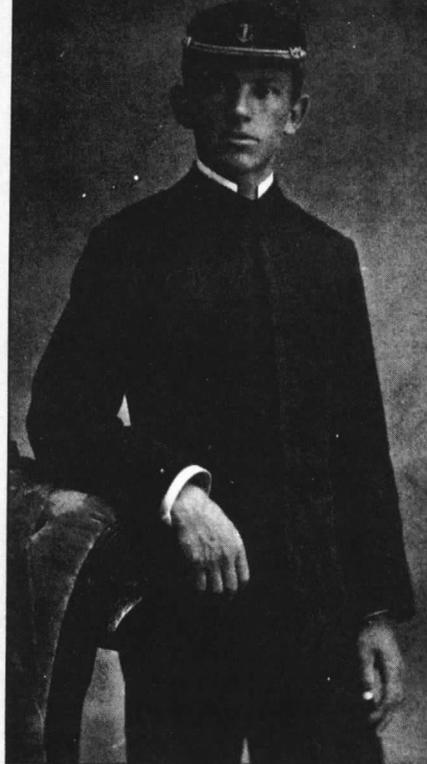


Lejeune of the Naval Service

By Colonel James W. Hammond, Jr.
U. S. Marine Corps (Retired)



1982
Honorable
Mention



COURTESY OF NAVAL ACADEMY ARCHIVES

Naval Cadet Lejeune, 1884



U. S. MARINE CORPS

Colonel Lejeune, 1913

God and man both tried, but neither could deprive the U. S. Marine Corps of its 13th Commandant.

John Archer Lejeune was born 10 January 1867. He was taught at home by his mother until, at the age of 13, he went to a boarding school in Natchez, Mississippi. When the USS *Alliance* visited that city, Lejeune visited the ship. He was impressed by her smartness and her crew in full dress uniform. Among those on board was First Lieutenant George F. Elliott, later Major General Commandant of the Corps. Seeing the Marine officer's double-breasted frock coat and his sky-blue trousers, Lejeune left filled with dreams of trips across trackless oceans in ships flying the American flag.

From Natchez, Lejeune went to Louisiana State University. As a sophomore, he applied to the Naval Academy, which he entered in 1884 at the age of 17. Like most of the cadets of the period, he soon received a nickname. Lejeune's ancestors had gone from France to Nova Scotia and were resettled during the French and Indian War. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow later immortalized the resettlement in "Evangeline," a poem about the life-long search for the lost Gabriel Lajeunesse by his sweetheart. As a plebe at the Academy, Lejeune had to memorize the epic and recite it to upperclassmen. The association of plebe and poem and the similarity of surnames earned him the nickname of Gabriel. He was "Gabe" the rest of his life.

On 8 June 1888, Lejeune was graduated from the Academy. His class would go to sea as passed midshipmen for two years, then assemble for examinations to fix class standing and determine future assignments. Lejeune went first to Mare Island for duty in the USS *Mohican*, then transferred in mid-

January 1889 to the screw sloop *Vandalia*. She was to join Rear Admiral Louis A. Kimberly's Pacific Squadron in Apia, Samoa. Samoa and the Hawaiians were the last important islands in the Pacific not yet under foreign control. Trouble flared when the Germans attempted to gain control of one of the independent Polynesian kingdoms of Samoa. During the voyage south, Lejeune began the love affair of a lifetime when he commanded a pivot gun manned by marines.

The *Vandalia* put into Apia on 22 February 1889. The harbor teemed with men-of-war. The USS *Nip-sic* was the only other American until the *Trenton*, Kimberly's flagship, arrived a few days later. A modern cruiser, HMS *Calliope*, represented the Queen. The Kaiser's squadron comprised the cruiser *Olga* and gunboats *Adler* and *Eber*. Several sailing traders were present as well. It had been quiet since December, and then the situation was turned upside down by an act of God.

On 14 March, a typhoon hit. Preparations were made to ride out the blow. Boilers were lit off and masts and rigging secured. Lejeune had the mid-watch on the forecastle. He secured himself with a line and waited through the night. Dawn showed that the harbor had been badly battered; most ships had dragged anchor. Included was the *Vandalia*, for her engines couldn't hold against the sea. She drifted down on the *Calliope*'s ram, cleared it, and finally grounded 200 yards offshore. Waves pounded her, so Lejeune and others took to the rigging where their ordeal lasted several hours before they were rescued. The common experience made the adversaries forget the warlike tension, and a potential international crisis passed.

After surviving the disaster in Samoa, Lejeune returned to San Francisco. He finished his sea tour in the USS *Adams* and made another cruise to Samoa. He was happy to leave for Annapolis in March 1890 for final examinations. Lejeune had decided upon the Marine Corps and was confident of the assignment. He explained his rationale:

“. . . I arrived at my choice chiefly by a process of elimination. First of all, I promptly eliminated the Engineer Corps, because I had no bent for mechanical engineering. The choice between the Line of the Navy and the Marine Corps was much more difficult . . . I liked going to sea occasionally but not for the greater part of my life; I preferred the military to the naval side of my profession; . . . and most important of all, I realized that whatever ability I had lay in the direction of handling and controlling men rather than . . . handling and controlling machinery. From my own standpoint, therefore, the Marine Corps seemed to possess more advantages and less disadvantages than did the other branches of the naval service; and I made my decision accordingly.”

Lejeune did very well on the examinations standing 13th of 35 in his class. He did so well, in fact, that Commodore George W. Melville, Chief of the Bureau of Steam Engineering, insisted that the academic board assign Lejeune to the Engineer Corps. He was considered too high in the class for the Marines. His pleas to superiors in the chain of command did no good, so he decided to go out of official channels. He visited Senators Randall Gibson and William Eaton Chandler. The latter was being beseeched by a classmate, H. O. Stickney, for a waiver of vision standards and a commission in the Engineer Corps. Lejeune offered his slot *if* he could get the Marine Corps. They called on Secretary of the Navy Benjamin Franklin Tracy. Lejeune was introduced as a survivor of the *Vandalia*. The case was presented logically and concisely. Tracy rang for the Chief of the Bureau of Navigation: “Commodore, I want this young man assigned to the Marine Corps.” And so he was, thus foiling an Act of Man to keep him out of the Corps.

In the midst of a period of alternating tours of duty at sea and shore following his commissioning in 1890, Lejeune married Miss Ellie Murdaugh in October 1895. For his next sea duty, he requested the *Maine* but was assigned instead to the *Cincinnati*. When the executive officer of the *Cincinnati* told him that the duties of the marines on board would be curtailed, Lejeune appealed to the commanding officer for increased duties. His request was granted. This action was the first manifestation of Lejeune’s life-long belief that the Navy needed marines—troops familiar with shipboard life and naval ways, able to conduct land operations in support of naval campaigns. Conversely, marines could

not exist without a Navy. He was to build a new Marine Corps on that simple fact.

The *Cincinnati* was up the Amazon when news came of the *Maine*’s destruction at Havana. The fickleness of assignments had kept the young officer from sharing her fate. His ship was involved in no action during the Spanish-American War, but when it was over he benefited through quick promotion from a law doubling the size of the Marine Corps.

A flurry of short assignments followed: an examining board in Washington; recruiting duty in New England; and command of the marine barracks at Pensacola. In January 1903, as a major, he was aide to the Adjutant and Inspector. Then he took command of the “floating battalion” on board the USS *Panther* and was thus introduced to a forerunner of the Fleet Marine Force. Lejeune tried to work out satisfactory arrangements for training his men for service ashore—their primary mission—rather than the daily requirements of shipboard routine. He did not succeed until the battalion shifted to the USS *Dixie*. By then he had worked out a viable plan for embarked troops. It was adopted by an enlightened skipper who wished to get the job done. The *Dixie* landed her marines at Colon, Panama, and the battalion became part of the 1st Marines in the brigade commanded by George F. Elliott, the Brigadier General Commandant. In Panama, Lejeune successfully commanded his first large unit under adverse conditions of climate, environment, and sanitation.

By 1909, after further duty both in this country and overseas, Lejeune had been commissioned almost 20 years and was a lieutenant colonel. He had a fine service reputation for both energy and intelligence. He was a forward thinker. Thus, it was no surprise that his next assignment was discussed with him personally by General Elliott. He was assigned to the Army War College, returning to school for the first time since 1890.

He adopted Army procedures and by his own assertion was for all intents and purposes an Army officer during this period. There was one feature of the course that Lejeune particularly enjoyed. He felt the tactical rides to Civil War battlefields were most educational. The end of the course brought an outstanding report on his performance to General Elliott. It had a far-reaching effect on Lejeune’s career and his subsequent assignment to France with the Army.

Graduation sent him to command the 500-man barracks at Brooklyn. There he encountered a discipline problem from drunkenness and post-payday absences. The new commanding officer, never one for slackness, immediately tightened ship.

Then in October 1913, came a flattering surprise. William P. Biddle, Elliott’s successor as Commandant, asked to retire. The chief of the Bureau of Navigation invited Lejeune to be interviewed by

Secretary of the Navy Josephus Daniels as a candidate. Probably because of his rank and age, he was not nominated, but he was recognized as having potential. Colonel George Barnett became the 12th Commandant in early 1914.

While Lejeune was at Brooklyn (1909-14), the "floating battalion" which he had led into Panama helped further the Marine Corps as a vital arm of the fleet. Technology had changed the entire role of marines within the naval service. Long-range guns opened up the distances at which ships engaged. There was no need for riflemen in the rigging to rake enemy decks. Sail had given way to steam. Steam required coal which had to be stocked at advanced bases. Bases had to be defended or, if not ours, seized and defended. Marines had a new mission.

In 1913, the General Board and the War College planned the 1914 fleet maneuvers. As part of the exercise, the Advanced Base Force was to occupy and defend the Caribbean island Culebra as a fleet base. On Thanksgiving Day, Lejeune was ordered to whip the 2nd Marines (previously a regiment only on paper) into shape at Pensacola. Captain William F. Fullam, USN, never a lover of marines, was anxious to command the Advance Base Force. He argued that marines needed outside "urging" and "driving" to accomplish such a mission. Rear Admiral Charles J. Badger, commanding the Atlantic Fleet, disagreed. He was vindicated by the success of the marines.

The force returned to Pensacola. The brigade commander, Barnett, left to become Commandant. Barnett offered Lejeune the post of Assistant Commandant. Lejeune asked for a delay, feeling that there was trouble coming in Mexico. Marines would be in action, and Lejeune wanted to be with them. Ships' detachments were sent ashore to deal with troubles at Tampico and Veracruz. Army Major General Frederick Funston commanded ashore. Lejeune suggested to Admiral Badger, an old shipmate from the *Cincinnati*, that the ships' detachments reembark but that the Advance Base Force remain with the Army. Approval was secured from Washington. When Colonel Littleton W. T. Waller arrived to command the brigade, Lejeune resumed command of the 2nd Marines. Service with the Army was good experience.

The return from Mexico brought the duty proposed by Barnett. On 2 January 1915, Lejeune became Assistant Commandant. In his first six months, with the Commandant away, Lejeune was called upon by the Navy to provide an expeditionary force for immediate service in Haiti. A fine point in amphibious command relationships was solved for future reference. Colonel Waller was ready to command all troops of the brigade ashore. Rear Admiral William B. Caperton desired that control of each unit ashore be vested in the commanding officer of the ship at anchor off that town. Lejeune appealed

to Caperton's fleet superior, Admiral William Benson, that the principle of unity of command ashore be maintained. Benson overruled Caperton. The Haitian brigade was under a single commander. Marines gained fighting experience and the Corps a combat reputation.

Two other problems, ones which did not involve combat, were ably handled by Lejeune during that period. The first was personnel. He and Assistant Navy Secretary Franklin D. Roosevelt came up with a bill as part of the Naval Appropriation Act of 1916. The Marine Corps was increased to 15,000 with the President authorized to add 2,400 more. It also meant immediate promotion to brigadier general for Lejeune. A major recruiting effort was made to fill the expanded ranks. The second problem was that of facilities for an expanded Corps. Marines had been scattered in barracks and detachments in navy yards. The innovation of having the 2nd Marines in readiness in the Philadelphia Navy Yard had shown its value during the expedition to Haiti in 1915. Navy yards, however, are industrial complexes serving the fleet. They lack terrain for training. Thus, marines were authorized to acquire facilities at San Diego and at Quantico.

When war was declared in April 1917, President Woodrow Wilson astonished the nation by calling for an Army of 1.5 million men. It was decided to send an Army division and a Marine regiment to France at once. Lejeune now faced a dilemma. He had long been an advocate of the Marine Corps as an arm of the Navy, but the nation was now committed to a land war in Europe. Gallipoli had ruined the case for amphibious war, and European fleets did not need advanced bases. Yet, if the Corps was to survive, it needed to be part of the action. Daniels solved part of the problem by detaching the 5th and 6th Marines for service with the Army. Lejeune's new problem was how to get to France.

The first step was to leave Washington. Barnett was suspicious of his motives, but Lejeune convinced him of his genuine desire to lead marines in action. In September 1917, Lejeune went to Quantico to train marines for service with the Allied armies. New regiments were formed, and the 4th Marine Brigade went to France. Thinkers at Quantico talked of a full Marine division. Lejeune saw merit in the idea and hoped to implement it overseas. First he had to get there.

Opportunity came when the brigade commander, Brigadier General Charles A. Doyen, was invalided home. Lejeune assured Barnett that if sent, he would fare well. He knew General John J. Pershing and Brigadier General James G. Harbord, two Army officers he had encountered in the Philippines; War College classmates were in high places. In late May, he sailed; with him was Earl H. "Pete" Ellis, with whom he had served on Barnett's small staff and at Quantico. General Pershing interviewed Lejeune



U. S. MARINE CORPS

Major General Lejeune, 1918



U. S. MARINE CORPS

Commandant Lejeune, 1922



COURTESY OF EUGENIE LEJEUNE

Last photo in uniform, 1940

and turned down the idea of a Marine division. In mid-June, Lejeune visited the 4th Marine Brigade fresh from Belleau Wood. He talked to their commander, Army Brigadier General Harbord. In July, Lejeune got the 64th Brigade of the 32nd Infantry Division. Ellis was his operations officer.

On 14 July, Harbord was promoted to command the 2nd Infantry Division. Command of its Marine Brigade was open, and it went to Lejeune on 25 July. Three days later, Harbord sent for him. Pershing had ordered Harbord to straighten out the service of supply, and Harbord recommended that Lejeune succeed him in command of the 2nd Infantry Division. The only problem was rank. The latest naval appropriation act had provided for another major general. The President promoted Lejeune with immediate effect.

By September, the 2nd Infantry Division had replaced the men who suffered from the heavy casualties of the summer battles at Soissons and Belleau Wood. From the 12th to 17th, it led the attack to reduce the St. Mihiel salient. Because of headlines, Belleau Wood was the legendary Marine Corps action of World War I. More decisive and just as deadly was the fighting of October 1918. The division jumped off on 3 October toward Blanc Mont. In seven days, the division accomplished what the French hadn't been able to do in four years—broke the German position and forced a 40-kilometer retreat. The 2nd Division returned to the 1st Army.

The Meuse-Argonne offensive had stalled. To get it going, Lejeune's division was to lead the assault

of the forward corps. They moved out after heavy artillery preparation. Initial objectives fell quickly, and their advance through the Hindenberg Line became a stern chase. The day before the Armistice, the 5th Marines were across the Meuse.

The guns fell silent. Lejeune led his division back to New York in the summer of 1919 and then reported to Quantico, relieving Brigadier General Smedley D. Butler. Then Secretary of the Navy Josephus Daniels dropped a bombshell. To the surprise of all, especially General Barnett, he announced that on 1 July 1920, John A. Lejeune would become the Major General Commandant. The appointment was part of the President's policy to reward promising officers for war service. The Senate adjourned before confirming Lejeune. Despite the lack of assurance of tenure in the job, the new Commandant turned to.

It was a demanding job to offset the postwar let-down and keep the Corps functioning and ready for expeditionary service with the Navy. The 5th and 6th Marines were reorganized and in readiness at Quantico. The principle under which Lejeune operated was simple: "The good of the Corps, combined with the just treatment of all officers and men, was paramount and, therefore took precedence over all other considerations." From this flowed many things. Officers' military education was essential. Hence schools were established: at Philadelphia for second lieutenants; at Quantico, one for company grade and one for field grade officers. Athletics, especially baseball and football, were stressed. They helped morale and provided exposure which re-

cruited the men the Marine Corps wanted. The minimum age was raised to 21 and physical standards were rigid. Enlisted marines finally became eligible for the Naval Academy.

The Harding administration was about to replace the Democrats. The new secretary was Edwin Denby. He had enlisted in the Marine Corps, been commissioned, and fought at Blanc Mont. He asked Lejeune to stay. Thus, the day after inauguration, 5 March 1921, Lejeune was confirmed by the Senate for a four-year term. Among the things facing him were problems within the officer ranks. War expansion saw many officers, particularly in France, promoted rapidly. Adjustments were required. What Lejeune wanted but never got was a selection system such as the one the Navy had had since 1916. Despite repeated requests, the Corps was stuck with a system of rigid seniority. Promotions depended on deaths, resignations, or retirements.

While Lejeune was adjusting the Marine Corps to peacetime, he was also directing its preparations for the next war. Wendell "Buck" Neville, a future commandant, headed a planning section. "Pete" Ellis was chief planner. He produced a document called "Operation Plan 712, Advanced Base Operations in Micronesia." Lejeune approved it on 23 July 1921. It was more concept and philosophy than the detailed plans we think of today. It began prophetically: "In order to impose our will upon Japan, it will be necessary for us to project our fleet and land forces across the Pacific and wage war in Japanese waters." It reflected naval thinking, particularly what was being taught at the Naval War College. Thus, it accurately gave a scheme of maneuver of a drive across the central Pacific to Japan, defeating Japan's fleet and leaving that country at the mercy of our naval power. The Pacific war was going to be a naval campaign, and OpPlan 712 spelled out the land operations required of marines to seize and defend advanced bases for the fleet. It is a remarkable document and a definitive testimony to Lejeune's belief in the position of marines within the naval service. In 1922, landing exercises were held on Culebra; in 1923 in Panama. These were the prelude to ones on a broader scale. A brigade was in the 1924 fleet exercises. Marines were developing doctrine for the years ahead.

It was not all development and training. Trouble came in bundles. China and Nicaragua erupted in 1927. Expeditions were mounted for both. China turned into a show of force lasting a year. Nicaragua

would be a six-year struggle against the *sandinistas* and the jungle and a training ground for World War II combat leaders.

By 1929, Lejeune had served two full terms and part of a third as Commandant but had not reached mandatory retirement age. Friends wanted him to stay on. He demurred and on 5 March 1929, after more than 45 years in uniform, retired. He had first planned to stay on active duty, but he was offered the superintendency of Virginia Military Institute. He remained there until 1937, inspiring half of a generation and doubtlessly recruiting many for his Corps. He was still physically fit when he decided to step down because he "... had reached the magical Biblical age of three score and ten."

In April 1942, Congress authorized that officers who had served with distinction be recognized, and in August Lejeune was promoted to lieutenant general on the retired list. That same month, his long-held dream for the Marine Corps came true when the 1st Marine Division landed on Tulagi and Guadalcanal in the Solomon Islands. The mission was to seize, occupy, and defend an advanced base, Henderson Field. The battle for the Solomons became one of the longest naval campaigns in our history. Marines were responsible for many of the land operations involved. Later, marines followed the path of OpPlan 712 across the Central Pacific to help the fleet advance steadily toward Japanese waters.

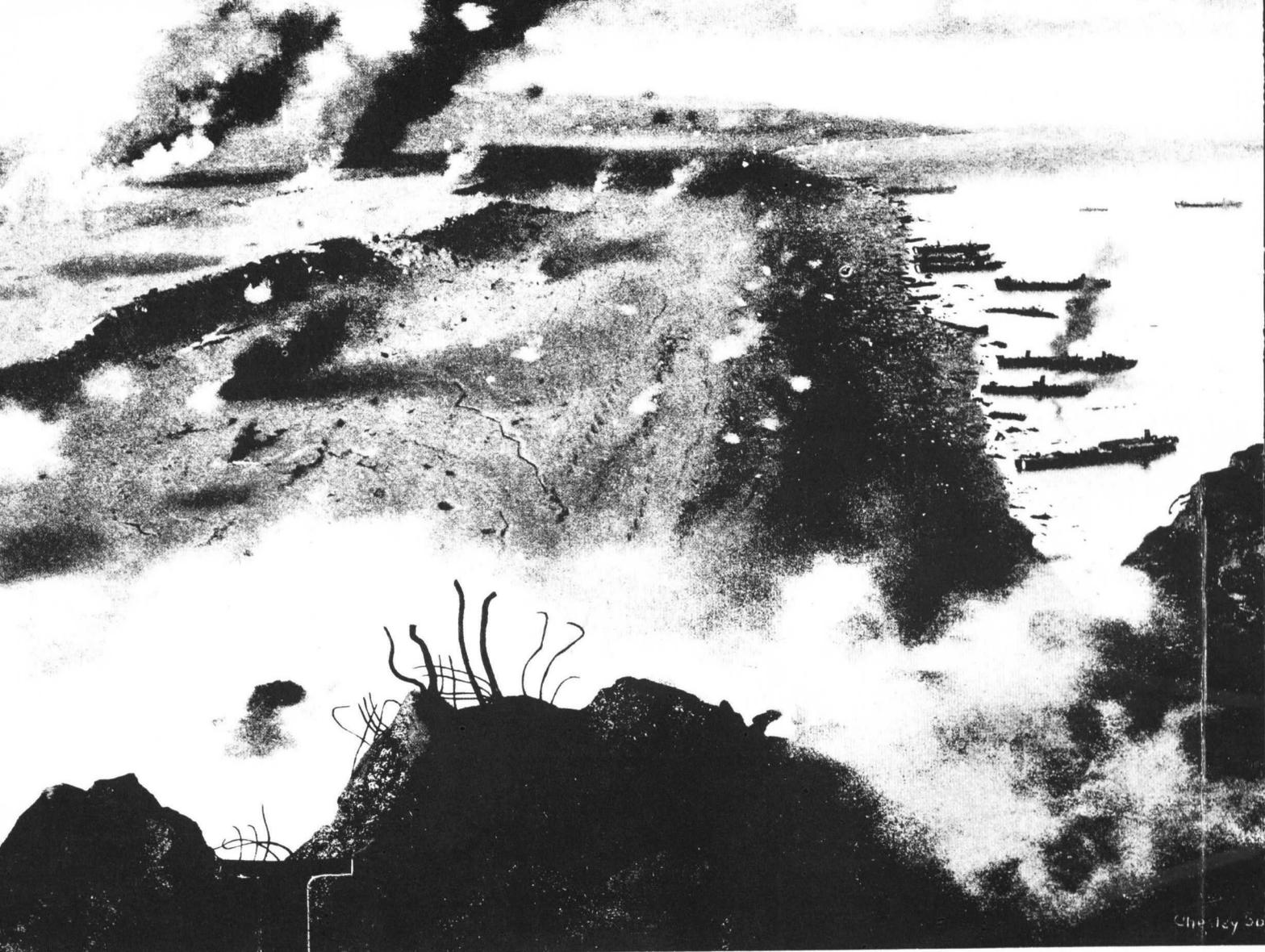
After a three-week illness, Lieutenant General John Archer Lejeune, United States Marine Corps (Retired), died on 20 November 1942 in Union Methodist Hospital, Baltimore. He was survived by his widow, three daughters, and tens of thousands of marines, many yet unborn.



Colonel Hammond was graduated from the Naval Academy in 1951. As a platoon leader he was wounded in Korea. Subsequently, he was an instructor at Basic School, company commander, aide to Major General David M. Shoup in 3d Marine Division, and editor and publisher of the *Marine Corps Gazette*. He commanded 2d Battalion 4th Marines in Vietnam until wounded;

when recovered, he was plans officer, 3d Marine Division. He instructed at the Marine Corps Command and Staff College, was public affairs officer and then plans officer of Fleet Marine Force Pacific. He retired in 1975. Colonel Hammond has an M.A. (International Law) from Catholic University and an M.A. (Journalism) from the University of Nevada-Reno. He is now enrolled in a doctoral program in American history and writing *The Treaty Navy*, a history of the naval services between the two World Wars.

The major factor of true military discipline consists of securing the voluntary cooperation of subordinates, thereby reducing the number of infractions of the laws and regulations to a minimum [and] by laying down the doctrine that the true test of the existence of a high state of discipline in a military organization is found in its cheerful and satisfactory performance of duty under all service conditions—**John A. Lejeune**



Iwo Jima



1982
Honorable
Mention

*A Marine
correspondent recalls
the deadliest battle of
the Pacific war*

by Alvin M. Joseph, Jr.

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EDITOR'S NOTE: *In October, 1944, the U.S. Joint Chiefs of Staff, after having engineered two years of island-hopping fighting in the Pacific from Guadalcanal to Guam, decided to take on the Japanese-held island of Iwo Jima in the Volcano Islands just 660 miles south of Tokyo. Shaped like a pork chop, the island was just five miles long and two and a half miles wide at its broadest point; at its narrow southern tip lay a dormant volcano, Mount Suribachi; north of Suribachi lay three Japanese airfields, two complete and one under construction—and that was the problem. Iwo lay halfway between Tokyo and American air bases on Guam, Saipan, and Tinian in the Mariana Islands. American bombers making the 1,500-mile run to Tokyo were being seriously harassed by Japanese fighters from Iwo; and crippled bombers returning from Tokyo needed a place to put down.*

On February 19, 1945, after more than two months of steady air and naval bombardment, Iwo Jima was invaded by the first wave of the three Marine divisions assigned to the task. Originally it had been assumed that it would not be more difficult to take than islands that had preceded it. The assumption was wrong. The Japanese, under Lieutenant General Tadamichi Kuribayashi, had constructed an astoundingly complex and well-fortified network of artillery positions and pillboxes all over the island, many of them connected by underground tunnels and all of them protected by tons of concrete and volcanic ash—and very few of these defenses had been seriously damaged by weeks of bombardment.

The result was some of the most vicious and costly fighting of the war. Iwo Jima was not secured until after twenty-six days of almost constant carnage. There were 6,318 Americans killed and 19,189 wounded in the action; more than 20,000 Japanese died. Alvin M. Josephy, Jr., a former editor of this magazine, was there; what follows is his personal account of those twenty-six days of horror.

My affair with Iwo began late in 1944. I was then a staff sergeant with the 21st Marine Infantry Regiment, 3rd Marine Division, on Guam. What seemed like a lifetime before, I had enlisted in the Marines, received my boot training at Parris Island, South Carolina, and because of a pre-war career as a newspaperman with the *New York Herald Tribune* and as a radio news director for the Mutual network, had been sent from Parris Island to Marine headquarters in Arlington, Virginia, for training as a combat correspondent.

My orientation in the mechanics of copy flow from front-line outfits to command ships and rear-echelon distribution points lasted a couple of months, and when I went overseas to join the fighting in the Solomon Islands, I carried not only all the combat gear of a Marine enlisted man but an awesome array of journalistic paraphernalia. In my transport pack, among skivvies, socks, shirts, and rations, were a flat portable Hermes typewriter (later shattered on Guam by a Japanese mortar fragment that otherwise would have split my back), typewriter paper, carbons, notebooks, and pencils. In addition, I was one of several combat correspondents who was to try to record eyewitness descriptions of battle for use on the networks and radio stations back home. So I also lugged with me a heavy tape recorder, a twelve-volt storage battery and converter for power, and a sea bag full of tapes, repair equipment, wires, microphones, spare needles, and condoms with which to sheath the mikes against saltwater and South Pacific humidity.

Somehow I got all this gear across the Pacific to New Caledonia and then to the Solomon Islands. When I finally caught up with the 3rd Division, my burdens were eased: I was assigned a jeep to carry around the load of recording equipment whenever we moved or went into action and was also given the help of a Seabee, Electrician's Mate Second Class John Wheaton, who operated the equipment while I talked into a hand microphone. Together we made hundreds of recordings—first on Guadalcanal, then in the Marshall Islands, and finally in the Marianas—that were played over American radio stations and networks.

Toward the end of 1944 we were on Guam—now securely in American hands—and wondering where we were going next. To many Marines in the Pacific, it seemed that we were always just getting on a ship or getting off one. Hung with combat gear, blanket roll, pack, and entrenching tools, we were masters of the cargo nets, clambering up or down the sides of transports, hands on the vertical ropes, feet on the horizontal ones, and every so often in heavy swells, hanging upside down and searching for the next foothold. One day we got the word: We were going to Formosa. Relief maps made of rubber were laid out, and it looked horrible. We were going to land on the east side of that big island in a huge wilderness of



OPPOSITE PAGE: *A view of the landing as it must have looked from the heights of Mount Suribachi, painted by the Marine artist Chesley Bonestell in 1945. At left is correspondent Josephy at work.*

OPPOSITE PAGE: U.S. MARINE CORPS ART COLLECTION; LEFT: U.S. MARINE CORPS

forests, mountains, head-hunters, and poisonous snakes. We would be “expendables” used to establish a beachhead for a huge force of Army divisions that would come in over our corpses and fight their way across the island to the west side, where the cities were.

There were long faces among our men. Many had been in the Pacific for more than two years, fighting in tropical jungles and swamps. They had that faraway expression in their eyes that we called “Asiatic”; they were on the verge of cracking up from combat fatigue. They had seen just too much of battle and death; many hardly ever spoke. Earlier in the year some had set their minds on being rotated home after the Guam operation. They wrote poems about replacements still in the United States and, to the tune of *Embraceable You*, sang, “Replace me, I can’t go home without you,” reassuring themselves that, at least, they would be “home alive in forty-five.” As Guam ended, and we realized that someone was working up another operation for us, the saying changed to “the Golden Gate in forty-eight.”

Then the attack on Formosa suddenly was called off. We had no idea what was happening, but the Joint Chiefs of Staff had switched strategy. Formosa was going to be ignored, and a new attack was going to be aimed right at the inner defenses of Japan itself. Soon afterward we learned that we were going to be in on the new campaign, but not as assault troops. Two other Marine divisions, the 4th and 5th, would make the beachhead attack on wherever it was we were headed, and we of the 3rd Division would merely go along in the rear as “floating reserve.” If all went well, we would not even have to land. We would turn around and sail back and then, probably, most of our men would at last be replaced and rotated home for a well-earned furlough.

Our spirits lifted immediately, and the Asiatic looks of many disappeared magically. We stepped up our drilling and maneuvers, and everybody on Guam (it was now teeming with Army, Navy, and Air Force units) knew we were again preparing to go somewhere.

When we began to load ships, I suddenly was transferred from my own outfit, the 21st Marines, to the Division Headquarters Company, the explanation being that if any one unit of our division did have to get into the battle, our division commander, Major General Graves B. Erskine, would go with it. By being on the same ship with General Erskine, I, as a combat correspondent, would be able to land with whatever part of the division went into action.

Division Headquarters was assigned to a former passenger liner that had been converted to an APA (troop transport) early in the war and already had carried men to many operations. Soon after we sailed, we were collected in units in the holds and on deck and told by our officers that we were going to take Iwo Jima. The contour and rubber relief maps we were shown gave little idea of how hard it was going to be, but the plan was for our 4th and 5th Divisions to land abreast on the black, volcanic sands of the eastern beaches. Winds had molded the sand into a series of steep, slippery terraces leading up to the first of the island’s three airfields, but it was hoped that the assault waves would get up them fast and race across

the airfield to the opposite side of the island, cutting the Japanese forces in two. Then one regiment would turn south and capture Mount Suribachi while the others, spread out in a single line across the whole island, would move north over the high, rocky ground of its widest part to seize the other two airfields. Later, to my consternation, I learned that the 21st Marines had been ordered to pull ahead of the rest of the reserve units of the 3rd Division and get to Iwo quickly, ready to land immediately, if necessary, in support of the 4th and 5th Divisions. It was an ironic situation for me, and I felt a sense of guilt. I had left my outfit so that I would have the flexibility to go in with the first of our units that might be ordered to land. Now I was stuck with the division command, which was *not* going to move ahead with the first unit—and the first unit was going to be my own.

As the rest of us continued to sail north at a slower pace, the weather gradually turned gray and colder. “It’s like winter,” one of our corporals complained. Of course, it *was* winter, but we had been in the tropics for so long that it was hard to realize that we were at last moving out of them. At night the holds below the water level were very cold, and we slept on the tiers of canvas bunks and huddled in dungarees and heavy combat jackets under our blankets and camouflaged ponchos. The ventilation pipes that ran through the holds gave us more trouble. In the tropics troops had punctured the pipes in hundreds of places so that the cool air would blow onto their steamy bunks. Now we tried to stuff every hole to prevent the air from freezing us.

On February 16, three days before D-day, we were still far south of Iwo and thinking of ourselves as the “floating reserve” that would never be needed. North of us that morning the preliminaries of the battle began. At 6:00 A.M. our powerful bombardment fleet of six battleships, five cruisers, sixteen destroyers, and a dozen aircraft carriers appeared off Suribachi. An hour later, coordinating with rocket, strafing, and bombing runs by carrier planes and B-24’s from the Marianas, the fleet began a systematic attempt to knock out all known Japanese defense installations on the island. The day was a failure. An overcast came down, and all shelling and air attacks had to end with the known destruction of only seventeen of almost seven hundred identified pillboxes and other targets.

The next day was little better; only one more day of shelling remained before the landing, and the island’s fortifications scarcely had been touched. It was decided that on the final day everything would have to be concentrated on the Japanese beach defenses, so that the Marines could at least get ashore. That objective was met. In a final thunderous shelling that pounded the eastern rim of the island on February 18, many Japanese installations, housing heavy guns overlooking the landing beaches, were rocked and smashed, from Suribachi in the south to the high ground in the north. Still, as

D-day, February 19, 1945: a wave of 4th Division Marines pours from the landing craft onto the beach.

U.S. MARINE CORPS

night fell, it was known that hundreds of other strongholds somehow would have to be eliminated after the Marines got ashore.

Even though we were still south of Iwo and out of sight of the island, we followed the progress of the landings the next morning, February 19, as if we were about to go ashore ourselves. On our transport were many signal company men with radios used to link together the different elements of the division. We gathered around the receivers, listening to the crackling transmissions coming from ships of the fleet, from air observers in small planes over the island, and from units of the 4th and 5th Divisions, which were preparing to make the beachhead.

The pattern of an amphibious landing had long since become familiar to us: usually the naval shelling and aerial bombing, strafing, and dropping of napalm would intimidate the Japanese beach defenders, and our first waves, carried ashore in the wells of armored LVT's (amphibious tractors), would hit the beach with relative ease and light casualties. Then our shelling and bombing would have to lift, the enemy would come alive and rush back to their guns, and our later waves would catch hell. At the same time, those who got onto the beach would start taking casualties from the front and flanks. But by then we would be moving steadily against the enemy, no matter how strong the resistance might be.

The voices coming through from Iwo conveyed that familiar pattern.

"Very light swells," a message crackled out. "Boating excellent."

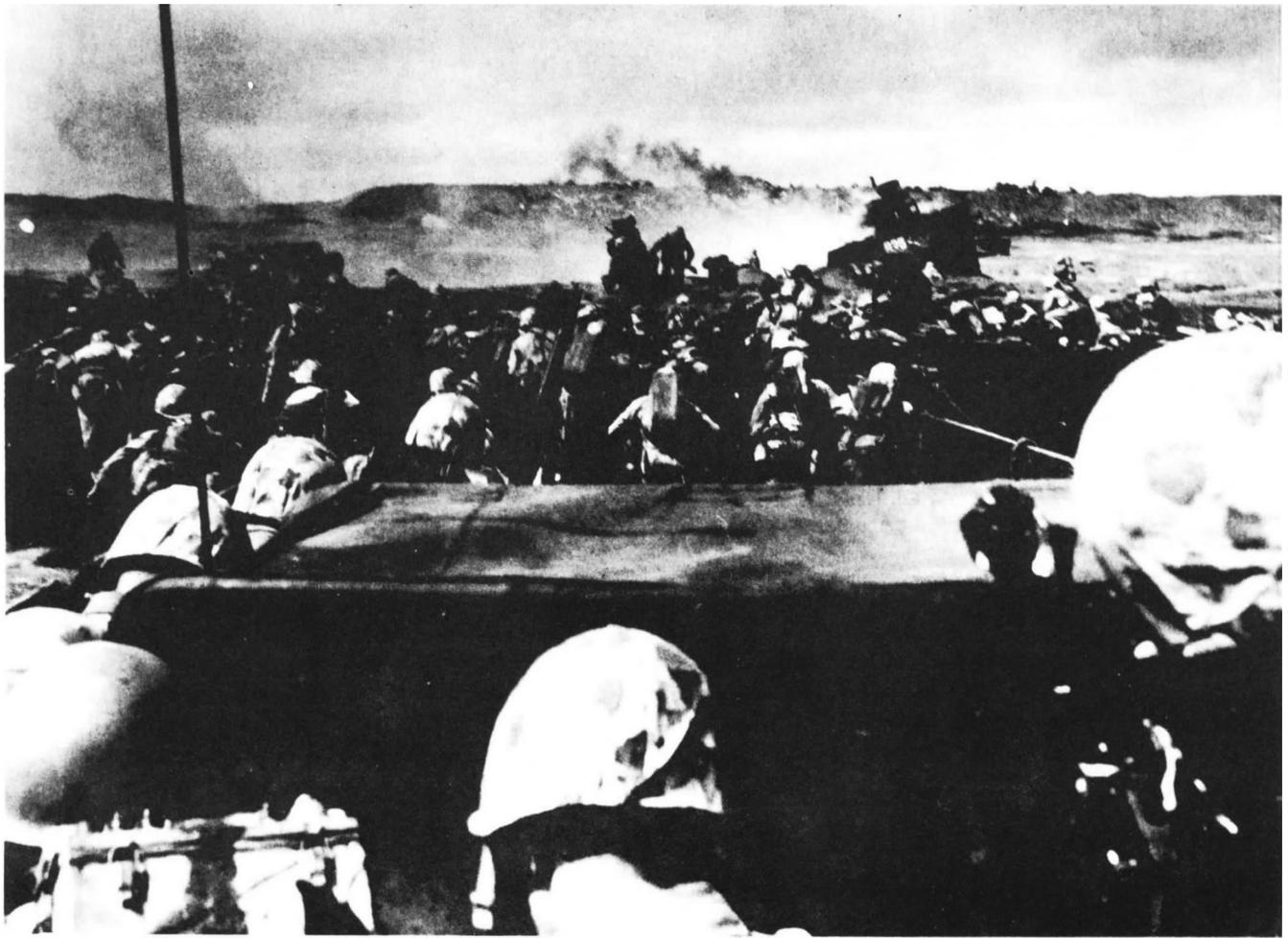
At 0852: "Few enemy mortar shells landing in water. Our boats moving in."

Eight minutes later came the exciting word: "First wave ashore."

For an hour the news seemed incredibly good. As the storm and smoke of our naval gunfire lifted off the beaches, the Japanese began fighting back, but not with the intensity we expected. We heard of wave after wave coming ashore, of men clambering up the sliding-sand terraces and reaching a part of the first airfield. Japanese mortars and machine guns began to claim lives, but the Marines kept moving ahead, knocking out pillboxes with demolition charges or silencing their defenders with grenades and flame throwers.

By mid-morning all the assault battalions had landed, and the beaches were crowded with men and equipment. LSM's, ramming against the shore, were pouring Sherman tanks and vehicles onto the sand. Up ahead, infantry companies of the 4th and 5th Divisions pushed inland, trying to achieve their objective of getting across the narrow neck of the island to cut the Japanese forces in two. Casualties were increasing, but the situation still seemed surprisingly good. Then suddenly the concealed heavy weapons of the Japanese opened up. From hidden fortifications around Suribachi in the south, from the bunkers and ridges on the high northern part of the island, and from pillboxes protecting the first airfield, barrages of huge rockets and artillery and heavy mortar shells began crashing on the beaches and among the men trapped above them on the tableland.

We could tell something terrible was going on. Normally, in the past, the Japanese had fought furiously to defend their



beaches. But as we later learned, Lieutenant General Tadamichi Kuribayashi, commanding the Japanese forces on Iwo, had decided to let our main attacking force crowd ashore, offering only minimal resistance while the Marines spread across the low saddle of the island. Once he felt he had the bulk of our troops exposed on that open flatland and on the beaches, caught between his concealed heavy weapons on Suribachi and the northern plateau, he would let us have it, hoping to stop all reinforcements and annihilate the men ashore or drive them off the island.

For a time it seemed that he might succeed. From the radio reports we knew we were taking huge casualties, and whole companies and platoons were losing their leaders. Somehow, in all the wild fighting during the rest of the day, units of the 28th Marines of the 5th Division got across the island and effectively isolated Mount Suribachi. Throughout the second day we continued to listen to our radios. In the morning progress seemed good. Most of the first airfield was in our hands, and the 28th Marines were moving closer to the base of Suribachi. On the right flank other regiments were straightening a line across the island and beginning to fight northward toward the second airfield.

"They won't need us," one of our men said. "This thing will be over in five days."

But as the day wore on, grimness returned. The advances had been stopped, and in some places our units seemed to have been pushed back. The announcement of our casualties shocked us. They ranged from 25 to 35 per cent among the assault battalions. Several thousand men, we were told, already had been taken off the island. Late in the afternoon word circulated that the battered units of the 4th and 5th Divisions needed reinforcements, and the 21st Marines had been ordered ashore. We understood that a crisis was developing, that the Japanese had stopped our entire northward push and were inflicting intolerable casualties on us. Few of us talked. We worried, wondering who among our friends had been killed or wounded.

Meanwhile we continued to cruise about, still out of sight of the island, waiting for orders. Finally they came. Division command was going in.

We sailed through the night and at dawn, five days after the battle had begun, were off Iwo. It was an ugly, gray island, looking, as one man said, like a half-submerged mummy case. A small American flag flew from the top of Suribachi, which had just been taken by the 28th Marines. We knew nothing yet of the story of the flag raising, but the sight of the flag was exciting, for it meant that our rear, at least, was now secure. The northern half of the island, much higher than the saddle area of the landing beaches, was shrouded in yellow and brown smoke, pocked every so often by bright red flashes.

Ships of every size and description swarmed about us. Close to shore the battleships, cruisers, and destroyers were still firing at targets north of the beach section. Green-painted LST's, LSM's, LCI's, and other amphibious landing vessels moved back and forth among big blue transports and Liberty

ships, taking ammunition, supplies, and men to the beaches and backing out again with full loads of litter-borne wounded whom they carried to a white hospital ship. Around that vessel was a small fleet of brown ducks—long amphibious trucks—also full of wounded, who were being lifted by winch and lines to the hospital ship. Altogether more than eight hundred ships were engaged in the job of taking the island.

Our own holds were filled with mortar and artillery shells, which were badly needed ashore, and for a day we were kept aboard, filling cargo nets with the cloverleaves and crates of the precious ammunition. In the evening we had an air raid by *kamikaze* flyers. As soon as the planes were sighted, our ships put up smoke to screen us from the air. The unloading had to stop; we were suddenly in a thick fog, scarcely able to see one another. While we waited on deck close to the railings (on the debatable theory that if our ammunition got hit and blew up, we would be catapulted into the water, clear of the ship), we could hear the planes above us and then ack-ack and explosions. At one point something hissed close by. There was a crash, and metal pieces struck the side of our ship. Down below, we could see a red flame on the water. None of us knew whether it was a bomb fragment, part of a plane, or some of our own ack-ack, but one of our men suddenly was holding his leg. His trousers were shredded, and his knee was covered with blood. "Does this rate a Purple Heart?" he asked. He was the only person injured on our ship, although fragments splashed around us for another half hour.

The next morning we went over the side and into an LCM that was bobbing in the swells at the bottom of the cargo net. The Navy coxswain was unshaven and bleary-eyed; he had been taking men ashore since D-day.

"What are you?" he asked. "The garrison?"

We didn't answer.

On our way in, a mortar shell exploded in the water about twenty feet from us.

"I thought the battle was over," a sergeant said.

"It is," the coxswain retorted. "That's just some fanatic that won't give up."

With other craft from division headquarters, we passed from one line of control boats to another. As we neared the beach, we became part of a scene of vast confusion. We could see a great jumble on the sand—wrecked and burned-out boats, tanks, ducks, and other vehicles; mounds of equipment of all kinds, some split open and strewn about; piles of ammunition crates and communication wire; casualty evacuation stations; upended amtracs and jeeps; long lines of drums of water and gasoline; dugouts and foxholes, many partly covered with camouflaged ponchos and shelter halves; ration boxes; and artillery firing positions. At first there seemed to be no order, but placards and signs indicated the identities of the sections of the beach and the locations of aid stations, message and communication centers, and unit and beachmaster command posts and headquarters.

The organized clutter of war is amply documented by this view of the Iwo beachhead shortly after the landing.

U.S. MARINE CORPS

The steep slope leading up to the airfield was covered with the men and equipment of support outfits—Seabees, Army duck drivers, Navy boatmen, and others, their units so intermingled that it seemed impossible to sort them out. In their midst were some of our big guns, dug deeply in the sand with only their muzzles clearly visible. Every so often a Japanese mortar shell exploded, and people dove for the sand. A moment later litter bearers scrambled to where the black smoke still billowed.

The air was filled with the familiar sour smell of death and blood. Pale white bodies bobbed in the water, along with torn life jackets, and we could see other forms lying motionless on the beach near the water's edge. Just as we were about to land, we brushed past a body without a head.

My immediate aim was to find and rejoin the 21st—or what was left of it. After we landed, I climbed the slope past the foxholes of a unit of black Army duck drivers who had been on the island since D-day and moved northward along the edge of the first airfield, which Seabees were already blading and rolling. Battered Japanese planes had been bulldozed to the side of the field, and among them were signs that read, "Danger. Booby traps." Near the northern side of the field I saw another sign pointing ahead with an arrow: "The Front." Behind me, mortar shells started falling on the field, but the Seabees kept working.

A high bluff marked the northern end of the field, and there I found the command post of the 21st, with masses of men sitting and lying on the sand. I knew everyone, but they all looked unfamiliar—bearded, dirty, with matted hair,

black, puffy lips, and eyes that were watery and distant. One man came over and took my hands but he stared through me and kept nodding. "We did it," he said. "We broke through." He was a member of one of the rifle companies, and I wondered what he was doing back at the regimental command post. Then I noticed bandages on his wrist and under a slashed pants leg. "They want to evacuate me," he said. "I got hit twice."

Jerry Gruggen, a jeep ambulance driver, came over. His eyes were bloodshot, and he was shaking with anger. "Come on, damn it," he said to the rifleman. "You want to go down to the beach or don't you?"

"I don't," the rifleman said.

Gruggen grabbed his arm and pulled him. "You don't know what the hell you're doing. Come on." He hustled him over to the ambulance, which already held two stretcher cases. As he shoved him in, Gruggen noticed me. "They took us out of the lines," he said. "It was about time. A little bit more, and there wouldn't have been any of us left."

I still didn't know what had happened, but I didn't want to ask anyone. At the top of the bluff, I found my own company dug in among a row of pillboxes. Everyone was dazed and grim, but they greeted me warmly, as if I were a messenger from the outside world. Some of them were living inside the pillboxes, and in one of them I found several close friends, including Dick Dashiell, a combat correspondent who had stayed with the 21st. He told me that Bill Middlebrooks, the correspondent who had taken my place with the unit, was dead. So were dozens of other men I had known. He listed the names like a roll call.



The pillbox was lined with bunks and had served as a Japanese sick bay. It had concrete and rock walls and roofing fourteen feet thick and was entirely covered by volcanic sand. To enter it, one squeezed through a small opening below the surface of the ground and pushed through a narrow tunnel. There was a lantern inside, and as we sat on the bunks, I caught up with what had happened. For two days after the 21st had gone into the lines, the 1st and 2nd Battalions had tried to seize the area between the first and second airfields. They had run into a deep belt of pillboxes, bunkers, and bombproofs like the one in which we were sitting and had been stopped both days with heavy casualties. Little ground had been won, tanks had been unable to open a path, and the men had been pinned down in the rocks and sand. Both battalions had lost almost 50 per cent of their men.

On the third day, the 3rd Battalion, which had been held in reserve, went into the lines with orders to get through the enemy defenses at all costs. Our entire cross-island line was being held up and taking heavy casualties. Behind supporting bombardment, I and K Companies led the new attack, creeping forward with fixed bayonets. As it had on the two previous days, Japanese machine-gun, mortar, and rifle fire picked up. Some men fell, but the rest kept going. Mortar shells dropped among them, the commanding officers of both companies were killed, and lieutenants and sergeants took over, rushing the squads and platoons forward, faster and faster.

It became a frenzied charge. Throwing grenades and refusing to let the intense Japanese fire pin them down, the men hurtled up and over the first line of pillboxes. Some of the Japanese came out, and the men killed them with their bayonets and went on, surging past mounds of bunkers and blockhouses and toward a slope leading to the second airfield.

In their rear, mortars hurled 60's and 81's ahead of the attacking men. Our tanks, long held up, began to move forward, blasting at the pillboxes. The Japanese replied with fire from their heavy guns hidden in positions north of the second airfield. Still, I and K Companies swept ahead, past more lines of pillboxes and through mine fields. In a burst they reached the second airfield and raced across an open runway to a high, rock-strewn ridge on the opposite side. K Company, now urged on by First Lieutenant Raoul Archambault, who had won medals for gallantry at Bougainville and Guam, was the first across and up the ridge. It was honeycombed with pillboxes connected by fire trenches, and the surprised Japanese swarmed out to fight, hand to hand. The struggle with bayonets, rifles, and grenades was bloody and brief. When it ended, the survivors of the two companies stood on top of the ridge eight hundred yards from where they had started. They had paid a shattering price in dead and wounded, but through the hole they had punched, tanks, flame throwers, demolition teams, mortars, and machine gunners now streamed, attacking the bypassed strongpoints and knocking them out, one by one.

By the time I had rejoined the 21st, the regiment had been relieved by the 9th Marines, who were now up ahead, battling

beyond the second airfield. The different units of the 21st, their strength seriously depleted, were in "the rear," resting and trying to regroup, but I was soon to learn that there was no rear. I stayed that night in the pillbox with Dashiell and other friends, feeling strangely secure and out of the battle. Every so often we heard the dull whoomp of shells bursting nearby, but the thick walls and sand cover of the pillbox gave reassurance—as it had to its Japanese builders.

The next morning I set out to get some stories. Somewhere far behind me, near the beach, was division headquarters, where I would bring the articles for distribution to the civilian press. My radio-recording equipment also would be there, brought ashore in a jeep that I hoped I would soon be able to use in getting around to different outfits.

I headed for Able and Baker Companies of the 1st Battalion, whose stories I had not yet heard. On the way, I skirted revetments along the northern end of one of the strips of the first airfield, and at one of them came on the 1st Battalion's aid station. Mortar shells had just landed on top of the revetment, their fragments wounding a number of men. Just as I arrived, a commotion started on top of another part of the revetment. Two Marines were standing up there, etched against the sky. The Navy corpsmen and doctors were yelling at them to get the hell down, they were drawing fire. The men didn't move. Then several others appeared. One doctor angrily clawed his way up the wall to try to pull them down. He was too late. A huge blast, followed by another, sent up fountains of sand and smoke. When they settled, the doctor was at the bottom of the slope, and wounded men were hanging over the revetment.

Corpsmen grabbed first-aid pouches and struggled up the steep slope. At the top, one yelled, "There's a whole bunch of guys been hit up here. Bring up stretchers!" We dragged litters to the top. Helmets, shovels, and torn, charred equipment cluttered the area. Twelve men lay on the ground, bleeding into the sand. Three were already dead.

The corpsmen worked on the wounded, tying on combat dressings and giving plasma. Then the wounded, writhing with pain, were lowered into the revetment. "What were you doing up there?" asked a doctor. "We told you to get down."

"We were an artillery observation team," said one of the wounded men. "How can you see the Japs on this damn island if you don't stick your head up?"

As I was about to leave, a rumbling noise approached the revetment along the runway.

"Oh, no!" someone called.

A half-track with a 75-mm. gun was coming along the strip, trying to stay close to the shelter of the revetments. It was sure

"Whether the dead were Japs or Americans," correspondent Robert Sherrod wrote, "they had died with the greatest possible violence." The combined total for both would be more than twenty-five thousand.

WIDE WORLD

to draw fire. The next instant, however, there was an explosion *beneath* the half-track. The vehicle rose slowly and turned over, losing its tread. As we ducked, debris rained through the air. A doctor and two corpsmen raced to the smoking half-track and pulled five burned bodies from the wreckage. Only two of the crew were still alive. Again the corpsmen went to work with bandages and plasma.

"They must have hit something big," said the doctor. "Probably a torpedo warhead."

I finally left the aid station and headed for the rifle companies, crossing an open plain of large black sand dunes and torn banyan trees. This was part of the area taken by the 3rd Battalion during its charge, and the dunes covered rows of silent Japanese pillboxes. Dead Marines still lay in awkward positions where they had fallen during the charge, their faces purple and puffed, and their weapons full of sand. On a pile of rocks was the partly naked bottom half of a man. Halfway across the ghastly field, I heard the sharp sound of a Nambu machine gun. I had no idea where it was coming from, but I loped the rest of the way, zigzagging and keeping low.

The companies were dug into foxholes among the dunes and bushes across the field. Able Company had only one officer left—a captain. "We're in reserve," he said, "but we're still losing men. Be careful. There are machine guns and snipers all around here."

I stayed there the rest of the day, hearing of the 1st and 2nd Battalions' heavy losses in their attempts to break through to the second airfield. That night I joined an old friend, Sergeant Reid Chamberlain, in digging and sharing a two-man foxhole. Chamberlain was a Marine Corps hero. He had been with the

4th Marines on Bataan and Corregidor early in the war and had escaped in a small boat to Mindanao, where he had helped organize and lead Filipino guerrilla units on that Japanese-occupied island. He had received a U.S. Army commission and finally had been taken off Mindanao in a submarine. Back in the United States he had received the Distinguished Service Cross for extraordinary heroism, and he could have stayed at home, making War Bond speeches for the rest of the war. Instead he had reenlisted, asking for overseas duty again, and had been sent to our division on Guam as a sergeant.

During the night, one of us would try to sleep for a couple of hours, while the other stared out of the foxhole into the darkness, keeping watch. Land crabs slithered over the sand, sounding like Japanese crawling toward us. Japanese signal flares and our own flares hung overhead, throwing eerie, moving shadows. The Japanese fired mortars, and our artillery answered, and we could hear the whir of the missiles passing over our heads. Every so often a shell landed near us. As I fell into fitful dreams, it sounded like someone slamming doors.

Before dawn we were awakened and told we were moving up to relieve the 9th Marines. The day before—after two earlier days of heavy fighting—the 9th had captured high ground north of the second airfield, but they were worn out. With the 3rd Battalion of the 21st, we were going to pass through the lines of the 9th and continue the attack early in the morning.

Soon afterward, as it became light, the 3rd Battalion passed us in a line, going toward the northern end of the second



airfield. Riflemen trudged quietly, their weapons on their shoulders with bayonets already fixed. Among them were BAR men, carrying big Browning automatic rifles, and flame-thrower squads hunched beneath their heavy cylindrical cannisters. Machine gunners carried the sections of their guns, and men with boxes of ammunition walked beside them. After them came the mortar men. Almost everyone was hung with grenades.

Soon we were on our way, climbing past rows of knocked-out pillboxes, crossing the southern end of the second airfield, and going into position to the left of the 3rd Battalion. The terrain had changed dramatically. We had left behind the volcanic sand dunes and now faced a wild stretch of rocky badlands, cut into a maze of ridges, ravines, and chasms, much of it chewed up by our bombing and naval gunfire. It typified the landscape of almost the entire northern part of Iwo.

The 9th Marines retired, and our attack got off behind a rolling barrage—the first of the campaign. For almost fifty minutes artillery and naval shells smashed into the ridges and gulleys ahead of us, then on signal lifted and crashed down on Japanese positions one hundred yards farther out. At the same time, our men rose from their holes and began to run forward, pausing to seek protection behind rocks and then sprinting ahead again. The thunderous gunfire had stunned the Japanese, and we advanced two hundred yards before they recovered. When their mortars and machine guns began firing, our attack stopped. Units sought cover and methodically broke into fire teams, moving one by one to eliminate the individual Japanese positions, which were now all around us.

The coordinated team attacks—the method by which the island was being won—required precision timing and extreme bravery. Heedless of danger, men with smoke bombs and phosphorous grenades clambered among the rocks to within throwing distance of a Japanese hole. As soon as the smoke and curtain of phosphorous obscured the enemy's vision, flame throwers and automatic riflemen and bazooka men rushed across the open into covering position. The smoke drifted away, and as the riflemen watched every hole for movement, a flame thrower, completely exposed, shot his burning liquid at the target hole, then turned and ran for cover. The riflemen finished the job with grenades, bazookas, automatic fire, and bayonets.

Sometimes it didn't work, and when flanking fire from other enemy positions killed or pinned down the teams, tanks were called up to fire point-blank. Flame-throwing tanks were also used. Again and again cave mouths and holes were simply sealed with demolition charges. Often positions had to be eliminated two, three, and four times. On this day of the rolling barrage, we gained considerable ground and knocked out scores of strong points in the ridges. But that night the enemy came back through their tunnels, and the next morning when the attack got going again, the ridges and caverns behind us were once more filled with Japanese who had to be eliminated by reserve units.

As our advance continued toward the northern edge of the island, no area in that rocky part of Iwo ever seemed secure. Ridge after ridge had to be cleaned out time and again by fire teams and tanks. Casualties were almost as heavy in the rear as at the front. One night a unit of the 9th Marines dug in on a knob supposedly freed of the enemy. The entire hill was blown up during the night by Japanese who were still inside; it was a suicide gesture that killed many Marines. On another day, we spent hours with flame throwers, tanks, and demolition men wiping out machine gunners and snipers hidden in a long, craggy ridge that had been "secured" twice before. When we thought we had again sealed the last hole, several of us, including Reid Chamberlain, started back toward the companies at the front. Three shots rang out from the ridge, and we ran for cover behind some boulders. When we looked back, Chamberlain was on the ground. We tried to edge back to him, but the whole ridge suddenly came alive again with Japanese rifle and machine-gun fire. Other Marines joined us, and one of them managed to reach Chamberlain's body. The former hero of Mindanao was dead, shot behind the ear.

I spent the night in the pillbox again, back at regimental headquarters. Joe Rosenthal, the Associated Press photographer, whom I had known on Guam, joined us. He was an unlikely looking figure in combat, short and nearsighted, with an oversized pot helmet that came down over his glasses. But everybody knew him as a brave little man who always showed up where the action was. He had heard from the States that he had taken the greatest picture of the war, but he had sent back hundreds of shots, and for a long time he had had no idea which picture was being talked about. That day, an airplane from Guam had dropped our first sacks of mail, and I got a letter from my mother. It expressed relief that I was not on Iwo Jima. But also enclosed was the front page of the *New York Sun*, with the now-famous flag-raising picture covering the entire page.

"That's the shot!" Joe told us all proudly.

After I got back to the States, I was shocked to hear some people calling the picture "staged" and a fake. Actually, two patrols of the 28th Marines had gotten to the top of Suribachi before the famous flag-raising. The second one had a small flag and raised it on a piece of pipe, while Sergeant Louis R. Lowery, a photographer for *Leatherneck* magazine, took pictures of it. A couple of hours later, the commanding officer of the 28th decided to keep that flag as a regimental souvenir. He got another, larger one from an LST and sent up a third patrol to change the flags. Accompanied by Sergeant William Genaust, a combat photographer with a color movie camera, Rosenthal followed this patrol up the mountain, and both men filmed the raising of the second flag. Rosenthal caught the

D-day plus forty-five, April 5, 1945: "We are going to fight bravely to the last," Japanese commander General Tadamichi Kuribayashi had declared. Most of the Japanese soldiers did.

U.S. ARMY

scene at just the right instant, and his picture eclipsed the one that Lowery had taken two hours earlier.

The last weeks of fighting were a blur. Most of the northern part of the island was a wilderness of tall, jagged ridges, tumbled rocks, and deep gorges, all heavily fortified. Every yard of it had to be taken in combat as fierce as what we already had been through. Casualties continued to mount, and the ranks of survivors thinned in all three divisions. Replacements were pouring ashore and being killed or evacuated with wounds almost before they knew what outfit they were fighting with.

In the rear the first airfield became operational, and evacuation planes with Navy nurses landed, hastily picked up rows of stretcher cases, and took off again for the hospitals in the Marianas. One day a crippled B-29, on its way back from Japan, made a safe landing. Those around the airfield cheered. It was what the fighting was all about. Two days later our fighter planes began to arrive—P-51 Mustangs and P-61 Black Widows.

From time to time I picked up a jeep at division headquarters and went as far forward with it as I dared, making recordings to send back to the American networks. I followed the battalions of the 21st, and on occasion drew mortar and rifle fire. Once, in an area that steamed from sulphur deposits, I had to run from the jeep and was pinned down on the painfully hot sand for half an hour. Another time, something exploded near me, and Jerry Gruggen, the jeep ambulance driver, took me back to an aid station. They said I had a concussion, gave me two APC pills (standard for

everything that didn't bleed), let me rest an hour, and then told me to get back to my outfit.

On March 9 a twenty-eight-man patrol of the 1st Battalion's Able Company reached the northern coast, splitting the Japanese. Only three of the original members of the company were left; the rest were replacements.

The Japanese made their last stand in deep, cave-filled gorges around Kuribayashi's underground headquarters near the northwest coast. After terrible fighting, the 5th Division finally overran the area, which they named Bloody Gorge, but no one ever found Kuribayashi's body.

The island was declared officially secured on March 16, after twenty-six days of fighting. By that time the second airfield was in use, and B-29's, in trouble, were coming down regularly. The island was still not secure. Ten days later several hundred Japanese emerged from underground and overran an Army field hospital and the camps of an Air Force unit, Seabees, and the 5th Division's Pioneers. For months afterward men would be killing each other on the island.

"This," said the commander of the Seabees, Captain Robert C. Johnson, "is the most expensive piece of real estate the United States has ever purchased. We paid 550 lives and 2,500 wounded for every square mile."

☆ *Among Alvin Josephy's many books are The Long and the Short and the Tall (1946), The Patriot Chiefs (1961), and The Nez Perce Indians and the Opening of the Northwest (1965). For many years he was director of the book division of American Heritage Publishing Company, and he was editor of AMERICAN HERITAGE magazine from 1976 to 1978.*





1982
Honorable
Mention

New Research Could Alter Aces List

by Dr. Frank J. Olynyk

The Spring 1981 issue of Fortitudine carried an article by author Robert Sherrod which updated a list of World War II Marine aces which originally appeared in his book, History of Marine Corps Aviation in World War II. Many of the changes on Sherrod's revised list originated from research by Dr. Frank J. Olynyk. The following article covers Dr. Olynyk's continued research. Readers should remember that the Marine Corps has not compiled an "official" list of its fighter aces. As the Commandant of the Marine Corps, Gen Robert H. Barrow, recently wrote, "The philosophy of the Marine Corps Historical Program is that our history is not a closed book, but a living, continuing thing, open to new facts, interpretations, and opinions."

During the course of World War II, the Marine Corps published several lists of its aces, pilots who had shot down five or more Japanese aircraft in air-to-air combat. These lists were prepared from cards maintained at Headquarters, Marine Corps by Lt (later Maj) Edna Loftus Smith. These cards, now kept in the Reference Section, Marine Corps Historical Center, have come to be known as the "Sherrod cards," since their main use has been as a research source for Robert Sherrod's *History of Marine Corps Aviation in World War II*. During the war, as war diaries and action reports came in from the Pacific, a brief page was prepared for each combat, and the information on aircraft victory claims transferred to the cards. As the war went on, other sources were used—award citations, personnel reports, and letters—and the monthly totals of victories for each pilot were included with the war diaries. These sources were used to produce the list appearing in the January 1946 issue of *Headquarters Bulletin* and, after revision, in Mr. Sherrod's book.

About five years ago, I visited the Reference Sec-

Dr. Olynyk received a bachelor of science in mathematics and master of science and doctor of philosophy degrees in computer science from Case Institute of Technology. He is employed by Ecotran Corporation, designing software for phototypesetting. In addition to building lists of victory credits, he is working on a daily history of fighter operations in the Pacific.

tion and prepared a list of victory credits from the "Sherrod cards." I then keypunched the data and wrote computer programs to sort and list it by date, name, and unit. On succeeding visits, I have reviewed the sources for each victory credit, making sure that each could be documented. This has led to my own list of USMC victory credits, and a resulting list of USMC aces. I hope to publish the list of credits commercially in the near future.

In discussing aces and fighter pilots, a distinction must be made among claims, credits, and what actually happened. A credit is an acknowledgment by an official agency that it accepts a claim as valid. Whether in fact the pilot did shoot down the aircraft can usually only be determined by access to the enemy records. Gun camera films can be very convincing, but they must be used carefully to handle properly shared claims. Ideally, from the historian's point of view, one should not say a pilot shot down a plane without finding a corresponding loss in the enemy records.

It should be noted that most of the pilots whose scores are subject to some uncertainty are all from the 1942-early 1943 period when air combat was the heaviest. War diaries from this period are often incomplete, or even nonexistent (VMF-212, VMF-122, and VMO-251). Once Guadalcanal was captured, diaries and reports improved and when, in late 1943, a standard form, ACA-1, was introduced, documentation became excellent.

The Spring 1981 issue of *Fortitudine* carried Robert Sherrod's article, "Fighter Aces List Updated." I would like to correct some additional errors in this list of USMC aces and give the reasons behind the additional changes I would make in the list.

The first error occurred in preparing the new list for publication. The original list showed Philip C. DeLong with 11 1/6 victories during World War II, which is correct. In preparing the new list, *Fortitudine* accidentally changed the score to 11 1/2. He had an additional two victory credits in Korea, raising his ultimate score to 13 1/6.

A second printing error concerns Julius W. Ireland. When he was added to the list, it should have been with 5 1/3 victories, not the five shown in *Fortitudine*.

Two errors in totals have persisted through both lists. Hugh McJ. Elwood actually has 5 1/6 victory credits and Francis A. Terrill has 6 1/12. The unusual score for Terrill is the result of credits for 1/2, 1/3, and 1/4 victories (claims shared among two, three, and four pilots, respectively).

One final error which has persisted in both of Sherrod's lists is in the name of the 65th entry on Sherrod's revised list. His name should be Arthur Roger Conant, not Roger W. Conant. Both served in VMF-214, A. R. Conant during the period when Gregory Boyington was in command, while R. W. Conant was killed on the USS *Franklin* in 1945 when it was put out of action by Kamikazes.

There are two pilots whose scores need to be lowered, knocking them off the list. Capt Raymond F. Scherer served with VMF-311 in 1945. On 3 May he shared a "Frank" (Nakajima Ki-84 Hayate) with 2dLt Charles L. Kline, described in VMF-311's ACA-1 report number 132. The description of the combat on the last page of the report makes it clear that the victory should be shared. However, on the front page of the report, which lists the claims described by the report, Scherer's name appears alone. It was this error which was copied when Scherer's list of victories was prepared at Headquarters, Marine Corps. The VMF-311 war diary for May 1945 gives him a total of 4 1/2 victories. This is repeated in the June 1945 war diary, after which he left VMF-311.

Wayne W. Laird served with VMF-112 at Guadalcanal in 1942-43. The VMF-112 war diary credits him with two Zeros on 13 November 1942. VMF-121 was in the same combat and its war diary shows him with 1 1/2 victories and Donald C. Owen with 1 1/2. The VMF-121 war diary does not indicate with whom the victories were shared, but they were the only shared victories for that date. It should be noted that Owen has been added to Sherrod's new aces list. If Laird is credited with two victories on 13 November, then Owen does not belong on the list. Conversely, if the three victories in question are shared with 1 1/2 each, then Laird does not belong on the list. The matter was settled by reference to the VMF-112 tour totals for the 1942-43 period, when Laird is shown with only 4 1/2 victories. The VMF-121 tour total shows 2 1/2 for Owen. Laird disappeared on a test hop on 1 May 1943. Owen added 2 1/2 more victories with VMF-112 off the USS *Bennington* before spinning-in on take-off on 26 May 1945.

A few pilots should have their scores revised upwards. The most notable is William N. Snider, increased from 8 1/2 to 11 1/2 as described in Sherrod's article.

Edward O. Shaw's score should become 14 1/2, up from 13. One of these victories was confirmed about two months afterward when another pilot, shot down in the same combat, was rescued and added further details. The 1/2 credit just got lost when a summary total was prepared for the VMF-213 war diary. Since the "Zeke" in question was shared with Wilbur J. Thomas, and the 1/2 credit appears in Thomas' list, there can be no doubt of its authenticity. Shaw was killed in a flying accident on 31 July 1944, a month before his Naval Aviator's Monthly Achievement Report was prepared by someone else, showing 13 victories.

Howard J. Finn should be credited with one extra victory. This victory is shown on the back of his "Sherrod card," but not the front.

The scores for some pilots should be lowered. One of these is Donald H. Sapp, who appears on the Sherrod list with 11 victories. This should be 10. One of his victories was a "Helen" on 20 November 1943. Because ACA reports at the time were supposed to be filled out in Greenwich or "GCT" time, this claim appeared in the ACA report on 19 November and in the war diary, prepared in local time, on 20 November. Thus, the Helen was counted twice. Some additional confusion as occurred since the war because he changed his name to Stapp.

A strong case can be made for changing the score of Jack E. Conger to 10, down from 10 1/2. I have been able to find only 10 victories for him. I believe the confusion arose from a reference to his being credited with shooting down "ten and a half destroyer [10 planes and 1/2 a destroyer]."

Finally, there is a group of pilots for whom the published total score is greater than the number of victories I have been able to document. I emphasize that this does not mean that they should not be credited with the higher score; only that I have not been able to document the higher score. There is a strong presumption in several cases that the lower score is correct, but that is only a presumption.

John F. Dobbin appears on the list with eight victories; I have found only 7 1/2. He appears on a VMF-224 list with 8 1/2 victories, although there is no list of individual victories. Interestingly enough, his flight log shows only 6 1/2 victories. I suspect the jump from 7 1/2 to eight occurred by taking seven and one shared, and making it eight.

Similarly, Roger A. Haberman appears with seven; I can find only 6 1/2. The same conversion of a shared victory to a full victory may have occurred here. He served in VMF-121 as part of Joe Foss' flight. The oft-quoted figure of 72 victories for Foss' flight is derived from the following totals: Foss, 26; Marontate, 13 (one of which was a "smoker"); Loesch, 8 1/2; Haberman, 6 1/2; Freeman, 6; Presley, 5; Bate, 4; and Furlow (Thomas W.), 3. These are given in Joe Foss' wartime biography, *Joe Foss, Flying Marine*. Note the number of aces in this group (Bate was to make his fifth claim in the Philippines in 1944).

From the members of Foss' flight, there are two more pilots to discuss. In Robert Sherrod's article in *Fortitudine*, he decided to change Freeman's score because of the lack of conclusive evidence of the sixth victory. At the time I had found five victories, and had evidence for a sixth and seventh. Foss' book credited Freeman with two dive bombers on 5 January 1943. That was where matters stood when Sherrod was finished with his revisions to the new edition of his book. One month later, at the American Fighter Aces Association meeting in Dayton, Ohio, I met Bill Freeman, and we discussed his service with VMF-121. Bill said he only claimed one dive bomber on 5 January 1943. This would be his sixth victory.

Presley appears in Foss' book with five victories, and on the Sherrod list with six. Presley's Navy Cross citation states that he shot down three on the first tour of VMF-121 (9 October-23 November 1942) and two on the second tour (1-30 January 1943). The citation describes a specific occasion on which he shot down a dive bomber. I believe this undated victory became his sixth. I have found no reference crediting him with more than five victories. It is possible that his four and one shared became five in his citation. Perhaps if the original recommendation for his Navy Cross could be found it might clear this up.

Other pilots at Guadalcanal in 1942 do not have all their credited victories in the relevant war diaries. Orvin Ramlo is credited with five but none are in the MAG-23 or VMF-223 war diaries. He received credit for five (two "Betty" bombers and three "Zeros") on the basis of his Naval Aviator's Monthly Report, prepared in 1944. When these report forms came into use in 1944, the first submissions by veteran pilots recapitulated their victories since the beginning of the war. I did find a 1945 war diary (VMF-113 for July 1945) which notes that he had just received credit

for three aircraft shot down in August 1942. I have found no award citations for the relevant period.

Joseph Narr is credited with eight at Guadalcanal, but his "Sherrod card" lists one victory on 2 October 1942. However, he is not credited with any victories on that date in either the MAG-23 or the VMF-121 war diaries. I did locate a newspaper article which quoted from his letters to his father. He described only seven victories in these letters.

Harold Bauer is credited with 11, but I have found only 10. He is frequently mentioned as shooting down four "Zeros," and getting one "smoker" in one combat. However, it is also mentioned that he refused to claim the smoker as shot down. That may be his eleventh victory. It should be mentioned that other pilots are credited with "smokers" as having been shot down.

Eugene Trowbridge is credited with 12, but I can find only six, the same number mentioned in his Navy Cross citation. The number 12 arises from his Naval Aviator's Monthly Achievement Report (NAMAR), prepared in 1944. I should point out that I have not seen the NAMAR of either Trowbridge or Ramlo, only the information on their "Sherrod cards." Trowbridge's case is a little unusual, however, since if the information is correct, he was the first Marine Corps ace in World War II, getting five victories between 21-24 August 1942. Marion Carl, who has been accepted as the first Marine ace, got victories numbers five and six on 26 August 1942. Another problem is that one documented claim by Trowbridge is not on his "Sherrod card." Finally, a press release from the Division of Public Relations dated 7 December 1942, credits him with 10 victories.

Loren Everton is credited with 12 also. Two of these were in 1944 in the Northern Solomons campaign, the others at Guadalcanal. He usually appears in contemporary reports with eight victories; one source (newspaper clipping), says eight plus two bombers on fire. His "Sherrod card" lists eight, seven of which are in the war diaries. The card documents number eight by reference to the manuscript of *Marine Wings*, which I have not been able to find.

Marion Carl is another Guadalcanal pilot with whose victory list I have problems. He is credited with 18 1/2 victories during the war. Of these, one was at Midway and two were at Rabaul in 1943. The remainder were from the 1942 Guadalcanal campaign. Thus, by the time he left Guadalcanal, he should have had 16 1/2 victories. I have found 15, and many contemporary references say he had 16

when he left. One victory is listed in the war diaries as an "assist" of Noyes McLennan by Carl. McLennan is correspondingly credited with assisting Carl. The term "assist" was used in some 1942 records to indicate that a pilot helped another to shoot down a plane, but did not give sufficient help to receive partial credit for the victory. Thus both pilots "assisted" in the victory, and I have given them each 1/2 credit. According to Barrett Tillman, who lives near Carl, the latter claims full credit for this victory. Carl also claims credit for a "Betty" on 24 August 1942, which would be his fifth victory. However, as far as I can ascertain from Japanese records, the aircraft attacked by Marines that day were "Zeros" and single-engine bombers from the carrier *Ryujō*. Carl has credit for two single-engine bombers and one "Zero" on that date. As mentioned earlier, his victories on 26 August are frequently said to be his victory numbers 5 and 6. The missing victory, whether it was on 24 August or later, was apparently confirmed while Carl was still at Guadalcanal. The extra 1/2 credit for the victory with McLennan would have to have been confirmed later, since he left Guadalcanal with 16 victories and returned to the Solomons in 1943 with 16 1/2.

Two pilots at Guadalcanal may have one more victory than they are credited with on the Sherrod list. Robert Galer (13) and Kenneth Frazier (12 1/2) may each have one more, but this could just reflect the confusion of the times. Most of their victories appear in both the MAG-23 and their respective squadron war diaries. A few appear in only one or the other.

After the furious action at Guadalcanal in 1942-43, the records were generally kept with much greater care, there being more time and energy available for such non-immediate tasks. However, James Cupp is credited with 13 victories, but I can

find only 12. Nevertheless, his "Sherrod card" states: "Actually a 13-plane ace but squadron records only account for 12."

Robert M. Baker is listed with seven victories, but I can find only five plus a "probable." Some sources say he shot down six planes, and his "Sherrod card" gives him two victories on the date of the "probable." It references the war diary, but I cannot find it there. Baker himself says he believes that the two victories were confirmed later.

Finally, Jack Pittman is listed with seven victories, but I can find only five, plus two "probables" for 1943. The VMF-224 war diary for August 1945 says seven victories, which was accepted as his final total.

During World War II, several Marine pilots served temporarily with Navy units, but none were aces. However, there was an Army pilot who flew with the Marines at least once and he was an ace. Paul S. Bechtal, of the USAAF, had four victories with an Army fighter squadron in 1942-43. On 2 September 1943, he flew a mission with VMF-124 to Kahili, and shot down a "Zeke." This was carried on the VMF-124 records as one of the unit's claims, credited to Bechtal. However, since he was flying with the Marines at the time, the victory has not been recognized by the Air Force, and he is not listed as one of their aces.

Any definitive discussion of Marine aces should consider victories from the Korean War which do not appear on Sherrod's revised list of World War II aces. John Andre claimed four victories in the Philippines in 1944; his fifth victory was in Korea in 1952. Several aces on Sherrod's list gained additional victories in Korea. Philip DeLong shot down two YAKs while flying with VMF-312. Bolt, Wade, and Durnford claimed six, one, and 1/2 MIG-15s, respectively, while flying on exchange duty with the Air Force.

Aces List Compared

(Totals in parentheses include Korean War victories.)

	Sherrod's Revised List	Olynyk's List			
1. Boyington, Gregory	28*	28*	9. Swett, James E.	15 1/2	15 1/2
2. Foss, Joseph J.	26	26	10. Spears, Harold L.	15	15
3. Hanson, Robert M.	25	25	11. Donahue, Archie G.	14	14
4. Walsh, Kenneth A.	21	21	12. Cupp, James N.	13	13**
5. Aldrich, Donald N.	20	20	13. Galer, Robert E.	13	13**
6. Smith, John L.	19	19	14. Marontate, William P.	13	13
7. Carl Marion E.	18 1/2	18 1/2	15. Shaw, Edward O.	13	14 1/2
8. Thomas, Wilbur J.	18 1/2	18 1/2	16. Frazier, Kenneth D.	12 1/2	12 1/2**
			17. Everton, Loren D.	12	10

(continued on next page)

18. Segal, Harold E.	12	12	72. Hundley, John C.	6	6
19. Trowbridge, E.A.	12	12**	73. Jones, Charles D.	6	6
20. DeLong, Philip C.	11 1/2	11 1/6 (13 1/6)	74. McManus, John	6	6
21. Snider, William N.	11 1/2	11 1/2	75. Percy, Gilbert	6	6
22. Bauer, Harold W.	11	11	76. Pierce, Francis E., Jr.	6	6
23. Sapp, Donald H.***	11	10	77. Pond, Zenneth A.	6	6
24. Conger, Jack E.	10 1/2	10	78. Presley, Frank H.	6	5
25. Long, Herbert H.	10	10	79. Shuman, Perry L.	6	6
26. DeBlanc, Jefferson J.	9	9	80. Stout, Robert F.	6	6
27. Magee, Christopher L.	9	9	81. Terrill, Francis A.	6	6 1/12
28. Mann, Thomas H., Jr.	9	9	82. Valentine, Herbert J.	6	6
29. Overend, Edmund F.	9*	9*	83. Vedder, Milton N.	6	6
30. Thomas, F. C., Jr.	9	9	84. Hansen, Herman	5 1/2	5 1/2
31. Loesch, Gregory K.	8 1/2	8 1/2	85. Hood, William L.	5 1/2	5 1/2
32. Morgan, John L., Jr.	8 1/2	8 1/2	86. Kirkpatrick, Floyd C.	5 1/2	5 1/2
33. Case, William N.	8	8	87. Lynch, Joseph P.	5 1/2	5 1/2
34. Dobbins, John F.	8	7 1/2	88. Maas, John B.	5 1/2	5 1/2
35. Gutt, Fred E.	8	8	89. Payne, Frederick R., Jr.	5 1/2	5 1/2
36. Hernan, Edwin J., Jr.	8	8	90. Sigler, Wallace E.	5 1/3	5 1/3
37. Hollowell, George L.	8	8	91. Alley, Stuart C., Jr.	5	5
38. Kunz, Charles M.	8	8	92. Balch, Donald L.	5	5
39. Narr, Joseph L.	8	7	93. Baldwin, Frank B.	5	5
40. Post, Nathan T.	8	8	94. Bate, Oscar M.	5	5
41. Warner, Arthur T.	8	8	95. Braun, Richard L.	5	5
42. Yost, Donald K.	8	8	96. Carlton, William A.	5	5
43. Baker, Robert M.	7	7**	97. Davis, Leonard K.	5	5
44. Brown, William P.	7	7	98. Doyle, Cecil J.	5	5
45. Caswell, Dean	7	7	99. Drake, Charles W.	5	5
46. Crowe, William E.	7	7	100. Elwood, Hugh McJ.	5	5 1/6
47. Haberman, Roger A.	7	6 1/2	101. Farrell, William	5	5
48. Hamilton, Henry B.	7	7	102. Finn, Howard J.	5	6
49. Jensen, Alvin J.	7	7	103. Fontana, Paul J.	5	5
50. McClurg, Robert W.	7	7	104. Ford, Kenneth M.	5	5
51. O'Keefe, Jeremiah J.	7	7	105. Freeman, William B.	5	5
52. Owens, Robert G., Jr.	7	7	106. Hacking, Albert C.	5	5
53. Pittman, Jack, Jr.	7	7**	107. Ireland, Julius W.	5	5 1/3
54. Reinburg, Joseph H.	7	7	108. Kendrick, Charles	5	5
55. Ruhsam, John W.	7	7	109. Laird, Wayne W.	5	4 1/2
56. Wade, Robert	7	7 (8)	110. McCartney, H.A., Jr.	5	5
57. Williams, G. M. H.	7	7	111. McGinty, Selva E.	5	5
58. Mullen, Paul A.	6 1/2	6 1/2	112. Olander, Edwin L.	5	5
59. Durnford, Dewey F.	6 1/3	6 1/3 (6 5/6)	113. Owen, Donald C.	5	5
60. Dillard, Joseph V.	6 1/3	6 1/3	114. Phillips, Hyde	5	5
61. Axtell, George C., Jr.	6	6	115. Porter, Robert B.	5	5
62. Baird, Robert	6	6	116. Foske, George H.	5	5
63. Bolt, John F. Jr.	6	6 (12)	117. Powell, Ernest A.	5	5
64. Chandler, Creighton	6	6	118. Ramlo, Orvin H.	5	5**
65. Conant, Roger W.****	6	6	119. Scarborough, H.V., Jr.	5	5
Conant, Arthur R.		6	120. Scherer, Raymond	5	4 1/2
66. Dillow, Eugene	6	6	121. See, Robert B.	5	5
67. Dorroh, Jefferson D.	6	6	122. Synar, Stanley	5	5
68. Drury, Frank C.	6	6	123. Weissenberger, G.J.	5	5
69. Fisher, Don H.	6	6	124. Wells, Albert P.	5	5
70. Fraser, Robert B.	6	6	125. Yuncck, Michael R.	5	5
71. Hall, Sheldon O.	6	6	126. Andre, John		4 (5)

*Both Boyington and Overend are credited with six planes while with Flying Tigers in China.

**Indicates unresolved problems with documentation.

***Since World War II, Sapp changed his name to Stapp.

****Dr. Olynyk found that the wrong Conant was included on Sherrod's list.

The device reproduced on the back cover is the oldest military insignia in continuous use in the United States. It first appeared as shown here, on Marine Corps buttons adopted in 1804. With the stars changed to five points this device has continued on Marine Corps buttons to the present day.

