

Service News

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The request was granted and instructions were given. The colored men were particularly cautioned against making any noise because of Jap infiltration. All was set to have part of them on guard with the white Marines the first watch and the balance the second watch.

Just at daybreak an officer making his rounds, came across a six feet, two inch, two hundred and twenty five pound colored Marine on top of a Jap of equal size with his big hands clamped about his throat. The Jap was very, very dead.

In reply to the officer's question of "what goes on here," the colored Marine said, "Well lieutenant just before daybreak I see this man coming. I got to be awful quiet so I jump on him to start to squeeze his neck. I don't know how hard to squeeze or how long to squeeze, so I jest figured to keep on squeezing til I'm relieved!"

In the Philippines the Americans had worked their way to an important air strip by late afternoon which promptly became a no man's land. The infantry men were told to dig in and stay in until they were ordered out. Machine guns were trained on the strip ready to wipe out anything that moved.

Rex, resting comfortably (?) in his fox hole was awakened by the noise of Jap machine guns fired from the other side of the strip. They had the same idea as did our side. "Boy," said Rex, "those bullets sure are close. If I should stick my head out they would tear the top of it right off." He felt reasonably safe for the time being but wondered whether the Japs might not be making their way across the strip with hand grenades and bayonets. Then it happened—a hand grenade dropped on him and then rolled along side his fox hole. Sweating at every pore he groped about him searching for it before it exploded. He counted the seconds. No explosion yet—maybe it's a dud—got to find it though—ah, here it is—and there it was—a baby cocoanut cut from a tree overhanging his fox hole by the machine gun fire of the Japs. The next morning after the American artillery had routed the Japs, Rex eased himself out of his lodging to see how close those machine bullets had come. The nearest marks on any of the nearby trees were no less than ten feet from the ground.

Olaf G. Fransen is home on a thirty day leave. He has been stationed on Tinian in the Marianias for the past two years. Olaf could be back on the job now had he been married the last

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