would share his small hideout with us. We never
started our return trip, until we had talked with
the officer or NCO in charge. Often times they
desired to send a man back with us, relay a message
or make some other request.

On this particular incident, when the job of
settled down, I looked about, and my block men
had pulled stakes, and were headed back. I had
to run after them, get hold of a NCO, and
demand that he hold his men up, until we
were cleared to leave by the Company Commander.

When we left the Battalion Perimeter, we were always
given the password for the day. Usually a word or
three or more letters of a word in cipher. If we came in after dark, we
usually began to shout the password, while still
several yards distant. But there were always at
least one man-behind-the-perimeter, who held
us up with many more questions, kept looking
down their rifle barrel at us, etc. Then occasionally
some character would decide to fire a couple shots
over our heads for no good reason. I am sure
you have experienced the same thing while on
Perimeter defense. Orders were always for those inside
the perimeter not to fire at night. Yet invariably
someone would violate this order and fire away
toward the outer defense line.
THE 116TH ENGINEERS IN THE SALAMAUA CAMPAIGN

by

Kenneth J. Deacon

The Allied victory in the Buna-Sanananda-Gona area (January 1943) ended the Papuan Campaign and opened the way for an offensive up the New Guinea coast. Despite their setback in Papua, the Japanese still held advantageous positions from which they might block the projected offensive. Reinforcing the Lae area, Salamaua, the Japanese tightened their hold on the Vitiaz Straits, gateway to Northeast New Guinea. Toward the end of January a Japanese force from Salamaua attacked the advanced Allied airdrome at Wau. After a see-saw battle, the Australians repelled the enemy and then counter-attacked. Gradually they forced the Japanese back to a line of fortifications which extended from Mubo eastward to Nassau Bay.

Pursuant to General MacArthur's strategic plan, the 3d Australian Division and the Jungleers were assigned the mission of seizing and occupying Salamaua, the main Japanese outpost guarding Huon Peninsula, 25 miles to the north. The Australians would continue to advance along inland trails through the jungle. A task force from the 41st Division would land at Nassau Bay, establish a base, and join up with the Australians. Depending entirely upon air drop and carrier parties for
logistical support, the Australians had no easy time conducting sustained military operations against an enemy 6,000 or more strong. But once a base was established at Nassau Bay, it would be possible to transport supplies most of the way by water.

General Fuller, commanding the Jungleers, assigned the mission of landing at Nassau Bay to MacKechnie Force (named after its commander, Colonel Archibald R. MacKechnie, Inf.) which included the 1st Battalion of the 162d Infantry, elements of the 532d Engineer Boat and Shore Regiment, and Company A, 116th Engineer Combat Battalion (less 1 platoon), commanded by Captain Milan M. Casper. The force would stage at Morobe (which the Jungleers had seized in April), located about 56 miles southeast of Salamaua.

Because of shallow, uncharted waters, the amphibious force would move in Engineer landing craft, which, being small, would not make easy targets for hostile aircraft. Loading on 30 boats furnished by the 2d Engineer Special Brigade, 2 captured barges, and 3 Navy PT boats as escorts, MacKechnie Force departed from Mageri Point (just north of Morobe) at dusk of June 29. A raging storm imperilled the flotilla, and visibility became so poor that one PT boat lost the convoy and another led the first wave of boats almost to Salamaua before turning back.

Meanwhile an Australian platoon with signal lamps reached the landing beach. Having followed circuitous paths through swamp and jungle to evade the enemy, it had taken the Australians two

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days to negotiate an air distance of only eight miles.

MacKehnie Force reached Nassau Bay about midnight, June 29-30. Save for the blinker lights, the shore was completely blacked out, and overpowering waves generated by the storm cast the small boats far up onto the beach. Only one of 21, which landed was able to get back to sea. The pounding surf soon flooded the rest with sand and water. The third wave of boats, bearing an infantry company and a platoon of combat engineers, was not landed lest these craft should also broach and leave the task force utterly stranded. This wave came in on July 2 after the storm had subsided.

While no one had perished, the 740 men at Nassau Bay were in an unenviable predicament. Their radios were out of order, and some of their weapons, ammunition, and rations were lost or damaged. Their boats were wrecked beyond repair. They expected the Japanese to attack at any time and realized that the Australians were too far back in the jungle to give any direct and immediate assistance.

Throughout the night the amphibian engineers performed extensive salvage operations while the divisional engineers opened tracks across the beach, over which they dragged supplies on a sled built from local timber. This being done, all engineer troops volunteered the next morning to help defend the beachhead.

Company C, 162d Infantry, patrolled south to the Tabali River without contacting the enemy. Company A of the same
regiment and the Australian platoon moved northward toward the Bitoi. Permitting forward elements to advance, the Japanese from concealed positions opened fire on their rear. It soon became evident that there were more Japanese than expected in this sector. When the Australians ran out of ammunition, the combat and amphibian engineers were sent in to bolster the defense.

Toward nightfall two infantry platoons were shifted to the north from the quiet southern flank, leaving only one to defend the Tabali River line. Shortly after this happened several hundred Japanese, who had been lying low, crossed the river and attacked in force. Greatly outnumbered, the infantry platoon fell back to prepared positions on the beachhead proper. Combat and amphibian engineers were rushed from the north end of the beach to meet the attack.

Although small in scope, the attack on the beachhead was vicious and sustained. Whenever possible the Americans fired from foxholes and trenches as the Japanese combined Banzai charges with deceptive tactics. A catskinner and mechanic from the 116th Engineers doubled as a machine gun team with considerable success. Several Japanese reached the broached boats. Not all of the machine guns had been dismounted from these craft, and the enemy began to rake the American flank with fire from these weapons. The Jungleers dealt effectively with this menace and thereupon removed all guns and ammunition. At various times throughout the night the Japanese infiltrated...
the lines but were dispatched in hand to hand fighting with trench knives, bayonets, and rifle butts. At daybreak the Japanese force withdrew into the jungle. In their baptism of fire the combat engineers suffered losses of 1 man killed and 2 wounded; the amphib., 7 killed and 12 wounded. Colonel MacKechnie later congratulated the engineers for their courageous defense of the beachhead. He stated that all other reserves had been committed to repel simultaneous attacks from the north and that not a man could be spared to help defend their sector.

On July 2 the 3d wave of MacKechnie Force landed at Nassau Bay. With the beachhead secured, the combat engineers who had been serving as infantry turned their efforts to building a road across the beach to the south arm of the Bitoi. That day infantrymen moved up the Bitoi River valley to link up with the Australians in the Mubo area. As there was no road, the Jungleers had to carry equipment, rations, weapons, and ammunition over a footpath which led through swamps and jungle and which crossed and recrossed the river. By July 4 the force penetrated 6 1/2 miles inland to the junction of the Bitoi and Buyawim Rivers.

The Japanese offered stout resistance from Bitoi Ridge, a terrain feature to the north which from a height of 2,800 feet overlooks the Bitoi River, the Mubo-Komiatum-Salamaua track, and merges with Mt. Tammu on the north. So that artillery might be brought within range of Bitoi Ridge and other strongpoints, combat engineers and artillerymen built a pioneer road to the
river junction. They had little mechanical equipment and their work with beset by difficulties caused by rainy weather and rough terrain. The engineers erected timber bridges and laid corduroy corduroy through stretches of swamp. By July 7 construction had progressed sufficiently for Battery C, 218th Field Artillery Battalion, to move within range of Bitoi Ridge. The construction of this and similar roads were of great tactical importance and also saved time and effort in moving supplies forward. In the words of Colonel Mackenzie, "without the excellent work of the Engineers, this would have been a virtual impossibility."

The fighting and the terrain became progressively rougher, but within a week the Allies captured Green Hill, Lababia Ridge, Bitoi Ridge, and Mubo. To consolidate their hold on these positions, Company A, 116th Engineers, was assigned the task of moving 75mm howitzers to the summit of Green Hill. This involved a distance of eight miles and the crossing of Lababia Ridge. With the assistance of artillerymen, the engineers disassembled the guns in order to manhandle them across terrain which a places reached heights of 3,000 feet. Some loads could not be reduced below 267 pounds. These had to be hoisted by ropes over extremely unbroken ground.

The men who performed this operation had to travel as lightly as possible. Each man carried only a rifle, belt, a canteen of water, and "C" rations. It was known that no
water would be available on Lababia Ridge, so a group of natives was detailed to bring up water in 5-gallon cans. By evening of the first day the engineers manhandled the guns to the top of the ridge and set up defensive positions. The weather was hot and muggy and the carriers did not arrive. As an expedient, the jungle-wise engineers cut Loya vines from which they drained enough water to quench their thirst. Thus tided over, they moved the howitzers to the top of Green Hill and then returned to the beachhead to prepare for operations at Tambu Bay.

In mid-July Coane Force (another tactical organization of the 162d Infantry) established a forward beachhead for unloading supplies at Tambu Bay, which lies midway between Nassau Bay and Salamaua. Commanded by Brig. Gen. Ralph W. Coane, this force included the 2d and 3d Battalions of the 162d Infantry, Company A, 116th Engineers, and 2 companies of the 542d Engineer Boat and Shore Regiment.

At Tambu Bay the Japanese offered tenacious resistance, particularly from Roosevelt Ridge which directly overlooked the beach. They had dug underground tunnels which connected mutually supporting emplacements and which provided shelter from artillery and mortars.

Company A, 116th Engineers, constructed an extensive network of roads and trails throughout the area, linking the beachhead with Mt. Tambu, to the southwest, and Dot Inlet, to the north. They carved more than a half mile of track up the sides of
Roosevelt Ridge. At places the terrain was so rough that until trails were cut it had taken six hours to move supplies barely a mile. Throughout this work the engineers were constantly harassed by small enemy infiltrations behind the front line positions. Ten men from the company volunteered to assist the infantry in destroying hostile fortifications on Roosevelt Ridge with demolitions. Each man carried a charge in his hand and another in his pack. A charge consisted of 8 pounds of TNT laced with primacord, to which was attached a cap and a grenade that served as a detonator. The whole thing would explode in just 5 seconds after the pin was pulled. Although exposure to machine gun and rifle fire compounded the danger of this business, the demolitionists succeeded in blowing up seven occupied positions.

Coane Force captured most of Roosevelt Ridge on August 14.

Five days later Australian troops and the 1st Battalion, 162d Infantry, occupied Mt. Tambu. Continuing its support missions, Company A, 116th Engineers, built a landing strip from which small aircraft could direct artillery fire on Salamaua. During the first week of September the Allies stepped up their drive as the Australian 7th and 9th Divisions made airborne and amphibious assaults near Nadzab and Lae. By that time the enemy's entire front had collapsed. On September 11 the Australians and the Jungleers forded the broad Francisco River and entered Salamaua unopposed. Seventy-three days of combat
had elapsed since the initial assault at Nassau Bay. While awaiting their return to Australia for a well deserved rest, the 116th Engineers constructed a 550-foot bridge across the Francisco and put in roads and water points for troops in the Salamaua area.
Dear Hargis,

I'll answer the questions listed by numbers.

I was a corporal on Biak, and then sergeant, just before leaving for the P. I., I became a Master Sergeant in the Oregon National Guard long after the war; 1st Sgt., then MSG, the rank received prior to my first retirement. Then in 1973 I requested to be taken from the retirement list and rejoined the Guard from which I retired for the second time on 3 June 1977.

The "old woman" Sgt Churchill and I brought down from the mountains was an American Missionary who had been safely hidden by the natives of Zambo for three years. We were ordered by Col. Sweeney to pass through the friendly forces front line and with a Philippine Scout proceed through the Japanese lines, and bring her to safety. The General's staff were fearful that as the Japanese retreated they would successfully capture her after a three-year chase. The trip was more scary than being seriously dangerous. We were selected because of our extensive combat infantryman training prior to 1942. The first thing she said after getting her down from the mountain was "Thank God, can I send a wire to my daughter in California?" She was dropped off at division headquarters and flown to Leyte and then home—the next day.

Salamauan-Dobodura--Buna-Gona, Tambu Bay sort of went together. The first elements of Kp's were operating between Dobodura-Ora Bay and being with front line troops we were subjected to air raids and infrequent ground fire. As all troops moved closer do Buna-Gona-Tampu Bay ground fire was more frequent; fortunately we came through unscathed. Artillery fire and HMG fire were bothersome but moor up at the front. We alternated duty at the front lines—collecting FOM's of strong poles (very few) collecting Japanese material for identification, escorting convey, etc, guarding check points.

I went ashore on the first wave on a LCVP operated by the Coast Guard, and as stated in the Subject Letter from PW to the CG I was the senior MP Non-Com on board. After landing I helped organize the group of about 50 people into some sort of order, helping the man named Fred --------, and MP who's appendix burst--made a litter out of strong poles and extra jackets, kept strict radio silence, and traveled through swamp water and undergrowth for hours until we met the advanced scouts of 162--some of the men were trained under me while in the training cadre at Ft. Lewis. Major Wendall was so mad at first, but after he got the story all down why we were off the hook. In the Zambo landing I was one of 13 MPs that came ashore in the first wave. I was a volunteer that came in with the assault forces and beach party—advanced group.

Martinsen was injured on Biak when his jeep hit a large land mine which flipped it over and landing on top of his lower back which was serious damaged. He was immediately evacuated to a hospital ship and that was the last time I saw him until the '79 reunion in Sea-Tac, but I had written to him a number of times through the years. Now he is gone, but his lovely wife lives in Seattle with her family.

Hollandia was a cake walk compared to other operations like Attape and Wadam, Biak, Zambo. When we landed there food was still on plates as the Japanese evacuated from the beach area almost the time we were landing. When Major Wendall and the other MP's returned from the small island near Hollandia they rowed the barge back also used poles five of us hid under the tanks that first night. We had eight FOM's that were in a big bomb crater and were eliminated by fire. I was wounded during the fire by having a piece of metal cut across the top of my left arm and shoulder and in the left thigh no big deal.

The 162 Recon brought in the Nippo officer--He was the only POW captured there--Mindora
While on Mindoro we were getting ready for the Palawaan invasion as well as the Zambo affair. Back to Biak for a moment. I stole 4 cases of Japanese red wine which I buried in the wet sand and my buddy and I had a bottle every night along with warm bread we received from the nearby bakery for a bottle of sake. Mindora was a bore. We had air alerts or actual bombings almost daily the first month or so on Biak. Our 100 AA and fighter coverage kept them away most of the time. Still they would sneak in along the beach and straf or drop bombs not very accurate. Our big worry were the caves and the hundreds of Japanese inside them that came out and harassed us. When I was my old 3rd Bo of the 162 was ordered up the cliffs of Biak on a frontal attack only 11 men of L Company walked out without a wound. The MP's also tried to keep other troops from entering the caves that faced the beach, but still they tried and some were wounded or killed.

The Balinese girls were probably diseased but they were off-limits--McAnter's personal orders. They camped behind a series of tent flies hooked together so that all personnel was kept out except American Nurses, a Doctor, and good handlers--none at night. We had a six-man patrol on duty at all times and escorted them then down to the river where they took their daily bath--as they walked into the water their sarong gradually was slipped off and they swam and bathed and then as they started to get out of the water, they re-robed. They were very pretty, but badly treated and the last day we were there they boarded planes and were also taken back to Leyte.

I have a number of lists of the former MP's, but none are official--all told my tally amounts to about 67. While on all our operations in combat we escorted POW's back to division or army headquarters--one in particular was a full Colonel in Japanese Air Intelligence that I escorted directly to McArthur's Headquarters and his Senior G-2. I gave him a bottle of that lovely red wine for a box of Dutch Master Cigars and how P. W. loved them when I got back to Biak. Another time I took two Sgts. back (very early in the Blak operation) to advanced G-2 headquarters located on Hollandia://I also flew from Hollandia to Sydney to pick up four AWOL people--one from 216, 1 from 116th Medic and 2 from 163.

It is too bad that the Army Censors kept my Diary that I kept from the time we were located in Rockhampton through Sananada to Lea, New Guinea, with the promise that I would get it back. I had a complete list of MP personnel, our daily work, POW list items about food, my work with the natives between Oro Bay and Dobodura, and many interesting stories about our "Gang". I also had one started in Mindoro through Jolo; Tawie Tawie (spelling) It was pilfered from my bag one night and that was the end of that. Without notes it is hard to go back so far in one's memory and try to re-build accounts of one's actions during that conflict.

When we landed in Zambo I was a sergeant and in getting ashore was a task in itself due to the action of the ocean and the mountain guns pounding away at us. These guns were located high up on the cliffs and proved difficult to knock out. Once ashore Sgt. Tjader and I were directing our MP's as to their duties while we were helping the wounded, moving trucks that were left with engines running so that other vehicles could get up off the beach. We moved 11 in a row that were full of ammo. The beach party radio jeep received a direct hit killing all the staff of the commo group with this jeep. If blood or pieces of bodies were found in the trucks drivers refused to get back in them so Tjader and I were kept busy, plus trying to drag wounded behind some protective devices. This kept up for 13 hours. It was during this hectic time that I was wounded across my left calf, right ankle and right thigh, plus a slash across my lower left shoulder--back side. Oh yes. On Hollandia when I went to remove my fatigue jacket, most of it feel away as burnt clothe and Cptl Flint told me that my back was blistered from the intense heat from the fire. The soot plus blood was all over my back and I wasn't even aware of it until he told me.

Like you I am in good health and have treasured all the Jungleer stories by you. If all goes as planned will be in San Jose. As ever,
Dear Hargis;

The following is a recall of what my experiences were after joining the 41st. Div. M.P.'s. All this took place more than 35 years ago so the recall isn't what it should be but I will do my best. I am elated that you did ask as the 41st. holds a special place in my heart.

I am not sure about dates but when I mention certain places, I know that you will be able to relate the time.

I joined the 41st. while they were at Dobadura. I was interviewed by Major Wendell and two of the sergeants. If my recall is right, the sergeants were Weeks, Churchill and possibly Jack Schuldt. One of those names could be wrong but like I said, the recall is not to good now. I am just 5'7" tall and Major Wendell wanted to know how I had come out in the past in any fights that I might have had. I told him that I had a big nose but that it had never been broken. (By the way, I had transferred out of the 36th. M.P. Co.) After that interview, I was in. As far as Wars go, getting into the 41st. Div. was fantastic for me. Th M.P. Co. had a great bunch of guys and it was like a fraternity although very business like.

I made seven beachheads with the 41st. M.P. Co. which were as follows, Aitape, Wakde, Salamau, Bick, Mindoro, Mindanao, Leyte and I believe there was one other but I just can't recall. Soldiering with the 41st. guys was a pleasure. They were great. We made the landings and we did our jobs. The landings that I have included are just those that I was on. I know that there were many other M.P. cadres that went to many other places also.

Our treatment of Jap prisoners was as I recall very good. I do remember envying them when ever they were fed. We would get the regular grub and they would get rice and fish with gravy. Damn if my mouth didn't water. To this day, I like Japanese Food. I can remember seeing one prisoner being interrogated by Sgt. Churchill. This old boy got so scared of Church that he started biting the end of his tongue off. I never did find out whether the tongue came off or not.

There are instances from every one of the landings, but do any of the boys remember how tough Aitape was when 5 P.M. came around and the Japs would infiltrate. Never failed. I saw fire fights that lit up the skies for hundreds of yards. They got around the M.A.S.H. units and also captured our quad fifties and turned them on us. At daylight, the perimeter was full of Nips right at the strung tin cans. I'll tell you, our infantry boys were something else.

At one of the fire fights, I can remember being in a foxhole when one of our guys wanted to get my attention. He was in a foxhole next to mine. He threw a clump of dirt at me and I thought it was a grenade. I browned my pants and flew out of that hole and didn't know whether I wanted to shoot at the Nips or the guy that threw the dirt.
I feel that with all the incoming shells and the other stuff that goes with landings, I believe Aitape was the most nerve wracking. With the infiltration, air raids and our guys getting stuck in the stomach going to the chow line, by some hip jumping out of a tree, I feel that was the jackpot. At Aitape, I left to go back to the rear lines. We flew some Jap prisoners back and to get back to the Company, I hitched a ride on a squadron of P.T. Boats.

I've got to mention Biak. That was the place. We had a Jap beer dump at that place. A chit was needed for any officer to take any Beer out. Naturally the M.P.'s were doing the guarding. I guess the statute of limitations is over by now so I can tell the story. Do you guys remember the beach at Biak. Just in back of us a few hundred yards were the Mts. and the Caves. Well, that's where most of the infantry were doing their thing. Hargis, I had those old infantry boys parading back to the beach like a bunch of cavalry getting beer to take back to their lines and buddies. You would have thought it was a Safari in Africa the way those guys were hiking back to their foxholes with cases of beer on their backs. You know, I've always been a little proud of that circumstance.

I was walking guard one middle of that night there when I saw a 10 pound can of spam laying in the road. I knew damn well that none of our guys would try to take "spam" so I knew there were a bunch of Japs around that were hungry. Never did spot any though. At Biak, there, we had a big shell hole there that was ringed with wire that we used as a P.O.W. prison. I can remember one night guarding them. We were using Tommy guns at that time for guard duty. I started to get a little tired and shifted my sitting position. The Tommy gun came down hard on the dirt and the damn thing went off with a short burst of about 3 rounds. Brother, I had to dig the biggest damn latrine hole that those guys ever saw with the compliments of Major Wendell, bless him. I can remember standing guard over hundreds of loaves of bread. They were loaded with boll weevils but still everybody wanted some. That was at Oro Bay if my memory serves me right. Orders were orders so guarding we had to do. There were hundreds of Aussie soldiers there who wanted the bread but I had to say no. We were getting ready to leave on those large L.S.T.'s and it looked like I had to go on the same L.S.T. as the Aussies were on. They saw me starting to come aboard and started yelling, "Come on Yank". I took off like a Flea on a dead dog and told Major Wendell about this. I told him that if I had to go on that ship I was going to be thrown overboard for sure. He relented and so I am able to write these experiences to you today.

Say Hargis, I didn't know there was booze found at Zambo. Could have used some. By the way, At Zambo, we were living in tents atop of the city Jail house. We could see the fire fights from miles away that our infantry boys were involved in. There was a small town called Tutan a couple of miles from Zambo. One day me and another of the boys were walking and sightseeing and we saw some women making sandals out of Abaca (Coconut Hemp). We liked them (the Shoes) and we made a deal with the M. We bought up the used parachute silk and we became their partners.
We were selling so darn many and I was depositing so much money in soldiers savings that one of our Lieutenants called me in and wanted to know whether I was selling shoes or booze.
I banked that money as I was waiting to go back to Australia on R and R so that I could get married.
I met a terrific Aussie gal that I am still married too with a great son and two Grandchildren. I married Joan Hamilton, from Longreach, Qsld....
I guess that the memories I have of the association with the 41st. are some of the dearest to me.
I can even remember sharing some bagels with Major Wendell, while we were in the Jungle.

Well, I am rambling on because as I write certain things come to mind.

I want you to excuse the errors in the typing. I am a salesman and not a stenographer. I am also sure that you will edit this so some of the events, I hope will be put in order, by you fellows.

Hargis, if at all possible, can you let me have Paul Wendells whereabouts. It would be nice to drop him a line. I am glad to know he is still around. I always look at taps in the Jungles and it always saddens me to see our guys going by attrition.
I belong to the Southwest Chapter, but I don't attend too many meetings as I travel for a living. I rep for a Calif. Co. and sell beads to the Craft Industry and to the trading posts and Reservations.

By the way, Dick Schumann who I believe was in signal is in Scottsdale also. He does my income tax every year. We were talking about San Jose this year but it's a bad time for me to go. That's when we do our xmas business. I will try though.

Well Hargis, I hope the info I gave you has helped. If there is anything else I can do for you, please ask. I will try my best. In the event that any of this goes in the Jungles and if my name is used, I would appreciate the information about my wife going in also. She is still with me but has been quite ill.

My best regards to all the guys.

Respectfully,

Don Robinson
4425 N. 78th. St. Apt. 131 B
Scottsdale, Az. 85251

Don Robinson
I can also remember while we were at Salamau. Bill Olds and I went for a hike one day. We walked for miles until we came to a River (Francisco). We took our clothes off and forded and still walked. In those days we were young and foolish with plenty of nerve.

We came across Jap camps that still had food on the table and was still warm. We took the rifles and headed back to our camp. We made it O.K. but now that I think back, I wonder how many Japs were behind in the jungle watching us.

I would like to say that soldiering with the M.P. Platoon was great. They were all good soldiers and when we did our duty whether in town or the jungles, we did our duty properly.

Paul Wendell was one hell of a C.O.

After getting back to the states, I saw Paul Wendell at his home a couple of times and if I remember correctly he was at my sisters house for dinner. After that we all drifted apart I guess.
June 14, 1980

John W. Willis
1441 South Paso Real
Space 255
Rowland Heights
California 91748

Dear Hargis,

I will attempt to give you some of information that you asked me to send to you.

I was with I company 162 and joined the I & R at Morobe, New Guinea. I did not see much of platoon as was sent up coast with two other I & R Men and an Australian to watch a beach in a area of native village to watch for a possible Japanese landing. We were recalled in a couple of weeks to go on a landing below Roosevelt Ridge. The I & R were in a Japanese barge and we got lost in a severe storm from rest of landing party who were in LCV & LCM and because of heavy surf and waves 10 feet high they were all demolished. Sgt Sullivan swam ashore do get orders and were told to wait for waves to go down before landing. 9 I & R men were posted on three islands in area ahead of time to guide landing party with lanterns and did not return to platoon for some time.

I went on a lot of patrols in Roosevelt Ridge - Salamaua area but that I was extra brave but because I was one of few in platoon who did not come down with malaria. I went on a three day patrol with Lt Folsom, Cpl Cornic and native guide Tapiola. We found the supply trail from Salamaua to Roosevelt Ridge and after that was blocked, Salamaua was taken by our forces. This article was in the Jungleer and LT Folsom received a Legion of Merit for this patrol.

I also went on a sea patrol in a landing craft with Col Roosevelt from the beach behind Roosevelt Ridge to Salamaua. As we went around the ridge we were fired at by Japanese on the beach we all hit the deck but the Colonel and I told him to get down or he would get hit. He told me I am an old man have lived a full life and I want to see what is going on.

At the time of the Hollandia landing we begin having men going home on the point system. We were also offered a seven day furlough to Australia. No one would take furlough because they all wanted to go home. I took a seven day one to Melbourne. On way back I came down with Malaria was hospitalized at Brisbane and then sent to Malaria camp in Rockhampton and it was over three months before I returned to unit and fighting was practically over on Biak except for scattered small starving units.

A short time after I got to Biak, Sgt Sullivan was picked for rotation home. I was called in to Colonels tent and he said I have chosen for you to be the New I & R platoon Sgt. I told him I was not too interested and several men outranked me. He said I know you are a card player (I had won a $1000 dollars in poker game the previous night) but the army never hired you to play cards and as of now you are running platoon with or without rank. He was a great believer in the unit and expanded it in 25 men and officer to 52 men. We had not recieved a replacement for Lt Folsom at that time. I am sending you a copy of that 52 man roster.

The line companys went into training but the I & R ran patrols almost every day trying to keep Japanese from getting food and water so they would surrender, I will relate on a few of these.
We went around one side of Biak in an amphibious truck 4 men and
colored engineer for a driver. I told him to anchor a 1/4 mile off
shore and we would be back in a couple of days. He said I will anchor
and swim ashore and go with you I will not stay alone and he did real
good on patrol and wanted to join outfit. We run into 4 Japs the first
day and they were heating water called out for them to surrender but
they reached for their weapons and had to shoot them. We returned to
beach area the next day where their was a cement floored church and
under ground river came out of hill by church. We captured four
Japanese in area and was a Major who had made his privates draw to
see which one would be eaten and we found the soldier hanging in
native hut. I questioned him and he said who are you to judge me
have you even been starving. He said I went to college in England
before the war and I am as intelligent as any of you and you do not
know what you will do if you are dying of starvation. I fed them
and made them wash out the church which had been used as a bathroom
by the Japanese.

There was a Lake inland in this area and later we led G Co. 162
to block off this area and as it was 4 hr walk for I & R patrol
but almost 7 hours for company with their heavy weapons. About
half way we hit a native hut area and we 4 I & R killed 4 Japs before
G company caught up with us. I got 11 wristwatches off one Jap a
long time my dad wore for 10 years. The G company Capt. a new man
told the next time you run into the enemy do not shoot but wait
for us as I want to give my new men experience. Well a couple hours
later my head scout told me some Japs were heading our way down trail
and called Capt. and his men up to front of column but his front
scout got buck fever and Zito had to shoot the lead man then all
of guns opened up and G company took care of situation. The captain
wanted some of us to transfer to his company but I told him there
was no chance as I'm Zito and Neerman were all experienced I & R men.

Another patrol was to a native garden. We had 7 I & R, 2
army SIG Men who had been asking to go on patrol, and we were followed
at a distance by bunch of natives who were not used as scouts they
were not a good bunch of people. After we had taken a area they would
pick up every thing we left behind canteens and cooking ware especialy.
On this patrol Zito and I got 7 sabers and lot of flags. We killed 7
Japs and captured 7 who were mostly Korean laborers.

The airforce sent a colonel to our area to ask to recover the
body of a ace pilot who had crashed in jungle when his fighter did
not come out of dive. It was a 2 day patrol with no water available.
I took 12 men and 8 of them just over from states also a work detail
to carry out body. I told new men that they would have to be very
sparring with water as it was a long 7 mile trip through jungle
and we had to cut our way. They said that could run 20 miles and just
keep out of their way. Well they ran out of water the first day
and we had to share ours to get them back to camp. They said you are
walking fool I told them I had been down in this climate for 18
months and was use to it. We could not find the plane in heavy jungle
till we got assistance from a airforce piper cub. The plane made a
15 deep in coral and the pilots body a hole three feet deep as his
parachute did not have time to open. We had to kill 4 Japs who had
made a shelter out of parachute. Even though we poured formaldehyde
over body the carriers could not stand the smell so decided to come
back a week later as it does not take long in jungle. When we came
back the bones were so brittle from the fall that all we were able
to salvage was one thigh bone.
A couple of amusing things about the I & R on Biak

There was no coffee for awhile on the Island and we had become acquainted with PT squadron when they were attached to 162 for rations and I even got to ride on one for a day. Corp Zito took a bunch of Jap rifles and rode back 300 miles with PT on one of their supply trips and traded for 200 pounds of coffee and we had full colonels coming by at night to get a cup of coffee. One night Col Rossevelt came in with a box of cigars and did not get out with many left. We also traded some rifles to liberty ship for sheets and the interpreter did Japanese writing and the draftsman the red sun and we were selling these to marines who were on ships in harbor for $25 per flag it worked good until we got greedy and did not give ink time to dry.

When we left Biak we went to Island of Mindora in Philippines where we. Where we trained on motorized recon with 40 div recon Company and alone. We had seven Jeeps, divided into groups of three. Each group had their radio channel and plt. Sgt had 2 radios in his Jeep and could talk with either group or regimental 52. Each jeep had a mounted Bar and 50 cal. Machine gun. We went on one combat patrol on this island, it was reported that some Japanese had come down in Philippine village and raped a girl and stole some food. We rode in jeeps as far as they would go to some mountains then took a foot patrol but found nothing.

As the time Approached for the Zamboanga landing I was picked for rotation home but was told before I could leave would half to go to Zamboanga and help unload LST that I would be assigned to. Our landing craft was closed on the beach to Japanese Artillery We had 300 tons of aviation gas and 300 tons of 155 artillery shells. We no more got gas unloaded until incoming shells hit it and set it afire, and as we were unloading shells we got direct hits on ramp killing 162 men who were picked to go home. In fact the first shell there were 5 of us on ramp and I was only one that did not get hit. I got so disgusted because ensign would not move his craft out of artillery range we were only ones getting hit that when we were unloaded I bought a jeep and rode up to 162 headquarters and spent day and night with I & R and next morning returned to ship and started home.

I am sending you some pictures to look at but want them returned when you get through looking at them.

We have went to quite a few reunions. Los Angeles, San Francisco, Yellowstone, Detroit, and Portland. Now that I am retired and gas is high we can not afford to go as much as we did in past. I saw Neerman for first time in 30 years and the first thing he said was you know $100 I owed you well the statue of limitations have run out you can kiss it good by I sure laughed at his joke. He had cancer of throat and I see where he passed away last year in jungler. We also visited with him in Portland. My original company 162 has a reunion every 5 years in Bend Oregon and we plan to attend if possible labor day weekend. In 1975 we had around 60 former company attend the reunion.

I was Public works superintendent for City of Huntington Park California and retired in July 1976. I had 31 years with city. I had a secretary to write my letters. I dug out my sons old portable and you will have to excuse the mistakes as it has been years and my fingers just will not always hit right keys so I misspelled some words. I sure dreaded writing this letter but my wife told me to get on the Ball.

Sincerely Yours
41st Buddy
John W Willis [Casey]
Platoon Headquarters

Sgt Willis, John H
T/4 Swayne, Harry M
T/5 Russell, Raymond A
T/5 Sack, Franklin W
PFC Tracy, Oliver R, Jr
Pvt Ling, Harvey R Jr
T/5 Porter, Loyd C
T/5 Zecchini, Carmine
PFC Rittenhouse, Albert
PFC Bauer, Charles H
PFC Fason, Lawrence E
PFC Tompkins, Charles E

1st Section

X-Cpl Bemarik, Arnold C.
PFC Bury, William H, Jr
Pvt Wallace, Robert E
PFC Prince, Benjamin A
PFC Schoeneck, Herman G.
PFC Ortega, Frank P.
PFC Campbell, Charles A
PFC Coke, Anthony
PFC Sullivan, Eugene F
PFC Walters, Robert C

2nd Section

X-Sgt Ihn, Gerald F, Section Sgt
Sgt March, Warren
PFC Lore, Robert O
PFC Scott, Jesse, Jr
PFC Cundovic, Thomas C
PFC Mullin, Joseph H.
PFC Moore, Harry H.
PFC Perdue, Julio R.
PFC Segel, Harry G.

3rd Section

X-Sgt Kellman, Marvin
Sgt Addis, James A.
Asst " " (Cpl Lopez, Viviano C Asst " "
S & O PFC England, William A S & O
" " PFC Sanger, Earl H
" " PFC Zawrotny, Frank E
" " PFC Bell, J B
" " PFC Akinas, Everett
" " Pvt Thomas, Lawrence A
" " Pvt Brumfield, Exale
" " PTC " " "

4th Section

X-Sgt Ihn, Gerald F, Section Sgt
Sgt March, Warren
PFC Kellman, Marvin
Asst Sgt Tippett, George P.
Asst Sqd Ldr PFC Watson, George R.
S & O PFC Wecker, Simon
" " PFC Brenn, Edward D.
" " PFC Robinson, Walter A.
" " PFC Ward, Glenn L.
" " PFC Samerton, Malvern D.
" " PFC Hughes, Junior J.
" " Pvt Atrzy, Dayton
Dr. Hargis Westerfield  
114 W. 25th Street  
Kearney, Nebraska 68847

Dear Hargis,

Received, and am answering your letter of January 1st. So glad I could furnish some usable information for your history.

Concerning the Japanese tank and infantry attack on the 3rd Bn., 162 at Parai. I wish I could give you some real first-hand information, but Mine Bn's position and the way the battle developed make that impossible. I was dug in down on the beach corridor and the Jap tank came down a coral bench a 100 yards or so north of my position. The bench was rather a low one-20ft. or so, but all I could see was an occasional silhouette of a Jap on the skyline. I was concentrating more to my front (west) because it was from that direction that I expected a Jap charge.....but it didn't. After the Jap tanks were knocked out, or turned back, I could hear Jap officers shouting orders, and soon after that the fighting on the bench started. The first charge came with fixed-bayonets, but 3rd Bn's rifle companies were dug in and well defended; they put withering fire on the enemy, inflicting heavy losses. The attack soon slowed down to sniping and squad charges. It seemed to be strictly an infantry-rifle-bayonet action. I don't think they were armed with m.g's or mortars. Obviously, when their attack was planned they were depending heavily on their tanks, so didn't bring along any cumbersome equipment. It didn't appear to be a real determined effort on their part after the loss of their tanks, and when they were unable to break 3rd Bn's defences they withdrew.

It was by no means a "to the last man" effort such as became associated with a lot of the later encounters. I think this can best be explained when one considers that this was only the third day of the Blak operation, and they had already been successful in repelling us from the Okmer Drome area. I have always felt quite sure that the Jap commanders had high hopes of driving us back into the sea, so were unwilling at that stage of the game - to sacrifice too many men in this first skirmishing. This, of course is my own personal conclusion - not based on fact or figures - but I hope it is fairly accurate.

My response to the Japanese report stating that their tanks had us all running-in-retreat is: "Dunk!!!!!!!***". If there had been any running or retreat from enemy tanks that morning, I would have seen them. It just didn't happen.

Although I wasn't near any more of the Jap tank encounters, I have talked to other 162nd men who were. In one instance I was told of two Jap tanks being repelled with B.A.R's and M.I's. At no time did I ever hear of Jap tanks throwing our men into wild panic. The only action that I can think of that might be described as a running retreat was the 3rd Bn's withdrawal from the Okmer Drome area. That was an escape from an indefensible position. Although seemingly disorganized, we could, and would, have fought our ground forces. If there had been any put into action against us.
The Yank fighting philosophy -as you well know- was quite different to that of the Japanese. No Yank was ever thrilled by the idea of dying for his country-(preferring to live for it) although we all knew it could happen at any time. Dying is all too often the result of fighting for one country, but should never be the goal. Again, my own feelings- but shared - I am sure by all Yanks, as well as soldiers of other enlightened nations.

My memories of Hollandia are rather sparse. I can't recall any A.T.162 contact with enemy ground forces; in that area of combat. I know we moved around a lot to hold vital positions, but no fighting. We must have been used to secure ground taken by other units. Hollandia was our first offensive on returning to New Guinea after our rest and regrouping in Australia following Balama campaign. I can remember what a thrill it was to see troop ships, battle wagoons, cruisers, destroyers, etc., spread out across the sea, as far as the eye could see. And then again, when the Navy laid down their bombardment, and wave after wave of B17 and B24 bombers laid their eggs on the beach. It seemed impossible that the very land itself could withstand such an assault, let alone the soldiers of the enemy. We had never seen anything like it before; one could actually see the concussion waves (similar to heat waves) rising from the ground. All our previous beach-head landings had been a matter of leap-frogging up the beaches in a dozen or so Higgins boats and L.C.N.'s.

We landed at White Beach 1 and marched straight to Pancake Hill, where we were held in reserve. Just at dusk a single Jap bomber (Washing Machine Charlie) flew over White Beach- which was covered with the total supplies needed for our campaign-dropping his load right in the middle of it. Almost immediately, flames were leaping 100ft into the air, from the burning gasoline dump. The flames soon spread to ammunition and other supplies. We were, perhaps, a mile from the closest part of the beach, but even at that safe distance it was a fearful sight. Artillery and mortar shells were bursting. Flares and rockets were shooting hundreds of feet into the air. Some of the spent rockets and flares fell on Pancake Hill, but none of them exploded. The end result of this was the loss of almost all of our supplies for the campaign, food, ammunition, and clothing. Since the expedition was dispatched with more than adequate supplies, there was no machinery set up to get more supplies to us. Fortunately for us the Hollandia campaign wasn't all that difficult, so the heavy loss of supplies wasn't as serious as it might have been under tougher conditions.

We were on half rations most of the time and we utilized all the Jap clothing that we could obtain, (we did have a little problem with the fit though). I wore a pair of Nip pajamas for several weeks during that period. They proved to be far more comfortable, and more suitable for tropical wear than my G.I. fatigues. I could wash them out knowing that they would be dry again in a few minutes.

After the hostilities were all over A.T. Co. bivouced on the beach just south of the town of Hollandia. Three or four of my buddies and I decided to try to break the monotony of our "C" rations diet with some fresh fish. (Dewey Keys, and Blaine Kessler, were with me, but I can't seem to remember the others.) We secured an old row-boat, and a dozen grenades and headed for a little island about a mile off the beach, determined to get some good food for the company kitchen. We placed our grenades into several very nice schools of fish and after much swimming and diving to retrieve the stunned fish, we had a couple of hundred pounds to take back to camp, and decided it was time to head for the shore.

As we approached the beach we knew something was wrong; there were men on the beach waving shirts, and yelling at us to come in. We did as fast as we could. It turned out that while we were fishing, A.T. Co. had received orders to move to a new location. Our tent mates had most of our things packed and had already struck our tent, so we were able to load onto one of the last trucks, (minus our boat-load of fish), and leave
with the rest of the company for our new location.

We had no sooner reached our destination when I was told to report to the tent of Lt. Harbaugh, (our company commander) and to bring my fishing buddies with me. I was 5/Bgt. at the time and the only ranked man in the group of fishermen. We received a gentlemen-like dressing down, and after placing the other three men on K.I. beginning the next day, he dismissed them. After they left the tent, he looked at me and said, "Steve, I don't know what to do with you." I told him that I didn't know what type of punishment he had in his mind, but unless he forbade it, I was going to go on to the others, which I did. Nothing further was said about the incident, except that later on in the campaign he told me he often wished we had been able to utilize the fish we had brought back that day.

Our introduction to the Mindanao was at Digos, May 4th. Our duty that day was mopping up as the 24 Div. had made the initial assault, and had scattered the enemy. We set up base camps and patrolled the Catabato area. The Japs there were broken up into small groups and were always on the move. Although we had several brief skirmishes, I can recall no A.T. Co. casualties.

I went out on patrol with Lt. Katz and we were ambushed by about 40-50 Japs near Dilap. I was up ahead with the scouts and the officers (there was one other Lt., I can't remember who for sure, possibly Lt. Bean) were with the main body of troops further back. Anyway, I took it upon myself to call for men from the rear to provide fire power, so the lead scouts could withdraw. We fought our way out of that, withdrawing under heavy mortar fire (probably knee mortars), killing some of them. We were armed with only M. 1's and carbines, and suffered no casualties in our ranks. We went back the next day equipped for a fire fight, but the enemy had moved on.

Near the end of May lst Bn., with A.T. Co attached were in a truck convoy, headed north over the Sajre Highway. Maruanga was our destination. We hadn't covered many miles before the road became a quagmire. We unloaded, cut brush, chained the trucks together, for added traction, and when one became hopelessly mired, used cats to pull them out. Progress became impossible, so we set up a base camp with defensive perimeters right there. We were situated in a shallow basin type position. A.T. Co., perimeter was near a river, but I don't recall it's name, although from the Journal extracts you sent to me it must have been the Fitogo or the Maasin. I know of no contacts with the enemy on that excursion, although it was thought large groups were escaping through that area.

There was talk of destroying all our equipment and walking out of there, but the monsoon rains subsided and the mud firméd up sufficiently so that we could back track and get all our vehicles and equipment out after all.

We ended up in the Davao area. After a couple of uneventful weeks we went back to Zamboanga; we were there when the Japanese surrender was announced. From there, we old-timers were sent Stateside for discharge, and the newer members went on up to Japan.

Regard, I enjoyed your remarks about your trip up to New Guinea, aboard the old "westraila", really relating to the poker players. I too, have seen them playing, often in the most ridiculous circumstances. Again, I hope you will be able to glean some information of use to you and your work. Lette and I both send regards-she does all my typing.

best wishes,
About Murphy—24 March 1945. It was just after noon meal that K Co. started to advance. I was second scout that day, with 212 men in a rifle co., 210 men behind me. Moving along, slowly and using care, just all at once I saw the first scout's rifle out of the corner of my eye come to his shoulder. Testerman (Hillbillie) as we called him. Both armed with M-1s. He fired twice and I fired once before hitting the ground. Several grenades were thrown. Murphy had the BAR. We were right on top of a Jap mch. gun nest with 5 Japs which we killed, all of them. Just after that with 3 men in a hole bedded down for the night, 2 sleeping, 1 sitting guard with M-I. It was raining and so dark you couldn't hardly see your hand in front of your face, while on guard I hearda thud noise. 3 Jap grenades came in the hole. I threw them out, 2 out of 3 went off just after letting go of them.

The next morning just outside of our hole was a 6'6" Jap Imperial Marine (dead) armed with a spear. I did a lot of firing with the BAR. I had 10 magazines (200 rounds) and two assistants each had 4 magazines and usually I carried a bandoe (250 rounds) on top of that. Most of the time I fired in the day time only but this one night we had a Banzi attack. I fired so much that the next morning I had to have a new barrel from ordinance. We didn't have any casualties but don't remember when it was, but some time while still at Zamboanga.

16 March 1945, K Co. had tried to go up Mt. Copisan. We were part way up when James L. Cran was killed. After that we retreated for the night. The next morning we made it to the top without any trouble. While there I remember we could see at least one other outfit in the distance. (A Co.)

18 March 1945—Stonecypher was killed during the night, while sitting guard in his hole. He was hit with a rifle slug in the neck. 25 March 1945—Brown—I remember seeing him after he was dead but can't recall any details outside of when we were advancing he was killed.

June or July—You don't show it: Capt. Robert C. Watson, 1st sgt. Wyatt B. Watts.

Like I say, the jeep driver with the Capt in front seat, Sgt. in rear hit a landmine killing both the Capt. and Sgt. and the driver wasn't hurt. The Capt. was replaced withtha 1st Lt. James Luftkin from either L or M Co. as CO. Check with your writers of L & M Co. and see if they can remember any details.

Something else, I still have the original order Hdo. 162 Inf. APO 41-effective 16 March 1945.

I Award of the Combat Infantry Badge
II Award of the Good Conduct Medal
III Award of the Oak Leaf Cluster

751 men awarded CIB with 56 men from K Co. Including myself. Award of the Oak Leaf Cluster 12 March 1945.

One of your company rosters should show a Manuel G. Gordea wounded in action. This list doesn't tell which company, but lists his mother's address; 3203 E. Washington St. Stockton, Calif.

Offhand I don't know anybody that could help you. I have thought about it, checked records and newspaper clippings for several days and I hope I have helped you with this information and will be available if you need more information.

Had a nice memorial day services. Went to Dr. office for check up Tuesday. Continued arthritis medicine for another year (Motrin 600-3 a day). Am trying to go through local service officer and VA in Cincinnati for tests in the near future for Atomic radiation.

As ever,
NEW GUINEA, gin’-e, an island in the southwest Pacific Ocean between the equator and Australia. Shaped like a huge bird, it stretches about 1,500 miles (2,400 km) from northwest to southeast and has a maximum width of more than 450 miles (720 km). Its area of about 306,000 square miles (792,500 sq km) makes it the world’s second-largest island, after Greenland. Surrounding bays and gulls merge into the Ceram Sea on the west, the Bismarck and Solomon seas on the east, the Coral and Arafura seas on the south. Portuguese navigators were the first Europeans to discover the island, during the early 16th century. The Spanish explorer Ynigo Ortiz de Retes named it New Guinea in 1545 after the Green coast of West Africa. In 1828 the Netherlands added the western half of the island to the Dutch East Indies. In 1884, Britain annexed the southeastern portion and Germany assumed control of the northeast.

British New Guinea was transferred to Australian administration in 1906 and renamed Papua. At the end of World War I former German New Guinea became a League of Nations mandate under Australia. After World War II, although the League mandate became a United Nations trusteeship, the entire eastern half of the island was administered by Australia as Papua–New Guinea until it achieved independence as the nation of Papua New Guinea in 1975. Dutch New Guinea, or West Irian, was placed under Indonesian control in 1963, and following an affirmative vote by West Irianese councils in 1969 it was proclaimed an Indonesian province. The name was changed to Irian Jaya in 1973.

Relief, Drainage, and Climate. The outstanding feature of New Guinea’s relief is a highland backbone that extends from the Doberai (formerly Vogelkop, or “Bird’s Head”) Peninsula in the west through a series of parallel ranges that narrow to the eastern tail-end of the island. Rugged terrain, interrupted in places by upland basins, plateaus, and lakes, dominates the island interior. The principal range in Irian Jaya is the Maok, which has peaks rising above 15,000 feet (4,572 meters). Puncak Jaya, formerly Mt. Carstensz, has an elevation of 16,503 feet (5,030 meters) and a permanent snowcap. In Papua New Guinea the cordillera reaches from the broad complex of the Central Highlands to the Owen Stanley Range. The highest peaks exceed 14,000 feet (4,267 meters). A belt of recently active volcanoes that lies parallel to the northeast coast continues through the adjacent island of New Britain.

The most extensive lowlands are floodplains and deltas of major rivers and, in southern Irian Jaya, one of the world’s largest swampy regions. Numerous offshore coral reefs and islands are scattered along the coastal approaches.

The drainage patterns of New Guinea reflect the continental character of the island. Runoff from frequent heavy rains has dissected the highlands while feeding several major rivers and many smaller streams. The principal rivers of the northern watershed are the Mamberamo in northern Irian Jaya and the Mapi, Digul, and Bian meander across the vast swamps of Irian Jaya, while the Fly, Kikori, and Purari flow into the Gulf of Papua.

Lying almost entirely within 10 degrees of the equator, New Guinea has a tropical rainforest climate that is modified by elevation in the mountainous interior and by seasonal changes in the direction of winds. The prevailing flow of air is from the southeast from May to October when the southeast trades are strongest, but that...
New Guinea

Villagers complete the thatched roof of a house built on piles in the interior of eastern New Guinea.

The greatest differences in temperature result from elevation. Days are cold in the highlands throughout the year. In the lowlands mean monthly temperatures vary little from an annual average of about 80°F (27°C). Sea breezes ameliorate oppressive daytime heat along the coasts.

Vegetation and Wildlife. Most of New Guinea is covered by tropical forest containing species that are related to those of Asia and Australia. As in other tropical lands that reach to high elevations, there is a vertical zonation of floral types. Mangrove swamps, pandanus, coconuts, nipa, and sago palms grow on or near many parts of the coast. Dense rain forest with many kinds of hardwoods and climbing vines occupies a zone up to about 3,000 feet (900 meters). Indigenous pines, beeches, and oaks prevail in a belt between the rain forest and the lower margin of a mossy forest at about 5,000 feet (1,500 meters). The mossy forest, consisting mainly of beeches with dangling strands of moss and coats of lichen, extends to the upper limit of trees at 10,500 feet (3,200 meters). Above the tree line are alpine forms, including tree ferns and stunted conifers, that continue upward among interspersed grasses to the small areas of permanent snow on the highest peaks.

The practice of shifting (slash-and-burn) agriculture has reduced forest cover along intermediate slopes and in some highland basins. Areas of kunai (spear grass) and "tik-tik" (wild sugarcane) have expanded into former forested lands that were burned or cleared for agriculture. On drier parts of the island or where rainfall is concentrated in the monsoon season there is usually a savannalike vegetation with scattered trees and coarse grasses.

The wildlife of New Guinea is closely akin to that of Australia. The many types of marsupials include wallabies, tree kangaroos, bandicoots, phalangers, and pouched mice. The echidna, or spiny anteater, is an egg-laying monotreme related to the echidnas and the platypus of Australia. There are also fruit bats, known as flying foxes, and rats. The dugong (manatee) and dolphins are marine mammals that frequent coastal waters.

Birds are by far the most abundant species of wildlife on land. Among more than 600 that have been classified are the flightless cassowary, birds of paradise, parrots, bower birds, and pigeons. Reptiles include pythons, many poisonous snakes, the giant monitor and other lizards, and tortoises. Crocodiles are found in lowland streams and many estuaries. Frogs of many kinds make up the majority of amphibians. Fish species numbering about 1,400 in the rivers and coastal waters include commercially valuable tuna and barramundi.

New Guinea is noted for its abundant variety of colorful butterflies and moths. The island also has malarial mosquitoes and ticks that carry typhus. Natural Resources. The tropical soils of New Guinea are subject to leaching by heavy rains and are easily eroded when exposed by forest removal and cultivation. They nevertheless have been agriculturally productive for thousands of years. The best soils are found along river floodplains and in the highland basins, although productivity declines after a few years unless plots are shifted or fertilizer is applied. The swamps, lowlands, especially in southeastern Irian Jaya, have a limited potential because of drainage problems, and they usually have few native inhabitants except where sago palms are available for food. Terracing, shifting cultivation, and even occasional irrigation were moderately successful adjustments to soil deficiencies in the past, but deforestation, weed invasions (mainly grasses), and leaching have led to native population pressures on the land.

Only a small fraction of New Guinea is potentially arable land. The preferred areas are along the narrow coastal plains and in valleys at intermediate levels, where improved husbandry could expand commercial plantation agriculture.

The mountain forests of New Guinea's interior contain valuable softwoods such as kauri, hoop pines, and podocarps that are suitable for timber.
NEW GUINEA

Indigenous peoples of New Guinea are generally difficult to reach, making logging expensive. The best hardwoods of the rain forest are scattered among other species. Rattan and copal (a resin used in varnishes) are minor products of the rain forest.

Abundant fish and shellfish of the rivers and coastal waters are important sources of food for the natives. In addition to offshore fisheries, pearl shell, sponges, and sea cucumbers (bêche-de-mer) are marine resources of commercial value.

The mineral resources of the island have not been well explored, although the geological character of the rugged highlands suggests the occurrence of metallic ores. Rich goldfields have been mined in the upper tributaries of the Markham River in the northeast. There are known deposits of copper, silver, manganese, and nickel minerals. A leading copper center is at Ok Tedi in the Star Mountains of western Papua New Guinea. Nickel occurs on Gag Island off far western Irian Jaya.

Oil exploration, mainly near the coasts, led to production on the Doberai Peninsula of Irian Jaya after the mid-20th century. Natural gas has been found in both the Sepik and Fly-Kikori basins of Papua New Guinea. The island's lakes and rivers offer prospects for a substantial development of hydroelectric power resources.

The People. More than two thirds of New Guinea's people live in Papua New Guinea. Indigenous population patterns are densest in the interior. People are often dispersed among upland valleys and plateaus. Only a small proportion of the natives inhabit the lowlands, although increasing numbers have migrated to coastal villages and towns for employment. With few exceptions the swampy lands and broad river deltas are uninhabited.

European, Indonesians, and other foreign expatriates are concentrated at plantation, trade, and administrative centers along the coast or at mining settlements in the interior. Three demographic groups make up the majority of the native population. The Papuans of the southeast are dark skinned, wooly haired, and of medium stature. Negritoid people of small stature inhabit the central and western interior. Tall, frizzy haired Melanesians live mainly on the coasts and outlying islands. In spite of these differences, New Guinea is commonly regarded as a part of the Melanesian culture region.

Abundant potential of New Guinea's people is probably greater than that of any area of comparable size in the world. Isolated groups of natives often speak a language not understood by others in a nearby valley. The more than 700 spoken languages in Papua New Guinea and 250 in Irian Jaya fall into two main categories. Melanesian dialects prevail on the coasts and offshore islands, whereas most other languages are broadly classified as Papuan. The official language of government in Papua New Guinea is English, although a Pidgin English is widely used for communication among ethnic groups and in commerce. In Irian Jaya the principal language is Malay, but the government encourages the use of Indonesian as a universal language.

Because the native peoples have been isolated from outside social and technological influences, until recently they retained many of the elements of a Stone Age culture. The main traditional economy is subsistence agriculture. Shifting cultivation, involving rotation of fields rather than crops, is common in the interior uplands, where steel axes and hoes have gradually replaced digging sticks and stone tools for tending garden plots. Vegetables and starchy roots are the principal crops; some villagers raise pigs and poultry. On coastal lowlands coconuts and sago starch are food sources. Fish and shellfish supplement the diets of coast dwellers, whereas birds and small animals are hunted in the uplands. A limited trade by natives is based on such items as seashells, bird feathers, wood carvings, food, and copra made by drying coconut meat. Government policies and the introduction of modern technology continue to bring about inevitable cultural changes.

HOWARD J. CRITCHFIELD
Western Washington University

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Map of New Guinea showing its geographical features, including the Equator, the Pacific Ocean, the Coral Sea, and major regions such as New Britain, New Guinea, and the Solomon Islands. The map also highlights important geographic features such as the Sepik River, the Ramu River, and the Horgan River.
COMPANY C  
Station: Bozeman  

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Inducted</th>
<th>Losses</th>
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<td>14. Yadon, Kemeth L.</td>
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### PRIVATEs

1. Altman, Merlin J. 20,929,234. Bozeman
2. Ballard, Fred L. 20,929,194. Bozeman
4. Barnes, William D. 20,929,196. Craig
5. Brown, Everett W. 20,929,197. Bozeman
7. Callantine, William T. 20,929,224. Three Forks
8. Cattrell, Charles P. 20,929,199. Bozeman
13. Corkins, Jack P. 20,929,204. Bozeman
14. Davison, Donald N. 20,929,205. Bozeman
15. Davison, Stanley C. 20,929,206. Highwood
17. Freeman, Alfred F. 20,929,208. Bozeman
20. Hanson, Gale D. 20,929,211. Bozeman
29. Lawrence, Ivan O. 20,929,220. Bozeman
30. Lillegard, Glenn A. 20,929,221. Stanford
31. Lindgren, Carl R. 20,929,222. Bozeman
32. Logan, Lee F. 20,929,223. Bozeman
33. Lowe, Gerald R. 20,929,267. Bozeman
34. Markuson, Marvin A.* 20,929,225. Thompson Falls
35. Martin, Omer L. 20,929,226. Bozeman
37. McHenry, Melvin C. 20,929,228. Lone Pine
40. Mikelson, Roy G. 20,929,231. Eureka
41. Miller, Clarence A. 20,929,232. Menard
42. Mohl, John L. 20,929,233. Bozeman
43. Mosher, Joseph 20,929,236. Twin Bridges
44. Neft, Robert F. 20,929,237. Clasoil
45. Nevin, John W. 20,929,238. Bozeman
47. Nelson, Harvey H.* 20,929,240. Bozeman
COMPANY C—(Continued)

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*LOSSES*

1. Criswell, Raymond L. 20,929,163 Bozeman
   Hon. Disch 9-19-40 Physical Disability

2. Funk, Alfred C. 20,929,166 Bozeman
   Hon. Disch 9-19-40 Physical Disability

3. Lowe, Edwin E. 20,929,168 Bozeman
   Hon. Disch 9-19-40 Physical Disability

4. Yost, James A. 20,929,178 Belgrade
   Hon. Disch. 10-25-40 Dependency

5. Grooters, Bert 20,929,183 Bozeman
   Hon. Disch 9-19-40 Physical Disability

6. Kindig, Lewis W. 20,929,186 Gallatin Gateway
   Hon. Disch 9-19-40 Physical Disability

7. Johnson, Albert E. 20,929,213 Conrad
   Hon. Disch 9-19-40 Physical Disability

8. Markuson, Marvin A. 20,929,225 Thompson Falls
   Hon. Disch 9-19-40 Physical Disability

9. Mikalson, Robert L. 20,929,230 Eureka
   Hon. Disch 9-19-40 Physical Disability
Dec. 27 — Arrived at P.T. Morris by aboard the Dutch ships. Several ships were laying on their sides in the harbor. Entertined and rode about 10 miles to our bivouac area. Passed "7 Mile" airstrip and many wrecked fortresses & fighter planes in area. Set up pyramidal tents and cots and dug slit trenches. Occurred on trenches that not (with 2 inches of mud in bottom), as we underwent our first air raid. Twice during the night we had to crowd into our huts. 

Dec. 28 — Started getting issued some much needed clothing and equipment. Another air raid. Lots of rumores flying.

Dec. 29 — Seeger and the boys worked unloading boats and galleys a case of whiskey cocktails and other fields — quite a relief after the ships mess and the type "C" ration we were issued after hitting Morris by 9 came down with a form of a flu and was sick for two days.

Had a hike in A.M. and lots of the boys fell out — heat was terrible.

Dec. 30 — Last final issue of clothing and equipment. We were informed that we would leave in the morning. Stood on "A" bags.

Capt. Van Dyne gave company a talk. Told me that this would probably be the last time we were all together and what a fine company we had — made us all feel good. But Walt & Bucky — not friendly. He was with us through the whole campaign.

Dec. 31 — Entertined at 4:30 p.m. and rode tolycer. Bobby Dick, myself and about 1/3 of the 3rd Platoon were put into a Douglas transport (DC3) and about 2/3 of the 3rd Platoon were put into a Douglas transport (DC3) and about 1/3 of the 3rd Platoon were put into a Douglas transport (DC3) and about 2/3 of the 3rd Platoon were put into a Douglas transport (DC3) and about 1/3 of the 3rd Platoon were put into a Douglas transport (DC3) and about 2/3 of the 3rd Platoon were put into a Douglas transport (DC3). We couldn't decide (in case a plane got after us) whether to grab a parachute and drift slowly down or to give the chute to 3 of the men (like a boat should) and take the faster way down —

After a 40 min. ride we landed on a muddy strip and was told that Dobodura was about 2 miles "that way". We took off. We expected to find giant villages, natives, etc. but all we was was a few palm trees in a clearing and a few F.I.S. lying around.

At Dobodura we joined part of "C" Co and Major Hawk (the Bird) led us up the trail. The pace was so fast in the hilly track and some arrived at "Ango" and set to work making up our beds — with

(Guest Page)
Dec 31 (cont)

we spent New Year's Eve listening to the Aussie artillery pound away at the gap positions. Sounded more like the 4th of July -

Rained most of the night...

Jan 1-43 - Left our bivouac and about 4.00 AM and took off up the trail. Trail was muddy and slippery. Part of it was built by Engineers out of poles. Very hard to walk on. Finally, about the time everyone was ready to stop we came to the Burma River and waded across it. Water almost to our arm pits and about 200 yds across. About noon near Sooqua, we stopped for dinner. I had hardly finished my Veg. Beef Stew and crackers when they called for all Squad Leaders. I being one, was told that the Squad Leaders and part of the officers were going to the front and observe -

We rode about 2 miles by jeep and stopped at "Chinese Glen" where some Aussies were having tea. We also had tea. We were told here that we would have to leave the road and continue on up the trail to the right. Realizing that it was going to be a long and fast walk, I flew to my pack and started throwing away some of my surplus equipment (Mosquito Bar, Blanket, gun oil, etc). In my excitement I threw away about half of my ammunition!

(Johhny HoHL)

When we left, we were having a hard time keeping up the pace and the boys in the back were getting up. When we got out of the jungle it was night. We came to a place called "Picketts Outpost" (Part of our 1st Platoon later occupied this position) at night we were given Aussie C Rations (so the Japs anyone wouldn't know we were Americans, or fresh troops). We proceeded on up to "Kans" Perimeter (later renamed Fisk) - On the way we passed within 30 yds of a Jap machine gun nest (we were told about it later).

At Kans the Aussies explained the situation - we were completely surrounded by Japs except for the trail we came upon. (We sort of locked at each other and managed a nervous grin). At dusk we could see smoke from Jap fires (Cooking) about 50 yds from us.

The Aussies were very unconcerned about it but they very used to it. They knew that the Japs were on the offensive and not on the offensive. We weren't too sure about that and spent a restless night.

Jan 2 - Australians explained the situation to me the best they could & tried to pass on to me some helpful suggestions. Most of the information they gave me was incorrect especially about the Japs not having many machine guns. They had all they needed, most of them American guns - LT. Fisk went out with some Aussies in the early morning and killed his first Jap.
from 3-5 the rest of the company came up, led by Lt. Rhodes. (...

...Siemieniewicz, Swiec, Randolph, Barker and Bell), across to James of the 2nd Platoon and a section of Co "D" (a perimeter in a position facing out, forming a circle. A perimeter is generally not more than 50 yards across) was connected by a trench, hip deep with mud, with part of one side and on the other side of the Sugita-Samhau trail. We had the men get in the slit trenches with the Amuricans and then the two sending the shocking news that after nearly 3 years in the army (almost 3 for me) that at least they would face to face with the enemy, actual enemy and not flags as used on maneuvers. Some of the boys were somewhat chagrined — some teetered to death. We were a sorry looking bunch when the Amuricans finally called it, leaving us holding the well known stick.

We had to stand a 24 hr guard or watch. It was organized so that the men worked in groups of 3, all around the perimeter, with one man out of every 3 on guard. One man out of 3 would stand 1hr and then wake up the next man, and then sleep for 2hrs until time for his next guard, if that was possible.

We were given 3 or 4 grenades per man each night in addition to our rifles. If you hear a branch break or the outside of the perimeter, just pull the pin and toss the grenade. That first night would have made the 4th of July in Chicago sound like a ladies' aid meeting. But the Japs thought that the whole US Army was attacking. The boys were sort of trigger happy — we arranged it so that after dark no one was to leave his slit trench — no matter how urgent. Anyone outside of a slit trench was to be shot as a Jap. (you can imagine some of the greyness happening as a result of this). Our steel helmets were heavy to other men, then protecting our heads. Later, due to a shortage of cooking utensils we even used our helmet to cook stew in (Any time one could cook anything, instead of cooking, he "boiled up").

Every morning we sent out a ration and ammunition carrying party, talking about 60 men out of our perimeter which left the perimeter very short handed in case of a Jap attack. The same trail was used to get our rations as we came up on the trail, was knee deep with mud and water and swarming with mosquitos making our trip a most unpleasant. I also mentioned M.G. next. Made the trip very nerve wrenching.

We also put out 2 men out of each squad on outpost during the day, all day. This was the toughest job of all, sitting motley all day.
Jan 6 - Don Dixon, Hughie Holmes and Art Kassey went on reconaissance patrol and ran into Jap. M. G. unit. Holmes was killed (body was never recovered) and Don Dixon shot thru the leg and foot. Dixon was very broken up about it.

About this time we uncovered some Jap. mort. explosive used in their M. G. guns. We used it to cook with. You heard the expression "now we're cooking with gas". We coined a new one - "Cooking with dynamite".

Jan 7 - A Jap. patrol came up to edge of perimeter and shot RICHTER thru the head as he was sitting with his back to the outside of the perimeter. He died instantly. KUNDERT was wounded thru the back. This could have been avoided had the men been on the alert as they were supposed to be.

We were sending out a few recon patrols -

LT. McGEE and SGT. JENKINS were making life unendurable by their constant yelling and cursing at the men, trying to keep them in their holes. The men figured that it was their own life they were risking if they got up. They knew that McGee and Jenkins were sure as hell taking care of their lives by staying in a hole. Could do it. Rained all night. MALLIZIO was wounded while carrying KUNDERT. (Mallizio died on Jan. 28th in Australia.)

Jan 8 - Cold breezes off full of water in morning. Everyone wet and miserable. B. Dixon, Y. Don, and myself took out a 50 man ration and ammunition party. While we were still at Bn. we heard that "C" Co. was attacking. We started back and the men in front of Bn. got shot thru leg. Before we got organized the rest of the party ahead of us went on ahead. CAIN, the medics fixed up the wounded men & Co. and we carried him back to Bn. Bunkers. With only Dixon and myself left out of the ration party we decided it was impossible to go on up the trail during the fracas & fell down in the knee deep mud and jammed my Tommy gun into the mud. Cleared the breech.

We went back to "F" Co. and I cleared my gun out the best I could and then started back with a platoon of "F" Co. who were sent up to carry out the "C" Co. casualties. We arrived about the time the battle was over and heard the results. An Aussie Artillery shell had fell short during the barrage preceding the "C" Co. attack on a strong Jap. perimeter and landed in the middle of "F" Co. perimeter, killing Raley and Jones outright and wounding Stevens, Callantine, Harrison, McIver, and Skimmer (Shimmer died in Hosp. on Jan. 11). The attack then started again. The artillery and the attack were not coordinated right and what was supposed to be a rolling barrage landed andsing our foremost men, killing Mclemore and Meek and wounding Stevens and Gilla. (Arm amputated later).
Jan 8 (cont'd) — During the attack which followed, Pvt Trice was killed. Standing up, throwing hand grenades, and falling dead, he was killed instantly. The Jap position was impossible to take from the direction in which the attack started due to a large mound in front of the Jap position. The Co C fell back to more's outpost, where we met them. Colonel Stahmen then ordered another attack in the same identical direction. Captain Van Drunen refused to lead his men into certain death and made it stick. The Colonel lost considerable face at least with us. C is the kid chief. They had a man like Van Drunen for Co commander. It makes the difference. Fun and games in Co B. (2nd) during the evening. Good game of poker. Co A went up on left and we were surprised by a Jap attack. We—we were surprised by a Jap attack. We went back to the CP and end of the story. It was 11th January. We had a good day. I think he thought that a Jap attack was over. Later I said to Simon, "How did I come to be with my platoon? Where they that many men in my platoon?" Simon said, "We're in Singapore." "No, did I come to be with my platoon? Where they that many men in my platoon?" Simon said, "We're in Singapore." "No, did I come to be with my platoon? Where they that many men in my platoon?" Simon said, "We're in Singapore.

Jan 9-12 — Usual ration parties. Fruit is unimpeachable. We felt Jenkins rationing crackers & milk (powdered) and canned tomatoes, cooked them. We had to ask Jenkins permission before giving a man a cup of tea. Everyone eating the same food. Jenkins was very healthy. Rain doesn't seem to affect us. Flies and mosquitos under cover. Men had to lay in it. Dry cigarettes and matches scarce. One point of high ground above water. Received our first mail and set it off. Everyone wrote home. Everyone morale went up — one man even smiled.
Jan. 12 cont'd — I was sent out on patrol, on orders from the captain. Took BURRELL AND NOWLIN with me. Went out on 320° azimuth and observed Jap trail for two hrs. No activity by Japs, went back and we were told to report to Capt. Reported to Capt. I told him what we had done. Capt. dressed me down for doing the wrong thing. We were supposed to follow down the Jap trail and observe on Jap perimeter. We were at fault having given me the wrong dope, but I took the beating quietly without saying anything. The Capt then said that I would have to go back out at the Col. had to have accurate information on Jap positions, pending an attack. He said that I could either go out that afternoon or wait until the morning. The morning was closer to go out next morning (I was lucky to have a choice) just before dusk the 3rd platoon was called out to ambush a 30-man Jap patrol. We went out and chased for them but it got dark and we did not see them. I had them Jan. 13 — Got up at 0400 hrs, woke NOWLIN and a man from Reg. intelligence who was to accompany NOWLIN and I on the patrol and ate some Hash and Herring (cold) and took off at 0600 again. (I had told RANDOLPH the night before that I was going out this time) position on patrol about 0430, knowing that he was to be on guard in the area at that time. He was asleep. I didn't take time to chew his tail for being asleep as time was precious but woke him up; rather roughly, I called him out next day for it) We made our way thru the thin jungle, crossing the Jap trail and going on about 200 yards before turning to the right (I had decided to do a circle around behind the Jap perimeter, then to follow down the trail) we proceeded on 4 different azimuths of 330°, 335°, 10° and finally 140° to bring us around in a half circle behind the Japs. About this time we were getting set to do a little observing (it was daylight by this time) a lone Jap came wandering out toward us. We went down where we were. We didn't have time to take good cover. He had a knife and was digging around in the tree roots (we had noticed Japs digging roots before. We decided that they must be using them for food) He circled around opposite NOWLIN then opposite RANDOLPH (the man from Reg) staking an on all the while. Finally he circled up right in front of me. I was lying on my right side with my Tommy gun covering him. When he was about 4 feet of me he stopped, I peered into the brush and looked him right in the eye! He was wearing glasses and half-inch thick and had a long black beard. His clothing was very filthy, and he smelled rather rank (we could always tell when a Jap was near our perimeter by their smell. They have a very distinct smell - all of their own. I finally got so that we could smell them all the time, we were in such close contact with them).
8 Jan 13 (cont’d) – I jumped up, covering him with my gun! He fell back, raising his hands, looking kinda dazed. I was sorta dazed myself, not knowing what to do with him, as we were in close to the japs perim, to fire giving away our position. I motioned with my left hand for him to come toward me. (I had finally decided to try to cold cock him with a right hook, drag him back in the brush and dispose of him by silent means). He started forward with his hands raised! At this point, Bork, who was lying in the undergrowth, got back up and jumped up and pointed his M1 at the jap. Bork’s face was a party gray, his eyes were sticking out of his head an inch and his M1 was shaking like a leaf. The jap must have thought he was done for. He jumped back, screaming, “No, no,” and fell flat on his back. He then jumped up and scrambled thru the brush toward his position, falling several times. I stopped Bork from firing on him. Bork then lurched and crashed thru the brush like a wild man in the opposite direction the Jap had taken. Kublin and I finally got him stopped and we held a fast consultation on what course we should take. We knew we had to get out of there fast. We could nothing so due W. and take the road due W. and hit the Inland Bn. or try to find our way back thru the japs. We were completely lost (we lost our azimuth when Bork bolted). We decided on the latter course. We circled back around to the right, trying to retrace our steps but it was impossible. We were soon in the middle of a dense swampy, with vines and undergrowth making progress next to impossible (one kind of kine we particularly would hook to your clothes and rip them off you unless you stopped and took the barbs out the same way they went in). The mosquitoes were around us in swarms. We wandered around from about 8:30 hrs to about 12:30 hrs dodging japs thru and dugouts which were scattered thru the swamps. The snipers were picking away at us but we kept pretty well under cover. About 12:30 we came to a partial clearing. Skirting it we saw several Jap tents and Japs sitting around. We then came to a bunch of Jap trails, all running parall’l (toward Sananda’a Pt.) with communication wires on them. We had crossed three of these when we heard Japs talking around us. We took cover
I'm willing to try one more time, but we should slow down. Our first interaction seemed too fast, and I think we should slow down to really get to know each other better. I understand that communication is key, and we've had a bit of a mix-up with the time delta. Let's try to be more patient with each other, and maybe we can work out a better system for communication. I think we should respect each other's time zones and try to be more mindful of when we reach out to each other. I appreciate your patience and understanding, and I'm looking forward to our next interaction.
Jan 13 (contd)

We didn't know the pass word for that night as we had been out all day. We got down low and I holled out "Yates" (we figured he'd be on guard at that time) and he answered us, "Who's there?" I answered, "Black Boat Patrol!"

He passed around the information that we were coming in and we went in - fast. I was never so glad in my life to see someone I knew. Howlin' and Jolted a can of Burma and smoked our first cigarette in 26 hours. Everyone had given up on ever getting back, hours before. I think they were about as glad to see us as we were to see them. I called the captain up on the phone and told him we were in. He thanked god right there on the phone, that we were back and told me I could report in the morning. We'd never even turned over in the hole when Jenkins told them we were in (I was even glad to see Jenkins black, ugly face and almost felt a brotherly love for him).

I have often heard some of my fellow soldiers remark that they prayed, when the lead got to flying fast or when they were in a tight spot. I don't believe that I'm an atheist (sp) but I never once thought of God during that trying afternoon. I guess I was too busy trying to figure out what I was going to do in case the Japs discovered us.

Jan. 14 — Rested most of the day. A lone Jap came wandering out of the trees onto the 5-5 road and came down toward our perimeter. We thought he was coming in to surrender. An Aussie whom away that dropped a bunch of leaflets and American propaganda in to the Jap position the day before, telling the Japs that they could not win, etc. They also dropped packets to the Japs that they would present to us as a surrender pass. This Jap came up quite close and then decided to go back. I thought this plane with a slay through his chest and chest wound, had wound, conning my marksmanship (I kept looking at the Jap through field glasses and the Jap wasn't over 50 yds away).

About 2:00 pm I was using the captain's phone in the office and told him that as much as he hated to see me again, I'd have to take a 15 man patrol out next morning about 0:40 and make a reconnaissance of the area to the left and rear of the Jap trail as the Company might have to move out in there and set up a perimeter in that position.

Every thing was arranged that night as to who was to go and eating before we left. Each man was issued a can of Camel威利.
Jan 14 (contd) - During the night some time a neighbour of mine and his wife came for a visit. They brought a piece of high proof (75%) rum. I was feeling rather sick and thought it might help. I poured a small amount of it into a glass and drank it. It did not help. In the morning I was still not well and my brush was burning around my knees. I thought it might have something to do with the rum. I went back to my hole, I could not have been more than five days there. I did not think much of it at first. When I got out to the front the next day, I found out the Major had made a mistake. My clothes were badly burned. My shirt was a complete wreck. I thought about it and decided to cut a new one. I went into the fields, where my comrades put them back on. I retired, hoping for the best. And look there at night washing that the gun who invented cannon had died a horrible death.

Jan 15 - Got up at 0400 hrs. Packed our oral with 25 and took off on an ambush at 0500 with 15 men. Arriving at 0600 hrs., the enemy was 1,500 yards away. We decided to meet the enemy head on and sent out the forward patrol - Yeadon, Staples and Perry on an ambush of 350, Wildcox, Tubbs and Stock at 360, Sanderson, D. Smith and Strong at 370 and Canty Missouri and Morse at 320. Sergeant, Remmel and myself took up positions to observe and wait for the patrol to come back. The four patrols went out about 200 yds and returned. No signs were seen. We then returned to our own. Back at 0900 hrs. We got back to the left (the men in the rear kept yelling to hurry up, that there was Japanese behind us). We crawled the full length of the clearing (about 150 yds) and finally arrived at our perimeter at 1100 hrs. (we had been in by 1200 hrs. as an attack was supposed to start there). Our perimeter was then nearly divided for 60 men were on the nation party and the rest of the second Platoon were arrested.

A C1 in an attack. Stand and Tegue were killed and

Wrikis and Baskin wounded during that attack. That afternoon we heard that "I" Co was supposed to relieve us. They relieved us all right but we pushed out a hundred yds at 310 and dug in and set up a new perimeter. My Squadron got a lucky break wrong place right in front of my squad and they had to stand
The whole company was rushed out about 0600 hours and the squad leaders called up, we were to attack along the jeep trail and into the strong Jap positions I had been informed of in my former patrols. "C" Co was to be the spearhead of the Bn attack, I was the man of the hour, as the area in which the Japs were, I went into conference with Van Hughes and Capt. Showman, the Bn executive officer, we were issued one chocolate bar, a big chocolate and a can of Camp coffee per man. The barrage started at 0850 (Artillery, mortars and machine guns) it was the heaviest barrage I had ever heard and proved to be the most effective. We attacked down the trail at 0900 hrs with my squad in the lead, with Seeger and Rummel out as scouts. The rest of the 3rd followed, then the 2nd, then the 1st, with the weapons bringing up the rear as usual. At the first bit of resistance the company was to fan out to the left and form a skirmish line. The barrage had been so effective that the Japs had vacated their foremost position and fallen back into a stronger one. Crater size 10 by deep mud blown in the ground by the artillery. Seeger, Rummel and I came onto a Jap lying on the ground, obviously dead. Rummel remarked that he had never seen a dead man with his eyes closed. The Jap was playing possum; apparently he had been too sick to fall back with the rest of the Japs. His pants had been blown off by the barrage. I didn't think we should fire so I called to Seeger in that he was alive. I guess Jap shoes just passed it up anyhow..Podlak gave him a bullet with his Tommy gun and the captain shot him through the head. We proceeded on and came to the same swamp I had been lost in. The Bn Commander came up and decided to establish a Bn perimeter and hold there for the day. "C" Co was sent out to establish a perimeter and protect the Bn's North flank. We headed NW for about 1/2 mile. The Capt. then decided to go out on patrol to find a good location for a perimeter, taking me and Seeger, Rummel, Robles, Sarnowski and Swierc. We couldn't find a good area and kept going and finally got lost. We stumbled across a strange trail with U.S. Communication wires on it. We couldn't figure out what the wires might be using our wire. We took care of the trail and Seeger went up the trail to the right to try to find out what the score was. About 5 minutes later he left a bunch of Japs came out on the trail to the left, we opened up on them and got two. The rest of them took off and we went up the trail to the right and took cover to await Seeger's return. In the meantime we cut the wires so when some one came to repair them we could tell where wires they were. Seeger came back with information that they were 2nd Bn wires, The 2nd Bn wire coming in on the left of me. So we repaired the wires and took off.
Jan. 16 (Cont'd) We walked for hours and finally found our
On perimeter (our anti-tank guns were firing at gap pill boxes)
The Company came back down to the line, perimeter for the night.
I was never so tired out in my life. I couldn't go another
Step. Eye was wounded in knee by gap sniper.

Jan. 17 - Jenkins went out with fever. The Company strength
was down to about 115. We lost nine officers with 179 enlisted men
and 6 officers. Fever had taken a heavy toll, along with the dead
and the wounded. Jenkins was moving around faster when
he went out, than I had ever seen a sick man move.

Remarking, Samskowski and Barber out of my squad and about
8 men from the rest of the company went out that day with
fever. Wounded Austin was coming thru from up around
Savannah Pt, where they were having a go at the Japs.
The 3rd Platoon was out defending a tall tree which was used
for observation.

Jan. 18 - Seeger and I came down with fever. I had a temperature
of 104. More men going out with fever. Seeger and I decided to
try and stick it out as long as we could.

Kuhn was made 1st Sgt, Hluchy 2/5th, in charge of 3rd Platoon,
Meagher 5/5th, in charge of 1st Platoon, Cokes 5/5th, (working in
Hulans job as Communication Sgt), B. Dixon 5/5th, in charge of 2nd Platoon.
Gates was made 5th in charge of Hulans squad, Seeger and Burrill
made Cpl. Seeger had to take squad. 3rd Platoon was sent
out to reinforce "K" Co but came back before dark.

I spent an awful night with fever. Rained most of night.

Jan. 19 - Seegar and my temperature remained around 104° but
we hung on. Company moved back down trail about 250 yds and
took up new position. Seeger and I barely made it.

Barrett started about 1700 hrs and "C" Co attacked just
before dusk amidst rain and mud. Seeger and I and several
more were too sick to go. Wounded soon started coming in:
Robles, Kowal, Perry, the Fox, Bob Dixon, Tylitch, Haberkat, Mall
Gunter, Buske and Przyborski were wounded. Freitas and Don Smith
were killed. Most of the wounded had to stay in the mud all night.

The Fox and Dixon were in bad shape. Dixon was shot in the
back. (Later reported that bullet that hit Dixon hit his ammunition
belt and shatterd and that they took 6 or 8 pieces of it out of him
through the process of several operations.) The heat from our kitchen
gas burners was the only thing that saved Dixon. I shot one.

Seeger thought he was badly hit but I did a lot of morning around.
I would manage to crawl over now and then to see who was
coming in next. I had chills during the night. Rained and just
went wild and took 6 gap pill boxes, using Frank's qunters. Guns wouldn't function.
Jan 20 - attack continued. wounded were Nurse, Whiting (both died on way to hospital) Seeger (reported to have shot 22 Japs that morning and was wounded 4 times), Sloan and M. Rieser. Most of the Japs were mopped up by this time.

In the afternoon Seeger and I and 7 more men went out and carried fnite and fn. The bodies in and turned them over to the chaplain. Peter I took a detail out to count the number of Jap dead. (Seeger and I were weak this day) 200 Jap bodies were counted. A few escaped and killed off by numerons patrol. Seeger got his Jap pistol and I got my Jap boots that day. all the boys were after souvenirs. We were probing around a Jap hospital tent looking for bodies and any thing else we could find when the Chief came running up to me and informed me that there was a live Jap in the tent. Colinger and Burris were going through a Jap pack and some one yelled that there was a live Jap. They barely glanced up and said "is there?" and moved over about 4 ft and kept on digging for souvenirs. Seeger pumped a few slugs thru the Jap. The Jap was already wounded. The Japs body had it stopped digging before that some one would beat him to it. The Jap had a hand grenade lying to him with the pin barely hanging in it. "Hail andpromotion to cpl."

OUTRA, acting cpl. Church Schnickloth's acted something terrible for trying to stuff a detail off into St. Mary. I really got a kick out of that.

Mohl went out with jeep leaving me in charge of platoon. He came back several days later. The platoon strength was now about 15, all told out of an original 40.

I was made 5/57th St. Rhodes associated with fever.

Jan. 21 - Chaplain conducted services for the dead and full regular service. I believe every man in the company attended Church. They had all become firm believers.

On the 3rd Platoon and part of the Fourth went out on outpost Perimet. near the road. The Japs still had scattered positions across the road. The 2nd and 3rd platoon mopped that area up during the night. Several stray Japs were shot at by our guards. The whole 3rd minus "C" co. pulled out to Huggins, about mile down road. "C" co. stayed behind to mop up area. We got all the good shots first in and last out.

Jan 22 - wrote some letters home (first opportunity I had). Thought the folks might be worried as the Chief had written from Murray telling his folks that we were in New Guinea. Still out on outpost Perimet...
Jan 23-25 - General mopping up and patrol work. Chumbley doing a damn good job, especially on that one day he was sick with fever part of the time. My share was to run about 10 miles a day and stay about a week. Then about a week and then returned to have them for summons. They came in every handcart in the water and would stop with the water calmed on the tops of them. Chief transferred to the 3rd Platoon.

Jan. 26 — Hiked down to Huggins and joined the rest of the Bn, most of the men, including myself as played out and sick. We could barely make it. After that a new unit was introduced, the "New Guinea Shovel." Someone said that when they got back to the States they were going to invent a new dance called the "Dugout Jive." Capt. van Thenen, Liverpool, England, told me he was going to be a New Guinea Shovel garment with him. Everyone told me that the process was unbearable. Making the team worse than ever. One man going to hospital. Co. strength around 75, including officers. Ft. Satterman now Co. commander. Rest of Bn moved to Sopota, leaving "C" Co. "Inf. Ag" again, Co. "H" moved across road to huts which the 12th portable had vacated. Much cooler in huts. Fever hit me again and I had it back for about a week in a row. Had it off and on until about Feb. 10.

About this time my kidney went bad on me and I had to get up about 4 times a night. I averaged getting up 4 times a night from Jan. 28 to March 1, and now, as I'm writing this (March 1), I only have to get up twice a night.

Going on patrols to evict the Japanese from occupying them. They were killed occasionally. Night. Sopoto caught one with pants down and shot him. Minor wounds one near the ammo dump one night and the next morning they followed the Japs' trail and found him with his head blown off. Seeing that he was dead but he had taken his own life. Several such cases were reported.

Feb. 2 - Rummel took a casual morning stroll and came marching a Jap back he had captured. Jap claimed he was a Korean. He said he didn't fight that the Japs had brought Koreans with them to do the work (Building roads and positions) Near the Japs talked some English, some were educated at University of Southern California. Quite a few women clothes were found through the Sopota-Sekunda area. Woman claimed that the Japs had their women with them. I found a garment resembling a brassiere. The prisoners wanted to the Reg. Stranded when the rest of the Jap prisoners were kept.
Feb. 2 (Contd.) went back to old positions and buried dead foes. Most gunfire work done and some were sausage (my appetite went bad).

Feb. 3-4 still at Huggins and still patrolling. A correspondent from "Yank" Magazine stopped at our area and took returns of our boys. Some of my patrols I was sick on then a dog stung me and the correspondent didn't get much of a story from me.

Feb. 6 — Trot improved somewhat. Found out that most of the promotion did not go through. Company had been filling non-com vacancies as new men were evacuated. Order came down that non-com had to be evacuated to Australia before his position could be filled. I was still a buck Sgt.

Feb. 18 — Kuhn evacuated with yellow fever (faint went to Australia)

Mar. 3-8 — Forge pop shot bunk off coast of N.G. by our own fire. We were sure glad they didn't get to land.

Mar. 11 — Jap bombers and fighters got them and raised hell at night. Everybody and everybody and also with our air strips at Poppandite (Sombody and everybody) lost suicide must have stripped up.

Chief made Corporal - also Dugan.

March 13 — Finished writing up back history of campaign, well now keep it as it proceeds.
March 16 - Left Soputa for Oro Bay. Entrenched and rode thence to Bubuduru and down to a boat landing on the River. Bought coconuts from the natives using cigarettes as a medium of exchange. Sat on the river boats (30 min per boat) and cruised slowly down the river. The boats had powerful outboard motors on them and we made good time. It was the most beautiful ride I have ever taken. Thick vines and jungle growth overhanging the stream, beautiful birds flapping around and crocodiles or gator laying about. The ride took about an hour and one half. We got off the boats at the beach and again entrenched (Negro Quartermaster drivers with 4x4 vehicles) and rode along the beach to Oro Bay. The whole beach for the full six miles we rode was studded with palm trees. It would be a wonderful place for a resort in peace time, Oro Bay was a crowded mess of ships and barges, ferrying cargo to shore, trucks and other vehicles flying around and masses of men unloading ships. We went thru Oro Bay and started climbing the ridge of hills behind the bay, the foot hills of the Owen-Stanleys. We rode for about 4 miles, circling up the ridges and finally detrucked and walked about 2 miles, mostly up hill. It was sure a tough walk with full packs.

Our Bn. area was down in a valley, on a side hill completely covered by trees. Here we met our casuals who had gone to Moresby with Melanes; they came to Oro Bay from Moresby, by boat, around helmet Bay. Sgt Jenkins was among the casuals. We met the more troopers.

Our first work was to build floors for our pyramid tent using logs. It was quite a job as we had to clear and split logs on sidehills, but when the platform floors had been laid and the tents erected, it sure made a good home. It was the best area E Co ever had, we (3rd Platoon) built one house right across the creek which ran down the valley (commonly referred to as the Skunk Hollow Residence). I would have given my 4 months pay for a camera.
March 20 — Jenkins went to Sapete to see Capt. Benson about transferring into his outfit as he was informed he was going to become a Private in C Co. I don't know exactly what came of this visit with Benson but he finally decided to stay with C Co. He was assigned to my Platoon and became a member of Carl Seeger's squad. I got along with him O.K., even though I didn't exactly admire the man.

March 21-27 — The Japs kept up a steady bombing of Oa Bay, sinking a ship and burning gasoline and oil every now and then. We finally got our thru 3rd Platoon tent up and moved into. My promotion to Staff Sgt. finally went thru. Perkins was transferred from the 3rd Platoon to the Third, where he became my platoon guide.

We were issued a set of sun tan and we started standing retreat formations again. Everything was getting back toward Garrison life. It was a good sign that we might get out of New Guinean some day. Garrison life in the Jungle was rather disgusting. The men were pretty well fed up with it before it started.

The food had improved a lot and our kitchen force rustled around and gobbled enough stuff so that we had pie and cake occasionally.

Boy, it was sure great to get up in the morning and take a bath in the creek. Cold but refreshing. The large rocks in the stream had created pools deep enough to completely submerge us. We used the rocks to wash our clothes on.

March 28 — The Japs gave Oa Bay its worst bombing in its history, sinking three ships, blowing up gas dumps and blowing hell out the pier. That the engineers had built out to accommodate large ships. Lots of valuable cargo was lost on the sunk ships among it, a bunch of engines for months. The bombing kept us up most of the night. The boys were getting bomb happy again.

The next day everyone was trying to salvage stuff off the ships (which hadn't quite gone down yet).
March 28 (contd) - Some of the boys salvaged some liquor and proceeded to get intoxicated. One guy had 2 chickens and put them in his tent which he got off of one boat. He was fattening them up for the kill. The natives sure did like the look of those chickens. They'd look at them and gin and try to trade the guy out of them. One guy told the natives that the chickens were American Eagles.

When the boats went down, the Japanese crew came ashore carrying bottles of beer and whiskey, drunkin' time fell. It was rumored around that there was a whole pile of cases of beer in the hold of the sunken ships. Some of the boys were thinking of getting some diving suits up from Australia to salvage it. Of course I wasn't interested. Mosby & Bruce C.O. were 47th. Btry took over the 1st Platoon.

March 30 - Chumbly and I went on a hunting expedition to Air Bay. When we left Sagita I had given my Jap foot and Aussie shirt to Chumbly to carry with the kitchen supplies. During the course of the trip from Sagita to our mountain home, the trailer carrying the kitchen supplies got lost, my boot and shirt (which I prided myself on) along with it. The loss almost unbalanced my mental system. I was in a frenzy. We didn't find the trailer but we ran into a canteen, where we bought some cookies and candy, also some ramen for pi. We had quite a time hooking rides. The trip was very interesting as we looked over the boats and piers that the Japs had blown up. One ship was sitting close to shore in the harbor with just the smoke stack and rigging above water. The engineers and Canada Company guys were so bomb-happy that they spent so much time looking in the air for Jap dive bombers that they didn't get much done.

The report came in that our air force had shot down 2 dive bombers, 11 zeros and four or five possibly damaged bombers and seven or eight probably damaged Jills during the Jap bombing of March 28th.

Robbins, H. Smith and J. Deacon arrived from Mosby and Wilcox came from the 1st Evacuation Hospital.

March 31 - A hot rumor just came in that we were leaving the 15th of April for Australia.
April 1-1943 — Started standing retreat today. Everyone cried and moaned about it. They'll have us shining our shoes next.

At retreat, Muhl made an announcement that a Jap landing party had landed down at the beach and we were to move out immediately to contact them. He went on, covering the uniform and equipment we were to take. About that time girl Ray came from the orderly room, screaming, "Hold on!" She handed Muhl a legal looking paper and Muhl said, "April Fool." Everyone looked dumbfounded and finally relieved.

April 3 — Working, unloading boats at Oro Bay. Unloaded Dutch steamer, "Van Spilbergen." The boys gorged lots of edibles. Had an air alert but the Japs never came.

April 5 — Joe E. Brown arrived in our area and put on a show — what a Pan. Went to Doctors again. Unloaded Dutch ship "Jenson." Another air raid alert; Japs never got here.

April 9 — Shadrack arrived back from R.S.O. while he had been working since Jan 1. Shadrack now squad leader of 3rd Squad, 3rd Platoon.

April 10 — Unloaded Dutch Ship "Matsuyoshi," the same ship that we rode on from Sydney to Melbourne, thru the Tasmanian Straits, on our way to Australia. It brought back old memories of sea sickness to some of the boys.

One year ago, today we landed in Melbourne aboard the "Matsuyoshi."

April 11 — Big Jap airraid. Japs made two direct hits on a big Chinese freighter laying in the harbor, but it has not sunk yet. Our ack-ack knocked down 2 Jap dive bombers and a small sub-cherch a corvette, knocked down two Jap planes. The official report of the raid hasn't come in yet. The "Green Hornet," a small U.S. freighter was also damaged during the raid.

April 12 — Worked at doctor. Had air alert about noon but the Japs were intercepted before they got here.
April 13 - 24 - on dock detail almost every day. The boys are getting rather mutinous and having lots of arguments with the officers in charge of the docks.

We were informed they wanted us to go back to Australia soon. Lots of rumors floating around.

April 25 - Part in my application for Officer Candidate School. April 26 - At least the pay-off - we started standing Reveille. Some came back from Australia.

Some one mysteriously goofed off a few bursts with a Tommy Gun. The C.O. rather pointedly hinted that some one in the 3rd Platoon and in my tent was responsible. Of course I didn't know anything about it. Sgt Perkins was seen cleaning his Tommy Gun that afternoon.

April 27 - The boys in the bottom tent (Skunk Hollow Residence) didn't wake up in time to stand Reveille. The C.O. chewed on my butt, unsuccessfully. Four months in New Guinea today.

April 28 - 1st Sjt Albin, Sjt Lane, Herrickson and W. Smith came back to the Company from Port Moresby. He still is now Platoon Sjt of Weapons Platoon.

May 3 - Chief went to Hospital with malaria and yellow jaundice. We are now then with details on the docks, and we go into a training schedule today, including hikes. The boys are about ready to blow their tops.

Several reports have come in that the 32nd Division (now back in Australia from New Guinea) are really blowing their tops. The General gave them a speech and they threw rocks at him. Officers can't do a thing with them.

An M.P. told me that 10,000 men of the 32nd were A.U.S. in Australia.

If things don't change soon they're liable to have the same trouble with this outfit when we get back to civilization. The main topics of conversation are now women and drink instead of food.
May 4 - 10 more basic training including night marching and problems.

May 11 - Ramsley came back from Australia.

May 12 - Pay day at last - received 4 months pay.

May 13 - Havenkrat came back from Australia.

May 14 - Big Jap air raid on Oro Bay. Really saw a good dog fight. Several Jap bombers went down in flames. Official report was - 16 Jap planes shot down and 5 American planes shot down, but we didn't lose a single pilot. One Jap pilot jumped out when his plane caught on fire. Either he didn't have a parachute or it wouldn't open for him. He landed awful hard in the bay. Several Jap pilots were rescued from their planes after hitting the water. I was interviewed for officer candidate school.

May 16 - Saw picture show, "The family next door" with Hugh Herbert.

May 17 - Sgt Daems was assigned to 3rd platoon as a squad leader. The whole 3rd Platoon shined their shoes for retreat. The rest of the Co, especially Sandy, sure blew their tops. Even the officers frowned, but you can't stop a man from shining his shoes, even in the army. Had air raid during night.

May 18 - Got picture from Immogene today. The Captains inspected our area and found numerous cans, old clothes and trash. Gave me quite a lecture. Worked all afternoon burning brush & cleaning area. The Chief is still in the hospital. He ate up 50 pounds by Carter today for me to send home for him. 10x10 and 16mm from the Co went on L.D. unloading boats at Oro Bay.

Society & Jockey went from 3rd Platoon.
May 22 - Nelson arrived back from Australia with lurid accounts of his sexual life in Brisbane. Chif came back from Hospital again.

May 27 - Started practicing for Silver Star Ceremony, parading included.

May 30 - Had picture show "East Side of Heaven." After a herculean struggle. First it seemed we had to take cover, then we had an air raid and we had to disperse. Then the rains came again & we took cover. The pay-off came when the shelter half construction over the project collapsed, knocking the project down the show ended for into the night.

HAD Memorial Day Service. I dedicated our outdoor Chapel. The Roll of the dead was read.

June 2 - Was awarded the Silver Star today. Also Nelson & a few more from the Bn. Battalion formation. We posed with the General (individually) and the Camera clicked. The General had his picture taken with me. (I consented after a heated argument.) At least the folks back in the States get a break. (Of the films get there.)

The Regimental band arrived a few days ago to play for the ceremony and will be here playing for ten days.

June 4 - Wild rumors of a move. Some of the boys even had us back in the States. The C.O. finally told us we were moving to Sanabanta Pt. to take up a beach defense. I feel like wrecking our new tent. Just completed our new floors and shelf, mess gear & magazine racks and have home. It was OK for the recent, healthiest camp site.

Rumors of a trade of cooks within the Bn. Chambly rather worried. Says he will take a break & stay in C. Co.
June 8 - Moved from Oro Bay to Sanemada Pt. I took up defensive positions. 3rd Platoon is in reserve, but are doing more than the other Platoons. Five men of the 3rd are on an Observation Post on the point (Chininger, Chief, Jenkins, Zaleski & Wansley). The rest of the Platoon to patrol Sanemada Track and Creek tamb and all sorts of details.


June 10 - Sh. Setren, mutine & I got lost trying to find Creek tamb. Wandered around in the swamp & mosquitoes for 3 hrs. If Sh. had a compass we never would have got out.

June 12 - Gap air raid during evening. Searchlight had the planes spotted and the ack-ack was burning all around them but we didn't bring any down.

June 23 - Left for O.C.S. went by jeep as far as 2nd BN at Soputa - sure hated to leave the boys.

June 24 - Went from Soputa to Dobodura air strip by jeep and flew from there to morroby. Landed about 1100 hrs. Stayed all night with F. H. (147).

June 25 - Went to airport but no planes out today - sort of a dry run. Stayed all night with F. H. Again.

June 26 - Flew from morroby at 1005. Landed in Townsville at 1400 hrs. Left Townsville at 1430 hrs. Landed in Brisbane at 1800 hrs. (6:00 o'clock). An even six months in New Guinea.

Epilogue - June 28 - Passed out after drinking away 3/4 pt. of Amrin Whiskey. In Toowoomba, Qld. Bigtime loved by all. (OVER)
Oddities of New Guinea Campaign

It was never figured out why the Japs didn't use mortar fire on us during the fighting. Lots of Jap mortars and plenty of ammunition was taken by the Americans when the Japs were finally cleaned up.

One Aussie plane, a "Whirring," operated over ours and the Jap position all through the Campaign. It seemed so low that no one could figure out why it never got shot down. It acted as a spotter for the Aussie artillery. It was reported that the old "Whirring" shot down a Zero on one occasion.

I can't or won't else explain how we held up and kept fighting when we got hardly any food, hardly any sleep, planning than the mud and water carrying heavy loads on ration pack, sleeping in wet and mud, keeping on constant alert for the Japs and the many other harrowing factors for almost a month steadily.

The capacity of the man when the fighting was over was startling. One morning, I should say Thursday, I was standing around, eating, hot cakes (we had hot cakes several times). The Chief said, "Close second, will Bill Rumer" ate a large hogs head, and then topped it off with an Aussie mess tin full of Peanut Butter and Crackers. The capacity of an Aussie mess kit is approximately 3/4 gallons.

Some of the biggest men in the company were evacuated with fever soon after the fighting started, while the whittling guys held up all the way through. Sonlie was a walking skeleton when he went in and in fairly good shape when the fighting ended.

On the way to movies, on the boat we played Bridge Constantly. Most of my partners got weeded out during the Campaign. First Sherman was killed, then Tague was killed. D. Dixon and Frankenfield were sent out wounded and sick. Sherman and Frankenfield were expert players.

Third Platoon never lost a man killed during the whole Campaign. Although we were in just as much action as any Platoon. The first platoon lost 6, 2nd Platoon 6, Weapons Platoon 2 and 4th Platoon lost 1 man killed during Campaign.

The Chief (smallest man in Co) carrying a B.A.R., one of heaviest weapons in Co.

During my patrols I heard something whistling. The last time I saw Paris, I figured it was Jap signals but later found out that it was a bird. It sounded just like some one whistling the time.
out we returned to our gun position after most of the infantry had passed through, Tom and I were then reassigned.

After a short time Battery A was told to cover Battery C, until they were established in a new position back on the beach. Battery A would then pack up and follow. The Battalion spent that night in our new position. At the end of our first day on Biak Island, right back where we started.


BIAK ISLAND, SCHOUTEN-CHAIN- May 28, 1944 - On this island there is about two inches of top soil, then coral. Two officers were digging a foxhole. Progress was slow and by late afternoon, by piling the loosened coral, they managed to get below ground level, by laying on their backs. About 9:00 PM, one said "I've got to go to the bathroom, or word to that effect". The other said "roll out of the foxhole". The first replied, "no, with all this wild firing, it would be my luck to get hit". After awhile there was tinkling sound, "what are you doing?" "I am using my helmet.

Anonymous
into the interior of the island, and to locate an Jap airstrip that had been surveyed, but never finished. Our destination was to join up with the 162nd and 186th Infantry, of the 41st Division.

That afternoon, after having found the camouflaged road and the airstrip, we met up with Col. Newman and a patrol from the 186th Infantry. It was now time to dig in for the night. We were scratching into the coral ground for foxholes, when we were suddenly ambushed. The whole area was being sprayed with machinegun fire and small mortars. Col. Newman ordered everyone to stay low and disperse. At the same time he ordered men from his patrol to search in different directions for the enemy.

Both Oldham and I were crawling on our hands and knees away from what we thought was the line of fire. A burst of machine-gun fire intended for us, just passed between my head and Oldham's rear end. I thought surely he had it, and he turned around expecting that I had been shot, but we both lucked out. In a short time the men returned and reported they had found the Japs and my recollection was they killed eleven of them.

Our position was now intolerable and Col. Newman radioed the 186th Infantry saying "we were going to join up with them that same evening and that it would be after dark". We received an answer that their perimeter was already posted and that they would be alerted for us. In order to get a fix on their position, they were asked to send up a flare, and we were instructed to watch for it. We were lucky for we saw the
first one. The Colonel took a compass reading and we headed out through the jungle.

Single file through mud, water and darkness, each man staying close enough to the man in front of him, to enable him to see the small radium button pinned on his back. We were each given one by the infantry. We finally arrived close to the infantry's perimeter and were challenged by them. After the exchange of the password of the day, they were satisfied we were the Americans they were expecting. We were passed through and were escorted to the spot where they had dug in for the night. Now all we had to do was to dig our foxholes—again in coral.

The next morning Oldham radioed to our headquarters on the beach, at which time he was told the Allies were storming the beaches of Normandy, France, what a day to remember.

About this time we were watching a flight of B-25's and we could see they were antiaircraft fire from the Jap navy, which was trying to land troops. The bombers circled and on making a new approach, the bomb bay opened and they dropped their bombs. We could not see the ships or water, from the sound we could tell the bombs were finding their targets.

Our position was on the ridge above Mokmer air drome and the plan was to descend on it at the same time our troops landed on the beach, just across the main strip. Just before we started down we were strafed by a P-38 who must have thought we were Japs.
He made two passes at us, and I heard an order for all to shoot back on the next pass, for which I thank God never came. On the way down one of our men was killed.

We setup an OP along side of the strip which was built up about a foot with coral. Soon we began to draw fire from the very ridge we had just left. They were firing 40 mm gun directly at us and much of it glanced off the strip immediately to our front. Between bursts of their fire we could spot smoke rising from the jungle on the ridge and then it would be our turn to direct artillery fire on them. Every now and then the Japs would come out of their caves and start shooting again. This would include mountain artillery and mortars.

I remember well when Oldham said we had just been bracketed and the next rounds would be on top of us. The rounds never came, and having spotted more smoke on the ridge we directed more fire on them. During all this fire and counterfire, we were told we were firing Division Artillery which included almost every piece on the island.

After about six days and nights the ridge looked almost bare and the infantry was directed through that area. Several days later we met up with some of the men who went through and they told us there were dead Japs all over and hardly a tree standing.

After all this shooting there was still sporadic fire from the ridge. When our party was relieved we had to leave by a landing barge and help carry on wounded infantrymen who were on stretchers. This
was early morning at high tide, the Japs started shooting at us. Their rounds landed all around, no hits.

We arrived at our gun position after breakfast, but our Mess Sergeant J.O. Bennett had lots of hot cakes and coffee waiting, which proved that A Battery had just about the best cooks in the army.

For myself I know I will never forget that experience and I am sure that goes for Lieut. Runkle, Sergeant Oldham and Patterson.


This happened on Biak Island. Our S-4, an Irishman from New York, in his usual industrious manner, was down at the Bosnek Jetty, looking for some extras for the Battalion. Pausing in his work to watch the Air Corps unload, he was accosted by an Air Corps Colonel: "Where is the air field?", to which our friend replied, "Down the coast road in the Jap lines". "Thank you", said the Colonel, "what did you say?"

Our S-4 was down at the Quartermaster dump the next day when he was asked by a Quartermaster Lieutenant why some of his shells went Whee-Whe-Whe. Well, replied the Captain, we are required to shoot in the caves above you and they are at right angle to the guns, so when you hear our shells going Whee-Whee, the 947th is throwing a curve.
Jan. 9 - 1943

Definitely on our way. Left Morotai camp in the middle houses. Tracked to airstrip. Left us with group of 20; moved to Douglas Transport and heard you could blink your eyes. We were dressing Owen Stanley. 11 minutes later we waited at Palawan airstrip. Sold our rifles, hitched up our packs, took off double track toward Bubuza and Sanananda and I said, "Boy, this is it!" Walked 9 miles, walking 20 min. and resting 10. And canceled for the night. I hung a hammock, trained a slit

Feb. 14-43 detail:
"Right on - cream & mosquitoes - many; these are terrific (March 1 - "I'm weak from loss of blood") [from mosquitoes]
Feb. 24 - eating pan powders (like candy bars)
March '43 - find jambos (jungla salad): corned beef, cocoa, potted meat, milk (skim), lemonade powder, peanuts, candy, gum, canned veg & condiments, "...a gal deal for a change!"
March '43: heat rash: "medics paint us all over w/ codine & benzine. Offers some relief @ night."
March 12 '43: "Have a novel description for WAR: 'months of boredom punctuated by moments of intense fright!'"
Can hear the firing up towards Samanada. Aussie 25 pounders blazing, rifle fire, and what not! Our 1st and 2nd RMs are up there giving those Vandoros Hell! Casualties coming back by Ritch Buggy! We're due to move up shortly.

Jan. 12, 1943

The order to move up! Four Aussie tanks have just preceded us. Prud and swamp and jungle! Lord, it's tough going! Our point tank off over track instead of sliding off on ascending mountain face. Aussie lead screaming around us. Backed up and got on right trail. Everyone handed two grenades. Pistols: turned in 45's for rifles. Big summer the Japs pick up a pistol carried as an officer bang! bang! no officer! Reached edge of Haffine perimeter about 1800 hrs. and we relieved B Co. in perimeter. Moved in on the double. Jap surprise having field day firing at us. No casualties. Our first dose of jungle warfare and it is flat from pleasant, believe me!

Jan. 13, 1943

A sleepless night as you can imagine.
ain't fun. sleeping in a hole in the ground in six inches of water. About 60 grenades thrown by our boys during the night. Pop casualties? End: none. 12:00 hours and the snipers have opened a barrage. Ten minutes later my MG section caught one in the head, diving into a slit trench. Already killed in action. Dammit, their dirty hides!!! Not even set and the boys are fully aware of it.

Jan. 14, 1945: Quiet to an extent in the morning. Have a sand-bagged hole to sleep in, not much better. CO. C.O. ordered to attack Japanese position at 14:00 hours. PS. Well and 3rd platoon go out to do job. Assault mine laid from line to CO. C.O. They'll spreading out to attack pill box from 3 sides. Only one squad, top, well do the work. Machine guns and snipers after me. Zanzuki, Takagi and Chibi killed. Kono, Ito, and Yagishita wounded. 4 men first firing. Wofford, Bivins, White. Chibi missing. All in action. And me I didn't even come close to taking my position! Infantry embezzled just edd this to it! Even I to save killed by our

Jan. 15-1943

Him ordered with my mortars to be in position near Lise perimeter at 02:30 hours. All set! At 03:00 hours one heavy M60, one light M60, one 50 cal. M60, our 81 mortars (15 of

on our side. Our 4 men missing in action, turned up! Sgt. Hanning wounded twice, average

okay. A relief for us, 10 weeks, indeed! I gave Dr. Hanning, carved, formed notch in tape behind me. Lost 38 men of a platoon of 40. All 4 tanks knocked out, still proving infantry, even supported by tanks, can't take these guys, still hope!!

Jan. 16-1943

Now a cleaning up job to do. Today we got thru the He perimeter our Co. told yesterday and salvage all equipment, load all 4cal., Most of the gas line...
have found are fairly thin and in poor physical condition. Those out here had plenty of rice and more than just plenty of ammunition. Many documents and maps found. Sgt. Van Bree, Pvt. Blackwood, and Pte. Langley and I went sniper hunting. Got one! A Mr. Miller, war correspondent of Chicago Daily News, interviewed and hour for hours, right out a line. "Look for it all be waiting for you. Come in and..." What in hell's the matter with me?!!? Jan. 17, 1943

More cleaning up to do, both in our own quarters (bunkers) and the hips. Some of the boys picked up a few souvenirs: drums, bottles, flags, gas invasion munitions, and what not! How'd I like to do a little personal cleaning up, sleep, etc., wash a little mild, and caught in the same suit of fatigues, since Jan. 2nd. Doubt if I'll ever get my feet clean again! Most of the loose being evacuated. Deputizing, X, fences, blankets, etc. Captain Armstrong told the RA. stuff - 15-3. Mr. Peterson now commanding old Merrick manned up to C.O. C.-O. Officer.
Jan. 18 - 1943

More guarding up to do. Our Co. is in front near the rally along with a few other units, namely C Co. in 81 Mortars. Other K's are taking and attacking gas prods. Mortars in Jacobson continuously. Pete Murphy went back to Australia. He needs these stinking yellow bellies killed. My pal, Will, took and cut out his heart, liver, and right arm to eat. They will pay and pay for that. Major Kelly, our X Co. C.O., stuck his nose out where he shouldn't have. Result: a sniper shot 3 fingers off his left hand. Be glad to lose 3 fingers he got shot on the face there well by C.O.

Xmas...

Jan. 19 - 1943

Little doing today. Our regiment is cleaning up in fine shape. I Co. held up the J's just above this peri-batter. K and A Co. stormed them once and killed a guy colonel. Slow but sure we're going up Savannah. Indeed. What a nightmare!!

Jan. 20 - 1943

An attack was scheduled for us but it fell there for some reason. I Co. attacked again. Result:
It Olsen, a new man from the 162, was killed by MG fire. They're up against something there!

Lt. St. Blake gets in with a combat patrol.

Result: Three men and St. Blake reported killed. A tough blow for everyone to take. Six hours later Blake crawls out of the gap perimeter, evidently revived by rain. A nasty wound right thru the head. Hits and luck pulled him thru.

Jan. 21, 1943

We're still sitting around playing cards and other 3rd C.P. clearing up and winding the track.

The Aussies have cleared everything behind me so the trouble is over. Ammunition and rations and evacuation of wounded by 'Jeeps' now. 1 Co. attacks again. Artillery and mortars fire supporting them. An 81mm. shell drops chest into 9 C.C. C.P. Captain Durfee (Track to 3rd Basketball against him in Hi. School) and 1st Lt. Steadman (from my home town and one of 1935 football team) there killed instantly.

Three more wounded including Lt. 'Bert' Biebach. My man from Montana (likes back thru the leg). And tell an account of those boys, 'cross the isle!
all our Co. officers go on reconnaissance. We attack with I Co. to
mornow! Shot at 6 by Joe
renn en sec., part
and one bit.

Jan. 22, 1943
Move up thru mud
and swamp and mangrove
up & down. We jump off at
10:30 hours. Following
barrage, I Co. on the
left; 2 Co. on the left. Our
formation: 3rd Pl. on the
left, 2nd Pl. on the left,
1st Pl. in rear. We
support. Three men per side
with each squad providing
handfelt shrapnel. Marched
under CO control to the
rear-day barrage. Our

1945's put a 10 minute
concentrated fire then
try to get across. All
fell back at 10:20
hours. Artillery extension,
MG's, machine guns
Artillery around opened in
Zone 18: 15 up 16 minutes.
We creep up on barrage.
X One Sgt. From I Co. killed.
Look metal shell debris
and we go! Live fire
in all directions. Faint contact
with a leading platoon.
Temporarily. Wounded
swim from one tree to
another. Everybody in the
only ones who survive.
We live one shot into
CP. Hail - a voice. 9 feet
sounds to went into line.
One for my buddies!!!
In 41 minutes it's all
poured in a few rounds about 03:00 hours but hit nothing. He returned fire so we quit off to sleep again.

Jan. 23-1945

Did a bit of cleaning up again and 3 trds my first bath. Perhaps a few dead Japs in the stream but it was obvious bathing, all the sweat and grime of so many days. The fever is hitting us. Have leave out today! We're to move to Nova to-morrow and relieve the Aussies there. Good hunting, they say. It will be a pleasure to leave this place—believe me. Did I mention 20
X14. Paustrom of K Co.
was killed when 3 japs
told up their hands to
surrender. He stood up
to bring them in and
a jip hit him.
Now how do you like
their mushy-thick?

Jan. 24, 1943

Before I tell about me
Br. moving out, let me
enlighten you how haggins
resistance hit its zenith.
The 32nd Div. was the
first to move in there,
and C.O. of that Div. hit
the same of haggins would
in there with his Co.
and they were wiped out
except for one left, the
naked left. Thus haggins
field platoon got it.
absolutely the worst.

We ate anywhere.

We ate the swamps, but it does little good.

Mail call and 5 letters from Junie, 2 from mom and pap. Is a glorious feeling, too.

Rations improving steadily. Lots of tobacco.

Left more men via the other route. Promoted more also. Dry ended with me crumpling out of my mosquito bag.

with Flood's 45/40 for the sheets. I had to a face the wall, I lay in wait for a supporter.

And a champ called, I'd doubt. Was it a sucker or wasn't it?

but not critical. Now

we've got another little debt. Had 2 prisoners here at the time, but they were

ordered to be eliminated, which was done!! Not

exactly my idea of warfare. But orders is orders, I think.

Prisoners of War should be treated as such.

But then......

Feb. 22-1943

Another new day

but not very bright.

'cause Wooter was a good friend of everyone's. I sent a patch to

wear out those other

sacs but no sign of

them. Mosquitos are
Feb. 23, 1943
More sad news this morning. Hughes died in the hospital. According to the doc, he just I gave up! What a
unsettled grenade that
side was! Never get a
repeat like that in a
million years! Still no
sign of those remaining gas. Company
strength about 70 now.
Left Australia with 152.
That one gas experienced
shock between forces of
Kunini. Caught in our
81 mortar and light
and heavy machine guns.
Had quick sick today!
What a bloody sick! A
brave way of catching

Feb. 24, 1943
Then, find a school, toss a grenade stun first, white out and kick them up.

Feb. 24, 1943
[Paraphrase]
Passed through Elgin but John Elgin, your local, so the natives will be moved
north to escape them.
Are returning! 3,000
of them coming down
with horses, canoes.
dogs, and families. Did
ever see one man
man carrying all the
family possessions,
house, baby, child and
carrying another? Well,
it did! We've had 10
native boys working
for us here and by

34

35
Feb. 25-1943

Natives still coming down from Katura and villages north by the hundreds. What of picture I could paint— with a camera. Yelling, jabbering, and jabbering. The one at mother while our medics try to body patch up some of the losses. Many of them looked with, no go— tall many of them! The natives kept want to blame and judge their families on their talk. South. Tomorrow they go! Still running out regular parties out with an occasional one. All being picked. Lots of crocodiles in the

find myself less man. Built huts, bridges, tables, etc. They know little English; I know less native tongue. But I can pantomime well. Learned a few words such as: "two" (one man came); "two" (every man came); "two" (we're white boys man—me!); "Bija (native less man); "Katua (native P.T.B servant); "Kri" (gum). Him. Wrote: "No more, no kai— kri." Worked okay, too! Two natives worked came up and asked me for their husbands. No argument; I gave them up!
Kamni River as when
our days go sewing.

They take pretty close to
really. Blades head

remember almost too,
but River.

Feb. 28, 1943

Last day of the
restricted military day.

Rice has been drying.

Company strength now

23! Rice all righting
to almost, the head
has tuned down some-
what. Lost our first
doctor, via fever. It

Wells. The 1st. Red. Hospital
at Droc Bay is rapidly
filling up. I fear.

Many fellows have died
from malignant fever-
one who had been
Everyone is sure asking to leave New Guinea and go home. I heard the dirt, but I'm afraid our job here isn't finished yet. Most of the have been shipped back to Australia (714 officers). 1st Bn. has a total of 160 men; 2nd, about 400; 3rd, about 400, we couldn't do much in our present condition. Planes, planes, and more planes have been flying over going north. Rubbers are cut—very leading toward New Guinea.

March 3, 1943

Have a few factual figures to present today. Left last night. Came up today to change the from a War Bond allotment to Class B. A cancelled mine temporarily to keep me I pay second straightened out. Our

Regt. strength is now about 900 hundred; 107 killed in action; 4 missing in action; a little over 400 have been shipped back to Australia. 1st Bn. has a total of 160 men; 2nd, about 400; 3rd, about 400. We couldn't do much in our present condition. Planes, planes, and more planes have been flying over going north. Rubbers are cut - very leading toward New Guinea.

March 4, 1943

Explaining the air force. Of yesterday. Heavy, medium, and light bombers; torpedo planes.
and fighter-bombed, 
strafed, and sunk 23 
Japanese ships (13 transport, 
10 warships). Over 15,000 
Japanese killed or drowned.
Ah, what a victory, I'd say.
More Headed Toward Ike.
Four more, you sky huts!
Silver Stars (2 D.M.Y.) have 
been awarded men of 
our regiment. Many
really earned them but
many didn't and in the
eyes of this Company,
Cadmard could inherit
until, it's a force, really!
March 7, 1943

Capt. Rv. 162, has
been by-passing me
regularly. They're headed
for Midway Bay and
will establish strong—