe. When Lt. Philip Manhard of Los Angeles, an interpreter, questioned him, he said he knew nothing of any war between Japan and the United States, nor was he interested in anything worldly.

"For the past eight years," he insisted over and over again, "I have been sound asleep in a cave high in the hills. I woke only when the loud sounds came from the skies. I wish to go back to my cave and sleep for eight more years."

The Smart Kid: He had a close-shaven head, wore a semi-military outfit, bowed in accepted Japanese style, and lived in the tiny town of Mayushi. But he knew that the capital of the United States is Washington, D. C., that New York is on the east coast, and that Babe Ruth was a baseball player. And he's crazy about chocolate covered peanut bars.

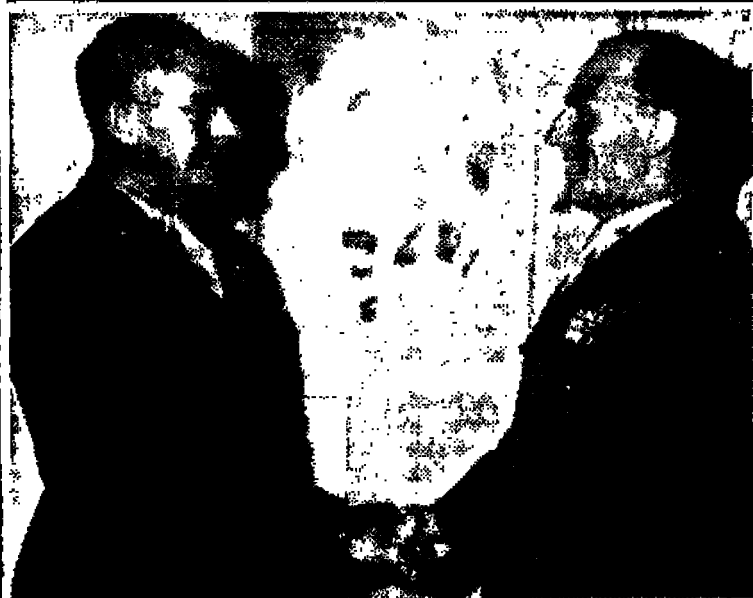
Oily Growley: She was all smiles when Marines gathered about her as she stood near her cabbage patch. She bowed and bowed and grinned continually. But when PFC Robert F. Chaney of Coffeyville, Kans., while picking up a

heavy bundle for her, stepped backwards into the patch, the grin vanished and she snapped testily in Japanese, "Hey, get out of my cabbage!"

Enie, Minie and Moe: They were three Okinawa kids who were the essence of politeness. They showed up outside a village hut in which two Marines, seeking shelter from a constant rain, were preparing their evening chow. When Enie was handed a plateful of bacon, marmalade and crackers, he bowed and then, before taking any himself, offered some to his playmates. After he was through, he carefully broke his single piece of gum in three equal parts and gravely handed each of the others a portion.

The Wise One: He'd been to the movies at Naha often and enjoyed American pictures, especially newswreels. He also knew much about world politics, he said. "Who's the ruler of Germany?" he was asked. He thought a bit, then answered, "Oh, 'tiah, 'tiah." Up flew his right hand; his left he placed under his nose. Then he roared in imitation of Hitler. He had a graphic way of displaying his opinion about Mussolini—he held his nose.

The Movie Fan: She wore a faded blue kimono and to all questions, for some unexplainable reason, she replied: "Betty Grable."



(Photo by PFC Robert Marks)

CONGRATULATIONS. Base adjutant since February as a first lieutenant, Capt. Ford E. Wilkins is congratulated here by Col. John M. Groff, Base Chief of Staff, upon word of obtaining the rank of captain last week.

WEEKLY SCREEN GUIDE

BASE THEATER
1730 and 2000

SATURDAY Princess O'Rourke. Olivia de Havilland-Robert Cummings. Foreign princess marries American aviator; swell comedy.

SUNDAY Son of Lamma. Peter Lawford-Donald Crisp. A technicolor sequel to "Lassie Come Home"; excellent drama.

MONDAY Scared Stiff. Jack Haley-Ann Savage. Comedy; small town newspaperman becomes involved in murders and stolen antique.

TUESDAY These Endearing Young Charms. Robert Young-Lorraine Day. Rich private introduces his girl to a dashing lieutenant; who gets girl?

WEDNESDAY Swing Out, Sister. Rod Cameron-Arthur Treacher. Fair comedy woven around the concert stage; complications and romance.

THURSDAY Medal for Benny. Dorothy Lamour-Arturo de Cordova. Congressional Medal of Honor awarded posthumously to small town father.

FRIDAY Zaphier on Broadway. Bela Lugosi-Wally Brown. Laugh, chills and thrills; another scientifically created man story.

CAMP MATTHEWS
1745

SATURDAY Confess. Humphrey Bogart-Alexis Smith.

SUNDAY Princess O'Rourke. Olivia de Havilland-Robert Cummings.

MONDAY Son of Lamma. Peter Lawford-Donald Crisp.

TUESDAY Scared Stiff. Jack Haley-Ann Savage.

WEDNESDAY These Endearing Young Charms. Robert Young-Lorraine Day.

THURSDAY Swing Out, Sister. Rod Cameron-Arthur Treacher.

FRIDAY Medal for Benny. Dorothy Lamour-Arturo de Cordova.

Two Vets Decorated By Commandant



Gen. VANDEGRIFT
... makes Pacific awards

SOMEWHERE IN THE PACIFIC (Delayed)—"It is with both pride and humility that I come before you," Gen. A. A. Vandegrift, Commandant of the U. S. Marine Corps, told 800 veterans of the 4th Mar. Div. assembled at a mass ceremony to receive Purple Heart awards for wounds suffered while fighting on Iwo Jima last February and March.

These men, now fully recovered, have rejoined their division at a Pacific rest camp.

The Commandant in his brief address referred to the widely published photograph of the flag-raising on Iwo's Mt. Suribachi. Some publications, he said, printed the picture alongside reproductions of the famous "Spirit of '76" painting.

"Nothing I could say to you—nothing anybody back home could say to you, could better express what we think of your achievement," he said. "It is an honor and a privilege to be allowed to wear the same uniform. We're proud of you and I am glad to be one of you."

Before pinning the Purple Heart medals on the officers and men he said: "This little piece of ribbon and the metal that comes with it does not come near to representing what this country owes you—you and those who did not come back."

Most of the recipients of the medals had fought previously with the 4th on Roi-Namur in the Marshall Islands, and Saipan and Tinian in the Marianas. More than 50 of them had been wounded previously. These received a Gold Star in lieu of second Purple Heart awards.

This ceremony was the largest of its kind ever held by the 4th Division. Several hundred other Purple Hearts for the Iwo operation will be presented at a later date.—Staff Sgt. Bill Dvorak, Combat Correspondent.

Okinawa Marines Slog Through Heavy Bogs

OKINAWA (Delayed)—General Mud came to Okinawa the other day in the form of a cold, clammy rain which has turned the coral sand roads of this island into sticky quagmires.

Marines slogging their way through the northern sectors of this island have described the tactical situation as Mud Generally.

The mud here is of a particularly pugacious type which hangs on to anything passing through it with bulldog tenacity. Consequently, the underpinnings of a fairly active man here soon resembles a pair of snowshoes.

It is reported that a lieutenant rushed in to headquarters to report the capture of a little village above Naga. In his eagerness, he slipped and slid to the feet of his senior officer. He rose and saluted with high military decorum, then thrust out his hand for a congratulatory handshake. All the colonel got out of it was a fistful of mud.

"Fine," said the colonel, looking down at his besmirched hand. "I see you have brought the village with you."

Unfortunately for the Japanese defenders who have been pushed back an average of 2000 yards a day by Marine units, the scourge has not affected the strategic aspects of the campaign. Men in the forward areas are still continuing their speedy pace. Food, water and ammunition are moving up with the push, often on the backs of the men.

Aerial Avengers Hawk A Hundred

OKINAWA (Delayed)—In aerial action reminiscent of Guadalcanal and Rabaul, Marine aviation is holding a field day in the skies over Okinawa, 325 miles from Japan, and has bagged more than 100 Jap planes in less than two weeks of operation.

Not since the days when the Japs came down the "slot" from Rabaul have Leatherneck fliers had the chance to even a long score with Jap airmen. Outnumbered but never outfought in the skies over the Solomons, Marine aviation is now meeting the enemy on an even footing several thousand miles closer to Japan itself.

Dive-bombing of pin-point targets is a Marine specialty brought to a high degree of accuracy in the early South Pacific battles and the decisive pounding of Jap bypassed islands in the Marshalls and western Carolines areas. Teamed with the Army in the Philippines campaign, Marine SBs were highly praised for carrying out the difficult task of knocking out enemy targets in the path of Army infantry. In the aerial battles now flaming over the Ryukyus, Corsair fighters, doubling as dive-bombers, are mounting ground support of infantry with devastating effects to the enemy.—Staff Sgt. Polar B. Germano, Combat Correspondent.

Sweet Young Thing (about to take a train) to station bookseller: "I want a good book to crush a Marine's eye with."



(Official USMC Photo)

MARINE AND FRIEND, Marine sentries and war dogs keep nightly vigils along the shores of a Ryukyu island to guard against surprise enemy landings.

Valiant Dog Gives Life, Saves Marine Handler

IWO JIMA (Delayed)—A valiant Marine war dog, true to the finest of Leatherneck traditions, gave his life for his best friend—his handler—during mopping-up operations among the myriad sulphur caves along Iwo's north coast.

Taking the full impact of a Japanese hand grenade, "Rusty"—the dog—died in a vain attempt to save the life of PFC, Walter Josefjak of Detroit, Mich.

Josefjak was mortally wounded and the dog killed as they helped to wipe out a group of Japs in a cave.

The Detroit man and his Doberman Pinscher war dog were leading a patrol of six other Marines, searching out Jap shipers.

The detail already had cleaned out two Jap bunkers and were moving in on the cave where these Nips were holed-up.

Josefjak and Rusty, working some 15 yards ahead of the patrol, found and destroyed two different Japs who had been sniping at the Marines. The Detroit man shot the first enemy soldier, killing him instantly. The second Jap was wounded and later slain in hand-to-hand combat after Rusty had "alerted"—or pointed him out—and Josefjak shot him.

It was when the Marines were moving in on this cave that Josefjak was first hit. He and the dog

moved up to the entrance alone since the only path was up a narrow ledge, just wide enough for one man at a time.

The Marine sighted a Jap at the mouth of the cave and shot at him. The enemy fell to the ground wounded. As Josefjak ducked to cover, the wounded Jap winged him.

Rusty, the dog, immediately came back to his wounded master as if to help. It came obviously to try to protect Josefjak, and it stayed between him and the Japs.

The Japs began to throw grenades, and Rusty took the full blast of one, protecting his handler from the impact. Seriously wounded, the dog crawled to the side of his master and lay still. Another grenade landed near by and fragments hit Josefjak in the leg, wounding him again.

Josefjak called for the others to call his dog back and, at the same time, he motioned back two corpsmen who had started out to give him first aid.

The dog died within a short time without ever letting out a whimper.—Sgt. Bill Ross, Combat Correspondent.

Leatherneck: "This is my first operation and I'm nervous."

Medical Officer: "I know just how you feel. It's my first, too."

Chinese Sea Cook Wins Sub Berth

By Corp. J. M. Purcell

SOMEWHERE IN THE MARIANAS (Delayed)—Rescued from the Yellow Sea by an American submarine, a Chinese cook won his way into the crewmen's hearts and unofficially became one of their number.

The submarine had just shelled and sunk a 150-ton Jap trawler. One of the Americans spotted a man bobbing in the water a short distance from the submarine.

The man was flailing and screaming as if for help—something new in Jap behavior. Most usually flapt off attempts to save them.

The Americans threw him a life-line. He climbed up the hull and, obviously frightened, said through his drawn, blue lips:

"Me Chinese, Tu Wing... Tu Wing."

The Americans believed the episode might have been a Jap trick until they led the man before three Jap prisoners whom they had taken unconscious from the water several days earlier, following an earlier sinking.

One of the Japs who spoke a little English told the submarine's executive officer:

"Him not Jap. Him Chinese. Him cook on Jap ship."

The Americans accepted Tu Wing as an ally and for the many days that followed he was one of them. He prepared meals, washed dishes, ran errands between compartments and volunteered for any job that came up.

Although his English came slow, the Chinese learned to say "chow down" for mess calls and, with expert coaching from a gun crew, mastered an accusation, "Joe stole my watch."

Tu Wing repeated the accusation each time he greeted the submarine's executive officer, who had taken Tu's watch to repair it. When the watch again was in working order, Tu Wing thanked the officer with, "Joe stole my watch."

When the submarine eventually docked and Tu Wing was turned over to the authorities, the officers and men gave him more than \$300 as a farewell gesture.

CHIMPS CHAMP BONDS

Mabel Unable To Snap Myrtle's Girdle

Mam, I have a figure of two here I would like you to look at—Mainie, not bad, Myrtle. And what do you think of my figure? I seem to be getting that middle-age curve here and there.

Stop up, Mabel. It's not that sort of figure I am talking about.

A figure of the MOS model allotment program. The W's are leading the pack again.

Well, isn't it always that way? I led a man into the Coconut Grove the other night and—

Quiet, Mabel. These figures show how the various outfits on the up—

speaking of being started up, Myrtle, don't you think this new model of mine does something to my hips?

Mabel button your flubbery blouse and look at these model participation percentages as of May 1:

| | |
|---------------------------|--------------------------|
| W's Staging Area..... 80% | Rifle Range Det..... 64% |
| Recon Det..... 88% | Guard Bn..... 53% |
| Inf. Co. WEHARD..... 82% | Service Bn..... 51% |
| W's Battalion..... 80% | 1st Sep. Co..... 47% |
| Dist. Inf. Bn..... 67% | Signal Bn..... 44% |

Well, deal, the those wig-wag and smoke signal boys clear away at the battery? That positively petrifies me. You know, I'm a little myself.

I didn't expect anything was the matter with you, Mabel. But the surprising thing is how those W's going overseas keep up on the top of the list. Maybe they have more money than the men.

Well, Myrtle, they always say that it's the woman who pays.

Saturday Morning, May 19, 1945





(Official USMC Photo)

HELLA LAUGHS. The comedian with back to the camera who has his Marine audience in near hysterics is Joe E. Brown who recently entertained Marines in the Philippines.

Crops Grow Abundantly On Okinawa

By Sgt. Harold E. Foreman, Staff Correspondent

OKINAWA (Delayed)—The neat and careful planting done by natives is one of the most interesting things about Okinawa. Farming is a work of art and not an act of wastefulness.

This is a beautiful island; the soil is good and crops grow the year around.

The greater portion of the land is hilly and mountainous and most farming is done on terraces. In certain sections, the soil is like the red clay of Georgia; a short distance away, it might be sandy like the soil of Wisconsin, and then in other sections, it is rich and black.

Nearly every farm is small and looks the same. There are rows of carrots, cabbages, leaf lettuce, sweet and Irish potatoes, beans, peas, patches of sugar cane and wheat. The people are hard workers and there is scarcely a weed to be seen, although gardens have not been tended for several days.

Virtually every farmer owns at least one horse, half a dozen goats, a hog, a sow, a litter of pigs, chickens and rabbits. The pigs, chickens and rabbits provide the people with meat; the goats are a source of fresh milk.

The water is the most important farm animal. In addition to ordinary farm duties, the horse here is used to turn the heavy grinders that wash the sugar cane.

Marines do not keep pigs in their huts, but the effect is the same as far as stench and noise is concerned. The pig pen is just another patch added to the house. The pen itself is a straw affair and usually not more than five feet from the house. There is a continuous sound of grunting and squealing throughout the day and most of the night.

Sanitation of farms is of the worst. Waste is discarded at random in the yard and near wells. Flies and mosquitoes breed on the

waste and then find easy entrance to the houses, there to feed on huge blocks of brown sugar and other uncovered foodstuffs.

Nearly everyone goes barefooted. Babies are carried on the backs of their mothers. People sleep on inch-thick mats placed on the floor. Houses are wooden and usually have three rooms. Food is cooked on charcoal fires built in the open fireplace in the kitchen. Chopsticks are used as eating utensils. The poorer people have straw roofs on their homes, the more

fortunate have tile roofs. These tiled roofs are found on every town.

Each house was suspended contained many large bags of tea such about the size of a bushel basket; a large quantity of sake, the Japanese rice wine, and opium pipes.

But at night, if one could forget the flies, mosquitoes, fleas and stench, it is possible to imagine himself back in the States as he is lulled by the chirping of crickets, the croaking of frogs and the twittering of birds.

This much can be said for Okinawa—it is the most civilized island in the Pacific war area that these Marines have landed on during this war.



(Official USMC Photo)

NAME KIDS. Marines and civilians watch two husky Okinawa youths stage a one-legged cockfight. Leathernecks have won many friends among the natives.

Rankest Plagiarism!

OKINAWA (Delayed)—Considering the location of land of their fleet, the Imperial Japanese Navy may wish to consider revising its official Naval march, a song comparable to the "Anchors Aweigh."

A copy of the march was found by Leathernecks of a Marine Air Wing in the ruined village of Zuchini, near Yontan airfield. It goes as follows:

"Both for defense and offense we do all depend
Upon our floating iron castles gallantly!
These floating steel fortresses of Rising Sun land
Against foes from everywhere shall guard our country!
Men-of-war of genuine steel shall Nippon defend,
Launching counter-attacks upon our enemy!"

Joe E. Brown Scores With Pacific Marines

ZAMBOANGA, B. I. (Delayed)

Movie comedian Joe E. Brown, who entertained Leathernecks of the 1st MAW bomber and fighter squadrons here, observed the Army's D-Day landings at Mula-bang, south central Mindanao, from the cockpit's seat of a Marine Mitchell bomber.

The morning after Joe and his entertainers had staged a show from a lap-belt coconut log retirement, the Marines "reclined" by treating the star to his first low-level mission as a bomber. He flew with Lt. Col. George A.

Series of Beverly Hills, Cal.

Before taking off from Morot Field at Zamboanga in the Philippines, Joe put on an impressive act of how not to get into a parachute, then displayed the famous "Brown yaw" as his plane rolled down the runway.

With Brown were Bobby Gilbert, comedy violinist; Val Setz, pugler; and Tito the accordionist.

After a day with the Marines, Joe and his troupe visited the Army Division camps on Zamboanga. —Sgt. David C. Stephenson, Combat Correspondent.



(Official USMC Photo)

NO COMEDY. Just back from a mission with his Marine Mitchell bomber crew, Joe E. Brown with a guest passenger. He is third from the left.

First Wounded Vets Arrive From Okinawa Battle Front

Return of the first wounded Marines from the battle of Okinawa was announced this week as they arrived at the Naval Hospital here in San Diego.

The 12 veterans of our most recent Pacific battleground arrived with a group of wounded from two days and the Philippines. Their weathered bodies bore mute evidence of the experiences they encountered on the Ryukyu island.

All the Marines agreed that the major land opposition did not develop until the third day. Most of the men returning with the group were wounded then as they advanced through some small mountains on the northern end of the island.

Pvt. Weldon W. Blaise of Red Lion, Pa., who was in an ambulance one of the first Marines ashore on Okinawa.

"There was a little mortar fire but that was all that opposed us," he said.

About 20 minutes later, PFC

Thomas Vanzara of Chicago followed him onto the beach in another ambulance. He said that by that time, infantrymen were sitting on the beach smoking cigarettes.

After the first two days, however, the Japs desperately tried tricks of all kinds, the Marines said.

A victim of one of the tricks, PFC Willie J. Kirkland of Selma, Ala., was wounded by a Japanese hand grenade thrown into his foxhole by an enemy soldier who had infiltrated into the "American" lines at night.

Pvt. George Tyson of Los Angeles brought home evidence of a narrow escape he had before. "I was wounded on the third day. I had a helmet which had a bullet hole through the top."

Most people can drink beer just as well sitting down as they can standing up. But few people can stand up as well after they have been drinking sitting down.

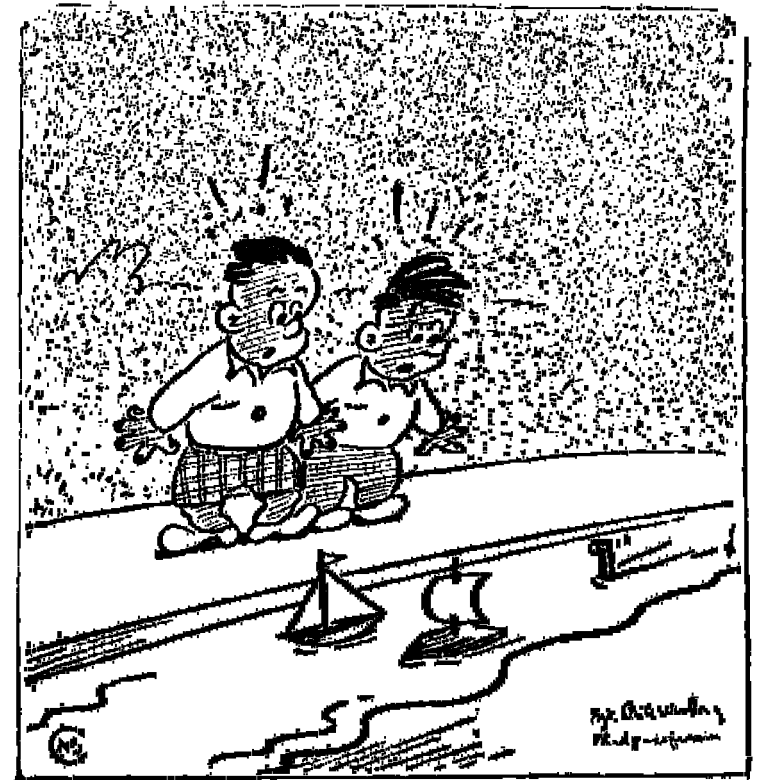
Old Organ Gives Twilight Tunes

OKINAWA (Delayed)—The organ plays at twilight on Okinawa and the strains of everything from "Chopsticks" to the latest hit tunes can be heard nearly every evening.

Marines quartered near a native village discovered an old pedal organ in a schoolhouse.

There was little entertainment after sunset until the organ was found. Now the men gather around the organ and take turns playing their favorite pieces. The "Beer Barrel Polka" has been holding the number one spot.

One Marine has succeeded in teaching a small Okinawan boy to sing "God Bless America."



Guam Natives Eradicate Hideout Nips

GUAM (Delayed)—Applying stealth reminiscent of American Indians, native Guamanians, trained by Marines, are killing scores of Japs who have been in hiding since organized resistance ceased here seven months ago.

A 13-man Guam patrol, led by Jish U. Aguiar, 40, father of five and peace-time coal company salesman, has killed at least 140 Nips since Maj. Gen. Henry L. Larsen, island commander, authorized

its activation last September to guard native holdings.

Countless others have been destroyed in their caves and camps by accurate rifle fire and grenade losses of the native police force, according to Lt. Cmdr. Jon Wieg of Honolulu, T. H., chief of police.

The patient persistence and cunning of Aguiar's men often keep them on the trail of Nips for days before they corner and relentlessly eliminate them. The leader expressed particular pride in the following recent mission:

While pursuing cow thieves, who proved to be Japs, the Guamanians followed a trail along a cliff overlooking the sea and raided four hideouts in rapid succession, killing and wounding eight more.

First, a lookout was spotted and quietly killed with dispatch. Two more met death nearby. A third was killed and 17 escaped at a second hideout; a fourth Jap fell at a third.

But the jack-pot was hit in a fourth bivouac containing 25 Nips, eight of whom were wounded and

jumped off the cliff into the sea 300 feet below.

The last hideout, consisting of wooden construction with corrugated roofs, was well built and plentifully supplied with fancy foodstuffs, three rifles, 15 hand grenades and a small amount of ammunition.

Okinawa Flea Trade Foreseen By Marine

OKINAWA (Delayed)—If circus flea trainers want to go in for the trade on a wholesale basis, they should do recruit duty on Okinawa, says Sgt. Claude R. Camp, combat correspondent.

A 2nd Mar. Air Wing combat photographer walked through a pine grove, and when he returned to his tent he discovered fleas on his clothing. He counted every one he picked off, and said there were exactly 207.

His tentmates took his word for it. They had fled at the count of one.

Veteran Drummer Fights With 3rd

By Corp. Red O'Donnell
SOMEWHERE IN THE PACIFIC (Delayed)—The oldest Marine drummer is back in the thick of the fight, this time with the 3rd Division.

Corp. Charles H. Strickland will be 50 years old on his next birthday, which he hopes to celebrate on the Jap homeland.

Strickland has been in the Marines for more than 16 years. He is a drummer attached to the Division band.

He says he comes from a long line of drummers, pro and amateur. Back in his home town of York, Pa., he has five sisters and one brother who play the drums as a vocation or avocation.

"Guess you might say the Strickland family is and has been beating its way through the world. My sisters and brother are now, and have been for some time, playing in civic orchestras, town bands, Legion drum and bugle outfits," he explained.

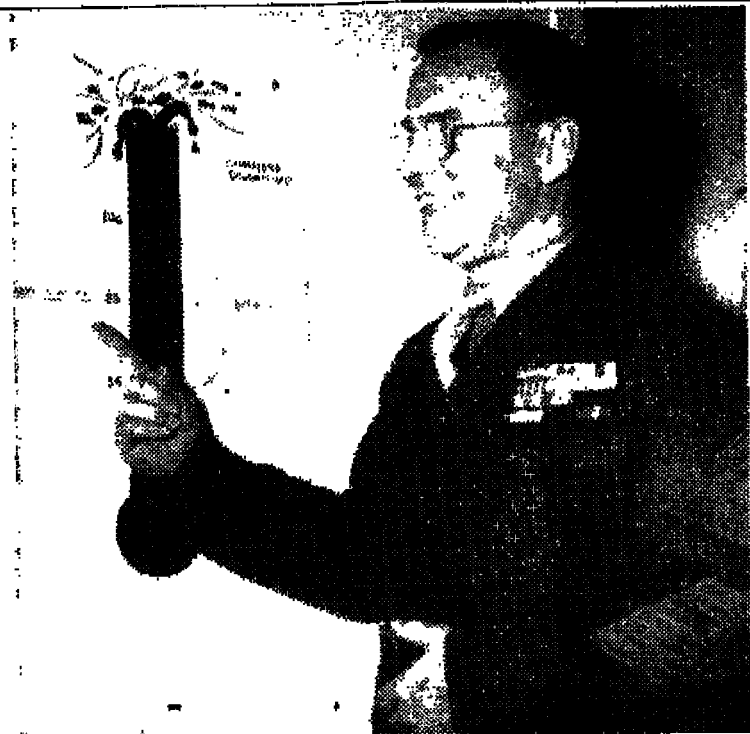
Battle Scenes

OKINAWA (Delayed)—Little opposition was met by Marine tanks here to date except from unmounted Japanese "cavalry."

The 32-ton Sherman tank commanded by GYSgt. William R. Ford of Du Quoin, Ill., actually was attacked by a frightened farm horse.

"The horse got up on its front legs and tried to kick in the side of our tank with its hoofs," Ford said.

"We stopped the tank so the horse wouldn't get hurt," the tank commander explained, "and let the thing beat away until it got tired."



OVER THE TOP, Sgt. Maj. John B. Kelly, Philippine prisoner and veteran of 33 years in the Marines and charter member of the new "Hundred and Over" club, points to the Army discharge figure as compared to his own points based on the Army system.

Marine Salts Join 'Hundred & Over' Club

A Marine Corps fantasy (in two parts) entitled "Back Home Alive with 85," or "Even the Army Has Its Points,"

Part I: The scene is the parade ground at MCB, enlarged to many times its present size. Assembled in camouflaged hangars are the men of six Marine divisions. The loudspeaker blares forth:

"All men with 85 points—One Step Backward, Haanah! Rhright faze! Fohwanah, Haanah! March off the parade ground!"

Part II: (Same scene a few minutes later)

Bear A Hand

Wanted
BARBERS and operators for phoning long-distance. Extra pay for men who qualify. Inquire at Main PX Sales Office.

40 or 41 model 2-door sedan, Capt. Reeves, Camp Matthews, Box 17, PUNAH, 1133 apartment, DPO, MacLeod, J-5121, Ext. 048.

For Rent
ROOM with kitchen privileges, \$14 weekly. Call Mrs. Huley, Bayside 4288.

For Sale
33 INDIAN motorcycle, \$450. Id. Main, T-92.

DODGE '37 coupe. Want \$300 for my 1936 coupe. Contact J. T. B. Kibler, A. M. Benson, Hq. Co. TFC, Camp Matthews.

MAJORS officers' tailor-made greens and trench coat, size 44-long. Vidor cap. Call Mrs. A. R. Spira, T-0784.

Lost
BLUE Ever-sharp fountain pen. Finder please call Lt. Col. Parkins, Ext. 340.

Found
STERLING silver identification bracelet inscribed "Victor Newell No. 55582." Contact J. T. B. Kibler, USNR, U. S. Naval Photo Service Depot, 1367 N. Vine St., Hollywood.

By Sgt. A. S. Heinemann
utes later) The speaker blares again:

"Now, you remaining men—Egad! THERE'S NO ONE LEFT!" (End of fantasy)

Thus did the more frivolous Marines greet the recent announcement that soldiers of the U. S. Army—but not the Navy or Marines—would be eligible for discharge if they had rolled up a point score of 85, based on length and toughness of service and on fatherhood.

"If they did that in the Marines," observed one salty individual, "there wouldn't be anyone left to fight the Japs."

A slight overstatement, that, but typical of the local reaction.

The Army program set many veterans to work with wistful pencil, calculating their Marine Corps points under the Army tabulation.

Another result was the forming of a club to be called the "Hundred and Over" auxiliary, a fictitious order for the consolation of Marine Corps "salts."

Initial charter member of "Hundred and Over" was Sgt. Maj. John B. Kelly, veteran of 33 years in the Marines and recently rescued from Cabantuan, notorious Jap prison camp in the liberated Philippines.

His points, figured under the Army system, total a great many more than a soldier needs to be eligible for discharge.

"That would never do for me," declared the sergeant major. "The service is my career and I want no part of civilian life, especially as long as there is a war yet to be won."

The husky first-pay-grader, now working in the Base recreation office, would have a point total far greater than he does now, but the absence of any children under 18 years of age (good for 12 points apiece) held down his fictitious total.

"If I had known about this 'Hundred and Over' club a few years ago," smiled Kelly, "I might have had more children just for the points—If I had been in the Army." He has a daughter of 10.

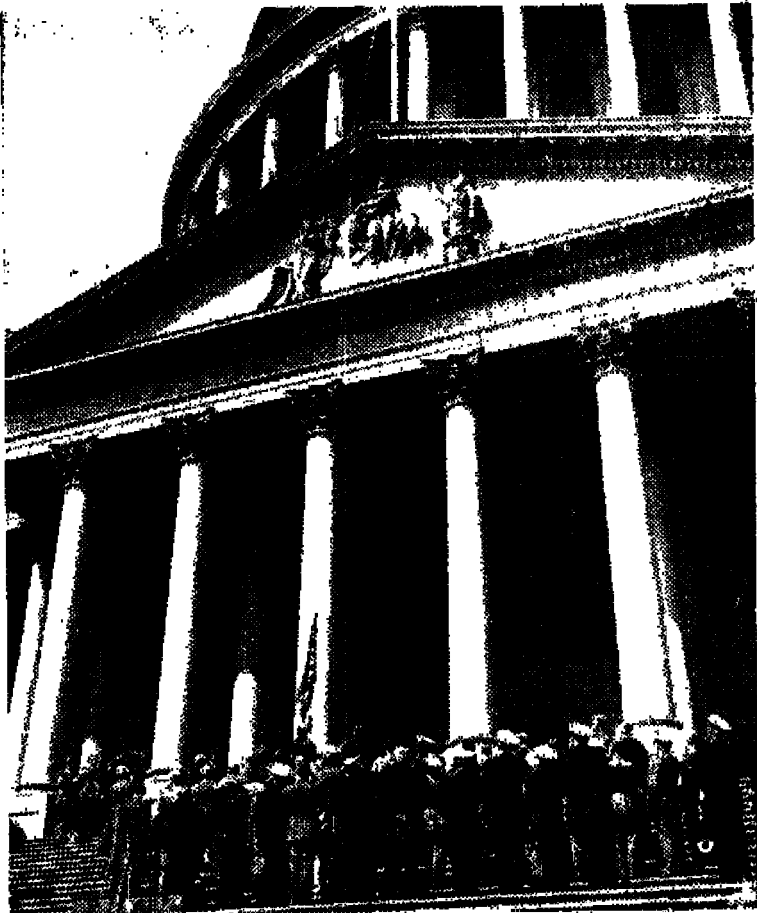
The sergeant major's total was based on 86 months' service since Sept. 16, 1940, 44 months overseas since that date, and seven battle stars and decorations.

"Top man in the 'Hundred and Over' club in the Corps is expected to be some veteran Leatherneck, whose service and overseas time equals that of Sgt. Maj. Kelly, with the addition of a sizeable number of campaigns and decorations to his credit along with several little dependents.

Many members of the old 2nd Howitzer Bn., self-styled "Forgotten Battalion," easily qualified for membership. Their 34 months overseas and six campaigns boosted their total (but only if they were in the Army) to well over 100 points.

Rumor placed several Camp Matthews and Camp Pendleton vets far over the century mark, but their names were not available.

And Soerhow, the sour-faced canine with the long Chin service who condescends to honor Recruit Depot with his presence, became the first four-legged member of "Hundred and Over."



SURIBACHI FLAG. Members of Congress and ranking Marine and Navy officers look on as three of the participants in the original flag-raising on Iwo Jima hoist the same Stars and Stripes over the nation's capitol in Washington to start the 7th War Loan drive.

Original Suribachi Old Glory Graces White House Dome

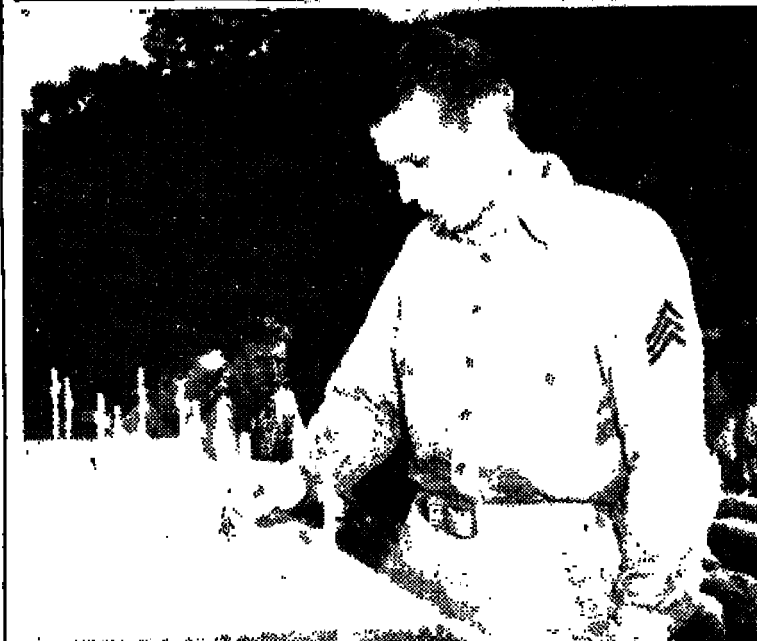
WASHINGTON—The tattered American flag once planted on the summit of Mt. Suribachi, Iwo Jima, last week fluttered from the Capitol flagstaff.

With military ceremonies it was hoisted by the three survivors of the little group of fighting men who carried it to the peak of the volcanic mountain. They are PFC. Rene A. Gagnon of Manchester, N. H.; PFC. Ira H. Hayes of Bapehule, Ariz., and PHM2/c. John R. Bradley of Appleton, Wis.

An honor guard of Marines stood at attention and as the wind unfurled the flag the Marine Corps Band played the national anthem.

Notables aplenty were on hand for the ceremony, including Navy Secretary Forrestal, Treasury Secretary Morgenthau, House Speaker Rayburn, Senate President Pro Tempore McCallister and Gen. Alexander A. Vandegrift, Marine Corps Commandant.

When dusk came the flag was lowered. (AP)



FOR A BUDDY. Placing a cross on an altar, Sgt. Walter S. Sellie honors a buddy who was killed on Iwo at a recent 3rd Mar. Div. ceremony at a Pacific base.

Unique Memorial Service Honors Marine Tankmen

By Staff Sgt. Harold A. Breard, Combat Correspondent

SOMEWHERE IN THE PACIFIC (Delayed)—A unique and impressive memorial service, probably the first of its kind, was held here in tribute to 19 men killed in action on Iwo Jima.

The men were members of the 3rd Tank Battalion, 3rd Division.

After a short hymn and prayer service, Navy Lt. John E. Hollingsworth III, battalion chaplain, told the men:

"I can't conceivably think of

those brave heroes of this tank battalion as being dead; for now, more surely than ever before, they live."

Then Hollingsworth called the roll of the dead.

As the name of each man was read, his closest friend in the battalion advanced and placed a small white cross on an altar.

The service was held in the open. The tankmen gathered on a hillside overlooking a small castrum. It was Sunday and a day for prayer.

Base Diamond Team Drops League Opener

Marine Athletes Win Few Vultee Tourney Tallies

Marine track and field teams bowed to Navy squads in the Consolidated Vultee meet Sunday. El Toro scored eight, Camp Pendleton five, and Miramar three tallies.

Lewis, El Toro shot putter, won the only Marine victory with a winning 45-4 effort.



WELL WISHES. Maj. George Esau, new Base athletic officer (right) gets a few pointers from Maj. Ernie Meyers, retiring officer, during a baseball practice game.

Okinawa Fights Draw Response From Gallery

OKINAWA (Delayed)—From the roar of the crowd, you would think you were right back home at a baseball game.

When the yell "Dogfight!" echoes through this island, even the Marines in the front lines take a few quick glances to watch their favorite sport. Marine fighter planes scrambling after the enemy.

Other Leathernecks are perched on rocks, atop trucks and some even climb trees. But the Marines are a critical audience.

If the anti-aircraft units go into action and are not in very good form, the spectators let them know about it with such comments as "Not bad, not bad! Just two miles off, that's all! Someone relieve the watch on that one-eyed guy!"

But when the bursts catch up with the Jap planes, and they explode in midair, the cheers rock the island.

The ground forces become as excited as if they were right in the cockpit. As an enemy plane streaks across the sky, they shout "Get on that ---! Level on him! What's he got, a priority?" The Corsair roars down on the enemy, and as the Jap goes down in a plume of flame and smoke, the audience goes wild with enthusiasm.

Many Marines on this island, though veterans of other Pacific campaigns, are having their first experience of daytime dogfights and air raids.

It took our troops a few days to learn their individual danger from air raids was little. After that, the raids and especially the dogfights, were more of a diversion than a threat.—PFC, Stanley R. Leppard.

THE CHEVRON Sports

Baseball Teams Again Invade Japan

By Sgt. Phil H. Storch, Combat Correspondent

SOMEWHERE IN THE MARSHALL ISLANDS (Delayed)—American baseball teams are once again on their way to Japan. Today, however, those teams are comprised of Marines and sailors and soldiers.

They are playing the great American sport at island outposts all over the Pacific as they take time out from their more arduous task of moving against the Land of the Setting Sun.

Almost every squadron attached to the 4th Marine Air Wing, commanded by Maj. Gen. Louis E. Woods, hosts its baseball team.

Players of these teams include former amateur, American Legion and high school stars, some college players, semipro and minor league tossers, and a few major leaguers.

The Marine bases from which 4th Wing squadrons operate are also manned by Seabees and soldiers, and they have their teams. Competition is keen.

Recently, a tournament for the championship of the Marshall-Gilbert Islands area got under way, and it has now reached the final stages.

To gain the finals, the Engebi All-Stars defeated the Rai All-Stars by a score of 8 to 3 behind the four-hit pitching of Henry "Lefty" Dlugoskecki, formerly with the Rome, N. Y., club of the Canadian-American League. "Lefty" also hammered a triple to drive home the first run of the game.

On the Engebi team, which will

Base hopes for a winning start in the new 11th Naval District American league were shattered beyond any repair Wednesday when Camp Gillespie pasted a 20-5 defeat on the home side.

Gillespie batsmen found the range on Pvt. Pleasant Brooks, Base starting pitcher, for four runs in the second inning and the rout was on. PFC, Joe Peters and H/Asp. F. O. Sullivan followed Brooks to the mound and still couldn't stem the Gillespie tide which washed ashore seven runs in the eighth inning.

Corp. Bernie Lassogna's double with W.O. "Bull" Trometer aboard drew a score for the locals in the first inning. Brooks, Pvt. J. R. Halder and Trometer hit successive singles in the seventh inning to score two more Base runs.

Fifth, opposing pitcher, let the Base batters down with five hits. Manager Don Hench's Base team punched a big problem in late innings.

Fort Rosecrans avenged an earlier defeat Monday by annexing a 3-2 decision over the Base club in a practice fray.

Four hits in the second inning paid off for Rosecrans for four runs and from there the invaders held the whip hand. A two-baser hit by Corp. Bernie Lassogna, leading Base batter, accounted for the opening run in the first inning.

Two walks in the second inning accounted for another tally and MTSgt. A. Brown's single in the ninth drove in the final score. Brown paced the sparse Base batting with two singles.

Timing tabs:

Base..... 1 1 0 0 0 0 0 1-5
Rosecrans..... 0 4 0 2 0 0 2 1-8
Hench..... 1 0 0 0 1 2 1 0-8
Gillespie..... 0 1 3 3 0 1 2 7-20

Leatherneck 3rd Division Opens 'Spring Training'

NEWBORN BY THE PACTIC (Delayed)—"Spring" training under a 100-degree tropical sun began today for the 3rd Marine Division All-Star baseball team, coached this year by Navy SC Harold (Pee Wee) Reese, formerly of the Brooklyn Dodgers, and 2d Lt. Angelo Bertelli, ex-Notre Dame football great.

Reese, one of the top shortstops in the National League before enlisting in the Navy, has been overseas for 13 months. Borrowed from the Navy to coach the 3rd Division team with Bertelli, Reese will not be eligible for competition.

Bertelli, recently returned to this base from the front campaigns at

two Japs also will be on the shortstop.

"I had hoped I'd be able to get into the lineup now and then," Reese asserted. "I've played just occasionally in the past year and I'd like to get into the game with a fast bunch of boys like this 3rd Division outfit."

With more than 100 candidates out for the team, Reese said: "I'll bet my old boss in Flatbush, Leo Durocher, would like to have the men to work with we have. There's no manpower shortage here."—Sgt. Bill Ross, Combat Correspondent.

Quantico League Draws Ten Teams

QUANTICO—With ten teams ready for the opening going, Quantico's Intra-Post softball league will soon inaugurate its 1945 campaign. It was announced today by Capt. A. H. Wambagans, Post recreation officer.

The league will play a split season, each half going nine weeks. The winners of each half will meet at the end of the season in a "Little World Series" to determine the league champion.

Two games will be played every night, five nights a week. One game will be played at the Post diamond and the other at Barrett Field.

The teams entered in the league include the Platoon Commanders Schools, Marine Corps Air Station, Marine Corps Schools Detachment, Marine Air Infantry School, Post Service Battalion, Post Dispensary, U. S. Navy Hospital, Rifle Range Detachment, Field Artillery Training Battalion and Ordnance School.

The schedule calls for each team to play two games a week and to play every opponent twice during each half.

11th NAVAL DISTRICT BASEBALL SCHEDULE

| Date | Teams | Time |
|--------|-------------------|-------------------------------------|
| May 6 | Camp Callan | at Fort Rosecrans 1100 |
| May 7 | Supron-5 | at Fallbrook NATI 1000 |
| May 7 | USS Subron | at Marine Corps Base 1400 |
| May 10 | Camp Gillespie | Bye |
| May 10 | Supron-5 | at Camp Callan 1400 |
| May 11 | Fallbrook NATI | at Fort Rosecrans 1000 |
| May 11 | Camp Gillespie | at USS Subron at Navy Field I 1400 |
| May 11 | Marine Corps Base | Bye |
| May 14 | USS Subron | at Supron-5 at Navy Field I 1400 |
| May 15 | Fallbrook NATI | at Camp Callan 1400 |
| May 15 | Marine Corps Base | at Camp Gillespie 1400 |
| May 15 | Fort Rosecrans | Bye |
| May 21 | Fort Rosecrans | at Supron-5 at Navy Field I 1400 |
| May 22 | Marine Corps Base | at Fallbrook NATI 1400 |
| May 22 | Camp Callan | at Camp Gillespie 1000 |
| May 22 | USS Subron | Bye |
| May 25 | Supron-5 | at Marine Corps Base 1400 |
| May 25 | USS Subron | at Fallbrook NATI 1000 |
| May 25 | Camp Gillespie | at Fort Rosecrans 1400 |
| May 25 | Camp Callan | Bye |
| May 28 | Camp Gillespie | at Supron-5 at Navy Field I 1400 |
| May 29 | Camp Callan | at USS Subron at Navy Field II 1100 |
| May 29 | Fort Rosecrans | at Marine Corps Base 1400 |
| May 29 | Fallbrook NATI | Bye |
| June 1 | Fallbrook NATI | at Camp Gillespie 1000 |
| June 4 | Marine Corps Base | at Camp Callan 1400 |
| June 5 | Fort Rosecrans | at USS Subron at Navy Field I 1400 |
| June 5 | Supron-5 | Bye |

SWIMMING SCHEDULE

Daily Except Sundays 1200 to 1400

Sundays 0900 to 1000

WOMEN

Daily Except Sat. and Sun. 1700 to 1800

Pycho Team Tops WR Alley Loop

Pycho's are leading the Base WR bowling league after the first week of play with four wins and a clear lead. A three-game 433 individual series by Halfpenny led the leaders to a victory over the In-or-Outers.

Atchappell of the Go-Getters posted a 182 series for the week's high.

Sgt. "Way" aren't you working?" Pvt. "I didn't see you coming."



SPORTS GIANTS. CS Harold "Pee Wee" Reese, former star Dodger shortstop, and 2d Lt. Angelo Bertelli, Notre Dame passing wizard, discuss their 3rd Marine baseball team. They are co-coaches.



(Official USMC Photo)

MIRAMAR WINNERS. These Miramar Marines won titles during the recent West Coast boxing tourney at El Toro. Mary Brien, silent screen actress, holds the team trophy. Left to right: SttSgt. Ray Klingmeyer, PFC, Cliff Patton, PFC, Dick Borja, PFC, Joe Music, PFC, Elmer Koske, Sgt. Mike Triolo (coach), SttSgt. Tommy Warren and PFC. Nick Ragusano.

Through the SPORTRHOLE

with PFC Norris Anderson

By present count and calculation Lt. Glen Cunningham, the old Kansas world mile champion, should be reaching the years when the physique starts the turn from hourglass to beerglass proportions.

Yet Lt. Cunningham still had enough speed in his famed limbs to chase down an eagle during the Balboa Hospital track meet last week.

Attached to the 11th Naval District athletic office as special rehabilitator of returning Marines and sailors, Cunningham was working a stop watch when he saw the eagle swoop over the crowd and presently alight on the einders. He did a quick fast motion, seized the bird by a wing and held on until Balboa zoo attendants arrived to claim their escaped quarry.



Cunningham survived childhood leg burns and near amputation to erase every mile record during the thirties. He sparks encouragement in crippled Balboa vets by showing his badly-scarred legs with word that "will power will overcome any physical deficiency."

Base sporting circles lost and gained a reputable athletic officer last week when Maj. George Esau, 35-year Corps veteran, arrived to replace Maj. Ernie Nevers who is awaiting discharge.

Coming here from chores as commanding officer of the Marine detachment at La Mesa, Maj. Esau was athletic officer here in 1939-40 when the football team dropped only one game in two seasons. A victory over powerful Oregon State, a Rose Bowl winner two years later, was charted during the era.

Well-known to grid fans over the nation for his Stanford and pro fullback feats, Maj. Nevers will undertake an executive job with a Chicago trucking concern until the new All-America football conference opens. He has been signed as assistant coach to LtCol. Dick Hanley, another Marine officer, of the Chicago entry in the league.

Weekly Sport Newsreel

Along with the Nazi capitulation last week came sports news of equal astoundment—Ernie Lombardi, Giant catcher and long recognized as the slowest man in the majors, beat out a punt . . . Five National league pitchers won over 20 games in 1935 . . . Only Bill Lee of the Phillies and Paul Derringer of the Cubs are still playing . . . Others were Carl Hubbell, Lon Warneke and Dizzy Dean . . . Service men were invited to compete in a recent Australian track meet . . . Bleacherites were amazed when a Marine corporal stepped up in khaki and spikes and won the 100 in 9.8 . . . He was Hal Davis, former "world's fastest human" and charter of a 9.4 hundred and a 20.2 furlong while in California U. togs . . . Standing by Ernie Pyle when he was killed was Lt. (jg) Bill Osmanski of Holy Cross and Chicago Bear fullback fame . . . Osmanski is attached to a Marine unit as a doctor.

El Centro Diamond Team Edges Camp Gillespie

EL CENTRO—In a free-hitting game marked by numerous errors on both teams, the El Centro baseball nine squeezed out an 8 to 7 win over the Camp Gillespie Marines here last week. The win marked the eighth in 10 starts for El Centro.

Fenn, starting pitcher for Camp Gillespie, held the El Centro team well in check until the seventh inning when he weakened and was replaced by Dudik. El Centro put over five runs in that frame to take a 6 to 5 lead.

Gillespie regained the lead in its half of the eighth inning by scoring two runs on two singles and a triple. El Centro scored the tying and winning runs in the last half of the eighth when Knowles sin-

gled, Whalen walked and both advanced a base on DuPont's sacrifice. Knowles scored on a fly to centerfield and Whalen tallied a moment later with the whipping run on Segar's overthrow to third base.

El Centro made 10 hits and was given eight walks. Camp Gillespie pounded out 14 hits off three El Centro pitchers. DuPont of El Centro hit a home run with no one on in the fourth inning, having previously tripled in the opening stanza. He later singled in the seventh to lead all hitters.

Line score:

| | R | H | E |
|----------------|---|----|---|
| Camp Gillespie | 6 | 14 | 2 |
| El Centro | 8 | 10 | 3 |

Fenn, Dudik and Todd; Kramer, Greene, Knowles and Pausch.

Marine Edition of DiMaggio Found

SOMEWHERE IN THE MARCHALL ISLANDS (Delayed)—Facts about the feats performed by United States Marines have furnished Robert Ripley with scores of items for his daily "Believe It or Not" feature.

But it's likely that the maestro himself will be somewhat surprised to learn that:

- 1—Joe DiMaggio never has played a game of baseball.
- 2—He prefers both football and basketball to the national pastime.
- 3—Joe believes a bleacher seat at the park, a hot dog in one hand and a soft drink in the other, has it all over playing centerfield for the former world's champions.

Sure, Joe DiMaggio is a big, husky Italian boy, he comes from a poor family, has several broth-

ers in the service, likes his spaghetti and has spent many afternoons in the Yankee Stadium.

But before you become completely confused—if you haven't already guessed—let it be said that the Joe DiMaggio of whom we speak happens to be Marine Sgt. Joseph S. DiMaggio, of Norwood, N. J.—not the famous "Yankee Clipper," "Bronx Bomber," or what have you.

Sgt. DiMaggio, serving with a Marine air wing, just happens to be another Joe DiMaggio.

"Everywhere I go," Sgt. DiMaggio said, "people want to know if I'm THE Joe's brother and what position I play. They find it hard to believe me when I tell them I don't even play baseball, and never have. I met Joe once, and I've

seen him play about 100 times, but there the resemblance, or whatever you want to call it, stops. I will say, though, that I think Joe is the best outfielder in the business."

SttSgt. Theron J. Rice, Combat Correspondent.

Marine Pitcher Leads Repairs

REPAIR BASE—The Base Marine softball team topped the Machine Shop crew, 7-5, last week in the first Repair league game of the season.

Sgt. "Rip" Eagle, Marine pitcher, struck out eight machinists and had the foe swilling at bare ether most of the game.



SWIMMING FOUNDATION. First thing the array of non-swimming boots learn in the leg kick during regular sessions at the Base pool. Instructors are (left to right) PFC F. J. Zeitz, Sgt. M. P. Rivers, Lt. George F. Peter (Recruit Depot athletic officer), Corp. J. R. Debon and Corp. J. D. (right).

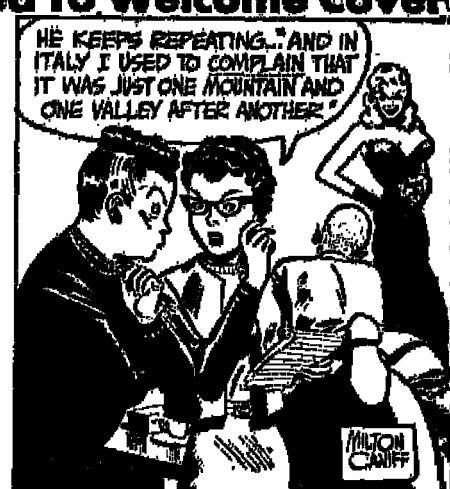
(Photo by PFC Marion M. Brown)

Male Call

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

And He Used To Welcome Cover

WE BROUGHT YOU FROM THE CANTEN TO THIS FASHION SHOW TO OBTAIN A SOLDIER'S REACTION ON CURRENT MODES! A STENOGRAPHER WILL TAKE DOWN YOUR REMARKS...



It Happens Every Time

—in the barracks

by S/Sgt. E. L. Warner



—in the messhall



THIS WEEK

NEWS FOR MARINES OVERSEAS

Monday—600 SUPERFORTS SEAR NAGOYA IN GIANT RAID
Tuesday—MORE NAZI WAR CRIMINALS CAPTURED BY ALLIES
Wednesday—MARINES HAND-TO-HAND FIGHT ON OKINAWA
Thursday—NAGOYA AGAIN BLASTED; GAIN IN RYUKYUS
Friday—A THOUSAND LEATHERNECKS KILLED ON OKINAWA

ATLANTA—Willie Ward was arrested recently on charges of inhibiting of the grape. He stood in work out his fine in jail. The judge reluctantly agreed. Willie, who is 111 years old, says he's been inhibiting all his life.

SALT LAKE CITY—Things have come to a pretty pass at Utah University. Because war has depleted fraternities it has been decided to permit sorority girls to compete in relay races instead of fraternity boys.

COLFAX, Wash. Oscar Steiger dreamed that someone was pelting him with hailstones. He awoke to find that fire in a toy store upstairs had destroyed a crate of marbles. Steiger was being battered about the head by marbles.

BROOKLYN Steve Lazio couldn't sleep. He wanted a smoke—bad. So he pulled on his pants, left his apartment and broke into Mrs. Ida Ruzhisky's cigar store. An hour later a cop spied him sitting on a stool nonchalantly smoking his 13th straight cigaret.

BATTLE CREEK, Mich.—Thirty years ago George Peabody applied for a license to wed. It was refused because he couldn't get his mother's consent. The other day, George Peabody, 18, returned to the license bureau, bride on arm. "We're going to get married," he announced. "Mother finally gave in."

CHICAGO—Mrs. Emma Kvasnicka told the judge she wasn't too upset when her husband sold her license, furniture and purse to obtain liquor. But when he sold his three suits of long winter underwear for a jug of gin, she had him arrested. "They are impossible to replace," she complained.

PHILADELPHIA—Charged with embezzling \$41,240 from the firm by which he was engaged as a \$45-a-week cashier, John F. McGovern stood before a court of law. "What did you do with the dough?" asked the judge. McGovern shrugged. "I just spent it, I guess," said he. "I spent \$1500 a year alone on taxis. I guess money just burns holes in my pockets."

SANDY HOOK, N. J.—Sandy Hook residents are fearful that if the government doesn't do something quick, they are going to wake up some morning and find Sandy Hook floating around in the sea. The residents recently sent a delegation to Washington to seek funds to protect the beaches and thus prevent Sandy Hook from becoming detached from the Jersey mainland.

TEANECK, N. J.—John Daddy watched a suspicious looking man lift a package from a parked car. "Hey," said Daddy, punching the man's nose, "put that back." In court Daddy learned to his chagrin that the suspicious looking stranger was the owner of the parked car.

Chevron Chick—Linda Darnell

