

Life on Guadalcanal

Sherman Montrose, Acme Newspaper cartoonist, who landed with the Marines on Guadalcanal last August, and whose pictures were distributed to newspapers of the country through the "photographic pool," has just returned to San Francisco from his assignment. Although Montrose and his equipment are undergoing repairs, he has written six gripping, eye-witness stories of life on Guadalcanal, of which this is the fourth.

By SHERMAN MONTROSE
Written for NEA Service
SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 16—You don't keep a diary when you're in a combat zone. So innocent entry as "Maytag Charlie came over this morning" might reveal to Tojo, should that diary fall into enemy hands, that the sputtering of a plane motor was giving away approach of a carrier.



Montrose

But here are a few notes from memory of a correspondent-photographer.

PLACE: Guadalcanal, Solomon Islands. DATE: A day in October, 1942.

Rifle-Range Roscoe (a Jap .70 millimeter some miles away)



"I crack my shin on an empty bomb crate."

sent in his morning barrage. The first time I heard Roscoe I dived out of my cot in the Press club (correspondents' tent) and hit the slit trench (our seven-by-four dugout).

But I soon discovered that Roscoe usually fell short of the runway, and only sent up harmless showers of dirt. But he makes a terrific noise. Marines who used to throw themselves flat on the ground when Roscoe came over, now just looked up curiously—and they can see the projectile as through the air. Darned if I can.

Only press guys here now are Francis McCarthy of United Press, Jack Dowling of the Chicago Sun, and yours truly. We exchange morning insults with Dowling as usual coming out on top. The correspondents make morning toilets by putting on Marine shoes, and washing their teeth in chlorinated water. Jim Hurlburt (Marine correspondent) drives up in his jeep to take us down to the waterfront to greet incoming reinforcements.

TROOPS LOOK FIT
This time the rumor is right. Right off shore stand landing barges. We can see from the beach the troops look tough and fit. Our boys on shore (the Marines) laugh fit to kill as the troops hit the water—face down, thud—splash—just as we'd done the morning of August 7 when we never knew when the Japs would start sniping. These new boys have a most impressive fighting uniform—green, about the color of the marine work suit.

Out to the ship this morning for pictures—and the rope ladder swung against the side of the ship, cracking the ground glass in my four by five graphic. Range finder knocked haywire, too. Don't need range finder to locate free lunch aboard ship. McCarthy and Dowling beat me to it. Food tastes pretty swell after corned beef stew, the only fresh meat in the past two weeks was a hunk of crocodile steak—not bad, though. No beer aboard ship.

"Condition yellow" sounds about noon while we are aboard. Anchor's up, and by the time we get "Condition red" (Tojo overhead) we are making fancy patterns on the water. We dodge the bombs—but fires are starting on the island. They don't get far. Underbrush has been cleared around Henderson field, and the palm trunks aren't inflammable. A few fronds that fall from the palm tops, some 30 to 50 feet above ground, soon burn themselves out.

Marines—feeling they are old timers—tell the newcomers they can expect raids 24 hours a day. I can't let that pass, and boy, do those kids look relieved when I tell them that a couple of raids a day will be all they can look for. There would be "Louie the Louie," who buzzes over on a nuisance raid now and then—we recognize him by the miss in his motor and—of course, Maytag Charlie, who drops 100-pounders.

Japs fight mostly at night. I just get to sleep on my cot under mosquito netting, when whoooooo-carrumph boom! I hit the deck, and hear McCarthy and

Dowling scrambling for the slit trench.

Another whooooo-carrumph-boom! on the other side of the tent. A marine sticks his head in the tent, and yells "Air raid!" As if we didn't know. I crack my shin on an empty bomb crate we've been using for a typewriter stand. After the all clear, we curse our way back to bed—and when the next bomb falls, I'm damned if I get up. Don't get hit either.

Our anti-aircraft starts chattering, but Maytag Charlie and his pals are out of range. One of their bombs hit our ammunition dump, and for the next half hour, .50 calibre machine gun bullets whine around our tent.

PASS-WORD TROUBLE

Had a bad moment last night. Our camp is a mile and a half from the marines' headquarters where I go to develop film at night. I'd just fumbled through the developing and started to walk the road back to camp. The road is dusty and all cut up with tractor and jeep traffic. At night, there isn't a sound, but you're sure the Nips are out there, how close you can't know. Marines are on guard, and when they de-

Youngest Marine



George B. Holle, above, 13-year-old Eau Claire, Wis., boy, is a civilian once again. Before the Pearl Harbor attack, George, then 12, falsified his age, signed his guardian's name to the enlistment form and joined the Marine Corps. Now, still under age for military duty, he has been honorably discharged at San Francisco "for the convenience of the Government." He says he'll be right back in the Marines when his 17th birthday rolls around.

HOLD EVERYTHING!



"They joined the share-the-ride movement!"

Lake Baikal, in Siberia, has been sounded to a depth of 5306 feet.

Utah had a tuberculosis death rate of 16.8 per 100,000 population in 1939.

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HORIZONTAL

- 1 Picture U. S. flyer, Gen. Claire.
- 9 He is active in.
- 14 Meat.
- 15 Mammal.
- 16 Places that coin money.
- 17 Exists.
- 18 Greek letter.
- 19 At any time.
- 21 Father.
- 22 Prohibits.
- 24 12 months.
- 26 Dessert.
- 28 Self.
- 30 Fig pen.
- 32 Livestock.
- 34 Body.
- 36 Sea eagle.
- 38 Night before.
- 39 Kitchen police (abbr.).
- 40 Not (Latin).
- 42 Perched.
- 44 Finish.
- 46 Music note.
- 48 Not dry.
- 50 Sharp, explosive sound.

ANSWER TO PREVIOUS PUZZLE

JOHN ADAMS
PATE SON SCAD
ERGS OTTER HON
LEE OWL
AASINEE
INITI
ODOROUS
RET PLP
ENID ESTER DART
TORN TOR DENY
NOOSE IDEAS
PROMINENT

VERTICAL

- 1 Cutting tool.
- 2 Possesses.
- 3 Type measure.
- 4 Parts of speech.
- 5 Near.
- 6 Indian.
- 7 Raise by assessment.
- 8 Woody plant.
- 9 Centimeter (abbr.).
- 10 Body part.
- 11 Unsuitable.
- 12 New Testament (abbr.).
- 13 Dormant.
- 18 Mother.
- 20 Speed contest.
- 22 Benefaction.
- 23 Female saint (abbr.).
- 25 Rant.
- 27 Kind.
- 29 Proceed.
- 31 Years (abbr.).
- 32 Look after.
- 35 City.
- 37 Short sleep.
- 41 Gaseous element.
- 43 Male cat.
- 45 Perform.
- 46 He commanded the "Flying Tigers."
- 47 Beverage.
- 49 Former Russian ruler.
- 51 Fondle.
- 54 Make amends.
- 56 In noble style.
- 59 Staff of office.
- 60 Periods of time.
- 63 Legal charge.
- 65 Abstract being.
- 67 Either.
- 68 Street (abbr.).
- 70 Rough lava.



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Little Orphan Annie BY HAROLD GRAY



Frackles and His Friends BY BLOSSER



Wash Tubbs BY CRANE



Boots and Her Buddies BY MARTIN



Our Boarding House With Major Hoople BY FRED HARMON



Red BY FRED HARMON



HAROLD GRAY



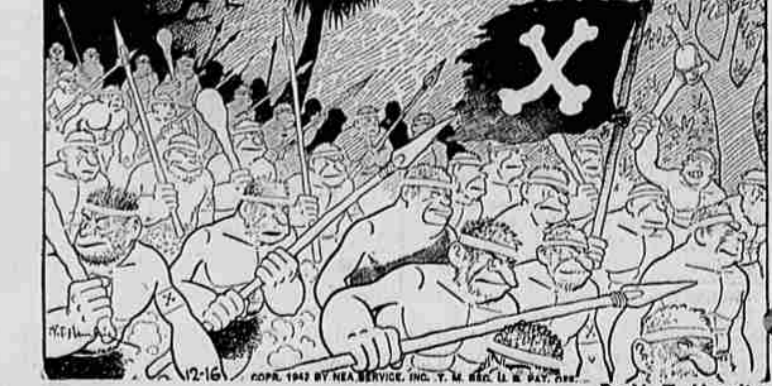
PIPE DOWN, SISSY! BY BLOSSER



BUT I SAY! BY CRANE



JUST TELL MR. BUFFINGTON BY MARTIN



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