

The 7th Division, veterans of the Aleutians, wondered if Kwajalein would be a tougher nut to crack than Attu. But when they landed, they found that our guns and bombs had already smashed it to bits.

By Sgt. MERLE MILLER
YANK Staff Correspondent

KWAJALEIN ISLAND, KWAJALEIN ATOLL, THE MARSHALL ISLANDS [By Cable]—The sight and smell of dead Japs are everywhere on this island. Puddles of water are deep red with their blood. The beaches are lined with their bodies or parts of their bodies—shoes with feet, nothing else; grinning heads, with occasional cigarettes still pinched between brown teeth, but without torsos; scattered arms and legs, far from the bodies to which they belong.

There are Jap bodies in the shambles of what, not many days ago, were considered impregnable pillboxes. Others, their rifles frozen in their hands, are huddled near the scrawny trunks of barely recognizable coconut palms. Some are lying in what were recently barracks but now are only scattered piles of unsalvageable debris. A few simply fell beside the road and along the runways of the great airport constructed here only a short time ago.

It is surprising now that there is any island left here at all; it is certainly amazing that there are any Japs alive and still fighting. Never before have so many tons of varied destruction rained on so small a space.

The entire island is not more than two and a half miles in length, along an axis varying from 2,500 feet at the east end to 1,000 feet in width at the northwest tip. Kwajalein, shaped like a slightly distended kidney and extending along the southern end of the atoll from which it takes its name, was three days earlier the headquarters of all the Jap-held Marshalls. Now it is just one more point of rapidly diminishing enemy resistance.

Kwajalein is the sixth tiny island to fall to the soldiers of the 7th Division since D Day. The islands of Enubuj, Ennylabegan, Gea and Ninni were taken with little opposition. Then the 7th captured Gehh Island.

Within a few hours of the landing of our first forces on nearby Enubuj, our field artillery began pounding the landing beaches, Red One and Two, at the southern end of Kwajalein Island across the lagoon. The guns roared constantly for an hour and a half before our first waves landed at 0930 on Kwajalein Island. Sixty seconds before the landing, the gunners shifted



Soldiers of the 17th Infantry advance past a Jap radio tower that had been blasted into a twisted pile of girders by U. S. bombers attacking the Marshalls during invasion. The island is Enubuj, on Kwajalein Atoll.

MARSHALLS MASSACRE

their fire to the north. Their bombardments have moved along ahead of the front line since.

Bombardments are continuing in a small confined area at the narrow northern end of the island, where there are still scattered, hungry, disorganized and shell-shocked Japs, huddled in the ruins of their pillboxes and crouched near the ridiculous stumps of pandanus and coconut palms trees. Not a single Jap plane has appeared over our task force since the operation began.

A few duds are still scattered throughout the island, but most of the shells destroyed beyond recognition every important installation here. All night the sky was red with the blaze of oil dumps set afire by our destroyers, which will continue their fire under Army orders until the last Jap is dead or captured. Navy carrier-based bombers and torpedo planes are still on call, ready to hit any neglected enemy stronghold. Throughout the offensive they have been operat-

ing a few hundred yards beyond our front lines. dive-bombing and strafing. They will continue in the morning.

The results of this bombardment are evident everywhere. Nowhere on this thickly wooded island do there seem to be more than a dozen or so trees untouched. Green and ripe coconuts and huge breadfruit are everywhere underfoot, as well as palm fronds. Shrapnel seems to be in every foxhole and dugout. Great coconut logs have been thrown hundreds of yards.

AND yet, when the first waves of men of the 7th Division had raced onto the Red Beaches after the bombardment, there were still many Japs—waiting, armed and very much alive. The mop-up, the actual capture of this island, could, as always, be accomplished only by infantrymen—this time by men who had driven the Japs from the Aleutians and now are ejecting them from

territory that has been theirs ever since 1914.

During the long minutes in the assault boats, nobody spoke about the battle that was to come. Some read, others slept, the rest talked. Eventually, just before we reached the line of departure, everyone got around to talking about where he'd rather be than in the assault boat headed for the Jap-held island. And where he'd like to be having dinner—whether Antoine's in New Orleans was better than Pierre's in San Francisco, whether steaks would be better than chocolate malteds. Or maybe, since the two water canteens each man carried couldn't be opened in the boats, whether a simple coke right now wouldn't taste better than anything.

Just before the first boats reached the coral lining around the beach, the men could see dead Japs piled on shore, lying where they had died. A quick pool was formed in one of the boats on how many days it would take to occupy Kwaja-

lein. The lowest guess was 24 hours, the highest 14 days. The boat commander held the stakes—a total of \$16.

The sun was shining and there was a light breeze as everyone made the inevitable comment: "Perfect day for an invasion." And then, as the boats drew in to shore, the equally inevitable observation that it was a lot safer to be in the U. S. Army headed for Kwajalein than in the Jap Army defending the place.

Nobody saw any reason to change his mind after hitting the beach. There was some light machine-gun fire and, as had been expected, the first pillboxes were full of Japs with rifles. But most of them were not pillboxes with connecting trenches like the defenses on Tarawa and Makin in the Gilberts. The emplacements here were shallow, their tops had been shattered and none of them held more than three or four Japs. They were throwing practically no heavy fire at us, only occasional bursts of inaccurate heavy machine-gun bullets and some mortar fire.

The advance up the long axis of the island toward the airfield was slow and unspectacular and methodical. Our casualties were extremely small. The men crept from shell crater to shell crater, sometimes running across a few yards of open space. But no pillbox was considered harmless, no matter how many waves of our men had passed ahead of it. In several cases the Japs had held their fire until after the advance platoons had moved around and beyond them. No tree was left with enough foliage to hide a sniper. If the naval and artillery gunfire hadn't shattered a tree, our BAR and rifle fire did an additional pruning job on it.

By night, a third of the island was in the hands of the 7th Division, and the troops had dug deep into two- and three-man foxholes. One man always stayed on guard in each foxhole, but the others didn't sleep because of intermittent raids and recurring reports of Jap counterattacks and infiltration. A handful of Japs did get through our lines, but they were not coordinated into an attacking force and were easily mopped up in the morning, one by one.

The platoon leader of 3d Platoon, Company L, heard jabbering at one point a few yards ahead of his advanced position. From the remains of a storehouse, about 10 yards to his left, came fierce stage whispers in English: "You Americans are gonna die. You Americans are gonna die." His guard let go with their rifles and BARs and a flame thrower, and the jabbering stopped.

Occasionally someone would see a dark figure, or maybe two, a few yards ahead. There were never more than two or three at a time, and there were never any questions asked by the Americans; nobody waited for passwords.

A Jap truck that had been shattered by artillery was standing, apparently abandoned, about a dozen yards ahead of one U. S. position. Shortly after midnight the truck door opened. Out stepped a short, pudgy Jap officer with a star on his cap, a pistol at his side and a saber almost as long as himself brandished in his right hand. The Jap walked slowly forward about three paces, grinning. Pfc. Ashley Stewart of Napa, Calif., raised his rifle and fired at him four times. T'Sgt. James E. Watkins of Humphrey, Calif., threw two grenades just to add a finishing touch.

EARLY in the morning, the 7th Division again began its stubborn, businesslike move forward and again the mopping-up platoons and squads were harassed from pillboxes. But after a flame thrower had been put to discreet use, a trembling Jap or two would emerge with his hands raised high.

Several prisoners were taken, most of them small, gaunt, hungry and thirsty. None had had anything to eat or drink for two or three days. Almost all of them had been told that if any surrendered, their ears would be cut off by their barbaric white enemy. Instead, if they had been wounded, they received treatment, and all were given as much K and D rations and candy as they could eat and all the halazone-treated water they could drink. Several of them immediately announced that they had decided to move to California after the war.

Early in the afternoon the first really coordinated enemy attack was launched across the rough torn coral at the edge of the airfield. The movement of the Japs was obscured by the dark, frond-covered ground, but a handful of men of the 7th Division halted their drive and inflicted many casualties.

A few minutes later the airfield was completely ours. Seventy Japs died in a tank trap just beyond the landing strip when it was hit by tanks, light and heavy machine guns, mortars, flame throwers, Bangalore torpedoes, BARs and rifles.

Not a single American died in that engagement.

The 7th Division, in capturing Kwajalein Island and the nearby islets in the southern part of this atoll, has killed an estimated 4,650 Japs and taken 173 prisoners. Our casualties have been 157 dead, 712 wounded and 17 missing.

OCCASIONALLY a star shell lights up the entire end of the island, where the few remaining Japs can be seen. They're attempting to break through our lines in more scattered counterattacks. Through the haze of field artillery fire, the night is bright again with the long-burning oil dumps, some of which have been smoldering for three days.

Down on the assault beach, a bright new American flag is flying—above the assembled jeeps, bulldozers and tanks being prepared to move forward, above the MPs guarding the ammunition supply and above the beach party directing the outgoing and incoming boats.

A few Jap bicycles are being shined by the usual souvenir hunters, Jap .25 and .31 rifles are being cleaned and Jap bayonets polished.

The talk in the foxholes now is mainly about the next island that we'll attack. Obviously the fight for Kwajalein is nearly over.

Everyone hopes that the next island will smell better.



One of the Koreans who have been forced to labor for the Japs is treated for his wounds. Dazed and wracked with pain, he is given first aid by two 17th Infantry soldiers who were among the invaders of Kwajalein Atoll.



"The last of the red-hot mamas" takes up packin' a pistol. Sophie Tucker (right) does some fancy vocal shooting accompanied by Fibber McGee and Harry Von Zell as Betty Grable and Fibber's partner Molly wait their turn.



Comedy, music and glamor are the right combinations for Mail Call. George Burns (left) doesn't think the music funny. Others are Dennis Day, Gracie Allen, Fred MacMurray and Dot Lamour.



When Ingrid Bergman was mistress of ceremonies, her fellow performers couldn't keep their eyes off her, at least during rehearsal. Here's Ray Rogers, cowboy star, with Charlie McCarthy and Edgar Bergen in full admiration.

Reality hits the air waves in the form of a porterhouse steak. A GI asked to hear one sizzling just as it hit the skillet and this trio was only too glad to oblige.



SO THAT the show can be entertaining by radio, the show is being broadcast on the Los Angeles radio station KFI and the show is being broadcast on the Los Angeles radio station KFI and the show is being broadcast on the Los Angeles radio station KFI.



This is the dream combination, but exclusive to the armed forces: Frank Sinatra, Dinah Shore and Bing Crosby in happy harmony.

...are
not letting him run away with them. Betty Hutton, left, and Lane Turner.



Janet Blair, in answer to soldiers, sailors and marines from around the world who want to hear her, dedicates a song to them during a *Command Performance* broadcast.

...s have used all the discs. Among the programs are *Command Performance*, *Mail Call Jubilee*, *Melody Round-up*, *GI Journal*, *GI Jive*, *Great Music Yarns for Yanks*, *Showtime*, *Yarns from Home*, *Music for Sunday*, *Personal Album*, *Yank Singing Session*, *Sports Interview*, *Are You a Genius?*, *Downbeat*, *Front Line Theater* and *Sound Off*. On these pages you see some of the programs in the making at various Los Angeles studios.



Veronica Lake, with tamed hair, answers a soldier's request by frying an egg and bacon.



Bojangles Bill Robinson, beloved hooper, taps it out before the mike during an appearance on *Jubilee*.



Chicks for a farm boy who wanted to hear peeps. Sponsors: Ginger Rogers and Alice Faye.

Judy, *Somewhere Over the Rainbow*, Garland and Bob Hope, *My Heart Belongs to Daddy*, are going over.

Post-War Justice

Dear YANK:

In a January issue Pfc. Sam Mayo says it is unfair to propose that "the German officer class must be automatically included among the Nazi war criminals listed for punishment after the war." Pfc. Mayo argues that their tenacity, skill and daring are not vices; he argues that punishment should be given for specific crimes only. But Pfc. Mayo forgets that for centuries the German officer class has sought and found its social, economic and political power by fomenting wars. Even if we are to punish the German militarists for "specific crimes alone," then every one of them is still guilty of being accessory to about 5,000,000 cases of premeditated murder; accessories before, during and after the fact.

ASTP, Georgia Tech, Atlanta, Ga. —Cadet JOHN E. BROWN

Dear YANK:

Present plans for post-war Germany are inadequate, for they are apparently based on the widely held theory that there will be nothing left for us to do anything with in Germany after the war. But if we believe that, then we are beaten before we start. Personally I believe that with a population of close to 80,000,000 people, Germany, even after 11 years of Nazi rule, will still have some nationals left with liberal ideas. With the power taken away from the now-powerful Nazi party, Germany will thus be able to stand by herself in a post-war world. It would not, of course, be a powerful or even important Germany, as it never should be again, but certainly the Allies should be able to agree on fair, unvengeful treatment for that conquered territory.

Fort Dix, N. J.

—Pvt. JACK M. FOX

Dear YANK:

In a recent letter to YANK, Pfc. Sam Mayo says that after the war "we can hardly convict a German lieutenant for merely following the orders of his superior officers, as he has been trained to do." But how far can such reasoning be extended? There are numerous proved instances of German officers and men rounding up and slaughtering noncombatants. Apparently the officers operated under direct orders, and the German soldiers in turn operated under direct orders from their officers. On that premise, therefore, the tragedy of Lidice and the deliberate murders of innocent women and children at the hands of German officers and soldiers would go unpunished, for the executioners were only doing their duty. If we were willing to grant that such acts require "skill" and "courage" and "discipline" from Nazi troops, we might add that they also require a deadening of moral sensibilities and of human feelings. It is my heartfelt conviction, consequently, that any German officer or soldier who carries out such moral abominations, under orders or otherwise, is responsible to God and to man for his acts and should be treated accordingly. The only way to cut out the cancer of Nazism from the whole German nation is to make Germans realize that the rest of humanity holds every last individual of a vicious mass responsible for the deeds of the entire mob.

Fort Bragg, N. C.

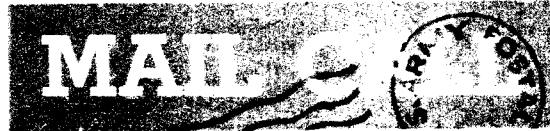
—S/Sgt. MILES S. SAMPSON

Dear YANK:

I have just seen the Army movie "Battle for Russia." According to the picture, every Russian has taken the oath of "Blood for Blood, Death for Death," an oath I find very interesting in view of the widely held opinion that even after victory we'll have a tough time changing the German people from their Nazi way of doing things. For with our Air Force and the RAF bombing hell out of Germany, and with the Russians killing thousands upon thousands on the Eastern Front, I'm quite sure there won't be very many Nazis left to worry about when the war's over. Personally, I hope Russia's people will be able to carry out their "Blood for Blood, Death for Death" oath so well that the rest of the German people will be so terrified they will never again want to pick up arms. It's my belief that most of the proposals for post-war treatment of Germany be kept out of the Continent until after Russia has had her justifiable revenge.

Alaska

—Pvt. R. H. FANNING JR.



Mercy for Japs

Dear YANK:

As God is my witness I am sorry to read of the way two American soldiers treated the enemy on Makin Island; they shot some Japanese when they might have been able to take them alive. I don't believe in killing unless it has to be done. I am a servant of God, so when I get into battle I hope by His help to take as many Japs alive as I can. If I am compelled to destroy lives in battle I shall do so, but when U.S. troops throw grenades into an enemy position and Japs run out unarmed we should make an effort to take them alive. I know that if I were in a dugout and forced to run out I would want mercy.

Camp Davis, N. C.

—Pvt. RALPH H. LUCKEY



Boy and Man

Dear YANK:

The picture showing the group of GIs training in Italy as mountain fighters caught my eye because I noticed my son was there among them. He is Pvt. Earl J. Quinn Jr., and he is the GI who is next to Capt. Edmund Mueller. Thought you'd like to know that Earl began climbing with me on my steeplejack paint jobs at a tender age. Snapshot (above) shows Earl while I was teaching him to climb many years ago. [Inset shows him as a mountain fighter.]

Roanoke, Va.

—EARL J. QUINN SR.

Mail Call

Dear YANK:

In YANK, I notice that GIs have been throwing a lot of orchids to the boys of the Army Post Office for the marvelous work they've been doing. I would like to add my comment—they stink!

I have not received a single letter from home since Sept. 26. In this time I've been to every possible agency in an endeavor to have the situation remedied. My efforts have proved fruitless. The Red Cross is apathetic; the Post Office indifferent; Special Service

unconcerned. Cheerful predictions that I may get a whole bagful tomorrow console me not a damn bit.

I don't expect you to do anything about this "crank" letter, still less to publish it, but I wanted to say what I feel about those puerile fatheads who think their half-baked mail system constitutes a post office.

Britain

—Sgt. AL FORRISTOL

Dear YANK:

Let me present the champion letter writer in the Army! Sgt. R. J. Linden of this base has written his wife the following record-breaking number of letters and cards in a little less than a year: 1,385 letters, 362 cards and 12 souvenir folders. In short, he has written her almost four letters and more than one card every day for a year.

AAB, Tonopah, Nev.

—Sgt. L. KAISERMAN

Chelsea Cigarettes

Dear YANK:

I have smoked a lot of Chelseas packed in field rations and I couldn't ask for a better cigarette. I was annoyed, therefore, when you revealed that the Army was planning to use only the three "popular brands" from now on. I think Chelseas have been done a grave injustice, inasmuch as they seem to be greatly responsible for the cut in price of all cigarettes to the boys across the sea. This is to say nothing of their cooperation with the Government in making adjustments in size and being so readily helpful in the packing of rations. In all fairness to Chelseas and the others who so willingly cooperated while the "big three" held out, I think that they should be allowed their regular place in line.

New Guinea

—Cpl. T. C. HINTON

Baseball Boner

Dear YANK:

Sgt. Dan Polier named Johnny Rigney as a former Chicago Cub pitcher in his story on the Great Lakes baseball team. Rigney definitely is an ex-White Sox player, and for Sgt. Polier's safety he'd better enter Chicago in the future incognito. Chicagoans are very sensitive about Cub-White Sox relations; in fact, those dubs (I mean Cubs) don't even belong in the major leagues. Perhaps there is some National League fan in YANK who is trying to pull the wool over Polier's eyes.

Camp Claiborne, La.

—Lt. D. DONELLAN

Dear YANK:

... it's an insult to associate any Sox player with the Cubs, and when that player is the husband of the treasurer of the White Sox organization—well!

Truax Field, Wis.

—Pvt. ROBERT M. BRIESCHKE

Army Bonus

Dear YANK:

The boys and I have been discussing all the recent articles on post-war help for the rehabilitation of soldiers. But we don't want charity! If the Army would lend us any amount up to \$2,000, say, with a return of \$100 per year, and charge us no interest, we would appreciate that very much. But no bonus. We would only have to make it up in taxes, and besides, I repeat, no one who is able to work wants charity. Give the bonus to the soldiers who can't work, those who have lost an arm or leg or who are blind. And I hope some senator will see this letter and take it before Congress.

Britain

—Cpl. T. R. SHIPP

Perpetual Pfc.

Dear YANK:

I think that I am the top-ranking pfc. in the Army today, and if anyone else can prove that he has been a pfc. longer than I have been, I will gladly relinquish my "crown." I made pfc. Dec. 1, 1941, just a week before the war started. I was on the Hawaiian Islands at the time. Now, two years and two months later, I am still a pfc. Any contenders?

AAB, Pueblo, Colo.

—Pfc. MICHAEL A. SANDERS

A. Pvt. ROBERT ALCORN, last heard from at Fort Eustis, Va.: write Pfc. Jay De Dapper, ASTU 3800, Texas A & M. College Station, Tex. . . . T-5 JOHN T. ALLEN, formerly at the Induction Sta., Fort Benning, Ga.: write Sgt. Arthur L. Burke, Hq. Det., CMP, Prisoner of War Camp, Fort Benning, Ga. . . . Cpl. MACK ALTSCHUL, last heard from at APO 302: write Pfc. Julius Schulman, Co. G, 307th Inf., Camp Pickett, Va. . . . CARL AMENT and AL ARIETTA, once with Co. A, 3d Bn., 1st Regt., FARTC, Fort Bragg, N. C.: write Cpl. Eugene M. Anderson, Rcn. Co., 658th TD Bn., Camp Hood, Tex.

C. Lt. JOHN CASHMAN, once in 579th Tech. Sch. Sq., Miami Beach, Fla.: write Lt. Harry Kalmanowitz, Sta. Hosp., Esler Field, La. . . . S/Sgt. GEORGE CATULLO, last heard from in Iceland: write Pvt. C. H. Nonnenmacher, Co. D, 306th Med. Bn., Camp San Luis Obispo, Calif. . . . T/Sgt. HAROLD COLEMAN, formerly in Trinidad, BWI: write Cpl. Ralph Swanson, Med. Det., Fitzsimons Gen. Hosp., Denver, Colo. . . . JACK COPPOLA, at Camp Upton, N. Y., a year ago: write Cpl. Guido Cerulli, Advanced Languages Sec., ASTP, 4770th SCU, Grinnell College, Iowa. . . . Lt. JOHN CORT of New York, N. Y.: write your old buddy from military school, Richard J. Donovan Jr., F2c, Co. C-1, Naval Diesel Sch., Urbana, Ill.

D. Pvt. SID DAVIS, once with 507th Engr. Co., LP, at Camp Swift, Tex.: write Sgt. I. Gertz, Prov. Gp. B. (Fountain), 88th Bomb Gp., APAAF, Avon Park, Fla. . . . TOMMY DAVIS and DOUGLAS DILLARD, once in 1st Prcht. Tng. Regt., Co. F, Cl. 44, Fort Benning, Ga.: write Pvt. Lamar (Ed) Foreman, Med.

Message Center

Det., Stark Gen. Hosp., Charleston, S. C. . . . Pvt. EARL DEHART of Pennsylvania: write Pfc. Archie S. Flohr, 20th Base Hq. & AB Sq., Mountain Home, Idaho. . . . JOHN W. DINGES, graduate of Scott Field, May 1941: write Lt. Kenneth R. Smith, Cl. 44-E, GAAF, Greenville, Miss.

E. JOHNNY EDGAR, once at a Texas flying school: write Pfc. William C. Fry, 624th TSS, AAF, Amarillo, Tex. . . . S. Sgt. JAMES C. EDWARD, once at Army Flying Sch., Lake Charles, La.: write T Sgt. John G. Finley, 858th SEGTS, Matagorda Peninsula, Foster Field, Tex. . . . Cpl. ALEXANDER C. EGGLESTON, once with Air Force Sec., FER Pool, Fort Dix, N. J.: write Lt. Ernest R. Blanchard, 650th Bomb Sq., 411th Bomb Gp., Florence, S. C. . . . T-4 ALVIN EISENSTEIN, once at Camp Kilmer, N. J.: see Message 1.*

MISCELLANEOUS. APO 520—Anyone knowing details of last flight of 2d Lt. Nathan H. Greenwood, co-pilot of a B-25 reported lost in action: write Message Center. . . . APO 12475-A—Anyone having information of S. Sgt. Leonard Rauch, once at Seymour Johnston Field, N. C.: write Sgt. Sidney Rauch, 24th Tr. C. Sq., 89th Tr. C. Gp., Bergstrom Field, Tex. . . . Pvt. ANTHONY DI NITTO and SAMUEL DI NITTO, twins, want former

buddies to write both of them, c/o Security Co., Camp Murphy, Fla. . . . FORT BRAGG, N. C.—Anyone formerly in 334th QM (Depot) Co. knowing whereabouts of Claude Hilliard: write Lt. Jesse F. Tucker, 655th TD Bn., Camp Hood, Tex. . . . HONDO FIELD, TEX.—Anyone who knew Pvt. Howard H. Thomson of Oakridge, Mo.: write Cpl. Hubert W. Yeager, Hq. Spec. Troops, 91st Inf. Div., Camp Adair, Oreg. . . . Anyone knowing whereabouts of HERMAN REINGOLD of Brooklyn, N. Y.: write Message Center. . . . SIOUX FALLS (S. D.) RADIO SCH.—GIs in Cl. 13-A-4 or 810 TSS, Bks. 1531, winter 1942: write Pfc. Roland C. Gardner Jr., SS 7, Cl. 43-51, LVAAF, Las Vegas, Nev.

*Message 1: Write Cpl. Judson Ferentz, Co. A, 1552 SU, OSU, Columbus 10, Ohio.

SHOULDER PATCH EXCHANGE

These men want to trade shoulder patches:

Pvt. Wilson F. Stuter, Hq. Co., 362d Inf., Camp Adair, Oreg.	Pfc. Steve Ritter, Hq. Det., SC 1751, Fort Leonard Wood, Mo.
Cpl. Harold Buskirk, 23d Spec. Serv. Co., APO 184, East Yards, Yuma, Ariz.	Sgt. H. F. von Seger, Co. B, 312th Engr. Bn., 87th Div., Fort Jackson, S. C.
Lt. Elliott Wolheim, 100th Sig. Co., 100th Inf. Div., Fort Bragg, N. C.	Sgt. Nick L. Imbriglio, Hq. Tr., 15th Cav. (Mech.), APO 187, Los Angeles, Calif.

A mimeographed list of shoulder-patch collectors' names will be sent on request; we haven't space for everyone's name here. Write to Shoulder Patch Exchange.