

the trees away proved quite an arduous task, especially as they could not be burned due to black-out regulation. Seventeen days after work started our first plane landed. In a matter of another week or so quite a fleet of bombers were stationed here and bombing operations were under way. From this island Truk, Ponape, Saipan and Tinian were bombed regularly for a matter of about five months, after which our forces took over other bases farther west.

"Today Enimetok is only a stopping place, and shunned by most personnel. It's greatest elevation above sea level does not exceed 15 feet. There is no fresh water available in any quantity so that all fresh water comes from portable distillers. Practically all the trees are dead due to the terrific shelling and bombing they received. The soil is poor; most of the island is composed of coral sand which blows considerably due to the continually strong trade winds. The island is crescent shaped about 2½ miles long and perhaps 3,000 feet wide at its widest place, although the average width would not exceed 1,000 feet. At the peak of its use our shore forces numbered more than 6,000 men. With all these men stationed ashore and with practically every yard of the island occupied with some sort of installation, the last Jap that was liquidated survived six weeks after the island was secured.

"Service men who only pass through, extend a hearty sympathy to those who have stayed there any length of time. Those who have lived there a time will remember swarms of flies, hot drinking water, and tons and tons of "C Rations." Like many places it has served its purpose and time goes on forgetting the importance of little places and little incidents of the past."

A young marine who could make Baron Munchausen exert himself, was

sitting under a cocoanut tree on a tropical island relating to a few comrades an incident that occurred during a recent battle. When he ran out of facts he began to draw upon his imagination, to such an extent soon he could tell by the looks on his listeners that they questioned his entire story.

Earnestly he said to them, "Strike me dead fellas if it an't the truth." At that moment a cocoanut fell, striking him on the top of his helmet. Pale and obviously shaken he got to his feet and looking skyward said, "Well, maybe I did exaggerate a little."

When the Marines landed on Peliliu they were confronted with the Japanese Imperial Marines. For size and bravery, these men would have been a credit to any nation. Few were under six feet in height or weighed less than 200 pounds. They were the flowers of Japanese manhood.

With the first Marine Division were a number of colored boys. Their duty was to carry supplies to the front and carry the wounded back. Their cheerfulness and willingness to work long, hard hours under all conditions earned the respect of their white comrades.

A platoon of these colored Marines had arrived at the front lines too late in the day to return to their post before nightfall. As anyone out of a fox hole after dark was considered an enemy, the platoon was told they were to retire about a thousand feet to the rear and dig in for the night. It was easily seen that this did not meet with their approval.

Finally a sergeant said, "Captain sir, we've never had a chance to spend the night up front and we'd like to get us a few Japs. We want something to talk about when we get home. Do you suppose we could do some guard duty tonight and let a few more white boys rest?"

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