

By Sgt. MERLE MILLER
YANK Staff Correspondent

SOMEWHERE IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC—In an obscure corner of his foot locker Sgt. Kevin A. McCarthy keeps a small tin box containing the souvenirs he has collected since April 1942 when he first arrived in the South Pacific.

He has Australian shillings, New Caledonian francs, a sou from the Hebrides and a few Japanese invasion coins he picked up during some 50 days under fire on Guadalcanal.

"They'll make a nice necklace for Lorraine," he explains. Lorraine is Miss Lorraine Meilke, who is head waitress in a cafe in his home town, Jamestown, N. Dak.

In addition, Mac—as he is known to privates and lieutenant colonels in the 164th Infantry Regiment—has a Jap soldier's pay book, some Nipponese machine-gun shells and citations, and his superior officers have recommended him for a Distinguished Service Cross.

But Mac, a blue-eyed, 21-year-old section leader of two machine-gun squads of Company H in the 164th, would gladly swap his citations for a chance to return to his home at 302 Third Avenue, S. E., in Jamestown. There was a time, during the peak of the Battle of Guadalcanal, when he hoped he would be home in a few weeks. In his less optimistic moments he repeats the slogan that is chanted everywhere in this area, "Golden Gate in '48."

Except for one 15-day furlough in June 1941, he has not been home since he was inducted into Federal service with the North Dakota National Guard on Feb. 10, 1941. Since he sailed from the mainland early last year bound for an unknown Pacific destination, his 19-year-old brother William has been drafted and is now a member of a Tank Destroyer outfit at Camp Hood, Tex. Another brother, Robert, 17, has enrolled in the Navy V program for college and pre-flight training at the Valley State Teachers College.

John, 15; Donald, 13; Tommy, 11, and two sisters, Margaret, who is 8, and Mary, 6, are still at home with Mac's father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. William S. McCarthy.

A cousin on his mother's side, Pvt. Don Tracy of Jamestown, is a Japanese prisoner of war; he was a medic on Bataan. Two other cousins, Pvt. Francis Tracy of Hettinger, N. Dak., a field artilleryman, and Pvt. James Tracy of Jamestown, member of a searchlight outfit, have been under fire in North Africa.

Mac gets a letter from Lorraine at least once, sometimes twice, a week, and his mother writes every Sunday. Occasionally he hears from Father Gerrity, who is still at St. James', and from some of the nuns who were his teachers at St. John's Academy. He was graduated in June 1939, one of a class of 36.

Like most Americans in the Army, Mac had not planned to be a soldier. At St. John's he took a business course, typing and shorthand. For several summers he worked on Dakota wheat farms. One summer he was a laborer in Yellowstone Park, and another he worked with his father, a section boss for the Northern Pacific Railroad.

Ever since he can remember, Mac has gone rabbit hunting in the winter. He was a Boy Scout,

a member of the Catholic Youth Organization, and played football and basketball in high school.

After his graduation he took a job as a short-order cook working nights in a small cafe. That was only temporary. Two evenings a week, from 7:30 to 9 p. m., he drilled in the local armory. He had enlisted in Company H of the 164th in the summer of 1938 mainly "because almost all the fellows I knew were joining the National Guard."

When Company H and the rest of the North Dakota National Guard were inducted into Federal service, he was a private first class, the No. 2 gunner on a Browning heavy .30 machine gun. He was working in a garage then, towing used cars from Milwaukee to Jamestown.

Nobody thought much about it when he and 64 other Jamestown boys left for Camp Claiborne, La. They were going away for a year; that was all.

"It'll do you good," said his father, who had been a private in a Quartermaster outfit on the high seas when the 1918 Armistice came.

Mac thought Claiborne was tough. The 164th was temporarily attached to the 34th Division, which later took part in the first landing in North Africa and fought the famous battle of Hill 609 in Tunisia. Like the others, the men of Company H drilled with wooden rifles and broomsticks. They went on a few night maneuvers, sleeping in shelter halves and bitching, and in August and September took part in the Louisiana maneuvers.

Someone occasionally chalked OHIO signs on the barracks. That meant "Over the Hill in October," and there was a lot of beefing when Congress passed the bill extending service to 18 months.

Late in November a corporal from New York City was making bets that the United States would be at war with Japan by Dec. 12. Everybody laughed at him—until he collected \$500 the morning of Dec. 8. That morning the 164th was alerted and on Dec. 12 started for the West Coast.

They were in San Francisco a few days, attached to the San Francisco Bay Defense and sleeping in the stalls of a livestock pavilion. On Christmas Day they were on their way to Oregon, and Chaplain Thomas J. Tracy of Bismarck, N. Dak., said mass in the snow beside the train.

In a few more weeks they were on their way to California again, this time to prepare for shipment overseas. Latrine rumor said their destination was Australia, and Mac bought a map of

the Pacific to see how far he'd be from North Dakota. They sailed on Mar. 18.

In Australia he had two dates with a girl whose name he can't remember, but "she was lots of fun, and she thought all Americans, including me, were wonderful. We had a swell time."

A few days later the 164th sailed from Australia for a place Mac had never heard about. It was New Caledonia.

There he walked seven miles to see 2-year-old movies and learned a few words of French, like saying "bon jour" or "tres jolie" to the girls. He learned to drink hot chocolate instead of coffee and fought mosquitoes that made the memories of Camp Claiborne seem like kindergarten stuff.

The training program was tougher, too. Ten days in the field was not unusual, and Mac and his crew took turns carrying their Browning automatic and its tripod. The gun with water weighed 40 pounds, the tripod 54, and the ammunition 21 pounds per box. There were times both in New Cal and later when he and the crew swore the whole shebang weighed a ton. In the crew were Pfc. Alvin Knapp of Groton, S. Dak., second in command; James Johnson of Jamestown, No. 1 gunner; Carl Bowlin of Duluth, Minn., No. 2 gunner; and Emory Mercer of Kankakee, Ill., and David Smercansky of Glen Robbins, Ohio, ammunition carriers.

About the time they'd decided they'd be in New Cal for the duration, secret orders came through. Sergeants from headquarters said it was Guadalcanal. On the evening of Oct. 12, 1942, they saw the dim, shadowy outline of the Solomon Islands. It was Mac's twenty-first birthday.

The profile of a typical veteran from Guadalcanal, a 21-year-old machine-gun section leader in a North Dakota National Guard outfit, who was recommended for a DSC for extraordinary



Although it was only mid-afternoon it was as dark as night, and they missed the marines. They started a second time and brought back seven marines in the carrier.

"Okay," said Campbell. Cpl. Floyd Springer of Jamestown, who was in charge of a nearby gun squad, also agreed. So did Knapp. The four of them mounted a light machine gun on the rear of the carrier. There was already one on the front, and they were ready.

Cpl. Bob Havelick and Pfc. Leroy Chilson, both of Jamestown, opened the barbed-wire gate in front of the gun position, and with Campbell driving and Mac, Knapp and Springer keeping up a heavy barrage of fire, they moved to the spot where they thought the marines were.

Although it was only mid-afternoon it was dark as night, and they missed the marines. Then they drove back to their gun, and Mac shouted to the marines. One of them stood up, and Mac shot an azimuth with his compass. They started a second time and brought back seven marines in the carrier. On the third trip they brought back two who were wounded and three others, and on the fourth they rescued the last eight. In all, 20 men were saved.

The Battle for Henderson Field lasted until dawn on Oct. 27, when the Jap offensive was repulsed and Mac and his crew, who had been three days and three nights without sleep, were relieved.

They rested for two days and on the morning of Nov. 2 began moving with the rest of the Second Battalion toward Koli Point, where a reported Jap force of 3,000 had been landed. They marched almost 170 miles in nine days, fighting every inch of the way after the second day, taking turns carrying their gun, tripod and ammunition and sleeping on the ground. They had one hot meal in nine days.

They would shout at the Japs "Surrender, you bastards!" and the Japs would holler back "Hell with you" or something less printable. When they charged, the Japs would shout in English, "Blood for the Emperor."

On the evening of Nov. 12, Mac and his squad watched the biggest naval battle of the Solomons, only 20 miles off shore, between the islands of Savo and Tulagi. "It was a pretty big thing, I guess; I mean it was exciting and all, but it just reminded me of the fireworks at the Stutsman County Fair back home," Mac says.

The next day the Japs were driven from Koli Point, and Mac had two days of rest. Then the regiment was sent to Point Cruz to relieve another outfit. Of that engagement, he says: "We didn't get into much of the heavy fighting. We dug in for 28 days; we didn't have one hot meal in all that time, and there were so many air raids I forgot to count them. It was mostly a holding action."

When they were relieved, the battle was nearly over. Company H moved behind the lines and was placed on guard duty. On Dec. 22 Mac came down with malaria, and he spent Christmas in the hospital. After five days he was back on guard duty, but on Jan. 28 the medics ordered his evacuation to this quiet South Pacific island. He had been made a sergeant on Jan. 13.

Mac is no story-book soldier. He does not pretend he enjoys war. He's been in the South Pacific for almost a year and a half now, and he wants to hear American spoken again. First, however, he recognizes that a war must be won.

He is proud of the Infantry, prouder than he was when he became a soldier in February 1941. "They said airplanes would win the war," he says. "Well, they help, sure. They're necessary. But over the 'Canal and in North Africa and every place else they find out that in the clinches it's not the planes or the tanks, it's the Infantry that wins wars."

Sometimes he worries about what will happen after the war, worries about a job and whether he wants to spend the rest of his life in Jamestown or whether he'll stay in the Army. He worries mainly about the fact that in the Infantry he hasn't learned a trade, and he thinks the Army ought to give all infantrymen a chance to learn one after the duration.

Meantime, he's anxious only to finish the hard fighting that he knows lies ahead. "It's like going to the dentist; you don't like it, but you know it has to be done," he says.

Down on the 'Canal he got acquainted with Capt. (now Maj.) Joe Foss of Sioux Falls, S. Dak.

What did they talk about?

"We talked about home, of course," says Mac, "and wondered how the crops had been and if things would be changed when we get back. What else is there to talk about?"



bravery in action north of Henderson Field. Now he is sweating out the end of the battle with the Japs so that he can return again to the girl, family and home town he has not seen since June 1941.

The first scouts left the ship in Higgins landing boats at a spot near Lunga Point on the north central shore of the 'Canal. At 5 A. M. Mac's party landed, and an hour later they were bombed for the first time by two-motored Mitsubishi bombers.

"Sure we were scared," Mac will tell you. "Show me a man who says he isn't scared when he's under fire, and I'll show you a liar."

It took several hours to unload the transports, and Mac piled ammunition on the beach. There were two other raids during the day, and at dusk Jap artillery near Point Cruz fired on them intermittently. That night everyone dug foxholes, deep but not as deep as they were to dig later. About midnight a Jap naval force began firing toward the shore. Fourteen-inchers and star shells zoomed over their heads, but there were no hits.

"It was the noise that got you," Mac recalls. "You thought it would never stop. You thought every shell had your number on it. That night was the worst for most of us, I guess. Probably because it was the first."

The shelling stopped at daylight, and there was another bombing attack at 5 A. M. That made the fourth. There were 30 during the first 10 days.

The 164th moved into the perimeter of defense about a quarter of a mile north of Henderson Field, relieving the Marines. "They were so glad to see us, some of them lay right down on the ground and cried," Mac says.

On Oct. 26, the second day of what has since become known as the Battle of Henderson Field, Mac performed what Col. Bryant E. Moore, then commanding the 164th, said was "commendable service in keeping with the traditions and past performances of our regiment."

What he did seemed ordinary enough to Mac. "Anybody would have acted the same way."

He and his crew were manning the last gun on the Second Battalion flank, about half a mile northeast of Henderson on the perimeter of defense. Japs were moving up with infantry supported by machine-gun and mortar fire. The orders were to hold.

About 50 yards to the left was the Lunga River; to the right was a thick jungle in which a detachment of Japs was firing light machine guns. About 200 yards straight ahead the Japs had established a CP, and in front of the CP and directly in the Jap line of fire was a Marine outpost. There had been heavy fire for about 15 hours, and the Japs were advancing.

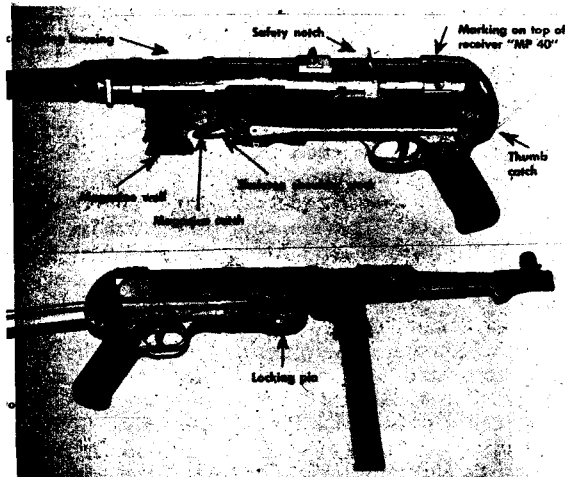
That was when Mac got his idea. It was easy to see the marines couldn't last long under the heavy Nip barrage, so he shouted to Pvt. Thomas Campbell of Minneapolis, Minn., who was driving up a Bren-gun carrier filled with ammunition.

"I think we can save those marines. Want to help?"

German Submachine Gun

(MP 38 AND MP 40)

Material for this article on enemy weapons was prepared by the War Department's Military Intelligence Service with the assistance of the Ordnance Intelligence Unit.



Skeleton shoulder stock folded and open.

ALTHOUGH this weapon was originally designed for use by parachute troops, it can now be found in general use in all combat units of the German Army. The construction is simple, and both the MP 38 and the more recent MP 40, which has been issued in large quantities, are reliable weapons. They fire from an open bolt, and the pressure in the barrel forces the bolt back in order to extract and eject the empty cartridge case. The spring then forces the bolt forward again, chambering and firing a new round. [MP is an abbreviation for *Maschinenpistole*, literally "machine pistol."]

How to Identify. The MP 38 and MP 40 may be identified by—

- 1) Folding skeleton shoulder stock.
- 2) Absence of wood (these guns are all metal and plastic).
- 3) Fixed and folding, open rear sights.
- 4) Hooded front sight.
- 5) Marking ("MP 38" and "MP 40") on top of the receiver.
- 6) Corrugations on the receiver casing of the MP 38; smooth surface on the receiver casing of the MP 40.

Characteristics. The MP 38 and MP 40 are simple blowback-operated submachine guns; they are magazine-fed, air-cooled shoulder weapons which may also be fired from the hip. They are used for close work and are not effective at the longer ranges. They fire from an open bolt and deliver full-automatic fire only. Although the MP 40 is slightly lighter and has a slower rate of fire, both types are the same for all practical purposes.

TABLE OF CHARACTERISTICS

Principle of operation	Straight blowback, full-automatic fire only.
Caliber	9 mm (.354 inch).
Capacity of magazine	32 rounds in removable box magazine.
Sights:	
Front	Inverted V blade, with cover.
Rear:	
Fixed	Open V notch, sighted to 100 meters (109 yards).
Folding	Open V notch, sighted to 200 meters (219 yards).
Length	Over-all, with shoulder stock extended, 33½ inches.
Weight	With loaded magazine, 10 pounds 7 ounces.
Range:	
Effective	200 yards.
Maximum	1,850 yards.
Rate of fire (practical)	80 to 90 rounds per minute (in short bursts).



Here's how it is held, using skeleton shoulder stock.

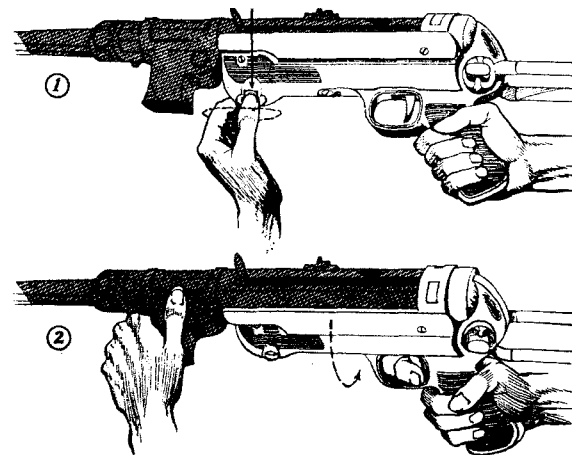
How to Operate. Safety.—The only safety on these guns is the notch marked "S" (*sicher*—"safe") at the butt end of the cut made for the operating handle in the receiver. To make the gun "safe," pull the operating handle back as far as it will go and then push it upward into the safety notch. This is not a positive safety, as a jump or a fall may disengage the operating handle from the safety notch and leave the gun ready to fire.

To load and fire.—Press the thumb catch above the pistol grip in order to release the skeleton shoulder stock from its folded position. Snap the shoulder stock into extended position and unfold the butt plate. Pull the operating handle back and switch it into the feedway on the under side of the receiver until the magazine catch engages. Disengage the operating handle from the safety notch; then aim and squeeze the trigger. The magazine can serve as a grip while firing.

To unload.—Press the magazine catch and remove the magazine. Check the chamber to be

sure that it is empty. After pressing the trigger, let the operating handle go forward slowly.

Ammunition. The ammunition used in these guns is the standard 9-mm Parabellum cartridge, used in all German pistols and submachine guns. This is a rimless, straight-case cartridge with a round-nose, jacketed bullet. The German nomen-



Receiver is removed (1) by pulling out locking pin and (2) turning counterclockwise.

clature for this ammunition is *Pistolpatronen 08* ("pistol cartridges 08"). It comes in cases containing 4,160 rounds, packed in multiples of 16 rounds in cartons and packages. Ammunition (9-mm) manufactured for the British Sten submachine gun (called a machine carbine by the British) can be used in the MP 38 and MP 40. Italian 9-mm pistol ammunition other than model 34 will also function. But the German-issue ammunition should be used whenever possible.

Maintenance. Oiling and cleaning.—These submachine guns are cleaned and oiled in the same manner as the U. S. Thompson submachine gun. In sandy or dusty country, oil should be used sparingly or not at all.

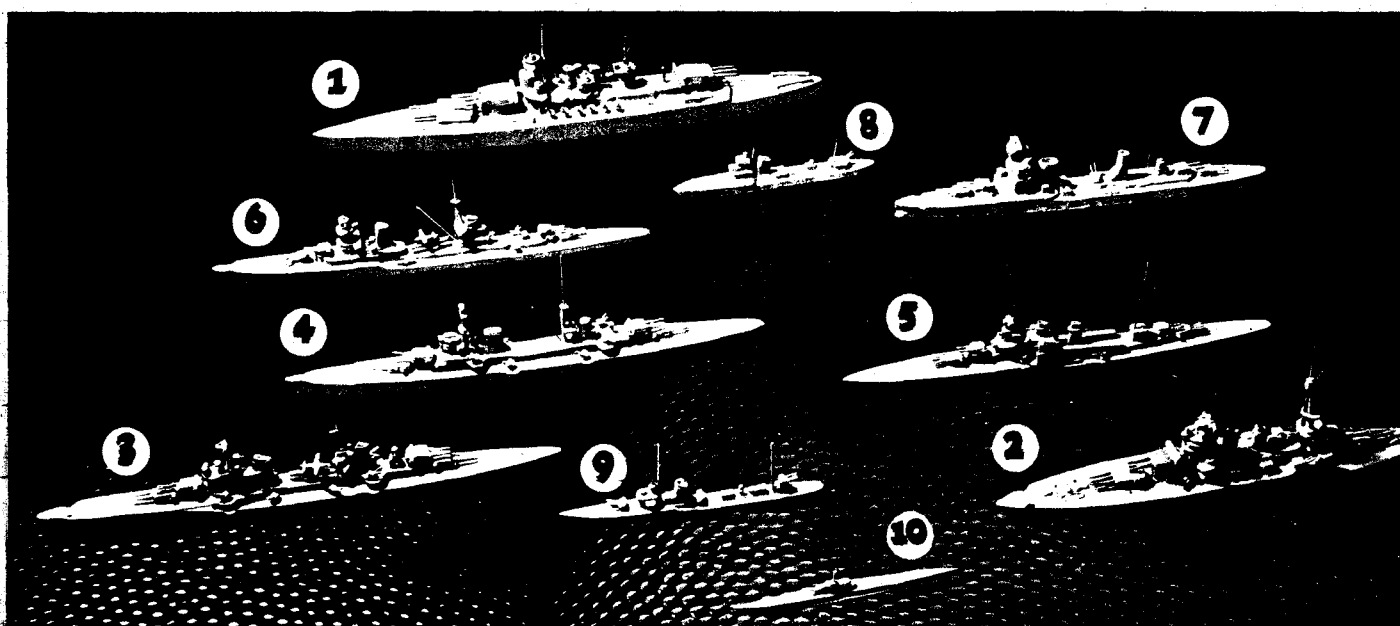
Stripping.—First, be sure that the gun is unloaded and unlocked. Pull out the locking pin located on the bottom front portion of the receiver behind the magazine well and turn the pin a little to keep it unlocked. Grasp the barrel with the left hand and the pistol grip with the right; press the trigger and at the same time turn the receiver in a counterclockwise direction, holding the magazine housing in its normal position. It will then be possible to separate the receiver from the barrel and from the magazine housing. Remove the bolt and recoil spring from the receiver by means of the operating handle. The recoil spring may be removed from the telescoping recoil-spring housing.

Assembly.—Assemble the recoil spring to the recoil-spring housing. Replace the recoil-spring assembly and bolt into the receiver. Hold the trigger back, and assemble the receiver to the barrel and the magazine housing by holding the magazine housing and then inserting the receiver and turning it in a clockwise direction. Turn the locking pin so that it snaps in.

Accessories. Six magazines and a magazine filler are carried in a web haversack. Four magazines are sometimes carried on a magazine holder attached to the belt. A small cleaning outfit is carried on the person, and a sling is attached to these guns for carrying purposes.

Here are the Types of Italian Ships Now Controlled by the Allies

THESE models show the various types of ships probably acquired by the Allies when they captured most of the Italian Navy recently in the Mediterranean. (1) The *Littorio* class battleship, 35,000 tons with nine 15-inch guns, is light armored and has a high speed of 30 knots. (2) The *Cesare* class battleship is a reconstructed model of 1911-1913 with a 27-knot speed. (3) The *Albatross* is a modified version of the *Caio* class, an 8-inch gun cruiser carrying 16 guns, with a 27-knot speed. (4) The *Giuseppe Garibaldi* and (5) the *Emanuele Filiberto* are typical Italian light cruisers with 6-inch guns. (6) The *Condottieri* class is very small and fast—37 knots—with thin armor and 6-inch guns. (7) The *Scorpio* class and (8) the *Greco* class are 3,000-ton destroyers, and (9) the *Borghese* class of Italy's excellent submarines.



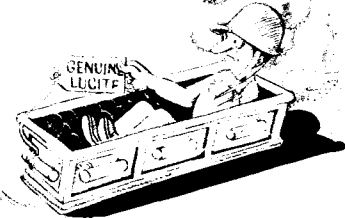
A Plea to the Post-War Planners

or PLEASE DON'T STREAMLINE MOTHER WHILE I'M GONE

SITTING here, in my foxhole muddy,
please don't think me fuddy-duddy
if I say that I'm not fighting
for plywood pants and Neon lighting;
and if I seem to doubt the worth of
some things you seem to think the earth of.
Oh, hear, far seers: permit a Pharisee
to sing his sour song of heresy.
Your post-war world is strictly "pheasant";
Today is "Spam"—my needs are present.
I've little need for breakfast toasters,



built like shiny roller coasters.
Cummerbund of soy-bean sacking
from my wardrobe's plainly lacking.
I need no girdle wove of plastic
nor baseball bat of glass elastic
nor yet a plane that's minus torque,
or even razor blades of fork.
I've little use for synthesized
soup, or operas (soapy) televised,
or trips to Mars in Roman candles,
or caskets trimmed with lucite handles,



or wireless ballots for brainless voters,
or Buicks with transparent motors,
or movies shown in four dimensions,
or breakfast foods of fringed gentians.
Give Gernsback back his grim inventions!

My love for them is sub-platonic.
I can do without your supersonic,
combination, candy-coated,
radium-dialed and ruby-throated,
chromium-plated,
numbered, dated,
ultra-hyper generated,
electro-magno-gyro steered,
acorn-fueled, six-speed geared,
strato-turbine,
intra-urban,
rotor, rocket,
plug-in socket,
superdooper-dyne devices,
born of copywriter's vices—
too much gin and orange ices,
(plus Pernod, Sterno, benzedrine)—
portrayed in poster-magazine,

the livid-vivid world they mean
for us to want, when on returning,
we resume our pre-war yearning
for spending more than we are earning.
Oh, post-war planners, men of science,
though I applaud your each appliance,
permit this note of loud defiance.
Your genius I will gladly bow to,
even curtsy and kowtow to—
but not until you've figured how to
send a female
via V-Mail.

—T/Sgt. PHILIP REISMAN JR., USMC.
Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va.



Pvt. Onnie of the Engineers Has Serial Number Zero

NEW GUINEA—Pfw. Hee Onana Gona has been
in New Guinea for nine years, but he's just
a rookie in an American Negro engineers outfit.
"Pfw." is a purely unofficial title meaning "pri-
vate fuzzy wuzzy." And Onnie is not actually in
the Army of the United States—just attached for
rations and quarters. He's an orphaned native
who has been adopted by the engineers. Onnie
came wandering around one day as the engineers
were hard at work. They took him to chow and
he's been around ever since, by mutual consent.
Officially, of course, Onnie isn't supposed to live
and eat with the engineers. Australian authori-
ties once took Onnie away to return him to his
native village. The engineers, knowing Onnie's
tricks, cagily got a receipt showing they'd sur-
rendered him—lock, stock and barrel (if fuzzy
wuzzies have such things).
Half an hour later Onnie returned to the engi-
neers' camp. How he got away he never told, but

since then both Australian and American officials
have wisely ignored Onnie's presence. The re-
ceipt frees the engineers from all responsibility
for their orphan mascot.
Onnie has a cot, mosquito bar, foot locker with
"ASN 0" on it and a GI uniform with a dis-
tinctly drape shape. Each part of his uniform
was donated by a different member of the outfit.
Miles too large, the clothing has been cut down
to something near Onnie's pee-wee size. When
Sgt. Charles Pope of Chicago went to Australia,
the engineers contributed money so he could buy
children's shoes and other articles Onnie needed.
Onnie is a good-natured, grinning native boy
who already speaks pretty good English. He
brushes his teeth, takes atabrine daily, washes
and showers, can almost drive a jeep and tries
to be soldierly in every way. His GI job is mes-
senger, and he's as swift and reliable as the man
who carried the message to Garcia.

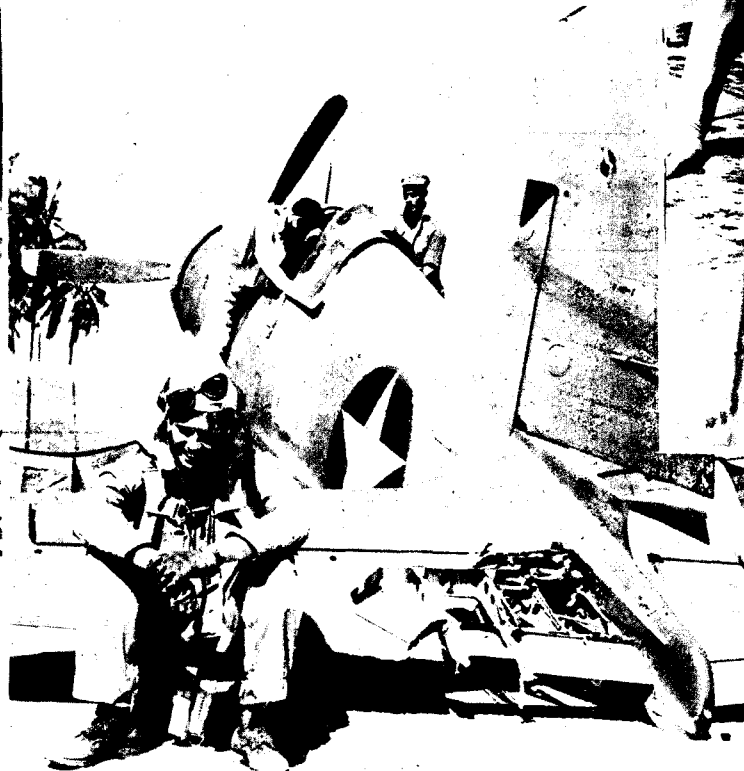
For two hours each night he goes to private
school, with 1st Sgt. Leander H. Scott Jr. of
Fayetteville, N. C., as his instructor. The other
night he learned to count all the way to 300.
Scott, who is Onnie's chief guardian, threatens
to spank him for cursing, gambling or other
breaches of a good boy's behavior.
In his spare time Onnie is becoming quite an
athlete. He goes to every baseball game, boxing
or wrestling match in the engineers' jungle camp.
Then he gets the good-natured Negro engineers
to let him take part in the sports. At night he
plays checkers; soon after learning the game, he
beat Scott.
Occasionally Onnie gets mad, but he's got a
slick way of avoiding a spanking. He swears in
Papuan, a language he's refused to teach the en-
gineers, so they won't know when he's cursing.
—Sgt. DAVE RICHARDSON
YANK Staff Correspondent



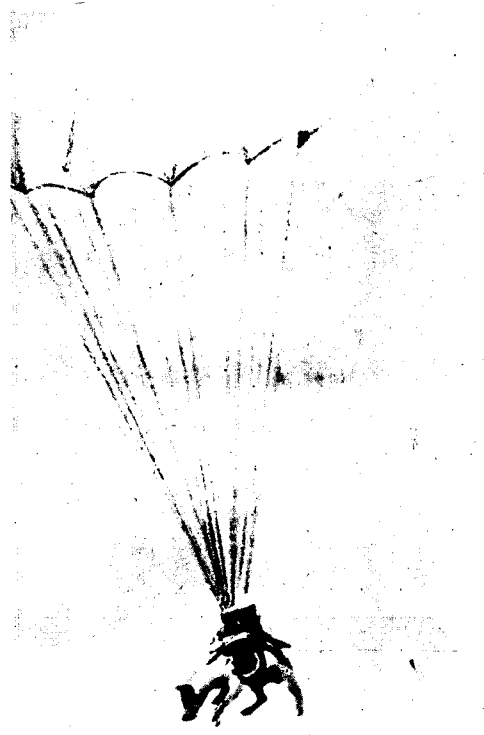
ACTION IN ADAM. Football in this Andreanof island base is an uncertain business with a field that must have been trampled on by wild horses. But here's the kick-off, with some soldiers weighed down by their beards, others racing to beat the ball.



DOG BALL. What a friend! Brownie holds ball while Johnny Hedrick, Huntington, W. Va., kicks.



AN INDESTRUCTIBLE. Though a big chunk of his Corsair's tail was torn off, 1st Lt. Donald L. Balch, Marine fighter pilot, landed it safely on a South Pacific field.



PARAPUP. Salvo, a fox terrier, nears end of a 1,500-foot jump at Andrews Field, England.



HERO'S MOTHER. Mrs. Rittie Williams of Prattville Ala., receives Silver Star awarded posthumously to her son, Pvt. Jack Williams, for gallantry in New Guinea.



SUCCESS STORY. Jacqueline Dalya made her way from winning beauty contests to a stage role in Los Angeles to an offer of a job in the movies.



FIVE MIRACLES. Starlets is what they call them, making their way in the Hollywood sky. Working for 20th Century-Fox, they have been given roles in four