doctor could muster enthusiasm for the idea. They seldom could. A hospital, unless care is taken to make it otherwise, is a depressing place, and the one on Pavuvu was avoided. It was only another group of tents in which patients' cots rested on the ground.

For this reason, the men who inevitably came down with malaria were inclined to sweat and chill it out in their own tents, unless the battalion doctor ordered them to the hospital.

Pavuvu was not the place to cure Gloucester's casualties. The doctor treating a staff sergeant who cut his foot on the fin of a dead fish while bathing at Gloucester was not particularly surprised when the wound did not heal there. But neither did the wound heal at Pavuvu. The sergeant was sent to Division hospital where the wound seemed only to get worse. Doctors there sent him to the Navy mobile hospital at nearby Banika where facilities were nearly Stateside. The wound still festered. Finally hospital doctors asked Seabees to build a small thermal box for the man's foot. After two weeks of this dry heat, still there was no improvement. In the end, the staff sergeant was sent to the temperate States where the foot quickly mended.

VII

You could almost hear the noise that loneliness made as it came crashing through the grove at sunset, hard on the heels of the first freshening night breeze. The search for companionship was a rite, and the men made their plans for the unwelcome evening ahead with a formality that would have shamed a rising suburban matron. The man who wished to be alone at night on Pavuvu was recognized as sick. Pavuvu was like combat in one important respect: you had to have a buddy, you were helpless without one, and changes in allegiance were noticed and commented upon.

A simple question like, "Let's go to the movies?" was not only an invitation but a test of loyalty, for you were of course going to the movies. There was little else to do. It was a question only of whom you were going with. Laid out in rows before the screen, the rough uncomfortable coconut logs could not hold all the men who came.

Rain was more easily withstood than loneliness and a poncho was standard equipment for movie-going. When the hard tropical rains came, the men stood up, threw ponchos over their heads, and sat down again as the movie went on.

Men began to appear earlier and earlier at the open amphitheaters, and, without any order being issued to govern uniform, began themselves to show pride in wearing clean, if unpressed khaki, in leaving behind their dirty dungarees. They talked quietly, reading comics or magazines, some moving from one group to another, the low rumble

of voices broken only occasionally by a new arrival who might stand on the edge of a group, poncho thrown over his shoulder, running his eyes along the rows of men, looking for his buddy. A quick cry of recognition and he would move into an aisle while everyone scrounged over to make room. It was a social hour as much, or more, enjoyed as the film itself.

A cross-section of Hollywood's best and worst product brought an unvarying attendance. If any film was preferred above another, it was the feature with a well proportioned young actress. She would be greeted with endearing, if not always tender, cries. If she was particularly attractive, the audience demanded: "Back it up, back it up!" and the sympathetic projectionists stopped the movie, re-wound it, and showed the girl again. This was often done three or four times.

Every man in the audience felt himself better than any one of Hollywood's leading men, and actresses were frequently warned: "Don't run off with that bum!" with the implication: "Wait till *I* get back."

No cinema kiss nor embrace ever satisfied Pavuvu's free patrons. Something more was articulately and impolitely, gallantlessly, demanded. When a hero turned loose his hold upon the heroine after a kiss pure enough to satisfy the Hays office, the men would either egg the hero on with specific pointers for further advances (some of which

they could not reasonably have expected to see) or hurl profane contempt upon him.

At a showing of *Gaslight,* a melodrama starring Ingrid Bergmann and Charles Boyer, the audience at Division Headquarters Battalion grew so aroused at Boyer's scoundrelry that they first all stood screaming, and finally began to hurl coral stones at Boyer.

And when one hero's effort at dancing with a heroine dissatisfied two members of a Pavuvu audience, one of them yelled to the screen, "*This* is the way to do it, knucklehead!" Amid the applause of their comrades, they arose and began waltzing back and forth in the aisle.

Screen law enforcement was scorned. Woe the policeman, or sheriff, or private detective who arrived on the screen as a battle royal was taking place. From Pavuvu's audience was certain to come the advice: "Leave 'em alone, copper!"

But a menacing, threatening gangster would be challenged: "You're a sissy if you don't shoot."

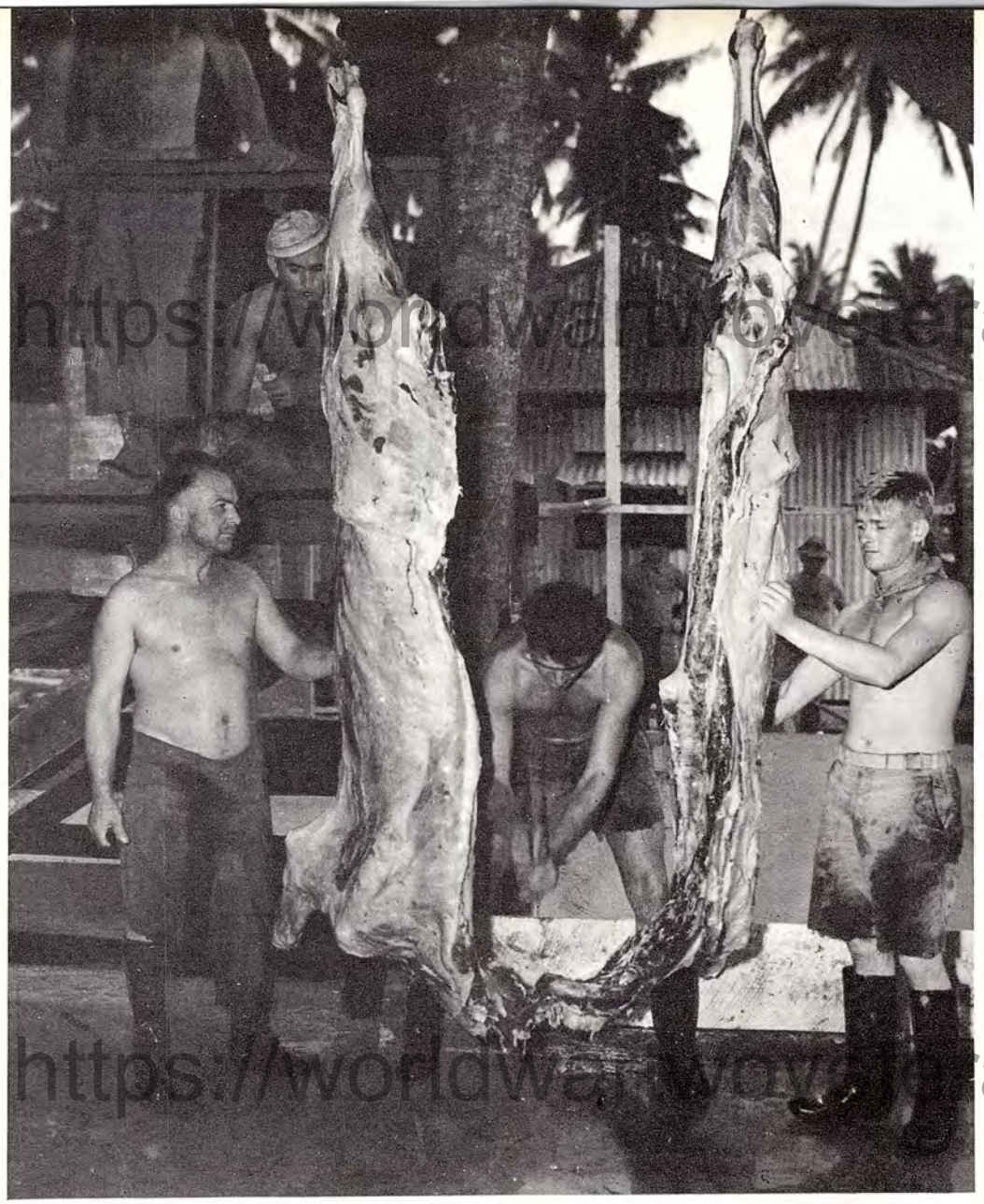
No screen tragedy ever seemed to evoke the complete sympathy of the men at Pavuvu. These mainly grew out of *civilian* problems and who could take seriously the problems of civilians?

War movies fared even less well. They never showed war to be quite as unpleasant as the men at Pavuvu knew it was, and during scenes obviously intended to solicit the audience's regard for a harassed soldier, sailor or even marine, the hero was often reminded of the central truth of war: "Things are tough *all* over!"

VIII

Every man at Pavuvu was his own best philosopher, and there were nights when nothing seemed quite as fitting as an evening at home devoted to reflective and nostalgic conversation.

Sometimes the provocation was the arrival of a package from home, and the fortunate recipient became a whilom host, inviting not only his tentmates but also one or two other friends in his platoon to share the repast, cautiously, almost solemnly, dividing the portions so that each man got an equal share. Often one man or combination of men in the tent had Big Dealed the components of coffee: one might have "borrowed" the canned, condensed milk, another the sugar, another the grounds, and yet another the gasoline for the fire—for at Pavuvu coffee was brewed over a fireplace made of an empty can filled with sand saturated with gasoline. But most frequently there was no other excuse for an evening at home than that, as one man



MARINES TURN BUTCHERS: Men of the First Marine Division rounded up steers left on the island by peacetime plantation managers and butchered them

put it, "you wanted to take a breath and catch up with yourself, think things over."

Within the dark tents a few men sprawled on cots with mosquito nets pulled down, a few others sat upright on the edges of their cots, and perhaps another one or two sat on crude handmade stools or benches. More likely than not the subject was sex, the most superficially engrossing topic at all the bull sessions.

No statistics exist on the make-up of the First by age, but even the most casual observer at Pavuvu could have seen that they were young; at least eighty per cent were obviously between eighteen and twenty-five. Certainly, more than half had not reached their majority when they came overseas. Thus the vision of sex at Pavuvu was

essentially adolescent with all that that implies. When all the bold claims of sexual achievement were filtered only a few drops of intimate experience remained. After listening quietly through a bull session on sex, one gunnery sergeant who as a career Marine had made liberty in some of the world's exotic ports, got up and walked out in disgust.

"Neckin', neckin', neckin'—is that all you guys ever done?" he asked caustically as he left. "I'll betcha my stripes every one of you is a virgin!"

Because the last actual brush with women was in Melbourne (and how long ago that seemed!) the talk centered on Australian adventures. But when these grew dull in the telling and re-telling, adventures in the States were dusted off.

In the way that a child likes to have his favorite book read to him over and over again, so the men at Pavuvu would urge the best story-tellers to repeat themselves. One company had a glib corporal whose account of the conquest of his landlady's daughter grew so famous that night after night men would turn up in his tent and ask to hear it. A tentmate at last grew weary of the story and one night made the mistake of interrupting the corporal.

"Aw, Jim," he asked, "she wasn't *really* that easy, now, was she?"

Whereupon an irate sergeant in the audience rose and cried, "Listen, wise guy, if you don't wanna hear this story, get out!"

The same adoration was given to the men with pornographic pictures, a highly prized and easily negotiable item circulated throughout the Pacific. One Marine who shared a tent with the owner of such photographs said: "I used to get sore about his bringing all those characters around, but I gotta admit that I never failed to get a charge outta the pictures."

So long deprived of it, every man had an intense, an acute, curiosity about the female image. Many wrote girl friends and wives asking for pictures taken in bathing suits, and most of the requests got Stateside compliance.

The possession of photographs grew to be almost a fetish at Pavuvu. It was not unusual for six or seven men in one platoon to have the same one, for if a man received a particularly luscious picture from his girl, his buddies would not hesitate to ask for her address, not only to ask for the picture itself, but perhaps as well to begin a correspondence. In this and other ways, the younger men began writing to an ever-widening group of girls.

That small mail boat which left Pavuvu every day, overloaded with canvas post office sacks, carried away some of the most outlandish love letters ever written.

One man, married after the war to a childhood girl friend whom he admits he "never wrote to at Pavuvu," recalls with some embarrassment a letter he mailed to a girl he had never met. It began:

"Dear ————————: I've seen your picture numerous times. I've thought a lot about you, too, and now I think with me it's LOVE!"

Whether it was because they were lonely in the States, or because they acted out of a sense of patriotism, the girls to whom these letters were addressed almost always answered in the same tender vein.

"I'll guarantee," says a technical sergeant who worked at Division post office, "that at least one-third of the letters that came into Pavuvu had SWAK [Sealed With A Kiss] on the flap, and a lipstick outline of some gal's mouth!"

A young officer who censored an unusually large volume of outgoing mail has said: "Some of those letters, especially from the older fellows, really rocked me! I didn't know people put stuff like *that* in letters!"

There were instances at Pavuvu, frequent enough to mention, when censors were so taken aback they turned letters over to chaplains. "Every time I called in one of these ardent letter-writers," a chaplain said, "he seemed utterly surprised. 'Why what's wrong with that, chaplain?' they'd ask. And I for one found it pretty hard to tell them."

IX

If sex was the appetizer at Pavuvu round tables, Home and Stateside Life were the nourishing main courses.

Talk about home took a somewhat different tone at Pavuvu from what it had at Guadalcanal or Melbourne. Although Guadalcanal made men aware of the gap that stretched between them and their friends and families in the States, the men at that time had at least made the effort to cross the expanse, to explain, crude and inarticulate though their letters may have been, some of the essential differences between war life, as they had learned it, and peace life, as they remembered it. What they got from home in response did not encourage further effort.

By the time they came to Pavuvu and were two years away from the States, it was not so much that they despaired of ever explaining what their life was like overseas; they no longer wanted to try, no longer seemed to care. Home was a fantasy, painted and repainted until the irritating paradoxes and hardships of civilian life disappeared, until each man emerged in his own recollection as the folk hero of his community. Whether this vision of home was a distortion did not matter; the important thing was

that the fantasy not be disturbed, questioned. If their focus of Stateside realities was blurred, they did not want it sharpened. Not at Pavuvu.

This state of mind did not go unnoticed by the Division chaplain, who thought:

"The most serious problem our chaplains have to deal with is the letter that tells a man about troubles at home. The men just don't want to hear Stateside troubles, and they don't care whether or not the problems involve members of their own immediate families. They want to remember home as a pleasant place; they don't want to be reminded that they had troubles back there.

"It's silly to say that they should be reminded, and that they should be taught to take on these responsibilities. Even if they were in a state of mind to do it and wanted to help, they couldn't out here, ten thousand miles away!"

Let the fantasy be disturbed by a letter, for example, from a wife saying that she wondered whether it was all right . . . whether she had done the right thing in going to a movie with a fellow. . . The husband at Pavuvu would scribble a bitter answer to which the wife, perhaps genuinely hurt and surprised by her husband's anger, would react by writing a chaplain.

And the chaplain would try to patch it up, talk to the husband, write the wife a letter of which the following is an instance:

"Your husband, Private ————————, has come to see me about matters of which you complain. He disclaims any intention of saying you were unfaithful as a wife and mother. He declares he loves you and the children, and is anxious to return to you. . ."

Chaplains were an infrequent refuge, and the terms of that intimate bond, marriage, were badly negotiated by correspondence. Six men (in a section of sixteen) who had left behind them what had been apparently happy marriages, became estranged from their wives through letters written at Pavuvu. And of these six, only two were able to patch up their marital differences after they returned home.

X

The distance from immorality to immortality was short at Pavuvu's evening sessions.

Not that anyone grew especially morbid and bemused himself with the construction of a life after death. It was more a matter of each man seeking, in the long interlude of war, while he was detached from the responsibilities and imperatives of civilian life, a balance wheel of belief on which he could run his postwar life.

In this sense, Pavuvu offered a special opportunity to chaplains. The men were perhaps more sincerely interested in abstract ideas than they had ever been, or would

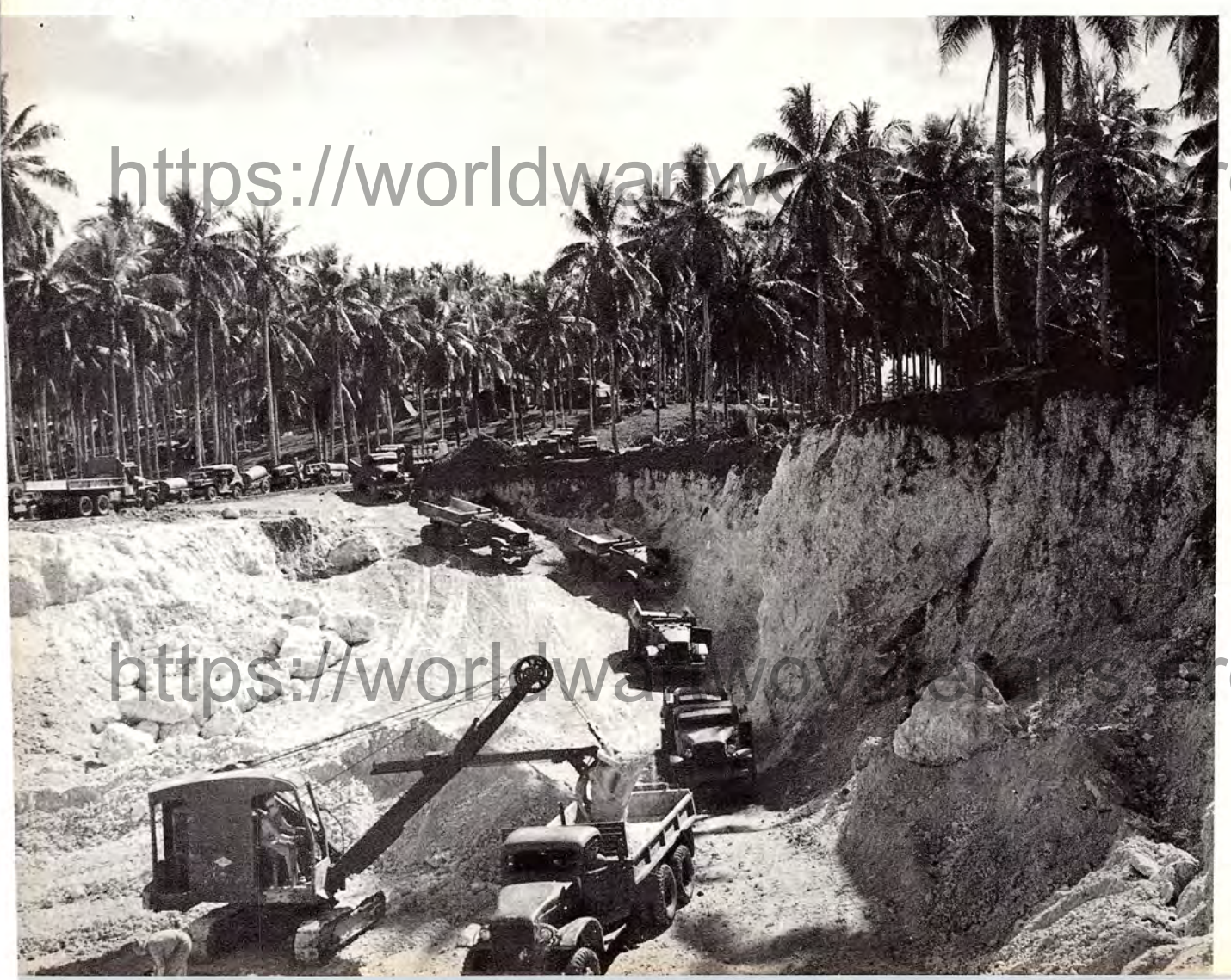
ever be again. It was an unexcelled chance to teach, to convince, to explain. The chapels were crowded on Sunday, and sermons were alertly followed.

Whether the chaplains failed to sense their opportunity or whether they could not find a language into which they could translate the articles of faith, whether the reasons were these or others, many men did not seem to find the answers in Pavuvu's chapels to the questions they asked in Pavuvu bull sessions.

"Words like salvation, words I used to think I understood back in the States, didn't mean much any more," said a Private First Class. "I couldn't get anything to bite into out of the sermons. Maybe it was that I'd been through enough overseas to get a new pitch on how good it was to be alive. Life itself was something to think about. I wanted to know something about the *why* of it."

Chaplains seemed to sense their failure in many cases, for a Marine correspondent who talked with a number of them recalls that they were bitter and frustrated. One admitted: "The men come to me with everything but religious problems."

CORAL WAS AS PRECIOUS AS GOLD: Trucks line up in the coral pit



Navy Chaplain Corps headquarters in Washington distributed a questionnaire to all ships and stations during the time the First was at Pavuvu asking, among other things, "Has the spiritual life of the personnel been deepened by combat experiences?" Two replies from Division chaplains are available. One tersely answered: "Not especially." The other wrote: "Yes and no. Some men are impressed, and at least more receptive after action. Some become more calloused."

XI

Banika was the isle of desire. On Banika there were women—Navy nurses in the hospitals and Red Cross workers in the island's canteens. On Banika there were lights. On Banika there were strange faces, not the same faces you had seen for months. On Banika there were well stocked PXs where a man could buy almost anything, especially Hershey chocolate bars, the real thing and not an imitation, as well as cigars. On Banika there were thousands upon thousands of rear-echelon troops, men eager to buy souvenirs, gullible men who stood aside for combat men to walk by.

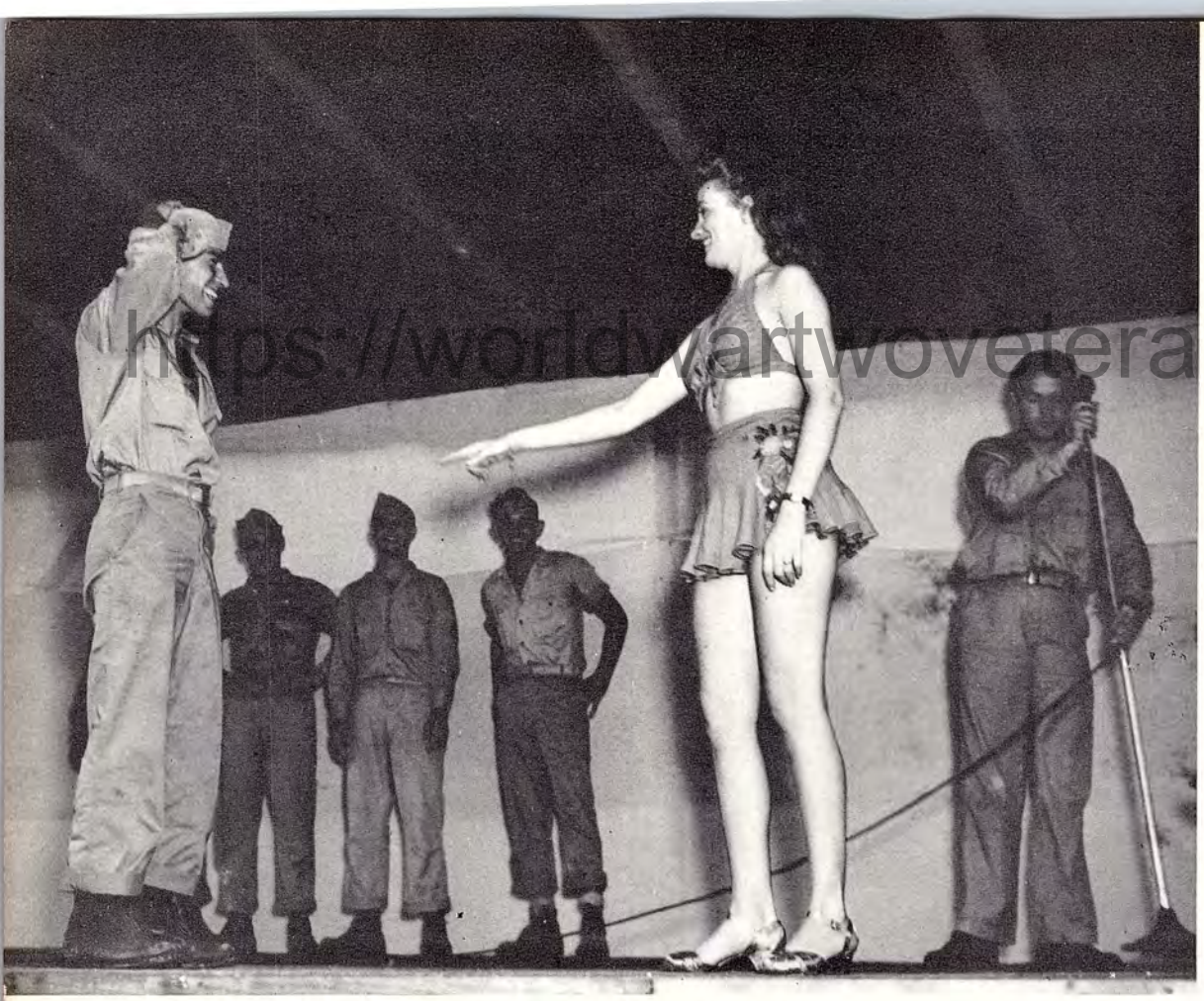
Banika, one of the large bases of the South Pacific, not only had the Navy hospital but also a large Marine base depot (the Fourth), as well as hundreds of other smaller Navy supply and maintenance units.

But the trouble with Banika was to get there. You almost had to be sick, or be an officer sent on business. Only one boat, and that an LCM, went each day from Pavuvu and guards were posted at the dock to check everybody coming and going.

How sharp was the contrast between life on Pavuvu and life on Banika, and how seriously taken was an overindulgence in Banika's pleasures, small though they may have seemed by civilian standards, is illustrated by the fact that one battalion commander was relieved from his command for overstaying a one-day pass to the neighboring island.

Banika, if you knew how to handle yourself, offered a chance to make points rather than lose them. A regimental staff officer, an older man who was not easily beguiled by Banika's temptations, returned to Pavuvu with three pairs of rubber boots (highly prized footwear in Pavuvu's mud)—one for the colonel, one for the colonel's exec, and one for himself. "It was probably the most impressive thing I did in my entire overseas tour," the officer believes.

But the Division men who stayed at Banika for any length of time were glad to get back to Pavuvu. Never having seen the battlefield, the quartermaster and supply men stationed on Banika had a tendency to compare their lot with Stateside life. They en-



THE ABC'S OF FORM: One of the Marine dance contestants at Bob Hope's show on Pavuvu listens to Patti Thomas's tip on how it ought to be done

dured the isolation and frustration of life in the islands without being able to share the distinctive kind of comradeship that is developed in combat. One First Division man, who did a long stretch in the hospital at Banika, said: "You had to listen to an awful lot of phony griping from those rear-echelon characters."

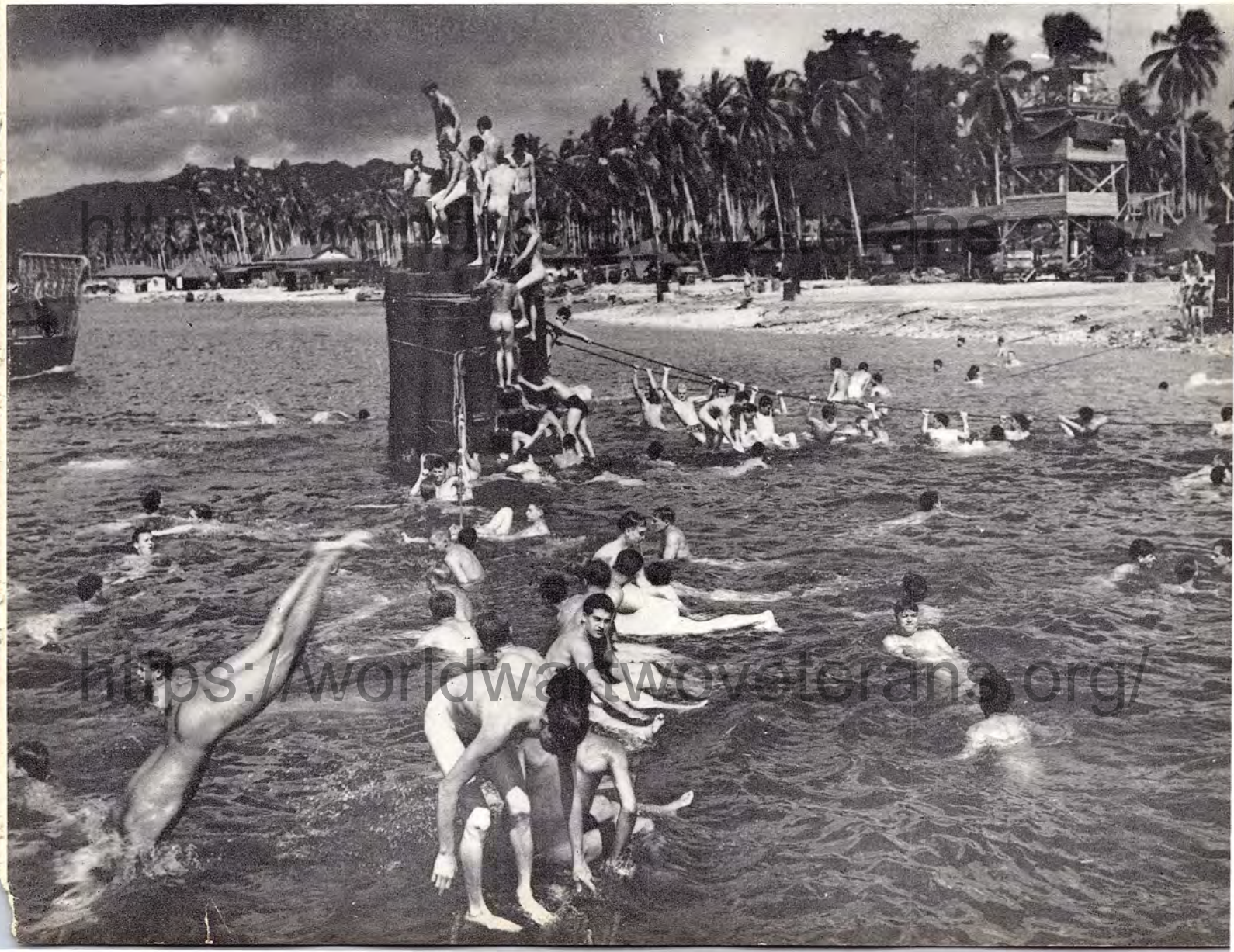
Banika was indeed an island of high and acute and (to the combat veteran) false tension, ripe for the study of a social psychologist. The tension can be expressed in a simple statistic: upward of fifty thousand men, less than a hundred American women. Patients in the Navy's hospital could not help but notice that the nurses lived behind a high, barbed-wire stockade, and an ambulatory patient who attended the hospital's movie learned that he must leave, if he were an enlisted man, by one road, while the officers and nurses (also officers) left by another.

No enlisted man was allowed to see one of the Banika women socially, off-duty. This pleasure was reserved for officers who, according to an island order, must wear sidearms if they were to take the women for a drive, see them outside the stockade. The Red Cross girls arrived and left their canteen under escort of two armed MPs.

The feeling of resentment and humiliation was shared by the men of the First whose relations with their own officers were seldom marred by such noncombat distinctions. It is understandable that there were rumors on Banika, bitter and ugly rumors, rumors whose content took such deep root that many men in the First still believe them.

Shortly before the Division left for Peleliu, the recreation officer discovered that Bob Hope and his troupe were to pay a call at Banika. On the day Hope, Patti Thomas, Frances Langford and Jerry Colonna came to Banika, the recreation officer asked Hope to come to Pavuvu, and Hope immediately agreed. The entertainer has since written that flying from Banika to Pavuvu in a light plane, and circling over his audience before he was to appear, was one of the highlights of his Pacific tour. His show undoubtedly

COOLING OFF: One of the good things about Pavuvu was this swimming hole



was one of the most pleasant memories of Pavuvu the men retain; something between fifty and seventy-five per cent of the Division turned out and wildly applauded.

XII

Stories began to circulate on Pavuvu that nobody could be sent home, rotated, before the next campaign. While this rumor had its currency Pavuvu was an unusually gloomy place, and officers tried to trace the fire from which this smoke of despair was rising.

It seems to have begun after the visit of a III Corps personnel officer. When officers at Division headquarters asked him pointedly about sending some of the 24-monthers home, his reply was: "There just aren't enough men in the Marine Corps to do it. Your people have got to stick it out, at least for the next operation."

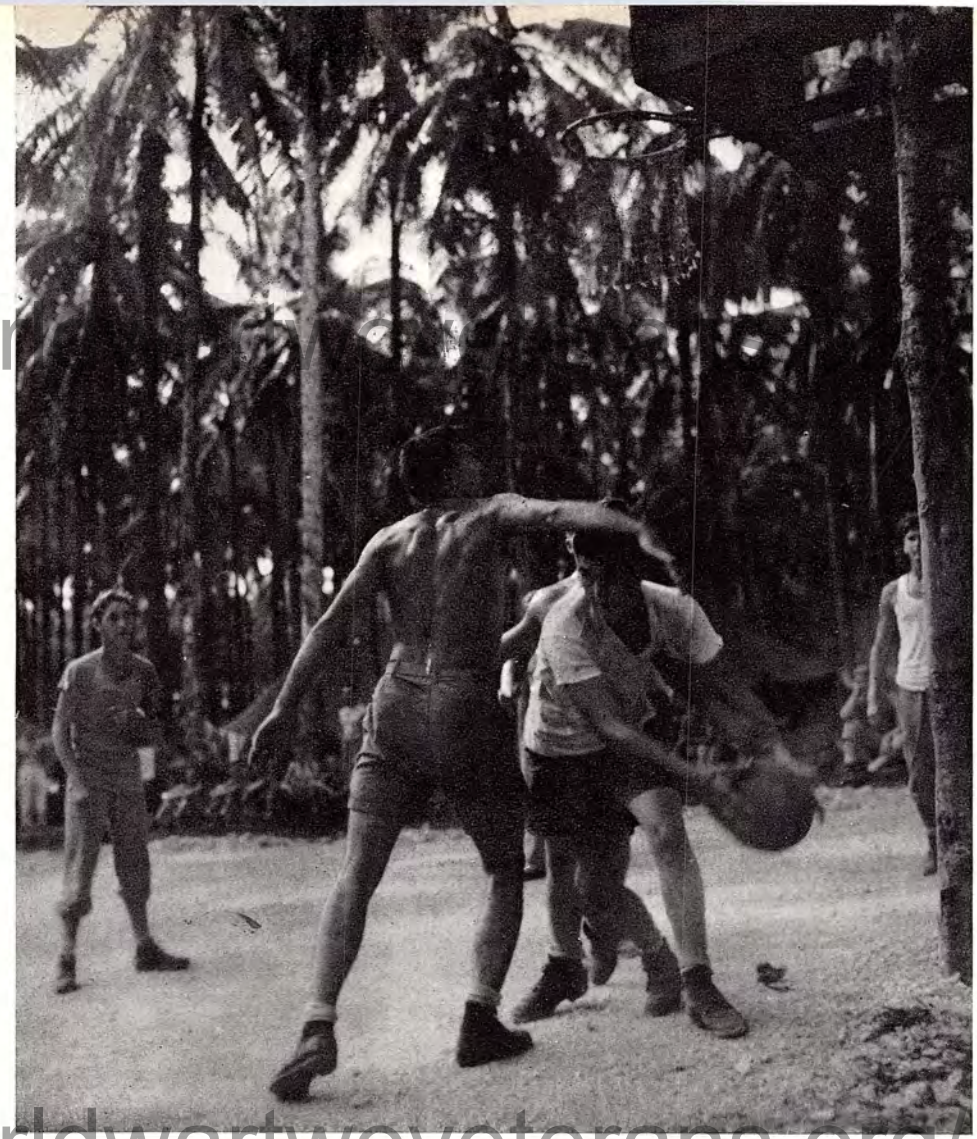
Fortunately, relief for the veterans was being sought on a higher level. A few days after the Division came to Pavuvu, General Rupertus and Colonel Selden (made Chief of Staff at Gloucester), were recalled to the States for talks at Marine Corps Headquarters about the Division's condition.

"Both the General and I welcomed the chance to get back and argue for the return of our veterans," Colonel Selden said. "I moved right in on the personnel section in Washington and made a nuisance of myself. And the General backed me up. We told them our 24-months men simply had to be sent home."

Rupertus and Selden made their point, and 260 officers and 4,600 enlisted men were marked for rotation. Some could not be spared: 264 officers and 5,750 enlisted men would have to go into the Division's third campaign; thirty per cent of the Division would have completed more than twelve months overseas and less than twenty-four. But for those who could not go home, replacement requisitions were ordered to cover all personnel who would complete twenty-four months by November 30, 1944, in preparation for another major rotation after the forthcoming campaign.

The effect of the news of rotation was immediate, not only upon the men who were to leave, but also upon the men who had to stay; those who remained had the assurance that they would be rotated, that they were serving a definite and limited tour of duty.

But when the time came to pack there was a strange lack of jubilation among the men who were to go home. Although they were evidently pleased as they went about the routine of turning in their "782" gear—their canteen cups, their mess gear, their ponchos, bayonets, and the like—it simply was not fitting nor in good taste to gloat in front of the men who had to stay on. Those going were not glib at farewells. Instead



Basketball on Pavuvu

of goodbyes, the men going home went around to ask their buddies if there was any favor they could do; they filled their notebooks with addresses of sweethearts, wives and families and promised to (and later did) call them.

Many of the departing men took with them copies of an anonymously written and surreptitiously distributed document, *Marine Short Course on Personal Manners During Rotation,* which began with this heartening statement: "You can still be a gentleman even if you were in the South Seas."

The first pointer in the "course" warned: "Upon arriving in America you will be amazed by the large number of beautiful girls. Remember, boys, Frisco is NOT the South Seas! Many of the girls have occupations—they may be stenographers, salesgirls, or beauty operators; therefore, DO NOT . . ." and the rest is unprintable.

"Your first meal in the morning will be breakfast," the "course" explained. "You

will find a strange assortment of foods—such things as canteloupe, fresh eggs and milk are likely to grace the table. DO NOT be afraid of them; they are highly palatable. If you wish some butter, turn to the nearest person and say, 'Please pass the butter.' You DO NOT say, 'Throw down the grease!' "

There were other food hints: "When at dinner, you will be amazed to find that each item has in most cases a separate dish. In the Corps you learned to eat such delightful combinations as corned beef patties and pudding mixed together, or lima beans and peaches. Instead, bear in mind this strange civilian custom and in no time you will begin to enjoy your meals once more."

And: "If, while dining at a friend's house you wish more dessert, merely stare at your empty plate until someone catches on. If this doesn't work, try rattling your spoon against the side of the dish. DO NOT say, 'How about seconds on the slop?' "

Proper party behavior was outlined. "While you are a guest at a party you will see numerous couples seated at individual tables. It is not considered good taste to wink at an escorted lady and motion your hand toward the door even though she may nod her approval. Her escort will immediately develop a strong dislike for you which might lead to bloodshed. . . He *could* be a deferred athlete."

Also: "It is exceedingly bad form at any time to attempt to open a beer bottle with your belt buckle, regardless of how anxious you are to get at the contents. In the event your hostess says, 'Please pass the nutcracker,' DO NOT hand her a bottle of beer.

"If you are entertaining at home and plan on serving any stimulating beverages, you must be careful. It has been your experience overseas that such drinks as under-ripe wine, alcohol and grapefruit juice are highly acceptable. You find your civilian friends are more discriminating, so do not serve any of the above, or Aqua Velva strained through a loaf of bread, if you want to retain your friends."

As for conversation with civilians, "You will find them very gullible. Don't take too much advantage of them. Someone may, after much thought, conclude that you misrepresented the truth and come to dislike you. Then, if you should ever run for sheriff you would need his vote. If you wanna snow them, tell them about the wonders of the RED CROSS."

When bedtime comes, "You will no doubt find a pair of pajamas laid out on your bed. (Pajamas are a sleeping garment of two pieces which are put on after your clothes have been removed.) Upon seeing these pajamas try to act like you have used them before. A remark such as, 'My, what a delicate shade of pink—or blue—they are' would show you are used to them.

"You will sleep in beds equipped with sheets. (Sheets are linen covers for beds.) You will no doubt experience difficulty with their smooth surface and find it hard to keep from slipping out of bed. To remedy this, go into the garden, obtain a handful of sand and sprinkle it between the sheets."

There was a suggestion on movie conduct. "You will no doubt go the whole way and see motion pictures in the States. You must remember that seats are provided. There is no need to take a box or stool along. DO NOT whistle every time a female over eight or under eighty walks across the screen. If your vision is impaired by the person in front of you, merely move to another seat. DO NOT say, 'Move your head, jerk!' "

Finally there was a general admonition: "DO NOT go about hitting everyone of draft age in civilian clothes—he might have been released on a medical discharge. Ask him for his credentials, and if he has none, then go ahead and slug him."

The "course" was more funny after the men got home than it was at Pavuvu where it was too near truth to be amusing. One man standing in line to go aboard ship turned to a buddy and said, "By God, I'm a little afraid of what it's gonna be like at home. I'm afraid of what *I'm* gonna be like. Maybe it'd just be best for a fella to stay out here until he could go home for good."

Almost everyone came down to the pier to see them off, including the Division band; as the men went aboard they played "Mairzy Doats" and the "Maori Love Song" and "California, Here I Come," repeating the last over and over again until the ship had put out into Macquitti Bay. Then they broke into "From the Halls of Montezuma," the Marine hymn. This brought unmasked tears, even among the bandsmen, some of whom simply laid down their instruments and turned to follow the wake of the departing ship.

Chapter 17

SOMEWHERE around the end of July—the day or the hour is impossible to fix—a strange and subtle change came over Pavuvu and its inhabitants. So quietly did it come that the men themselves hardly realized it was taking place. The complaints about Pavuvu itself, if they did not lessen in volume, were uttered with a marked decrease in intensity. There was less rancor, less bitterness about the rats, the crabs, the coconuts and the chow. The men wrote fewer and shorter letters. Although no man had let his weapon go to seed, rifles, machine guns and BARs were cleaned with new care and respect. A pair of new socks took on an inflationary value in Pavuvu's barter economy, while a can of grapefruit juice fell sharply in price. Everyone began to step just a little livelier as he went about his routine tasks under the glaring sun.

It was as if some common instinct told them that the time had come to prepare for the next battle.

By the same instinct there was a new seeking for cohesion, a new consciousness of their outfit, a new evaluation from within of the Division. It was more than pride that made them wonder. They knew they stood or fell together. Knowing that, they sought to renew and refurbish the common basis for comradeship—a sense that they belonged to an elite outfit, an outfit which could, as some of them would have said, "take it" at Pavuvu today and yet "give it," "dish it out" on some tomorrow along the shores of a distant and yet unknown island.

In some of the bull sessions, therefore, sex was put aside for such questions as: "Is the First as good as ever?" Was it the same old First, the man old before his time, the same stand-offish, cantankerous old fellow, contemptuously following his own ways?

Well, there was a clue or two. Some little snip of an officer over at III Corps had the effrontery to send back one of the First's personnel reports. It was a perfectly routine report. The facts were in it. But this character, this headquarters character over at Guadalcanal, did not like the report. The paragraphs, he said, were not properly indented.

"You people in the First," he warned, "had better make up your minds that you're back in the Marine Corps. It's a big war now, and you can't do things just as you please."

That was a clue, and taken as such by a philosophical officer who remembers the talk it caused in a junior officers' mess. And he remembers saying:

"This is the way I see it. Guadalcanal threw us out of joint. We were beat up. We got sent to Australia and got mixed up with MacArthur. At Gloucester we were Marines in the Army. And that wasn't good. Then it seemed like the Corps sort of forgot us, left us to rot on Gloucester and finally sent us to this lousy place, Pavuvu. If we make like a pretty independent outfit, it's not hard to see why."

What happened to a team of classification specialists who came to Pavuvu in July is a further illustration of the mood and spirit of the First.

When the specialists announced that they were going to give intelligence tests throughout the Division (there hadn't been any such thing in the Corps when the Division left the States), the grumbling and muttering rose like a steady roar in the grove, especially from the tents occupied by the first three pay grades, the high-ranking NCOs.

Hadn't they proved their worth and loyalty to the Corps these many years, in combat and out? What was this *test* business? What was the Corps coming to? On examination day, they simply stayed away, some actually hid, some tried to get passes to go to Banika. Some at Pavuvu never took the tests.

IT GOT TO LOOK LIKE THIS: The 1st Signal Company's bivouac area on Pavuvu

When the tests were graded and the classification officers passed the word that the average for the Division was higher than that in training camps in the States, higher, that is, than for the "SS" men (those coming into the Corps through Selective Service), tempers quieted and the men spoke of the tests as a new source of pride in the First.

The spirit of the Division was not only independent and cantankerous—it was still that of the professional, the career fighting organization. Nowhere could this be more clearly seen than in the drill and training areas and on the ranges, where the old men were snapping in the new ones, the replacements. If the new men were eager their eagerness was scorned.

"Calm down, boy, and fly right," a sergeant was overheard telling a new man. "Do it *my* way. Remember, I've worn out more seabags than you have socks."

Or, if a new man showed signs of laziness: "All right, knucklehead," he was ordered, "let's see ya chop-chop. You make me think ya shoulda joined the Army."

The new men, in turn, helped lift Pavuvu's gloom. They could not feel Pavuvu as

oppressive a place as did the men who had served at Gloucester and Guadalcanal. And their unsureness made the veterans more sure of themselves.

Discipline became a dye that stained the smallest thread of a man's life in the First. Obedience was the keystone of organization, quick and severe punishment the cement.

Men looked at their officers with a new scrutiny. It may seem paradoxical that in an organization where discipline was so rigid and the distance between officer and enlisted man as great as in any outfit in the American armed forces, there was less complaining about officers than elsewhere—less whining and more respect.

There was brutal gum-beating, lusty bellyaching, but little bitterness and almost none of the helpless frustration about "the caste system" that seemed to mark other outfits in the Pacific and in Europe. Once at Goodenough, before Gloucester, a First Division man had stood in a Red Cross coffee line listening to some Army men who were barking about their officers, until finally he asked with sincere concern: "Hey, whadda you guys do all the time, scream about your officers?"

To a casual reader of the post-war complaints about officers it would seem that most of the tension arose from out-of-combat service. With the First this was not a problem. In Melbourne there were enough good things to go around, and around they went. At Pavuvu nothing was good, and the bad was shared by everyone.

In the First, therefore, the test of an officer was more likely to be his performance in combat. The officers the men could observe in combat were, of course, junior officers—platoon leaders and company commanders. Comparisons are difficult but it is probably fair to say that the junior officers in the First were of unusually high calibre. The First had a tradition of being ruthless about relieving incompetent officers, a great virtue in a military organization where the danger is that incompetent officers will be tolerated, their errors condoned.

Withal, it would be hard to find a First Division veteran who would claim that his platoon leader was a coward, a shirker, or a bad leader; most claim the contrary.

Another not inconsequential factor in the quickening of morale at Pavuvu was the arrival of new equipment for the Division. Most of the equipment at Gloucester had been, to the slight distaste of the Marines, Army equipment. Fortunately weather and use had finished it, and new trucks, jeeps, and other more specialized equipment, painted in the distinctive Marine green, began to come ashore at Pavuvu's pier.

New men, new equipment; old men, age-old spirit—all were forged together under the threatening urgencies of the battle ahead.

II

It would take something more than a nagging letter, something more than a standardized intelligence test, to get the First Division back into the Marine Corps.

The Corps had gone on to other things. Once the amphibious doctrine and the code of discipline had been proved at Guadalcanal, the essentially naval nature of the Pacific war gave the Corps an exceptional opportunity to exploit its virtues. The First had made the case for the whole Corps at Guadalcanal, and in the two years that had passed since then the globe and fouled anchor had come to symbolize not only a distinctive branch of service but also a rare kind of courage, an almost exotic aggressiveness underneath which lay a badly-needed specialized skill. Hence in the two years between Guadalcanal and the summer of 1944, the Marines had expanded not only in numbers but in purpose, in scope, in effectiveness.

All this would have been to no purpose without the Navy. The Pacific bowl offered that branch of the American armed forces its special opportunity to exploit not only its strong and continuing strategic tradition, based on the concepts of the long-dead Admiral Mahan, but also put upon it a debt of gratitude to the unparalleled industrial savvy of the United States, enabling the Navy to recover from Pearl Harbor more quickly than anyone—the Japanese or the American Navy itself—had thought possible.

While MacArthur moved along the bottom rim of the bowl, westward along the New Guinea coast in a sequence of successful shore-to-shore landings against relatively light resistance, the Navy, with its new carriers, put its spoon down into the center of the bowl, struck through the mandated islands, hitting and running until it was strong enough in any given place to bring up the Marines to seize a forward base as had been done in the Gilbert and the Marshall Islands.

As the production lines rolled out ships and planes, so the Marine Corps speeded men through its recruit camps at Parris Island and San Diego, its advanced training camps at Pendleton, Elliott and New River, and formed them up into new amphibious striking units. By the late spring of 1944 the Marine Corps (which had stood at less than 19,000 men in 1939) had four fully-trained and equipped divisions and one provisional brigade in the Pacific, all of which had been in action, with a fifth formed and being readied for action at Camp Pendleton.

As the amphibious striking forces in the Pacific grew in numbers and purpose, new planning teams were created. The old "First Mac" (I Marine Amphibious Corps) had

seemed like an appendage of the First Division at Guadalcanal instead of functioning as a higher echelon. But by 1944 there were two amphibious corps in the Pacific: the III Corps (the old First Mac) at Guadalcanal, with the First and Third Divisions assigned to it; and the V Corps at Pearl Harbor, with the Second and Fourth Divisions assigned to it. Over-riding these was the Fleet Marine Force, Pacific, the top Marine command echelon in the whole theatre. With a strong and firm hand, Lieutenant General Holland M. (Howlin' Mad) Smith as Commanding General FMFPAC, had welded all the Marines in the Pacific into a single team.

All except the old First. If the First had been first overseas and first in battle it was the last to join the team. Yet all three of the late-coming divisions had by the spring of 1944 already fought at least one campaign as part of the team.

In a sense the First joined too late. That spring of '44, the team was at work on a big show for the summer in which the First would have no part and in which all three of the other divisions and both corps were to play vital roles.

The First was not to be used in the Marianas. Not only was V Corps with its Second and Fourth Divisions to execute the campaigns for Saipan and Tinian, but the III Corps, of which the First was a new component, was to oversee the seizure of Guam with its Third Division and the 1st Provisional Marine Brigade. It was natural that more energy and time would be given to the Marianas than to another campaign planned for the end of the summer, a smaller campaign in which the First was to be the only Marine division to take part.

"There is no doubt," is the confirming testimony of a general officer in a higher echelon that spring and summer, "but what this situation had its effect on the planning phases for the First Division's next fight."

What the exact effect was is explained in the notes of Brigadier General O. P. Smith, Assistant Division Commander: "Real work on planning was started by the lowest echelon (the First Division) before it was started at the top." And by the time "higher commands had been able to organize staffs, or return from intervening operations, the First Marine Division had a concrete plan to offer." This was a situation reminiscent of Guadalcanal; there, too, the Division had done its own planning.

In actual fact the earliest steps were taken by General Smith and the Division staff, for the "concept" of a campaign to seize positions in the Caroline Islands arrived at Pavuvu on June 2, 1944, while General Rupertus was still in Washington. An island called Peleliu was ear-marked for the First Division.

III

The name itself was sweet and mellow on the tongue: say it "Pel-lel-loo," and it will seem more appropriate as a destination for a moonlight canoe trip than as the scene for a bloody negotiation between Japanese and Americans. Peleliu (as could be seen from the aerial photographs taken in March) was a ridge, at its highest in excess of two hundred feet, overlooking and commanding a stretch of low ground on which the Japanese had constructed an airfield. The ridge at the north was a promontory, a little more than three miles long and hardly a thousand yards wide, and the mass of the island in the south was about two miles long and two miles wide. At the extreme south there were two promontories. In its extremities, Peleliu was two miles wide and seven miles long. The ridge was covered with thick growth—growth which, if not layered like Gloucester's jungle, was at least heavy enough in its leafy roof to conceal whatever lay beneath it. The airfield was like a giant mirror, bright and white, reflecting the tropical sun, sending upward undulating, distorting waves of heat.

The first order of business was to select landing beaches. Because the airfield ran down almost to the western beaches and because the eastern beaches were backed up by mangrove swamp, the west was quickly chosen as the side to land on. The western beaches offered some choices: (1) opposite the point where the landing strips came to within five hundred yards of the water; (2) a two-pronged landing—one opposite the landing strips and the other on the southern promontories; (3) north of the airfield.

The photos showed that the interval between the promontories in the south was not only blocked by concrete tetrahedrons but that the whole area was also heavily fortified and mined. The two-pronged landing was dropped. As for a landing in the north, it was discarded because the area behind the beach offered no room for maneuver; the coastal flat was only 200 to 300 yards wide and beyond it the ground rose abruptly to jungle-covered coral bluffs.

The decision was made to land the Division's three regimental combat teams on the beaches overlapping the airfield—one to march directly across the airfield, one to turn on the southern promontories, and the third to turn north against the ridge.

When General Rupertus returned from Washington he studied and approved the plan, and on July 1st dispatched Lieutenant Colonel Fields to Pearl Harbor to present it there. While Fields was at Pearl, the over-all plan for the Palau operation was worked out. The intention to attack Babelthuap, the larger and more heavily-garrisoned Palau island, was dropped. The Army 81st Division retained its assignment to capture Angaur, 5 miles south of Peleliu, as soon as the First Division had the situation at Peleliu in hand.

BEFORE BREAKFAST: Setting-up exercises in the coconut grove

Ulithi atoll was to be seized by a regiment from the 81st as soon as they had secured Angaur. Yap Island was to be taken by two Army divisions of the XXIV Corps.

To Division staff the importance of these other operations seemed relative, and, having their own plan for Peleliu approved, they grew restless to know when they could get on with the hard, demanding, detailed work of planning the loading, the "lift," and the landing, all of which must be done with Navy amphibious echelons.

Not until the war was over, not until hindsight became a common endowment, did the Division get the benefit of "detached" comment on its plan for the landing. Then a naval writer (Fletcher Pratt: *The Marines' War*) loosed the argument that the northern beach at the foot of the bluffs should have been chosen. The consensus of senior staff officers of the Division is set forth in the following memorandum to Pratt:

"If the initial momentum of the assault did not overrun the rugged ground inland from the beach, the landing force would have been placed in a very difficult situation. The artillery would have possessed no suitable position areas from which to support the attack; the tanks would have had limited scope for employment; and logistical support over beaches commanded at short range by enemy weapons would have been extremely difficult.

"This course of action with 100 percent successful execution would have been excellent; with less than 100 percent execution was dangerous. Experience indicates that the rapid execution of this course of action would have been problematical."

There would be other questions asked about Peleliu, some more difficult to answer.

IV

The belief is common among Americans that our military and naval leaders lack the sweep of imagination, the care of detail, that would set them upon novel or complex enterprises of war. The tradition will doubtless persist, and World War II may become a composite of legends of improvisation, hasty and lucky adventure, of the underdog who does not like war but fights anyway, coming out on top. But if it does, the myth-makers will have to overlook completely the Pacific island war, the most monumentally successful amphibious war in all history, conceived, planned and fought by Americans.

By August 2, 1944, when the Navy amphibious people (Rear Admiral Fort, the attack force commander) came down to Pavuvu to work out the details of Marine and naval cooperation for Peleliu, the Americans in the Pacific had worked out a novel, complex, and imaginative technique for putting troops ashore on an enemy-held coast. There was much in the technique that was new to the First Division, based on lessons learned in other landings, particularly Tarawa. Peleliu, like Tarawa, was a small island known to be heavily garrisoned (by August enemy documents had been captured at Saipan showing that there were some ten thousand Japanese on Peleliu); and, like Tarawa, its beaches were protected by a rugged, nasty reef.

There had been trouble at Tarawa getting the landing force across the reef and on to the beach. This trouble was to be avoided at all costs, or so it seemed from the plan that unfolded in the joint conferences between the staffs of Admiral Fort and General Rupertus which began at Pavuvu on August 8.

If anything distinguished the scheme for getting across Peleliu's reef it was care of detail and precision.

The moments of crossing the reef and the five hundred yards of water that lay between the reef and the shore, this was "the critical pause in amphibious warfare," in the words of one planning officer. The only sure vehicle for getting across the jagged coral barrier was the amphibian tractor, the amtrac, the very weapon that the First had had so much to do with developing in its pre-war training maneuvers. Although the amtrac had proven its usefulness in every previous Pacific island battle, at Tarawa it

had proven its indispensability. Every man in an assault wave at Peleliu would make the passage of the reef in an amtrac.

To establish that rule was only to make the whole landing more difficult and complex. The ocean-going transports that would carry the Division the 1,500 miles from Pavuvu to Peleliu could not come closer to Peleliu's shore than 18,000 yards until all shore batteries were silenced. That was too far for the amtracs, and besides amtracs could not efficiently be launched from transports. They could best be launched from LSTs. But an LST could not carry more than a company of troops.

Only the very earliest striking waves of men could be carried in LSTs, while the later waves and supplies would have to be carried in transports, moved from the transports shoreward to within amtrac range on small boats, and there be transferred to amtracs.

Above all there was the urgency, the proven necessity, of getting the maximum number of men safely on the beach within as few minutes as possible. The goal at Peleliu was to get 4,500 infantrymen ashore in the first nineteen minutes. That called for precision and the amtrac was not a precise instrument.

The answer did not lie in a short cut, or a new weapon. It would come in the most careful kind of guidance and grouping—it would, that is, if the 28,484 men of the reinforced Division were to get ashore at Peleliu in anything but the direst confusion.

What was worked out was something more nearly like a spirited Virginia Reel than anything else, with the infantrymen and their essential supplies (like the belles) being danced with briefly, turned, and pushed along to the next squire, along five imaginary lines drawn parallel to the beach but at varying distances from it. At all five lines there would be an echelon of command to "call" the turns.

Farthest to sea, 18,000 yards away from the beach, was the *transport line* (area) where the big ships would halt on D-day. Next was the *initial LST unloading line* (area) where the LSTs would pause momentarily to discharge in small boats the wave commanders who would then lead the LSTs to the *LST launching line* (area) six thousand yards from the beach. Here the LSTs would open their bow doors and spew forth troop-laden amtracs. The fourth line, *the line of departure,* was four thousand yards and thirty minutes travelling time from the beach. Here was the point of rendezvous for the assault waves; here they would be grouped and dispatched ashore. Two thousand yards from the beach was the final line before the reef, the *transfer control line,* the point to which the amtracs would return after they had carried the assault waves ashore, the point at which later waves of men and supplies would transfer to amtracs from small boats.

LOADING FOR PELELIU: LCTs and LSTs in the foreground are being loaded at Pavuvu for Peleliu. The Mount McKinley, *camouflaged command ship of Admiral Fort, is in the right background.*

The first eight waves, in which the 4,500 men of five assault battalions were to ride, were the critical ones. As soon as the LSTs discharged the amtracs, the wave commanders in their small boats would take over, shepherd the amtracs, form them into line, and lead them to the *line of departure* at a speed of three knots (4½ knots was the maximum speed of the amtrac), raising as they rode forward a flag showing the numeral of the wave they were leading. When they reached *the line of departure,* they were to come under control of the Central Control Vessel. This would be the destroyer *Hazel-*

wood, assisted by five subchasers acting as assistant control vessels, each stationed directly seaward of the arbitrarily marked five assault beaches.

When the Landing Force Control Officer aboard *Hazelwood* saw from the bridge that the first wave was properly organized, he was to hoist the "One" flag at both yardarms, a warning that the first wave would leave in three minutes. The assistant control vessels would follow suit. When three minutes expired, he was to haul down the "One" and the first wave was to start for the beach.

Under escort still, of course. In the forefront of this charging amphibian army were to be five transfer control PCs (patrol craft), only slightly smaller than the subchasers. They were to go (at 4½ knots, and allowing for drift) as far as the *transfer control line,* two thousand yards and fifteen minutes from the beach where they would peel off and take station. Next came the wave commanders in their Higgins boats. They would go past the *transfer control line* running ahead of the amtracs to within a thousand yards of the beach, where they would finally lower their numeral flags and peel off.

For that last thousand yards, the amtracs and the men they bore were on their own.

The seven succeeding waves were to go in in similar fashion, except that the larger control vessels, the SCs and the PCs, would then be on their permanent stations at the *line of departure* and the *transfer control line.* The wave commanders in Higgins boats, flying numeral flags, would lead each of the first eight waves up to the reef on signal from *Hazelwood.* All eight were thus to be put ashore in nineteen minutes.

Sixty-one minutes were allowed to get three reserve battalions ashore, putting, if all went well, eight thousand men ashore in the first eighty-five minutes after H-hour. The plan allowed for miscarriages: the reserves could be sent in "on call." That was by no means all—17,000 more men, the Division's tanks and artillery, and all the ammunition and supplies that they, plus the 8,000 men already on the beach, would require had to be brought in. What this meant was that an artificial waterborne supply beach had to be created seaward of the reef, at least for the first few days, until a hole could be blasted in the reef and a ponton causeway built up to the beach. The artificial beach would be made of twenty-four ponton barges carried to Peleliu on the sides of LSTs. Nine of these were to be launched from the LSTs in the early morning hours of D-day, were to move back through the convoy to specified cargo ships where cranes were to be lowered and fixed on them. They were then to turn toward shore, move to the *transfer control line,* station themselves seaward of the reef to lift supplies from small boats to amtracs.

PRACTICE: Men go aboard DUKWs for pre-Peleliu rehearsal

Three others of the barges were to pick up 80-octane gasoline and lubricating oil from cargo ships and carry this fuel up to the *transfer control line,* hoist signs marked "Gas" so large that even the most harried amtrac driver could see them—in short, these were to be across-the-reef filling stations.

Nine other of the barges were earmarked as floating dumps. For safety's sake, the big transports would move to sea during the first night, and the floating dumps were to cover this gap in supply. They would move around during D-day going from ship to ship, picking up water, ammunition, rations, flamethrower fuel, and before dark move to stations at the *transfer control line,* stand there through the night ready to send supplies ashore on the beachmaster's call. To supply the assault troops during the daylight hours of D-day, the Division would use a new Marine-designed and built amphibian trailer with a watertight top and two wheels underneath. Thirteen of these were allotted to each regiment, twenty to the artillery. They were to be towed ashore by amtracs.

A part of the equipment, especially the artillery's 105s was to be loaded on DUKWs, the new (to the First) amphibious trucks. These were to be launched from LSTs.

Against D-day supply crises a certain number of the APAs (assault transports) and

AKAs (assault cargo ships) each had been ordered to set aside eight "hot cargo" small boats loaded with infantry ammunition, flamethrower fuel and water. They would stand ready "on call," ready to run to the barges. The wounded would have to come back across the reef. They would return from the beach in otherwise empty amtracs, and, once across, be lifted into small boats and thus be carried to the transports, most of which had hospital facilities. Those that did were to fly the "Mike" flag as long as they had empty hospital bunks, and coxswains were directed to go to the nearest ship flying the "Mike." Amtracs bringing out the more seriously wounded were to go directly to transports.

All things considered, the plan for getting across the reef on D-day was as good as could be set down in advance. How many hours, or days, the Division would have to rely on this complicated system of reinforcement and supply, how many days it would be before the Seabees and Engineers could get a passage blasted through the reef and a ponton pier set against the beach, no one could tell except perhaps the Japanese. All would depend on the resistance they put up.

Every man at Pavuvu had evidence before his eyes that Topside did not expect the Peleliu landing to go unchallenged. Along Pavuvu's beach road, the broad coral strip that ran around the grove, the Engineers had set up a carpenter shop. Outside it was an ever-lengthening line of chaste white wooden crosses stacked against each other, ready to be loaded for Peleliu.

V

That was the only question, the only area of doubt about Peleliu. Not, how bitterly would the Japanese fight? That was known. Not, how many Japanese on Peleliu? That too was known approximately. About ten thousand, perhaps a few hundred more or less. But the question was: how well fortified were they? The fight would be bitter, but would it be brief, like Tarawa? Could the Japanese positions, once enough Marines were brought ashore, be quickly overrun?

The safe ratio for amphibious assault is considered three to one. If there were 10,000 Japanese the First Division, reinforced as it would be, had nearly 25,000 men. But it should be noted that of these nearly 25,000, only 9,000 were infantrymen and so organized and equipped, and the rest specialists, added largely because of the complexities of supply and communication inherent in amphibious assault. Were these 9,000 enough?

That was the question discussed not only around Division CP among the staff officers

there, but also around the regiments, as the Division went through maneuver after maneuver in late July and early August. General Rupertus himself, on an inspection of one of the landing maneuvers at Pavuvu, badly fractured his ankle coming down the side of an amtrac, and was on crutches.

The word that got around among the men was Optimism, and by the end of August, when the Division had loaded 17 transports and 2 LSDs, had issued its operation order (No. 1-44) for the seizure of Peleliu, and had completed its final landing rehearsals at Cape Esperance, Guadalcanal, the atmosphere throughout the Division betrayed the feeling that the campaign would be short and rough. It was not to be like Gloucester, nor like Guadalcanal. It was not, thank God, to drag on beyond endurance.

Whatever lingering doubts there might have been among the men seemed to have been dispelled by what General Rupertus said at a critique of the rehearsals, held in a movie area on Guadalcanal four days before the transports lifted anchor for Peleliu.

"We're going to have some casualties," he said, "but let me assure you this is going to be a short one, a quickie. Rough but fast. We'll be through in three days. It might take only two."

As he finished, he confidently ordered his audience to find and bring to him the sword of the Japanese commander on Peleliu.

The meeting broke up—"it wasn't really a critique at all," remembers a staff officer, "it was a pep talk"—and the officers went back aboard ship. The word spread through the convoy. Three days. Maybe two.

"It's gonna be in-again-out-again-Finnegan," was the way one "gunny" sergeant put it to his men.

The LSTs sailed for Peleliu on September 4, 1944, and the APAs, and AKAs on September 8. D-day was September 15.

Chapter 18

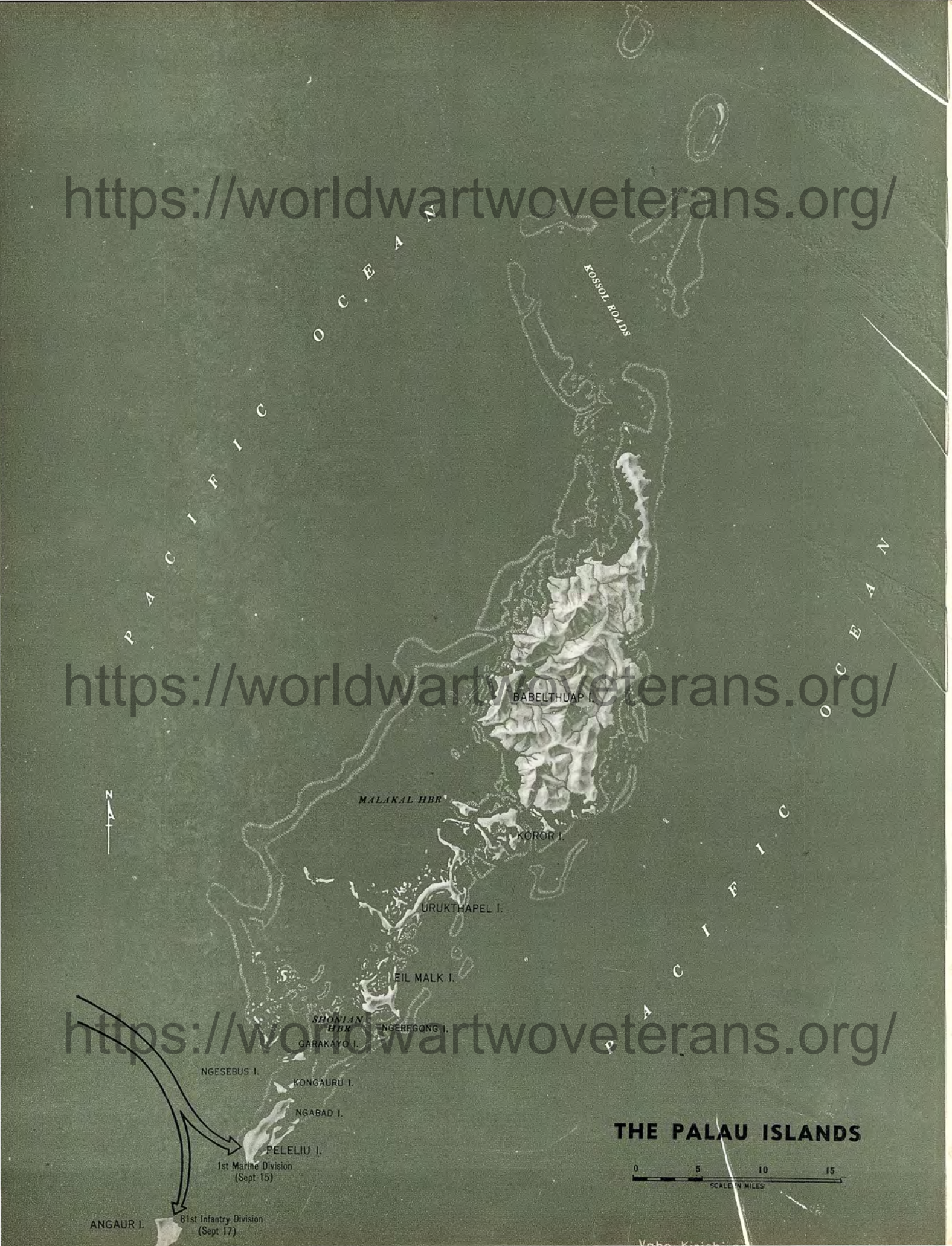
SO SLOWLY had the ships been running in the last hours of darkness that, when they cut their engines just before dawn, it was hard to know that they had stopped.

The sky still was dark. The freshening breeze that had whipped along the weather-decks when the ships were under way was gone, leaving behind only a few lost and weak wisps of air. These brushed shyly against the faces of the sleeping men as if seeking a path by which they could follow the retreating night.

There was then a heavy, felt moment of silence. So unaccustomed was it that men everywhere throughout the convoy turned restlessly, inquiringly, in their sleep.

The next sounds were portentous, foreboding, meaningful—the creak and groan of a davit, the hurried scuffling of feet up and down ladders, voices pitched to the tone of urgent command.

The stirrings became more purposeful; hands groped outward seeking by touch to



confirm the reality of the last troubled reveries. It was a lonely moment, this one in which men had to divest themselves of their blurred, confused, withal unsatisfying dreams of the short night, and face, while darkness still hid all around them, the reality that they might die before another night fell.

One young private first class who had joined the Division at Pavuvu remembers it this way:

I was already kinda half awake when my buddy touched me and said, "Come on!" We worked our way aft through the cots and hammocks and when we got to the rail and stood looking out for the island, some sailor said to us: "The island's over this way," pointing in the opposite direction from what we were looking. We still couldn't see it and we fell to talking, my buddy and I.

He said to me: "Are you all ready?"

And I said: "Yeah, I guess so."

And then the conversation came up about home, and I figured out what time it would be in South Carolina. It was very quiet and still cool on the deck, and we stood there without saying much for a little while longer and then went down to chow.

Good chow, the best I ever had overseas. Steak and eggs, and my buddy being a coffee fiend he brought a canteen cup back out on deck and it was light enough to smoke then and we both lit up and stood by the rail again. The breakfast didn't sit very well in my stomach and I was awful weak in the knees, but I remember thinking that the swabbies seemed much more excited than we were. My buddy said something about a softball game we'd played in back at Pavuvu and then the lieutenant called us.

He was an OK Joe. No bull. He told us exactly what we had to do, told us what outfit we could expect to see on our left and on our right. He told us where we should be at the end of the first day.

He said to take it easy on the water. He told us how we could put all our personal gear together, that it would be kept in company order aboard the LST, and he said that we'd come right back out and get it and make camp on Peleliu and patrol the island. He said that it was going to be short and fast and hard.

Then we got our ammunition and our rations, and they gave us a cellophane bag of hard candy.

When that was over we began to mill around. Everybody was in pairs, all of us with our buddies. You seldom saw three guys together and never five or six. You just wanted to get with your buddy and stick with him, like I had ever since I got up that morning.

It was just getting to be daylight and as we stood around then everything seemed to get into action at once, and just as we could begin to see the island big clouds of smoke began to puff up from it and it was soon covered with a kind of haze. It looked awful small.

And then a bell rang and the loudspeaker said: "Get your gear on," and I heard the bow gates of the LST open up and the amtrac motors starting up down on the tank deck. The next

GOING IN: The photographer has caught the tenseness in the faces of these men going ashore in an amtrac at Peleliu

bell was to go down. We'd already rehearsed how we were to do it five or six times, and we went right down, nobody saying much, except once in a while some fella would curse when he bumped into a bulkhead, or when his entrenching tool caught on a pipe.

When we first got in the amtracs some of the fellas began to yell, "So long, swabbie!" and stuff like that. Some of them threw pieces of rope or gear from one amtrac to the other, and then the fumes were so bad everybody shut up.

Then the lieutenant went around giving last minute instructions. He really brought himself out good at Peleliu. He had never been in combat before, but you wouldn't know it.

I loosened my pack and took my helmet off and so did everybody else and somebody said, "Get your elbow out of my back," and then another bell rang and the first amtrac went out. I was in the third. As we went out the ramp, everybody began joking again and we all had to hold on to each other. As soon as we were in the water I looked up and I saw those sailors standing up on the bow and I cursed myself for not joining the Navy.

It was very calm and I thought what a nice ride this is, going along so slowly, able to look at everything around. I watched the planes mainly. I'd never seen rockets before. I began to say "Whooosh, whooosh," as the planes let off their rockets, and before I knew it we were running alongside an LCI, and it stopped and sent off a terrific rocket barrage. I was really surprised. I didn't even know they had rocket ships.

About then we hit the reef and bounced. I really thought we were all going out. Before we

INTO POSITION: The water boils, the men are not yet crouching behind the protective walls of the amphibian tractor as it takes them to the beach on Peleliu

got across, the amtrac stalled, and I began to see shells land around us and hear bullets pass overhead and all the fellas began to yell, "Back it off, back it off," and we finally got off and then I began to look at the beach right ahead of us. And the lieutenant began to yell at us to keep our heads down but he put his head up too. One of the amtrac men got shot through the head about then.

I saw the smoke rise off the beach and it got plainer, and I thought that they were lifting the fire and it must be about the time for us to go in. I remember looking at one place where no amtracs seemed headed and I began to worry like hell about that. "What's this," I said to myself, "isn't anybody gonna land there? Something's fouled up." We were the first wave of troops.

Just then somebody yelled, "Hold on!" and we hit and I thought the amtrac was going over backwards. We hung there for a minute at a terrific angle and then she ground on. I was in the back corner and this amtrac had a rear ramp. They opened the doors before she stopped.

The lieutenant went out first and I stumbled over him and landed in a big pile of debris.

It may seem silly now but my idea had been that the Japs would be right there waiting for us when we stepped out of the amtrac. So did lots of other fellas. When I fell over the lieutenant, I knew for sure that the Japs were there. That they had killed him the minute he stepped out.

COVER: Marines seek the protection of a DUKW on D-day at Peleliu as shell-struck amtracs burn in the background

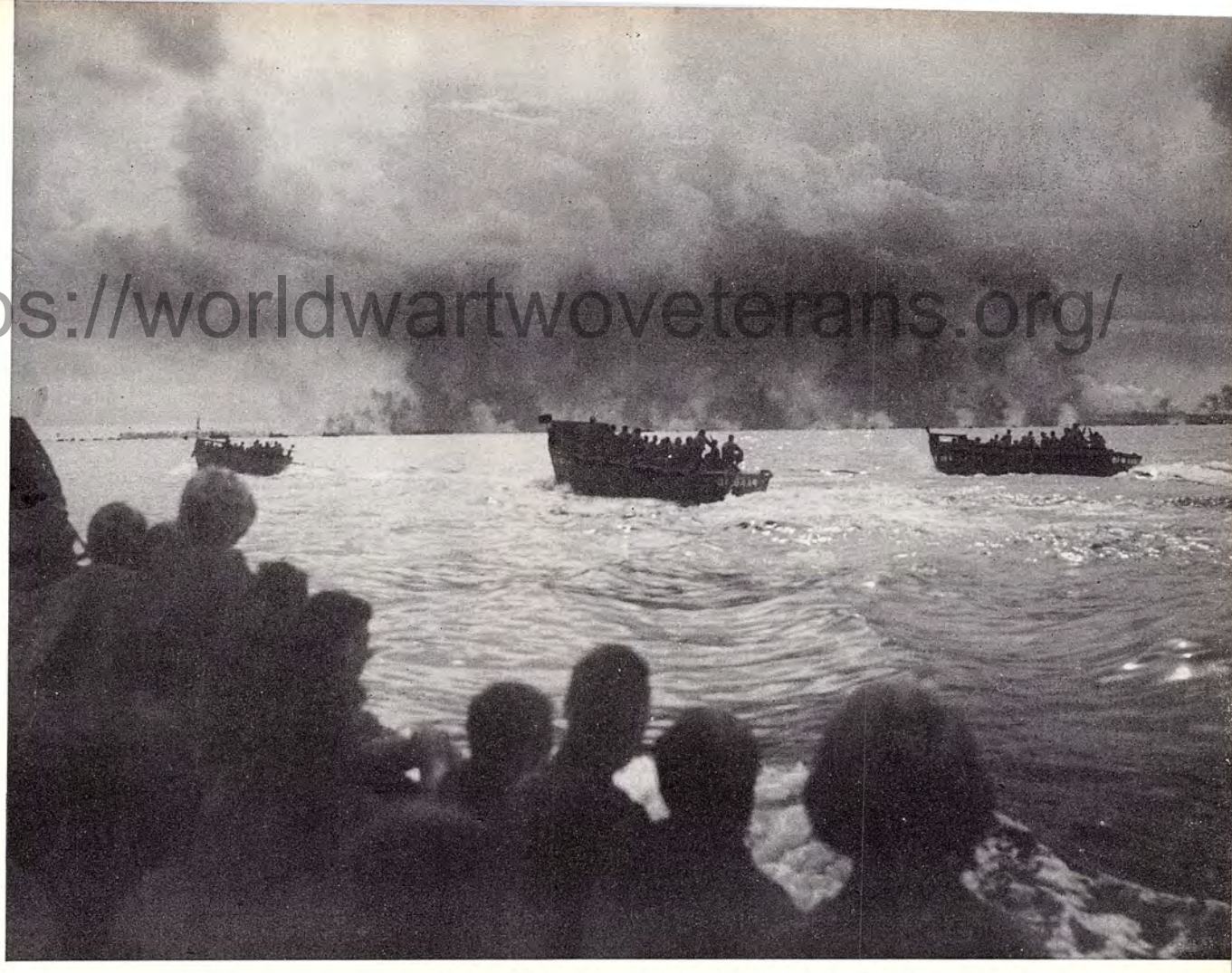
Then he got up and moved over and I stayed down behind a log and looked around. I couldn't see any Japs, and then I felt very good. That boat ride was over. Now it was me.

That "me" is a very big thing. I was down there behind that log, and I was on solid ground, and there was me now to take care of "me."

II

Hardly an hour had passed before General Rupertus and his staff, out on the Division command ship *DuPage,* knew that at least part of the prophecy for Peleliu was being fulfilled: ashore it was rough and tough already.

From his folding canvas chair on the open starboard deck just below the bridge General Rupertus could see the burning amtracs along the beach, and fragments of warning began to come in on the radios scattered around the deck aft of him, at least one of which was tuned in on every phase of activity in the landing operation—to the transfer line, to the shore party, to naval gunfire ships, to the transmitters being used by the landing troops themselves, and to observation planes over the island.



EN ROUTE TO TRANSFER TO AMTRACS: Marines ride in small boats toward the transfer control line where amtracs will take them to the smoke-clouded shore

"Playmate, this is Spider II," began a report from one of the planes. "Resistance is heavy behind the White Beaches. Over."

"Spider II, this is Playmate. How are things on the reef now? Over."

"Playmate, this is Spider II. Damned bad. There's about twenty amtracs burning off the White Beaches and I make about eighteen off Orange Three . . . OW! I see 'em [the Japs]! Six of 'em with a field gun! Request permission to attack. Over."

"Spider II, this is Playmate. Your request—negative. Over."

"Playmate, this is Spider II. Please just one little strafing. Over."

"Spider II, this is Playmate. Negative; repeat, negative. You're supposed to be an aerial observer. Over."

"Oh, goddam it to hell."

No matter how deeply a commander may understand the inevitability of sometimes being enclosed in the fog of war, he seldom fails to be restless when the fog closes in.

The reports General Rupertus got on the morning of D-day had the effect of making him want to go ashore himself. He discussed the question with Colonel Selden, his Chief of Staff. Selden's advice was to stay aboard ship. "General, if you go ashore," Selden recalls saying, "you'll know less than you do now."

General Smith, as ADC, was ashore, Selden pointed out, and if the reports from him were no fuller than they were, it was fair to assume that the situation on the beach simply had not crystallized enough for full reports to be made.

And when the question of sending in the Division reserve (2/7) was raised, Rupertus said to Selden:

"All right, Johnny, go ahead, but I've shot my bolt when they go in."

And the General spoke to Selden again about going in himself, crutches or no crutches. The reports were too sparse, unsatisfactory. What was happening ashore?

BEACH POSITION: There was no walking ashore on D-day at Peleliu; Marines had to fight to get off the beach

Was the situation as bad as the fragments of information that came out to the command ship made it seem?

Shortly after noon, General Rupertus's dissatisfaction increased. He ordered Selden to take the Division command post ashore and to set up there.

Most of all he wanted to know what was happening with Chesty Puller, for Chesty was now full colonel and in command of the 1st Marines, the outfit assigned to turn on and take the high ground on Peleliu's northern peninsula.

The best report early in the day was that Puller had "about 40" casualties, and this came from a liaison officer who returned from Puller's lines to the advance CP ashore at noon. Later it was found that Puller's headquarters amtracs had been hit on the way in, and that was probably the reason for the serious breach in communications with the 1st Marines.

When Selden and the Division staff party reached the transfer line late in the afternoon, he discovered that there was a shortage of amtracs; the reserve battalion was attempting to go ashore. He would not take amtracs from those men. He returned to *DuPage* after dark with the staff party to face General Rupertus's ire, for reports made the situation ashore seem critical, perhaps even desperate. It was difficult to know which, so incomplete and unsatisfactory were the reports still.

One thing was plain: if there was danger to the beachhead it was where Puller and his men stood.

III

The maneuver for D-day was relatively simple. All three of the Division's regiments were to land abreast: from left to right (north to south), 1st, 5th and 7th Marines.

The 7th (Colonel Herman Hanneken who, as a sergeant, won the Medal of Honor in Haiti for capturing the native leader, Charlemagne) was to land in column of battalions except for that battalion which had been set aside as Division reserve, drive across the island, then turn south and advance on and seize the southern promontories.

The 5th (Colonel Harold D. "Bucky" Harris) was to advance directly on the airfield, cross it if possible the first day.

The 1st (Colonel Puller) was to seize some of that "high ground" on the northern peninsula. The 2d Battalion on the right, in contact with the left flank of the 5th Marines, was to move through a swampy area behind its beach out along the northern end of the airfield, and then turn north into the ridges. The 3d Battalion (commanded by Lieutenant Colonel S. V. Sabol), landing on the extreme left of the Division beach-

THE PELELIU CAMPAIGN

head, and at the foot of some of the lowest ridges, was to charge right up onto them.

If Puller was in especial trouble, if the left (northern) flank of the Division beachhead was, by the end of the day, the danger point for the whole beachhead, what had happened?

His 2d Battalion (commanded by Lieutenant Colonel R. E. Honsowetz) had the best of it. And that best was not very good, according to extracts from a diary of the day's events written by a corporal in a Pacific hospital shortly after he was evacuated from Peleliu.

I rushed forward with the others—dashing, dodging and jumping over logs and bushes. We must have moved in a hundred yards or so when we came to a swamp. Bill..... fell forward streaming blood from his leg, thigh and shoulder. I fell flat on my face and pushed my nose deep into the moist jungle floor, waiting for more fire from the Japs; maybe I could spot them.

We were pinned down, but not for long. As we rose and started to wade into the swamp, the Nips again opened fire—burst after burst, and some did find the mark. . . .

Almost fifty yards further we came to a small clearing with a ten-foot coral bluff on the other side; on top of that was jungle. While waiting for word to charge across the clearing tanks had been called up. I did not know this. I was looking in the other direction when somebody yelled, "Look out!"

I glanced around and there was a tank tearing away in my direction, its left tread not two feet away. Without thinking I closed my eyes and flattened out; luckily I rolled to the right. The treads straddled me and I could feel the smooth bottom of the tank glide across and tug me on the pack on my back. The other fellows were surprised to see me get up, and I made a silly remark. "Aw, shucks." But my heart was beating like a tom-tom and I went to pick up my rifle out of the sand. It was bent into a figure "S."

I picked up a carbine, we charged across the clearing and scaled that bluff. We went on and came to another swamp, about a hundred or so yards further. This is where I threw away my pack and leggings as they seemed so very heavy. I waded into the mucky swamp, at one time up to my belt, fought on and came out on the other side. We eliminated several Japs at this spot and I had my first chance to fire at a live one. Shambo dashed from behind one boulder for another but we caught him about half way between and almost clipped his body in two.

Just below this bluff in the swamp was a little pile of rubbish and sitting on a log there was Alvin ....., singing to himself, "I've got a wife and fourteen dollars," when a Nippon machine gun opened fire through a slit in the log right between his legs. Alvin very coolly took a hand grenade from his belt and dropped it in the slit. . . .

It is now afternoon, don't know the exact time, but it is midday and the sun is burning down unmerciful. We are hot and tired; low on ammunition and water. . . .

We have received orders to move up another hundred yards and hold our ground. Orders are orders. We charge forward dodging from shellhole to shellhole and under barbed wire. The

time is 1430 and we are five hundred yards inland. I have jumped into a very small shellhole with a very large Jap—he was dead and just sitting there with his eyes open; at first I sucked in my breath and gasped. I didn't lose much time in finding another hole as I feared Shambo may be booby trapped. As soon as I got in this second hole, "Stoney" came running across the ground and dived in there with me. We laid there and talked for a short while. Then looking up he asked me if I could spare a drink of water. "Certainly," I said, handing him my canteen and not making a joke of it, but it was empty; each of us carried two canteens and my second one was half gone. I gave him a drink from it, had one myself and Stoney drank the last of his, being about 1500 and scorching hot. . . .

On the edge of this airstrip today died a very good officer, while forming our firing line—doing his duty—Lt. "Go-Go" Myers from Jersey City. "Go-Go" was his nick-name, a good

NO ONE WAS SAFE: Negro Marines of depot and ammunition companies, many of whom later volunteered for infantry duty, pause on the beach

officer. We called him by his nickname, but in Marine Corps formalities of course at the proper time. Lt. Myers was hit by a sniper. The Lt. fell out of reach of the Marines unless they were to expose themselves to enemy fire. Several boys started out after him not considering their own lives, but the Lt. was quicker, he drew his pistol and said,

"Stay back. Stay back or I'll shoot."

"Go-Go" died soon after he was hit.

It was 1600 when we received orders to withdraw to the edge of the airfield—about sixty yards away—there we would dig in for the night—as Stoney and I started to dig a foxhole amid a clump of bushes we had not scooped out six inches of loose debris before we struck solid rock, so we looked around for loose rocks and built up a horseshoe—banking them in front and on the side of the hole about a foot high and a foot thick, not much protection but our vista for the night. While we were building and digging our foxhole others were doing the same. . . .

At 1715 some one shouted, "Here they come." We knew it meant the Japs and not the water wagon. I pushed down deeper into my foxhole; rifle ready, I looked out over the airfield. From behind a bombed down hangar I saw a cloud of dust with the ugly snout of a Nippon tank at the head of it, then came another, then another from behind a bunker, another from here and one from there. Sure enough they are coming. Jap tanks pouring out of their hiding places,

dodging and swirling crazily about. All of us open fire with machine guns, automatic rifles, small arms, bazookas, or whatever we have. The Japs don't give up, they keep coming and coming fast, very close now. Things happened so fast from here on in with these tanks that I want to tell you about only what happened within ten yards from me.

A tank rushed for the machine gun on my right, "Stoney" stands up in the foxhole (he's a lad with guts) and lets go a burst of automatic fire. The tank was not ten foot away when it burst into flame, leaving a trailing fire as it still rolled forward. The lower half of a twisted and burnt Jap body fell not a pace from me. The Marine machine gunners jumped to safety just in time as the tank came crushing over their nest, smashing the weapon to bits, still it rolled on, ran over the foxhole of "Chick" ..... "Chick" came crawling out as the tanks moved on, with only singed eyebrows. The Shambos' tank gave a final lunge as it blew up about ten yards behind our lines. Don ..... rushed up to give the tank a squirt with his flamethrower, but only to meet a quick death as the turret gun spoke and catching him directly in the chest. One Jap raised his head above the turret to have a look at the situation. He found out the situation all right, and fell back into the tank only to be pushed out again by other Japs inside and to fall down alongside of his machine. In the bottom of these tanks is an escape hatch, one Jap rushed out of this hatch to meet instant death. Still another Jap inside raised a bloody and dirty white rag, and got his hand shot off. Then hand grenades were tossed into the tank.

After the tank battle, volunteers were called to go back of the lines to get ammunition and rations. I have learned to never volunteer in the Marine Corps for anything, but I went along. On the way back loaded with machine gun belts I saw a gathering of Marines getting water from a bomb crater but not out of the swamp. When I got up to the lines again I told "Stoney" about spotting the water hole and matched him to see who would go back after the water; we both wanted to go, he won the toss up so I gave him my two canteens and he went away while I stayed on lookout. Soon he was back with our four canteens full and his steel helmet splashing over. I put my canteens on my belt and drank from his helmet. Stoney said that the water was filthy, the bodies of two Japs were lying face down near the pool, a tank was burning there beside the hole and oil had seeped from it into the water, just the same it was water, wet and not poisoned as far as I knew.

It is getting dark now and the dust from the day's battle is beginning to settle out on the airfield—looks a bit like rain—it's been a long hard day. . . .

That was D-day for Puller's 2d Battalion: the advance through the swamp, the fight past coral crags, through more swamp, and out onto the edge of the airfield itself, and finally the Japanese tank counterattack, preventing the battalion from getting on any of the "high ground."

What the 2d Battalion met was, in the comparative language of war as used in the 1st Marines' report on Peleliu, "moderate resistance."

WHITE BEACH: Elements of the 1st Marines start to move inland

IV

Resistance to the 2d Battalion's advance *was* moderate if you put it against what happened to Puller's 3d Battalion, especially to Company K (Captain George Hunt).

An ugly, jagged coral mound looking something like a decayed and worm-eaten chocolate drop, jutting thirty yards into the sea, marked the extreme left flank of the Division beaches. From it the first waves had taken costly fire; its antiboat guns had fired accurately from the mound's enfilade position.

It fell to Company K to take this mound. And the matter was urgent, imperative. They took it in brutal, bloody, frontal assault. Within forty-five minutes after the

company landed, its two assault platoons were hit so hard that there was only one squad left in each: the 3d Platoon had advanced seventy-five yards, and the 2d was pinned down in a tank trap. The reserve platoon, the 1st, was immediately committed. The 1st and 3d Platoons then together attacked the spur, took it by 1015. But so bitter was the fight that there were only thirty-four men left to hold the point, including a platoon leader, a radio operator, a mortar sergeant, and Hunt himself.

Captain Hunt scurried around to look at his position.

"As I ran up the beach," Hunt has written (in his *Coral Comes High*), "I saw a ghastly mixture of bandages, bloody and mutilated skin; men gritting their teeth, resigned to their wounds; men groaning and writhing in their agonies; men out-stretched or twisted or grotesquely transfixed in the attitudes of death; men with their entrails exposed or whole chunks of body ripped out of them. . . .

"There was Graham, snuffed out a hero, lying with four dead Japs around him; and Windsor, flat on his face, with his head riddled by bullets and his arms pointed toward a pillbox where five Japs slumped over a machine gun; and Sharp, curled up on his side, still holding his automatic rifle . . . Stieferman was alive, his face and body peppered by shrapnel. . . .

"I saw McMatt lying on his side with a small hole in his stomach which oozed purple blood. Someone had taken off his clothes. Slowly he turned his head toward me, and I saw that his blue eyes were glassy. He opened his mouth, and his white lips formed a word, but no sound came forth. Exhausted by the effort he let his head slump back, and blood was oozing from his mouth."

Before Hunt could reorganize, do anything about the relief of the platoon that was pinned down in the tank trap, the Japanese began a series of "local" counterattacks on Company K. Thus it was when nightfall came that the Division's left flank was separated into two small groups, both with their flanks on the waterline: the 1st and 3d Platoons in an all-around perimeter on the point; the 2d Platoon surrounded in the tank trap with its back to the water's edge.

Far from getting on the "high ground" on D-day, they were themselves in desperate straits. General Rupertus's anxiety was justified. "It was possible," admits the 1st Marines' report, "that a coordinated counterattack in force along the corridor between the coral ridge and the sea could roll up the line and sweep down on the beaches.

"Well aware of this threat, regiment organized all available troops into a defense-in-depth. The remnants of the regimental reserve (which had been committed early on D-day) were placed in a secondary line, and in some cases headquarters personnel

EVIDENCE OF A FIASCO: Three of the Jap tanks that tried to cross the airfield on Peleliu and penetrate Marine lines on the afternoon of D-day

of the battalions were thrown in. The entire position was buttressed by 100 men of the First Engineer Battalion.

"But fortunately the Japanese missed their many opportunities. When they did strike (the tank attack across the airfield), it was in the wrong place."

Talk of the Japanese rolling up our line and sweeping down on our beaches was far different from the pre-invasion hopes, and it is almost as an afterthought that the regimental report, written at the end of the campaign, notes that the D-day gains fell "far short of schedule. Unexpected ferocity of the resistance had utterly blasted hopes of reaching 0-2 and possibly 0-3 (phase lines) by the first night."

When casualties for the 1st Marines were totalled, they were upwards of five hundred, one-sixth of the regimental strength.

A careful scrutiny of the point Hunt and his men had seized gave at least a partial answer to the question of how well the Japanese had fortified Peleliu. "This strong-

hold," says the 1st's report, "was found to consist of five reinforced concrete pillboxes housing a number of heavy machine guns and a 40mm automatic weapon. Riflemen and light machine gunners concealed in spider traps or coral depressions gave close covering fire for the emplacements."

And, "it was particularly noticeable that none of the enemy fortifications on the point showed evidence of damage from naval gunfire or bombardment."

For Puller to ask for reinforcements that first night would have been out of character for that aggressive officer. And, although some of his subordinates had found it necessary to shanghai men from the shore party along the beach, Puller messaged Division at nightfall that he was "ready to resume the attack at 0800," on September 16.

V

The tank battle fought on the afternoon of D-day underlines two facts: (1) how loose and shaky was the Marine grip on the Peleliu beach throughout the first day, and (2) how difficult it is to write accurate military history.

The Japanese counterattack came so unexpectedly, it was over so quickly, and it so nearly succeeded, that most testimony about what happened in the minutes while it was being turned back is so conflicting as to be worthless.

This much is known for fact: It was fought late in the afternoon (the 1st Marines' report says the Japanese sortied at 1515). The tanks came from the barracks and hangar area in the northern sector of the airfield, turned straight across the airfield, ran the width of it at top speed (about thirty miles an hour), charged at our lines, hitting in greatest force at about the point where the 1st and 5th Marines met (at elements of 2/1 and 1/5). The Japanese tanks were what they called mediums, but what we would call lights, being much smaller than the American medium and much more lightly armed, their heaviest weapon a 37mm cannon. Finally, it is certain that all of the tanks that approached our lines were put out of action and their occupants killed.

All else is confusion, or evident exaggeration, a circumstance made doubly noteworthy because so many men saw the battle. It was fought on the open field, and more than three thousand Marines in the front lines must have witnessed at least part of it. Some of the stories are so wild and footloose they point to a basic uncertainty that must have been a common psychological denominator that afternoon.

The most widely-believed story was that those strange people had tied infantrymen onto the outside of the tanks, that there were 10 or 15 on each tank. One Marine tank platoon commander who was at the focal point of the engagement swears heatedly

that "many truckloads" of Japanese infantry followed the tanks across the airfield, nearly hidden in the dust churned up. For the more skeptical there was a slightly less flavorful rumor: that two or three Japanese infantrymen rode in up-ended oil drums fixed to the back of each of the Jap tanks.

Lieutenant Colonel "Jeb" Stuart, commanding officer of the 1st Tank Battalion, the Division's organic tank unit, does not give much credence to any of the stories, except for the possibility that some one or two Japs may have ridden in an oil drum. He did see a drum on one of the tanks he inspected after the battle.

He is more interested in the audacity of the Japanese. "I have tried my best to determine what the Japanese were up to, how they hoped to succeed, and I can only suppose that they thought we had not been able to get our tanks ashore," he said. "For they knew the capabilities of our Shermans. They knew that our tanks out-gunned theirs. And I don't know how they could have failed to see our tanks come ashore. They had perfect observation from the ridges. I can only think that the tank commander was acting on a prearranged plan—that he was supposed to counterattack on the afternoon of our landing, that he had been assured none of our tanks would get ashore, and that he simply carried out his plan according to order, perhaps independently, perhaps not."

At that, the margin was narrow. Of the 18 tanks sent ashore during D-day to support the 1st Marines, 17 were hit by high explosive shells. Three were knocked out before they reached the beach; the fact that they were in the water saved the other fourteen from serious damage. Six more tanks were lost ashore during the first hours. Of those assigned to the 5th Marines, a few arrived at the front only a few minutes before the Japanese tanks appeared.

If it was a neck-and-neck matter getting our tanks up in time to meet the Japanese, the battle was so easy for us once it was joined that the whole affair remains, in the memory of some men, something like a comic opera. Our tanks and infantry brought so much fire to bear, so quickly established such a superiority of fire power over the Japanese that infantry and tankers have had, and some continue to have, much friendly argument over who actually got what Japanese tanks. One Sherman was crippled by a Japanese shell, lost its ability to turn, but nevertheless stayed on the field, finding its targets by moving only backward and forward, and is credited, though unofficially, with knocking out eight of the Japanese tanks. A tank commander remembers that he used armor piercing shells at first, but concluded the Japanese armor was too thin to detonate those shells. "I changed to high explosive, and they still came on," he explained. "Finally I changed the fuses to instantaneous. That stopped them."

With the tank battle over, there was a peculiarly vulnerable spot in the wooded area south of the airfield clearing. The 5th's 3d Battalion had indeed got well across the woods south of the clearing under the driving command of Lieutenant Colonel Austin Shofner, a former prisoner of the Japanese, captured at Corregidor. Commencing at H plus 1 hour, the Fifth's 2d Battalion (under command of Major Gordon D. Gayle) had landed in rear of the 3d Battalion, and passed through and relieved the 3d in the left of its zone of action. This maneuver had been adopted as a means to provide for the expanding width of the regimental front and at the same time give the assault across the airfield the depth and power necessary to sustain momentum. The maneuver was successful to the extent that by the time the tank attack struck, elements of the 2d and 3d Battalions had crossed the island and, for the time being, split the defending enemy forces. In the action, however, Shofner had been wounded and his executive officer killed, the companies of the 3d Battalion had lost contact with their battalion headquarters and each other, and were unable to contact the 3d Battalion, 7th, on their right rear.

That battalion's commander, Major Edward H. Hurst, had tried during the early afternoon to find Shofner's battalion by pushing his troops out toward the cleared area south of the airfield. As far as the Division staff and the commands of the 5th and 7th Marines were concerned, Shofner's battalion was lost. If possible, something must be done before nightfall about this potentially perilous situation.

Lieutenant Colonel Lewis W. Walt, executive officer of the 5th, was sent to take command of the 3d Battalion and to reestablish contact and control within that battalion and with units on its flanks. This he did, completing his dispositions well after dark, but in time to meet and repel enemy attacks from the south apparently aimed at reducing the 5th's salient. Meanwhile, immediately following the tank attack, the left company of the 2d Battalion advanced north along the air strip, straightening and shortening its lines and expanding the beachhead area at the southern end of the airfield area.

These combined actions enlarged and secured the southern sector enough so that artillery could be emplaced among the shattered tree trunks at the south of the airfield on the night of D-day. It wasn't security as artillerymen usually think of it, but it was security by the standards of Peleliu's D-day.

The artillerymen themselves had suffered casualties in men and equipment in getting ashore, their reconnaissance parties had fought forward to previously-assigned areas, and, by nightfall, they were firing "direct fire" (which means simply that they could see their targets) in support of the 7th.

SUPPLIES ROLL IN: Drums of gasoline and water are rolled across the 500-yard reef from the landing craft which unloaded them at the seaward edge of the reef

The 5th Marines also had reason to welcome the presence of counter-battery before the night was over. A Japanese mortar shell landed in the 5th CP, injuring Colonel Harris, regimental commander, and Major McIlhenny, one of his staff, as well as killing one and wounding another of the regimental staff. Harris was only shaken up, but McIlhenny, a Louisianan of Gallic descent and heir to the tabasco sauce fortune, had to be evacuated—and in his coma reverted to French. "He was parleyvooing like crazy when they carried him away," one man in the 5th recalls.

VI

As for getting ashore, no regiment had more trouble than the 7th.

What the 7th had to do was go ashore on a narrow strip (550 yards) where, as far as beach defenses were concerned, the Japs were strongest. Among other things detected was an unnamed island, just offshore on the right flank of the beach—an ideal site for guns to enfilade the beach.

Not only did they have to get safely on the beach but they must also, as one of their officers has put it, "gain the greatest possible momentum for the drive across the island."

Because of the squeeze of beach, the regiment landed in column of battalions, one battalion at a time, the 3d coming in first to "push straight across the island, overrun a blockhouse and other defensive positions on the eastern shore, and seize the southeastern promontory." The 1st Battalion, following the 3d, was to "expand the beachhead by extending the right flank of the 3d as it moved inland, take up the attack to the south, and seize the southwestern promontory."

The new armored amtracs, armed with 75mms, were to help out. Six of them were to move along the beach parallel and ahead of 1/7 firing in advance; six others were to fire on the unnamed island.

It was well that such a plan had been worked out in advance. For on D-day the 7th ran into, according to its own report, "antiboat barriers, antiboat mines, antitank mines and antipersonnel mines," as well as "extensive and intricate barbed wire entanglements covered effectively by heavy, well-aimed, sustained, automatic fire." And, "direct fire from heavy caliber antiboat guns took an extremely heavy toll of landing craft." Finally, "pre-registered mortar and artillery fires maintained a steady, unceasing barrage on the landing beaches, causing serious disorganization and inflicting heavy casualties."

It was the 7th that had sent out to the command ship one of the most ominous messages of D-day: "The assault waves are wading ashore."

And it was the crew of one of the Shermans landing in support of the 7th that had shown a high degree of ingenuity. So thick were the aerial bombs planted as mines in the beach that the tank commander of the leading tank unbuttoned and made a reconnaissance of his assigned sector of the beach on foot, then led his tank through it, trailing toilet tissue behind him to mark the safe path for the following tanks.

Nor was it easier ashore on the southern beaches. "There was a rattle and roar under my helmet when I undid the chin strap and smelled flaming oil and popping ammunition from the burning amtracs around us," wrote *LIFE* magazine artist Tom Lea in his privately printed book, *Peleliu Landing*.

> Then I ran—to the right—slanting up the beach for cover, half bent over. Off balance, I fell flat on my face just as I heard the *whishhh* of a mortar I knew was too close.
>
> A red flash stabbed at my eyeballs. About 15 yards away, on the upper edge of the beach, it smashed down four men from our boat. One figure seemed to fly to pieces. With terrible clarity I saw the head and one leg sail into the air. I got up, ran a few steps, and fell into a

small shell hole as another mortar burst threw dirt on me. Lying there in terror looking longingly up the slope to better cover, I saw a wounded man near me, staggering in the direction of the amtracs. His face was half bloody pulp and the mangled shreds of what was left of an arm hung down like a stick, as he bent over in his stumbling, shock-crazy walk. The half of his face that was still human had the most terrifying look of abject patience I have ever seen. He fell behind me, in a red puddle on the white sand.

Mortar shells whished and whapped through the air over our heads. They hit without apparent pattern on the beach and in the reef at our backs. Turning my head seaward I saw a direct center hit on an amtrac. Pieces of iron and men seemed to sail slow-motion into the air. As bursts began to creep steadily from the reef in toward the beach, the shells from one mortar rustled through the air directly over our heads at intervals of a few seconds, bursting closer, closer.

Then a flat, cracking flash nearly buried me with sand. Wriggling out, and trying to wipe the sharp grains from my sweating eyelids, I saw in the clinging gray smoke that a burst had hit about six feet from my left foot, beyond the bank of loose sand at my side.

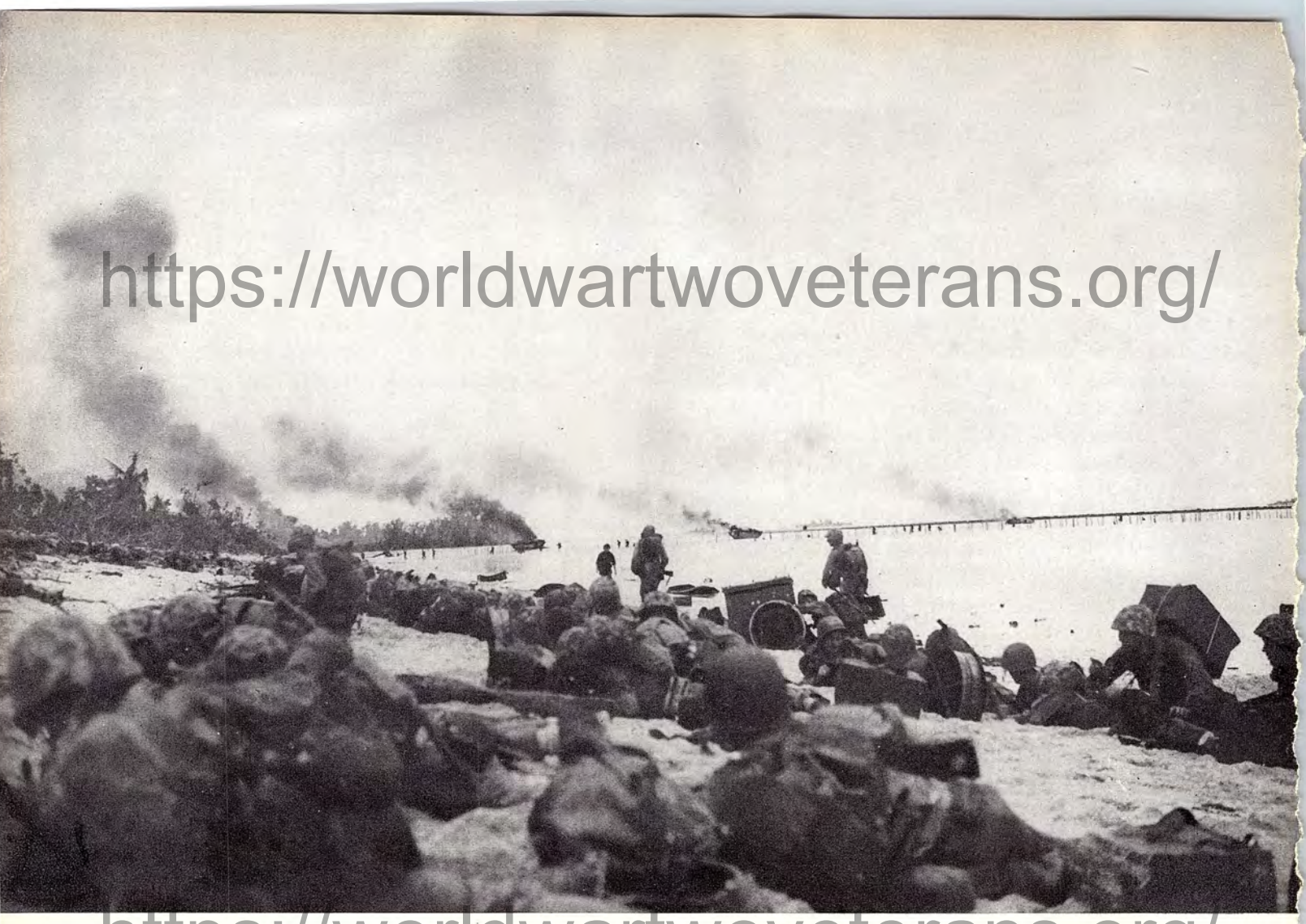
As I looked over my shoulder a burst smashed into a file of Marines wading toward our beach from a smoking amtrac. Jap machine guns lashed the reef with white lines and Marines fell with bloody splashes into the green water. The survivors seem so slow and small and patient, coming in there . . .

And when finally the assault troops had pushed inland off the beach, Lea left them, set off down the beach to find Division command post. As he walked along, he saw "Jagged holes in the scattered stone and dirty sand, splintered trees and tangled vines made a churned, burned wilderness. Strewn through this chaos were not only the remnants and remainders of the Marines' advance, but also the new men and new gear that had poured ashore to back up the front line.

"These men were digging in, making holes for themselves for the long night ahead. We jumped over foxholes, climbed over and around smashed trees, sidestepped tapes denoting mines and booby traps, walked gingerly around those yet unmarked. Telephone wires in crazy criss-cross mazes were stretched along the broken ground. Scattered everywhere were discarded packs, helmets, rifles, boxes, clothes, rubber lifebelts —the rubbish of battle. Lying on the seared leaves and hot sand were dead bodies yet ungathered by burial parties. . . ."

VII

Nobody could fail to notice the air of gallantry, of devil-may-care, among the amtrac crews on D-day. They seemed peculiarly exhilarated, sassy, full of talk, and scornful of the danger they faced. "You'd think," recalled one of their passengers, an infantryman destined for the beach, "that they were carrying us to Coney Island. But their yapping did get my mind off things for a little while."



BURNING AMTRACS: Columns of smoke rise from four of the many amtracs that were hit on D-day at Peleliu

Which only goes to prove that danger is relative. For the amtrac men were not different in any other respect than in their mission. They could not help comparing their lot with the lot of their passengers. Although amtracs were burning along the beach, proof that they were in danger, they nevertheless had the release that comes from being able to get off the dangerous island. On D-day at Peleliu, the boundary of danger was the reef; little or none of the Japanese artillery on the island was aimed much beyond the coral barrier. The amtrac men could return across the boundary to safety, and when they got across to the transfer line, they simply behaved as men who had escaped what had seemed almost certain death or injury.

Yet those who did not escape Japanese shot or shell behaved much as did the infantrymen—that is, with uniform courage and intrepidity.

A combat correspondent (the author of this book) stumbled on an instance later on

a visit to their command post when a private first class named Sellers approached him and asked him to write a story about one of his crewmen; about "The Kid," said Sellers.

A shell penetrated their amtrac after they crossed the reef, Sellers related, and he heard The Kid through the interphone crying.

"It's my leg . . . they got me in the leg."

"But," said Sellers, "The Kid propped himself up and kept firing, firing and cursing the Japs."

The Kid's blasts of profanity, added to the steady splutter of the amtrac's machine gun, strengthened the crew's hatred, defined their determination. "We listened to him and fired all the faster," was the way Sellers explained it.

As the big vehicle lumbered out of the water and across the beach it took another hit, and they were forced to abandon it. When Sellers got to him, The Kid had passed out. His torn leg was dangling.

FRONT LINE ON PELELIU: Marines wait for a tank to knock out a Jap pillbox that has been holding up the advance. After the tank has smashed the position, the Marines will move up to clean out the area

Sellers paused in his story to look at the correspondent questioningly, as if to see whether he shared his feeling about The Kid.

"What happened then?" the correspondent asked.

"We got a corpsman . . . ," Sellers paused, went on reluctantly. "We set our minds," Sellers said, "The Kid would live."

The splintered woods behind the beach into which they had run was infested with Jap snipers who, unless they were distracted, would pick off The Kid when Sellers lifted him out of the amtrac. Sellers sent two of the crew out forward with their rifles to draw off the Jap fire, another for a hospital corpsman. Still another gave The Kid morphine, and put on a battle gauze. The last man ducked behind the amtrac to lay a poncho for The Kid—where he could be given plasma in comparative safety.

When the corpsman arrived Sellers went out, jumped down the side, waited to help. Consciousness regained, The Kid pulled himself up and out, and rolled himself down the side. Sellers caught him. They were both covered with blood when Sellers put The Kid down behind the amtrac.

The plan was working with a vengeance. The riflemen were getting fire—too much of it. So Sellers went back inside, loosened a machine gun, and with it ran forward to the other flank, laid it on a coconut log, held it down with his hand and began firing.

It seemed an endless time that they fired, there in that Jap-stinking swamp, Sellers said. The barrel of the machine gun got blistering hot, burned the skin off his palm. Finally he saw the corpsman hail another amtrac, lift The Kid up over the side. Sellers watched until the amtrac got to the reef, to safety.

"After that we found foxholes until things cooled off," Sellers finished.

"Why did you call him The Kid?" the correspondent asked in afterthought.

"Oh, he was only nineteen," Sellers said. "The rest of us are twenty."

Even the amtrac battalion's runner fought on D-day. He was a small fellow with narrow blue eyes. They called him "Squint."

He came ashore with the battalion's commanding officer, Major Albert Reutlinger, and when he jumped out of the amtrac there was a fight right to hand. Squint saw a running Jap and fired at him. The Jap kept running, dove safely into a pillbox. "That made me mad as hell," Squint said later.

Squint grabbed a grenade off the body of a dead Marine and ran straight for the pillbox. The infantrymen gave Squint supporting fire. In went Squint's grenade, and when it had gone off the other men came up and went into the pillbox with him. The Jap was wounded badly, but still alive; to Squint went the honor of finishing him off.

VIII

Brigadier General Smith, ashore all D-day, messaged Rupertus at nightfall that "all regiments were in contact and dug in for the night and that the attack would be resumed at 0800 the following morning."

"It was not difficult," Smith has since noted, "to draw up an order. It was simply a question of resuming the attack to capture objectives previously assigned."

What General Rupertus had hoped to seize on D-day were those arbitrary objectives, 0-1 and 0-2, which together would have meant a substantial gain inland from the beach as well as all of the airfield.

"What we actually captured," Smith said, "was approximately objective 0-1."

The depth of the beachhead varied from nothing at all on the left where K Company of the 1st Marines had its flank running down to the water line up to the deep wedge into the airfield held by 2/5 and 3/5. As the line ran from left to right, it averaged about three hundred yards inland.

It was not much. It was certainly not what had been planned.

Against an estimated 500 casualties for D-day, this shallow beachhead had cost 1,298 men—1,148 wounded in action, 92 killed and 58 missing.

Chapter 19

THE FIRST DAY did not become the second until daylight. The hours of tension and danger did not stop with dusk; every man lay taut in his shallow foxhole through the night, beseeching the sun to hurry, to restore to the battlefield its bright, accustomed focus.

Destroyers offshore fired flares which kept the beachhead under a deathly greenish pallor all night, cast weird and crazily dancing shadows as they slowly descended, rocking pendulum-like on parachutes.

There was not a moment of silence. The sounds rushed upon each other as the tremendous traffic of steel and powder broke, creased, parted, rent the air overhead. Ears were pricked to this death-laden hullabaloo, trying, as one man put it, "to tell which were coming and which were going," trying also to distinguish between the size of the missiles.

The freight-car rumble of naval shells could be marked at once. Smaller shells were distinguished by their pitch—the higher the whistle, the smaller the shell, down to the almost inaudible whisper of the feared mortar shell. No man at Peleliu will ever for-

get the sound of an incoming mortal shell, with its whissshhhh-shh-shh, whissshhhh-shh-shh, insistent, intimate, as if each bore a secret that could not wait to be told.

Nor will any man forget the double sound of the mortar shell explosion: first a gritting, grinding sound, as of teeth gnashing, then the compulsive burst, as of energy pent up beyond endurance. The burst of a shell was often followed by the piercing moan, "Corpsman! Corpsman!" Many men who fought at Peleliu speak retrospectively of mortar fire as if the Japanese had no other weapon on that island.

No less incessant was the sound of small arms duels all along the beachhead, a sound almost reassuring in comparison to the heavier fire overhead, reminding each man that his own weapon there beside him might play its telling part. These duels seemed to follow a pattern through the night. The sounds of machine guns and rifles would first start tentatively in short bursts, then gradually increase until they reached a crescendo of sputtering explosions, inter-mixed with the pop of grenades, then slowly recede again into intermittent bursts. The wide-awake men sharply attended these infantry-made sounds. "Jeez, that's up around Company C," one man would whisper to another.

But most frequently it was up around Company K, of the 1st Marines, Hunt's company. The counterattacks there were almost constant, as if the Japanese were beginning to understand the opportunity they had missed on D-day. And in truest sense the first day did not end for Hunt and his men until the morning of the third day, September 17, when, as Hunt recorded in his diary: "Company K went into reserve, mustering 78 men," out of, as Hunt did not record, the more than 235 he had brought ashore.

As the last long minutes of darkness became the first minutes of daylight, shimmering waves of heat began immediately to radiate from the glaring coral, throwing into harsh and still not quite real relief the now visible geometric shadows of the island's stripped foliage, the nude and shattered tree trunks.

The men looked at themselves to see their green dungarees turned sooty black from the coral ash, except where streaks of white marked the path of salt perspiration down the center of the back of their blouses, around the shoulders where packs and rifles had been carried, and along the belt line of their trousers, down through the seat.

The day was going to be a scorcher. For the hot work ahead, then—off came leggings; trouser legs were shortened, ripped or cut off with hunting knives; "skivvy" underwear shirts and drawers were discarded; blankets were thrown away; and gas masks, for those who had kept them through the first night, were simply dropped to the ground. Some knowing men recalled a trick from their baseball days, began to

STARTING ACROSS: Men of the 5th Marines begin to move on to an open airstrip

daub opaque mud on their cheekbones just below their eyes, and the practice spread quickly. A few regimental surgeons turned up with lip salve, and the white of it contrasted with the dusty, dirty faces of the men to make them look like minstrelmen.

For water that second day, the men were so close to the beach that they could dig waterholes, scuttle the brownish-red brack into their canteens, purify it with halazone tablets. It made very bad coffee that second morning.

II

The second day's work was cut out. The 7th, in the south, was to secure the promontories; the 5th was to cross the airfield; and the 1st was to get up on the "high ground," which had acquired the name, "Bloody Nose Ridge."

Of these assignments the most spectacular, the one which would look most impressive in communiqués, was the seizure of the airfield, requiring the companies of the

5th to come out of their cover and walk unprotected across the naked, pocked, fire-raked landing strips.

This took some courage, and a captain who led the attack that day later wrote home to his mother from a hospital:

"Out here you feel your responsibility to other people. It is all the ideals which you held always which make you do the right thing. They have become a force within you. Esprit de Corps also helps. Faith is a wonderful thing. Your faith in God (at least mine) has helped me against fear. I wish I had words to describe it. I don't believe it is newly acquired either but you just need it more and you have never had death constantly near you. I only ask God out here to keep me from doing something wrong, when the chips are down, not let me show the white feather, (that is give me some of His courage) to keep my men and job foremost always, in other words, your job and your men are more important than you. I have never asked Him to guard me, leaving that to His will. And perhaps hoping selfishly that maybe He'll be more apt to answer my important ones if I don't ask too much of Him. If anything should ever happen to me don't fret because I consider myself to have been blessed to have had the life I have. Try not to worry about me. I hope I haven't been overly sentimental. I won't be writing one like this again anytime soon. I sent my Purple Heart home today."

As he and his men went across the airfield there was little fire from the areas immediately around it, but from up on the ridge the Japanese poured it on, their aim excellent because of their unobstructed observation. By nightfall, the 5th was across, had cut Peleliu in two, held secure positions on the eastern beaches called Purple.

In some respects, the 7th in the south had the toughest fight of all on the second day. They were moving directly into the face of concrete bunkers, blockhouses and pillboxes; a general officer who visited the area two days later said that he had never seen so many dead Japanese in such a small area.

By the end of the day, the 7th compressed the Japanese into the tips of the promontories, had "allowed supporting artillery, tanks and reinforcements to be landed, emplaced, and employed against the enemy in the north . . ." says the 7th's report.

But the supporting fires did not do Puller and his men much good the second day. On the left of the 1st Marines' line, where Hunt and his company still rested their flank on the beach, every forward movement was hurled back by the Japanese, at least during the morning. In the early part of the afternoon, Company C, the last unused reserve of the regiment, was sent in and, supported by a platoon from Company B,

NEARLY ACROSS: Jap headquarters buildings were at the northern end of the airfield

slugged its way up a 30-foot coral ridge that stood immediately to its front, moved along the crest until it reached Hunt and his men.

The right of the line, held by the 2d Battalion, stumbling through the clutter of the north end of the airfield, a Japanese barracks area, pushed on into the debris of a demolished village, taking heavy casualties all the way during the morning. Pausing to reorganize at noon, they moved faster and swung around to the north, moving directly toward the ridges now denuded by gunfire, standing sharp and steep and up-ended in front of them.

There they paused, there at the foot, and dug in for the night, with gains as much as fifteen hundred yards under their belt.

At nightfall of September 16, D plus 1, the 1st Marines had made its northern turn, advancing little on the left flank but satisfactorily on the right, where the turning movement was executed.

Now in front of the regiment was all the high ground of Peleliu.

There is probably some confusion in the Division's day-to-day casualty figures for Peleliu. For the second day they are put at 156, a nearly ludicrous figure. The 1st Marines reported that it had suffered 500 casualties the first day, 1,000 by the end of

the second. Whatever the statistics, the 1st was in bad shape. Losses of fifteen percent normally are considered enough to relieve a unit: Puller had 33 percent in 48 hours.

Yet there was no lack of confidence in Puller's report that night to Division, now set up (General Rupertus came ashore at 0950) in a shallow, saucer-like area a few yards inland from the center of the landing beaches. The General himself was encamped in a tarpaulin-covered antitank trap. There in the late evening of the second day, he issued the order for the attack to be resumed on the third day, September 17, according to plan: the 7th to clear out the rest of the Japanese in the south, the 5th to secure the area around the eastern beaches, including some tiny islands and finger-like peninsulas; and the 1st, of course, to strike at the ridge.

III

On the aerial photos, the high ground on Peleliu's northern peninsula was masked by close and interwoven vegetation. The aerial photographic interpretation specialists could find little evidence of emplacements on it, and the naval gunfire map pin-pointed almost nothing up there. "We saw that roads ended at the foot of the ridge," a Division intelligence officer recalls, "but we thought that these led to dispersal storage caves at the foot, thought probably the Japs kept their gasoline there." Not even the exact contours of the ridge were known when the First Division landed at Peleliu.

A process of simple arithmetic showed that most of the Japanese on Peleliu were up there now, at the beginning of the third day. A ration statement was captured the second day, showing that a week before our landing there were a few more than 10,000 Japanese on the island; of these in excess of 5,000 were estimated to be alive and fighting.

Against these and their unknown fortifications, the 1st Marines alone turned on the morning of September 17, lined up by battalions, from left to right (west to east): 3-1-2.

The morning's attack started against heavy small-arms fire, "but the determination and coordination of the advance swept aside the opposition, and for the first time progress was made all along the line," according to the 1st's report.

The 2d Battalion, on the right, started up one of the peaks (Hill 200), found the fire so deadly they paused to reorganize.

They could not halt. In caves along the face of this formidable coral crag were observation posts from which mortar and artillery fire was directed onto the plainly visible troops below.

There was nothing to do but go on up and this the battalion did "in the face of withering small-arms fire and point-blank salvos from mountain guns and dual purpose pieces which popped out of caves." Casualties were severe. Many supporting tanks and amphibian tractors were knocked out.

Some men got up anyway, so that the report could claim that "instead of defending a salient in their own lines, the battalion had thrust deep into enemy territory."

In the center, the 1st Battalion (Lieutenant Colonel R. G. Davis) started out fine, moved with surprising ease for about an hour, but then was brought up sharp by fire from a concrete blockhouse the size of a small office building which stood directly in its path. Its reinforced walls were four feet thick, and as if that were not enough protection it was also supported by twelve pillboxes all connected by a maze of tunnels.

Word was sent back for help, and Division called on the 14-inch guns of the old battleship *Mississippi.* As the message was relayed, someone on Division staff recalled the message Rear Admiral J. B. Oldendorf, in charge of the pre-invasion bombardment, had sent the day before the landing. He had run out of targets, he said.

It was hard to see how he had missed the blockhouse, but he had. It was hardly scratched, and none of its outlying defenses had been touched.

With the troops waiting out of range, the 14-inch armor piercing and high explosive shells breached the blockhouse and those Japanese soldiers inside who were not killed by fragments died of concussion from the tremendous blast of the huge shells.

After the 1st Battalion passed the blockhouse, it, like the 2d, tried to pause but the Japanese turned their fire on it, "cutting our exposed front lines to ribbons under perfect observation." The 1st was forced to push on, to seek desperately for some of that high ground "to storm the Japanese out of their emplacements on the bluff." This they did with the help of tanks and bazookas which fired point blank into the mouths of caves. Thirty-five caves were captured in this single thrust, and the battalion stood on the forward slopes of the first series of hills by late afternoon.

The 3d Battalion, on the coastal flat, started slowly in the early morning but, as the day brightened, picked up speed and went on, meeting relatively little opposition as it gained nearly seven hundred yards.

As the third day came to a close, high ground had at last been gained. The line, though, was far from strongly held. The 2d Battalion's line on Hill 200 was in the shape of a constricted "W," and as regiment tried to straighten the lines at dusk, the shifts opened a gap between the 1st and 2d Battalions. At once the Japanese began drifting through, raising havoc. There were not reserves enough to stop them.

LOOKS BATTERED: Japanese blockhouse in the 1st Marines' area had barely been scratched by naval gunfire before the Marines were held up in front of it. Then Mississippi *battered, but did not demolish, it*

A hurry call was sent down to the beach where the 2d Battalion, 7th Marines, had been landed in Division reserve, and Company F of that outfit was hustled forward, had to fight to get to the lines. As it advanced to fill the gap the fight became thicker and deadlier, but after nightfall it was in position. The Japanese still counterattacked. Naval gunfire was called in, artillery support was sought and obtained. Still the Jap small-arms fire on the lines was vicious and threatening. This went on until 0200 September 18 when Company E of the 7th was sent forward to help out. The Japanese were finally held, if not stopped.

Puller and his men were in a serious fix. The regiment had lost by "careful tabulation" nearly 1,236 men (nearly half its strength) in the first three days and "front line units were decimated." The 3d Battalion had 473 effectives, of whom two hundred were headquarters and attached personnel.

The ridge was being revealed in its true contours, according to the 1st's report. Along its center, the rocky spine was heaved up in a contorted mass of decayed coral, strewn with rubble, crags, ridges and gulches thrown together in a confusing maze.

"There were no roads, scarcely any trails. The pock-marked surface offered no secure footing even in the few level places. It was impossible to dig in; the best the men could do was pile a little coral or wood debris around their positions. The jagged rocks slashed their shoes and clothes, and tore their bodies every time they hit the deck for safety. Casualties were higher for the simple reason it was impossible to get under the ground away from the Japanese mortar barrages. Each blast hurled chunks of coral in all directions, multiplying many times the fragmentation effect of every shell. Into all this the enemy dug and tunnelled like moles; and there they stayed to fight to the death.

"The heat had become an important factor in the fight. A blazing sun, reflected off the white sand and coral, turned the entire arena into a scorching furnace. A few men who had fought desperately for three days in that inferno now began to collapse from heat exhaustion. There were fervent prayers for rain, or at least a cloudy sky to shade the sun. Countless numbers suffered minor discomfort from blistered faces and cracked, bleeding lips. The ragged terrain the regiment had penetrated, with its precipitous slopes on which weary, heavily laden troops expended themselves, contributed to the number of exhaustion victims."

What happened in the center and south of the island on the third day only confirmed that the bitterest part of the fight for Peleliu was ahead. As the 5th, now across the island, turned north along the eastern beaches along the flank of the ridges, it came under fire from them. It was this, more than fire from Japanese in their immediate front, that produced casualties in the regiment. The men found a more concealed approach, and in the afternoon it became more a matter of fighting the heat and avoiding mine fields and antitank ditches, than of slaying Japanese.

The 7th in the south still was busy with pillboxes, bunkers and caves whose approaches were thickly mined. By frontal assault the eastern promontory was captured at noon. The western one was more rugged. Twice the 7th hit it frontally during the morning, and twice the 7th turned back. "Undaunted by the heavy volume of fire and

A PICTURE THAT NEEDS NO CAPTION: Here is a typical scene as the 1st Marines fight for Bloody Nose

casualties . . . ," the 7th "continued to assault until they succeeded in gaining control of one-half of this strongpoint by nightfall."

Events ashore were proving the value of foresight in logistical planning. The elaborate scheme for getting supplies in, expected to be needed only the first and second days, was apparently going to be needed indefinitely; it was not just a more efficient way of handling supplies, it was now a necessary way and would remain so until Japanese artillery and mortar fire could be diminished.

And out of the imperatives of supply, the amtrac drivers emerged as men of equal stature to the infantrymen. More than half the DUKWs were knocked out on D-day,

either through enemy fire or through wear in crossing Peleliu's reef, which had turned out in fact to be the worst of all the coral barriers crossed under opposition by troops in the Pacific war, then or later. Although the amtracs were in themselves more rugged vehicles, prodigious feats of operation and maintenance were required to keep running even a minimum number of those that escaped shells. One amtrac driver who had by the third day lost track of the number of trips he had made across the reef (he made 11 on D-day) was asked how he kept his machine working.

"Why," said he with evident affection, "she's only running now because she's so excited."

The lack of heavy transport ashore forced the amtrac into a kind of service that had not been planned for this operation—not only the trip across the reef to the beach, but on past the beach inland to the front lines. By the third day this inevitably meant that the open and fire-blanketed airfield had to be crossed, a trip that was described by the drivers as "The Purple Heart Run." The airfield itself was called "Mortar Valley."

One of the drivers of Italian descent would pause at the edge of the airfield, where an artillery battery was emplaced, stand up in his amtrac, and yell with bravado at the artillery men:

"All right boys, give me the word!"

"Go get 'em, Geeovanny!" they would cry.

And off in a roar he would go, zig-zagging to avoid the holes of past fallen shells, as well as the fragments from those that were sure to fall around him when he got into the open.

If the artillery lads could stretch a firing order, they would try to get off a round or two as Giovanni went across, "just to let him know we were rootin' for him," one of them recalls.

Once, sent to the south of the island with desperately needed tank ammunition, Giovanni got to the lines to find that the tanks were working far in advance. He was told to dump the ammunition and turn back. Instead, he shifted gears and went on. When he got to the nearest tank, he jumped out of his amtrac and began to hand the ammo up to the "tankers," bringing down upon himself as he did so a hornet's nest of Japanese sniper fire. When he had loaded the first tank, he went on from that one to another, repeating the process again and again until he had disbursed his load. He was never hit, although once while he was outside the amtrac a mortar shell landed behind it and opened its seams.

Some of the amtrac drivers who survived the destruction of their vehicles joined the

infantry instead of reporting back to the command post of the 1st Amphibian Tractor Battalion. One of these was a Chicago truck driver named McCall, but nicknamed "Fagin" for his propensities of "borrowing."

When his amtrac was hit, Fagin waded ashore and joined the ranks of the 1st Marines by the simple device of grabbing a can of ammunition and falling into line with a platoon. After a few minutes the platoon sergeant noticed the strange face.

"Just call me Fagin, like in the book," was McCall's explanation.

"*What* book?" asked the startled sergeant.

"I don't know," McCall grinned disarmingly.

McCall stuck with the platoon until he was slightly wounded and evacuated to a hospital ship the second day. When he awakened in sick bay the third morning, he was restless.

He made sure his bandage was tight and then arose from his bed, borrowed a piece of paper from another wounded man, wrote a note, put it on the pillow of his bunk, dressed, and left.

The note read: "Fagin has gone ashore to fight some more."

He hitched a ride to the 1st Marines' sector, walked in past the beach until he found the front lines, and settled down into a hole with a machine-gun crew.

DUST TO DUST: A typical Peleliu firing position: coral boulders and dust give the only protection

He was needed, and when the unit's sergeant came along the line McCall again said: "Fagin, just like in the book."

"Book, hell!" this sergeant replied, and wrote "Fagin" on his roster where it turned up later to an adjutant's surprise.

As Fagin he still remained when on the fifth day he saw a pigeon flying low overhead and took a shot at it with a carbine. The pigeon fell. A Japanese message was clipped to its leg. Fagin turned it in, a fact recorded in the intelligence log of the 1st Marines.

Some place along the line, by fair means or foul, McCall acquired a pair of Japanese binoculars. When his platoon was held up in front of a cave, McCall pulled out his glasses. He saw movement around a back entrance.

"How about lettin' Fagin go up there?" he asked his sergeant.

With permission, McCall crawled around and opened fire on the back, while the rest of the platoon advanced on the front, to capture and seal the cave.

After an eventful week as an infantryman, McCall was blown into his foxhole by concussion of a mortar shell and was again evacuated. By the time he regained consciousness he was aboard a hospital ship bound for the Admiralties.

"You wouldn't believe it if I told you what happened to me there," McCall related later. "When the sawbones was feeling my stomach to see about the concussion, he stopped all of a sudden, pressed his hand down, and when I yelled, he looked up at the nurse and said:

"'Why, this man's got appendicitis!'

"Now, wouldn't you know something like that would happen to Fagin! Imagine Fagin with appendicitis!"

IV

A few minutes before noon of the fourth day, September 18, a picric acid shell exploded somewhere up the line, and clouds of greenish yellow smoke rose above the beach.

Someone said, "Gas!" and at once the cry was lifted.

A few men reached for their masks and, not finding them, they searched, scrambled through the debris along the beach. The scramble turned into a rout, and some men grabbed theretofore discarded masks, out from under others. Every man who could find a mask put it on. Of those who couldn't, some huddled against the ground, others stood taut, immovable.

Seconds passed. Then minutes. The men without masks felt nothing. A few began

to move around. "It's a false scare, it's false," some of them began to yell. Masks were tentatively lifted off the forehead, then taken off the face, then off the shoulder.

It was less than ten minutes between the first warning cry and the last unmasking, but a taste of horror and shame remained.

Some reinforcements had to be sent to the 1st Marines at once, and the third night was a screen that hid hasty and improvised movements of men toward the uneven and thinly-held lines of the 1st Marines. Regimental headquarters units were peeled down to the core and every man who did not have a vital mission, enlisted as well as officer, was put into the lines. Division sent up 115 Pioneers, and these were split up and pieced into gaps in the line. The 1st Battalion, 1st Marines, which had fought so bitterly before the blockhouse the day before, was pulled out of the line entirely by dawn. All of the 2d Battalion, 7th Marines, two of whose companies had gone fighting into the line at nightfall, was joined to Puller, and his line stood (at dawn) by battalions: 3/1, 2/7, 2/1.

Just before H-hour for the fourth day, Puller moved his command post forward, and a man who visited him there has written: "It was a hot day and Puller was stripped to the waist. He was smoking his battered pipe; characteristically he held the pipe between his incisors and talked out of the side of his mouth. His CP was located where the bluffs came very close to the road. This defilade was necessary because the Japanese were laying down considerable mortar fire, and considerable small-arms fire was passing overhead. While I was at the CP some Japanese snipers worked down to a position north of the CP where they could fire down into it. Puller organized a patrol and sent

them out to get the snipers. In a few minutes there were bursts of fire and shortly after that the patrol returned."

When the men arose from their shallow foxholes and started forward for the fourth day, it was the 3d Battalion, along the beach, that had it easy. It had to wait for 2/7 to move forward in the center, and 2/7 did not, could not, move on the left. On its right, in the wings of that "W" salient which hung on a ridge, the men of 2/7 charged forward and "in desperate fighting the wings were closed up half-way."

The Japanese did not allow them to pause and consider. Down on 2/7 and 2/1 came one of the fiercest artillery and mortar concentrations of the Peleliu campaign, immediately followed by withering small-arms fire and then counterattacks.

It was a bitter contest and a deadly one. The Japanese began to win around noon, and 2/7 had to withdraw.

But the Japanese came on. "The two right battalions," says the 1st report, "were constantly calling for blood plasma, stretcher bearers and corpsmen."

By 1400, the situation was desperate, and 2/1 called for smoke to screen their lines and asked for reinforcements. Company B from 1/1, which had only that morning been pulled out of the lines as unfit for further combat, was hastened back in, and charged up the slope of the contested ridge to regain by 1630 only what had been lost during the day.

By nightfall, casualties in the 1st Marines alone, not counting the reinforcements it had received, totaled fifteen hundred, one-half of the total strength of that regiment. Yet the tone of the report still bore hope. "Little ground had been gained, but the center of Japanese resistance had been detected and the weakest spots probed."

V

If the battle had not been so bitter, the kind of thing that happened at Gloucester might very well have happened at Peleliu: the environment might have come to be of greater concern than the enemy. "The battle against climate," says the 1st's report, "now was almost as serious as the fire fight itself."

Division asked all ships offshore to send every available salt tablet to the beach as soon as possible. Some ships (and they will ever be praised!) sent in cases of canned fruit juices as well, and these were run directly to the front lines on amtracs.

Six salt tablets were prescribed for every canteen of water, as compared with the usual daily prescription of two for tropical areas. An intelligence man who often visited the front lines remembers that he required fourteen salt tablets a day to keep going.

BURNING HIM OUT: A flamethrower-equipped amtrac hurls a burst at a cave

Men were cautioned not to take the tablets until they became hot, for it was discovered that if you took them when you were cool you would retch emptily.

To protect themselves against sunstroke, the men pulled out the cloth camouflage cover on their helmets, let it hang over the back of their necks, so that they looked like Arabs.

The thermometer had risen to 112 degrees on the fourth day, and gave promise of going even higher on the fifth. "It was like walking barefoot on top of a stove," said one of the men.

The 5th Marines had ahead of it occupation of the off-lying islands on the east coast, and the 7th Marines a job of "mopping up." But Puller's situation on the ridge had, if anything, worsened.

Haggard and parched, his men rose from their foxholes on September 19 and stumbled forward toward the Japanese.

On the left flank, 3/1 again found opposition negligible and quickly advanced four hundred yards before halting to make contact with 2/7, which was still on the slopes

of Hill 200 and Hill 260. But 2/7 did advance in the morning, fighting bitterly as usual to make even the slightest gain.

What they gained was the forward slopes of the two hills. Right of them, 2/1 pressed its extreme right flank around the foot of the right side of Bloody Nose, encircling those slopes and gaining five hundred yards.

This was the morning's work. Now a move was made to get firmly on more high ground. From 1/1, in reserve, Company A was brought forward and sent in (possessing only 56 men of a normal strength of 235) through the lines of 2/7, to make a flanking attack on one of the hills. These decimated files crossed a plateau raked by machine-gun fire, pressed on until they were brought up short, finding themselves

AFTER CHOW: With empty mess gear in the foreground, these men take a rest after chow on Peleliu. One writes a letter home.

halted by the face of a sheer cliff that dropped 150 feet. They fought there, a few men against hundreds, and then were ordered to withdraw.

When they came down the jagged coral hillock, there were only six of them left.

While this tragic effort was being made, 2/1, having encircled the ridge, now tried to get up. "All available weapons were pressed into the attack," says the 1st's report. "Portable as well as self-propelled flame throwers, bazookas, tanks and every mortar in two battalions, in addition to heavy air and artillery strikes."

The Japanese nevertheless hurled back the first attack. A new flanking movement, with four companies pushed forward together, was tried. "In the ferocious scramble for every inch of ground, the strength of the units was gradually whittled away until finally Companies F and G were combined on the field into one, and even a squad of men from the 4th War Dog Platoon was welcomed as reinforcements for an entire company."

A final thrust. Company C of 1/1, which was attached to 2/1, found itself in a position to assault Hill 100. They got up only because it is mathematically impossible for bullets and explosives to cover every inch of a piece of terrain, and when they reached the top they found themselves isolated. They had gone beyond their connecting units, held a small sector cut off from the rest of the battalion, with both flanks exposed. They were surrounded.

The company commander, Captain Everett P. Pope, told battalion that he was going to stay up there anyway, not only to hold the ground his company had so dearly bought, but to protect units behind him from Japanese counterattacks during the night.

Pope and his men took the counterattacks.

"Throughout the night he held the hill," the narrative says, "in the most desperate hand-to-hand conflict of the campaign. The enemy pressed in and around his position continually, and were beaten off from close quarters. In the early morning, with ammunition nearly gone, the handful of men who had survived the day's attack fought with rocks, ammunition boxes, bare fists and by throwing their tormentors off the cliffs."

Shortly after daylight, Pope and the fourteen others remaining were ordered to withdraw and rejoin the lines to their rear.

Pope later received the Medal of Honor for this, for having "rallied his men and gallantly led them to the summit in the face of machine-gun, mortar and sniper fire . . ." and for holding there although "attacked continuously with grenades, machine guns and rifles from three sides and twice subjected to suicidal charges during the night. He and his valiant men fiercely beat back or destroyed the enemy, resorting to hand-to-

LOVELY COUNTRY: About all you could do was squat in the broken coral

hand combat as the supply of ammunition dwindled and still maintaining his lines with his eight remaining riflemen when daylight brought more deadly fire and he was ordered to withdraw."

VI

The 1st Marines had made its last significant advance.

On the sixth day, September 20, every unit under the 1st's control was thrown into the line, every battalion and very nearly every man in all four of them. The right battalion, 2/1, was so decimated that when 1/1 was attached to it, it did not make a full battalion, and the Division Reconnaissance Company, the highly-trained scout unit, was added to it. Nor was that all: a battery of a dozen machine guns manned by cooks, communicators and quartermaster clerks was also put into the right side of the line, and a platoon of 37mm guns was drawn up.

The lineup was, from left to right: 3/1, 2/7, and 2/1 and 1/1 combined.

Almost as soon as the usual daily artillery preparation began, the Japanese opened

VALLEY OF RUBBLE: Part of the area fought over by the 1st Marines. A relief is moving up.

up with highly selective and destructive fire—on 37mm and .50 caliber positions, on supply lines, on the lines where the troops stood ready to move forward. "The mortars glowed red," says the report describing the regiment's answering fire, "and machine guns blew up, but those that could continued fire."

Before it had started the assault bogged down and no battalion except 3/1 moved forward during the morning. And 3/1 confined its movements to patrolling.

Late in the afternoon, the 1st and 3d Battalions of the 7th Marines took over the right and center of the line and relieved 2/7, 2/1 and 1/1. Only 3/1 of the entire 1st Marines remained in the lines.

On the seventh day, September 21, 3/1 made a small advance, waiting again for the outfits to make progress on the hills, and by nightfall the 1st Marines reported its casualties at 1,749 men.

The 1st Battalion had only 74 men left out of its nine rifle platoons, out of nearly 500 men, and every platoon leader in the battalion had been hit.

But by the eighth day when even 3/1 required reinforcement, 1/1 was nevertheless sent in again, with its 74 men organized into two abbreviated companies, and all hands had a bitter fight on September 22.

On September 23 at 1400 the 1st was relieved by the 321st Infantry, Army 81st Division.

"We're not a regiment," said one of the men that day, "we're the *survivors* of a regiment."

In the 197½ hours that the 1st Marines was in combat it sustained 1672 casualties, according to the official figures. Expressed in percentages by battalions, the losses were: 1st Battalion—71 percent; 2d Battalion—56 percent; 3d Battalion—55 percent.

RELIEF: Men of the 1st Marines pass the Division command post as they come off the ridge after being relieved

VII

The survivors holed up along Purple Beach, taking over the area fought through by the 5th. Hardly had they settled before Puller told them that they would go back into action after a three-day rest.

This news did not set too well among the men. But they need not have worried; "that was not the intention of the Division," a staff officer has written. "There were no replacements available and losses in the rifle units had been so heavy, particularly among the officers and non-commissioned officers, that the units were no longer effective."

Some patrols were sent out to search for by-passed Japanese, but most of the men did only three things in the few days they were at Purple Beach: eat, sleep, and look for their buddies, check to see who was wounded, who was dead and—who was alive.

But generally they were quiet and surprisingly alert until the day came (October 2) when they went aboard ship. It was raining and the sea was running in heavy swells. Many of them went out along the pontons of Purple Beach, climbed up a cargo net onto an LST and from those vessels climbed down into DUKWs. The surf was too rough for the DUKWs to come in to the beach.

They were to go back to Pavuvu aboard two hospital transports, *Pinckney* and *Tryon,* and two or three of the DUKWs overturned before they reached the ships, spilling the men out into the sea. None was lost.

Going aboard, one of these soaked, waterlogged and battle-weary men was approached by an eager, clean, close-shaven and starched young naval officer:

"Got any souvenirs to trade?"

The empty-handed Marine stood silent for a moment, then reached down and patted his own rear.

"I brought my a— outa there, swabbie. That's my souvenir of Peleliu."

Chapter 20

ON THE SIXTH DAY of the campaign for Peleliu the situation was this:

One-third of the First Marine Division's fighting strength was destroyed, unfit for further combat on the island. The two-thirds that remained, the 5th and 7th Marines, were far understrength, had each suffered heavy losses—the 5th in landing and crossing the airfield, the 7th in its point-blank encounter with the Japanese in the southern tip of Peleliu.

The Japanese, still organized, still in stout strength, held most of the commanding terrain on the island. The northern peninsula, the coral crags and crevices of Umurbrogol Mountain that lay behind the face that was Bloody Nose, was still unbreached.

What was needed was a fresh regiment, a fourth regiment—on this there seems to have been agreement among all the echelons of command, ashore and afloat. Ashore of course General Rupertus and his staff. Afloat was a rather complicated command. Immediately above Rupertus was General Geiger who had returned to the Guadalcanal area from Guam a few days before the Palau expeditionary force departed for its target.

And above General Geiger was General Julian C. Smith, expeditionary troop commander, the same Smith who had commanded the Second Marine Division at Tarawa. Smith's role in the task force was anomalous, made so by the fact that the whole operation had been diminished in scope. He was to have commanded a much larger force including elements of the Army XXIV Corps which were to have landed on Yap, in the Carolines.

It was Geiger, brusk and aggressive, who began to press Rupertus to use a regiment from the Army 81st Infantry Division which had landed at Angaur against lighter opposition. One of the 81st's regiments had indeed been set aside as Corps reserve.

General Rupertus argued against taking one of the Army regiments. It was not so much, testifies an officer who was close to Rupertus, that he had a blind objection to getting help from another branch of the service—he did not think that Bloody Nose was the proper place to blood a green regiment. The 81st Division was having its first taste of combat in the Palaus. But General Geiger directed that an Army regiment be attached to the First Division.

There was relief among enlisted ranks the day the long, thin line of Army reinforcements came wading through the shallow water up onto the beach at Peleliu.

They were welcome.

II

By September 20 all of the 7th Marines was committed to the fight for the high ground, elements of that outfit having been put into the lines of the 1st piecemeal since the end of the third day, September 17. Thus the fight for the ridge was begun by a second one of the Division's regiments. The 7th took up where the 1st left off, a mission embodied in the first field order issued at Peleliu (No. 1-44, September 20).

What this regiment had to do was probably one of the most thankless tasks of the Pacific war. A fairly accurate sketch map of the Umurbrogol Mountain area, made later, looks like the kind of drawing a child might make if it were locked in a room for an hour with only a single piece of paper and a pencil. Except for the road drawn along the boundary, there is not a single straight line on the map. And the curve marking the elevations runs voluptuously here and there for an inch or two, then breaks into pinched, sway-backed uneven lines, and finally repeats the pattern.

In military parlance this kind of terrain is called "cross-compartmentation." But that hardly did for the spine of Peleliu's northern peninsula. Criss-cross-compartmentation would have been better.

A DRINK: A buddy quenches the thirst of a man wounded on Peleliu

As at Guadalcanal, and as at Gloucester (though there for different reasons) here again large-unit tactics were worthless. Maneuver in anything larger than company strength was impossible. Improvisation was highly valued, and even coincidence played its role.

Lieutenant Colonel Spencer S. Berger, commanding the 2d Battalion of the 7th, had his command post on a coral cliff, directly above a Japanese cave system. The odor of boiled rice drifting up to Berger's nose tried the patience of his not-too-well filled stomach. "It was damned provoking smelling that Jap food," Berger told a fellow officer. He ordered his men to try to pick off the Japs when they came out of the cave, and his men got a few of them in this fashion. But still the food smells rose all around him. Whereupon Berger ordered his men to tie a charge of TNT to a rope which they then swung back and forth until they got it in position to swing into the cave mouth. They thus scored a hit and closed the cave.

Of course Berger and his men had more conventional objectives than that of a Japanese stew pot. Having discovered before the end of September that the high ground was not to be taken in frontal assault from the south, Division decided to use the 7th to encircle the pocket of the Umurbrogol, searching as the men moved—pain-

Vahe Kirishjian

THE POCKET ON PELELIU

fully slipped and slid around its coral faults—for some easier way to take the high ground than Puller had found.

After a brief period of holding while the Army moved up the western coastal road on past the pocket to the flat ground in the north beyond it, two battalions of the 7th were sent along the sides of the pocket: Berger (2d Battalion, 7th,) and his men went up the east coast road while Lieutenant Colonel John J. Gormley (1st Battalion, 7th) and his men went up the west coast road and cut inland behind the ridge to relieve elements of the Army which had worked down toward the ridge from the north. First the 1st Battalion, 7th, and then the 3d Battalion, 7th, attacked from the north while the 2d Battalion, 7th, attacked from the west.

By October 3, a junction of the 2d Battalion of the 7th and the 3d Battalion of the 7th had been made and each had captured an important hill mass in the northeastern area of Umurbrogol. On the west coast and on the south, the airfield was protected by "infantillery," artillery troops who had been handed rifles, as well as by amtrac crewmen and headquarters folk.

On October 4, Major Hurst (3/7) had his eye set on a ridge that protruded from the northern side of Umurbrogol, called later, "Baldy Ridge." But to reach Baldy he had to take three small hills, each about ninety feet high, as well as get up on a butte of Baldy, Hill 120.

Hurst recalls that he did not expect to get Baldy on the 4th. But when his men got on the three small hills easily, he decided to send them on to Hill 120, and to put a holding force on the three small hills.

What happened then is described by Marine Combat Correspondent Jeremiah A. O'Leary.

At 1415 forty-eight men of L Company moved out of their lines to seize a 100-foot peak called "Knob Three," according to O'Leary's report.

Commanded by 230-pound 2d Lieutenant James E. Dunn, of Duluth, Minnesota, the platoon encircled the butte by moving through a ravine with 100-foot walls into which a tank had tried to advance during the morning. Already K Company was on the sharp ridge to the left.

Dunn and his men drew their first fire from Japanese who were in another draw, one that ran perpendicular to the one through which they were moving. Two men were hit and sent to the rear and the rest of the platoon dashed across in twos and threes to the base of Knob Three.

There were three ways that the platoon could scale it: up the gradual slope exposed

BLOCK AND TACKLE: Artillerymen hoist a pack howitzer to a ridge top at Umurbrogol

to Japanese fire that would come inevitably from another and higher ridge called Baldy; abruptly up the face of the butte; or along a ledge that ran parallel to K Company.

"Men went up all three routes," wrote O'Leary, "clinging to roots and vines, clambering over rock faults and crevices." When they reached the top they "lay on their bellies on the sharp, serrated coral, scattered here and there with scrub brush. . .

"All around them was a forest of spires and crags as high, or higher, than the height they occupied. Old Baldy looked down on them menacingly. Uncharted ravines isolated them on all sides from the rest of Umurbrogol. On one side only, the southeast, were friends. . ."

As they started to scout the top of the bluff, each man's mind was turning over the thought, the surprising fact, that they had reached the top unscathed, when suddenly one of them was shot through the head. The Jap who did that damage was quickly found and killed.

Then, looking around they saw a large cave in another cliff, a fact that surprised no one, for on Umurbrogol you had only to look, turn away, and look again to discover some Japanese position you had not seen before. The men of the platoon sprayed the cave and K Company joined in from its cliff, and it all sounded very much like a serious fire fight, so much so that two men from K tried to cross the ravine and come up Knob Three to help.

These sounds and this activity did not escape Japanese notice.

At 1630 as many of the Japanese fire ports as could bear in on the isolated platoon

WEST ROAD: Marines moving northward pass a wrecked Japanese truck

FALLEN COMRADE: Marines support a hit buddy

opened, especially a group directly under K Company, from the face of the same cliff on which K stood. Three men were killed instantly.

A Pfc went down the sharp side of the butte to try to find one of the caves and began a duel with a Japanese machine gunner. He covered the men who were lugging stretchers down the butte until he was wounded and himself had to be carried to the rear.

The Japanese stepped up the tempo of their fire and, "Men were getting hit all over the face of the hill. The heavy chug-chug-chug of the antitank guns was punctuated by the swift rattle of Nambus."

Lieutenant Dunn fell: "bullets tore him from his grip on the cliffside where he was trying to withdraw his men to safer positions, and he fell to his death on the ravine floor many feet below."

The platoon was trapped. As the men pulled back in one direction, shots hit them from behind. Company K tried to help, firing at every Jap position they could see and

at many they could only suspect existed, and the beleaguered men tried to crawl over under K's protecting fire.

"The wounded crawled behind rocks or just lay motionless, bullets hitting them again and again," wrote O'Leary. "Others cried pitifully for help and begged their comrades not to leave them there." Medical corpsmen worked bravely and efficiently, each of them dragging men to the ledge. One of them stood up to cry: "Take it easy! Bandage each other. Get out a few at a time. . . ." He was shot and killed.

Those men who could move threw away their weapons because they couldn't climb down the cliff speedily without using both hands. And as they climbed down, some were hit and fell to the ravine floor. Others slipped and fell, suffering severe cuts from the jagged and sharp coral.

All this was enacted in plain sight of the company commander, Captain James V. (Jamo) Shanley who had won a Navy Cross for himself at New Britain. As he saw his men falling to their death he cried out to K Company.

"For God's sakes, smoke up that hill!"

And he called for a tank which went into the ravine as far as it could and then stood helpless to find targets from where it stopped.

When the smoke grenades began to burst in the ravine, and a billow of phosphorus covered the ledge on which more and more men were moving, some of them simply dropped themselves from it, taking the chance of injury from the fall. Five did this and escaped to the safety of the tank. But there were still six wounded and four dead on the ledge, with three other infantrymen and a medical corpsman standing by them. Up higher, still on the crest of Knob Three, there were three men whom the Japanese must have thought dead.

The wounded on the ledge urged those who stood uninjured by them to jump. "You've done all you can for us," one of the wounded sobbed, "get outta here."

When the next smoke grenades covered the ledge, the unwounded took the measure of the moment's hazards and did what otherwise might have seemed a cruel thing: they rolled the wounded off the ledge.

One man's foot caught in a vine and he hung upside down helpless and exposed until one of the unwounded kicked at it until the wounded man fell freely.

The three men who had been flat on the crest of the ridge among the constantly ricocheting Japanese bullets now tried to come down. One of them was killed instantly when he arose, but the other two made it down to the ledge.

One of the wounded who lay on the floor of the ravine tried to help another across

TANK-INFANTRY SORTIE INTO THE HORSESHOE: Five Brothers on the left. The small pond barely seen above the large sinkhole in the foreground was the Japs' only fresh-water source in the area, and many were killed attempting to fill their canteens under cover of darkness.

the open draw to the safety of the tank. The lesser wounded put his arms around the other and the two hobbled across the open draw. They could not make it. They dropped helpless there in the open draw, and the Japanese opened fire on them.

This was more than Shanley could stand. Although a lieutenant tried to hold him, Jamo ran out from cover into the draw, swept one of the men into his arms, carried him back to the tank, laid him down tenderly in the tank's lee and ran out into the fire-swept open ground again for the other. He did not reach him. A mortar shell fell before

Captain Shanley got there. Shrapnel tore through Shanley, wounding him mortally.

When he saw Shanley fall, a second lieutenant, Shanley's exec, rushed out. He had just reached Jamo when the chug-chug of an antitank gun was heard. He fell at Jamo's side, dead.

Now some of the unwounded on the ledge tried to come down. Only a few of them made it across the open draw. Two of those who reached safety immediately volunteered to go back to the foot of the ledge with stretchers for the wounded. Both of them were killed.

By 1730, three hours and fifteen minutes after they had started into the draws and ridges of Umurbrogol, there were 11 men left out of the 48 who had gone in.

By the time the 7th Marines was relieved on October 6, after sixteen days on Umurbrogol, its casualties were approximately those of the 1st Marines.

III

Well before the 7th had shot its wad at Umurbrogol, a land that had come to look to one Marine like "the face of the moon defended by Jap troglodytes," plans were drawn for a new scheme for the seizure of that benighted area.

These were to involve the last of the Division's regiments which had not yet fought at Umurbrogol, the 5th, and as well the Army's 321st Infantry.

A brief look at the Division's field orders for the third week in September shows the evolution of staff thinking about Umurbrogol, the increasing respect with which that area was treated. Field Order No. 1 (September 20) had simply put the 7th in the line with the 1st. Field Order No. 2 (September 21) was intended to put the 5th into the line to relieve the 1st, thus creating a line of the 5th and 7th Marines. This order's intent was forestalled by the decision to use the Army 321st Infantry, and the order itself was rescinded the next day, September 22, by Field Order No. 3 which called for the 321st rather than the 5th to relieve the 1st.

The 321st went in on the left, along the beach, advanced to Garekoro, then faced eastward and probed into the ridges. The 7th fought on into the ridges.

Three days later, September 25, Field Order No. 4 was issued, and it was this one which called for the 5th to execute the new scheme of maneuver. The order noted that "intelligence reports give every indication that a swift move to the northern portion of Peleliu would be successful . . ." and if it did succeed "all that would remain would be a small area in the vicinity of Umurbrogol Mountain, with the enemy surrounded therein."

The 5th Marines were chosen to move through the Army regiment at Garekoro and march up the narrow coastal flat to the end of the island.

Evidently the new decision was hurriedly reached. The 5th was directed to pack and move out of its bivouac within three hours.

This the 5th did, and a new phase of the Peleliu campaign began as truckloads of men rumbled across the still rubbled airfield from the eastern side of the island to the dangerous west on the afternoon of D plus 10.

What happened then must have surprised everyone—not to say the Japanese.

The tradition-laden 5th, a fine regiment under a fine commander, disembarked from its trucks early in the afternoon, marched directly through the Army lines, and set out with amazing ease and few casualties to move that day more than half the distance to the northern tip of the island, led by tanks and flame throwers mounted upon amtracs.

At nightfall Colonel Harris made a bold decision. He cut his lines back to the Army and Marine perimeter, and rested his flanks upon the beach. There the men dug in for the night.

This was an invitation the Japanese could not decline. They first stayed in their caves and fired viciously with 70mm guns, shooting from cave mouths as near as three hundred yards from the 5th's lines, as well as with concentrated small-arms fire which fell

THE BIG ONE: It was this type of Japanese 150mm mortar that Marines on Peleliu most respected

TOO MANY GOT IN: This Japanese barge running into Peleliu from another of the Palau islands was stopped but others got through bringing in six hundred reinforcements

on the advance battalion. And then they came pouring out in local counterattacks that brought heavy Marine casualties. But the Marines held, and started forward again on D plus 11, September 26, assaulting a hill formation that commanded the northern part of Peleliu. When the charge did not carry the last enemy positions at the top, another attack was launched, by-passing the hill. This worked and the regiment moved on, using tanks and flame throwers to full advantage.

As they moved north they began to come under fire from Ngesebus, an island separated from the northern tip of Peleliu by only a few hundred yards of shallow water. The Japanese had cleared away a fighter landing strip on it, besides what other emplacements the 5th could only at the time estimate. And considerable fire was coming in from a phosphate mine and factory on Peleliu itself. It was apparent the Japanese had turned the factory, with its concrete walls, into a blockhouse. There were snipers everywhere. Altogether the 5th's position was peculiarly exposed, and its security called for full coordination of all the weapons available to a regimental commander. It is to Harris's credit that he used them all: calling naval gunfire and artillery in on Ngesebus as well as other points that stood in his regiment's way. "Harris," said one

MAIL CALL: The character in the foreground can't be bothered to smile for the photographer

Division staff officer, "used supporting fires more fully and more wisely than any of our regimental commanders at Peleliu."

And Harris in turn credited the supporting fire: "Only by all echelons of command repeatedly employing this same high degree of skill in coordinating fire and maneuver was the complex enemy defense system in northern Peleliu cracked and then destroyed."

How strong the Japanese system was could be seen when tanks fired point-blank into caves and tunnels without causing the Japanese to cease fire even temporarily. One-hundred-pound demolition charges failed to close the tunnels, and eventually they were closed by bulldozer tanks, medium tanks with an earth-moving blade on the front.

The final hill system in the north was flanked by an encirclement of it by the 5th's battalions so neat and so well executed that, by D plus 14 (September 29) not only all of northern Peleliu was taken, but also all of Ngesebus (D-day, September 28) and Kongauru, the latter two islands in a swift amphibious assault by 3/5 (Major John Gustafson) from amtracs with low-flying Marine air support. The small islands were lightly defended, and the extraordinarily well planned show in which fighter planes

and dive bombers from Marine squadrons took part is recalled with satisfaction by the Division's planning officers.

With amphibian tanks in advance, the first wave of assault troops shoved off in LVTs at 0905, crossed the few hundred yards of shallow reef in six minutes and hit the beach at 0911 against weak resistance. The first tanks arrived twelve minutes later, and by 0930 tanks (three were lost in potholes) and troop carriers were ashore. After that, however, events were rather in the nature of anticlimax, at least judged by the kind of fighting that had been going on at Peleliu. By 1700 all except the northwestern tip of Ngesebus was secure.

Ngesebus taken, the 5th turned back south into Umurbrogol. Surrounded now though they might be, the Japanese were still there, still willing to fight, able to kill.

The battle had become, in final contradiction of the pre-invasion prophecy, "a battle of attrition—a slow, slugging, yard-by-yard struggle to blast the enemy from his last remaining stronghold in the high ground." These are the words of the Division's report.

IV

In the last few days of September welcome rains began to fall. But barely had they taken the parched taste from the mouths of the fighting men before they turned to squalls. By October 2 high winds had whipped the squalls into a typhoon. By October 4 high seas were running off Purple Beach, now the Division's main supply artery. Two LSTs, tied up at the Seabee-built causeway off Beach Orange 3, were driven ashore, and no other craft could safely reach the beach from larger, or smaller, supply ships.

The rains had a glooming effect. The lightless sky turned the whole island gray. Dust-coated dungarees turned stiff, hard and unpliable when they dried out, and when they were wet they were very heavy.

There were rations for only four days on the island, and as at Guadalcanal, the Division was reduced to two meals a day.

A hurry call was sent to Guam for food, and Marine Air Group 11 answered by flying in 42,000 10-in-1 rations.

"The rugged ground in which the troops had to operate caused more wear and tear on clothing than we had anticipated," writes a staff officer, and clothing, too, was flown in from Guam: 1,000 suits of dungarees, 5,000 pairs of socks and 1,000 pairs of boondockers.

And by the end of September two worlds were compressed into the narrow, tiny confines of the island. There was, of course, the world of battle up in the ridges, but

there was as well the workaday world of the rear echelons going about their business on the airfield and in the south of the island. The blackened, pocked muzzle that was the forward face called Bloody Nose, marked the boundary between the two. Within a hundred yards of it on the south, men went about their tasks obliviously. The post office was less than three hundred yards south. A movie was set up not very much farther away, and the sound was constantly out-voiced by the rumble of heavy artillery going ahead, bound for the ridges. One night, because of the interruptions of an ammo dump blowing up nearby, and other explosions, the feature film did not finish until 0200.

On the airfield itself, hundreds of Seabees, bare to the waist, covered only by green pith helmets, piloted slow grading and levelling machinery. Maintenance men and

FINAL POCKET: An aerial oblique photo of the Umurbrogol area of Peleliu, looking northwest

pilots for squadrons of Marine fighter aircraft now based on the field pitched their shelter halves along the borders of the strips.

The Division CP displaced forward (September 24) from the beach to the two-story Japanese administration building at the northern end of the airfield, less than three hundred yards away from the high ground, and there on September 27, when the 5th had reached the northern end of the island, there was a flag-raising ceremony, with General Rupertus and a scattering of brass and some CP enlisted men in attendance.

In the broadest tactical sense the island *was* secure. Only a small pocket was left, that and Japanese scattered throughout the caves on the high ground, totalling nobody knew exactly how many.

But while the flag was being raised there was the clear and unmistakable wham of mortar shells, the sporadic rattle of machine-gun fire. DUKWs loaded with wounded rumbled by, and at one moment a thin line of haggard men stumbled along a road that circled the flagpole, coming back from the ridges.

Some of the men who lived in the workaday world could not quite avoid the feeling that things were not so bad up in the ridges as they were made to seem. A few went north looking for souvenirs—and were abruptly shanghaied into the lines, this by order. Joe Buckley, now a major in the 7th, was one of those who filled out his lines with souvenir hunters. He was promoted from captain during the second week of Peleliu and looked upon his exalted rank with the awe of an ex-enlisted man. "Imagine me a f . . . Major," he went around exclaiming.

So constricted seemed the fighting area that some of the most experienced Marines could not resist the temptation to go up and take a pot shot at the Japs. Such a one was Colonel Joseph Hankins who was dissatisfied with his role as Division Provost Marshal.

"Colonel Hankins approached me," recalls one of his friends, "and suggested that we get our sniping rifles and go up the west side road to 'Dead Man's Curve.' At that place the limestone cliffs were approximately fifty yards from the road. The cliff was perforated with cave entrances in which the Japs secreted themselves and sniped at the traffic moving up and down the road.

"Because the time was approximately 1600 I told Joe that I could not accompany him and tried to persuade him to send up a fire team from the military police detail. However, he took his binoculars and his rifle, went up, disembarked from the jeep and stood in complete view to anyone who was on the cliffs, and was promptly shot through the heart."

NAPALM STRIKE: A Marine Corsair plane has dropped a Napalm bomb on the ridges of Umurbrogol

V

Division in its wisdom might know that the island was "secure" and raise a flag to symbolize its knowledge. But a few hundred yards away from the staff and its paraphernalia of command there was another wisdom, another truth. To the men of the 5th Marines, stabbing into the final pocket (now only 400 by 900 yards), insecurity was the reality.

The 5th's overlay of its actions from October 6 through October 15 shows a crazy-quilt of arrows, pointing now in this direction, now in the opposite. There was a cliff called "The China Wall," ridges called "Baldy," "Waddie," a group called "The Five Brothers," and another called "The Five Sisters."

What they seized, actually took and held, was this:

1. They pierced a 100-yard salient into the hills that arose from Dead Man's Curve, the place where Colonel Hankins had been killed, making the road safe.

2. They slugged their way up Baldy, the peak that had arisen above Knob Three

where L Company of the 7th had been decimated, putting Baldy at last into American hands. With Baldy, the 5th also secured an adjoining peak called Hill 140.

When Hill 140 was captured a prodigious effort was made to get a heavy weapon up there. And when the 75mm and its carriage and ammunition were up, some way had to be found to protect it on the exposed plateau. The coral was too rugged to break, so sand bags were brought up although the sand to fill them had to be carried all the way from the beach.

The Japanese constantly counterattacked the 5th. Small parties would approach near enough to throw hand grenades, and then close in with knives or bayonets.

In defense, a group of Marines on a forward slope worked out a solution by covering their foxholes with downward-sloped ponchos. When they heard the Japanese, and the thump of grenades on the roofs, they waited until the grenades rolled off back down toward the Japs, exploded, then they threw off the ponchos, hurled a grenade themselves and went out to finish the job.

An unorthodox technique of air support had already been devised. The bombing run made by Marine Corsair fighters from the airstrip to their Umurbrogol targets was probably the shortest of World War II. The airlift was often a thousand yards, and it was seldom more than two thousand. The planes hardly got off the field before they were over their targets. They had to circle and come back. And so small was the target area, so sure were the Japs to retake any sector even temporarily abandoned, that the Marines had to stand ready far nearer the blast than was normally considered safe.

To allow the plane time to get away before the explosion, bombs were armed with delayed action fuses.

Some planes dropped unfused tanks of Napalm. As soon as the aircraft cleared the area and dipped its wings in signal that the strike was completed, the Marines fired white phosphorus shells into the target to ignite the fuel.

Tank-infantry sorties were routine. The tanks would go forward with a group of infantrymen following. It was a move of provocation, and if the Japs took the bait, the tank would move up to fire point-blank on the rash Japanese. When the tank had made rubble of the cave entrance, the infantrymen closed in with flame throwers and bazookas.

An observer, writing of a sortie he witnessed, said he saw tanks run up into a ravine, and the infantrymen sit down in their lees and light cigarettes, waiting for the tanks to advance. "It is a common observance," the witness said, "that in a long campaign men

tend to get more careless about taking cover as the campaign progresses, partly due to fatigue and partly, I suppose, to fatalism."

VI

More than two weeks after the flag was raised to symbolize the capture of Peleliu, Admiral Fort, on October 12, declared that "assault" operations were officially over. Two days later the 5th Marines were relieved by Army units of the 81st Division, and five days after that Major General P. J. Mueller, commanding the 81st, relieved General Rupertus of responsibility for the southern Palau sector.

But the Japanese did not get the word.

Not until November 25 did the senior Japanese officer on Peleliu burn his colors, and message his superior on Babelthuap: "All is over on Peleliu."

Two years and eight months later, on April 21, 1947, long after the Japanese nation had surrendered, twenty-six Japanese soldiers and sailors, led by a lieutenant,

NATURAL BUNKER: Fissures in the coral of Peleliu made this a natural Japanese pillbox

formally surrendered to the naval island commander of Peleliu. The news picture of the surrender showed the Japanese lieutenant bending low before an American naval officer, with his obviously well-fed command standing at rigid attention behind him.

But by then, by the end of the war, American intelligence had figured out what had happened at Peleliu: the Japanese had thought that we were going to hit it before, and not after, we hit the Mariannas. While the Americans in the Pacific in the spring of 1944 were putting priority on Saipan and Guam plans, the Japanese were putting priority of defense on the Palaus. They sent one of their best men down to the Palaus, a Lieutenant General Sadae Inoue. He arrived in March, 1944, gave his men some reassuring words, cautioning them not to be concerned "with the great explosive bursts or the strong local effect of naval firing," and telling them that "if the situation becomes bad, we will maintain a firm hold on the high ground. . ."

Inoue's subordinate at Peleliu, Colonel Nakagawa, commanding the 2d Infantry, outlined what at that time was an original plan for a Japanese commander, ordering that a last-stand defense was *not* to be made at the beach line, but rather in the high ground.

And then he put his men to work. They built a cave system the like of which Americans had never before encountered in the Pacific war, one that was never excelled, even at Iwo Jima and Okinawa, carving and channeling into the northern peninsula of Peleliu more than five hundred caves, most of which had entrances on more than one level. Many had five or six stories, with living quarters. Some had sliding armored doors. All were mutually supporting.

And his units were proud, bearing honors from the Russo-Japanese war, and many other Asiatic expeditions. The units were: the 2d Infantry Regiment, nearly two battalions of the 15th Infantry, a battalion of the 54th Independent Mixed Brigade, a naval guard force, and a battalion of tanks.

Nor need any of them be ashamed of what they did at Peleliu.

They exacted the following casualties from the First Marine Division: 1,121 killed in action; 5,142 wounded in action; and 73 missing in action—a total of 6,336.

What the First Marine Division alone expended in ammunition is a further tribute to General Inoue and his men:

13,319,488 rounds of .30-caliber (carbine, rifle, BAR)
1,524,300 rounds of .45-caliber (pistol and submachine gun)
693,657 rounds of .50-caliber (machine gun)
97,596 rounds of 60mm mortar

55,264 rounds of 81mm mortar
13,500 rifle grenades
116,262 hand grenades

Nor does this count the artillery:

65,000 rounds 75mm pack howitzer
55,000 rounds 105mm howitzer
8,000 rounds 155mm howitzer
5,000 rounds 155mm gun

To kill each of the ten thousand Japanese soldiers on Peleliu then, it took:

1,331 rounds of .30-caliber
152 rounds of .45-caliber

69 rounds of .50-caliber
9 rounds of 60mm mortar
5 rounds of 81mm mortar
1 rifle grenade
10 hand grenades
6 rounds of 75mm pack howitzer
5 rounds of 105mm howitzer
1 round of 155mm howitzer
½ round of 155mm gun

It took a statistical average of 1,589½ rounds of heavy and light ammunition to kill a Japanese soldier on Peleliu.

Steel of course was not enough. The Presidential Unit Citation awarded to the reinforced Division for Peleliu notes that the Japanese were "thoroughly disciplined, veteran troops . . ." and that they were "heavily entrenched in caves and in reinforced concrete pillboxes," and then points to the "undiminished spirit and courage" of the Marines who fought on "despite heavy losses, exhausting heat, and difficult terrain."

Looking back on Peleliu, an officer who holds a high place in Marine peacetime councils has said:

"The casualties there came from the terrain and the Japs—no amount of pessimism or numbers of reinforcements would have materially reduced the overall number of casualties."

Chapter 21

AS THE TRANSPORTS slipped slowly through the narrow passageway between the islets that guard Macquitti Bay, the men turned their eyes to see Pavuvu.

A truck bounced along one of the island's roads. A bulldozer toppled a coconut tree. A few men splashed in the water at the island's pier.

Suddenly one man at the rail said: "I guess I'm glad to see Pavuvu this time."

There was a murmur of agreement as the others turned away to get their gear together in readiness for disembarkation.

Coming ashore on small landing boats, they noticed clusters of men on the beach by the water. And when they stepped ashore themselves they saw what their eyes could hardly believe—young ladies wearing Red Cross insignia, doling out canned grapefruit juice in paper cups.

There were six of them.

Some characters rushed up to get in line, craning this way and that to look at the women. Others stood back, gazing from a distance. Many scorned the women and

the grapefruit juice, simply sat down waiting for the order to fall in and march off to their camp areas, turning only occasionally to look dolefully at the unnatural scene.

Then finally they did march off, down the coral roads between the lines of palm trees, noting before they left the beach that the swimmers were wearing trunks and noting as they marched along at listless route step that all the "heads" on the island were hidden behind burlap.

When they reached their company areas and fell out, moved off to their tents, they noticed new faces along the company streets. When they entered their tents they saw that the bunks were filled with new men. The replacements for the next campaign had already arrived, had indeed taken over, lounged with what seemed to the returning veterans a smug irreverence in the sacks of departed comrades.

This certainly was a new Pavuvu.

II

The highest order of business was to release the tensions of fear and despair that Peleliu had produced. Sleep was release, if dreams could be kept under control. Swimming was release. Walking along the beach, searching for "cat's eye" shells was release. There were a few rowboats, and rowing, lolling in the sun, was release.

A man who went rowing on a Sunday afternoon with a buddy had what he remembers as an eerie experience.

"We came across this fellow right out in the middle of the bay, sort of struggling along, half swimming, half floating, not making much headway. We came right up on him and I leaned over the side and asked him if he wanted a lift. He shook his head. He had a strange blank look in his eyes. I asked him again didn't he want a lift. He said: 'I guess not.'

"Well, I remember saying to myself, I guess the guy knows what he's doing. We went on. Now I've thought about this a million times since then. I must have been as crazy as he was. But I know that day I said to myself, 'The guy's trying to figure something out for himself. Leave him alone.' And I know now, or maybe I'll just come out and say now, that what the guy was trying to figure out was whether the hell to stay up or let himself go down."

Release could only come when all the disjointed pieces of emotion had been fitted together again. One of the ways the Peleliu veterans went about this task was to go calling, to check up on their buddies, to see how many were wounded, how many killed,

not only out of the motives of comradeship but also as if to measure the disaster they had just been through.

In clean but unpressed khaki the men of Peleliu went calling on Sunday afternoons at Pavuvu, in groups of twos and threes. They would visit not only in their own battalion, but go through the regiment and division, seeking out friends they had known in boot camp, or in advanced training, or perhaps in a transient camp some place, or perhaps since they'd been in the Division.

A head would peer into the flap of a tent: "Is Bill around?"

"Nope," might be the answer.

"Was he hurt?" the visitor would ask, coming into the tent followed by a buddy or buddies.

"Yeah."

"How did he get it?"

From there the conversation would stumble along, haltingly, and with uncustomary politeness.

The visitors were often offered whatever hospitality it was within the power of the hosts to give—a cigar, a bar of candy, chewing gum, perhaps a can of beer.

When they had found as much as they could about their wounded or dead buddy, and when they had gone over briefly their own experiences at Peleliu, they would leave.

"You didn't really know," said a corporal, "until you got back to Pavuvu how many of your buddies were gone. Up to then, you kept telling yourself that they'd turn up back at Pavuvu, that they were only slightly wounded, or not even wounded at all, just lost from their units. But at Pavuvu you couldn't fool yourself any longer."

The last thing that anybody might have guessed would help the men out of their doldrums was close-order drill and parading. The Division had a new commanding general now, Major General Pedro Augusto del Valle, who believed that a little spit-and-polish might be less dispiriting than gathering rotted coconuts. When Del Valle relieved Rupertus on November 2, 1944, it was homecoming for the Division's artillery officer on Guadalcanal, the former commander of the 11th Marines. Born in Puerto Rico, Del Valle was a quick, dark man with luminous sharp eyes, a Naval Academy graduate who had been commended by Admiral Halsey after Guadalcanal because, among other things, "high combat morale was characteristic of the units under Del Valle."

So it was that the fifteen acres of level ground that stood between Pavuvu's pier

and the beach road were trampled morning and afternoon by companies, by battalions and by regiments, as close-order drills and unit reviews were held there.

"It was, if nothing else, diverting," a lieutenant said. "It lulled you into thinking that the other side of war was the unreal side. It was a kind of hypnosis, just marching back and forth, back and forth. Took your mind off other things."

Just as the men had blamed Rupertus for the bad things about Pavuvu before, they now praised Del Valle for the many improvements in their rest-camp lot. Beer rations were issued regularly. An adequate recreation program, with plenty of equipment for baseball, boxing, basketball and even horseshoes, was put under way. The screened messhalls, finished shortly before the Division left Pavuvu, were now lighted at night and served for card games and letter-writing.

Nearly current magazines in wide variety were distributed to the messhalls, and Armed Forces paper-bound books got to enlisted as well as officer country. Every area now had showers, and most units had a laundry. Those that didn't could use the new

Division laundry. The troublesome question of furnishing shorts for daytime wear (Americans never had issue clothing as well suited to the tropics as the Japanese) was answered in a Division order, authorizing quartermasters to cut off khaki trousers above the knee.

Although the engineers had quickly built a large and attractive building for the Red Cross, that institution, when finally examined by the men of the Division (it was dedicated Thanksgiving Day) could not be appreciated by most. It falls to the lot of a social historian to tell the story of the Red Cross in the Pacific. Such a history will probably show that the task the Red Cross set for itself was an impossible one: certainly it was on Pavuvu. A simple equation tells much of the story: there were six girls—but there were fifteen thousand men who had hardly glanced at a woman in the year since the Division left Melbourne.

It is a tribute to the Red Cross girls, to the Division command, and to the men themselves, that there was never the tension at Pavuvu that there was at Banika, al-

PARADE AT PAVUVU: The 5th Marines pass in review before Brigadier General Louis R. Jones, Assistant Division Commander (second from right with back to camera)

though it was felt necessary to protect the Pavuvu plantation house where the girls lived with a patrol of war dogs and a high barbed-wire fence on which flood lights played.

There was no outright boycott of the club building; but there was a feeling that a man showed weakness in going there. The few regular visitors were simply called "Red Cross Commandos."

"While the club was regarded rather askance," admits one of the girls who served there, "remember that Marines are brought up the hard way, not to expect any favors such as Red Cross."

III

It was a needless reminder, and an assurance that the First had preserved its prewar tradition through three campaigns and two transfusions of non-career replacements. The First still bore, and bore proudly, the marks of a professional fighting unit. And the men who served in it somehow acted more like characters out of Kipling's stories than like boys who not long before had stood in front of the nearest corner drug store.

For one thing, there was still a strong leavening of the Old Corps in the First, a leavening of surprising strength. A lieutenant colonel who prided himself on his prewar China service was inspired at Pavuvu to suggest that all the former China Marines be assembled for a photograph. There would probably be only a handful left, the colonel assured the photographer.

Nearly 250 men, ranging in rank from private first class to full colonel, showed up at the appointed time. "They fell into three groups," the colonel said in recalling the incident. "First there were the field officers. Second, the high-ranking sergeants: sergeants-major, first sergeants, gunnery sergeants, and a few warrant officers. The third group was a curious lot. Almost all of them were privates. They stood around together, somewhat sheepishly, altogether a pretty rugged and weatherbeaten bunch of men. They were the characters that through the years had been promoted and broken, promoted and broken, and promoted and broken again."

Some of those veterans had returned to the Division in replacement drafts, oldtimers coming back overseas among the 4,493 enlisted men and 57 officers who arrived at Pavuvu in September, October and November. During November 1944 the Division sent home some 4,800 twenty-four-month men.

If the oldtimers were welcomed back, the new men, the green ones, were not always so cheerfully greeted.

"I couldn't stand those damned boots," a Pfc. of Peleliu has said. "They drove me nuts, sittin' around all day sharpenin' knives and talkin' big about what they were gonna

BEAUTIFUL BUT NOT CROWDED: Marines of the First Division never completely "took to" the elaborate Red Cross establishment on Pavuvu

do to the Japs. One of 'em especially p — — me off. One afternoon late when we came in off the range, I grabbed him and carried him outside the tent, slapped him across the face a couple of times, and pushed him back into a pile of coconuts. He didn't talk so big after that."

The Peleliu campaign itself contributed to that part of the First's tradition which took pride in perversity. When they returned to Pavuvu and began to get letters from home, the men of the Division discovered that Peleliu was an almost unknown battle back in the States. It had got lost in the shuffle of other events. The British had landed from parachutes at Arnhem the same day the First landed in the Palaus. MacArthur's forces had, also on the same day, made a nearly unopposed landing at Morotai. And a somewhat misleading Navy communiqué from Peleliu on D-day, describing resistance as "fairly stiff" had not helped the American public to grasp the intensity of that en-

gagement. While the eyes of the headline writers turned elsewhere, the fury of Peleliu had increased.

The fact that Tarawa, Saipan and Iwo Jima were fully written about while Peleliu remained unknown, was a thorn.

It was the First's luck again that it had fought and lost so much and gained so little esteem in the doing.

And in a curious way, Peleliu did not really get the First back in the Marine Corps. When a senior officer from the Division went to Pearl Harbor for a conference, he went to dinner at the home of one of the high-ranking Marine officers there. Besides the normal complement of admirals and generals, there were many Navy wives and Red Cross workers and nurses present.

"I found among the women," he wrote, "that there were ardent advocates of the different Marine divisions which had served in the Central Pacific. But no one knew anything about the First Marine Division which had never been nearer Pearl Harbor than Guadalcanal."

In the eyes of men who "rested" at Pavuvu, Hawaii was Stateside duty. They were still, the men of the First, the Raggedy-Ass Marines.

SHORE ROAD: On the straight strip (center) the Division's Cub planes, seen at the right of the road, landed

IV

As usual rumor gave the first warning of enterprises ahead.

In January 1945, word was whispered from tent to tent at Pavuvu that the First Division was to be put in an "army"—but whether this meant in the Army of the United States, or simply into a unit of army strength, perhaps commanded by a Marine, was not made clear from the Inside Dope. It was symptomatic of the limited perspective through which most of the men viewed the war that they could not establish, even after hours of bull-session discussion and exploration, exactly what an "army" was. Was the whole Marine Corps as big as an "army?" Would the new "army" be made up of Marines? Or, would it be an "army" of Army men and Marines? It was all very confusing, a confusion that was not untangled until another rumor started.

The Division would leave Pavuvu, train some place else with this huge new "army." As the rumor grew, new facts were added to it. The new "army" would fight in Burma and train in Perth, Australia (magic word, that!), or in Tasmania (said to be as good).

Some of the more gullible men sent home for dress shoes to go with the green dress uniforms they thought would be issued.

When the men realized from their daily training schedules that emphasis was being put on street fighting and on tank-infantry cooperation, Burma went out the same window it had come in, and fresh rumors started that the new target would have cities, and open country where the tanks could maneuver. This belief was reinforced by the degree of camouflage discipline imposed at Guadalcanal where the regiments went for maneuvers during January 1945, and where a Division problem was held on January 25.

The "army" question was answered by the presence of Lieutenant General Simon Bolivar Buckner at one of the Guadalcanal problems, when it became known that he was to command a new Tenth Army of which the First was to be a part.

Arrival of the plan for the next campaign at Division headquarters caused enough word about the nature of the target to get out to squelch the Burma rumor. When the Japanese interpreters in the Division were sent off to Pearl Harbor for refresher courses, rumors shifted again, pointing toward Formosa.

It was Formosa most of the men believed they were going to when, on March 1, the Division sailed from the Russells, functioning as a part of the III Amphibious Corps, commanded as at Peleliu by General Geiger, in turn commanded by General Buckner of Tenth Army.

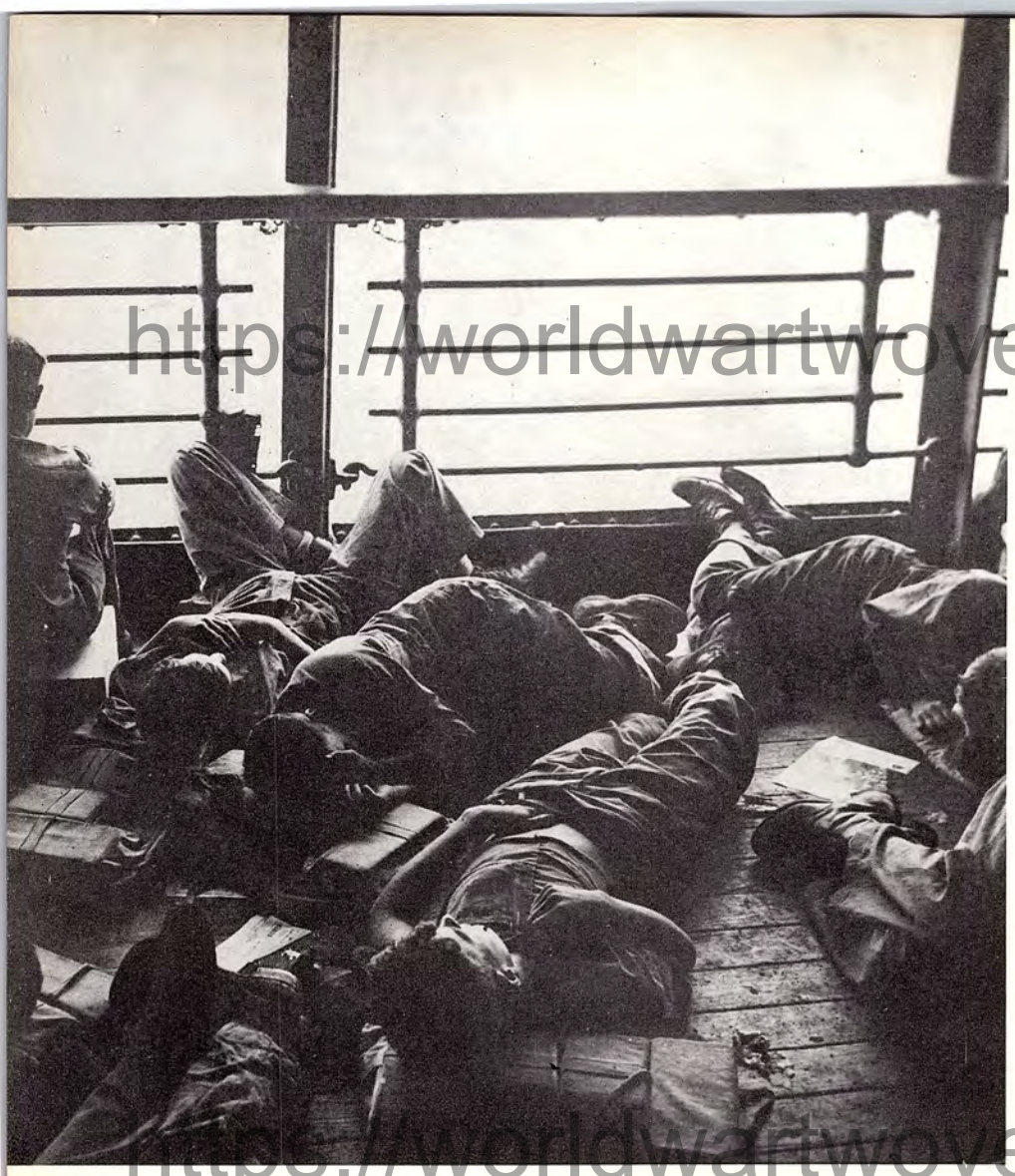
For the next five days, preliminary rehearsals were staged off Tassafaronga, with a critique on March 4, emphasizing ship-to-shore movement. On March 6 all units in

Relay race

the Division, except Division reserve, landed and a Division command post was established ashore. The mock landing went exceptionally well, and the men returned to the ships and they lifted anchor that day and returned to the Russells to replenish supplies and refuel.

All hands were given liberty ashore and many who had scorned the Red Cross club on Pavuvu unabashedly hurried to the two canteens on Banika. Many others visited buddies who were still in hospitals there. Others simply strolled around the island, and those who had been there before, especially those who had seen Banika in the days before Peleliu, noticed a striking difference. Everywhere there were the marks of abandoned cantonments, bare signs that hung all along the road. It was said that as soon as the First left Pavuvu, almost all the remaining units on Banika would close up.

At least one man felt a tinge of sadness. "It was as if you were present at your own funeral," he said. "It was like hearing the service read over the body of the South Pacific war. I couldn't help but be a little bitter when I remembered how starved and pinched everything was in those early days. How small we thought our effort was then, how far away we felt from The Big War, and what a lonely business it had all been! But most of all I couldn't help but think a little about the many good guys who had died. How long would they be remembered? Who'd ever know back in the States what that little distant war was like? Would they *ever* understand?"



LAST CLASS: Because transport holds were too hot to sleep in, Marines of the First Division almost always slept on the open deck

At 0600 on March 15, 1945, the transport squadron carrying the First Division sailed from the Russells, bound for Ulithi.

V

By the time the transport squadron lifted anchor in the Russells, rumor had accurately fixed the destination of the ships and no man was immune from the knowledge that he was going to Okinawa Shima, Ryukyu Retto.

In a curious way that seemed enough to know, for the moment anyway. And they rode out the six-day trip to Ulithi, the point of rendezvous for the vast Okinawa naval and expeditionary forces, in what for the veterans was comparative comfort, welcome idleness, and a lack of concern about the future. There were the pleasures of the moment to enjoy. The new Navy transports were luxury liners compared to the old

makeshift, hurriedly adapted ships on which the men had travelled to earlier battlefields, although the LSTs were nothing to brag about. There was ice cream and all the food was good, much better than the men had eaten in a year. The ships had a semblance of cleanliness, the "heads" and showers were at least unpolluted.

As the convoy went north the weather turned squally, and it was raining and heavy seas were running when the transports came into Ulithi anchorage on March 21. The next day cleared and before them the men could see the largest assemblage of ships in the history of the world.

How far a cry it was from anything even the Guadalcanal veterans had ever seen! Here, for once, warships were spread as far as the eye could see! Not just transports and landing craft, but battleships, the largest carriers, cruisers. It was the first time the men, these veterans of the First, had seen the van of the new American fleet. At Guadalcanal, the ships had come and gone, had fought only briefly and left. At Cape Gloucester, the largest craft in the supporting task force was a cruiser. And although some of this same naval might that was to be seen at Ulithi had played its part on the periphery of the Peleliu operation, few of the men had seen anything but the old battleships, a few cruisers, and some small escort carriers.

For the six days that the convoy remained at Ulithi, from March 21 until March 27, the rails of the transports were lined: some men speculating, some arguing violently, over the types of ships that moved in and out of the anchorage, bound on preinvasion missions, some running up to the coast of Japan itself.

Not until the transport squadron was again under way did the talk become sober, for the briefing began officially the day the ships sailed from Ulithi.

Then it became sober indeed. When the relief models and the maps were unveiled for the rank and file, any man could see the danger of the mission ahead. The First Division was to land in the very center of the Tenth Army beaches (they bore the name Hagushi), between two of Okinawa's best airfields, Yontan and Kadena. Behind a good stretch of the First Division's assigned beach there was a sea wall, a high wall which the assault troops would have to scale. Scaling ladders had been made at Pavuvu for this purpose. And behind the wall, as the troops moved inland, they would have to move upward on a slowly rising open plain, ideal for sweeping defensive fires.

They would be exposed. There would be little cover. The Japanese would look down upon them.

The nature of the prophecy for Okinawa was different from that of Peleliu: Okinawa would be, the word sifted down, the hardest and most costly invasion in World

War II, and no one said that it would be short. A fierce fight was expected on the beaches.

On the night before L-day, planning reached its final stage; throughout the convoy there were scenes like the one watched by an observer aboard an LST carrying an assault company. During the late afternoon a destroyer had come alongside bringing up-to-the-minute photographs of the beaches, including those taken at water level by underwater demolition men. The platoon leaders and company commanders pored over these photographs in the small wardroom of the LST for a while, then went below to a narrow galley that also served as a passageway and opened into a tiny cabin that was the LST's sick bay.

The men, bare to the waist, leaned on bulkheads, sat on table tops, found whatever room they could, as the platoon leaders talked to them.

"That concrete wall," one platoon leader said in closing, "we'll scale it. But remember don't stop and take a breath when you get on top of it. Keep going! They'll have it covered with machine-gun fire. Get off that wall! If you don't, somebody's gonna get hurt."

Chapter 22

HE WAS AN EFFICIENT LITTLE MAN, had put his Corpsmen through their paces time after time, had solicited the cooperation of the LST commander, made plain what he wanted and when he wanted it from the crew of the landing ship.

The minute the amtracs went off the ramp into the water every man aboard must turn to. All the litter the assault troops left behind must be quickly gathered and thrown overboard. The vast empty cavern of the tank deck must be thoroughly hosed, and lines of cots quickly set up in it.

This was an experiment, this attempt to use LSTs as hospital ships. This was the day of all days they would be needed. Casualties at the beach would be the heaviest in the Pacific, he had been warned. His would be the first fully equipped operating room

THE FIRST MARINE DIVISION ON OKINAWA

Vahe Kirishjian

the wounded would reach. He could save lives. The experiment must work. He, the senior medical officer aboard, a lieutenant commander assigned to the LST for the purpose, would see that it worked.

It was an hour, an hour and a half, certainly less than two, before the task under his tolerant but watchful ministrations was finished, before he had a chance to take a breath. He walked out of the bow door onto a pier anchored against the ramp by Seabees, a ponton against which the small boats bearing wounded could tie up. He looked first at the vast fleet of transports and warships behind him, and then glanced toward the shore. It was quiet there, he could see the small, mole-like forms of men cross the beach, disappear over the wall

"No boats, no wounded?" he asked a Corpsman who stood on the ponton.

"Nothing yet, sir."

He went back in, up the ladder to the tiny but antiseptic operating room he had set up, looked it over narrowly, touched the table, ran his hand gently down over the sheet that covered it, went back down to the tank deck, looked at a bench covered with bottles of plasma, and walked back out the bow door.

A small boat was just then coming alongside, the coxswain racing his motor as he swung around. Up onto the ponton stepped a Marine.

"What's wrong with you, son?" the doctor asked, hurrying up.

"One of my buddies fired one and shot the top of my finger off," the Marine answered.

The doctor glanced at the finger, started to move inside again with the Marine, but paused to look at the shore again.

"What's happening in there, son?"

"Don't ask me, Doc. All I know is everybody's goin' in standing up."

That was the only boat, the only wounded man that came to the LST all that morning of D-day (they called it Love Day) at Okinawa.

After lunch the doctor went down into the tank deck again and out onto the ponton, looked at the shore, started to sit down, but then spied the man with the wounded finger.

"Come on," he said, "let's go make you a new finger."

"How's that, Doc?" the Marine asked in surprise.

"Why, we'll cut a little piece off your stomach, and stitch in onto your finger. It'll be like new. You're very lucky that I've got the time to do it. The Japanese have given you a new digit!"

II

There must be a tremendous forward thrust in amphibious assault, a momentum so propelled that the movement will not be stopped, just as it was not stopped at Peleliu, until a certain strength is built up on the beach, no matter what concert of opposition the assault moves against, no matter what losses are suffered.

During the last hours before the troops were to hit the beach at Okinawa this momentum built up until it was (for every man had fresh example in Iwo Jima) a rolling swell of grim anticipation among the 182,000 who were in the assault echelon.

And thus when the assault waves of the First Marine Division reached the beach at 0830 only to walk upright across it, mount the feared sea wall easily and with only a few shots fired in anger of opposition, saw only peaceful, terraced fields, the pebbly look of tiled-roof houses in small clusters, they went on nevertheless, kept advancing. One company commander of the 7th Marines was killed by mortar fire as his wave landed and several other men were wounded. But . . .

By 0839, all the Division's assault waves were ashore.

By 0910, some tanks of the 1st Tank Battalion were on the beach.

By 0931, the 7th Marines reported that they had passed entirely through the village

OKINAWA LOVE-DAY: Troops going over the side on debarkation nets

GOING IN: Flotation gear supports this M-4 tank coming ashore on Okinawa

of Sobe which was thought to have been a main point of resistance for the Japanese in the Division sector. And the 5th Marines soon after messaged that they were maintaining contact with the 7th, advancing just as easily.

Behind the advancing assault waves the reserves began to come ashore. Two battalions of the 1st Marines landed at 0945, and the first elements of the Division's artillery (4th Battalion, 11th Marines) were ashore by noon.

During the afternoon the assault troops of the 5th and 7th continued to advance so fast that it was difficult to follow them, and General Del Valle brought his Division command post ashore at Sobe at 1630 for a closer look, then ordered the front line to halt and dig in, and then patrol until dark.

With casualties so small that they are not itemized in the report, some 3,000 to

3,500 yards of Okinawa soil, including (with elements of the Sixth Marine Division) the valuable Yontan airfield were captured on Love-day.

Despite some elaborate after-thinking, there is no evidence that anyone involved in the entire Okinawa landing, from the highest admiral and general there, at Guam, at Pearl, or back in Washington, where plans were hatched, was not surprised, totally surprised when the thrust carried them that far.

An unopposed landing was the one eventuality that had not been anticipated at Okinawa.

Some of the more superstitious put it down to the day—April 1, April Fool's day—were certain the Japanese were up to some complex trick.

"I keep looking behind me," one enlisted man said that first night, "expecting somebody to slug me from the rear."

The second day was just as puzzling. There had been a conference the first night between General Del Valle and the regimental commanders. They decided to forego an artillery preparation the next morning, and when the troops moved out of foxholes at 0715, April 2, the weather was cool and the countryside still beautiful, but ominously quiet. When, by late afternoon and despite extensive advance patrolling over rugged terrain, "our forces were still unable to locate the center of enemy resistance," with the line now inland 6,500 yards, General Del Valle held a press conference ashore. "I don't know where the Japs are, and I can't offer you any good reason why they let us come ashore so easily," he said in frank bewilderment. "We're pushing on across the island as fast as we can move the men and equipment."

Casualties for the two days came to 3 killed, 18 wounded.

At a conference the second night it was decided to send the Division Reconnaissance Company to the east coast, the opposite side of the island (the landing had been made on the west in the East China Sea, and the advance was toward the Pacific Ocean). Ahead of the advancing troops, the Reconnaissance Company set out in jeeps, maintaining communication by radio, on the morning of the third day. They reached the other side of Okinawa before noon where they halted and asked for orders. They were then directed to move down a peninsula called Katchin. They scouted through the whole length of it before dark. Assault elements of the Division reached the east coast by 1600.

By the fourth night, April 4, all the Division's infantry regiments, the 1st, 5th and 7th, had units on the east coast and were patrolling to the rear, the trip across having been relatively uneventful, except for the arduous climb over the inland hills and for

MOVING UP: A column of Marines moving up a road from the beach. Transport shipping can be seen in the background.

an occasional sharp fire fight such as the 3d Battalion, 7th Marines, had (on April 3) around the village of Hizaonna, where it claims to have killed 122 Japanese at a cost of only 35 Marines.

The entire Division zone of action, expected to take fifteen days to secure, was in our hands. During the day the Division command post moved inland from Sobe.

Thus the first phase of the Okinawa campaign ended with the men of the Division so confused about what had happened, so unsure of what might yet happen, that they were somewat like prisoners led back to their cells from the death chamber without being told whether they had been pardoned or had only received a stay of execution.

III

Although the regiments took the new phase on Okinawa as a chance for further training, and although they patrolled vigorously and suffered some casualties, the sense of relief, of escape, would not be downed during the last three weeks of April.

Okinawa in April was nippy and energizing—around fifty degrees in the morning,

above sixty degrees at noon—something to be enjoyed by men who had spent two years in the tropics. For the first time in the Division's overseas history, the men were issued cotton sweatshirts and gabardine wool-lined field jackets.

The countryside had its own temperate beauty: no more of the startling greens and yellows of the tropics. Instead of palms there were pines, umbrella pines silhouetted along the tops of ridges; there were open spaces, and from a high point a man could see for miles. It was possible to dig a foxhole in the soft earth.

Okinawa was famed for its lacquer ware, and some men found the exquisitely worked bowls. But a ban was lowered on sending the lacquer ware back to the States, and so the men ate out of them.

Agricultural people that they were, every Okinawan seemed to have livestock. There were goats, chickens, horses and dogs. Some Marines on horseback galloped crazily over the island. Many took goats but those who did lived to rue it. The goats were flea-breeders.

From some abandoned Okinawa homes the men took the sliding panels which separated rooms. These panels made excellent floors for foxholes. Some of the more enterprising men constructed small lean-tos of the panels, and yet others, usually in couples, built small houses which they roofed with their ponchos.

One company, whose custom it had been to hold songfests back at Pavuvu when

RATION DUMP on Okinawa on Love plus 4

there was a beer ration, at Okinawa concocted jungle juice out of raisins (from the 10-in-1 ration) and sick bay alcohol "borrowed" from some hospital Corpsman or doctor for a festive evening.

"How the men got them ashore I'll never know," the company commander said in recalling the evening. "But they turned up that night with a banjo, a mandolin, and a couple of guitars.

"We sang all the old songs we used to sing at Pavuvu: 'Wabash Cannonball,' 'Take Me Back to Tulsa,' 'You Got to Walk That Lonesome Road,' 'Birmingham Jail,' 'Cindy,' 'John Henry,' 'Brown Ferry Blues,' and 'The Old Rugged Cross.'

"One of the men didn't realize how strong the jungle juice was. He drank almost a canteen full and as he passed out he kept saying, 'Play me another, play me another,' while the guitar player kept answering, 'Can't play no more! Man, I got only two strings left!' "

After the troops settled into their bivouacs and began patrols into the caves, civilians began to appear in the Division sector in large numbers. There seemed to be only two ages among them: the children, and the old men and women. They seemed to have no middle age, and if they were not young, the Okinawans seemed to be very old, wizened and bent, and above all, pitiful and subservient.

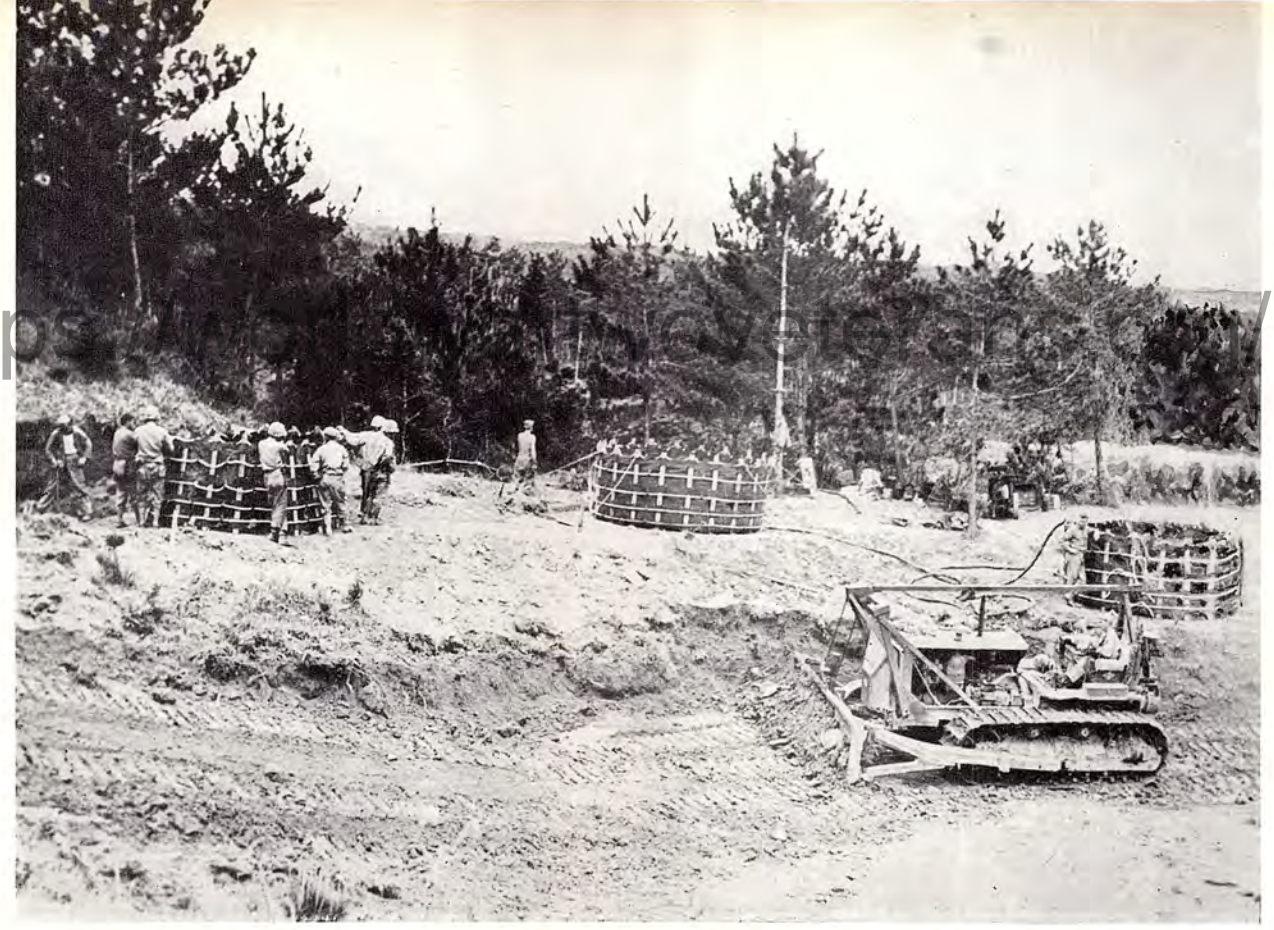
The civil government struggled with these people, many of whom were sick and hungry from having lived underground for weeks before our invasion, and First Division men, for the first time in the history of the outfit, were faced with a civilian population. Although the Marines treated the Okinawans with surprising civility, it was essential that the civilians be moved out of the bivouac areas. The civil government officers selected Katchin Peninsula as a compound. The Okinawans did not quite comprehend all the arrangements that had been made for their junket and many wandered away into the fields and along the side roads from points where they were to go aboard trucks. It was days, not hours, before they disappeared from the Division's routes of supply.

By the third week in April, the Division command post was settled enough so that movies were being shown and food was served under cover.

So exuberant was the spirit around Division CP that the enlisted men there began to play leapfrog at the movie area every evening before dark, until the movie began. One evening the game was interrupted by a Japanese plane which came over unexpectedly from behind a hill, spattering bullets as it passed. No one was hit, but the incident was a reminder that there was a battle being fought for Okinawa.

If this was the first Japanese plane that had strafed the Division sector, it was not the first Japanese plane the men had seen. There had been a few enemy planes over the transports on D-day, and one had streaked between the ships at deck level until it was hit and burst flaming into the water. And the first few days, as they paused each night in the rapid advance across the island, the men could look back in the sky and watch the searchlights go on, and the tracers fly through the sky.

It was the first night or two after the Division secured its sector of the island (April 6-7) that the big air show began, a spectacle the like of which men of the First had never seen. When the searchlights first came on they looked like luminous pencils being flipped back and forth in the sky. Then when an enemy plane was discovered (and



WATER POINT: Collapsible water tanks on Okinawa, erected by the engineers

the airman's name for them, "bogie," soon became common usage in the First), the searchlights would form a cone above and below the plane, all converging high in the sky on the tiny dot, as if the pencils had suddenly, with a stroke, been stacked. When the bogie had been fixed by the searchlights, antiaircraft from ashore and afloat would open on it. The sounds (and some of the flak) came up into the hills muffled, but the black puffs could be seen all around the plane. More often than not, the plane went on through this concentration of light and shell, and the searchlights jerked forward or backward to follow it. The men would yell instructions to the gunners, as if they could be heard over the distance of five miles. "Those guys must be firing on Kentucky windage," was one comment on our antiaircraft men. When the tracers fell far below the plane, the men would often say: "That must be Hooligan's Navy [a collective title for the amphibian ships and their crews] that's trying to reach that plane with a forty millimeter."

What this nightly spectacle meant in losses to men and ships, how serious it was, never became apparent to the naked eye, and the men of the First did not understand the full meaning of the Kamikaze raids.

Of these early days on Okinawa many men will remember best April 12, the day President Franklin D. Roosevelt died. Perhaps not since the Civil War, when Union soldiers spoke affectionately of Lincoln, had a President been held so close in the hearts of American fighting men.

"Be sure to put something in your book about that time," a high Division officer warned the author. "It was amazing and very striking how the men reacted. We held services, but services did not seem enough. The men were peculiarly sober and quiet all that day and the next. Plainly each of them was carrying it as an intimate sorrow of the deepest kind, for they paid it their highest tribute, the tribute of being unwilling to talk about it, of leaving how they felt unsaid."

IV

Ashore on the island though they now were, the men of the First Division knew little more about the Okinawa campaign than they had known at Pavuvu. They knew now of course that Okinawa, not Formosa, was the island. They knew that they were indeed part of an army, the Tenth Army, and that an Army general named Buckner was in command of it. And they knew they were getting close to Japan itself, that they were only a finger's distance on the map from the home islands.

But of the strategic importance of the campaign, of the elaborate planning that lay behind it, of the intricacies of command under which they would be led—of these things not fifty men in the First Division had full comprehension.

A simple summary is necessary to the understanding of the role the Division was to play at Okinawa.

Formosa *was* the original plan. It was put aside, abandoned as Rabaul and Yap had been abandoned, to keep pace with the increasing success of our offensive and the increasing decline of the Japanese ability to resist. Formosa had been uppermost in the plans through the spring and summer of 1944, and it was not until September 16 of that year (D plus 1 day at Peleliu) that Admiral Nimitz reconsidered, asked his ranking subordinates to comment on a plan to move toward Japan by the Bonins and Ryukyus instead of Formosa and the China coast. With favorable comments for the Ryukyus in his hands, Nimitz forwarded a recommendation that this direction be taken, and his recommendation was approved by the Joint Chiefs of Staff on October 3, 1944, when they ordered him to seize one or more points in the Ryukyus by March 1, 1945.

It was as a landing force with a core of infantry that Tenth Army was formed, first to take Formosa and later Okinawa, and Lieutenant General Buckner was brought from

Alaska to command it. Okinawa was, of course, to be a joint operation of naval and air, as well as ground forces. In top command was Nimitz. Next under him came Admiral R. A. Spruance, commanding the Central Pacific Task Forces, including the tremendous covering and special naval forces necessary for strategic protection of the expeditionary force which was in turn to be under Vice Admiral Richmond Kelly Turner. Buckner reported to Turner.

Tenth Army was at first simply a staff, and it was as Marine liaison on it that Brigadier General O. P. Smith had left the First Division to serve. Then seasoned troops were assigned to it. There was the Army's XXIV Corps (7th, 77th and 96th Infantry Divisions) which had fought at Leyte and on other Pacific islands, and the III Amphibious Corps (First, Second and Sixth Marine Divisions) whose campaigns were almost too numerous to be listed. Besides, Tenth Army had under its immediate control one other division, the 27th. Area reserve was the 81st Infantry Division, which had left Peleliu for rehabilitation in New Caledonia, to be under immediate control of Nimitz.

FIGHTING MAN'S SPOKESMAN: Ernie Pyle (second from left) and Marines rest beside a road on Okinawa. Ernie Pyle was later killed while with the Army's 77th Infantry Division on Ie Shima near Okinawa.

In the planning for Okinawa, only two factors were of strikingly new importance: the size and scope of the logistic problem, made difficult because of distances, and the selection of landing beaches. The Navy wanted the protected anchorage of Nakagusuku Wan (later called Buckner Bay) while Tenth Army insisted on the Hagushi beaches where they could immediately seize two of the island's most important airfields, Yontan and Kadena. This, after many discussions, was resolved in the Army's favor, with the provision that the Kerama Retto be seized in a preliminary operation.

The Japanese strength on Okinawa was rather accurately estimated, and if there was fault at this time in American intelligence it was on the highest level and a fault of caution. The American high command did not truly know the extent to which the Japanese ability to fight had deteriorated. Not in the islands, not in caves. But in strategic strength. The Imperial Navy had suffered a fatal blow in the Second Battle of the Philippine Sea, the engagements fought concurrently with the Leyte landings. American submarines had done far greater damage than was realized, such damage that Japan was desperately short in resources, especially in oil, by the time we landed at Okinawa.

If we had known what we later knew about the Japanese shortages, we would have better understood what happened when we landed at Okinawa. We would have known why Lieutenant General Ushijima, commanding the 32d Army, had decided to make his defense of the island a costly, drawn-out one, why he had chosen to make his stand elsewhere than at the beach. And we would have understood the desperation which drove the Japanese high command—without a fleet to speak of and short of gas to keep their planes in the air—to exploit the Kamikaze Corps, a unit first hastily improvised in the Philippines.

Ushijima's only hope at Okinawa was to hold out until the Kamikaze could wreck, smash the invasion fleet, cut off supplies, isolate the American expeditionary force.

V

April was a month of search, of feeling out Ushijima, of finding his stronghold, and (for the Navy) of fighting the Kamikaze.

Ushijima was not on the beaches nor in the center of the island. The First Marine Division and others had proven that.

He was not in the mountainous terrain of the north. The Sixth Marine Division had proven that at some little cost and after a fierce engagement on Motobu Peninsula where

CANDY RATION: A group of Marines feeds this Okinawan baby candy from their rations

several battalions of that division fought for two weeks to secure Mount Yaetake on April 23.

Ushijima and the main body of his troops were therefore probably in the south, the direction in which the Army's XXIV Corps had turned after crossing the center of the island.

"The southern third of Okinawa," says the Army's official history, *Okinawa: The Last Battle,* "is rolling, hilly country, lower than the north but broken by terraces, steep natural escarpments, and ravines. This section is almost entirely under cultivation and contains three-fourths of the population of the island; here, too, are the airfields and the large towns—Naha, Shuri, Itoman and Yonabaru.

"The limestone plateau and ridges are ideal for defense and abound in natural caves and burial tombs, easily developed into strong underground positions. Generally aligned east and west, the hills offer no north-south ridge line for troop movement, and thus they provide successive natural lines of defense, with frequent steep slopes created by artificial terracing. Rice paddies fill the lowlands near the coasts. The roads are more numerous than in the north, but, with the exception of those in Naha and its

vicinity, they are mostly country lanes unsuited for motorized traffic. Drainage is generally poor, and heavy rains turn the area into a quagmire of deep, clay-like mud."

In this terrain XXIV Corps quickly ran into trouble. By April 9, the Army corps had added another division to its shore-to-shore front, and the line stood from left to right (east to west): 7th—96th—27th. Although these three divisions "kept up steady pressure," according to an Army report, between April 9 and April 19, their relatively small gains found them under criticism, and whether they should have, or could have, advanced more quickly than they did remains one of the controversial questions of the Okinawa operation. At one point, Major General John R. Hodge, corps commander, explained that he was waiting for artillery ammunition.

This he got in quantities that were apparently satisfactory by April 19, for on that day he launched a coordinated attack, supported by twenty-seven battalions of artillery, among the twenty-seven being four from the First Marine Division (11th Marines), these having been dispatched south between April 9 and April 12 at the request of XXIV Corps.

Before these artillery battalions of the First Division were through with the Okinawa campaign some of them had moved, or "displaced," as the artillerymen would say it, nine times. The 1st Battalion, 11th Marines, alone was to fire 100,330 rounds of 75mm, as against the 120,000-round total for the entire regiment at Peleliu. So often did they move at Okinawa that one battalion alone used 40,000 gallons of 80-octane gasoline; 3,200 gallons of ordinary gasoline; 4,000 gallons of diesel fuel; 400 gallons of No. 30 motor oil; 500 pounds of No. 2 general purpose grease; 200 pounds of hypoid No. 90 grease—not to mention 51,876 rations.

It was the attack of the 19th which came to have a direct effect on the First Marine Division. There was a hard fight at a ridge, a very ragged limestone abutment called Kakazu, in which the 27th Division lost many of its tanks.

As a result, a warning order was issued by Tenth Army alerting the 1st Marine Tank Battalion for use in the south. The 1st Marine Tank Battalion was an organic unit of the Division, and in it great stress had always been laid upon tank-infantry cooperation. The combination of circumstances under which the tanks were sought would make their release a blow, not only to the 1st Tank Battalion itself but to the Division's infantry.

General Geiger's answer was a strong objection. He recommended that the First Division be used intact, and General Buckner left the First with its tanks.

The intensity of the Kamikaze attack faced General Buckner with a more important

problem. The Navy insisted that the campaign be speeded. They were sustaining higher losses than they had ever sustained in an amphibious operation. A syndicated columnist in the United States suggested that a second landing be made in the south of the island, behind what it was now obvious was Ushijima's main line of resistance. The matter was thoroughly discussed at Tenth Army, as XXIV Corps ground on from April 19 to April 28.

Instead of another landing, General Buckner ordered that the line be reinforced, changes made, more pressure put on the Japanese, the push southward revitalized.

On April 24 he warned III Amphibious Corps to make the First Marine Division available, and on April 27 attached the First Division to XXIV Corps to relieve the 27th Division.

On April 30 the men knocked down their shanties, put their gear on, mounted trucks and moved to the south along the now dusty roads.

Chapter 23

IT WAS a shockingly vicious business from the first moment of the first day (May 1), one that required—after the respite in April—some severe readjustments.

"The boys stood wide-mouthed, crowded together, or ran in four directions at once," said a company commander recalling the first morning's attack in southern Okinawa. "Stunned and shaken by artillery, the men burrowed more and more deeply into one-man slit trenches instead of digging two-man holes, as they were ordered to do."

They recovered quickly. By 1830 that first day the self-same company commander noted that his men "were over their initial shock."

The 1st Marines had gone south in the lead, moved into the Army's 27th Division lines during the day of April 30, took some artillery fire that night, and set out the next

morning to see what was in front of it, particularly to look for a tank approach across a narrow ravine that ran in front of their inherited lines.

The company (A) that set out had to turn back almost immediately, for as soon the men got into the defile they were cut down by machine-gun and small-arms fire from caves in the ridge on the other side.

The 3d Battalion tried to grab Miyagusuku, a cluster of tile-roofed houses slightly south of the regiment's lines. When medium and flame-throwing tanks pulverized the walls that surrounded the houses, set on fire the flimsy wooden structures underneath the heavy roofs, the Japanese let them do so without hindrance. They even let a two-squad patrol scout through the village rubble.

But when K and L Companies tried to enter in the early afternoon, then it was another story, told in the official Marine monograph, *The First Marine Division on Okinawa*:

"As the company emerged from the southern edge of the village, it received heavy machine-gun, rifle, mortar, knee mortar and artillery fire. The men took cover, although they were under constant observation from the enemy on higher ground. Company casualties were heavy. Twenty-two men were wounded and two were killed.

"The company commander, seeing that his position was untenable, requested permission to withdraw. This was granted and he commenced the movement, evacuating wounded and dead under cover of our own artillery, 81mm mortar smoke and high-explosive shells."

"The company took up its old positions north of Miyagusuku."

The second day was much the same, and that night the Japanese counterattacked K Company of the 1st Marines, the very same company that had fought on the point at Peleliu.

"The Nips came charging out of the dark toward the 1st Platoon with bayonets fixed, hurling grenades," says one report of the affray. "The Marines threw grenades in return, fired the two rifles that would fire (the others were made useless by mud), and used their rifles as clubs on the few of the enemy who got close enough. This attack lasted about twenty minutes and then the Nips moved to the left . . . " where they fared no better. The attack dwindled away.

II

Picture the scene.

The 32d Army command post deep in the tunnels of medieval, moat-surrounded Shuri Castle, a landmark that Admiral Perry once visited.

Four or five, perhaps six or seven officers of high rank sitting in canvas chairs around a table littered with maps, their spectacles throwing sharp, shallow beams of reflected light against the walls of the tunnels as they gesture and talk in excitement the night of May 2.

It is an argument.

The voices have the tenor of annoyance that proves the argument is an old one. Ushijima sits in restless seniority, listening as his chief of staff, General Isamu Cho, reviews the points.

The Kamikaze, Cho says, have not stopped the Americans, have not cut off their supplies. On the contrary, the Americans are building newer and greater power each day. They have fresh divisions. They have passed our outpost line, have penetrated to our main line of resistance. They will now grind us to pieces unless we do something to stop them. Though our plan may be to wage only a costly campaign of attrition, we can make it more costly by attack, by a full-scale attack.

BAR MAN: A Marine fires at a group of Japs changing positions

Cho pauses, and Ushijima says nothing.

It is the time, Cho senses, to grow bolder, to outline the details of the plan that he and Major General Fujioaka, commanding the excellent 62d Division, have worked out.

A full-scale counterattack, says Cho, using all arms of the Japanese service including the Kamikaze—massed artillery fire, troops attacking all along the line, and two shipping engineer regiments (the 23d and 26th) for counterlandings behind the Tenth Army line. When the shipping regiments have done their work, Cho explains, the 24th Division will attack toward Futema in the center and then cut back toward the coast behind the new Marine division the Americans have placed in the line.

A flurry of disagreement which soon dies away.

Ushijima nods agreement with Cho, and the meeting breaks up.

"The Japanese," says the American Army's postwar history, "planned their ground attack with extreme care. This was to be no Banzai charge. The enemy intelligence had formed an accurate estimate of American dispositions, and his orders were clear and explicit. Divisions, regiments, battalions, and companies were given definite objectives and precise boundaries. Units in close support followed designated routes. Commanders were ordered to dispatch infiltrating squads to gain up-to-date information. The efforts of supporting arms, such as artillery, tanks, and engineers, were thoroughly integrated with the infantry action."

At 0200, May 4, the 1st Battalion of the 1st Marines, plus some armored amtracs from the 3d Armored Amphibian Tractor Battalion, set up along a sea wall a few yards south of Machinato Airfield, sighted enemy landing barges approaching the beach. The battalion commander called for flares, and the men along the sea wall opened up with machine guns, mortars, small arms and rifle grenades, one of the latter quickly sinking a Jap barge with a direct hit.

Company B's 60mm mortar section fired 1,100 rounds. One platoon in C Company burned out the barrels of six machine guns, and used fifty boxes of ammunition. The corporal of this machine-gun section had the wit to change frequently the position of his guns, probably saving some of them from destruction.

At the height of the fight, the 1st Marines asked Division for help and got the 2d Battalion, 7th Marines, which moved into an assembly area northeast of Machinato Airfield. It was not used.

By 0400, the 26th Shipping Engineers were destroyed, only a few survivors, mainly from a smaller party that landed on the coast opposite the Division command post,

MOVING UP: Marine riflemen moving up behind a flamethrower tank on Okinawa

were left hiding in the canefields below it, to be cleaned up next morning by the Division Reconnaissance Company assisted by the War Dog Platoon.

Altogether the Japanese landing provided a situation rigged to Marine taste—one where the superb fire discipline and direction so characteristic of the First Division's infantry units could be exploited on an exposed enemy. Upward of four hundred Japanese were killed in the water or on the water's edge as they struggled toward shore, plus perhaps a hundred others killed ashore in the mopping up.

III

What Tenth Army had in mind for the first week in May was to get its fresh divisions in the lines, straighten those lines so that all could start forward together in a new offensive on May 11.

The Japanese counteroffensive did not delay this move. Both of the counterlandings failed, and the penetration planned for the center of the Tenth Army line had only a temporary success.

It was the Japanese defensive, not offensive, skill which delayed the Americans.

Long before May 11, the fight along what was coming to be called the Shuri Line was reduced to a series of struggles against Japanese strongpoints. Division objectives all along the line became so distinct it was as if each division was fighting a separate battle on an individual battle ground.

All were, in the first week of May, facing the Japanese main line of resistance.

In front of the First Marine Division (on the right flank of the line) was a series of low coral ridges: Jichaku on the right; Hill Nan and Hill 60 in the center; Wilson's Ridge and Awacha Pocket on the left. These must be taken first. Then as the front narrowed in on Shuri there was next Dakeshi, the ridge first and then the town. Finally there was a draw in front of Shuri. This last draw and the ridge behind it bore the name of the town that lay in the draw, Wana. Wana Draw and Wana Ridge.

Having pushed along the coastal flat through Miyagusuku, the 1st Marines pivoted and turned inward toward Hill Nan and Hill 60 after the Japanese counterattack languished.

"Our regular dish," said a G Company man, "was a grenade fight each night. From dark until dawn we expected Nips to crawl into our holes, and they didn't disappoint us. There were incidents of our men killed by bayonets and slashed with knives. Be-

A Marine flamethrower tank discharges a stream of fire into what was believed to be a Japanese infested cave on Okinawa. A surprise explosion occurred, for the place was an enemy ammunition dump.

fore we could get all of the Nips, they were over the cliffs and under us again. The majority of those who ventured over to our side of the hill did not return to their caves and in a couple of days the trips were much discouraged."

That was Hill Nan. Hill 60 was just behind it. They were mutually supporting, and to take them together (as they must be taken) the 1st Marines worked out for May 6 an elaborate battle attack in miniature, one employing air strikes, artillery, tanks, and all the men and weapons in its 2d Battalion.

The air strike was late, and the men stood where they were until 1000, when 81mm and 60mm mortars from the battalion's three companies pasted the reverse slopes of the two hills while artillery covered the tops and forward slopes.

Surely this bombardment would help. But barely had the 3d Platoon of G Company started when its men were pinned down.

The 1st Platoon was smacked in its tracks, before it could get started, men falling all around from the fragments of a heavy Japanese mortar barrage. When, twenty minutes later, they did gather themselves together and start out, there were only four-

CAVE DEFENSES: Japanese caves on the north cliff of the gorge

TO THE REAR: This Marine had his clothing blown from his back by a Jap mortar. Shocked and hurt but still on his feet, he is helped toward the rear by a comrade.

teen of them left. The 2d Platoon was ordered to pass through and did so, but advanced slowly under heavy fire until 1154 when it was on Hill 60, its objective.

Then, as if everything else had been prelude, the Japanese on the hill struck back.

"Too many things happened to remember the details," said a man who was there. "The Nips hit us with grenades, satchel charges, white phosphorus shells, and dumped carloads of knee mortar shells on us."

Behind the assaulting platoons there was a tragic trail of casualties, lying out in No-Man's-Land. The wounded who were able, kept fighting. Six of them were brought forward to the hill on ponchos and the unwounded were still trying to save the wounded when the battalion commander ordered all to withdraw.

To get out of there was as hard as to get in. It took smoke grenades and flame-throw-

WHERE LIES THE ENEMY: Looking southeast toward the Japs' fortress

ing tanks and steady fire from reserve machine-gun sections to cover the withdrawal.

"The situation," says the official monograph, "was one which would be repeated many times. With the enemy holding a number of mutually supporting hills and dominating ground, it was to be learned that more than one of the hills involved would have to be taken simultaneously; to assault one, and one alone, would mean that the entire brunt of the enemy's fire power located on the adjacent hills would be brought to bear and troops would find their positions untenable."

Even the tanks took a beating. The Company A mediums were hit as soon as they showed their blunt snouts, moving down out of the draw. The heavy barrage from behind the hills was bad enough, but in the hill itself the antitank 47s were even more accurate. Altogether three tanks were disabled with ten hits; two were total losses.

When E Company tried the next day, May 7, things were if anything worse. When E got to the hill, the Japs rushed across the summit at them.

"We used two machine guns to drop those Japs," said a man in the 1st Platoon, "returned satchel charges that the Nips threw at us, and clubbed them with rifle butts."

And E—after an hour and a half of this—had to come off of there, too. At the foot, in the draw, they somehow collected themselves and somehow got back to the top. Again the Japanese slugged at them—sniper, mortar and machine-gun fire from the reverse slopes (the back sides) of nearby hills, helping out.

"Evacuation of casualties," notes the monograph, "was extremely difficult. Not that there was a shortage of men. Indeed there were too many on the hill as it was, and the company was dangerously crowded. The wounded had to be dragged off the hill under fire."

At 1700, E—say what was left of E—came off the hill for the last time that day, and of course their withdrawal had to be covered by smoke shells.

Next morning, May 8, the 2d Battalion went on with its disheartening task, observing that caves they had blasted shut the day, or days, before, were blasted open again and manned by Japanese reinforcements.

This would not do. Hill Nan and Hill 60 would never be taken in this fashion. On May 9, the 1st Marines sent its 1st Battalion, supported by flame-throwing tanks, eastward while the 2d again went up the hill. By noon the lead platoons paused to reorganize, and then went on about 1500.

At 2000 the 2d Battalion drew another hour-long shelling from the Japanese and four hours later, at midnight, a company of Japanese counterattacked. The fighting went on there until dawn.

Three days of desultory action followed, with the 5th Marines being reinforced on the right by first the 3d Battalion, 7th Marines, then the 1st Battalion, 7th. On May 9, the 7th began its own attack toward Dakeshi Ridge and its 3d Battalion returned to the regimental fold.

Not so desultory was the 5th's work that good men could not be wounded. On May 9, Major Paul Douglas fell with a machine-gun bullet in his arm—Douglas the former economics professor, the idealist who had joined the Marine Corps as a private. At Okinawa as at Peleliu, the men hardly knew what to make of Douglas, "that old gray-headed fellow rushing around like crazy up here," said one of them. Douglas was fifty-three, had won the Bronze Star at Peleliu for similar behavior which in the truest sense was beyond the call of duty. What Douglas would do was this: When the Divi-

CLOSING IN: While enemy fire plays along the top of the bank, three Marines move under cover of the rice paddies as they close in on some trapped Japs in burning houses, during the battle for Okinawa

sion went into action, he would bedevil the higher-ups to let him leave his post as Division adjutant and go forward. This he succeeded in doing at both Peleliu and Okinawa. But when he got to the regiment, he would not tarry there. At Peleliu he was hit, slightly wounded, while carrying flamethrower ammunition to the front; at Okinawa, while stretcher-bearing. He was evacuated to the States, and spent fourteen months in Bethesda Naval Hospital, learning to regain partial use of his arm. In 1948 he was well enough to win election to the United States Senate from Illinois.

Awacha Pocket was still untaken, and there was some anguish on the matter back at Division command post. The assistant division commander, Brigadier General Louis R. Jones, whose code name, Loudmouth, did not too inaccurately describe his aggressive manner, came forward each day to urge on the regimental commander.

For the 5th Marines the action of May 10 at Awacha was acid. The 2d Battalion on the left was to pivot, attack the north slopes of Wilson's Ridge, while the 1st Battalion went through the valley and went up Wilson's west side.

Early in the action one of the flame-throwing tanks assigned to the 2d Battalion, 5th Marines, flushed and burned out the crew of a Japanese 47mm antitank gun that had harried the tanks for days, and the Marine tanks then moved freely into the draw, infantry following close behind and F Company got on Wilson, only to withdraw later in the day.

This, as pivoting moves go, was satisfactory, demanding the attention, as it did, of a good part of the Japanese in the area, and while it was going on the 1st Battalion's A Company hurried across the valley, moving with success until it got on the slopes of Wilson. Then it was hit with automatic and mortar fire from the front and both flanks. Tanks could not get up to help. Wounded could not be evacuated, not through Death Valley which was by now under a thunderstorm of Japanese fire. At 1700 the company was ordered to withdraw, its position untenable. Heavy smoke was thrown on the slopes of Wilson while the wounded were carried out on ponchos. Company C which had followed A up Wilson, now followed it down.

The next day, Wilson's Ridge fell, with Company A again crossing Death Valley, suffering fairly heavy casualties (but not as heavy as on the day before), getting up on top of Wilson and staying there.

IV

Looking at the official histories of Okinawa would make it seem that something began to happen on May 11 that was not happening before. You get a vision of thousands of men arising as if by signal and surging forward against the Japanese.

"Although by 10 May," says the Army history, "the American troops were still short of the line set by Tenth Army as the point of departure for a general offensive, there was not time to spare in launching this offensive."

From this and other comments you'd think that the men at the front had not been fighting every day; or that, on the other hand, simply by mentioning the words "general offensive" that they were to fight better, take ground more quickly because the attack was to be general.

It is a fact that there was pressure, more of the same pressure that had been put on General Buckner in April, for him to speed up the campaign. "Admiral Turner was somewhat impatient because of heavy naval losses," notes the Army history.

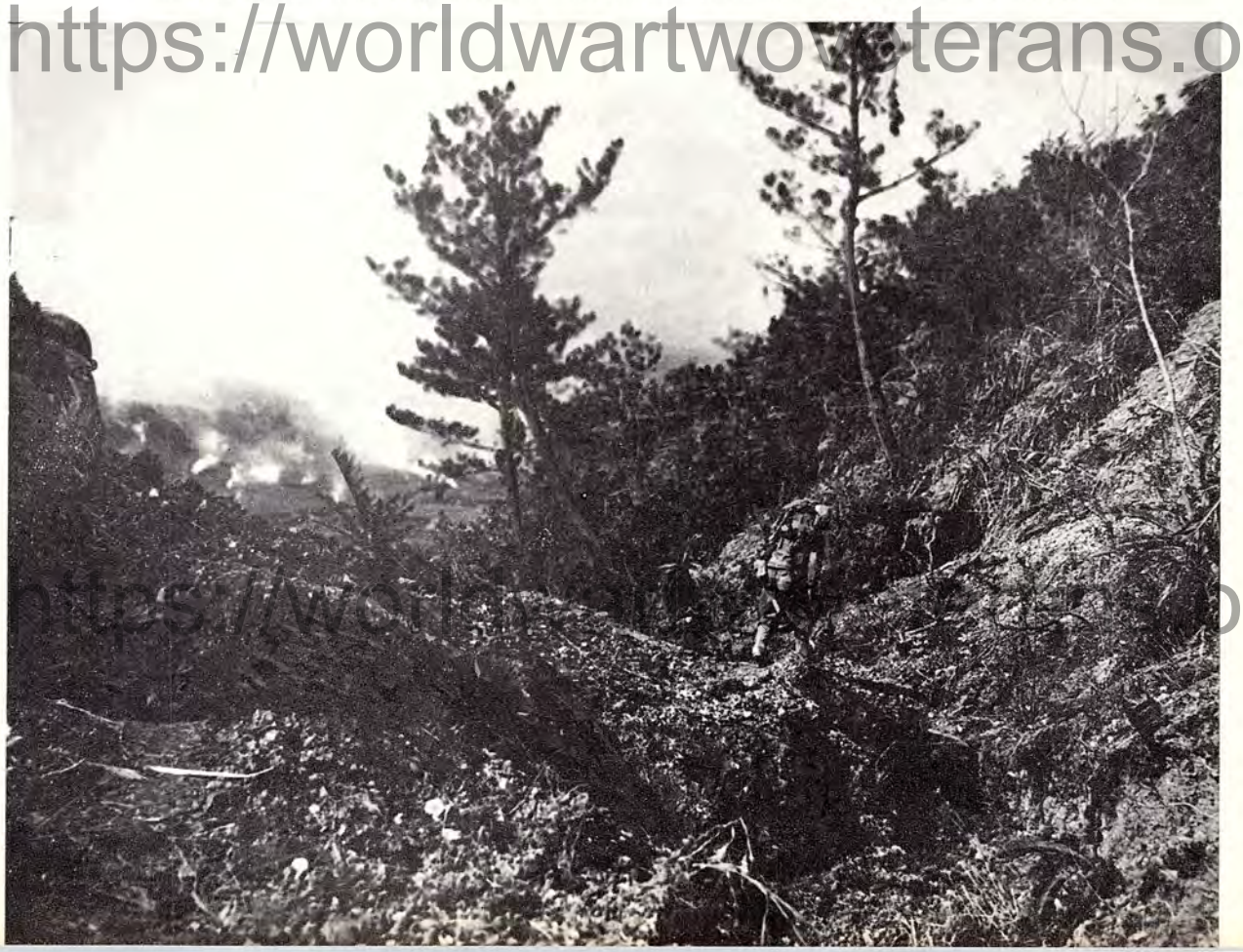
And before this pressure, General Buckner did make some further shifts in the line. The Sixth Marine Division relieved the First of its flank responsibilities on May 8, taking over the sector along the coastal flat, putting the First inland, toward the middle of the line—much as if the Division had been shifted from right end to right guard.

Both Sixth and First Marine Divisions were put under control of III Amphibious Corps again, and Corps moved south to take control of the right side of Tenth Army's line, with XXIV Corps holding responsibility for the left side of the line, with the Army's 77th and 96th Divisions each holding half of the Army corps sector. For the "general offensive" of May 11, then, the line-up was, from right to left (west to east): Sixth Marine Division, First Marine Division, 77th Infantry Division, and 96th Infantry Division.

If the First had ever thought it would have a part in some grand maneuver, in turning a flank, such thoughts had to be put aside. The First was in the middle, stabbing and jabbing at the hard core of the Japanese defense of Okinawa.

Nor was any part of the coordinated attack a sweep. It "soon broke down into a series of intense battles for particular points with the western, central, and eastern sec-

INTO DEATH VALLEY: The 1st Battalion, 7th Marines, moves up in a push on Dakeshi Ridge through what was later called "Death Valley" because of more than 125 casualties in eight hours while crossing the draw



tors presenting relatively distinct situations." And "at many places the American efforts were merely an intensification of assaults that had begun on previous days."

Exactly. If there was a difference at all in the First Division it was one of degree, as the battalions of the 7th Marines, now put into the line to relieve the 5th, deployed against Dakeshi, the key terrain feature in the III Corps zone of action which, when captured, would, according to a senior officer, "cut off Japanese observation to the north, help units on the flank advance and, in sum, help breach the main defenses to Shuri."

Before daybreak of May 11, when the 7th Marines stood ready to take their part in the coming offensive of the morning, the Japanese took matters into their own hands —at 0500 began to pour in mortar and machine-gun fire on the 3d Battalion, and minutes later came charging into the 3d's lines in a slugging, for-keeps, counterattack. This was turned back, with spectacular help from four battalions of the Division's artillery, and the 2d Battalion, according to plan, passed through to launch the attack with the 1st Battalion on the left.

The 1st Battalion came under heavy fire immediately, halted and called for tanks, got the tanks a half hour later when its C Company pushed through A and B toward the foot of Dakeshi. Then with the tanks firing their utmost, C struggled on up the face of Dakeshi, reaching the crest shortly before noon. Company A pushed up to take the left flank of C, but by the time A got up, C was pushed off, and they fought forward together to reach the crest in the late afternoon. They set up for the night on the eastern part of Dakeshi Ridge.

The 2d Battalion had a rough day, too. "We did damned little attacking," said one Marine. "Every time a man raised his head he was hit."

When a Marine was struck by a Japanese flamethrower, "we tried to get the flame out for fifteen minutes but every time anyone rushed across the plateau to help him, he was hit. One of the corporals finally reached the burning boy and attempted to smother the flames with his poncho. He was shot in the eye."

The 2d Battalion went around the foot of Dakeshi and consolidated its lines for the day at the western end, almost fulfilling the regimental plan for May 11. The two battalions had attacked opposite ends of the ridge in a pincers move to avoid crossing the open horseshoe that curved outward front and center of Dakeshi.

That night, as might have been expected, the Japanese counterattacked. There were grenade duels and confusion and deaths and injuries before the Japanese were turned back.

THE FIRST MARINE DIVISION IN THE SHURI AREA

Thus ended the day of the grand offensive. The task for next day, May 12, was clear. The gap between the two battalions must be closed.

For the 1st Battalion, this meant a move on up Dakeshi to its top. Between the assault companies and the crest stood a sharp pinnacle around which there was room only for a platoon to maneuver.

"First the platoon commander and three men tried to occupy the pinnacle by stealth," relates the monograph. "This attempt failed, and 60mm mortar fire was laid on the reverse slope in a heavy concentration, followed immediately by an assault of twelve Marines. But this failed because the enemy was waiting unscathed, and threw such a barrage of hand grenades from protected positions that the Marines had to withdraw.

"Next, the engineers and demolitions men were brought up to place about four hundred pounds of charges along the top of the ridge. Our troops were withdrawn from the immediate vicinity while the demolitions were set off. The effect of the blasting was startling but ineffective. It failed to dislodge or destroy the enemy in his caves and holes on the reverse side of the pinnacle.

"The platoon leader was not without hope after all these failures. It was just the

PUTTING ON THE HEAT: A flamethrower tank applies its efforts to a Japanese position while Marines in the foreground wait to move forward

THROUGH DEATH VALLEY: A Marine, driving through Japanese machine-gun fire while crossing a draw, rises from cover for a quick dash forward to another position

same old idea of utilizing all of the weapons and means at his disposal until the correct one for the particular situation was found.

"Sometimes it would be hand grenades, sometimes flamethrower tanks, or demolitions, mortars, or artillery; one never knew in the beginning.

"What worked one time in a given situation might fail in a similar situation the same day. The answer to the taking of the pinnacle was found in the next move.

"The platoon leader secured two flamethrower tanks and one line tank for escort. Riding in one of the tanks in order to guide them in properly on the target, the officer

directed the tanks through the saddle on the right of the pinnacle, and moved down the south slope of Dakeshi Ridge east of the village to where fire and flame could be brought to bear on the pinnacle's reverse side.

"The area was thoroughly worked over with 75mm gun fire and strafed by the tanks' .30 caliber machine guns. Simultaneously, the flamethrower tanks poured their flame over about three-fourths of the target. They could not work over the top of the reverse slope because of the broken terrain. As the tanks retired, the platoon leader went back to his troops and ordered another advance.

"This time the assault was successful."

The 2d Battalion, having gained more ground on its side of Dakeshi, sent E Company in advance to tie in with the 1st Battalion. During the day, F had to be replaced by G, a relief managed only by sending one fire team into the open at a time. When F finally got out on the nose of Dakeshi, the Japanese on the reverse slope came up hurling hand grenades. They were killed, and by nightfall, May 12, the 7th Marines had a permanent hold on the crest of Dakeshi.

V

Other divisions might be on the flank, along the coastal flats where the civilian newspaper correspondents could get to their command posts, interview their generals, poop up "advances" and "breakthroughs." The First Marine Division was in the center, butting bloodily but unglamorously against the best part of Ushijima's meticulously constructed, craftily devised, static defense.

While the significant points of terrain in other sectors were beginning to be called names that would look good in print—like Chocolate Drop, Sugar Loaf, Strawberry Hill—the First Division markedly stuck to the names on the map, stuck to (and many men had begun to feel it was stuck with) Dakeshi, Wana and Shuri.

It was a situation the First should have been used to, a situation that any man who had fought on Bloody Nose at Peleliu, fought the costly battle there while the eyes of newspaper readers had turned elsewhere, should have understood.

But for the men of the First there was not a pure sense of aloneness at Okinawa. It was a sense of loneliness among much activity—something like the feeling people try to describe when they say there is no place as lonely as a big city.

The fury and thanklessness of the battle did not lessen as the 7th Marines pushed on the morning of May 13, when its 2d Battalion started down off the crest of Dakeshi

A Marine throws out a smoke grenade to cover evacuation of wounded

Ridge into Dakeshi town and found, behind the façade of an agricultural community, "a maze of tunnels, shafts, caves and other hiding places for a large Japanese defending force. Snipers were hidden in the houses, behind the walls, and in wells and cisterns."

Companies G and E were fired on, not only from the town itself, from the cloistered and camouflaged positions on Wana Ridge, but also, from behind them, on Dakeshi Ridge, where a platoon of marines was trying to clean out a last pocket of Japanese.

Company E got into Dakeshi, sent a platoon (its 3d) around the west side of the settlement toward Wana Ridge. They were stopped as they tried to cross a ditch in Wana Draw.

"None of us could move," said one of the men. "Our Corpsman was killed while patching up a casualty. About five yards away from me a boy was hurt so badly he

Wounded being brought out under cover of smoke from the smoke grenade

begged to be shot. Two of his comrades crawled to him, shouted for a Corpsman, and a Jap threw in a grenade to kill all three."

At 1800, when the platoon got word to pull back, the wounded who could not walk were helped out under cover of smoke, then the rest "just got out of the ditch and ran for it. The walking wounded hobbled along with our help. Several collapsed when they reached the edge of the town."

Before nightfall it seemed wisest, though none the less discouraging, to withdraw, to go back onto Dakeshi Ridge for the night.

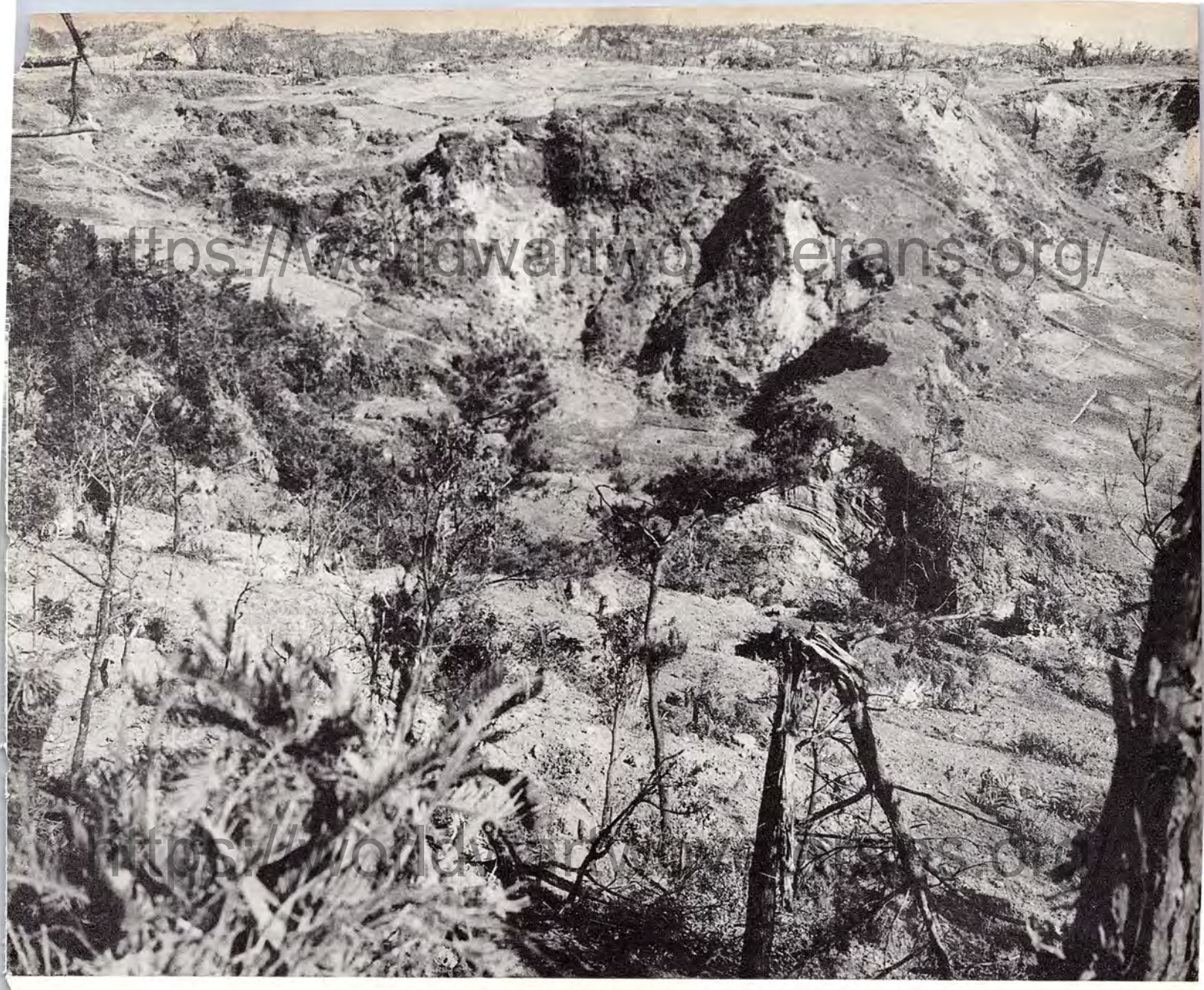
The 2d Battalion, which had been in the front of the advance for four days, must be relieved. The 1st Battalion was ordered forward for that purpose on May 14 only to find that the mere act of carrying out the relief was dangerous. When Company A

of the 1st sought to relieve G of the 2d, and the exec of A went forward with three runners to find G, not one of the four men reached G's lines.

The relief had still not been carried out by 1500 (May 14), and it was not until dusk that the 1st Battalion had its companies in line, and not too securely at that.

The entire 7th Marines needed to be relieved, but the Division could not furnish that relief yet. The 7th got permission to make May 15 a day of rest, and the orders called for reorganization and mopping up, the regimental front to be made somewhat secure by artillery, naval gunfire and air strikes. Another day of rest was obviously needed, and for May 16 the supporting fires were again furnished while some large patrols were sent forward into Wana Draw, around the western nose of Wana Ridge, and even part way up the slope, going along very well until the Japanese counter-attacked at 1605.

Artillery was quickly called for at the spot. Rockets joined in. The first counter-



The picture, taken from the crest of Wilson's Ridge, shows the gorge in Awacha Pocket and the type of rugged terrain over which the Marines had to fight their way toward Shuri Castle

attack was turned back. The Japanese sent two more waves of men, and the second of these drove back the forward platoons, drove them back some four hundred of the six hundred yards they had gained, but not so far that some Marine positions did not stand on Wana for the night.

The 1st Battalion was now so weak in numbers that it was organized into a single company, and this exhausted band of men was relieved by the 3d Battalion, the last fit battalion, at 0600 on the morning of May 17. Then for three days the men of the 3d

Battalion attacked up Wana Ridge only to meet heavy resistance and gain only a toehold.

By May 19, the 7th Marines had to be relieved. It went into Division reserve that day, having suffered the following casualties since May 10:

Killed	158
Wounded	820
Missing	6
Non-battle	265
Total	1,249

ELIMINATION: As smoke from their satchel charge explosion spirals overhead, Marines close in for point-blank firing on Japs holed up in a cave. The man in the foreground hugs the deck as the others rise to their knees or to crouching positions ready for any Japs who decide to make a run for it.

The casualties among hospital Corpsmen alone were so great it was necessary to train as substitutes newly arrived Marine replacements, and to use these hastily trained men until the fighting for Okinawa was over.

There was a telling loss in leadership. In one battalion (3/7) the command of Company I shifted six times and command of K five times, and L Company had three different commanders—figures that cover the entire Okinawa operation but represent casualties suffered mainly in the fight for Dakeshi and Wana Ridge. In a period of four days (16-19 May), the battalion lost twelve officers, all from rifle companies.

VI

An easier, but only relatively easier passage was found into Wana Draw on the right flank. It was only a passage, something like a bus line with only one terminal point; the end of the line was also the starting point.

The lower country near the coastal flat was more open, and a tactic carefully rehearsed at Pavuvu, the tank-infantry sortie, was the prime weapon, as the 1st Marines fought on the right of the 7th until May 14, and the 5th from then on until Shuri was won.

As Wana was approached, the sorties became more bitterly opposed, for Ushijima had warned in an order that: "The enemy's power lies in his tanks. It has become obvious that our battle against the Americans is a battle against their tanks."

By the time the 7th had got on Dakeshi Ridge, the Division command had about resigned itself to the fact that if Wana was to be taken at all it would have to be taken from the right, from attacks into the draw, using the small hills and a railroad embankment on the right flank for the slight cover they offered, and that "as many available tanks and M-7 destroyers as possible be brought up and used for direct fire to bear on the numerous known and suspected enemy positions and strongpoints dotting the western and southwestern slopes of Wana Ridge."

And the only way to success "was the *pulverization* of the high ground on both sides of Wana Draw."

Hill 55 guarded the passage into the draw, and to take it on May 16 the 5th Marines asked for twelve M-4 tanks and four M-7s for tank-infantry sorties that day. The Japanese hit back with antitank shells and with satchel charges carried by specially trained antitank men who hid in spider traps along the floor of the draw.

But the attack that day and the next, and the next after that and for two final days,

COVER: Marines hurl smoke grenades needed to hide stretcher bearers from the enemy

was not to be halted by fanaticism or good aim. The Marine technique was too ably executed.

"The men were magnificent, perfectly magnificent," Lieutenant Colonel A. J. (Jeb) Stuart, commanding the 1st Tank Battalion, has said. "They had lived together, trained together. Superb infantry, superb tankers. They had complete confidence in each other.

"First thing in the morning they would sit down together; say, a tank platoon leader and an infantry sergeant. The sergeant would point to the ridge in front of them and say, 'There's some Nips right in behind that crevice.' And the tanker would make his mental note. The sergeant would point again, 'That shady place is a cave, I think. Give it a few rounds. We're gonna try to get up there. Fire ahead of us.'

"When they'd finished their talk, the tankers would get in and button up and rumble out into the open draw, the infantrymen all around them—tankers ready to protect the infantry, infantry ready to protect the tanks.

"It was always hot up there on Wana. Every day something happened that wasn't in the book. Only the one thing was always the same; those men, the tank-infantry teams, stuck with each other, went in the draw together, came out of the draw together, alive, wounded, dead, maimed, crying in anguish, limping, bleeding—no matter how, they came out together."

The technique came to be called "processing" and was seriously discussed and

written about as something that might possibly be used more widely, throughout the Marine Corps and the Army, when and if Japan was invaded. It was the best method that had been found in the Pacific war to destroy the Japanese in caves.

"Tanks and flame tanks ranged out to positions up to eight hundred yards beyond our front lines," wrote Colonel Stuart in the tank annex of the Division's action report on Okinawa, "systematically destroyed positions on forward and reverse slopes within that distance by point-blank 75mm gunfire into cave interiors and by flame attack.

"In addition, tanks destroyed in a similar fashion enemy direct fire positions on forward slopes for an additional 1,500 yards to the front beyond the farthest point of tank advance.

"In order to give the enemy no opportunity to reorganize and reinforce, two relays of tanks were necessary to permit re-arming while maintaining a continuous attack. This 'processing' then permitted the infantry to advance lines some five hundred yards with relatively light losses, using the neutralization support of preceding tanks and artillery.

Rocket trucks firing

"Especially important was the fact that ground so gained by 'processing' was tenable and held. The procedure was then repeated in a zone extended farther to the front."

The nut of the tactic was "point destruction." Blanket fires did not do the job against dug-in fortifications. "It only succeeded in temporarily neutralizing the enemy, often permitting the infantry to move forward only to find itself in possession of ground swept by enemy fire from several directions the moment support neutralizing fire ceased. Such ground became untenable and necessitated withdrawals with heavy losses and no ground gain the result."

Stuart noted that "tanks fought at all times as infantry tanks and functioned as a major direct-fire, close-support weapon. At no time did tanks operate beyond the observation and cover of infantry."

By May 20, when the 1st Marines, after a rest, had come forward to relieve the 7th at Dakeshi, the 5th had captured Hill 55, and was making daily forays directly into Wana while the 1st tried to take up where the 7th left off.

And that is just about what it did. For, as the Japanese defense had mounted in fury as the 7th slugged its way toward Wana Ridge, the Japanese put their final effort into halting the 1st at Wana itself.

A Marine of Company C, 1st Marines, taking off his boots after fifteen days in the lines

By the third day (May 23), the 1st was so desperate to advance that it asked that a unit from the 1st Pioneer Battalion be brought forward to pump raw Napalm over the crest. The men of the 1st then threw phosphorus grenades over to ignite the Napalm and burn out the Japanese, just as they had tried to do in desperation at Peleliu. Even this did not seem to silence the Japs for "enemy mortar and artillery fire continued through the night."

At that moment, when almost the final weapon available to the American soldier in his fight against the Japanese was being used, at the moment when it looked as if the fight might settle into a stalemate at Wana unless more troops were thrown in, the rains came, halting tanks and infantry, transport and supply—and giving the Japanese a chance to reconsider their situation.

VII

There was another one of those decisive confabs in the tunnels of Shuri Castle on the night of May 21. The question before the Japanese 32d Army staff was whether or not to retreat.

Both flanks of the Shuri Line had been turned: the western flank by the Sixth Marine Division's capture of Sugar Loaf Hill, guarding the entrance to Naha; and the eastern flank by the 96th Infantry Division's seizure of the commanding eminence, Conical Hill.

And the pressure in the center was increasing, not decreasing.

"It was recognized," testified Colonel Yahara, a 32d Army staff officer, in a prisoner-of-war interrogation, "that to stay would result in a quicker defeat and consequently it was decided to retreat in accord with the Army policy of protracting the struggle as long as possible."

Transport of supplies and wounded to the southern tip of Okinawa began therefore on May 22, but went undetected by Tenth Army until May 26 when an artillery observation plane spotted some hundreds of Japanese soldiers on an open road.

Within minutes, Marine aircraft were taking off from Yontan and Kadena fields, and the USS *New York* put its first salvo on the moving column within thirteen minutes after it got the news. By nightfall the villages of Zahana, Gisushi and Dakiton, all sheltering troops, were pounded to shambles; two truck convoys were smashed; light tanks and two mobile field pieces were destroyed; and fighter pilots reported the roads littered with enemy dead and smashed equipment.

The discovery of this exodus was the first evidence Tenth Army had of the Japanese withdrawal.

Two days later, patrols of the 1st Battalion, 5th Marines, brought back the news that the ridge before Shuri seemed to be more lightly held than usual, and the next morning the entire battalion was ordered forward, with Company A, commanded by Captain Julian Dusenbury, in the lead.

The high ground was quickly occupied. Shuri Castle lay only some eight hundred yards straight east—but across Corps and Division boundaries.

Permission, as they say in military parlance, was granted by regiment, and A moved into the castle area at 1015.

The official Army history takes a somewhat dim view of these proceedings:

"The elements of the First Marine Division which entered Shuri Castle had crossed over into the 77th Division zone of action and line of fire without giving that unit notice that such a movement was under way."

Captain Dusenbury, it is true, was not fully prepared to exploit this symbolic end to the destruction of the Japanese main line. He did not have an American flag to raise over the high parapet.

He substituted the flag of the Confederacy, a banner that he, a native of Florence, South Carolina, carried in his helmet. The flag of Lee, not the flag of Buckner, was the first to fly over Shuri.

Chapter 24

THE TOLL for what the Division's Presidential Unit Citation for Okinawa called "the bitter siege" around Shuri was not all in killed and maimed. Near Chatan there was a hospital for those whose minds had been scarred and bruised in southern Okinawa.

"The doctor in charge offered to demonstrate his methods for us," writes an officer of his visit to Chatan. "He first brought in a Marine who had cracked up when a Japanese mortar shell landed in his foxhole.

"The case history of this man was simple. He had been engaged in the bitter fighting on the southern front. Probably he had lost a lot of sleep and had not gotten much to eat. One night he and his buddy were in a foxhole when a Japanese mortar shell burst on the edge of the foxhole.

"The man passed out and was out for some time. His buddy was uninjured. According to the doctors the man had suffered no concussion but was so keyed up emo-

THE FIRST MARINE DIVISION IN SOUTHERN OKINAWA

Vahe Kirishjian

tionally that he lost consciousness when the mortar shell exploded. When he came to he was completely out of his head and had to be taken to the rear.

"Several days afterwards he was still shaking. In their treatment of the case, the doctors felt that the essential thing was to find out what was weighing on the man's mind, whether fear, shame, or whatever it might be, and then to attempt, over a period of days, by talking to him to restore his confidence in himself.

"In such cases, however, a man could not usually be induced readily to come out with what he was thinking or feeling. To produce this result, the doctors injected into the arm of the patient a solution which left him conscious but freed him of his inhibitions about talking. Also he was not aware of what he was saying. The man whom we were observing was given this injection and the doctor began questioning him.

"He was asked many questions regarding what had happened prior to the time the mortar shell exploded. The doctor the whole time was very gentle in his questioning. When the man had been finally brought to the point where he and his buddy were in the shell hole together, the doctor suddenly stamped on the deck, hit the wall with his fist, and shouted, 'Mortar!'

"No actor could have portrayed fear like this man did. He kept gurgling, 'Mortar . . . mortar . . . mortar. . . .'

"The doctor asked him what he was going to do now. The man replied, 'Dig deeper! Dig deeper!'

"The doctor told him to go ahead and dig.

"The man got down on his knees and went through frantic motions of digging in the corner of the room.

"The doctor then put the man on his bunk and quieted him. Then the doctor took a new tack. He asked the man if he read the Bible. The answer was affirmative. Then the man was asked what the Bible said about killing. The reply was that killing was forbidden by the Bible.

"The doctor asked, 'What about Japs?'

"At this, the man ground his teeth and muttered, 'Kill 'em all.'

"The doctor then asked, 'How about Jap women?'

"The answer was, 'Kill 'em too.'

" 'Why?'

"The patient said the Japanese killed his buddies and his buddies were good men.

"The doctor then accused the man of being yellow. He was quite indignant and shouted, 'I'm not yellow. I want to go back.' He repeated this several times.

CASTLE WALLS: After units of the 5th Marines had taken Shuri Castle, the men saw this area of devastation. In the background is Shuri.

"The patient was then quieted and allowed to leave. The doctor explained that, of course, what we had seen had nothing to do with effecting a cure. It would give the doctors some leads on the basis of which they could continue talking to the man without the benefit of drugs and probably bring him back to normal."

Some of the physically wounded were in functional as well as organic shock when they came in to the battalion aid stations. A visitor to one of the forward stations pointed to a surprisingly spry wounded man and asked his condition.

"He's dead," said the doctor with utter sadness, "but he doesn't know it. I'm doing what I can for him, everything, but he'll be dead in two hours. Yet ten minutes ago he came in here on his own two feet. And look at him laugh and talk. A lot of them are just like him. It's as if they've so steeled themselves, so keyed themselves up, that they can't stop. The books would call it 'disassociation,' meaning that they've had to separate their minds and their bodies for so long that they can't quickly put them back into their normal relationships."

Against the tide of recessive losses, a system of battlefield replacements had been worked out in the planning stage, and at Okinawa for the first time in the First Division's history, fresh men were sent into the lines while the battle was being fought. By the end of May, 180 officers and 4,065 enlisted Marines from replacement battalions were received and "absorbed" during the conduct of the operation. And more were to come.

Although this innovation in personnel methods did tend to keep the ranks filled, there is some question about its final usefulness. "Strength in numbers is one thing," says the monograph, "and fighting efficiency is another. Feeding raw, usually inexperienced, replacements into the front lines during action had proved anything but successful. The new replacements actually hampered the companies, since the new men had no conception of what they were getting into, and it took the time of NCOs and squad members away from more pressing business to help get these new men accustomed to the unit and get them into position and forward with the squad or platoon in the next action.

"The usual comment heard many times in different sectors was that the replacements were 'out of phase.' That is, they were standing when they should have been down; they were down when they should have been up and moving; they seldom had

WELCOME REST: Weary Marines sprawl in the warm sunshine after many days and sleepless nights of rain on Okinawa

time to get acquainted with their fellow squad or platoon members before they were moving into action; there was lack of confidence felt by the veterans and a definite lack of unity in the squad or platoon because of these 'strangers.' "

Heretofore the First had always had some time to put its stamp on the new men, indoctrinate them in training periods out of combat, teach them the lesson that hardship was their expected lot—let the new men know that they were to act like professional soldiers even if they were not.

Yet when in some of the last replacement battalions there began to appear increasing numbers of high-ranking NCOs, of really Old Corps men, of career Marines whose service was so long that they were somewhat old for combat—when these salts began to appear in the batches that arrived almost daily by truck at the Division command post, their behavior and attitudes came as something of a revelation.

"What am I gonna do with that bunch of middle-aged men?" asked the Division sergeant-major (himself an Old Corps veteran, himself middle-aged) one day as he looked out upon such a group. "Why those old buzzards have been sittin' on their duff at desks! What can you do with 'em? If you send 'em up to the lines, they'll try to snow everybody within hearing, try to push around a lot of young Marines that are tougher and smarter than they are."

The circle was indeed being turned.

II

The rain, grounding our observation planes, stalling our tanks, cutting the flow of our supplies, had given the 32d Army the chance to make its escape from the Shuri Line in the last week of May.

Now in the first week of June, with the exodus discovered, the rain slowed our pursuit until it was not a pursuit at all but rather a slogging, wading, stumbling, halting fight with the mud.

A party dispatched by General Del Valle from Division with the American flag that had been raised at Gloucester and Peleliu, took two days to reach the moat of Shuri Castle. Not until May 31 did Lieutenant Colonel Richard Ross, of the 1st Marines, stumble up the side of the moat (even then still under sniper fire from Japanese rear-guard troops) and stab the short pole into the crumbled stone.

And his regiment reported that their supply situation was critical. "Carrying parties of replacement troops formed an almost unbroken chain from the regimental dump at Jichaku all the way to the big barracks in southwest Shuri. A large number of men

ON TO SHURI: Marines press the shaggy Okinawan ponies into service as they move toward Shuri Castle

dropped from sheer exhaustion. Air supply was also used, and the planes saved the day despite the difficulties of 'ceiling zero' weather conditions."

When the time to advance was at hand, the 1st Marines wrestled with their vehicles, which were parked in the horseshoe-shaped area north of Dakeshi, called simply "the Mudhole" by the men.

"Since all roads into this area were built without benefit of local roadbeds," the 1st's report says, "they had turned into mud in some cases three feet deep. The majority of the battalion and regimental vehicles had to be abandoned until the ground dried out.

OKINAWA MUD: A Marine ambulance jeep bogged down on what passes for a road on Okinawa until a caterpillar tractor arrives to lend a hand

Weeks later the regiment was still engaged in salvaging vehicles from this locality."

Rain or mud notwithstanding, "it was refreshing," General Del Valle has said, "to be able to maneuver again, even on a modest scale."

The 5th Marines, following in the wake of its 1st Battalion which had seized Shuri Castle, went on through the mud, being supplied by air drops, south of Shuri until it reached the heights overlooking the Naha-Yonabaru road, the main cross-island highway, and the Kokuba River, and there paused momentarily while the boundary assigned to the First Division was widened to include part of the area formerly assigned to the Sixth Marine Division. That division, now having driven past Sugar Loaf into Naha, was to make a shore-to-shore landing on Oroku Peninsula, while the First moved along, cut off the Japanese, at the base of the peninsula. The 7th Marines were again put into the line, this time on the right of the 5th, with the 1st Marines remaining temporarily at Wana to clean out the rear guard there, and with the 5th Marines pushing

on through the mud, its 2d Battalion at one point circling through the Army's zone of action to seize Hill 57 on June 2 where three of its men were killed, seventeen wounded, when the whole side of the hill blew up.

Cleaning out the rear guard was a matter of three days, and when it was done the 1st Marines on June 4 were ordered south to pass through the lines of the 5th Marines, arriving at Tera, southwest of Chan (not to be confused with the Tera east of Itoman) in a torrential downpour.

With a satisfactory line again established—the 1st Marines on the left adjoining the 96th Infantry Division, and the 7th on the right (having relieved two regiments of the Sixth Marine Division) working along the base of Oroku—there remained only three questions about the Okinawa campaign:

(1) Had the Japanese had time to form a new defensive line in the southern tip of the island?

(2) If so, where was it and in what strength did they hold it?

ASSAULT: Marines move against the Japanese barracks in the town of Shuri

(3) Would the Division be able to bring forward supplies and supporting arms, particularly tanks, in time to prevent what must be the last Japanese stand from becoming another Shuri?

Wet, weary, hungry and cold, the men struggled forward to find the answers.

The 1st Marines on the left had some nasty skirmishes culminating in its attack (June 10) on Yuza Hill in which C Company lost 75 of its 175 men. To assault Yuza the company had to cross "the usual rice paddies, still soft with oozy mud," and then a stream and finally a railroad track. Some squads, "after running, jumping, and crawling through the paddies, waded nearly a hundred yards up the stream, using the protection of its bank" to avoid heavy Japanese machine-gun fire.

As they came out, they were pinned down by accurate fire from a Hotchkiss gun, and "the company commander and the platoon leader finally located the muzzle sticking out of a cave and crawled near enough to put it out of action with hand grenades."

By noon they were on Yuza, but one participant was complaining, "There were so

many replacements, mostly untrained, that nobody knew anybody else. New men were hesitant, easily excited, unwilling without urging to take chances and evacuate wounded buddies."

If that were not sufficient answer that the Japanese had found time to set themselves up, the fight on June 11, the next day, was final proof. This was over at Hill 69 which, when it was taken by the 1st Marines, was then counterattacked by the Japanese.

"The result," says the monograph, "was one of the most exciting nights of the campaign for E Company."

What started the action was an attempt by a large number of Okinawa "civilians" to pass through our lines. Every fifth "Okinawan" was a Japanese soldier, and "some fifteen or eighteen of the enemy attempted to charge with fixed bayonets and drawn sabers," says the 1st's report.

In the scramble, "many of them [the Japs] seemed as amazed as we were. Our machine guns were going full blast to the front and rear. There were screams and shouts and general confusion but our men held their ground, unscrambled the mess, and knocked hell out of the Nips. It was amazing how we kept out of the way of our own bullets."

The company commander killed two Japs while talking over the telephone to battalion. Some of the Japs carried satchel charges and exploded when hit. Two women sprang from a cave and were shot; later they were discovered to have been carrying grenades and satchel charges.

As the 1st Marines ran into stiffening resistance, the 7th Marines on the right were struggling to find an answer to the problem of supply. For, as they advanced south, their supplies had to be carried forward by hand or dropped by air. The wounded, too, had to be taken out by hand, all this while heavy rains were falling again. There was little opposition, and to speed up the advance, the Division Reconnaissance Company was assigned to the regiment for three days. This mission the scouts successfully carried out, and the battalions of the 7th moved around behind the base of Oroku, seeking their way to the ocean south of that peninsula, seeking a shore on which supplies could safely be landed. They passed through several villages—Dakiton, Hanja, Zawa—touching the beach above Itoman, a coastal city, on June 7, having advanced nearly ten thousand yards against rear-guard enemy outposts and over difficult terrain in one week. Supplies were brought ashore there from amtracs the next day and later from LSTs, and some wounded were evacuated. With the capture of the beach above Itoman, the Division had its own supply port (Berger Beach) and airfield, for there was a broad

GIFTS FROM HEAVEN: At left, grateful men of the 5th Marines retrieve packs of supplies parachuted to the front line at Shuri Castle by torpedo bombers. Waist-deep mud caused by days of torrential rains made air delivery the only possible means of providing forward units with food, ammunition and water. At right, a supply drop in the vicinity of Shuri.

strip, an unfinished Jap airfield which our light planes began to use immediately for evacuation of wounded and observation flights.

When the 2d Battalion got ready to move into Itoman, its commander (the same Colonel Berger who had been provoked by the smell of Japanese chow at Peleliu) set up his command post in an amtrac and went to sea to lead his troops, and planned the engagement so that he could get striking power from the same vehicle firing a 75mm. Itoman was not easy. The battalion lost five officers in seven minutes. There were caves in the outskirts of the town and the streets were mined.

Supply was solved. And to every appearance, the Japanese were discovered. They were in the next ridge ahead, a ridge called Kunishi that stood directly across the path of the Division zone below Itoman, and it was from Kunishi that all the troops—1st Marines as well as 7th—were now beginning to draw fire.

A very nasty layout, Kunishi. Between the high ground around Itoman and Kunishi intervened a wide, flat valley of rice paddies and cultivated fields, open, with nothing in them to offer cover. In the 7th's area two roads cut across the valley, one going in a zigzag turn through the center of the ridge, the other along the coastline. Tanks were

bound to these roads. Farther to the east a third road cut through the ridge in the 1st Marines' zone. All three roads, the entire valley for that matter, were raked by fire from Kunishi, and if not from Kunishi, from the heights of Yuza Dake escarpment to the east.

Late that afternoon, the afternoon of June 10, a strange group of Doggies, many of high rank, showed up at Itoman. The word went around that they were to accept the Japanese surrender, and firing was ordered stopped at 6:00 p.m.

"Just before six the deafening thunder of our naval guns and field artillery suddenly died out for the first time in days," wrote a United Press correspondent who accompanied the psychological warfare team. "Expectantly, even hopefully, we waited and watched the Japs moving on the ridge."

A civilian could be seen coming out of a cave—carrying a suitcase. He looked around, turned, and went back in. A few more appeared and went back.

Berger said, "All we're gonna get from the Japs tonight is a couple of mortars."

The Cub pilot who flew above messaged: "Can I go home now? I'm full of holes."

"They're probably setting up machine guns over there in the road," said Berger. "I'm for letting them have it."

"Better give them another ten minutes," cautioned Colonel Edward W. Snedeker, the regimental commander.

About that time a messenger rushed into the command post.

"Sir," he said, "the Japs have F Company pinned down in the rice paddies. They want smoke bombs."

"OK," said Snedeker, and gave the order for firing to resume.

What had happened, it turned out, was that Tenth Army had dropped a letter from General Buckner to Ushijima behind the Japanese lines that morning.

"The forces under your command have fought bravely and well," Buckner had written, "and your infantry tactics have merited the respect of your opponents. . . . Like myself, you are an infantry general long schooled and practiced in infantry warfare. . . . I believe, therefore, that you understand as clearly as I, that the destruction of all Japanese resistance on the island is merely a matter of days. . . ."

In terms of time, General Buckner's estimate was correct. It would only be a matter of days. But in those few days the First Division was to fight what the Army history has called "the most frantic, bewildering, and costly close-in battle on the southern tip of Okinawa."

MERCY ERRAND: On a "go" signal from the traffic control man, a Cub plane takes off from the road-runway with a Marine casualty on board

III

The battle for Kunishi Ridge is distinctive: the ridge was seized in night attacks, in two of the few night attacks used by Americans against the Japanese in the Pacific war.

When, on June 11, the day following its capture of Itoman, the 7th failed to gain a hold on the ridge because the troops could not get across the eight hundred yards of open canefield between Itoman and the foot of the ridge, Colonel Snedeker ordered an attack for that night (June 11-12) at 0330. Both battalion commanders involved objected that there was not adequate time for preparation, but Snedeker overruled them. The eventuality could not be any worse than a daylight crossing of the canefield, Snedeker reasoned. At 2030, the orders were issued, leaving the units six hours and a half to get ready.

Berger (commanding the 2d Battalion) called the commander of the 1st, Lieutenant Colonel John J. Gormley, and they chat-chatted about how they would coordinate the attack, having been directed to use a road in the right of the 1st Battalion's zone as a guide. Each decided to send a company in assault.

At 0225 C Company men got in touch with F Company men and they started forward together on both sides of the road, moving as fast and as quietly as possible.

"The Japanese were totally unaware of what was taking place and did not recover from their surprise until after daylight," says the monograph.

Company C surprised several small groups of Japanese cooking breakfast.

So much was good. C and F were on Kunishi. They had seized what the regiment's history calls a "ridge-head."

But when the reinforcing companies started forward across the canefields after daylight—that was bad. They tried three times, all under cover of smoke, and all with tank help. Each time they failed.

Now, C on the ridge was being counterattacked, and was crying for reinforcements.

Another precedent was called for by the imaginative Snedeker. He sent the reinforcements forward in tanks, six men to a tank. A platoon got across in this fashion, the tanks bringing back the wounded on return trips, taking some in through the escape hatch in the bottom of the tank, some strapped to the outside and sandbagged.

But that was all. Just a platoon before darkness. After nightfall, companies again were sent safely across and by daylight of June 13, the regiment had a firm lodgment on Kunishi. Just that, though. The caves in Kunishi were far from cleared of Japanese. The open canefield was still hazardous to cross. No further southward advance could

VE-DAY MINUS 2: Two days before the victory in Europe, Marines wait on the crest of one ridge while a barrage of phosphorus shells explodes among the Japanese positions on the farther ridge to screen troops in the valley

be made beyond Kunishi (the next ridge was called Mezado), until Kunishi was cleared out on forward and reverse slopes, and on the flanks.

From there on, from June 13 to June 17, Kunishi might as well have been Dakeshi, except that tanks were more in danger than they had been before Shuri. Twenty-one of the Division's tanks were either destroyed or damaged in the fight for Kunishi. For the infantry it was a costly cave-by-cave five-day battle, with the canefield impossible to cross safely until the end. The troops were supplied by air-drop. The wounded were evacuated by tank, but only the most seriously hurt; those with slight wounds had to remain on Kunishi.

For the success of Kunishi, a credit line is due the artillery. "I do not believe I would have attempted the night attack," Colonel Snedeker has since said, "without the sure knowledge that the artillery could have blunted any serious counterattack. Without artillery, without the excellent artillery we had in support, the night attack would have been too risky."

By now the men throughout the Division had come to rely on artillery; "it gave them a real sense of security at Okinawa," a battalion commander has remarked. "If the tank-infantry team was the offensive weapon, our artillery was our best defense. Not since Guadalcanal had the average infantryman realized how important it was to him."

If anything, the 1st Marines' simultaneous fight to get on the eastern end of Kunishi was more desperate. Its assault companies (of the 2d Battalion), like those of the

7th, were sent across in darkness (at 0300, June 14). Although all units in adjoining areas were warned not to send up illuminating flares at this time, some nevertheless did so. This had happened in the 7th, but there, fortunately, it had only slightly delayed the attack. With the 1st, the flares apparently disclosed its troops to the Japanese. By 0500 E Company had only its assault platoons on Kunishi and the remainder of the company could not get across. A few men went forward one by one under cover of a low ledge.

"By noon," notes the monograph, "the men were without water and when some of them tried to load water cans aboard the tanks on their return trip, the cans were shot

AMBULANCE TANK: Enemy fire from high ground prohibited the removal of wounded Marines. A Sherman tank was enlisted to carry wounded through enemy artillery and small-arms fire.

full of holes and some of the men were hit. Finally canteens were gathered up on a poncho and dragged to the escape hatch of a tank. For a man to raise up and even partially expose himself meant sudden death. The wounded could not be carried. Like the canteens, they had to be dragged on ponchos to the shelter of the tank and loaded up through the hatch."

After dark, F Company moved up to support. The fight continued the next day (June 15) cave by cave, just as in the 7th's sector of Kunishi, until by nightfall the 2d Battalion had suffered 150 casualties. Relief was necessary. It came the next day in the form of the 2d Battalion, 5th Marines, which fought just as bitterly until it secured the eastern flank of Kunishi.

The 7th Marines was relieved by the 8th Marines (now attached to the First Marine Division) on June 17-18 after it had helped the 22d Marines (Sixth Marine Division) seize Mezado Ridge. The 8th Marines was part of the Second Marine Division which had made diversionary landing feints during the first week of April.

To take Kunishi Ridge, the First Marine Division had suffered 1,150 casualties. There could be only this satisfaction in so costly an engagement at the end of a long campaign—that it finished off organized Japanese resistance. Applied to Kunishi, the words "a final blow" have an exact and not a hackneyed meaning.

IV

Seen from a lofty perch, Okinawa was not a campaign without dramatic value. Its scope and goal were dramatic—so many men travelling such great distances to such a large island so near Japan itself. Okinawa was plainly the end of the island war.

There was, besides, the unexpected, unnerving ease of the landing, the unsettling worry about what the Japanese might be up to. Also the bewildering, puzzling enigma of the Kamikaze. Then there was, after all, and despite apparent size and scope, the final intimacy of the infantry battle (it is almost possible to say that the hand grenade was the most telling explosive weapon used in the entire battle). And at the close, there was something more than the usual *hara-kiri* by the ranking Japanese generals. For at Okinawa both the American and Japanese generals gave their lives.

General Buckner was killed on the afternoon of June 18 while visiting a forward observation post of the 8th Marines. At 1315, a shell from a Japanese dual-purpose gun exploded above the post and a fragment of coral struck General Buckner in the chest. He was dead ten minutes later.

Religious services being conducted at a Jap shrine. This shrine was also used as an aid station.

General Ushijima died on June 21 in circumstances which have been described by a witness, a Japanese prisoner of war:

"Alas! The stars of the generals have fallen with the setting of the waning moon. . . .

"Gathered around their chiefs, members of each section bow in veneration toward the eastern sky and the cheer of 'Long Live the Emperor' echoes among the boulders. . . . The faces of all are flushed with deep emotion and tears fall upon ragged uniforms, soiled with the dirt and grime of battle. . . .

"Four o'clock, the final hour of *hara-kiri;* the Commanding General, dressed in full field uniform, and the Chief of Staff in a white kimono appeared. . . . The Chief of Staff says as he leaves the cave first:

" 'Well, Commanding General Ushijima, as the way may be dark, I, Cho, will lead the way.'

"The Commanding General replies, 'Please do so, and I'll take along my fan since it is getting warm.' Saying this he picked up his Okinawa-made fan and walked out quietly fanning himself. . . .

"The moon, which had been shining until now, sinks below the waves of the western

VE-DAY ON OKINAWA: While Europe rejoiced at the end of the war in the West, these Marines found no respite from the bitter struggle on Okinawa. Through the mud of a narrow road, one file moves up to the front past a column of returning men.

sea. Dawn has not yet arrived and, at 0410, the generals appeared at the mouth of the cave. The American forces were only three meters away.

"A sheet of white cloth is placed on a quilt. . . . The Commanding General and the Chief of Staff sit down on the quilt, bow in reverence to the eastern sky, and Adjutant J———————— respectfully presents the sword. . . .

"At this time several grenades were hurled near this solemn scene by the enemy troops who observed movements taking place beneath them. A simultaneous shout and a flash of a sword, then another repeated shout and a flash, and both generals had nobly accomplished their last duty to their Emperor. . . ."

Events of that sort have an appeal to Stateside minds. To the men of the First Marine Division, Okinawa presented a drama of a different kind whose characteristic was that the beginning failed to be a beginning, and the middle played on and on and on until it could fairly be said that there was no end. To them Okinawa was a peculiarly anticlimactic battle.

What should have been the Division's peaks, turned out to be plateaus. The final capture of Shuri Castle itself, the men well knew, was lightly opposed and that symbolic act had more glamor in newspaper headlines than it did in the ravines around Shuri. The advance south of Shuri, the capture of the final Japanese stronghold at Kunishi—these were events that demanded a fitting climax. But when the tired men of the 3d Battalion, 5th Marines, reached the southern coast at 1622, June 19, they had to turn back north to fight at Hills 79 and 81 and leave the consolidation of the coastal position to the fresh 8th Marines who reached the coast about the same time.

The men of the 5th were still fighting—and dying—on the day (June 22) when the flag was raised at Tenth Army headquarters far away north from the sound of shot and shell.

It was difficult to think of Ushijima's suicide as a tragedy when other facets of the strange Japanese mind were so close at hand, as they were to a man assigned to guard a mixed group of Okinawa civilians and Japanese soldiers being evacuated to the north on a truck.

As they rode northward, a Japanese soldier began to order the Okinawans around, push the women, so that he could stretch out on the floor of the truck.

The Marine guard, by sign and signal, tried to warn the Japanese to leave the Okinawan women alone. The Japanese soldier grew surly. The Marine pushed him down in a corner, and motioned him to stay there. The Japanese tried to rise. The Marine knocked him down.

"I couldn't help it," the Marine said. "I beat the bastard over the head with the butt of my rifle."

V

Of all the rumors back at Pavuvu before Okinawa only one got topside confirmation. After Okinawa the First Division was to go to Hawaii. The rear echelon men were packing their boxes of Division records for the trip when the forward echelon left for Okinawa.

It had been nearly two years (from the time the Division left Melbourne) since some of the men had tasted a civilian environment. For a great majority it had been something over a year.

There was the desire to tie up, if possible, alongside a woman. But there were other desires, too—to flick a light switch, to see road signs and civilian cars, to watch children at play, to be able to spend money, to drink a *cold* beer, or "a good glass of milk."

There was, in short, the longing to share, even if momentarily, in a peaceful en-

vironment, away from the hazards, the regimentation, the endless petty annoyances and the large urgencies of war.

But when Okinawa was declared secure, and the Division had done its share in a mopping-up sweep of the southern sectors, some thousand men were ordered north to Motobu Peninsula on June 27 to begin building a camp site.

The rear echelon, it was learned, had indeed started for Hawaii, some units had reached there. Then all had been diverted to Okinawa. The war could not wait. Ships and time were not available to transport the men backward and then again forward across the Pacific.

When the news went around that the Division was going to stay at Okinawa, and that it would again have to build its own camp site, there was outright dismay and discouragement in high and low ranks.

A few days later, when companies and battalions began to move north, the feeling of persecution had begun to go through its classic transformation.

"Well, dammit," said one man above the rumble of the truck, "if they can dish it out, I can take it."

And as he straightened the straps of his pack and turned to look out toward the sea, there were grunts of belligerent agreement behind him.

https://worldwartwoveterans.org/

Chapter 25

IT WOULD HAVE BEEN hard to find in the summer of 1945 a segment of the American population that took as conservative a view of the future of the war with Japan as did the some twenty thousand in the First Marine Division.

Nowhere was there a group with such long and intimate experience of the Japanese. In the three years since the Division had opened the war against Japan at Guadalcanal, it could lay fair and just claim to have spent more days in combat against the Japanese and to suffering more casualties at Japanese hands than any other division in the American armed forces.

https://worldwartwoveterans.org/

A general view of the First Marine Division Cemetery on Okinawa

The First had fought the best and some of the worst of all the Imperial troops. It lacked only experience in Alaska to lay claim to having fought in every climate and kind of terrain in the thousands of miles of Pacific littoral in the combat spheres of World War II.

These were not facts of which men in the Division boasted at the end of the Okinawa campaign. They were rather facts used to support an argument often provoked by the optimism of the newer men, the replacements: the war would be long . . . it was not over . . . the Japanese would never surrender . . . there would be fighting in the streets of Tokyo . . . somebody was still gonna get hurt. . . . . These were the things the old-timers said as all, new men and old, went about the building of their encampment on Motobu Peninsula in July.

And then suddenly in the first days of August, with the camp not nearly complete, still in somewhat the same shape as Pavuvu had been when the Division went to it from Gloucester, events began to rush upon each other.

President Truman announced on August 6 that an atomic bomb had been dropped on Hiroshima the day before.

Russia declared war on Japan on August 8.

The next day another atomic bomb was dropped, this time on Nagasaki.

And the next day after that, on August 10, the Japanese broadcast an offer of surrender.

A suspenseful four days passed until finally, on August 14 at 1900, the Japanese accepted the Allied terms of surrender.

The war against Japan was over.

It would be easy, and false, to say that the import of the war's end was quickly assimilated by the men of the First Division.

"A lot of us got drunk and ran around like chickens with our heads cut off," said one recalling the scene when the surrender news reached Motobu; "but I felt, and I think others felt, it was like doing what we were expected to do. Besides, that wasn't a very good place to celebrate. It seemed irreverent. It was only days before that your buddies had been dying. There were still lots of wounded men around in hospitals. You hear a lot about how they pitched a big one after World War I in the streets of Paris. Well, Motobu wasn't Paris."

There was, however, some speculation about the part the Division would play in whatever ceremonies of surrender were arranged. They had been in it from first to last, from Guadalcanal through Okinawa. The First Marine Division should lead the parade down the streets of Tokyo.

Shouldn't the Army and the Navy, when they arrived on Heaven's scenes, find that the streets were guarded by United States Marines?

No, not quite. Very matter-of-factly, disdaining to record the disappointment that many felt, the Division's war diary explains: "The early part of September was spent in readying men and equipment for the movement to China."

And on September 2, meanwhile, General Douglas MacArthur, senior officer present among many high-ranking Army and Navy—and a few Marine—officers, accepted the Japanese surrender in ceremonies aboard the USS *Missouri* in Tokyo Bay. The 1st Cavalry Division led the parade through Tokyo's streets.

II

To those men who had a strong sense of Marine tradition, China was like a spiritual (and for some it was an actual) homecoming. To others it was only a delay, an obstruction in the way of their return to the United States and civilian life.

By the time they were ready to go aboard ship and leave Okinawa, all were willing to settle at least temporarily for "China duty" and liberty. The convoy got under way at 1500, September 26, 1945, and arrived off Tanku, China, before daylight of September 30, anchoring far out in the bay off the mouth of the Pei Ho River.

"The run up the river," recalls a captain, "was a victory parade. Until long after dark groups of Chinese lined the river banks, gathered in groups outside their mud houses, cheering each boatload of Marines.

"Only a small party reached Tientsin the first day. Other troops remained overnight in Tanku, and when they reached Tientsin the next day by train and truck convoy, they received a welcome that must have outshone, outshouted and outsmelled any welcome given to troops any time, any place and anywhere during the war."

The third day there was a parade in honor of the Marines. "Our first glimpse of Chinese culture," said a major who recalls that there were "school children, civic organizations, musicians and groups of dancers on stilts. Each group was elaborately costumed and masked and performed intricate evolutions upon their three-foot stilts, crouching, jumping, wheeling and posturing to the accompaniment of cymbals."

Although the billets were "musty, damp and dirty (the Japs had ripped out plumbing, sabotaged heating and water supplies), wine, women and steaks were cheap. For

ARRIVAL IN CHINA: The celebration and parade upon arrival of the Marines when they came into China for occupation duty

the first time First Division men were able to pick up silks and jewelry as souvenirs instead of trinkets from the pockets of dead Japs."

When local restaurant owners discovered that Marines did not like Chinese food, and that they were losing trade to White Russian restaurants, they converted, "and many Chinese restaurants that had reputations for serving good Peking duck, hundred-year-old eggs, and shark-fin soup soon flaunted signs advertising steak and eggs or 'American' chop suey."

The favorite spots were in two areas, one in the British concession, two blocks where restaurants and bars were jammed cheek to jowl, and "the noisiest and drunkest spot in town." There "bad vodka, poor wine and poisonous Chinese whiskies and Russian women were the main attractions." The other area was in the French concession where there was "a large five-story bazaar and a larger house of ill repute."

At first the curious Chinese would stop and stare at the Marines no matter where they were. "When you ate they would be at the window with noses pressed against the glass to watch you; if you stopped to open your wallet, two or three of them would crane their necks to see what was inside; there was a constant crowd peering in the gate outside of Headquarters," which was in the Italian legation.

Left: *First Marine Division veterans and replacements stroll along China's Great Wall. The Chinese costumes in the foreground are typical of the combination of Old and New in China.* Right: *On November 14, 1945, a Marine stands guard as workmen repair railroad tracks. The train was fired upon.*

Rising prices restored some sanity, led to a calmer way of living. And in a couple of months "Tientsin had simmered down so that it was no better or worse than a wartime Saturday night in 'Dago.' "

By that time elements of the Division were in Peiping, and the pattern of life in Tientsin was repeated there on a reduced scale. In Peiping there was more opportunity for sightseeing and less for binges, although the city did have good streets, several large hotels and ample restaurants. Eventually guided tours were run from Tientsin to Peiping, to give the men a chance to see the palaces and temples of the ancient Chinese capital city.

III

A Marine will say of a girl he has enjoyed being with, "She's good duty." Oppositely, if he tells a friend that a girl is "bad duty"—then she's to be avoided, given a wide berth.

Liberty ports are graded in the same way. Los Angeles may be "good duty" while San Diego may be "bad duty."

To a Marine overseas in World War II, anything superlatively good might be described as "Stateside duty."

Duty has other than its adjectival meanings. A Marine would never say, "I served in Nicaragua." Rather he would put it, "I did Nicaragua duty."

Of an NCO who is in charge of the squadroom for the night, Marines will say, "He's got the duty."

These examples barely scrape the surface of the meanings Marines give to "duty."

It is that so much of the activity called for in Marine life is explained in no other terms than duty—so that the Marine comes to think of duty as a reason itself.

It is his willingness to "do duty" of an unspectacular but essential nature that marks the peacetime Marine.

China duty for the First Marine Division was of this variety, spiritually falling more into the peacetime rather than wartime story of the Division.

The mission was "to carry out the provisions of the surrender and to maintain law and order in the Tientsin, Tangshan, and Chinwangtao area."

"Elements of the Division were stationed at Peiping to provide security for airfields in that area, and the 7th Marines were disposed to protect KMA mining installations in the Tangshan–Kuyeh area and port facilities at Chinwangtao. Detachments were maintained at critical points along the railroad and guards were furnished for coal trains and maintenance road gangs.

"The security of the lines of communication in the area was imperative to the successful completion of this mission. Units of the Division were deployed along these routes. . . ."

This, from the Division's war diary, was the job for the year from October 1945 until October 1946. It was performed by increasingly large numbers of new men, as the old ones were sent home. It was full of "incidents" that sometimes became international in effect, of encounters, skirmishes, with forces that were often apparently guerrillas on the fringe of the Chinese Communist Army, of others that were apparently only bandits, and of yet others that were hungry civilians raiding the Division's stores.

The following incident which took place on October 6, 1945, is typical:

"An engineer group with a rifle platoon from the 1st Marines to guard them," says the war diary, "attempted to remove the roadblocks on the Tientsin–Peiping highway. They received sporadic and irregular rifle fire from an estimated forty to fifty troops when about twenty-two miles northwest of Tientsin. The enemy inflicted three casualties on the Marines and at least one enemy was believed hit by return fire. The status of the enemy was not known but interrogation of friendly Chinese farmers revealed that a band of Chinese communists had been roving throughout the area."

But that is getting far from the story of World War II—is, indeed, a fitting milepost between the past and the future.

IV

When in the spring of 1946, men from many other American fighting units all over the world began to hold mass meetings in protest against remaining in the service, crying to be sent home, the men of the First Marine Division stood steady at their tasks, welded together in what seemed then a dignified silence by the same pervasive sense of discipline and of duty that had been the Division's most evident characteristic in 1940.

So it was the Old One stood, cantankerous and self-sufficient, disciplined and dutiful, as the imperatives of war gave way to the imperatives of peace.

Combat Art

WORK OF COMBAT ARTISTS WHO SERVED
WITH THE FIRST MARINE DIVISION

Donald L. Dickson

Donald L. Dickson

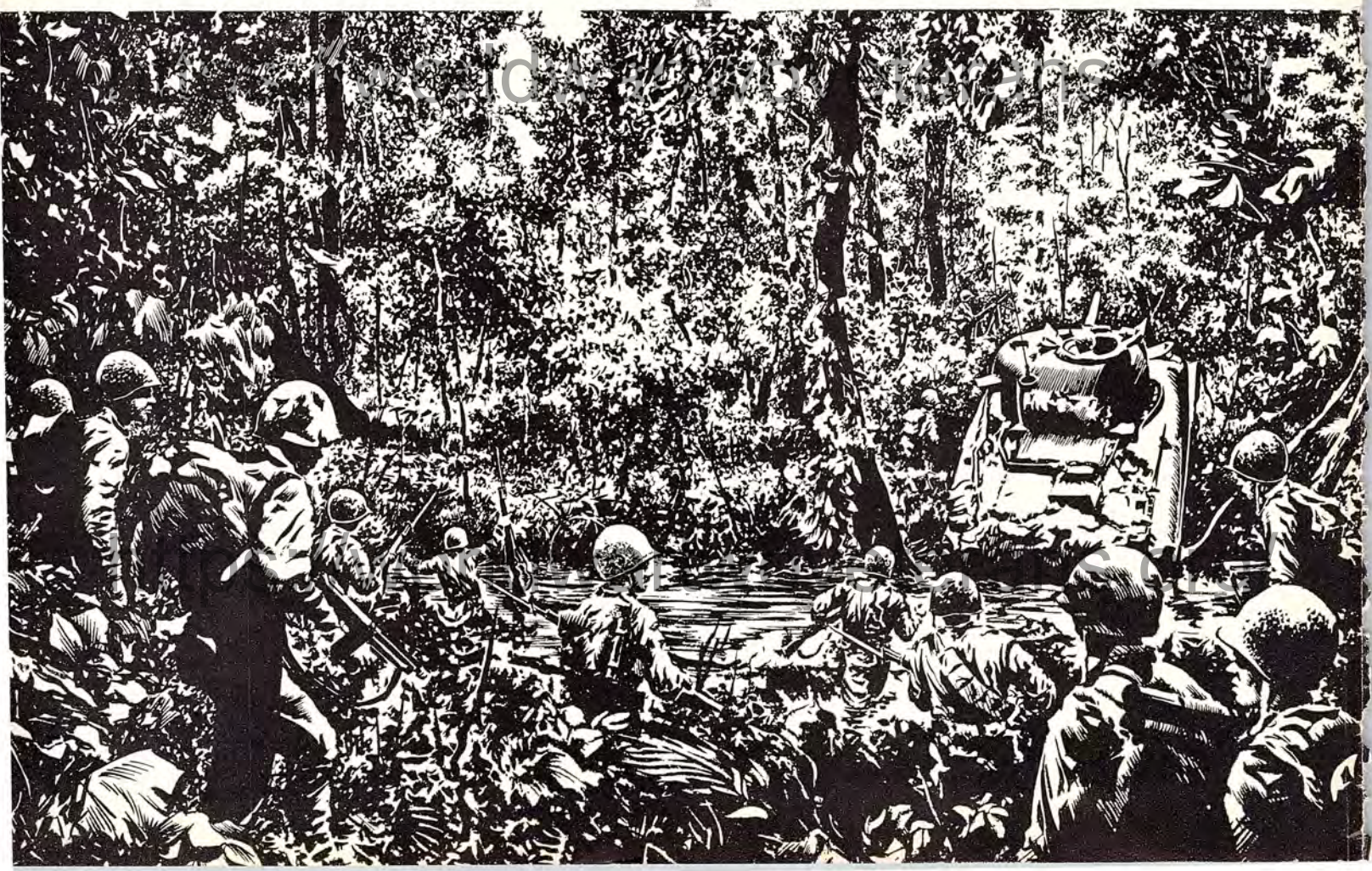
Donald L. Dickson

Donald L. Dickson

William J. Gunn

Victor P. Donahue

Victor P. Donahue



Victor P. Donahue

Wayne Seese

Tom Lea

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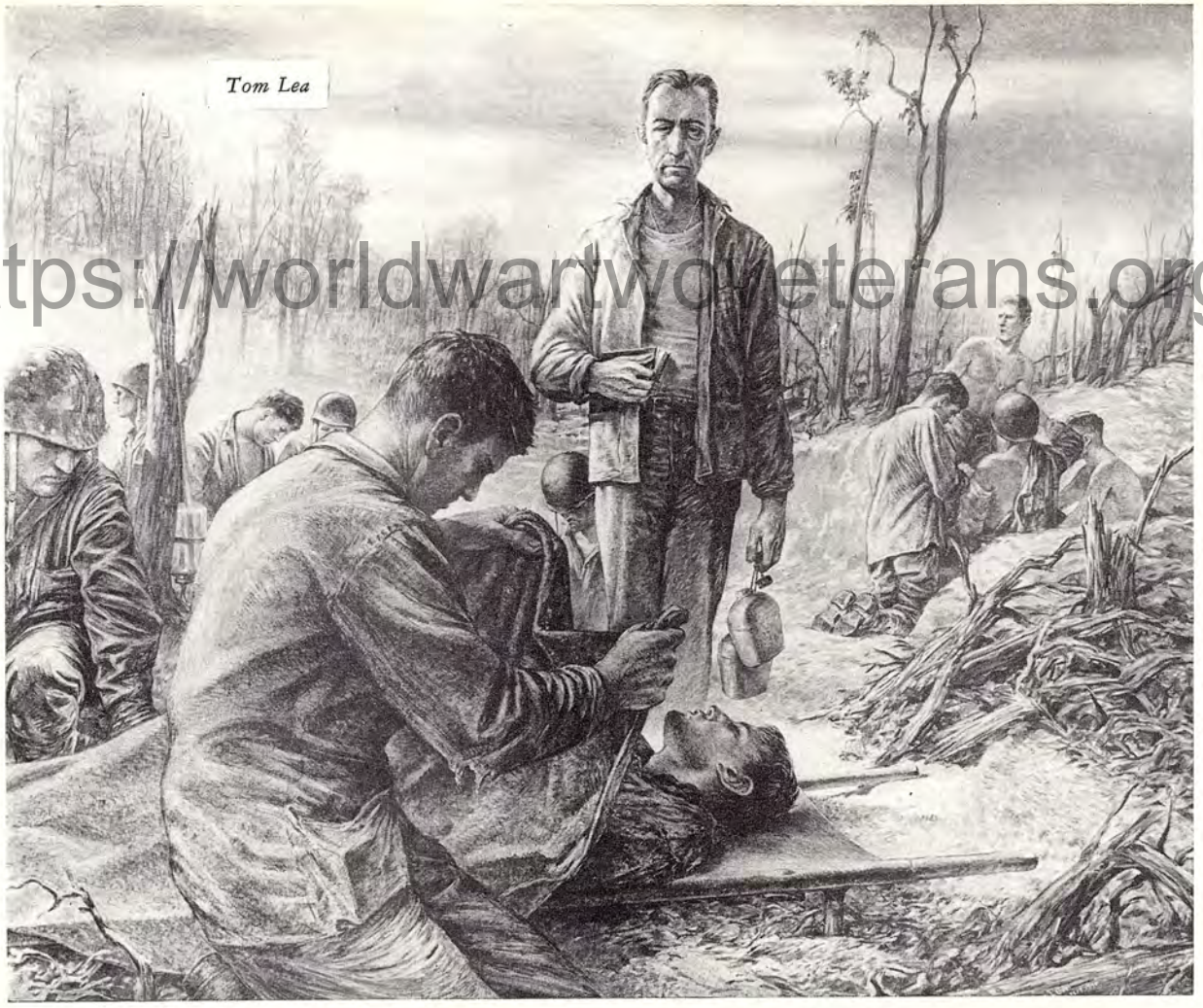
https://worldwartwoveterans.org/

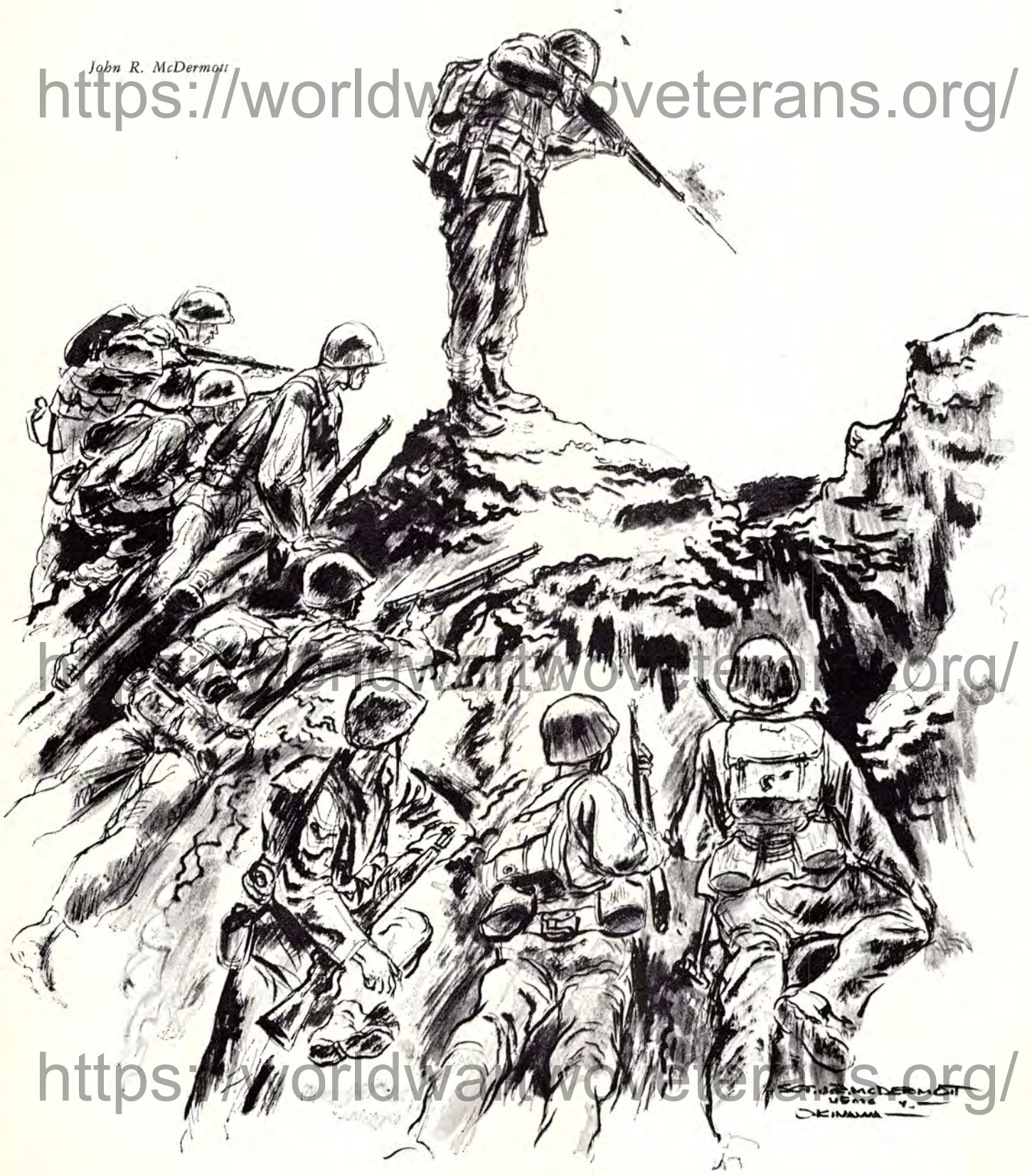


Tom Lea

John R. McDermott

John R. McDermott

John R. McDermott



John R. McDermott

https://worldwartwoveterans.org/

https://worldwartwoveterans.org/

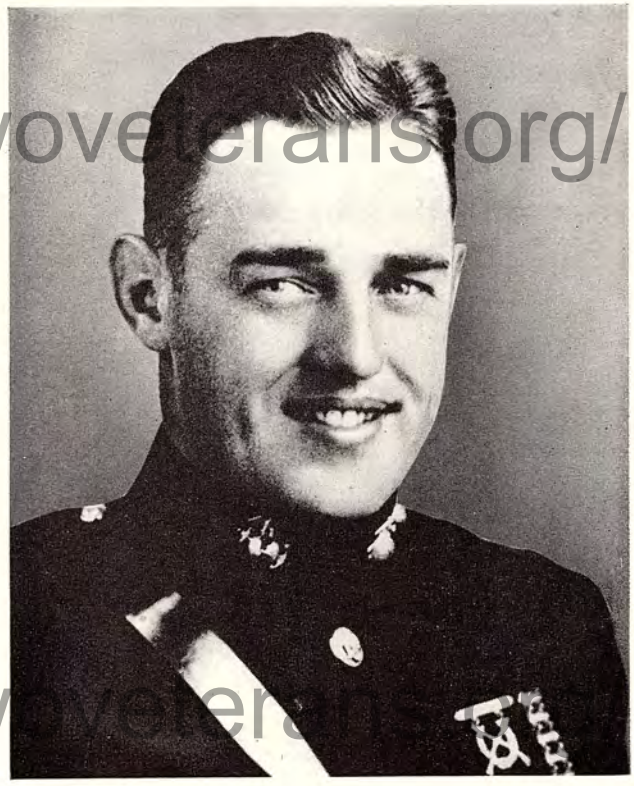
Medal of Honor Men

For conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity at the risk of his life above and beyond the call of duty . . .

Sergeant John Basilone

CITATION: For extraordinary heroism and conspicuous gallantry in action against enemy Japanese forces, above and beyond the call of duty, while serving with the First Battalion, Seventh Marines, First Marine Division, in the Lunga Area, Guadalcanal, Solomon Islands, on October 24 and 25, 1942. While the enemy was hammering at the Marines' defensive positions, Sergeant Basilone, in charge of two sections of heavy machine guns, fought valiantly to check the savage and determined assault. In a fierce frontal attack with the Japanese blasting his guns with grenades and mortar fire, one of Sergeant Basilone's sections, with its gun crews, was put out of action, leaving only two men able to carry on. Moving an extra gun into position, he placed it in action, then, under continual fire, repaired another and personally manned it, gallantly holding his line until replacements arrived. A little later, with ammunition critically low and the supply lines cut off, Sergeant Basilone, at great risk of his life and in the face of continued enemy attack, battled his way through hostile lines with urgently needed shells for his gunners, thereby contributing in a large measure to the virtual annihilation of a Japanese regiment. His great personal valor and courageous initiative were in keeping with the highest traditions of the United States Naval Service.

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT



Major Kenneth D. Bailey

CITATION: For extraordinary courage and heroic conduct above and beyond the call of duty as Commanding Officer of Company C, First Marine Raider Battalion, during the enemy Japanese attack on Henderson Field, Guadalcanal, Solomon Islands, on September 12-13, 1942. Completely reorganized following the severe engagement of the night before, Major Bailey's company, within an hour after taking its assigned position as battalion reserve between the main line and the coveted airport, was threatened on the right flank by the penetration of the enemy into a gap in the main line. In addition to repulsing this threat, while steadily improving his own desperately held position, he used every weapon at his command to cover the forced withdrawal of the main line before a hammering assault by superior enemy forces. After rendering invaluable service to the Battalion Commander in stemming the retreat, reorganizing the troops and extending the reserve position to the left, Major Bailey, despite a severe head wound repeatedly led his troops in fierce hand to hand combat for a period of ten hours. His great personal valor while exposed to constant and merciless enemy fire, and his indomitable fighting spirit inspired his troops to heights of heroic endeavor which enabled them to repulse the enemy and hold Henderson Field. He gallantly gave up his life in the service of his country.

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

Corporal Lewis K. Bausell

CITATION: For conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity at the risk of his life above and beyond the call of duty while serving with the First Battalion, Fifth Marines, First Marine Division, during action against enemy Japanese forces on Peleliu Island, Palau Group, 15 September 1944. Valiantly placing himself at the head of his squad, Corporal Bausell led the charge forward against a hostile pillbox which was covering a vital sector of the beach and, as the first to reach the emplacement, immediately started firing his automatic into the aperture while the remainder of his men closed in on the enemy. Swift to act as a Japanese grenade was hurled into their midst, Corporal Bausell threw himself on the deadly weapon, taking the full blast of the explosion and sacrificing his own life to save his men. His unwavering loyalty and inspiring courage reflect the highest credit upon Corporal Bausell and the United States Naval Service. He gallantly gave his life for his country.

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

Colonel Merritt A. Edson

CITATION: For extraordinary heroism and conspicuous intrepidity above and beyond the call of duty as Commanding Officer of the First Marine Raider Battalion, with the First Parachute Battalion attached, during action against enemy Japanese forces in the Solomon Islands on the night of September 13-14, 1942. After the airfield on Guadalcanal had been seized from the enemy on August 8, Colonel Edson, with a force of eight hundred men, was assigned to the occupation and defense of a ridge dominating the jungle on either side of the airport. Facing a formidable Japanese attack which, augmented by infiltration, had crashed through our front lines, he, by skillful handling of his troops, successfully withdrew his forward units to a reserve line with minimum casualties. When the enemy, in a subsequent series of violent assaults, engaged our force in desperate hand-to-hand combat with bayonets, rifles, pistols, grenades and knives, Colonel Edson, although continuously exposed to hostile fire throughout the night, personally directed defense of the reserve position against a fanatical foe of greatly superior numbers. By his astute leadership and gallant devotion to duty, he enabled his men, despite severe losses, to cling tenaciously to their position on the vital ridge, thereby retaining command, not only of the Guadalcanal airfield, but also of the First Division's entire offensive installations in the surrounding area.

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

Corporal John P. Fardy

CITATION: For conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity at the risk of his life above and beyond the call of duty as a Squad Leader, serving with Company C, First Battalion, First Marines, First Marine Division, in action against enemy Japanese forces on *Okinawa* Shima in the Ryukyu Islands, 6 May 1945. When his squad was suddenly assailed by extremely heavy small-arms fire from the front during a determined advance against strongly fortified, fiercely defended Japanese positions, Corporal Fardy temporarily deployed his men along a near-by drainage ditch. Shortly thereafter, a hostile grenade fell among the Marines and Corporal Fardy, instantly throwing himself upon the deadly missile, absorbed the exploding blast in his own body, thereby protecting his comrades from certain and perhaps fatal injuries. Concerned solely for the welfare of his men, he willingly relinquished his own hope of survival that his fellow Marines might live to carry on the fight against a fanatic enemy. A stouthearted leader and indomitable fighter, Corporal Fardy, by his prompt decision and resolute spirit of self-sacrifice in the face of certain death, had rendered valiant service and his conduct throughout reflects the highest credit upon himself and the United States Naval Service. He gallantly gave his life for his country.

HARRY S. TRUMAN

Private First Class William A. Foster

CITATION: For conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity at the risk of his life above and beyond the call of duty while serving as a Rifleman with Company K, Third Battalion, First Marines, First Marine Division, in action against enemy Japanese forces on *Okinawa* Shima in the Ryukyu Chain, 2 May 1945. Dug in with another Marine on the point of the perimeter defense after waging a furious assault against a strongly fortified Japanese position, Private First Class Foster and his comrade engaged in a fierce hand grenade duel with infiltrating enemy soldiers. Suddenly an enemy grenade landed beyond reach in the foxhole. Instantly diving on the deadly missile, Private First Class Foster absorbed the exploding charge in his own body, thereby protecting the other Marine from serious injury. Although mortally wounded as a result of his heroic action, he quickly rallied, handed his own remaining two grenades to his comrade and said, "Make them count." Stouthearted and indomitable, he had unhesitatingly relinquished his one chance of survival that his fellow Marines might carry on the relentless fight against a fanatic enemy, and his dauntless determination, cool decision and valiant spirit of self-sacrifice in the face of certain death reflect the highest credit upon Private First Class Foster and the United States Naval Service. He gallantly gave his life in the service of his country.

HARRY S. TRUMAN

Private Dale M. Hansen

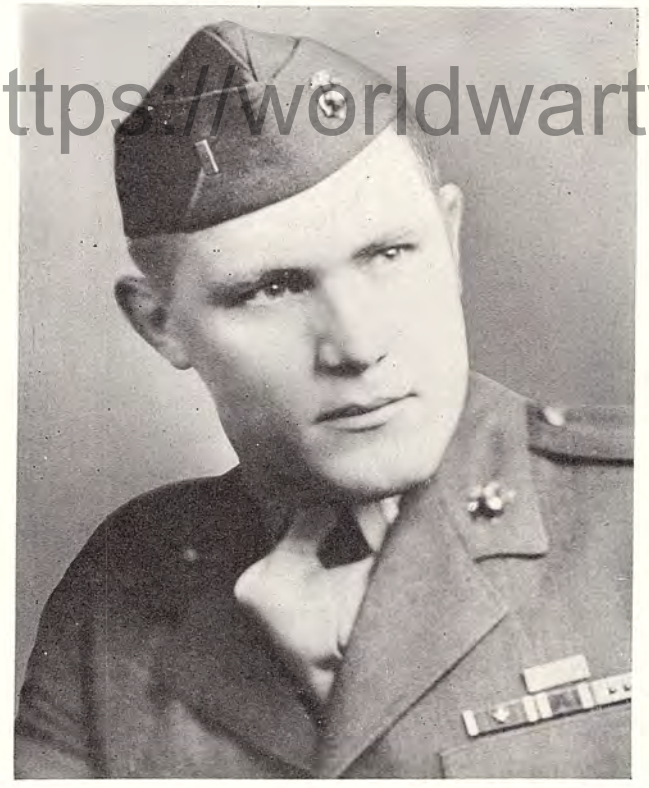
CITATION: For conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity at the risk of his life above and beyond the call of duty while serving with Company E, Second Battalion, First Marines, First Marine Division, in action against enemy Japanese forces on *Okinawa* Shima in the Ryukyu Chain, 7 May 1945. Cool and courageous in combat, Private Hansen unhesitatingly took the initiative during a critical stage of the action and, armed with a rocket launcher, crawled to an exposed position where he attacked and destroyed a strategically located pillbox. With his weapon subsequently destroyed by enemy fire, he seized a rifle and continued his one-man assault. Reaching the crest of a ridge, he leaped across, opened fire on six Japanese and killed four before his rifle jammed. Attacked by the remaining two Japanese, he beat them off with the butt of his rifle and then climbed back to cover. Promptly returning with another weapon and a supply of grenades, he fearlessly advanced, destroyed a strong mortar position and annihilated eight more of the enemy. In the forefront of battle throughout this bitterly waged engagement, Private Hansen, by his indomitable determination, bold tactics and complete disregard of all personal danger, contributed essentially to the success of his company's mission and the ultimate capture of this fiercely defended outpost of the Japanese Empire. His great personal valor in the face of extreme peril reflects the highest credit upon himself and the United States Naval Service.

HARRY S. TRUMAN

Corporal Louis J. Hauge, Jr.

CITATION: For conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity at the risk of his life above and beyond the call of duty as Leader of a Machine-Gun Squad serving with Company C, First Battalion, First Marines, First Marine Division, in action against enemy Japanese forces on *Okinawa* Shima in the Ryukyu Chain on 14 May 1945. Alert and aggressive during a determined assault against a strongly fortified Japanese hill position, Corporal Hauge boldly took the initiative when his company's left flank was pinned down under a heavy machine gun and mortar barrage with resultant severe casualties and, quickly locating the two machine guns which were delivering the uninterrupted stream of enfilade fire, ordered his squad to maintain a covering barrage as he rushed across an exposed area toward the furiously blazing enemy weapons. Although painfully wounded as he charged the first machine gun, he launched a vigorous singlehanded grenade attack, destroyed the entire hostile gun position and moved relentlessly forward toward the other emplacement despite his wounds and the increasingly heavy Japanese fire. Undaunted by the savage opposition, he again hurled his deadly grenades with unerring aim and succeeded in demolishing the second enemy gun before he fell under the slashing fury of Japanese sniper fire. By his ready grasp of the critical situation and his heroic one-man assault tactics, Corporal Hauge had eliminated two strategically placed enemy weapons, thereby releasing the besieged troops from an overwhelming volume of hostile fire and enabling his company to advance. His indomitable fighting spirit and decisive valor in the face of almost certain death reflect the highest credit upon Corporal Hauge and the United States Naval Service. He gallantly gave his life in the service of his country.

HARRY S. TRUMAN



Pfc. (later 2d Lt.) Arthur J. Jackson

CITATION: For conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity at the risk of his life above and beyond the call of duty, while serving with the Third Battalion, Seventh Marines, First Marine Division, in action against enemy Japanese forces on the Island of Peleliu in the Palau Group, 18 September 1944. Boldly taking the initiative when his platoon's left-flank advance was held up by the fire of Japanese troops concealed in strongly fortified positions, Private First Class Jackson unhesitatingly proceeded forward of our lines and, courageously defying the heavy barrages, charged a large pillbox housing approximately thirty-five enemy soldiers. Pouring his automatic fire into the opening of the fixed installation to trap the occupying troops, he hurled white phosphorus grenades and explosive charges brought up by a fellow Marine, demolishing the pillbox and killing all of the enemy. Advancing alone under the continuous fire from other hostile emplacements, he employed similar means to smash two smaller positions in the immediate vicinity. Determined to crush the entire pocket of resistance although harassed on all sides by the shattering blasts of Japanese weapons and covered only by small rifle parties, he stormed one gun position after another, dealing death and destruction to the savagely fighting enemy in his inexorable drive against the remaining defenses and succeeded in wiping out a total of twelve pillboxes and fifty Japanese soldiers. Stout-hearted and indomitable despite the terrific odds, Private First Class Jackson resolutely maintained control of the platoon's left-flank movement throughout his valiant one-man assault and, by his cool decision and relentless fighting spirit during a critical situation, contributed essentially to the complete annihilation of the enemy in the southern sector of the island. His gallant initiative and heroic conduct in the face of extreme peril reflect the highest credit upon Private First Class Jackson and the United States Naval Service.

HARRY S. TRUMAN

Sergeant Elbert L. Kinser

CITATION: For conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity at the risk of his life above and beyond the call of duty while acting as Leader of a Rifle Platoon, serving with Company I, Third Battalion, First Marines, First Marine Division, in action against Japanese forces on *Okinawa* Shima in the Ryukyu Chain, 4 May 1945. Taken under sudden, close attack by hostile troops entrenched on the reverse slope while moving up a strategic ridge along which his platoon was holding newly won positions, Sergeant Kinser engaged the enemy in a fierce hand grenade battle. Quick to act when a Japanese grenade landed in the immediate vicinity, Sergeant Kinser unhesitatingly threw himself on the deadly missile, absorbing the full charge of the shattering explosion in his own body and thereby protecting his men from serious injury and possible death. Stouthearted and indomitable, he had yielded his own chance of survival that his comrades might live to carry on the relentless battle against a fanatic enemy. His courage, cool decision and valiant spirit of self-sacrifice in the face of certain death sustained and enhanced the highest traditions of the United States Naval Service. He gallantly gave his life for his country.

HARRY S. TRUMAN

Private First Class Richard E. Kraus

CITATION: For conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity at the risk of his life above and beyond the call of duty while serving with the Eighth Amphibian Tractor Battalion, Third Amphibious Corps, Fleet Marine Force, in action against enemy Japanese forces on Peleliu, Palau Islands, on 3 October 1944. Unhesitatingly volunteering for the extremely hazardous mission of evacuating a wounded comrade from the front lines, Private First Class Kraus and three companions courageously made their way forward and successfully penetrated the lines for some distance before the enemy opened with an intense, devastating barrage of hand grenades which forced the stretcher party to take cover and subsequently abandon the mission. While returning to the rear, they observed two men approaching who appeared to be Marines and immediately demanded the password. When, instead of answering, one of the two Japanese threw a hand grenade into the midst of the group, Private First Class Kraus heroically flung himself upon the grenade and, covering it with his body, absorbed the full impact of the explosion and was instantly killed. By his prompt action and great personal valor in the face of almost certain death, he saved the lives of his three companions, and his loyal spirit of self-sacrifice reflects the highest credit upon himself and the United States Naval Service. He gallantly gave his life for his comrades.

HARRY S. TRUMAN

Private First Class John D. New

CITATION: For conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity at the risk of his own life above and beyond the call of duty while serving with the Second Battalion, Seventh Marines, First Marine Division, in action against enemy Japanese forces on Peleliu Island, Palau Group, 25 September 1944. When a Japanese soldier emerged from a cave in a cliff directly below an observation post and suddenly hurled a grenade into the position from which two of our men were directing mortar fire against enemy emplacements, Private First Class New instantly perceived the dire peril to the other Marines and, with utter disregard for his own safety, unhesitatingly flung himself upon the grenade and absorbed the full impact of the explosion, thus saving the lives of the two observers. Private First Class New's great personal valor and selfless conduct in the face of almost certain death reflect the highest credit upon himself and the United States Naval Service. He gallantly gave his life for his country.

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

Platoon Sergeant Mitchell Paige

CITATION: For extraordinary heroism and conspicuous gallantry in action above and beyond the call of duty while serving with the Second Battalion, Seventh Marines, First Marine Division, in combat against enemy Japanese forces in the Solomon Islands Area on October 26, 1942. When the enemy broke through the line directly in front of his position, Platoon Sergeant Paige, commanding a machine-gun section with fearless determination, continued to direct the fire of his gunners until all his men were either killed or wounded. Alone, against the deadly hail of Japanese shells, he manned his gun, and when it was destroyed, took over another, moving from gun to gun, never ceasing his withering fire against the advancing hordes until reinforcements finally arrived. Then, forming a new line, he dauntlessly and aggressively led a bayonet charge, driving the enemy back and preventing a breakthrough in our lines. His great personal valor and unyielding devotion to duty were in keeping with the highest traditions of the United States Naval Service.

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

Private First Class Wesley Phelps

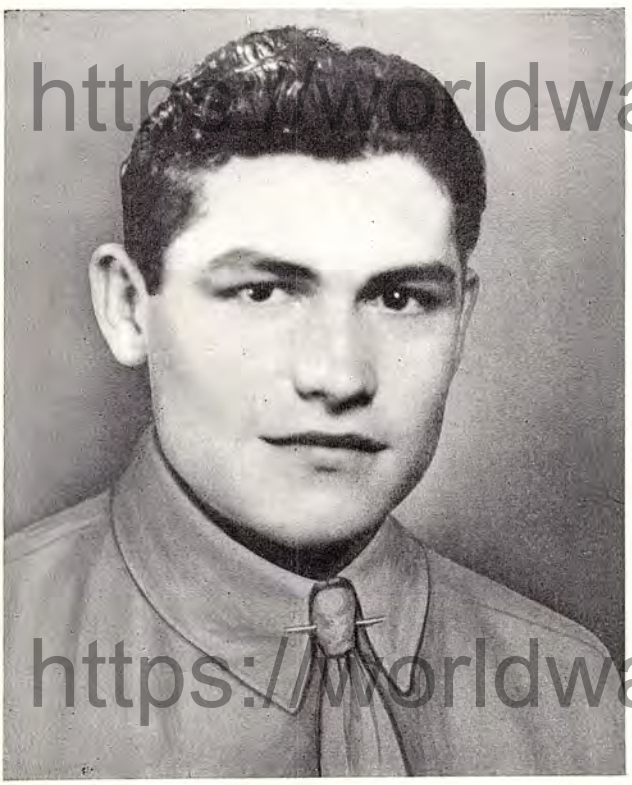
CITATION: For conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity at the risk of his life above and beyond the call of duty while serving with the Third Battalion, Seventh Marines, First Marine Division, in action against enemy Japanese forces on Peleliu Island, Palau Group, during a savage hostile counterattack on the night of 4 October 1944. Stationed with another Marine in an advanced position when a Japanese hand grenade landed in his foxhole, Private First Class Phelps instantly shouted a warning to his comrade and rolled over on the deadly bomb, absorbing with his own body the full, shattering impact of the exploding charge. Courageous and indomitable, Private First Class Phelps fearlessly gave his life that another might be spared serious injury and his great valor and heroic devotion to duty in the face of certain death reflected the highest credit upon himself and the United States Naval Service. He gallantly gave his life for his country.

HARRY S. TRUMAN

Captain Everett P. Pope

CITATION: For conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity at the risk of his life above and beyond the call of duty while serving as Commanding Officer of Company C, First Battalion, First Marines, First Marine Division, during action against enemy Japanese forces on Peleliu Island, Palau Group, on 19-20 September 1944. Subjected to point-blank cannon fire which caused heavy casualties and badly disorganized his company while assaulting a steep coral hill, Captain Pope rallied his men and gallantly led them to the summit in the face of machine-gun, mortar and sniper fire. Forced by wide-spread hostile attack to deploy the remnants of his company thinly in order to hold the ground won, and with his machine guns out of action and insufficient water and ammunition, he remained on the exposed hill with twelve men and one wounded officer, determined to hold through the night. Attacked continuously with grenades, machine guns and rifles from three sides and twice subjected to suicidal charges during the night, he and his valiant men fiercely beat back or destroyed the enemy, resorting to hand-to-hand combat as the supply of ammunition dwindled and still maintaining his lines with his eight remaining riflemen when daylight brought more deadly fire and he was ordered to withdraw. His valiant leadership against devastating odds while protecting the units below from heavy Japanese attack reflects the highest credit upon Captain Pope and the United States Naval Service.

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT



Private First Class Charles H. Roan

CITATION: For conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity at the risk of his life above and beyond the call of duty while serving with the Second Battalion, Seventh Marines, First Marine Division, in action against enemy Japanese forces on Peleliu, Palau Islands, 18 September 1944. Shortly after his leader ordered a withdrawal upon discovering that the squad was partly cut off from their company as a result of their rapid advance along an exposed ridge during an aggressive attack on the strongly entrenched enemy, Private First Class Roan and his companions were suddenly engaged in a furious exchange of hand grenades with Japanese forces emplaced in a cave on higher ground and to the rear of the squad. Seeking protection with four other Marines in a depression in the rocky, broken terrain, Private First Class Roan was wounded by an enemy grenade which fell close to their position and, immediately realizing the imminent peril to his comrades when another grenade landed in the midst of the group, unhesitatingly flung himself upon it, covering it with his body and absorbing the full impact of the explosion. By his prompt action and selfless conduct in the face of almost certain death, he saved the lives of four men, and his great personal valor reflects the highest credit upon himself and the United States Naval Service. He gallantly gave his life for his comrades.

HARRY S. TRUMAN

First Lieutenant Carlton R. Rouh

CITATION: For conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity at the risk of his life above and beyond the call of duty while attached to the First Battalion, Fifth Marines, First Marine Division, during action against enemy Japanese forces on Peleliu Island, Palau Group, 15 September 1944. Before permitting his men to use an enemy dugout as a position for an 81-mm. Mortar Observation Post, First Lieutenant Rouh made a personal reconnaissance of the pillbox and, upon entering, was severely wounded by Japanese rifle fire from within. Emerging from the dugout, he was immediately assisted by two Marines to a less exposed area but, while receiving first aid, was further endangered by an enemy grenade which was thrown into their midst. Quick to act in spite of his weakened condition, he lurched to a crouching position and thrust both men aside, placing his own body between them and the grenade and taking the full blast of the explosion himself. His exceptional spirit of loyalty and self-sacrifice in the face of almost certain death reflects the highest credit upon First Lieutenant Rouh and the United States Naval Service.

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

Private First Class Albert E. Schwab

CITATION: For conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity at the risk of his life above and beyond the call of duty as a Flame Thrower Operator serving with Headquarters Company, First Battalion, Fifth Marines, First Marine Division, in action against enemy Japanese forces on *Okinawa* Shima in the Ryukyu Islands, 7 May 1945. Quick to take action when his company was pinned down in a valley and suffering resultant heavy casualties under blanketing machine-gun fire emanating from a high ridge to the front, Private First Class Schwab, unable to flank the enemy emplacement because of steep cliffs on either side, advanced up the face of the ridge in bold defiance of the intense barrage and, skillfully directing the fire of his flame thrower, quickly demolished the hostile gun position, thereby enabling his company to occupy the ridge. Suddenly a second Japanese machine gun opened fire, killing or wounding several Marines with its initial bursts. Estimating with split-second decision the tactical difficulties confronting his comrades, Private First Class Schwab elected to continue his one-man assault despite a diminished supply of fuel for his flame thrower, cool and indomitable, he moved forward in the face of the direct concentration of hostile fire, relentlessly closed the enemy position and attacked. Although severely wounded by a final vicious blast from the enemy weapon, Private First Class Schwab had succeeded in destroying two highly strategic Japanese gun positions during a critical stage of the operation and, by his dauntless, singlehanded effort, materially furthered the advance of his company. His aggressive initiative, outstanding valor and professional skill throughout the bitter conflict sustained and enhanced the highest traditions of the United States Naval Service. He gallantly gave his life for his country.

HARRY S. TRUMAN

Major General Alexander A. Vandegrift

CITATION: For outstanding and heroic accomplishment above and beyond the call of duty as Commanding Officer of the First Marine Division in operations against enemy Japanese forces in the Solomon Islands during the period August 7, 1942 to December 9, 1942. With the adverse factors of weather, terrain and disease making his task a difficult and hazardous undertaking, and with his command eventually including sea, land and air forces of the Army, Navy and Marine Corps, Major General Vandegrift achieved marked success in commanding the initial landings of the United States Forces in the Solomon Islands and in their subsequent occupation. His tenacity, courage and resourcefulness prevailed against a strong, determined and experienced enemy, and the gallant fighting spirit of the men under his inspiring leadership enabled them to withstand aerial, land and sea bombardment, to surmount all obstacles and leave a disorganized and ravaged enemy. This dangerous but vital mission, accomplished at the constant risk of his life, resulted in securing a valuable base for further operations of our forces against the enemy, and its successful completion reflects great credit upon Major General Vandegrift, his command and the United States Naval Service.

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

Decorations and Awards

COMMAND ORGANIZATION, 1ST MARINE DIVISION (REINFORCED) GUADALCANAL ("PESTILENCE") OPERATION[1]

Division Headquarters

Division Commander	MajGen. A. A. Vandegrift
Asst Div Commander	BrigGen. William H. Rupertus
Chief of Staff	Col. William C. James
D–1	Maj. James C. Murray, Jr.
D–2	LtCol. Frank B. Goettge
D–3	LtCol. Gerald C. Thomas
D–4	LtCol. Randolph McC. Pate

Unit Commanders

DivHqBn	Maj. John E. Linch
1st TankBn	LtCol. Charles G. Meints
1st ServiceBn	LtCol. Hawley C. Waterman
1st Special WeaponsBn	Maj. Robert B. Luckey
1st PioneerBn	LtCol. George R. Rowan
1st EngineerBn	Maj. James G. Frazer
1st ParachuteBn	Maj. Robert H. Williams
1st AmphTracBn	Maj. Walter W. Barr
1st MedicalBn	Comdr. Warwick T. Brown (MC) USN
1st Marines	Col. Clifton B. Cates
1st Battalion	LtCol. Lenard B. Cresswell
2d Battalion	LtCol. Edwin A. Pollock
3d Battalion	LtCol. W. N. McKelvy, Jr.
5th Marines	Col. LeRoy P. Hunt
1st Battalion	LtCol. William E. Maxwell
2d Battalion	LtCol. Harold E. Rosecrans
3d Battalion	LtCol. Frederick C. Biebush
7th Marines	Col. James W. Webb
1st Battalion	LtCol. Lewis B. Puller
2d Battalion	LtCol. Herman H. Hanneken
3d Battalion	LtCol. Edwin J. Farrell
11th Marines (Art)	Col. Pedro A. delValle
1st Battalion	LtCol. Joseph R. Knowlan
2d Battalion	LtCol. Edward G. Hagen
3d Battalion	LtCol. James J. Keating
4th Battalion	LtCol. Melvin E. Fuller
1st RaiderBn*	LtCol. Merritt A. Edson
2d Marines*	Col. John M. Arthur
1st Battalion*	Maj. Robert E. Hill
2d Battalion*	Maj. Orin K. Pressley
3d Battalion*	LtCol. Robert G. Hunt
3d DefenseBn*	Col. Robert H. Pepper

TASK ORGANIZATION FOR LANDING

Combat Group A — Col. LeRoy P. Hunt, USMC

5th Marines (less 2d Bn)
2d Bn 11th Marines
Co A 1st TankBn
Co A 1st EngineerBn
Co A 1st PioneerBn
1st Plat, Btry A, 1st Special WeaponsBn
1st Plat, Co A (Trans), 1st ServiceBn
Co A 1st MedicalBn
Co A 1st AmphTracBn
1st Plat 1st Scout Co

Combat Group B — Col. Clifton B. Cates, USMC

1st Marines
3d Bn 11th Marines
Co B 1st TankBn
Co C 1st EngineerBn
Co C 1st PioneerBn
3d Plat, Btry A, 1st Special WeaponsBn
3d Plat, Co A (Trans), 1st ServiceBn
Co E 1st MedicalBn
Co B 1st AmphTracBn
3d Plat 1st Scout Co

Tulagi Group[2] — LtCol. Merritt A. Edson, USMC

1st RaiderBn
2d Bn 5th Marines
2d Plat, Co A, 1st EngineerBn
2d Plat, Co A, 1st PioneerBn
2d Plat, Co A, 1st AmphTracBn

Gavutu Group[2] — Maj. Robert H. Williams, USMC

1st ParachuteBn

Support Group — Col. Pedro A. delValle, USMC

1st EngineerBn (less Cos A,B,C)
11th Marines (less 1st,2d,3d & 4th Bns)
1st Special WeaponsBn (less 1st & 3d Plats, Btry A)
1st PioneerBn (less Cos A&B)

Division Reserve — Col. John M. Arthur, USMC

2d Marines (less 1st Bn)
3d Bn 10th Marines
Co C 2d TankBn
Co A 2d AmphTracBn
Co A 2d MedicalBn
Co A 2d PioneerBn
Co A 2d EngineerBn
Co C 2d ServiceBn

Florida Group[2] — Maj. Robert E. Hill, USMC

1st Bn 2d Marines

3d DefenseBn — Col. Robert H. Pepper, USMC

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[1]In all operations Commanders and staff officers shown are those who were exercising command or staff functions on the day of the landing or on the date the unit concerned first participated in the operation.

[2]The operations of these groups were coordinated by BrigGen William H. Rupertus, the Assistant Division Commander.

*Attached Units

COMMAND ORGANIZATION, 1ST MARINE DIVISION (REINFORCED)
CAPE GLOUCESTER ("BACKHANDER") OPERATION

Division Headquarters

Division Commander	MajGen. William H. Rupertus
Asst Div Commander	BrigGen. Lemuel C. Shepherd
Chief of Staff	Col. Amor LeR. Sims
D–1	Maj. Elmer W. Myers
D–2	LtCol. Edward J. Buckley
D–3	Col. Edwin A. Pollock
D–4	Col. William S. Fellers

Unit Commanders

DivHqBn	LtCol. Frank R. Worthington
1st TankBn	LtCol. Charles G. Meints
1st ServiceBn	LtCol. Edward F. Doyle
1st Motor TransportBn	Maj. Kimber H. Boyer
1st Special WeaponsBn	Maj. Raymond G. Davis
1st AmphTracBn	Maj. Francis H. Cooper
1st MedicalBn	Comdr. Everett B. Keck (MC) USN
1st Marines	Col. William J. Whaling
1st Battalion	LtCol. Walker A. Reaves
2d Battalion	LtCol. James M. Masters, Sr.
3d Battalion	LtCol. Joseph F. Hankins
5th Marines	Col. John T. Selden
1st Battalion	Maj. William H. Barba
2d Battalion	LtCol. Lewis W. Walt
3d Battalion	LtCol. David S. McDougal
7th Marines	Col. Julian N. Frisbie
1st Battalion	LtCol. John E. Weber
2d Battalion	LtCol. Odell M. Conoley
3d Battalion	LtCol. William R. Williams
11th Marines (Art)	Col. Robert H. Pepper
1st Battalion	LtCol. Lewis J. Fields
2d Battalion	Maj. Noah P. Wood, Jr.
3d Battalion	LtCol. Forrest C. Thompson
4th Battalion	LtCol. Thomas B. Hughes
5th Battalion	LtCol. Charles M. Nees
17th Marines (Eng)	Col. Harold E. Rosecrans
1st Battalion (Eng)	LtCol. Levi W. Smith
2d Battalion (Pion)	LtCol. Robert G. Ballance
19th Naval ConsBn	Comdr. Thomas A. Woods (CEC) USN
12th DefenseBn*	Col. William H. Harrison

TASK ORGANIZATION FOR LANDING

"Greyhound" Group (CT "C") Col. Julian N. Frisbie, USMC

7th Marines
1st Bn 11th Marines
4th Bn 11th Marines
2d Bn 17th Marines
Co C 1st Bn 17th Marines
Co A 1st TankBn
3d Plat Co D (Scout) 1st TankBn
Btry D 1st Special WeaponsBn
3d Plat Btry A 1st Special WeaponsBn
3d Plat 1st MPCo
Co C 1st MedicalBn
Co C 1st Motor TransportBn
Co C 1st AmphTracBn
3d Plat 1st Ordnance Co, 1st ServiceBn
Det Service & Supply Co., 1st ServiceBn

2d ALP (Army)

Det Co C, 583d SignalBn (Army) (Fighter Control Group)
Det 2d Engineer Shore Brigade (Army)
Det 15th Weather Squadron (Army)

"Wild Duck" Group (CT "B" less Dets)
Col. William J. Whaling, USMC

1st Marines (less 2d Bn)
2d Bn, 11th Marines
Det H&S Btry, 11th Marines
Btry C 1st Special WeaponsBn
Btry A 1st Special WeaponsBn
Co B 1st AmphTracBn (less 2d Plat)
Co B 1st Bn 17th Marines (less 2d Plat)
1st Plat Co D (Scout) 1st TankBn
2d Plat 1st MPCo
Co A 1st Motor TransportBn
2d Plat 1st Ordnance Co, 1st ServiceBn
Det Service & Supply Co, 1st ServiceBn
Det 583d SignalBn (Army)
Det 2d Engineer Shore Brigade (Army)
Co D 1st MedicalBn

"Stoneface" Group (LT21 less Dets)
LtCol. James M. Masters, Sr., USMC

2d Bn 1st Marines
4th Plat Btry A 1st Special WeaponsBn
2d Plat Weapons Co 1st Marines
2d Plat Co B 1st Bn 17th Marines
Btry H 3d Bn 11th Marines
2d Plat Co B 1st AmphTracBn
Det Co B 1st MedicalBn
Det 583d SignalBn (Army)
Det 592d Amph Boat Group, 2d ESB (Army)
Det Air Liaison Group 5th Air Force (Army)
Det ANGAU

Antiaircraft Group Col. William H. Harrison, USMC

Det H&S Btry 12th DefenseBn
90mm Group 12th DefenseBn
Det Special Weapons Group, 12th DefenseBn
One Gun Section, 155mm Group, 12th DefenseBn

Engineer Group Col. H. E. Rosecrans, USMC

17th Marines (less 2d Bn & Cos A,B,C)
Co E 1st MedicalBn
Base EngineerHq

Reserve Group (CT "A") Col. John T. Selden, USMC

5th Marines
5th Bn 11th Marines
Co A 1st Bn 17th Marines
Co C 1st TankBn
Btry B 1st Special WeaponsBn
1st Plat Btry A 1st Special WeaponsBn
Co B 1st Motor TransportBn
1st Plat 1st MPCo
Co A 1st MedicalBn
Co A 1st AmphTracBn
1st Plat 1st Ordnance Co 1st ServiceBn
Det Service & Supply Co 1st ServiceBn

COMMAND ORGANIZATION, 1ST MARINE DIVISION (REINFORCED)
PALAUS ("STALEMATE II") OPERATION

Division Headquarters

Division Commander	MajGen. William H. Rupertus
Asst Div Commander	BrigGen. Oliver P. Smith
Chief of Staff	Col. John T. Selden
D–1	LtCol. Harold O. Deakin
D–2	LtCol. John W. Scott, Jr.
D–3	LtCol. Lewis J. Fields
D–4	LtCol. Harvey C. Tschirgi

Unit Commanders

DivHqBn	Col. Joseph F. Hankins
1st TankBn	LtCol. Arthur J. Stuart
1st ServiceBn	Col. John Kaluf
1st Motor TransportBn	Capt. Robert B. McBroom
1st PioneerBn	LtCol. Robert G. Ballance
1st EngineerBn	LtCol. Levi W. Smith, Jr.
1st MedicalBn	Comdr. Emil E. Napp (MC) USN
1st Marines	Col. Lewis B. Puller
1st Battalion	Maj. Raymond G. Davis
2d Battalion	LtCol. Russell E. Honsowetz
3d Battalion	LtCol. Stephen V. Sabol
5th Marines	Col. Harold D. Harris
1st Battalion	LtCol. Robert W. Boyd
2d Battalion	Maj. Gordon D. Gayle
3d Battalion	LtCol. Austin C. Shofner
7th Marines	Col. Herman H. Hanneken
1st Battalion	LtCol. John J. Gormley
2d Battalion	LtCol. Spencer S. Berger
3d Battalion	Maj. Edward H. Hurst
11th Marines (Art)	Col. William H. Harrison
1st Battalion	LtCol. Richard W. Wallace
2d Battalion	LtCol. Noah P. Wood, Jr.
3d Battalion	LtCol. Charles M. Nees
4th Battalion	LtCol. Louie C. Reinberg
3d AmphTrac (A) Bn (Prov)*	LtCol. Kimber H. Boyer
1st AmphTracBn*	Maj. A. F. Reutlinger
6th AmphTracBn (Prov)*	Capt. John I. Fitzgerald, Jr.
8th AmphTracBn*	LtCol. Charles B. Nerren
3dBn, IIIPhibcorpsArty (155mmHow)*	LtCol. Richard A. Evans
8thBn, IIIPhibcorpsArty (155mmGun)*	Maj. George V. Hanna, Jr.
12th AntiaircraftBn*	LtCol. Merlyn D. Holmes, USMC
33d Naval ConstructionBn*	Comdr. Peter Corradi (CEC) USN
73d Naval ConstructionBn*	Comdr. Kendric Pike Doane (CEC) USN
16th Field Depot*	LtCol. Harlan C. Cooper

TASK ORGANIZATION FOR LANDING

Combat Team—1 ("Spitfire") Col. Lewis B. Puller, USMC
1st Marines
Co A 1st TankBn
Co A 1st EngineerBn
Co A 1st PioneerBn
1st Plat 1st MPCo
Co A 1st MedicalBn
1st Plat, 1st Ordnance Co, 1st ServiceBn
DetService & Supply Co, 1st ServiceBn
Det 4th JASCO

Combat Team—5 ("Lone Wolf") Col. Harold D. Harris, USMC
5th Marines
Co B 1st TankBn (less 1st & 4th Plats)
Co B 1st EngineerBn
Co B 1st PioneerBn
2d Plat 1st MPCo
Co B 1st MedicalBn
2d Plat, 1st OrdnanceCo, 1st ServiceBn
DetService & Supply Co., 1st ServiceBn
Det 4th JASCO

Combat Team—7 ("Mustang") Col. Herman H. Hanneken, USMC
7th Marines (less 2dBn)
1st & 4th Plats, Co B, 1st TankBn
Co C 1st EngineerBn (less 2d Plat)
Co C 1st PioneerBn
3d Plat 1st MPCo
Co C 1st MedicalBn
Det 4th JASCO

Armored Amphibian Tractor Group
3d AmphTrac (A) Bn (Prov)
LtCol. Kimber H. Boyer, USMC

Amphibian Transport Group Maj. A. F. Reutlinger, USMC
1st AmphTracBn
6th AmphTracBn (Prov)
454th AmphTruck Co (Army)
456th AmphTruck Co (Army)
8th AmphTracBn (less Dets)

Artillery Group Col. William H. Harrison, USMC
11th Marines
3dBn, III PhibcorpsArty (155mmHow)
8thBn, III PhibcorpsArty (155mmGun) (less Btry C)

Antiaircraft Group LtCol. Merlyn D. Holmes, USMC
12thAntiaircraftBn

Engineer Group Col. Francis I. Fenton, USMC
1st EngineerBn (less Cos A,B,C)
33d Naval ConstructionBn
73d Naval ConstructionBn

Shore Party Group LtCol. Robert G. Ballance, USMC
1st PioneerBn (less Cos A,B,C)
Garrison Beach Party
1st Motor TransportBn (less Dets)

Service Group Col. John Kaluf, USMC
1st ServiceBn (less Dets)
16th Field Depot
III Phibcorps Air Delivery Sect
Det 1st Motor TransportBn

Reserve Group LtCol. Spencer S. Berger, USMC
2dBn 7th Marines
1st TankBn (less Cos A&B and Tanks of Co C)
ReconCo DivHqBn
4th JASCO (less Dets)
2d Plat, Co C, 1st EngineerBn
Det Co D 1st MedicalBn

Medical Group Comdr. E. E. Napp (MC) USN
1st MedicalBn (less Cos A,B,C, & Det Co D)

COMMAND ORGANIZATION, 1ST MARINE DIVISION (REINFORCED) OKINAWA ("ICEBERG") OPERATION

Division Headquarters

Division Commander	MajGen. Pedro A. delValle
Asst Div Comander	BrigGen. Louis R. Jones
Chief of Staff	Col. Robert O. Bare
G–1	LtCol. Harold O. Deakin
G–2	LtCol. John W. Scott, Jr.
G–3	LtCol. Russell E. Honsowetz
G–4	LtCol. Harvey C. Tschirgi

Unit Commanders

DivHqBn	LtCol. James S. Monahan
1st TankBn	LtCol. Arthur J. Stuart
1st ServiceBn	LtCol. Calvin C. Gaines
1st Motor TransportBn	LtCol. Marion A. Fawcett
1st PioneerBn	LtCol. Robert G. Ballance
1st EngineerBn	Maj. Theodore E. Drummond
1st MedicalBn	LtComdr. Francis Guiffrida, (MC) USN
1st Marines	Col. Kenneth B. Chappell
1st Battalion	LtCol. James C. Murray, Jr.
2d Battalion	LtCol. James C. Magee, Jr.
3d Battalion	LtCol. Stephen V. Sabol
5th Marines	Col. John H. Griebel
1st Battalion	LtCol. Charles W. Shelburne
2d Battalion	LtCol. William E. Benedict
3d Battalion	LtCol. John C. Miller, Jr.
7th Marines	Col. Edward W. Snedeker
1st Battalion	LtCol. John J. Gormley
2d Battalion	LtCol. Spencer S. Berger
3d Battalion	LtCol. Edward H. Hurst
11th Marines (Art)	Col. Wilbur S. Brown
1st Battalion	LtCol. Richard W. Wallace
2d Battalion	LtCol. James H. Moffatt, Jr.
3d Battalion	LtCol. Thomas G. Roe
4th Battalion	LtCol. Leonard F. Chapman, Jr.
3d AmphTrac (A) Bn*	LtCol. John I. Williamson
1st AmphTracBn*	LtCol. Maynard M. Nohrden
8th AmphTracBn*	LtCol. Charles B. Nerren
145th Naval ConstructionBn*	Comdr. John H. Cain (CEC) USN

TASK ORGANIZATION FOR LANDING

CT–1 Col. Kenneth B. Chappell, USMC

1st Marines
Co A 1st EngineerBn
Co A 1st PioneerBn
Co A 1st MedicalBn
Co A 1st Motor TransportBn
Det Ordnance Co 1st ServiceBn
Attached: 2d Plat, 1st Bomb Disposal Co (less 2d & 3d Squads)
Det Service & Supply Co, 1st ServiceBn
1st Plat 1st MPCo
Det 4th JASCO
Det 454th AmphTruck Co (Army) (3 DUKWs)

CT–5 Col. John H. Griebel, USMC

5th Marines
Co B 1st EngineerBn
Co B 1st PioneerBn
Co B 1st MedicalBn
Co B 1st Motor TransportBn
1st AmphTracBn (less Dets)
Det Ordnance Co 1st ServiceBn
Attached: 3d Squad, 2d Plat, 1st Bomb Disposal Co
DetService & Supply Co. 1st ServiceBn
2d Plat 1st MPCo
Det 454th AmphTruckCo (Army) (8 DUKWs)

CT–7 Col. Edward W. Snedeker, USMC

7th Marines
Co C 1st EngineerBn
Co C 1st PioneerBn
Co C 1st Medical Bn
Co C 1st Motor TransportBn
8th AmphTracBn (less Dets)
Det Ordnance Co 1st ServiceBn
Attached: 2d Squad, 2d Plat, 1st Bomb Disposal Co
Det Service & Supply Co 1st ServiceBn
3d Plat 1st MPCo
Det 454th AmphTruckCo (Army) (8 DUKWs)
Det 4th JASCO

Artillery Group Col. Wilburt S. Brown, USMC

11th Marines
3d AmphTruck Co
Det 454th AmphTruck Co (Army) (22 DUKWs)
VMO-3
Det 1st AmphTracBn (12 LVTs)
Det 8th AmphTracBn (8 LVTs)

Armored Amphibian Tractor Group LtCol. John I. Williamson, USMC

3d AmphTrac (A) Bn

Tank Group LtCol. Arthur J. Stuart, USMC

1st TankBn
Det 1st AmphTracBn (3 LVTs)
Det 8th AmphTracBn (4 LVTs)
Tank Maintenance Plat, 1st Ordnance Co 1st ServiceBn

Engineer Group Col. Francis I. Fenton, USMC

1st EngineerBn (less Cos A,B,C)
145th Naval ConstructionBn (less Det)

Shore Party Group LtCol. Robert G. Ballance, USMC

1st PioneerBn (less Cos A,B,C)
1/2 11th Special Naval ConstructionBn
Det 145th Naval ConstructionBn
Det 4th JASCO
Replacement Group

Service Group Col. John Kaluf, USMC

1st ServiceBn (less Dets)
1st Motor TransportBn (less Cos A,B,C,)
2d Plat 1st Laundry Co

Military Police Group LtCol. Austin C. Shofner, USMC

Army MPCo
1st MPCo (less 1st, 2d & 3d Plats)

Division Troops LtCol. James S. Monahan, USMC

DivHqBn (less 1st MPCo)
1st MedicalBn (less Cos A,B,C,)
4th JASCO (less Dets)
454th AmphTruckCo (Army) (less Dets) (9 DUKWs)
Dets A–1 & B–1 AMG
17th & 18th G–10 Dispensary Units
Assault Air Warning Teams
4th Provisional Rocket Det
4th War Dog Plat

Unit Citations

THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY

WASHINGTON

4 February 1943

Cited in the Name of

The President of the United States

THE FIRST MARINE DIVISION, REINFORCED

Under command of

Major General Alexander A. Vandegrift, U.S.M.C.

CITATION:

"The officers and enlisted men of the First Marine Division, Reinforced, on August 7 to 9, 1942, demonstrated outstanding gallantry and determination in successfully executing forced landing assaults against a number of strongly defended Japanese positions on Tulagi, Gavutu, Tanambogo, Florida and Guadalcanal, British Solomon Islands, completely routing all the enemy forces and seizing a most valuable base and airfield within the enemy zone of operations in the South Pacific Ocean. From the above period until 9 December, 1942, this Reinforced Division not only held their important strategic positions despite determined and repeated Japanese naval, air and land attacks, but by a series of offensive operations against strong enemy resistance drove the Japanese from the proximity of the airfield and inflicted great losses on them by land and air attacks. The courage and determination displayed in these operations were of an inspiring order."

Frank Knox

Secretary of the Navy

THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY

WASHINGTON

The President of the United States takes pleasure in presenting the

PRESIDENTIAL UNIT CITATION to the

FIRST MARINE DIVISION (REINFORCED)

consisting of FIRST Marine Division; First Amphibian Tractor Battalion, FMF; U. S. Navy Flame Thrower Unit Attached; Sixth Amphibian Tractor Battalion (Provisional), FMF; Third Armored Amphibian Battalion (Provisional), FMF; Detachment Eighth Amphibian Tractor Battalion, FMF; 454th Amphibian Truck Company, U. S. Army; 456th Amphibian Truck Company, U. S. Army; Fourth Joint Assault Signal Company, FMF; Fifth Separate Wire Platoon, FMF; Sixth Separate Wire Platoon, FMF,

for service as set forth in the following

CITATION:

"For extraordinary heroism in action against enemy Japanese forces at Peleliu and Ngesebus from September 15 to 29, 1944. Landing over a treacherous coral reef against hostile mortar and artillery fire, the FIRST Marine Division, Reinforced, seized a narrow, heavily mined beachhead and advanced foot by foot in the face of relentless enfilade fire through rainforests and mangrove swamps toward the air strip, the key to the enemy defenses of the southern Palaus. Opposed all the way by thoroughly disciplined, veteran Japanese troops heavily entrenched in caves and in reinforced concrete pillboxes which honeycombed the high ground throughout the island, the officers and men of the Division fought with undiminished spirit and courage despite heavy losses, exhausting heat and difficult terrain, seizing and holding a highly strategic air and land base for future operations in the Western Pacific. By their individual acts of heroism, their aggressiveness and their fortitude, the men of the FIRST Marine Division, Reinforced, upheld the highest traditions of the United States Naval Service."

For the President,

Frank Knox

Secretary of the Navy

THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY
WASHINGTON

The President of the United States takes pleasure in presenting the

PRESIDENTIAL UNIT CITATION to the

FIRST MARINE DIVISION, REINFORCED

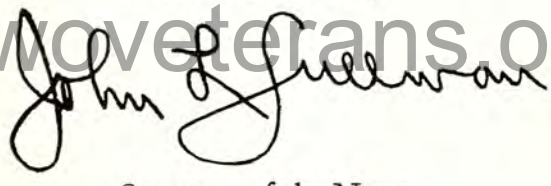
consisting of: The FIRST Marine Division; Fourth Marine War Dog Platoon; Fourth Provisional Rocket Detachment; Fourth Joint Assault Signal Company; Third Amphibian Truck Company; Third Provisional Armored Amphibian Battalion; First Amphibian Tractor Battalion; Eighth Amphibian Tractor Battalion; Detachment, First Platoon, First Bomb Disposal Company; Second Platoon, First Bomb Disposal Company (less First Section); Battery "B," 88th Independent Chemical Mortar Battalion, U. S. Army; Company "B" (less First Platoon), 713th Armored Flame Thrower Battalion, U. S. Army,

for service as set forth in the following

CITATION:

"For extraordinary heroism in action against enemy Japanese forces during the invasion and capture of Okinawa Shima, Ryukyu Islands, from April 1 to June 21, 1945. Securing its assigned area in the north of Okinawa by a series of lightning advances against stiffening resistance, the FIRST Marine Division, Reinforced, turned southward to drive steadily forward through a formidable system of natural and man-made defenses protecting the main enemy bastion at Shuri Castle. Laying bitter siege to the enemy until the defending garrison was reduced and the elaborate fortifications at Shuri destroyed, these intrepid Marines continued to wage fierce battle as they advanced relentlessly, cutting off the Japanese on Oroku Peninsula and smashing through a series of heavily fortified, mutually supporting ridges extending to the southernmost tip of the island to split the remaining hostile force into two pockets where they annihilated the trapped and savagely resisting enemy. By their valor and tenacity, the officers and men of the FIRST Marine Division, Reinforced, contributed materially to the conquest of Okinawa, and their gallantry in overcoming a fanatic enemy in the face of extraordinary danger and difficulty adds new luster to Marine Corps History and to the traditions of the United States Naval Service."

For the President,



Secretary of the Navy

THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY

WASHINGTON

The Secretary of the Navy takes pleasure in commending the

ELEVENTH MARINE REGIMENT

for service as follows:

"For outstanding heroism while serving with the FIRST Marine Division in action against enemy Japanese forces at Cape Gloucester, New Britain, from December 26, 1943, to April 30, 1944. Tortured by tropical insects, torrential rain and never-ending sniper fire, the Eleventh Marine Regiment slashed through dense jungle and through mud which mired artillery pieces and prevented movement except by man-handling. Refusing to be stopped by any and all obstacles, officers and men worked as an indomitable team under raking enemy fire, fighting their way over twisted, covered trails to provide heavy-weapons fire for the assault infantry troop. With fire from a half-ton field gun, they tore a swath through the jungle screening a strategic ridge and, in the midst of hand-to-hand fighting with a stubbornly resisting enemy, inched forward up the 40-degree slope to place the field piece on the commanding crest. There they guarded it through the night against the fury of repeated banzai attacks until, in the rain-drenched blackness of early dawn, they stopped the charging Japanese with relentless artillery fire and insured the security of this dominating position. Their fortitude, determination and courageous fighting spirit in the face of almost insurmountable odds throughout this campaign reflect the highest credit upon the Eleventh Marine Regiment and the United States Naval Service."

All personnel attached to and serving with the Eleventh Marines at Gloucester Bay from December 26, 1943, to April 30, 1944, are authorized to wear the NAVY UNIT COMMENDATION Ribbon.

Frank Knox

Secretary of the Navy

In Memoriam

Marine Corps

Aasheim, Raymond S., PFC
Aasvik, Ingvard T., Pvt
Abbott, Adrian R., Corp
Abbott, Charles W., PFC
Ables, Clarence E., Pvt
Abrams, Simon, Corp
Abt, John B., Pvt
Acierno, Carlo J., PFC
Ackerman, Ben T. J., Corp
Ackley, Robert L., PFC
Adams, Arthur W., PFC
Adams, Edward G., Pvt
Adamski, Theodore L., PFC
Agee, William L., PlSgt
Agostine, Dominick, Pvt
Ahern, Robert W., Corp
Ahner, Leonard D., Corp
Ahrend, Charles J., TSgt
Ahrens, Edward H., PFC
Aitken, Joseph R., Corp
Akers, Charles J., Corp
Alarie, Raymond B., PFC
Albe, Arthur L., Corp
Alexander, Frederick D., PFC
Alexander, Richard K., Pvt
Alexander, Robert W., PFC
Allan, John W., Pvt
Allara, Ugo A., Corp
Allen, Edgar L., 1st Lt
Allen, Graham M., PFC
Allen, Horace L., PFC
Allen, Horace, Sgt
Allen, James R., Pvt
Allen, Jasper W., Pvt
Allen, Robert W., 2d Lt
Allen, Samuel J. J., PFC
Alley, James P., PFC
Alley, Rollin L., Pvt
Alloway, Carlton W., PFC
Allsop, Charles E., PFC
Almeida, Anthony C., Pvt
Altherr, Joseph J., Jr., Pvt
Altice, Herbert W., PFC
Altman, Leonard, PFC
Altom, Lonnie E., PFC
Alwine, Hubert E., PFC
Amatucci, Joseph E., PFC
Ambrose, Edward, Pvt
Amburgey, Bruce, PFC
Amdur, Gilbert, PFC
Amendola, Anthony F., ACk
Amidon, Everett S., CCk
Amoriza, Lawrence, Pvt
Andersen, Clarence N., Corp
Anderson, Eugene O., ACk
Anderson, James D., Pvt
Anderson, Neil D., PFC
Anderson, Robert M., PFC
Anderson, Russell A., PFC
Anderson, Thomas P., PFC
Andrew, William H., PFC
Andrews, Charles A., Pvt
Andrews, Robert F., PFC
Andrusik, Steve, Corp
Antecki, Edward P., PlSgt
Anthony, Robert E., PFC
Antonoglou, Anthony, Pvt
Apgar, Robert F., Pvt
Arbist, Michael M., PFC
Arden, Dexter C., Pvt
Armendariz, Juanito, PFC
Armiger, John O., 2d Lt
Armsey, George E., PFC
Armstrong, Doomey C., Pvt
Arnold, Herman F., PFC
Arnold, James T., Corp
Arnold, John R., PFC
Arnold, Thomas N., Corp
Arrington, John F., Pvt
Arthur, Stanley W., Corp
Ash, Bernice L., Corp
Ash, Francis G., PFC
Ash, Robert M., Maj
Askew, William T., PFC
Askov, Charles W., PFC
Assalone, John, PFC
Astburn, Robert M., PFC
Aszkines, Benedict J., PFC
Atha, Paul E., Pvt
Athaide, Edward, PFC
Atkeisson, Louis J., Pvt
Atkins, William A., Pvt
Atwood, Arthur J., PFC
Ausili, Albert E., Pvt
Autrey, Howard M., PFC
Ayers, Clarence E., PFC
Azpeitia, Clemente E., PFC

Babbitt, Rodney L., Pvt
Babcock, Benny M., PFC
Babcock, Daniel C. J., Sgt
Backer, Charles D., Pvt
Backus, Lawrence E., PFC
Bahnsen, Ernest F., PFC
Bailey, Francis L., Corp
Bailey, Kenneth D., Maj
Bailey, Thomas, PFC
Bainbridge, William, Corp
Baird, Richard M., PFC
Baker, Buell L., PFC
Baker, Harold H., Pvt
Baker, Richard E., PFC
Baker, Walter E., Jr., Pvt
Balduck, Remi A., Corp
Baldwin, Carter S., PFC
Baldwin, Ellsworth C., PFC
Baldwin, Howard E., PFC
Baldyga, Chester S., Corp
Balint, Joseph E., PlSgt
Ballauri, Laurence, PFC
Ballew, Robert H., GySgt
Banach, Stanley J., PFC
Bankowski, Edward J., Corp
Banks, James H., Jr., PFC
Banks, Leslie T., PFC
Bankston, Howard S., PFC
Barba, Alfonso A., Sgt
Barbagelata, Peter M., PFC
Barbari, Frank J. J., Pvt
Barber, Edward, PFC
Barber, Leroy W. S., Pvt
Barbosa, Edward, PFC
Barcomb, Charles J., PFC
Barfield, Henry H., Corp
Barker, Floyd W., PFC
Barker, Valmond, Jr., Corp
Barker, Walter J., PFC
Barkley, Thomas L., Pvt
Barlow, Clinton W., Corp
Barlow, Laurence L., Pvt
Barnes, Jimmie F., Pvt
Barnes, Kenneth J., Corp
Barnes, Robert C., PFC
Barnes, Roy L., Pvt
Barnhart, Charles W., PFC
Baroch, James V., Pvt
Barr, Gilbert L., Corp
Barr, Woodrow W., PFC
Barrett, John F., 2d Lt
Barrett, Ralph W., Corp
Barrington, Robert O., PFC
Barry, Edward J., Sgt
Barry, Gerald P., Corp
Bartels, Melvin E., Pvt
Barter, Clifford G., PFC
Bartholomew, Arthur F., WO
Bartlett, Raymond F., PFC
Barto, Earl H., Corp
Barton, John F., CCk
Barton, William S., PFC
Basinger, Adrian L., Pvt
Bassett, Ernest W., PFC
Bates, Hollis R., PFC
Batson, Richard H., PFC
Battani, Raymond P., GySgt
Batton, Earl L., Sgt
Batts, Herman P., Pvt
Bauerschmidt, William B., 2d Lt
Baugh, John E., Pvt
Baumann, Roy V., Pvt
Baur, Herman J., Corp
Bausell, Lewis K., Corp
Bausman, Thomas E., PFC
Baxter, Thomas R., PFC
Bayer, Philip P., 1st Lt
Bays, Clyde A., PFC
Beachnau, Lavern J., Pvt
Beamer, Donald W., Corp
Beamish, Harold B., Pvt
Beard, David W., PFC
Beardslee, Paul C., Capt
Beasley, Howell J., PlSgt
Beasley, Wilburn L., Pvt
Beaton, Eugene C., Pvt
Beaudoin, Joseph N., PFC
Beazley, Ralph P., Pvt
Becker, Clarence H., Pvt
Becker, John M., Pvt
Becker, Michael H., Corp
Beckett, Mervin E., Pvt
Beckhaus, Ronald F., Pvt
Beckman, Francis G., PFC
Beddla, Michael J., Pvt
Bedingfield, Luther H., Pvt
Beer, Bob J., PFC
Beer, Leonard T., Jr., PFC
Bees, George W., PFC
Begay, Paul, PFC
Begley, George A., PFC
Behland, Wesley C., Sgt
Beierle, James P., Pvt
Beinke, Sidney C., 1st Lt
Beissel, Kenneth C., PFC
Belcher, William R., PFC
Belcher, William F., Maj
Belden, Orin K., PFC
Belet, Robert A., MTSgt
Belk, Braxton C., PFC
Bell, Alton S., Corp
Bell, Benjamin A., 2d Lt
Bell, Durwood C., Corp
Bell, Kenneth E., PFC
Bell, Ralph W., PFC
Bellat, Joseph S., PlSgt
Bellis, Richard D., Corp
Bellomy, Eugene F., Pvt
Beltrami, Charles, Corp
Benavides, George V., Pvt
Bender, Robert C., PFC
Benedict, Richard C., Pvt
Beninda, Louis J., PFC
Benish, Donald J., PlSgt
Benish, James A., PFC
Benison, Walter J., PFC
Benjamin, Llewellyn L., PFC
Benner, Stanley G., 2d Lt
Bennett, Robert M., Sgt
Bensin, Louis J., Pvt
Benson, David R., PFC
Benson, Herbert E., Corp
Bentley, Walter F., 1st Lt
Benton, Dora T., Jr., Pvt
Berardi, Clayton E., Sgt
Berg, Clarence J., Pvt
Berger, Donald A., Corp
Bergey, Howard E., Jr., Pvt
Bergman, John J., Pvt
Bergstrand, Wallace H., Sgt
Bernard, Edward W., Pvt
Bernard, Philip P., StfSgt

Bernes, Albert L., Pvt
Bernstein, Alan D., Pvt
Berridge, Carl E., Corp
Berry, Charles D., Corp
Berry, John E., PFC
Berry, Joseph L., PFC
Berry, Paul V., PFC
Bertasi, John J., Jr., Corp
Bertholf, Glendon H., PFC
Berwanger, George M., Sgt
Betancourt, John F., Pvt
Betlow, Nicholas, PFC
Beyer, Alfred K., Pvt
Biconik, John, Corp
Biebl, Leo F., PlSgt
Bielanski, John I., Corp
Bielat, Alvin A., Pfc
Bielawski, Aloysius A., PFC
Biemer, Frank P., Pvt
Bilbo, Eldridge A., Corp
Bilbrey, Hollis E., PFC
Billings, James A., PFC
Binion, William H., PFC
Biraga, William A., Corp
Bird, Will G., PFC
Birks, Vernon L., PFC
Bishop, Edward J., Pvt
Bishop, Joseph C., Corp
Bishop, Lawrence E., Pvt
Bittig, John A., 2d Lt
Black, Duard B., Pvt
Black, Edward J., Sgt
Black, Marion A., Corp
Black, Melvin E., PFC
Blackburn, George, PFC
Blackburn, Irving, PFC
Blackburn, Vincent E., Sgt
Blackstone, Francis H., Pfc
Blackwood, Lonnie E., FldCk
Blahnik, Roland J., Pvt
Blair, Freeman B., Pvt
Blanks, Harry S., Pvt
Blanton, Walter A., PFC
Blewster, Warren D., PFC
Block, Jacob I., WO
Bloom, Bryce M., Sgt
Blumenstine, Richard W., PFC
Boaz, Kenneth N., PlSgt
Bodong, Harry G., Pvt
Boehm, George J., Pvt
Bogard, Robert F., PFC
Bohac, John P., Jr., PFC
Boisbrun, John S. J., PFC
Boisvert, Paul E., PFC
Bolan, William H., Sgt
Bolash, Andrew, Corp
Boldman, Homer E., PFC
Bolfar, John E., PFC
Bolles, Ralph O., PFC
Bolton, John M., PFC
Bond, James R., PFC
Bond, Robert O. J., Pvt
Bonin, Ferdinand R., PFC
Bonney, Clifford A., Corp
Bonville, Harold A., Sgt
Booher, John H., PFC
Boone, Frank O., Sgt
Booth, Joseph F., Corp
Bopp, George, Jr., PFC
Borowski, Frank, Corp
Boscarino, Nicholas, PFC
Boschert, Mickey A., Pvt
Boschke, Ralph E., Corp
Bossi, Joseph J., Pvt
Bost, John W., Corp
Bothum, Frank W., Jr., PFC
Boulanger, Albert J., PFC
Bowers, John, PFC
Bowers, Kenneth S., Pvt
Bowie, Richard W., PFC
Bowman, Warren G., PFC
Boxley, Otto N., Pvt
Boxwell, Raymond A., Sgt
Boyarchok, Fred J., PFC
Boyd, Marion R., PFC
Boyd, Melvin, Jr., PFC
Boykins, Lloyd J., Pvt
Boyle, Edward J., PFC
Braaton, Ernest S., PFC
Braden, Leroy V., Pvt
Bradley, Marion E., Pvt
Bradshaw, Charles C., Corp
Bradshaw, Ormond E., Sgt
Brady, Bernard X. J., PFC
Brady, Rolla E., Corp
Brady, Terrance J., Pvt
Brahen, Maurice, Sgt
Brainard, Robert L., Pfc
Braitmeyer, Nelson, PlSgt
Brandon, Harrel D., Corp
Brandon, Thomas J., PFC
Brandt, Walter W., PFC
Branic, John H., Sgt
Branning, Frank E., PFC
Brashear, Billy L., Pvt
Bratsos, George F., PFC
Bray, Raymond L., Corp
Breault, Ralph J., Corp
Brees, Vernon L., Pvt
Bremer, Frederick A., PFC
Bresinger, Joseph G., PFC
Brevi, Carl A., 2d Lt
Brewer, Joseph C., PFC
Brideau, Leo J. H., PFC
Bridges, George R., Sgt
Briere, Charles R., Corp
Briggs, Dale J., Corp
Bristol, Merritt C., Sgt
Britt, Robert J., PFC
Britton, Delos A., PFC
Britton, Warren H., 2d Lt
Brock, George W., Jr., Corp
Brock, L. C., PFC
Brockie, John, Pvt
Brooks, Benjamin L., PFC
Brooks, Elmer H., Jr., PFC
Brooks, Wesley G., PFC
Broome, Grover C., PFC
Broomfield, George M., Sgt
Broskin, Frank J., PFC
Brotherston, John R., Pvt
Brown, Billie, Pvt
Brown, David H., PFC
Brown, David T., Jr., 1st Lt
Brown, Franklin H., PFC
Brown, George M., PFC
Brown, George W., PFC
Brown, Harold V., ACk
Brown, Hobert C., PFC
Brown, John H., Pvt
Brown, John H., Corp
Brown, Philip J., PFC
Brown, Ralph J., Sr., PFC
Brown, Raymond J., Corp
Brown, Robert S., Maj
Brown, Robert D., PFC
Brown, Robert L., Corp
Brown, Robert T., Pvt
Brown, Roy I., Corp
Brown, Thomas M., PFC
Brown, Vernon L., Jr., Sgt
Brown, Wilbert E., Corp
Brown, William H., Corp
Brown, William J., Jr., Pvt
Brown, Winton O., PFC
Browning, Walter C., Pvt
Brownson, Harry N., PlSgt
Brozik, Michael V., Pvt
Bruce, Charles L., PFC
Brule, Dellard J., Pvt
Brundage, Robert P., 2d Lt
Brunnhoeffer, Richard R., Pvt
Bruno, Ernest A., Pvt
Brunson, Augustine L., PFC
Brunson, John B., Jr., 2d Lt
Bryan, Herman C., PFC
Bryan, Morgan L., PFC
Bryant, Fred K., Jr., Pvt
Brzozowski, Alphonse J., Corp
Brzuchalski, Leo M., Corp
Buchanan, William F., PFC
Buchdrucker, Philip G., Corp
Buckhalt, John C., Pvt
Buckley, Frank P., PFC
Buckner, James E., Pvt
Budd, Robert J., Pvt
Bugala, Anton A., PFC
Buh, John C., PFC
Bullard, Horace L., PFC
Bullock, Bruce A., Pvt
Bullwinkel, Herman, PFC
Bumgarner, Gerald C., PFC
Bunch, Edward R., Jr., PFC
Bunch, Talmadge A., PFC
Buntley, George L., FldCk
Burak, Walter J., Corp
Burch, Frederick F., Pvt
Burdick, Robert W., PFC
Burdo, Ronald A., PFC
Burgess, Charles H., PFC
Burgess, Frank P., Corp
Burgess, William G., PFC
Burke, Robert D., Pvt
Burke, Walter, PFC
Burleski, Stanley S., PFC
Burnett, Glenn I., Sgt
Burns, Robert E., Pvt
Burns, Robert E., PFC
Burns, Thomas F. J., PFC
Burrell, Jasper G., Pvt
Burri, Henry J., PFC
Burris, Walter C., Pvt
Bursby, Lawrence L., PFC
Bush, Sidney C., PFC
Bushnell, Earl D., PFC
Bushong, Curtis C., Pvt
Bushway, Anthony P., Pvt
Buskus, Raymond S., Corp
Buss, John W., 1st Lt
Butland, Gerard M., Pvt
Butler, Gerald C., PFC
Butler, James I., PFC
Butterbaugh, Homer P., PFC
Butterfield, Calvin A., PFC
Butterweck, Russel M., Pvt
Butts, Leonard J., Pvt
Buuck, Donald J., PFC
Byers, Robert L., Pvt
Byron, William R., Pvt
Bysarovich, Lawrence E., Pvt

Caddoo, George W., Corp
Cafferty, Francis J., 2d Lt
Caisse, Norman J., PFC
Caldwell, Robert G., PFC
Caliari, Anthony, PFC
Callahan, Grady L., PFC
Callahan, Robert W., Pvt
Callanan, Thomas J., Pvt
Callaway, William E., PFC
Calnan, Donald A., Sgt
Caltrider, Denzil R., PlSgt
Calvert, Edward S., PFC
Cameron, William, PFC
Camp, Leo D., Sgt
Camp, Martin J., PFC
Campbell, Alan M., GySgt
Campbell, Arthur T., Sgt
Campbell, Charles W., 1st Lt
Campbell, Darius A., Corp
Campbell, Donald R., PFC
Campbell, Eugene M., Corp
Campbell, James G., Sgt
Campbell, Robert A., Pvt
Campellone, Nicholas A., Pvt
Canady, Morris E., PFC
Candelaria, Gabriel O., Pvt
Canipe, Hildred M., PFC
Cannon, Charles R., PFC
Caple, Glenn R., Corp
Capps, Douglas W., PFC
Capuana, Salvatore J., Corp
Caputo, Samuel, Corp
Caravito, Alfred, StfSgt
Cardone, Michael, PFC
Carey, Aloysious W., Corp
Carey, Robins, Jr., Sgt
Cargill, Marion E., PFC
Carlson, Fredrick J., Corp
Carlson, John A., Pvt
Carlson, Richard W., PFC
Carlson, Theodore C., Pvt
Carlton, Ted J., PFC
Carman, Beauford L., Pvt

Carmichael, Wilbert F., Corp
Carmody, Wayne A., 1st Lt
Carmouche, Alvin J., Pvt
Carney, William D., Corp
Carns, Marvin C., PFC
Carpellotti, Louis J., PFC
Carpenter, Raymond H., PFC
Carr, John F., Corp
Carrell, Kenneth D., PFC
Carstens, Clarence C., 2d Lt
Carter, Alden A., Corp
Carter, Clifford R., PFC
Carvalis, Leo J., Jr., Pvt
Casado, Delfino, PFC
Casagrande, Alfred, PFC
Cascone, Joseph D., Corp
Case, Arthur, PFC
Case, Victor L., PFC
Casey, James P., Sgt
Casey, Vernon F., Pvt
Cash, James F., Pvt
Cash, William C. S., Pvt
Cashman, Daniel R., Pvt
Cason, Leonard P. J., PFC
Cassara, George F., Sgt
Cassidy, Wade M., Pvt
Castellucio, Vincent M., PFC
Castillo, Trinie R., PFC
Castle, Francis J., WO
Castner, Howard W., PFC
Castro, Alfredo C., Pvt
Castro, Everett J., Sgt
Cates, Daniel H., PFC
Caughron, Luther E., PFC
Cayuela, Matthew M., PFC
Celano, James B., PFC
Centanni, Daniel, PFC
Centrone, Samuel A., Sgt
Cerasa, Sam, PFC
Cerrone, Anthony D., Pvt
Chaffee, Phillip E., PFC
Chairsell, Edwin C., PFC
Chambers, Clarence C., ACk
Chambers, Roy L., PFC
Champoux, Neil G., Sgt
Chanak, George M., PFC
Chancey, George W., Corp
Chaparro, Ramon, PFC
Chapman, Harold W., PFC
Charnek, Albert F. J., PFC
Charpentier, Joseph P., PFC
Chartier, Robert L., Pvt
Chase, James L., Pvt
Chase, Leo C., PFC
Chastain, Houston, PFC
Chatham, Malcolm J., PFC
Chatmon, Harry A., PFC
Chauff, Warren C., Sgt
Cheatwood, Wayne B., Sgt
Cheek, Clifford G., PFC
Cheney, Arthur F., PFC
Cheney, William B., Sgt
Chervo, John G., Pvt
Chessher, Milton D., PFC
Chiarello, Accursio, PFC
Childers, Claude G., Pvt
Chiminello, Angelo, PFC
Chism, Howard O., PFC
Chitwood, James H., PFC
Chivington, Herbert L., Sgt
Chmela, Miroslav, Pvt
Chmelir, Frank G., PFC
Chobanian, Anthony, Pvt
Choinacki, Theodore V., PFC
Chrisman, Tom B., PFC
Christensen, Chester L., PFC
Christensen, Louis G., Pvt
Christensen, Ward A., PFC
Christensen, Clarence E., Pvt
Christensen, Bernard A., PFC
Christian, Thomas E., PFC
Christiansen, Clarion L., Pvt
Christianson, Orrin L., FM1c
Christianson, Raymond A., Pvt
Christner, Donald P., PFC
Church, Thomas E., Pvt
Chutnicut, Theodore T., PFC
Chvojka, John T., Pvt
Ciazinski, Edward J., PFC
Ciemiega, Louis J., ACk
Cigoi, Emil R., PFC
Cimental, Dennis, Corp
Citrola, Michael R., PFC
Claesgens, Gerald A., Corp
Clah, George, Pvt
Claing, Joseph L. P., Corp
Clark, Alfred D., PFC
Clark, Clarence N., PFC
Clark, Donald W., PFC
Clark, Eugene H., Pvt
Clark, Frank S., Pvt
Clark, Howard A., Corp
Clark, Keith J., Corp
Clark, Randal J., Jr., PFC
Clarke, Arthur N., Pvt
Clarke, Jack, Pvt
Clarke, John F., PFC
Clauder, William H., PFC
Clayton, Joe H., PFC
Cleary, Thomas R. J., PFC
Clement, John W., PFC
Clements, Robert W., PFC
Clerrico, Albert J., Corp
Clifford, Onnie V., Jr., PFC
Clifton, Charles E., PFC
Clifton, Howard G., Pvt
Clinton, Lewis F., PFC
Clouse, Hugh L., Corp
Cloutier, Wallace B., PFC
Coates, Harry A., Jr., PFC
Coats, Bill C. R., Sr., Pvt
Cockrell, Alvin C., 1st Lt
Coffey, Ben E., Pvt
Coffey, Donald J., PFC
Coffman, John K., PFC
Cohen, Hyman, PFC
Colbert, John C., Pvt
Cole, David M., Pvt
Cole, John J., Pvt
Cole, Richard C., PFC
Cole, Richard L., Pvt
Cole, Thomas E., PFC
Cole, William A., PFC
Coleman, Eldridge L., Corp
Coleman, James B., PFC
Coles, Richard S., Corp
Collier, Frederick T., Corp
Collins, Alton B., Corp
Collins, John P., Corp
Collins, Malcolm L., PFC
Collins, Odell F., PFC
Collins, Robert, PFC
Collis, Harold J., 1st Lt
Colpitts, Maurice J., Pvt
Colyn, Robert W., PFC
Combs, Seldon W., Sgt
Come, William E., PFC
Comer, Avis O., Pvt
Comer, Paul A., 1st Lt
Comfort, Doughlas R., PFC
Compton, George W., Corp
Comstock, William L., Corp
Condon, Emseley, Corp
Conklin, Frank R., PFC
Conklin, George E., Pvt
Conklin, Wilson C., PFC
Conlan, Charles F., 2d Lt
Conn, Willard E., PFC
Connaghan, Eugene F., PFC
Conner, Allen, Pvt
Connolly, Joseph E., Corp
Connor, Theodore, PFC
Connors, James J., Corp
Conrad, John R., Jr., PFC
Conroy, Edward, 2d Lt
Conti, Nicholas, PFC
Contreras, David A., PFC
Converse, Donald E., Pvt
Cook, Andrew F., Jr., 2d Lt
Cook, Arthur W., Corp
Cook, Joseph F., Corp
Cook, Orville S., PFC
Cook, Thomas C., 2d Lt
Cook, William D., PFC
Cooke, Bernard J., Sgt
Cooke, Edwin C., PFC
Coomer, Amos N., Pvt
Coonradt, Glen S., PFC
Cooper, Doy D., PFC
Cooper, George W., Pvt
Cooper, Richard W., PFC
Cooper, Victor I., PFC
Coor, Jack K., Pvt
Cope, Elmer R., PFC
Coppedge, Emitt L., Pvt
Copple, Julius W., PFC
Corbin, Gerald E., Pvt
Corbitt, Edgar W. J., FldCk
Corcoran, Thomas P., Pvt
Cordova, Albert, Pvt
Corey, Alton R., Pvt
Corey, Herbert V., Pvt
Corey, Herbert S., Sgt
Cornelius, John M., 2d Lt
Correll, Herbert A., Pvt
Corriggio, Joseph P., PFC
Corson, Charles E., PFC
Cory, Ralph, 1st Lt
Corzine, Jimmy W., PFC
Costello, William M., Pvt
Cota, Louis, Jr., PFC
Couchman, Harry B., PFC
Coughlin, Lawrence J., ACk
Cousins, John G., Corp
Covert, Robert L., Corp
Cowles, Gerald H., Pvt
Cox, David C., 2d Lt
Cox, Edward D., PFC
Cox, William E., Pvt
Coxwell, Frank H., PFC
Cracco, Salvatore A., PFC
Craddock, Owen W., PFC
Crandall, Elvin J., PFC
Crane, Charles O., Jr., Pvt
Crane, Duncan M., 2d Lt
Crannell, Neil, PFC
Crawford, Lawrence W., Corp
Crawford, Mickey, PFC
Creason, Alvin C., PFC
Creech, Robert W., PFC
Crisafulli, Patrick F., Corp
Crocoll, Porter W., Sgt
Crosby, David H., Jr., 2d Lt
Crosby, George E., Corp
Cross, Isaac M., Jr., PFC
Crotty, Joseph P., Corp
Crouch, Clyde E., Sgt
Crowder, Rollie W., PFC
Crowder, Taylor C., Pvt
Crowell, Dale D., Corp
Crowell, Wendell H., Pvt
Crum, Alfred J., PFC
Crump, Bobby A., Corp
Crumpler, Jasper D., Sgt
Crumpler, Lawton, Jr., PFC
Crute, Alec C., Jr., PFC
Cruz, Roger, PFC
Cuellar, Raymond, Pvt
Cummings, Boyd T., Pvt
Cummings, Frank R., Pvt
Cummins, John W., 2d Lt
Cunningham, John H., Pvt
Cuny, Donald A., PFC
Curry, Morris Q., PFC
Curtis, Charles A., PFC
Curtis, Wayne E., Pvt
Cusack, William J., Sgt
Cushing, Joseph P., PFC
Cushman, Homer H., Pvt
Custer, Steven A., 1st Sgt
Czaja, John W., PFC
Czarnecki, Charles J., PFC

D'Amato, Joseph R., PFC
Dailey, Gail F., PFC
Dalton, Allison E., PFC
Dalton, Robert L., Pvt
Daly, Donald J., PFC
Dalziel, Richard W., Pvt
Damiani, Louis, PFC
Danebro, Antonio, PFC
Daneiko, Walter N., Pvt
Daniell, Jackie B., PFC
Daniels, Raymond T., Pvt

Danley, Vivan, PFC
Danowski, Martin M., PFC
Darling, William B., Pvt
Darlington, Dawn W., Pvt
Daschke, John, PFC
Dashner, Donald J., Corp
Dauenhauer, Eugene J., GySgt
Davenport, Roy B., PFC
Davidson, Donald J., Pvt
Davies, Donald M., Sgt
Davies, James L., PFC
Davis, Carl T., PFC
Davis, Cecil B., Jr., Corp
Davis, George W., PFC
Davis, Grady L., Pvt
Davis, Herbert C., Pvt
Davis, James G., Corp
Davis, Joseph H., PFC
Davis, Joseph E., Pvt
Davis, Paul E., Pvt
Davis, Raymond H., Pvt
Davis, Robert E., Jr., PFC
Davis, Thomas J., Corp
Davis, Walter E., Jr., Corp
Dawson, Charles H., PFC
Dawson, Robert L., Corp
Day, Arthur C., 2d Lt
Day, Calvin C., PFC
Dayton, Donald K., 1st Lt
De Bauche, Ralph D., Pvt
De Courcy, John A., PFC
De Dio, Carmen J., PFC
De Felice, David J., PFC
De Ford, James R., Corp
De Fusco, Bernard J., Pvt
De Janovich, George D., PFC
De La Rosa, Antonio U., PFC
De Long, Weldon F., Corp
De Marah, Donald J., PFC
De Matteis, Crescenzo P., Corp
De Shone, Maurice, ACk
De Stefano, Arthur, PFC
Dean, Kenneth J., PFC
Dearixon, Charles L., PFC
Debele, Charles F., PFC
Decker, Augustus Q., Corp
Decker, Denzil M. J., PFC
Decker, John A., 2d Lt
Deckrow, Theon C., GySgt
Dees, Howell C., Corp
Deggs, William E. J., PlSgt
Dehart, Clifford K., ACk
Deithloff, Richard W., Corp
Delano, John L., PFC
Delvecchio, Joseph R., PFC
Demery, Clinton J., Corp
Demler, Douglas W., 2d Lt
Dempsey, Emmett D., Pvt
Dempsey, John D., 2d Lt
Denham, Harry H., Pvt
Denny, Charles F., PFC
Denter, Frank J., PFC
Desanto, Theodore E., PFC
Desforges, Raymond A., CCk
Desmond, Richard M., PFC
Desrosiers, Henri W., PFC
Dettor, Leo A., Corp
Dhieux, Alfred, PFC
Di Ambrosio, Louis, Sr., PFC
Di Cristofaro, Anthony, Sgt
Di Giorgio, Anthony M., PFC
Di Lorenzo, Joseph F., PFC
Di Nardo, James, Pvt
Di Roma, Mauro A., PFC
Diaz, James C., PFC
Dick, Harold G., Pvt
Dickirson, John E., PFC
Dickson, Roger B., Pvt
Dickson, Travis O., Corp
Dieffenderfer, James H., 2d Lt
Diesman, Richard W., Sgt
Dilger, William E., PFC
Dillon, Woodrow F., PFC
Diodate, James V., Pvt
Dionne, Joseph N., PFC
Diovisalvo, Gerardo J., PFC
Dismukes, Alvin M., PlSgt
Distefano, Tom, PFC
Ditmansen, David O. J., PFC
Diviney, John C., 1st Lt
Dix, Henry J., Pvt
Dixon, Blan D., PFC
Dixon, Harold D., Pvt
Dobie, Kenneth R., PFC
Dobson, Julian K., PFC
Dockray, Eugene I., PFC
Doggett, Thomas S., PFC
Dolan, John F., PFC
Dolke, Emil A., Corp
Doll, Perry A., PFC
Doll, Robert D., PFC
Dollarhide, John J., PFC
Domagalla, Robert J., PFC
Dombroski, Charles B., Pvt
Domiter, Joseph S., PFC
Donahue, John T., StfSgt
Doney, George F., PFC
Donovan, Robert T., PFC
Donovan, Timothy T., PFC
Doran, Robert C., Corp
Dosenczuk, Stephen S., PFC
Dotson, Earl D., Corp
Dotson, Major M., Jr., Pvt
Doucett, Justin T., Corp
Doucette, Arthur, Pvt
Doughtie, Rufus, Jr., PFC
Dowell, Floyd R., PFC
Downs, Harold L., Pvt
Downs, William T., PFC
Doyle, Alexander E., Pvt
Doyle, James A., Corp
Drake, Benjamin K., Sgt
Drake, Francis E. J., PFC
Drake, Julius T., PFC
Dreher, Theodore P., PFC
Drews, Kenneth R., PFC
Drexler, Edward L. J., PFC
Drifka, Raphael E., PFC
Driscoll, Francis E., PFC
Driscoll, Thomas P., PlSgt
Driver, Johnnie B., Jr., PFC
Du Bois, Richard M., PFC
Dubose, Jefferson G., Sgt
Duckworth, William P., PFC
Duda, Joseph F., PFC
Duff, Donald J., 2d Lt
Duffy, Donald D., Pvt
Duhs, Herman F., PFC
Dukes, George H., PlSgt
Dunaway, Orville A., PFC
Dunham, Edmund A., 1st Sgt
Dunham, Robert E., Sgt
Dunn, James E., 2d Lt
Dunn, James H., PFC
Dunn, Judson L., Pvt
Dunnells, Walter A., PFC
Dunning, Charles W., 2d Lt
Dunthorn, Cecil B., PFC
Duplantis, John D., 1st Lt
Dupont, Philip G., PFC
Durko, Paul C., Sgt
Durr, Leland N., Sgt
Duston, Roger L., Pvt
Dutton, William C., Sgt
Dux, Charles O., Pvt
Dvorak, Francis J., PFC
Dwight, William W., Pvt
Dwyer, Garrett P., PFC
Dwyer, John W., PFC
Dyson, George, SgtMaj
Dziekan, Leonard A., Pvt
Dziobek, John, Sgt

Earl, Donald D., PFC
Eastwood, John B., PFC
Ebel, Aloysius F., Jr., PFC
Eber, Lyle L., Pvt
Eberle, Robert O., PFC
Echols, Minor M., Corp
Eckenrode, Robert J., Corp
Eckert, John A., III, 2d Lt
Eckert, Richard E., ACk
Edell, George W., PlSgt
Edlin, James P., Pvt
Edwards, Barclie S., Pvt
Edwards, Frank L., PFC
Edwards, Randolph R., Pvt
Edwards, Ray K., Corp
Edwards, Robert L., PFC
Edwinson, John E., Jr., Corp
Effinger, Aloysius S., Pvt
Egri, Andrew J., Corp
Eichman, Colman J., Pvt
Eisenhood, Jeremiah D., PFC
Elderkin, William, Pvt
Elderton, William H., PFC
Elkins, Kenneth R., PFC
Elliott, Raymond W., PFC
Ellis, William A. J., PFC
Ellison, Clyde W., Pvt
Ellison, William T., PFC
Elmer, Elwin, PlSgt
Elnitsky, Michael J., PFC
Elsea, William H., Pvt
Ely, Ralph L., PFC
Emanuel, Constantine, PFC
Emerick, Adolph, Pvt
Engelhard, Earl J., PFC
Enias, Harold W., Pvt
Erdley, Robert H., PFC
Erickson, Guy F., Pvt
Ervin, Jefferson C., PFC
Esack, Adam, Pvt
Escalante, Antonio P., PFC
Estrada, Frank, PFC
Etherton, Austin W., Pvt
Eubanks, Jacque W., Pvt
Euggino, Russell J., Corp
Evanchick, Nicholas, Pvt
Evangelist, Nicholas C., 2d Lt
Evans, Carey A., PFC
Evans, Gerald A., Pvt
Evans, Robert L., PFC

Fagan, Francis T., PFC
Fahrenwald, Frank L., Pvt
Fain, Charles F., Corp
Fairbanks, Benjamin W., Pvt
Falco, John M., Sgt
Falcon, Lawless C., 2d Lt
Fales, Alfred B., Pvt
Fannon, Huston R., PFC
Faranda, Frank F., PFC
Fardy, John P., Corp
Faria, Joseph, Pvt
Farmer, Vernon G., PFC
Farr, Knight W., Corp
Farrar, Ethen A., Corp
Farrar, James A., CCk
Farrell, Clyde R., Corp
Farthing, Edward L., PFC
Faso, Joseph J., Corp
Faust, Wilson B., PFC
Feher, Joseph S., Pvt
Feinour, Lee E. A., PFC
Feinstein, Stanley A., Pvt
Feist, Herbert, Pvt
Fenger, Charles W., PFC
Fenoglio, John P., Corp
Fenton, Michael J., Pvt
Fenton, Richard L., Pvt
Fenton, William H., Pvt
Ferguson, Carl D., Capt
Ferguson, Edward T., PFC
Ferree, Louis T., Pvt
Ferreira, Joseph, Corp
Fetchko, Bernard, Pvt
Fetes, Howard R., Pvt
Feuquay, William L., Pvt
Fewer, William J., Jr.
Fick, Charles R., Pvt
Fickes, William T., Pvt
Fiedor, John A., PFC
Fielder, A. C., Sgt
Fields, Jack W., Corp
Fike, Hewitt E., PFC
Finan, Francis K., 2d Lt
Finch, Willard C., PFC
Findley, Harry Q., Capt
Fine, Everett R., PFC
Fischer, John J., Corp
Fisher, John H., PFC
Fisher, Lawrence L., Sgt
Fitzwater, Earl W., Capt

Flanagan, Andrew E., Pvt
Flanagan, John M., PFC
Fleming, William M., 1st Lt
Fling, Bernard A., PFC
Floeter, Harold C., Sgt
Floyd, Beverly J., PFC
Floyd, Howard L., PFC
Foertsch, Robert G., PFC
Folds, Leavy L., Pvt
Foley, Edward L., Jr., Capt
Folger, Edward W., PFC
Fondren, Jake D., PFC
Fones, Arthur E., Corp
Fontaine, Joseph D. R., Corp
Fontanille, Alton J., PFC
Fontes, Rodney E., Pvt
Foody, James M., 2d Lt
Fooks, Henry L., PFC
Foote, Gerald A., StfSgt
Ford, Alonzo A., PFC
Ford, Edward V., Sgt
Foreman, Earl W., Pvt
Forsythe, Thomas W., Jr., PFC
Fossen, Glenn, Corp
Foster, Jodie D., PFC
Foster, Ralph C., PFC
Foster, Vernon B., Sgt
Foster, William A., PFC
Fournier, Joseph A., 1st Lt
Fowler, Edward C., PFC
Fowler, James P., Corp
Fox, Bryan G., PFC
Fox, Havard G., PFC
Fox, Myles C., 1st Lt
Fox, Walter S., Pvt
Foxall, Douglas B., PFC
Foxworthy, Fred A., Pvt
Foye, Stephen A., PFC
France, Charles N., Pvt
France, David T., Corp
Frandsen, Miles P., Pvt
Frangione, Richard B., Pvt
Frank, Aldo, PFC
Fraser, Robert G., PFC
Fraser, Warren R., PFC
Frederick, Cecil E., PFC
Fredette, Joseph P., Corp
Freel, Billy B., PFC
Freeland, Harold E., Pvt
Freeman, Albert, Pvt
Freese, Ray A., Pvt
Fregeole, Francis G., Corp
Frelczak, John, Jr., PFC
French, Jack G., Corp
French, Nelson T., Corp
Frese, Paul H., Jr., Pvt
Freund, Albert F., PFC
Friedrichsen, Eugene V., Pvt
Friedrichsen, Christian, Corp
Frink, Leslie V., Pvt
Froelich, Glen F., PFC
Frost, Eugene J., PFC
Fry, Earl E., Jr., PFC
Frybarger, Raymond, Jr., PFC
Frye, Robert E., Sr., PFC
Fuhrhop, Paul W., Capt
Fuiek, Paul J., PFC
Fulcher, J. B., PFC
Fulford, Raymond O., PFC
Fuller, David C., Pvt
Fuller, Wilfred J., Jr., PFC
Fulmer, Mirvle E., 1st Lt
Funk, Lloyd C., PFC
Funkhouser, William C., PFC
Furry, Max W., Pvt
Fuselier, Woodrow J., Pvt

Gabor, Glen A., Pvt
Gaffney, Edmond J., Corp
Gagnon, Leo M., PFC
Gagnon, Paul E., PFC
Gailey, Charles R., Pvt
Galbreath, James R., 1st Lt
Galbreath, Paul E., PFC
Galindo, Albert, PFC
Gallagher, Francis N., PFC
Gallagher, Joseph M., Pvt
Gallant, William E., Sgt
Gallaway, William H., PFC
Gallo, Anthony F., Pvt
Gambale, Antonio, PFC
Gantt, Derrell B., Pvt
Garafalo, Vito, PFC
Garbani, Harold B., Pvt
Gardner, Arthur B., 2d Lt
Gardner, George H., PFC
Gardner, Jack H., PFC
Gareau, Gerard J., Corp
Gares, Arthur W., Corp
Gargano, Louis, PlSgt
Garite, Anthony P., Sgt
Garlin, Frederick P., PFC
Garner, William M., Corp
Garrett, Arthur C., Sgt
Garrett, Thomas L., Pvt
Garrettson, Elmer F., PFC
Garten, George W., PFC
Garth, Lakin H., Corp
Garvey, Harold R., Pvt
Garvey, Robert F., Corp
Garvin, Roy W., Capt
Gaston, James C., PFC
Gatto, Joseph, Pvt
Gaudet, Malcolm D., PFC
Gauger, Warren H., PFC
Gauntt, Daniel L., PFC
Gay, Marion S., PFC
Gaydos, John J., Pvt
Gazbara, Joseph A., Pvt
Gazette, Francis L., PFC
Geanette, Oscar J., PFC
Geary, Marvin W., Corp
Gebel, Adolph E., PFC
Gedominski, John, PFC
Gee, Elbert R., PFC
Gee, Everett L., PFC
Geglein, Andrew R., PFC
Gehrmann, Paul H., Jr., PFC
Geier, Robert W. J., PFC
Gelzer, Aaron L., Corp
Geordt, George W., PFC
George, Anthony T., Pvt
George, Edward S. D., PFC
George, Manuel G., PFC
George, Quentin E., Corp
Georgiadis, John W., PFC
Geraghty, Bernard J., PFC
Gerlits, Francis J., Pvt
Germain, Albert E., 2d Lt
Gerstner, William A., PFC
Getchell, Stephen W., Pvt
Giannarino, John J., PFC
Gibbs, Alvin P., PFC
Gibbs, George R., Pvt
Gibbs, James L., PFC
Gibson, Dord, PFC
Gibson, Herbert N., Corp
Gidley, Charles R., PFC
Giepert, Elmore E., PFC
Giffels, Gordon J., Sgt
Giffin, William C., Corp
Gifford, Howard E., 2d Lt
Gilbert, Glennous F., PFC
Gilbert, Jesse H., Pvt
Gilbert, John E., Jr., PFC
Gildea, John, PFC
Giles, John H., Jr., Corp
Giles, John W., PFC
Gill, Earl, PFC
Gill, Richard F., PFC
Gill, Thomas A., Pvt
Gilleland, Earl L., Pvt
Gillespie, John B., Capt
Gilligan, John J. J., Pvt
Gillis, Robert L., Corp
Gilmore, Billie L., Pvt
Gilmore, Clyde N., PFC
Gilmore, Raymond A., Pvt
Gilson, Edwin H., 2d Lt
Gippert, Ernest R., Pvt
Girot, Ralph L., PFC
Gisvold, Orlin H., Pvt
Giuliano, Lawrence J., Corp
Givens, Warren L., PFC
Glaab, Merle M., PFC
Glaud, Steve J., PFC
Glogowski, Joseph P., Pvt
Gloodt, Irving M., Pvt
Gnorik, John, PFC
Godfrey, William F., PFC
Godwin, John F., PFC
Goedde, Richard J., PFC
Goettge, Frank B., Col
Goff, Herbert B., Corp
Golden, Francis E., PlSgt
Goldstein, Nathan, PFC
Good, Leo E., Pvt
Goodboy, Kenneth P., PFC
Goode, Fred H., Pvt
Goodey, Harold E., PFC
Goodman, Howard K., Capt
Goodwin, Horace E., Corp
Goodwin, John B., PFC
Goodwin, Paul A., PFC
Gorczycki, Carl J., PFC
Gormley, Michael J., Pvt
Gosman, Fredrick H., PFC
Gould, Edward C., PFC
Goulet, Joseph E., Pvt
Goulet, Joseph A., PFC
Gousse, Paul A., PFC
Govel, Andrew, PFC
Gowdy, Kyle H., PFC
Grabarczyk, Andrew F., PFC
Grady, George F., Corp
Graham, Arthur C., PFC
Graham, Hugh E., Jr., Corp
Graham, Lester F., 1st Sgt
Graham, William J., Sgt
Grandizio, Carmine T., Sgt
Grant, George H., Corp
Grasse, Harold E., Capt
Gravitt, John C., 1st Lt
Grawet, Raymond L., Corp
Gray, Amos H., PFC
Gray, Donald E., Corp
Gray, Robert L., Pvt
Gray, Steven T., Pvt
Grazier, George H., Pvt
Grdanc, Albert A., PFC
Grebe, Lawrence W., Pvt
Greco, Joseph A., Pvt
Green, Daniel M., PFC
Green, John C., Jr., Pvt
Green, Thomas W., PFC
Greenlee, George R., Sgt
Greer, Richard T., PFC
Gregory, Thomas M., Pvt
Grennell, Leonard L., PFC
Gretzschel, William E., Pvt
Griffis, Oakley T., Sgt
Griffith, James G., Pvt
Grigsby, Ernest N., PFC
Griset, Hobart E., PFC
Grogan, John M., Sgt
Grokis, Stanley G., Sgt
Gross, Carl L., PFC
Gross, Donald M., Corp
Grottaglio, Alfred M., PFC
Groven, Leonard C., Pvt
Grover, Haven R., Corp
Grover, Oscar J., Jr., PFC
Groves, Clayton D., Pvt
Grow, Curtis P., Pvt
Gruchow, Russell H., Pvt
Gruttaria, Anthony, Pvt
Gruver, Robert C., ACk
Guarneri, Louis J., PFC
Guerrette, Philip, PFC
Guesman, Theodore, PFC
Guest, Gerald R., PFC
Guidry, Leo A., GySgt
Guidry, Merrick S., Corp
Guild, Clifford E., PFC
Guild, Stanley E., Sgt
Gunter, Paul O., Pvt
Gustafson, Lowell C., Corp
Guthrie, Clayton E., Pvt
Guthrie, Howard F., PFC
Gustincic, Joseph A., PFC
Gutzeit, Norman M., PFC
Guynn, Grover S., ACk
Guzman, Florencio, Jr., Pvt
Gyatt, Edward E., Pvt

Haaren, Joseph D., PFC
Hackler, Frank J., PFC
Hackwell, Joseph H., PFC
Haffcke, Marvin E., PFC
Hageman, Joseph A., Pvt
Haggerty, Joseph J., PlSgt
Hagler, Charles D., PFC
Hainline, Richard V., PFC
Hair, George Van C., PFC
Haislip, William F., Corp
Hajdasz, Robert H., Pvt
Haldane, Andrew A., Capt
Hall, James L., FldCk
Hall, Ralph H., PFC
Hall, William B., Pvt
Hallford, William H., PFC
Hallmark, Bertis, PFC
Hallmark, James A., PFC
Halse, Rosswell R., Corp
Halstead, Peter B., PFC
Hamilton, Frank E., Corp
Hamilton, Jesse W., PFC
Hamilton, Raymond G., PFC
Hamilton, Ralph, Jr., PFC
Hammond, David N., PFC
Hample, Henry J., Pvt
Hampton, Arthur D., PFC
Hampton, William H., Corp
Hamrick, Robert P., PFC
Hancock, Jack W., PFC
Hancock, Joe H., Sr., PFC
Haney, Josh O., Pvt
Haney, William M., Pvt
Hanke, Gordon E., Pvt
Hankins, Joseph F., Col
Hanley, Edward T. P., Pvt
Hanna, William T., Pvt
Hanscom, Bertram A., Pvt
Hansen, Dale M., Pvt
Hansen, Daryle K., Corp
Hansen, Evan J., Pvt
Hansen, Harry E., PFC
Hansen, Joseph, Pvt
Hansen, Leslie E., PFC
Hanson, Lloyd E., Pvt
Hanson, Maryum C., PFC
Hanson, Omer J., 1st Lt
Harakal, Joseph T., Corp
Harbaugh, Franklin C., PFC
Hardebeck, James T., ACk
Harder, Lester, Pvt
Hardie, Grady R., PFC
Harding, Edwin L., Pvt
Hardisty, George, PFC
Hargadon, Raymond, Pvt
Hargroder, James W., PFC
Harkins, Tommy M., Pvt
Harless, Ralph, PFC
Harley, Edward T., PlSgt
Harnden, Harold G., PFC
Harness, Robert J., PFC
Harpham, William D., Pvt
Harrell, Billy D., PFC
Harris, Frederick V., PFC
Harris, George V., Pvt
Harris, Jack E., FM1c
Harris, John M., Corp
Harris, Robert L., PFC
Harris, Robert N., PFC
Harris, Walter C., Pvt
Harrison, Richard W., Pvt
Harry, Thomas R., PFC
Hart, Donald L., PFC
Harter, Thomas R., Pvt
Hartle, William A. P., Pvt
Hartleb, Donald F., Pvt
Hartley, Leslie G., Pvt
Hartmann, Orville J., Pvt
Hartmeyer, Herman A., Corp
Hartsock, Henry L., PFC
Hartson, William N., Corp
Harvey, Colin C., PFC
Harwood, Earl M., PFC
Hasselberg, Eugene E., PFC
Hasti, Carl A., Corp
Hasty, Ebert A., PFC
Hasty, Henry O. T., Sgt
Hatch, Prentice M., 1st Lt
Hatcher, John N., 2d Lt
Hattan, Marvin W., PFC
Haueter, Reuben J., Pvt
Hauge, Louis J., Jr., Corp
Havens, Earl W., Pvt
Havens, Weldon W., Pvt
Hawkins, James M., 2d Lt
Hayes, Calvin J., PFC
Hayes, Carl L., PFC
Hayes, Howard R., PFC
Hayes, Howard B., PFC
Haynes, George E., PFC
Haynes, Joseph B., Corp
Haynes, William P., PFC
Hazlett, Paul B., 1st Lt
Head, James R., Pvt
Healy, David P., Pvt
Heath, Darrell R., PFC
Heath, John W., Corp
Heath, John E., Capt
Hebert, Adam J., Jr., PFC
Heeb, John P., Sgt
Heeney, Bernard E., Corp
Heffner, Richard H., PFC
Heidrich, Albert J. J., PFC
Height, Leon H., Jr., 1st Lt
Heimbrock, Robert F., Pvt
Heiserman, Leroy M., Pvt
Held, William M., PFC
Heller, Paul, Pvt
Hellman, Lawrence, Corp
Helton, Billy, PFC
Heltzel, Grover A., Pvt
Helwig, Herman O., Corp
Hempelman, Edward C., 1st Lt
Henault, Ernest G., PFC
Henderson, Jerry M., PlSgt
Henderson, John M., PFC
Henderson, Robert A., PFC
Hennessy, James F., Sgt
Hennessy, Lawrence K., Capt
Hennigan, Vincent J., Pvt
Henning, James B., PFC
Henninger, Charles A., 2d Lt
Hennis, James B., PFC
Henretta, Robert P., Pvt
Henry, Frederick B., PFC
Henry, Winston E., PFC
Henson, Charles S., PFC
Herchko, Joseph, 1st Sgt
Herdman, Matthew E., Pvt
Herman, Eugene L., Pvt
Hernandez, Filimon M., PFC
Herndon, Raymon W., PFC
Herrera, Jose N., PFC
Herrick, Ralph S., Pvt
Herrin, Joseph S., Corp
Hess, Henry C., PFC
Hesslink, Raymond H., Pvt
Hetterley, Douglas A., Corp
Hetzel, Fred, PFC
Heuer, Raymond C., PFC
Heyliger, George, PFC
Hickerson, Charles E., 1st Lt
Hickey, Hobert E., Corp
Hickman, Peronneau R., Corp
Hicks, Arnold P., PFC
Higar, Robert D., PFC
Higginbotham, Leon, PFC
Higgins, James W., Pvt
Hildebrandt, Gilbert S., Corp
Hill, Abraham L., PlSgt
Hill, Floyd W., PFC
Hill, Fred W., PFC
Hill, Gene E., Pvt
Hill, Harold H., Pvt
Hill, Herman B., Pvt
Hill, John R., PFC
Hill, Thomas W., PFC
Hillebrecht, William H., Sgt
Hillman, Richard T., PlSgt
Hilmer, Warren E., Sgt
Himelsbach, Theodore F., Corp
Himes, Carroll D., PFC
Hines, Michael, Jr., Sgt
Hinkle, Fred L., Sgt
Hinkley, Oliver, PFC
Hinkley, Oliver, PFC
Hirshberg, Sidney, PFC
Hocking, Sheldon L., PFC
Hodorski, Stanley J., Pvt
Hofer, Edward, Corp
Hoffman, Albert E., Pvt
Hoffman, Eugene E., PFC
Hoffman, Martin H., PFC
Hoffman, Orville H., Sgt
Hogan, Malcolm J., Pvt
Hogarthy, George W., Pvt
Hogetvedt, Joseph R., Pvt
Hogg, James P., PFC
Holbrook, Harold V., Pvt
Holcombe, Richard H., PFC
Holden, Richard A., Pvt
Holladay, Frederick N., PFC
Hollander, Saul, PFC
Hollar, Victor V. J., Pvt
Hollembeak, Bruce K., Pvt
Holliday, W. F., PFC
Hollifield, Blaine, PFC
Holm, Elmer C., Corp
Holmes, Arthur J. J., PFC
Holmes, Joseph P., Corp
Holsten, Harold F., PFC
Holt, Amos P., Pvt
Holt, Henry E., PFC
Holtzapfel, William H., Corp
Homan, John, Pvt
Honaker, John E., PFC
Honsinger, Joseph M., Pvt
Hood, Millard C., Pvt
Hooker, Roscoe G., Corp
Hoover, Alfred A., 2d Lt
Hoover, Owen E., PFC
Hopkins, Gerald P., PFC
Hopkins, Thomas B., PFC
Hopper, Albert R., PFC
Hopper, James A., Corp
Horine, Homer L., PFC
Horn, Kenneth E., PFC
Horn, Oscar J., 1st Sgt
Horowitz, Charles, PFC
Horton, Wallace K., PFC
Hougland, Elbert L., Corp
Howard, Lonnie N., Pvt
Howe, John T., Pvt
Howe, Raymond L., PFC
Howell, Aubrey S. J., PFC
Howell, Jack E., Pvt
Howell, Lloyd L., Jr., Pvt
Howland, Bernard J., PFC
Hoyt, William H., Jr., 1st Lt
Hubbert, Milton N., Pvt
Huber, David F., PFC
Huber, Frank, Pvt
Huber, Robert E., Corp
Huckeba, William W., WO
Hudson, Frederick, Pvt
Hudson, Thomas J., PFC
Hudson, William O., PFC
Hudspeth, Daniel W., Sgt
Huebner, Hellmuth C., Sgt
Huebner, John B., PFC
Huerth, Richard J., Capt
Huff, Henry A., PFC
Huff, Jay M., Corp
Huff, Robert B., PFC
Huff, Warren R., PFC
Huffer, Paul E., 1st Sgt
Hughes, Alexander S., PFC
Hughs, Willie P., Pvt
Huguelet, Alfred G., PFC
Hukill, William T., PFC
Hull, G. C., PFC
Hulsey, Clinton L., Pvt
Humenick, Richard P., PFC
Hunt, Dan R., Pvt
Hunt, Harry E., PFC
Hunt, Theodore W., PFC
Hunter, Billy, PFC
Hunter, Godfrey E., Jr., PFC
Hurlburt, Frank S., Pvt
Hurn, John P., PFC
Hurst, Clarence E., PFC
Huson, Peter N., FldCk
Huston, Blaine D., PFC
Huston, Clyde L., Pvt

Hutchins, Charles G., PFC
Hutchinson, Theodore E., ACk
Hyde, Blaine N., PFC
Hyde, Richard C., Pvt
Hynds, Edward L., PFC
Hynes, Jesse T., Sgt
Hynes, John J., PFC
Hynson, Charles E., PFC

Ibey, William E., Pvt
Ihley, John W., PFC
Imhoff, Harry N., Pvt
Ingalls, Don D., Corp
Ingalls, Vincent L., Corp
Ingersoll, James L., Corp
Ingerson, Ralph C., PFC
Ingram, John R. W., PFC
Inman, Ora, Jr., Sgt
Inskeep, Richard D., PFC
Irwin, William E., PFC
Isbell, William D., Corp
Iseman, Jake D., Jr., 1st Lt
Iverson, Morgan, Pvt
Ives, Albert L., Jr., Corp

Jackson, Clifton W., Sgt
Jackson, Edgar, Pvt
Jackson, Fred P., Pvt
Jackson, Henry S., Corp
Jackson, James C., Pvt
Jackson, Lewis E., PFC
Jackson, Norval E., PFC
Jackson, Reed, PFC
Jacobs, Calbert B., PFC
Jakubiak, Richard, PFC
James, Stanley D., Corp
James, William A., Pvt
Janidies, James G., Pvt
Janiszewski, Leonard, PFC
Janssen, Rufus J., PFC
Jaquess, Joe J., Corp
Jardine, John W., Pvt
Jarrell, Russell B., PFC
Jarrett, C. L., Jr., Corp
Jay, Michael, Jr., PFC
Jeanes, Charles O., PFC
Jeffery, Ralph T., PFC
Jencyowski, Stephen, Pvt
Jenkins, Alba W., PFC
Jenkins, John V., Sgt
Jenkins, Robert H., CCk
Jensen, Clayton S., PFC
Jensen, Donald C., PFC
Jensen, Hans C., Corp
Jensen, James L., PFC
Jewell, Ivan K., PFC
Jobin, Joseph E., Pvt
Joe, Edward, PFC
Johanson, Earl L., Pvt
Johnoff, Edward J., PFC
Johns, David W., PFC
Johns, Harold E., Corp
Johns, Leonard R., Pvt
Johns, Woodrow W., PFC
Johnson, Andrew J., PFC
Johnson, Arthur E., Sgt
Johnson, Berwyn L., PFC
Johnson, David B., PFC
Johnson, Donald M., 1st Lt
Johnson, Edwin F., Pvt
Johnson, George A., Pvt
Johnson, Glenn L., Pvt
Johnson, J. T., Pvt
Johnson, James P., PFC
Johnson, Jerry R., PFC
Johnson, Jonathan F., PFC
Johnson, Junior L., PFC
Johnson, Morris L., Jr., Sgt
Johnson, Neily, Pvt
Johnson, Paul J., Pvt
Johnson, Paul H., Pvt
Johnson, Paul H., PFC
Johnson, Robt. William, PFC
Johnson, Robt. Wesley, PFC
Johnson, Robert P., Pvt
Johnson, Thomas H., 1st Lt
Johnson, Woodrow, PFC
Johnston, Eugene, Pvt
Jonason, Willard L., Pvt
Jones, Bennie C., Pvt
Jones, Boyce L., PFC
Jones, Charles H., PFC
Jones, Charles B., Corp
Jones, Edward A., 1st Lt
Jones, Harold A., ACk
Jones, Henry W., Capt
Jones, J. W., PFC
Jones, James R., PFC
Jones, Lloyd M., Corp
Jones, Richard W., PFC
Jones, Robert B., Pvt
Jones, Robert G., Pvt
Jones, Thomas P., Corp
Jones, Walter L., PFC
Jones, William R., PFC
Jones, William F., Pvt
Jones, Winfred C., Sgt
Jontiff, Earl W., PFC
Jordon, Charles E., PFC
Joreid, Albert E., PFC
Joseph, George C., PFC
Joseph, Jacob, Capt
Joyce, Raymond W., PFC
Judge, John B., Corp
Junkin, James A., 1st Lt
Junkins, Ralph A., Pvt
Junkins, Theodore R., PFC
Juntenen, Peter J., 1st Lt
Juska, Charles P., PFC
Justus, James F., Corp

Kachinsky, Roland F., PlSgt
Kaiss, Louis J., Corp
Kaminowski, Joseph J., Pvt
Kania, Conrad F., PFC
Kanistanaux, Donald W., Corp
Kapanoske, Thomas W., Pvt
Kapusta, Daniel G., PFC
Karlon, John P., Corp
Karnaghon, Joseph P., Pvt
Karp, Charles C., Corp
Kasel, Calvin K., Pvt
Kashuba, Joseph F., Corp
Kasprzyk, John J., Pvt
Kay, Herbert E., PFC
Kayota, Walter T. S., Pvt
Keane, Lawrence F., Pvt
Kearney, Robert J., PFC
Keath, William W., PFC
Keblish, William A., Corp
Keefe, Hugh E., Corp
Keeley, Francis, Corp
Keeney, Robert E., Pvt
Kegel, Edward M., PFC
Kehoe, Blaine, Corp
Kehoe, Raymond F., Capt
Keig, Robert D., GySgt
Keiley, Joseph F., PFC
Keister, Harold F., PFC
Keith, Julius C., Corp
Keith, Willard W., Capt
Kell, Daniel M., Sgt
Kelley, Gerald L., Pvt
Kelley, Patrick H., PFC
Kellogg, Jackson G. J., Pvt
Kelly, James J., Sgt
Kelly, Arthur T., PFC
Kelly, Asbury R., Pvt
Kelly, Jack B., Pvt
Kelly, James C., PFC
Kelly, Richard B., 1st Lt
Kelly, Richard, Sgt
Kemeys, Edward, Pvt
Kemp, Charles M., PFC
Kempf, Vernet D., PFC
Kennard, James D., Corp
Kennedy, Anthony L., PFC
Kennedy, Aubert, Pvt
Kennedy, Clyde E., Pvt
Kennedy, Ernest L., PFC
Kennedy, Roland W., Pvt
Kenney, Francis W., PFC
Kenny, Denis, Pvt
Kenyon, Wendell H., PFC
Keohen, James F. J., PFC
Kerner, Harold P., Corp
Kerr, William M. I., Corp
Kersey, Milton J., PlSgt
Kessel, Albert W., PFC
Kessel, Benard, PFC
Ketron, Fred S., PFC
Key, Eugene M., 1st Lt
Key, Leroy, PFC
Kielbik, William, Corp
Kierce, Robert J., PFC
Kikoler, Sidney, StfSgt
Kilduff, Thomas D., Corp
Killian, Joseph S., PFC
Killion, Jerry W., Corp
Kimble, Jack H., 1st Lt
Kimmel, Charles J., 2d Lt
Kimmel, John L., Corp
Kincaid, Roscoe, Corp
King, Dan J., PFC
King, Daniel F., PFC
King, Erwin S., PFC
King, Ford C., Pvt
King, John M., ACk
King, Lee H. R., ACk
King, Milton J., PFC
Kingery, Alvin C., Pvt
Kinser, Elbert L., Sgt
Kiragis, George A., PFC
Kirchner, Matthew J., Pvt
Kirk, Loyd, PFC
Kirkman, Adrian L., PFC
Kirkpatrick, Billy P., Pvt
Kirkwood, Jack M., Pvt
Kirsch, Lewis A., Sgt
Kirschbaum, Martin E., Pvt
Kiser, Dewey J., PFC
Kiser, Walter W., 2d Lt
Kisow, James E., PFC
Kist, George J., Pvt
Kistka, Richard L., PFC
Klapak, Edward, PFC
Klavitter, Clayton M., PFC
Klein, Patrick W., PFC
Klenzing, Clyde M., PFC
Klesmith, Leonard J., PFC
Klimes, George C., PFC
Kline, Robert A., PFC
Klipfel, Oscar A., Pvt
Klotz, Wilbur E., PFC
Knichel, Thomas J., Pvt
Knight, Lester, PFC
Knight, Paul L. T., PFC
Knight, Samuel Y., PFC
Knudsen, Robert D., Corp
Knutson, Harold S., Pvt
Kobby, Joseph C., PFC
Koceja, Harry, Jr., Corp
Kohl, Leonard R., PFC
Kohlage, Albert, PFC
Kolacinski, Raymond, Pvt
Kollhoff, John J. J., PFC
Kollman, Justin J., PFC
Kolp, William P., Pvt
Konkol, Norman J., PFC
Koontz, Boyce L. J., Pvt
Kootlas, Frank, PFC
Kops, Stanley D., PlSgt
Koretz, James E., 1st Lt
Kosch, Edward J., Pvt
Kosth, Andrew, Jr., PFC
Kotronis, James E., PFC
Kovacevich, Robert, PFC
Kovacs, Louis P., Sgt
Koval, John, PlSgt
Kowal, Henry L., Corp
Kowalczyk, Ted P., PFC
Kowalewski, Edward J., PFC
Kowalski, Chester, PFC
Kowskie, Edward P., Sgt
Kozma, Stephen F., PFC
Krajkiewycz, Leonard J., Pvt
Kramer, Thomas J., PFC
Kranick, Joseph C., PFC
Kranz, Fred R., PFC
Kras, Michael F., PFC
Krause, Felix J., 1st Lt
Krause, James J., PFC
Kretlow, William F., Pvt
Krisak, Edward R., PFC

Krivack, Edward F., PFC
Kron, Glenn W., Pvt
Kruger, Jay E., Pvt
Krynak, John, PFC
Kubala, Henry A., PFC
Kuhl, Philip S., Pvt
Kuhn, Herman A., PFC
Kuhn, Joseph C., Corp
Kukral, Clarence E., Pvt
Kuld, Kenneth V., PFC
Kunkel, Robert G., PFC
Kuper, Kenneth E., PFC
Kurek, Edwin R., PFC
Kuzma, Joseph J., PFC

La Belle, Stanley B., PFC
La Roche, Willie L., Pvt
La Rue, George J., Pvt
Labiak, Paul, PlSgt
Lack, Clement W., Pvt
Lackey, Eldon L., PFC
Lackey, Roy L., PlSgt
Lacroix, Paul E., PFC
Ladd, Duke, PFC
Ladowski, Stephen V., Pvt
Ladwig, Loran R., 1st Lt
Laffey, James R. J., PFC
Lagrone, John W., Jr., PFC
Lagrow, Merle D., Jr., PFC
Lake, Charles L., PFC
Lake, Milton, PFC
Lambert, Cecil F., Pvt
Lambert, James A., Sgt
Lambert, Joseph E., Corp
Lamm, Norbert L., Jr., PFC
Landrum, William J., PFC
Landry, Elson J., Corp
Landy, Francis B., PFC
Lane, Gerald G., PFC
Lane, Thomas W., PFC
Lang, Clarence A., PFC
Langdon, John M., Pvt
Langley, Edwin M., Corp
Langowski, Benedict A., ACk
Lapera, Rudolph J., PFC
Lapham, Kenneth L., PFC
Larison, Hartford E., PFC
Larkin, Edward J., GySgt
Larkin, Gerald J., PFC
Larsen, Gordon V., PFC
Larson, Earl M., PFC
Larson, Everett F., PFC
Lasco, Donald, PFC
Laskosky, Ted L., Sgt
Lathrop, Leon E., PFC
Latremouille, George L., Pvt
Laughrey, John A., Sgt
Lausier, Erick, GySgt
Lavallee, Louis J., Pvt
Law, John D., PFC
Lawley, Alvin W., PFC
Lawrence, Verle E., Pvt
Lawrence, William E., PFC
Lawson, Charles T., Corp
Lawson, James M., Jr., PFC
Lawton, Frank W., Pvt
Layton, Merle O., Corp
Lazaro, Michael A., Pvt
Lazaroe, Walter J., Pvt
Le May, Doyle W., Pvt
Le Monnier, Donald C., Corp
Lea, Hershel L., PFC
Leap, Charles G. J., PFC
Leary, Joseph F., Pvt
Ledecke, Edward S., PFC
Ledford, Charles H., Corp
Lee, Clifford J., Pvt
Lee, Otis G., PFC
Lee, Robert J., Pvt
Lee, Robert H., Pvt
Leggett, Charles R., Pvt
Lehman, Clifford A., Pvt
Leibrock, Louis C., PFC
Leiphart, Samuel W., Pvt
Lennert, Thomas A., PFC
Lennon, Bernard F., Corp
Lenoir, William W., Corp
Lentine, Charles A., Sgt
Lenvik, Richard W., Pvt
Leonard, Woodrow, PFC
Leone, Joseph, Jr., PFC
Lepre, Louis E., Pvt
Lerma, Eugene S., Corp
Lessard, Robert J., Pvt
Letellier, Lawrence J., SgtMaj
Levenson, Sidney H., PFC
Levy, Seymour, PFC
Lewandowski, Frank R., Pvt
Lewis, Milton, Corp
Lewis, Owen R., Pvt
Liberatore, Wilfred F., Sgt
Lightfoot, James S., PFC
Lilja, George, PFC
Lilly, Arthur J., PFC
Lilly, John R., Pvt
Lilly, Schley J., PFC
Lind, Paul J., Corp
Linderbeck, George S., Corp
Lindsay, William L., PFC
Lindsey, Charles S., Sgt
Lindsey, Robert C., PFC
Linke, Paul A., Jr., Corp
Linney, Charles E., PFC
Lint, Jean I., PFC
Linton, John M., Corp
Lippolis, Franklin V., Corp
Liston, Robert L., Pvt
Liter, Melvin E., Sgt
Little, James H., PFC
Littlejohn, David J., Sgt
Livesay, William R., PFC
Llewellyn, Arden C., Pvt
Lloyd, Paul E., PFC
Lloyd, Warren C., PFC
Loch, Charles H., Jr., Pvt
Lock, George W., PFC
Locke, Garrick, Corp
Lofgren, Elwin V., Pvt
Lofgren, Gordon R., PlSgt
Lombardi, Gennaro, Corp
Long, O. C. B., Pvt
Long, William F., PFC
Longacre, Clifford C., Corp
Lonn, Richard D., Pvt
Loomis, Harry J., Jr., PFC
Looney, Floyd D., PFC
Lopez, Robert E., 1st Lt
Lorden, Francis P., PFC
Loring, George, GySgt
Loschin, Joseph G., Corp
Lothamer, Paul A., PFC
Lotka, Leonard J., FldCk
Louder, John W., PFC
Loughman, Henry B., PFC
Louth, Harold L., PFC
Lovelace, Robert W., Pvt
Loveland, Frederick, Jr., Corp
Loveland, Rolla H., StfSgt
Lovett, Benjamin H., PFC
Lovin, Louis A., Pvt
Lowe, Elmer E., GySgt
Lucarello, Frank W., PFC
Luciak, Joseph P., PFC
Lucier, Julius R., PFC
Ludwig, Charles H., Pvt
Luecke, Arnold C., FM1c
Luecking, Bernard J., Pvt
Luke, Alexander J., PlSgt
Lukowski, Florian A., 1st Sgt
Luksich, Charles J., PFC
Luna, Joseph J., PFC
Luna, Wendell E., PFC
Lunsford, John J., Corp
Luoma, Lauri J., Sgt
Lupina, Theodore J., PFC
Lutgring, Ray A., Pvt
Luther, Walter M., PFC
Lutz, Lawrence H., Jr., Pvt
Luxton, Donald F., Pvt
Lyksett, Oliver P., PFC
Lyman, Robert C., Corp
Lynch, Bernard J., PFC
Lynch, James P., Jr., 1st Lt
Lynch, James A., Pvt
Lynch, John M., PlSgt
Lynch, John C., Pvt
Lynch, Thomas P. J., Pvt
Lynn, William L., PFC
Lyon, Melvin P., Pvt
Lyon, Richard H., Pvt
Lyon, Thomas B., PFC
Lyons, Jack F., Corp
Lyons, Robert R., Corp
Lyons, Wayne L., Pvt

Ma Gaha, James E., Pvt
Maassen, Raymond H., Pvt
MacDonald, Reginald A., PFC
MacNeil, Calvin V., Corp
Macatsoris, William M., PFC
Mack, Gerald D., PFC
Mack, Thomas E., Jr., PFC
Mackin, Harold J., Jr., 2d Lt
Maclean, Nathan B., Pvt
Macoski, William, Sgt
Maczkowski, Leonard J., PFC
Madden, Jackson W., PFC
Madden, Joseph M., PFC
Maddox, Hovell, PFC
Magnan, Albert, Jr., PFC
Maguire, John G., Pvt
Mahalena, Andrew, Pvt
Mahan, Lawrence D., PFC
Maher, James F., Corp
Maher, John E., Sgt
Mahoney, Curtis M., PFC
Mahoney, David P., PFC
Mahoney, Michael M., Maj
Mahoney, Robert A., Pvt
Mahoney, William F., Pvt
Maine, Clarence E., PFC
Maison, Frank, Sgt
Majchrowicz, Eugene C., Pvt
Majercak, James P., Pvt
Majka, Joseph T., Corp
Makarek, Frank, PFC
Makiesky, David, Pvt
Malanowski, Anthony P., PlSgt
Maleshefski, Norbert A., PFC
Malnar, Eugene G., FldCk
Malnar, Rudolph F., Sgt
Malone, Robert R., 1st Lt
Maloney, Howard F., TSgt
Malonson, Frederick H., PFC
Malover, John W., Pvt
Mandell, Frank, Capt
Manganaro, Timothy A., PFC
Manghelli, Maurice L., PFC
Mangin, James F., Pvt
Mani, Jacob C., Pvt
Mann, William H., Pvt
Manno, James V., Jr., PFC
Manuel, Maurice J., PFC
Maples, Gordon, 1st Lt
Marcum, William E., PFC
Marcus, Philip I., Corp
Marinelli, Peter P., PFC
Marion, William R., PFC
Markoff, George, Sgt
Marks, Alvin R., PFC
Marling, William F., TSgt
Marotta, Patrick L., Corp
Marsch, James R., PFC
Marsh, Edward, Sgt
Marshall, Jerry F., PFC
Marsicano, Joseph V., Pvt
Martin, Angus L., Corp
Martin, Carl G., Jr., PFC
Martin, Emory D., PFC
Martin, John J. B., PFC
Martin, John B., Corp
Martin, Joseph J., PFC
Martin, Quentin J., PlSgt
Martin, Raymond N., PFC
Martin, Richard L., PFC
Martin, Sheridan, PFC
Martin, William M., Corp
Martinchak, Andrew, PFC
Martino, Joseph T., Pvt
Martyn, John A., Pvt
Mason, Emerson E., Capt
Mason, Kenneth R., Pvt
Mason, Quintin, 2d Lt

Massa, Alois E., PFC
Massare, John S., PFC
Massaro, Russell J., PFC
Massey, Charles A., Corp
Massey, David K., PFC
Mastropietro, Daniel, PFC
Matchefts, William J., PFC
Matheson, Kenneth J., Sgt
Mathis, William H., PFC
Matson, Martin M., PFC
Mattes, Russell J., PFC
Matthews, Alton M., PFC
Matthews, James L., Pvt
Matthews, William E., PFC
Mattie, Sylvester F., Corp
Maul, Francis W., Pvt
Maxwell, Alfred W., Pvt
Maxwell, David N., PFC
May, Melvin L., Pvt
Maybank, Francis E., 2d Lt
Maye, Joseph F., Corp
Mayer, Paul N., PFC
Mayfield, Henry E., Pvt
Maynard, Ludger A., Pvt
Mazlack, William F., Capt
Mazur, Carl J., Sgt
McAleney, Francis J., PFC
McArdell, William H., Corp
McAuliff, Kenneth S., PFC
McBeath, Robert L., PFC
McCalvy, James A., PFC
McCann, Robert F., PlSgt
McCarthy, Bernard J., PFC
McCarthy, Lloyd K., Pvt
McCarthy, Robert E., PFC
McCaslin, Milo N., Corp
McCaslin, Roy K., Pvt
McClanahan, Marvin R., Pvt
McClary, Charles R., PFC
McClintock, Robert W., PFC
McCloud, James I., PFC
McCluskey, William A., Sgt
McCollough, Harold E., PFC
McCollum, Harry E., PFC
McCombs, Edd, PFC
McConachie, Robert J., Pvt
McConnell, Andrew, Pvt
McConnell, Clarence H., PFC
McCormick, Gerald C., PFC
McCormick, Russell C., PFC
McCowan, James C., Pvt
McCown, Dorlan, Pvt
McCoy, Roy S., PFC
McCracken, Frank H., 1st Lt
McCue, James H., Pvt
McCulloch, Noble, PFC
McCulloch, Hugh L., Corp
McCullough, James E., PFC
McCusker, Jack, Sgt
McCutcheon, James A., Corp
McDaniel, Darvin C., Corp
McDaniel, Edward H., PFC
McDearmon, Glen C., Pvt
McDonald, Don R., PFC
McDonald, Frank B., PFC
McDonald, Gene L., PFC

McDonald, James, ACk
McDonnell, Leo T., PFC
McDonnell, Peter E., 1st Lt
McDonough, Thomas F., PFC
McDonough, Charles H., Pvt
McDougal, David S., Lt Col
McElvaine, Wilbur, Pvt
McFarland, Harold E., PFC
McFarland, Edward A., PFC
McGaver, Leon V., Pvt
McGettrick, Gerald J., PFC
McGonigle, William T., Corp
McGonigle, Joseph B., Pvt
McGrew, Warren N., Std2C
McGuire, James M., Pvt
McGuire, John J., PFC
McGuire, Robert J., Corp
McGuirk, Terence J., PFC
McGurer, Robert L., Corp
McHale, John J. W., Pvt
McHugh, Daniel L., Corp
McIntosh, Charles M., PFC
McKay, James A., PFC
McKee, Charles E., Pvt
McKelvey, Robert S., Pvt
McKenzie, John H. J., PFC
McKeon, Edward, Jr., Pvt
McKinley, Robert G., Sgt
McKinley, Ralph A., Corp
McKnight, Gordon J., PFC
McLachlan, Marvin W., Pvt
McLendon, William, Jr., PFC
McLeod, Maynard M., 2d Lt
McLin, John H., PFC
McLoskey, Leo J., Capt
McMillan, James E., Pvt
McMillan, Lawrence H., PFC
McNeel, David C., Sgt
McNeill, Raymond O., Pvt
McNerney, Michael H., PFC
McNulty, Edward A., Corp
McPherson, George A., 2d Lt
McQueen, Herbert C., Corp
McQuiston, Clare, PFC
McStine, Leon W., PlSgt
McTernan, William F., Corp
Mead, George H., Jr., 2d Lt
Meade, Riley G., PFC
Meaghi, Mario W., PFC
Mears, William J., Sgt
Medellin, Pedro C., Pvt
Medina, Aldo, PFC
Medina, Louis, PFC
Meinberg, Floyd M., PFC
Meisener, Merle E., Pvt
Melchiorre, Robert V., Corp
Mellace, Ernest J., Pvt
Mellins, Donald, PFC
Meloni, Albert, Pvt
Melville, John W., PFC
Menadue, Robert N., Pvt
Mendenhall, Phillip E., 2d Lt
Mentzinger, Robert, Capt
Mercer, Frank F., 2d Lt
Mercer, James W., PFC
Mercer, Joseph R., PFC

Merchant, William H., Pvt
Mercier, Arthur N., Pvt
Mercurio, Francis J., PFC
Meredith, Howard L., PFC
Merrill, Donald C., 1st Lt
Merritt, John T., Corp
Mestas, Alfred C., PFC
Metras, Albert, Pvt
Metzgar, Henry H., Pvt
Meyer, Albert F., PFC
Meyer, Carl H., Pvt
Meyer, Daniel E., PFC
Meyer, George M., Jr., PFC
Meyer, Gerhardt F., Corp
Meyer, Gordon S., 2d Lt
Meyer, Quentin, 1st Lt
Mezzacapa, Frank T., Pvt
Michael, Paul R., MarGun
Michaels, Edward W., PFC
Middlebrook, William S., PFC
Midworth, Arthur H., PFC
Mieczkowski, Stephen, PFC
Miglin, Charles W., Corp
Mihalco, John E., Jr., PFC
Miheilits, Ernest H., PFC
Mikes, Deno T., Pvt
Mikus, Barney S., PFC
Milam, Berle, PFC
Milam, James L., Jr., PFC
Milano, Patrick W., PFC
Milata, Joseph F., Pvt
Millard, Robert E., Pvt
Miller, Charles S., Corp
Miller, Clarence C., Pvt
Miller, Claude W., Corp
Miller, Cordell T., Corp
Miller, Doyle K., Pvt
Miller, Floyd, Jr., Corp
Miller, George M. S., Corp
Miller, Glenn R., PFC
Miller, Harvey U., PFC
Miller, Jack M., Capt
Miller, John L., Jr., Corp
Miller, John J., Corp
Miller, Lloyd L., 2d Lt
Miller, Melvin W., Pvt
Miller, Ralph M., PFC
Miller, Robert, Pvt
Miller, Russell L., Pvt
Miller, Thomas R., Pvt
Miller, William W., PFC
Miller, Willard C., Sgt
Millhausen, Francis J., PFC
Milligan, George D., PFC
Milliken, Noah, PFC
Mills, Roscoe D., PlSgt
Milne, John H., Jr., 2d Lt
Milton, Fred W., PFC
Minardi, Samuel J., PFC
Minke, Kenneth W., Pvt
Mirabal, Jose R., Pvt
Miscavage, John, Jr., Corp
Mitchel, Alan W., PFC
Mitchell, Francis M., Pvt
Mitchell, George B., PFC
Mitchell, Herbert T., PFC

Mitchell, Joseph, GySgt
Mlinarik, Peter, Sgt
Moak, David E., GySgt
Moden, Leeroy H., PFC
Moehle, Carl W., Pvt
Moffi, Arthur J., Corp
Moffitt, Sylvester G., PFC
Moise, Cicero D., PFC
Molberg, Dale S., PFC
Molden, Ashby L., Pvt
Monaco, John, Pvt
Monarch, Charles R., Sgt
Mondak, Joseph, PFC
Mondry, Bernard A., PFC
Montgomery, Hobart, PFC
Montgomery, Robert A., Sgt
Montoya, Pedro, Pvt
Mooney, Joseph H., PFC
Moore, Alden F., PFC
Moore, Charles A., Sgt
Moore, Chester E., Jr., PFC
Moore, Garland, PlSgt
Moore, James A., PFC
Moore, Kenneth M., PFC
Moore, Richard A., PFC
Moore, Roland L., ACk
Moore, Troy D., PFC
Moore, William G., PFC
Moore, William T., PFC
Moore, William F., PFC
Moose, Garry L., PFC
Moran, Francis J., Pvt
Moran, Pete T., PFC
Morgan, Avon E., Corp
Morgan, Charles G., Sgt
Morgan, Clarence R., PFC
Morgan, Clay R., Pvt
Morgan, Frank E., PFC
Morgan, James H., PFC
Morgan, Jerome J., Corp
Morgan, Ralph, PFC
Morgan, Winsel P., PFC
Mork, John L., PFC
Morphet, John T., Pvt
Morris, Jack, PFC
Morris, Joseph F., PFC
Morrison, James T., PFC
Morrissey, Alfred G., Pvt
Morrissey, Harry C., PFC
Morrone, Joseph A., Corp
Morrow, William H., Pvt
Mosca, Generoso, PFC
Moser, Eugene F., PFC
Moser, Herbert A., PFC
Mosher, Calvin R., Corp
Motley, Hubert, Sgt
Mott, Garner W., PFC
Motyka, Edward, 1st Sgt
Mountz, Wilbur K., Corp
Moyer, Charles O., Capt
Moyer, Robert R., Pvt
Mreen, David R. F., PFC
Mudd, William F. J., PFC
Mueller, Raymond W., 1st Lt
Muir, Samuel M., PFC
Muldoon, Joseph M., PFC

Mulkey, Horace W., PFC
Mullins, Rollen, PFC
Mulvey, Leo F., PFC
Mulvihill, James F., PFC
Mumford, Paige R., Pvt
Mundschenk, Ralph E., Pvt
Munroe, Richard P., 2d Lt
Murphy, D. M., Corp
Murphy, Edward L., PFC
Murphy, Floyd L., Corp
Murphy, Jonathan T., PFC
Murphy, Vincent J., PFC
Murray, Eugene L., Pvt
Murray, John D., Pvt
Murray, Kenneth L., PFC
Murray, Robert A., PFC
Murther, Alfred J., PFC
Musick, Vern I., Sr., Pvt
Myers, Earl R., PFC
Myers, Earl E., Corp
Myers, John H., Jr., Pvt
Myers, Lawrence C., Corp

Nabors, Jesse C., PFC
Nadeau, Brandon A., Corp
Nadeau, Joseph R., PFC
Nagler, Richard D., PFC
Narkon, Stanley, Corp
Nasternak, Stanley A., PFC
Naundorf, Ralph L., Pvt
Navisky, Peter P., PFC
Nayler, Robert E., PFC
Neal, Emmit L.. PFC
Neal, Hugh, PFC
Nease, Howard E., Corp
Nedbeck, Arthur, Pvt
Nee, Michael F., Pvt
Neff, Mack C., Corp
Nelson, Claude E. J., PFC
Nelson, Edward C., PFC
Nelson, Harold J., PFC
Nelson, Victor L., Pvt
Nelson, William, PFC
Nemeth, Julius, Pvt
Nemetz, Frank, Jr., PFC
Nerad, Edward J., PFC
Neroda, Paul, Sgt
Nessan, Clayton E., Pvt
Nethington, Lynn P., Pvt
Neuendorf, Raymond W., PFC
Neuhardt, William P., Pvt
Neujahr, Warren D., PFC
Neumann, George L., Pvt
Nevins, John P., Capt
New, John D., PFC
Newbigging, John M., PFC
Newman, Jesse A., Pvt
Newstrom, John H., PFC
Newton, Carl, Jr., Corp
Niader, William Y., Pvt
Nichols, Benjamin O., PFC
Nicholson, Harold C., Corp
Nickel, Thomas F., Pvt
Nickerson, Roy A., PFC
Nidey, Keith E., PFC
Nielsen, Roy G., Pvt
Niemi, Wallace E., PFC
Nisonoff, Bernard, StfSgt
Nitche, James J., PFC
Nittinger, Charles A., Sgt
Nixon, William J., Jr., PFC
Noble, James D., Pvt
Nock, Vernon J., Pvt
Nolasco, Leonard S., Pvt
Noli, Mickie R., PFC
Noriega, Albert R., Corp
Norman, George H., Corp
Norris, James L., Corp
Norval, Richard M., PFC
Novak, Joseph M., PFC
Novak, Leonard T., PFC
Novak, Thomas A., Pvt
Nugent, Joseph E., PFC
Nunez, Daniel P., Jr., Pvt

O'Brad, John J., PFC
O'Briant, Edward L., Corp
O'Brien, Daniel J., PFC
O'Brien, Daniel F., Pvt
O'Brien, James M., Corp
O'Dell, William H. J., Corp
O'Donnell, James E., 2d Lt
O'Grady, John A., PFC
O'Hara, William J., PFC
O'Kelley, Guy T., PFC
O'Neal, Byron K., PFC
O'Neill, James H., Corp
O'Neill, Melvin L., Corp
O'Rorke, Andrew W., 1st Lt
O'Rourke, Albert, Sgt
O'Rourke, Edward J., PFC
Oesterreicher, Thomas C., Corp
Oge, Robert J., PFC
Ognian, David L., PFC
Olafson, Robert E., Corp
Oliphant, Gomer F., Pvt
Oliver, Carl F., PFC
Oliver, Joseph D., Pvt
Oliveri, John J., Sgt
Olmstead, Joseph H., PFC
Olmstead, Wallace K., 1st Lt
Olofsson, Knute H., PFC
Olson, Lawrence I., Pvt
Ontiveros, Ernest H., Pvt
Ontiveros, Jess C., PFC
Opliger, Harold W., PFC
Ordoquihandy, Felix F., Corp
Orlando, Joseph, Pvt
Orona, Robert R., PFC
Orr, Philbin R., Jr., Pvt
Ortega, Jose S., Pvt
Osborne, Floyd, PFC
O'Shaughenessy, Jeremiah, PFC
Ostoff, Roy J., Pvt
Oswald, Robert J., Jr., Sgt
Oswalt, Robert B., PFC
Otahal, Frank J., Corp
Outcelt, Keith L., Pvt
Outwater, Stanley S., 2d Lt
Overhulser, Harold E., PFC
Overstreet, Everett M., Corp
Owen, Joe H., Jr., PFC
Owens, John T., PFC
Owens, John O., PFC

Packanik, Walter, PFC
Pagliocca, Ralph A., PFC
Paine, Robert I., Pvt
Painter, Alvin E., PFC
Palach, Robert M., PFC
Palmore, James K., PFC
Panarisi, Frank J., Pvt
Pandolfi, Baigio O., PFC
Panetta, Dominic, Corp
Pangonis, Joseph, Jr., PFC
Panoske, Charles R., PFC
Papenheim, Henry D., PFC
Papineau, John B., PFC
Pappano, Louis V., PFC
Pappas, Charles J., ACk
Pappas, John G., PFC
Parana, Stephen J., Pvt
Pardee, Charles R., Corp
Paredes, Francisco E., Pvt
Parent, Jerry P., Pvt
Parish, Gus, Jr., Pvt
Parizo, Viron W., PFC
Park, Thomas E., PFC
Parker, Jesse C., Pvt
Parker, John P., Pvt
Parker, Norman S., Pvt
Parks, William F., PFC
Partain, Franklin L., PlSgt
Parth, Arthur C., PFC
Patrick, Robert F., PFC
Patterson, James M., PFC
Pauline, Walter W., Sgt
Paull, Richard C., Pvt
Paullins, William R., PFC
Paun, Anthony N., PFC
Pavlick, Walter J., PFC
Pavlik, Leroy J., Pvt
Pawlowski, Joseph A., PFC
Payne, Calvin R., PFC
Payne, Charles E., Corp
Peabody, William, PFC
Pearson, William, Pvt
Peate, Jack B., Corp
Peck, Earl C., Jr., Sgt
Peddy, Clyde E., Pvt
Pederson, Albert L., PFC
Pederson, Perry E., PFC
Peery, Charles W., CCk
Pelletier, Conrad J., PFC
Pelletier, Robert D., PFC
Pencylean, Orrin C., Pvt
Pereira, Pat R., Jr., Corp
Pergamo, Paul A., Sgt
Perine, Irving V. G., 2d Lt
Perkins, Keith, Sgt
Perkins, Kenneth F., Pvt
Perkins, Ray G., PFC
Perkoski, Walter A., PFC
Perry, Alfred R., PFC
Perry, Thomas, PFC
Pers, Gordon R., Pvt
Peterman, Robert E., Pvt
Peters, Joseph B., PFC
Petersen, Frederick L., PFC
Petersen, Robert L., Pvt
Peterson, Bernard G., PFC
Peterson, Emery L., PFC
Peterson, Robert L., Pvt
Petillo, Joseph J., PFC
Petkovich, Daniel, PFC
Petkovich, Mike M., Corp
Petraco, Edgar, Pvt
Petraitis, Francis P., PFC
Petrowski, Edwin E., PFC
Petrucci, Paul, PFC
Petry, Donald C., PFC
Pettit, Wade F., Pvt
Pettitt, Ralph J., PFC
Pettus, James R., PFC
Phelps, Earnest R., PFC
Phelps, Raymond H., PFC
Phelps, Wesley, PFC
Pherigo, Shannon B., PFC
Phernetton, Leland L., PFC
Philips, Billie H., PFC
Phillips, Arnold P., PFC
Phillips, Erwin E., PFC
Phillips, Harold, Jr., PFC
Phillips, Jesse L., PFC
Phillips, Louis, PFC
Phillips, Ralph, GySgt
Phillips, Richard B., Pvt
Phillips, Richard C., Corp
Phillips, Robert D., PFC
Phillips, Thomas W., Pvt
Piaseczny, William L., Corp
Picard, Arthur J., Pvt
Pick, George D., Pvt
Piegdon, Leopold T., Sgt
Pierce, Edward E., PFC
Pierce, Fred A., PFC
Pierce, Raymond B., Pvt
Pierce, Warren J., Pvt
Pietras, Walter J., PFC
Pietrzak, Melvin D., PFC
Pike, Charlie E., PFC
Pike, Fulton S., Corp
Pilant, Thomas A., PFC
Pilleri, Thomas S., PFC
Pimentel, Manuel J., Corp
Pinder, Harold O., Sgt
Pineda, Elias, Pvt
Pirrello, Sam, Pvt
Piscitelli, William F., PFC
Piser, Jordon, PFC
Pitman, Dwight T., PFC
Pittenger, Donald E., Pvt
Pitts, Oliver E., Sgt
Pitts, William S., PFC
Plomondon, Paul A., PFC
Poe, John J., Corp
Polakowski, Casimir R., PlSgt
Polin, Marvin H., Capt
Pollard, Theodore N., Pvt
Pollinger, Mike, Corp
Pollock, Austin W., Pvt
Pollock, J. B., PFC
Pollock, William H., Pvt
Polonski, Stephen J., PFC

Polster, George H., Corp
Poltrack, Francis J., Sgt
Pope, Bill N., Pvt
Popeo, Gerald A., Pvt
Popkin, Arthur G., Pvt
Porcher, Norman W., PFC
Porenta, Richard D., PFC
Porrett, Ralph H., PFC
Porter, Allen W., Pvt
Porter, Dale W., PFC
Porter, James F., PFC
Porter, Joseph R., PFC
Porterfield, Hubert H., Corp
Posey, Robert A., Corp
Potocki, Theodore A., Pvt
Potter, Francis, PFC
Potter, John R., PFC
Potter, Malcolm L., Pvt
Potts, Albert C., 1st Sgt
Potts, John D., PFC
Powell, Anthony J., Pvt
Powell, David B., PFC
Powell, Richard L., Corp
Powers, John F., Corp
Powers, Robert F., PFC
Praetorius, George O., Corp
Pranzo, Dominick, Pvt
Pratt, Milton C., Corp
Pratt, Paul E., PFC
Pratzel, Irvin S., PFC
Prescott, William M., FM1c
Pressler, Charles N., Corp
Pressley, Vance M., Pvt
Pressly, Burnis P., Corp
Price, Hobert T., PFC
Price, John W., PFC
Price, Luke S., Pvt
Price, Nathaniel G., PFC
Price, Thurman W. J., Corp
Pritchard, William D., PFC
Proffitt, Cass T., PFC
Profit, Jake, Jr., Pvt
Prosek, Gilbert G., PFC
Pruski, Ervin A., Corp
Pucello, Eddio V., PFC
Puckett, Orville J., PFC
Pugliese, Joseph J., PFC
Pumroy, Howard D., PlSgt
Purefoy, Royce L., PFC
Pusateri, Santo E., PFC
Pushard, John P., Pvt
Pushnick, Louis, PFC
Putorti, Tony J., Pvt
Pyle, Clifford A., PFC

Queener, Eugene C., Pvt
Querbes, James, PFC
Quigley, John J., PlSgt
Quinlan, Daniel E., Sgt
Quinn, Charles D., Corp
Quinn, James H., PFC
Quist, Kenneth G., PFC

Raby, Ralph W., Pvt
Racciato, John, Sgt
Rackov, Milos M., PFC
Radcliffe, Robert R., PFC
Rado, Daniel J., Corp
Radomski, Bernard S., Corp
Ragan, Kenneth L., PFC
Raht, Theodore E., Corp
Raines, Harold E., PFC
Rakowski, Edwin D., PFC
Rakushin, Joseph, PFC
Raleigh, Joseph B., PFC
Ralph, Donald L., PFC
Ralston, Robert L., Pvt
Rambo, George T., PFC
Ramirez, Alfonso C., PFC
Ramp, Robert E., Corp
Ramsak, Joseph, Pvt
Ramsey, Lawrence W., PFC
Ramsier, Phillip E., PFC
Randall, Rockland J., PFC
Rapala, Richard S., PFC
Ratcliffe, Paul P., Pvt
Rathbun, Robert C., Corp
Ratliff, Bart J., Pvt
Ratzow, Richard L., Corp
Rausch, Carl A., Jr., PFC
Ravey, Henry, Corp
Ray, Harry G., PFC
Ray, Raymond F., PFC
Rayburn, Fritz W., Corp
Raykovitz, Raymond M., Corp
Raymond, George G., PFC
Raymond, Harold D., Corp
Read, James U., PFC
Reardon, James J., Corp
Rebstock, Lucas, Corp
Reckner, Robert E., PFC
Reckus, William F., 1st Lt
Reding, Bernard O., Pvt
Redman, Gerald E., PFC
Reed, Clyde S., PFC
Reed, John A., PFC
Reed, Thomas W., Corp
Reed, Wallace A., PFC
Reed, Wayne A., PFC
Reese, Philip R., PFC
Reeser, Leon C., Corp
Reeves, Warren, Jr., Sgt
Reich, Roy, Jr., PFC
Reid, Herbert S., Pvt
Reindel, John W., PFC
Remenaric, George L., PFC
Rencsok, William, Sgt
Renquist, Jack L., Pvt
Renson, Leroy A., PFC
Rentz, Lonnie L., Pvt
Renye, Buckley W., PFC
Resser, Stephen P., Corp
Retzloff, Allen B., Pvt
Reynolds, Charles E., Corp
Reynolds, Clyde O., PFC
Reynolds, James B., Corp
Reynolds, Leroy, PFC
Reynolds, Robert B., PFC
Reynolds, Terrence J., PFC
Reynolds, Walter C., Pvt
Reynolds, William G., Pvt
Rhoades, William W., Corp
Rhoads, Arthur C., PlSgt
Rhodes, Luther L., PFC
Rhyne, James L., Corp
Rice, Ambrose I., PFC
Rice, Jack V., PFC
Rice, Joe E., PFC
Rice, Kenneth O., Pvt
Rice, Leslie L., PFC
Rice, Lymon D., PFC
Rice, Stanley R., ACk
Richards, Clifton E., PFC
Richards, Eugene A., Corp
Richards, James D., Pvt
Richards, Richard R., 1st Lt
Richards, Russell J., PFC
Richards, Walter G., PFC
Richardson, Henry H., Pvt
Richardson, Paul Y., PFC
Richardt, Leon C., Sgt
Richey, Sam G., PlSgt
Richter, Raymond R., Pvt
Rickert, Joseph, PlSgt
Ricketts, Edward J., Pvt
Rickles, Ray, PFC
Ricks, Robert D., PFC
Riddle, John C., Sgt
Riddle, William P., Sgt
Riemenschneider, George, PFC
Riewerts, Martin A., PFC
Rigby, Frederick R., PFC
Rigney, Thomas P., GySgt
Riley, James A., PFC
Riley, Joseph F., Pvt
Rimel, Raymond T., PFC
Ring, Timothy J., PFC
Ringer, Carl J., PFC
Ringer, Wilfred H., Capt
Rios, Albert C., Pvt
Rios, Raymond R., PFC
Rippee, Burl H., Pvt
Ripple, William F., 2d Lt
Riskey, Robert E., Pvt
Ritsema, Peter M., Corp
Ritter, Harry H., Jr., Sgt
Ritter, Kenneth E., PFC
Rivers, John, Pvt
Rizzo, Rosario, Sgt
Roach, James W., Corp
Roan, Charles H., PFC
Roark, Edward F., 2d Lt
Robarts, Lewis R., Pvt
Robberson, Ray J., WO
Robbins, Arthur D., 1st Lt
Roberson, Wesley F., Corp
Roberts, Charles W., PFC
Roberts, Edwin T., Corp
Roberts, Francis L., Pvt
Roberts, Gilbert E., PFC
Roberts, Raymond F., Pvt
Roberts, Roy C., 1st Lt
Roberts, Willard W., PFC
Robertson, Arthur N., Corp
Robichaud, Joseph W., Pvt
Robinette, Joe E., PFC
Robinson, Claude M., PFC
Robinson, Jack C., PFC
Robinson, Tommie C., Pvt
Robinson, William C., PFC
Robison, Floyd C., Jr., PFC
Robison, Murray C., PFC
Rock, John C., Pvt
Rodenberger, Irving D., PFC
Rodican, John P., Corp
Rodriguez, Julio B., PFC
Roesch, Walter E., Sgt
Rogers, Armiger C., PFC
Rogers, Aubrey J., Corp
Rogers, James H., PFC
Rogers, John, PFC
Rogers, John B., PFC
Rogers, Otho L., Maj
Rogers, Ted J., PFC
Rogers, Vincent P., PFC
Rogers, William H., PFC
Rokosz, Henry, PFC
Rokus, Joseph, Pvt
Rollac, Austin T., Pvt
Roman, Harold J., Pvt
Romo, Robert, 1st Lt
Ronaghan, James P., Corp
Ronci, Armand A., PFC
Roof, Walter A., PFC
Roop, John P., Sgt
Rosalik, Raymond A., PFC
Rose, Harold E., PFC
Rosenkrans, Fortune O., Corp
Rosenthal, Irwin L., PFC
Rosier, John R., PFC
Roske, Vernon R., PFC
Ross, Clyde M., Jr., Corp
Rosser, Clarence C., Corp
Rost, John J., PFC
Rouleau, Alfred R., Pvt
Rountree, Benjamin C., PFC
Rouse, Donald G., Corp
Roush, Robert H., Pvt
Rowan, Norbert C., Sgt
Rowe, Charmning W., Pvt
Rowe, Samuel G., PFC
Rowland, Wiley F., Pvt
Rowlett, Stanley C., PFC
Roy, Ernest P., Pvt
Royer, Donald L., PFC
Royle, Marley L., PFC
Rozga, Walter J., Corp
Ruane, Laurence S., PFC
Rubinetti, John J., PFC
Rucker, Henry V., Corp
Ruehl, Robert J., Pvt
Ruff, Harold A., Corp
Rumford, John J., Corp
Rush, Harold W., PlSgt
Rushing, James F., Pvt
Russell, Edgar E., Pvt
Russell, Burnes D., PlSgt
Russell, Earle L. J., Corp
Russell, Harry H., PFC
Russell, Lavern O., Pvt
Russell, Lawrence J., PFC
Russell, Ralph G., Corp
Rust, William A., PFC
Ruszat, Werner, Corp

Ruta, Samuel R., Sgt
Ruth, Clifford M., Pvt
Ryals, Leon E., PFC
Ryan, Daniel, Sgt
Ryan, Francis D., Pvt
Ryan, Thomas J., Cor
Ryans, Bernie J., PFC
Ryberg, Earl T. J., PFC
Ryzner, Henry J., PFC

Sabatino, Charles, PFC
Sable, Robert E., PFC
Sacco, Dominic J., Corp
Sacksteder, George F., PFC
Sahagian, Edward, Pvt
Sailors, Edward H., PFC
Sako, Walfred W., Pvt
Salassi, John E., Pvt
Salge, Wilbur O., PFC
Sallade, Robert V., PFC
Salmon, William J., Corp
Salomonson, Stanley V., Corp
Salt, Leroy B., PFC
Salvage, Joseph, PFC
Salyers, Thomas J., PFC
Sampson, Elmer P., PFC
Sampson, Sanford O., Pvt
Sanders, Raymond E., PFC
Sanders, Verbon C., PFC
Sanderson, Robert W., Pvt
Sandick, Irwin, Pvt
Sandy, Donald J., Pvt
Sanford, Eugene W., PFC
Sanguedolce, Silvio, Sgt
Santangelo, Angelo R., PFC
Santiago, Frank G., PFC
Santone, Michael R., PFC
Saperstein, Samuel, 2d Lt
Sargeant, Robert L., Pvt
Sargent, Donald R., PFC
Sargent, Leslie C., Corp
Sassano, Anthony J., Pvt
Saternos, Stephen S., PFC
Satterwhite, James A., Sgt
Sauer, Paul J., Pvt
Saunders, Cecil H., PFC
Sawyer, Donald C., Corp
Saxler, Robert J., Pvt
Sayre, James W., PFC
Scarrone, Armando J., Pvt
Scaturio, Joseph P., PFC
Schaeperkoetter, Delber, PFC
Schafer, Louis L., Corp
Schall, Richard V., 2d Lt
Schalles, Henry F., Pvt
Schantz, Robert E., Pvt
Schantzenbach, Norman R., Sgt
Schatz, James L., Jr., PFC
Scheffler, Norvin H., Pvt
Scheible, Joseph R., Pvt
Scheid, John E., PFC
Schell, Joseph E., PFC
Scherf, David D., PFC
Schiavo, Carmen A., ACk
Schmid, Thomas E., Sgt
Schmidt, Merrill F., PFC
Schmidt, Ross W., Corp
Schneider, Kenneth C., PFC
Schnorf, John F., Pvt
Schoonover, Ezra R., PFC
Schramm, Martin, PFC
Schreiner, William E., PFC
Schreur, Gerald J., PFC
Schubert, Max W., PFC
Schue, Frank J., PFC
Schuler, Calvin L., Pvt
Schuler, Larry J., PFC
Schwab, Albert E., PFC
Schwartz, Leon L., Sgt
Schwarzer, Albert H., PFC
Scott, Clinton L., PFC
Scott, Donald L., Pvt
Scott, Howard C., PFC
Scott, Milton L., Corp
Scott, Nelson R., PFC
Scott, Sam H., PFC
Scott, William H., Pvt
Scruggs, Clarence L., PFC
Seaman, John H., PFC
Searles, Warren W., PFC
Sebastian, Guy J., Sgt
Secor, Frederick L., Pvt
Secrest, Langdon R., Corp
Seer, Andrew M., Pvt
Sefcik, David R., Pvt
Seiden, Bernard, PFC
Seiff, Murray, PFC
Seipel, Richard A., Pvt
Seiverling, William F., Pvt
Self, Milton E., Corp
Sellers, Roy J., PFC
Serdula, Stephen, Corp
Serna, Manuel, PFC
Sessions, Gordon L., Pvt
Seymour, Joseph J., Pvt
Shaffer, Floyd R., Sgt
Shaffner, Orris W., PFC
Shaffner, Walter F., 1st Lt
Shalou, Lee A., PFC
Shanley, James V., Capt
Shannon, Bernard E., Sgt
Sharp, Ray B., Pvt
Sharp, Reece E., PFC
Sharp, Walter C., PFC
Sharpe, John F., Pvt
Shaver, Robert E., FldCk
Shaw, Harry, Jr., PFC
Shawn, Charles D., Corp
Shawn, Joseph W., 2d Lt
Sheehan, Carl L., PFC
Sheehan, Joseph D., Sgt
Sheffer, Jack L., PFC
Shelmon, Donald M., Corp
Shelton, Herman L., PFC
Sheridan, Harold J., GySgt
Sherwin, Jesse F., PFC
Shewmake, Wesley A., PFC
Shields, Jack L., PFC
Shinko, Rudolph E., PFC
Shipley, Maynard E., Pvt
Shirley, Charles W., 2d Lt
Shishgal, Morton W., PFC
Shockley, Riley D., Pvt
Shoemaker, Claude D., Pvt
Shriner, Gale C., Pvt
Shull, Samuel R., 2d Lt
Shumaker, Nathan V., PFC
Shumate, James E. R., PFC
Shunk, Emmett E., Jr., StfSgt
Shutak, Steve, Pvt
Shute, David G., Pvt
Shutt, Charles J. J., Pvt
Sickman, John H., Pvt
Sicoli, Frank, PFC
Signoretta, Dominic J., Corp
Sikitka, Stephen, PFC
Silva, Manuel, PFC
Silver, John L., Corp
Silvia, Anthony J., PFC
Silzle, Elmer H., Jr., Sgt
Simmers, Raymond E., PFC
Simmonds, Wesley P., PFC
Simmons, Donald J., Sgt
Simmons, Earl, Sgt
Simmons, Harold A., Pvt
Simon, Samuel T., Pvt
Simone, William P., PFC
Simons, Johnnie C., PFC
Simons, Leslie J., Pvt
Simpkins, Adrian C., Corp
Simpson, Richard W., PFC
Sinclair, Richard B., Pvt
Singer, Tom, PFC
Singleton, Richard V., PFC
Siragusa, Louis C., Pvt
Sirovatka, William J., PFC
Sissel, Ambrose, Pvt
Skarjune, Edward A., Pvt
Skaugen, Harvey J., StfSgt
Skelton, Howard D., Sgt
Skiendzoir, Edwin B., PFC
Skinner, Edward C., PlSgt
Skurr, Leslie J., PFC
Slater, Paul M., Pvt
Slayton, George M., Corp
Sloan, Edward J., PFC
Smallwood, Roy, Sgt
Smith, Gerard F., Pvt
Smith, Albert E., Jr., PFC
Smith, Alexander, PFC
Smith, Arthur E., Corp
Smith, Brandar C., Sgt
Smith, Buddy, Pvt
Smith, Calvin R., Corp
Smith, Charles L., PlSgt
Smith, Clark L., Corp
Smith, Donald N., Pvt
Smith, Doyle M., Corp
Smith, Edgar C., PFC
Smith, Edward L., Jr., Pvt
Smith, Edward F., PFC
Smith, Emmett A., Corp
Smith, Eugene M., Sgt
Smith, Francis W., Corp
Smith, Frederick A., PFC
Smith, George T., PFC
Smith, Guy H., PFC
Smith, Henry E., Sr., Pvt
Smith, Hollis E., Pvt
Smith, Isaac D., Corp
Smith, James E., GySg
Smith, James H., PFC
Smith, James T., PFC
Smith, Joseph F., PFC
Smith, Lester I., PFC
Smith, Louis A., PFC
Smith, Paul S., PFC
Smith, Ralph E., Pvt
Smith, Raymond P., Corp
Smith, Raymond A., PFC
Smith, Richard D., PFC
Smith, Robert C., PFC
Smith, Robert L., PFC
Smith, Robert S., Sgt
Smith, Robert L., Corp
Smith, Russell R., Corp
Smith, Seraphine B., Pvt
Smith, Sheridan J., PFC
Smith, Vernon L., Sgt
Smith, Walter C., PFC
Smith, Warren R., PFC
Smith, Wilburn R., Pvt
Smith, Willard, Pvt
Smith, William C., Pvt
Smith, William J., Jr., PFC
Smith, William L., Corp
Smits, John, Corp
Smolnicky, Michael, PFC
Smythers, Roland P., Sgt
Snakeman, Raymond, Pvt
Snodgrass, James A., PFC
Snodgress, Everett L., Corp
Socia, Earl F., Sgt
Sokolowski, Stanley R., PFC
Solbric, Oswald W., Pvt
Sollars, Donald E., Pvt
Sonnenberg, Eugene H., Corp
Sonz, Richard L., Pvt
South, Joe L., PFC
Souvey, Gordon N., PFC
Souza, Candido D., Sgt
Sozek, Henry M., Corp
Sparks, Joseph L., Pvt
Speaks, Ralph E., PFC
Speciale, Salvatore C., PFC
Speed, Harold C. J., PFC
Speicher, Elmer L., PFC
Spell, Rhynette A., MGySgt
Spens, Norman, PFC
Sperandeo, Matthew J., PFC
Spillane, Robert W., Sgt
Spindler, Richard F., 2d Lt
Spivak, Louis M., PFC
Sprague, Dorr I., PFC
Spross, Ben H., Jr., Sgt
Spurlock, Dallas, Sgt
Srack, Robert W., Pvt
St. Charles, James J., PFC
St. Saviour, Anthony J., PFC
Stachecki, Thomas, Corp
Stackpole, Gerald B., GySgt
Stadler, Ralph H., 2d Lt
Stafford, Ben L., Pvt
Stagg, William H. J., Pvt

Stalnaker, Louis L., Pvt
Stamper, Jack A., PFC
Stanfill, Robert J., Sgt
Stankevich, Charles J., Pvt
Staples, Clarence M., Pvt
Staples, Norval, PFC
Stapp, Hugh S., Pvt
Stark, Charles D., Corp
Stark, Jerome J., 1st Sgt
Starr, Lewis O., Corp
Stasulli, John M., 2d Lt
Staten, Lawrence E., Pvt
Stauffer, David A. J., Sgt
Stavers, Stephen, Capt
Stawiarski, Frank J., PFC
Stay, Walter B., PFC
Steele, Archie P., Pvt
Steele, Donald H., PFC
Steele, John W. J., PFC
Steele, Ronald L., Corp
Steelman, Elton L., PFC
Steen, William J., Sgt
Steenstrup, Woodrow R., PFC
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Steill, Gerry J., Jr., Pvt
Steinaker, Donald B., PFC
Stenhoff, Glenn D., PFC
Stembridge, James W., PFC
Stencel, Aloysius, PFC
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Sterbenz, Robert J., PFC
Sterling, Barney, Corp
Sterling, Edward B., Pvt
Sterno, Charles A., PFC
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Stevens, Robert E., PFC
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Stevenson, Leo C., PFC
Steward, Wayne E., PFC
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Stewart, Gordon R., Pvt
Stewart, Jack W., Pvt
Stewart, John M., PFC
Stichter, Harry E., Corp
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Stieferman, William A., Pvt
Still, Richard L., PFC
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Stilwell, John V., Corp
Stinnett, George T., Corp
Stinnett, Ivan O., PFC
Stinnett, Julian C., Sgt
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Stitt, Richard A., PFC
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Stocking, George M., PFC
Stocking, Kenneth E., PFC
Stoklosa, Peter H., Pvt
Stone, Carl L., PFC
Stone, Isaiah D., Sgt
Storm, Charles P., Jr., Corp
Stosilavage, George T., Corp
Stout, Cecil C., Corp
Strand, Walter H., Sgt
Strandvold, William A., Pvt
Strandwitz, John T., 2d Lt
Strasser, Lawrence C., Pvt
Strausser, Palmer F., PFC
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Streich, Eldon W., Corp
Strickland, Hugh G., PFC
Strickland, John W., Corp
Strickland, Alvie B., Pvt
Stringham, Charles R., PFC
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Strugarek, Richard L., 1st Lt
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Student, Emil S., Pvt
Stump, John W., PFC
Stumpf, Edward A., PFC
Stupfel, Philip J., PFC
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Sullivan, Frederick F., PFC
Sullivan, James W., 1st Lt
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Susinka, Edward, PFC
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Sutphin, Elmer W., Maj
Sutton, Emery C., PFC
Sutton, Robert L., Pvt
Sutton, William H., Pvt
Sviatoha, Charles, PFC
Swaney, Jack W., Sgt
Swart, Harland P. J., Sgt
Swartzentruber, David L., Pvt
Sweany, Albert E., Corp
Sweeney, Bernard J., Pvt
Sweeney, Daniel D., Corp
Sweeney, Patrick J., Pvt
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Swimm, Marshall F., PFC
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Symes, James H., Jr., PFC
Syverson, Vernon M., Corp
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Talamantez, Maximiliano, Pvt
Talbot, Harrison A., PFC
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Tancredi, Thomas A., PFC
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Tarr, Harry H., PFC
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Tatum, Robert O., PFC
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Taylor, Donald A., PFC
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Taylor, McKinley B., Pvt
Taylor, Murrell D., PFC
Taylor, Rex O., Pvt
Taylor, Richard R., Pvt
Tefertiller, George E., Pvt
Templain, Gillispie J., Pvt
Temple, James C., PFC
Tenbarge, Alvin J., Corp
Terzi, Joseph A., Capt
Teskevich, John E., Corp
Theobald, William C., PFC
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Thomas, Ernie O., PFC
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Thomas, Leonard A., PFC
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Thomas, William R., PFC
Thomas, William J., Corp
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Thompson, Caswell B., Pvt
Thompson, Douglas T., PFC
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Thompson, James B., PFC
Thompson, Lester O., GySgt
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Thompson, Norman E., Sgt
Thompson, Oscar A., Pvt
Thompson, Richard S., PFC
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Thornock, Ross L., PFC
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Thresher, Earl O., PFC
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Tipton, Calvin, Pvt
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Tomlinson, Robert W., Corp
Tompkins, Robert W., Corp
Tooker, Lawrence A., Pvt
Toth, John J., PFC
Tracy, Harris P., PFC
Traw, London L., PlSgt
Trgovac, Edward P., PFC
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Trotter, John A., PFC
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Trowbridge, George W., Pvt
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Tsosie, Harry, PFC
Tucker, Julius S., PFC
Tuite, Alan J., Pvt
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Tull, Joseph A., Corp
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Turner, Robert W., PFC
Turner, William W., Pvt
Turnham, Alva L., Pvt
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Tyree, Jay J., PFC

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Underwood, Edward E., PFC
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Urban, Herman H., Pvt
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Utter, Richard J., 1st Lt

Vaden, Carl W., PFC
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Van Ness, Benjamin E., PFC
Van Norman, Lyle, PFC
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Vandenborre, Elroy J., Corp
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Vanderhorst, Robert D., 2d Lt
Vanjo, Stephen T., PFC
Varden, Leighton C., PFC
Varga, Bela, Pvt

Vargo, Edward, PFC
Vargo, Joseph, PFC
Vasilakos, Stratis C., PFC
Vasquez, Donald E., Pvt
Vavrek, John, Jr., PFC
Vega, John, PFC
Ver Steegt, Vernon E., Corp
Verga, Louis E., PFC
Vermeer, Marion B., PFC
Via, Teddy L., Corp
Vignovich, Samuel, Pvt
Vogel, Norman R. D., Pvt
Volpe, Joseph, Corp
Volway, Clyde, Pvt
Vonkohn, Harry B., Sgt
Vono, Mario L., PFC
Vosefski, Edmund A., PFC

Wabers, Hubert H., PFC
Wade, James D., PFC
Wagner, Dean E., Corp
Wagner, John R., Pvt
Wagner, Robert M., Pvt
Wagner, Robert M., PFC
Walcott, Albert M., PFC
Waldersee, Henry, Jr., Sgt
Waldrep, Calvin E., PFC
Waldron, Charles H., Corp
Waldrop, William C., StfSgt
Walker, O'Neal, PFC
Walker, Russell, PlSgt
Walker, William H., PFC
Wall, Cecil L., Jr., Pvt
Wall, Van J., Corp
Wallace, Fred M., 1st Lt
Wallace, Robert B., Corp
Walsh, Patrick J., Pvt
Walter, Blaine G., PFC
Walter, David R., Pvt
Walters, James R., PFC
Walters, Richard J., PFC
Walton, Merritt C., PlSgt
Waltz, Forrest D., PFC
Wanamaker, John D., PFC
Ward, Albert A., PlSgt
Ward, Elbert W., Pvt
Ward, John J., Pvt
Ward, Lloyd E., PFC
Ward, Montgomery V., PFC
Wardlow, John C., Pvt
Warner, Charles M., PFC
Warner, Harry A., Sgt
Warren, Harold, PFC
Warren, Robert M., 1st Lt
Washer, Robert J., Pvt
Wasniewski, Mitchell F., Pvt
Wasserman, Sidney, 2d Lt
Waters, Jesse G., Pvt
Waterstraw, Christopher, PFC
Watrous, Walter G., Pvt
Watson, Claude E., PFC
Watson, David L., PFC
Watson, Rube, PFC
Weaber, George S., 2d Lt
Weaver, Harold M., PlSgt
Webb, Arthur T., PFC
Webb, Fred R., Corp
Webb, Tommie L., Sgt
Weber, William O., PFC
Webster, A. D., PFC
Weedon, George W. J., Corp
Wehr, Richard J., PFC
Wehrli, William B., 2d Lt
Weiland, George R., PFC
Weiner, Leo B., Corp
Weis, Paul, J., Jr., PFC
Weisbrod, Robert K., Pvt
Weisenbarger, George A., Corp
Weisenburger, Frederick, PFC
Weiss, Carl W., Sgt
Weiss, Edward J., PFC
Weiss., Lee, Jr., Pvt
Weithe, Harold E., Corp
Welch, Lealand C., Pvt
Wells, James R., Jr., Corp
Wells, Robert K., PFC
Wentz, William T., Pvt
Wenzel, Dean C., Corp
Werff, Antonie, Jr., PFC
Wernex, Raymond C., Corp
Werntz, Howard M. J., Corp
West, Orval E., PFC
Westberry, Raymond T., PFC
Westbrook, Leroy, PFC
Westbrook, Marion A., PFC
Westervelt, George C., Corp
Weyandt, Jacob E., Corp
Wheat, Thomas H. J., PFC
Wheeler, Carroll W., Corp
Wheeler, Jack M., 2d Lt
Wheeler, Jasper H., Pvt
Wheeler, Warren S., 1st Lt
Wheeler, William F., Corp
Whelan, Kenneth J., PFC
Whenry, Earl L., PFC
Whetzel, Russel F., PFC
Whitaker, Everett, PFC
Whitaker, Jay W., Jr., PFC
White, Alan S., PFC
White, Allen W., PFC
White, Edward D., Corp
White, George A., Jr., 2d Lt
White, Heyward L., PFC
White, James S., PFC
White, Kenneth L., PFC
White, Richard G., Corp
White, Thomas C., Pvt
Whitefield, William, Jr., Corp
Whitehead, Charles E., PFC
Whitfield, Acie W., PFC
Whitford, William R., Corp
Whitley, Lytle E., Jr., PFC
Whitt, Forest, PFC
Whittemore, Eugene H., PFC
Whittington, Dalton W., Pvt
Whittlesey, Frank R., Pvt
Whritenour, Sylvester J., PFC
Widseth, Joseph H., 1st Lt
Wiedenhofer, William F., Pvt
Wightman, Ray P., PFC
Wilbanks, John H., 1st Lt
Wilcoxen, Lewis L., Corp
Wiley, Frank W., Corp
Wilheit, Philip A., Capt
Wilkening, Donald J., PFC
Wilkerson, Leonard C., PFC
Wilkerson, William, Pvt
Wilkins, Howard R., Pvt
Wilkins, Kenneth W., Pvt
Willcox, Fred H., Sgt
Williams, Benjamin T., Pvt
Williams, Charles E., PFC
Williams, George A., Pvt
Williams, George J., Pvt
Williams, J. D., Corp
Williams, Jack E., Corp
Williams, Marshall B., Corp
Williams, Richard L., Pvt
Williams, William A., Corp
Williamson, Donald R., Corp
Willis, Lloyd W., Pvt
Willis, William F., PFC
Willy, Donald M., PFC
Wilson, Carl N., PFC
Wilson, Carroll R., 1st Lt
Wilson, George D., Pvt
Wilson, James B., PFC
Wilson, Jerome V., PFC
Wilson, John M., 1st Lt
Wilson, Robert C., Corp
Wilson, Seth, PFC
Windisch, Nicholas R., Sgt
Winius, Albert H., PlSgt
Winkel, Robert L., PFC
Winkle, Paul R., Pvt
Winslow, Norris J., PFC
Winsor, Andrew N., Corp
Winters, Francis G., Pvt
Wirth, Michael A., Pvt
Wise, Horace M., Sgt
Wiseman, James C., PFC
Wishnewski, John, Jr., Corp
Wlasiuk, William J., Sgt
Wojdyla, Edward J., Sgt
Wolf, Donald W., Sgt
Wolfe, George M. J., Corp
Wolvington, William H., Corp
Wood, Allan E., PFC
Wood, Charles B., PFC
Wood, Homer A., PFC
Wood, Jack S., PFC
Wood, Paul G., Pvt
Wood, Robert G., Corp
Woodel, Clarence C., PFC
Wooden, Herbert L., PFC
Woods, Joseph P., Pvt
Woodside, Neville H., Pvt
Woodward, Carlton, PFC
Woodworth, Henry D., 2d Lt
Woodyard, Wayland D., 2d Lt
Worley, Ray C., PFC
Worthen, Robert E., Corp
Worton, Buford T., PFC
Wright, Billy B., PFC
Wright, Oliver L., Pvt
Wrobleski, Stanley W., PFC
Wudarski, Henry A., Sgt
Wyatt, Harold G., Pvt
Wyka, Edward T., PFC
Wyland, Peter J., PFC

Yakey, Melvin D., Pvt
Yanuch, Alphonse F., Pvt
Yarbrough, Fred M., PFC
Yewell, Malcolm M., 1st Lt
Young, David J., Corp
Young, Harvey J., Jr., FldCk
Young, John M., Pvt
Young, Walter X., 1st Lt
Young, William J., CCk

Zachritz, Maurice F., PFC
Zagranis, Lawrence C., PFC
Zagury, Mortimer S., Corp
Zaharis, Christopher, PFC
Zahra, John F., PFC
Zamora, Orlando, Pvt
Zander, Richard W., PFC
Zappile, Carmen R., Corp
Zeran, Lyle J., Sr., ACk
Zesiger, Ivan L., PFC
Ziegler, William F., Pvt
Zimmerman, Donald W., PFC
Zirkle, Aiden A., Corp
Zook, Virgil D., Pvt
Zophy, James A., PFC
Zoslofsky, Sam, PFC
Zserdin, Frank N., Sgt
Zurcher, John H., Jr., PFC

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Akey, Norman D., HA1
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Atkins, Raymond N., HA1
Auerback, Edward H., PHM2
Aultman, Raymond J., HA1

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Bownik, Arthur D., HA1
Braren, Leslie M., Jr., HA1
Bridges, George W., PHM2
Brose, George E., SF2
Buchman, William F., HA2

Cabassa, Cesar G., HA1
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Carney, Cole J., PHM2

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Cheatham, James B., HA1
Clasgens, Leon C., PHM3
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Corbett, James J., PHM3
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Deese, Wayne M., PHM2
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Friedel, George J., HA1
Fuller, Robert M., PHM3

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Goodspeed, Victor R., CM2
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Griswold, Carleton W., PHM3
Gullen, Wilford J., PHM3

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Harrison, Frederick E., PHM3
Harvey, Glenn H., PHM1
Hawley, John R., PHM2
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Hiney, Henry M., PHM2
Holdren, Charles W., PHM2
Holmes, Byron J., HA1
Horak, Robert A., PHM3
Horn, Edward T., HA1
Hoyt, Jack W., PHM3
Hughes, William E., PHM2

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Johnson, Warren G., PHM3
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Joy, Daniel A., PHM2

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Katz, Myron, HA1
Kepnes, Harold A., LtMC
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Lindeman, Allan L., PHM2
Longberry, Jasper T., HA1
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Numkin, Raphael M., PHM2

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Oldham, James M., HA1

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Pias, Rich J., HA1
Pierce, James F., PHM3
Porras, Charles V., Jr., PHM3
Prasser, Charles E., PHM2
Pratt, Malcolm L., LtComdr
Pudiack, Franklin, HA1

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Ringer, Rich M., PHM3
Roberts, Samuel B., Jr., COX
Rollins, Pernell D., HA1
Rosek, John A., SEA1

Saphier, Jacques C., LtJgMC
Scott, Raymond M., PHM2
Siegel, Bernard, PHM1
Smith, Clifford E., PHM2
Snoddy, Robert S., PHM3
Sommers, William P., SEA1
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Sperry, Don E., PHM3
Spohr, Thomas R., PHM3
Steen, Albert J., CM1
Stephens, Edgar N., PHM1
Stewart, Charles R., PHM3
Stockton, Denzil O., PHM3
Swafford, Jack E., PHM3

Turpin, Frank F., PHM1
Tuyn, Rich F., PHM3

Vines, John E., PHM2

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Webster, Morris D., PHM3
White, James W., PHM2
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Winter, William S., HA1

Yachymiak, John, PHM3

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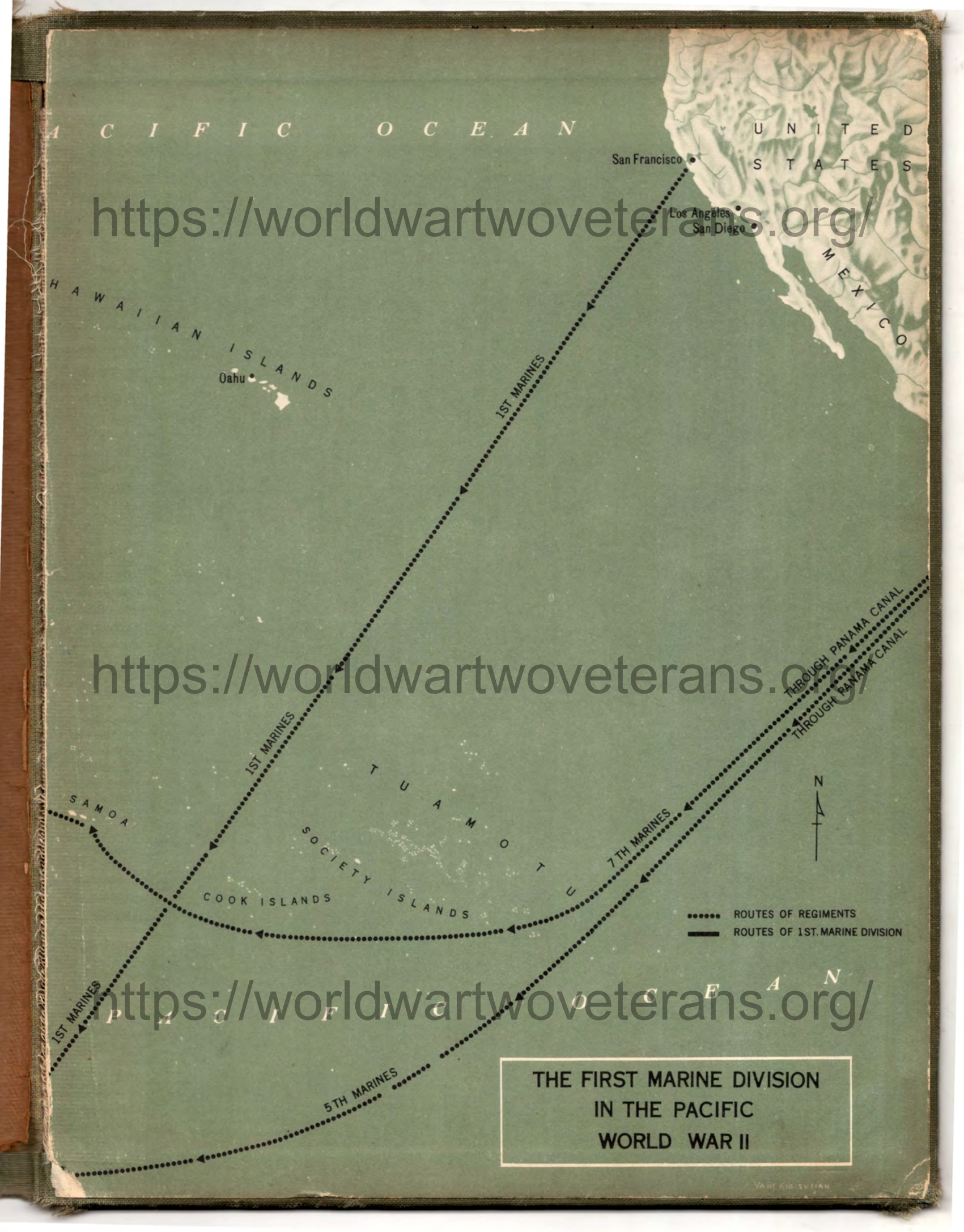

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