

*James*  
*President Left*  
HSAF WILLIAM A. HOLBROOK  
Office of the S.D. of Troops

TO -  
GUADALCANAL

12 December 1942

MEMORANDUM

TO : All Personnel

1. Guard Companies for 12 December 1942:  
1st Battalion - Starva, 1st FA.  
3rd Battalion - Hq. Co., Cannon Company (Joint).
2. Floating objects even as small as paper cups thrown over board even at considerable intervals from each ship in a large formation leaves a trail easy for a submarine to recognize and follow. All personnel are again cautioned against throwing any object or matter over board at any time. Everyone is warned about the throwing of cigarettes over board in that it not only leaves a trail for a submarine to follow but can be blown into an open port hole and cause a fire.
3. Units desiring the use of the Sun Deck for instruction or other purposes will contact S-3 for time available. The Sun Deck is reserved for the Medical Detachment from Sunday to Wednesday inclusive between the hours of 10:00 to 11:00 AM and 2:00 to 5:00 PM.
4. Organization Commanders will have a search made for boning knives which have disappeared from the kitchen. Negative reports if applicable will be submitted.
5. One member of each stateroom will check the port holes of his stateroom at blackout to insure that the ports are closed, the screws tight and that a blanket or raincoat is hung in front of the port.
6. The EM dining room and hall ways in the vicinity of it will be cleared and properly policed between 10:00 and 10:15 PM each night.

By order of Colonel LOTROP:

*Robert P. Racicot*  
ROBERT P. RACICOT,  
WOJG, Infantry,  
Asst. Adjutant.

COLLECTION 25th Inf. Div. 152-B  
BOX 6 FOLDER 6  
GEORGE C. MARSHALL RESEARCH LIBRARY  
LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA

12 April 1943

Co R-27 inf.  
25-Div.

To all Officers and men of the 27th Infantry:

On 12 February 1943, I addressed a written memo to you on completion of the land operations on Guadalcanal.

Certain events since that date warrant further remarks on our official relations and I regret as in the former case, due to military necessity, that I cannot address you in person at one assembly formation.

As time goes on, the importance of your successes on this Island increases and it becomes clear that by halting the Jap drive here, the enemy was prevented from further advances towards Australia and New Zealand and from cutting our supply routes to these bases and those further west. Newspaper and radio publicity have made Guadalcanal a household word known to everyone in the United States.

When you feel inclined to grumble about hardships and privations here, look about you and see first hand the immediate results of driving the Japs out of this area. Then, the natives were hunted and enslaved and their families driven into mountain hideouts. Now they are free to bring their families to their old homes and resume normal conditions, as far as we are concerned. The Japs, if they had their way, would reenact these same atrocities in your hometown and you are fighting to break their will to dominate free people according to their ideas. You are the crusaders of 1943 and are doing your bit to pass on to the history of the world as well as your homeland a peace which we all hope will be lasting. Our forefathers had to do the same thing for their freedom and all brave men will continue the struggle until we have eternal peace and goodwill. The folks at home are counting on you to finish the job.

Having been so successful in your first operations, it is your individual responsibility to pass on to those who join you in the fight later, the

②  
lessons you have learned, so they will benefit from your experiences and thus insure continuing success and speed up the final victory. The sooner this job is over the better. Be prepared to fill greater spheres of responsibility by intelligent application of the principles of leadership. Anyone of you may be in a critical spot which calls for this higher leadership - "Be Prepared".

On July 9, 1941, two days after assuming command of your regiment, I published to all leaders my "Regimental Policy and Principles of Leadership" and one year later it was reedited, bringing the War into the picture in a realistic manner. This publication is not original but assembles in one document certain basic ideas which have daily application in the life of every leader. I know that these principles have contributed to our victory in January past, and I earnestly recommend a continuing study of all that is written as a constant reminder.

On April 5th, your regimental commander was sworn in as a Brigadier General in the Army of the United States and I wish to share with you this honor since it was only through your devotion to duty and deeds of valor that this recognition of leadership was made possible. I wish to pay tribute to each and every one of you for your loyal support in training as well as the final success in victory.

On March 8th, your regiment was further honored by parading the troops for the decoration ceremony of your Corps Commander, Major General A. M. Patch, when he received the Navy Distinguished Service Medal from Vice Admiral Fitch of the U. S. Navy. General Patch took this occasion to write a letter of appreciation for the troops participating in the ceremony and for the rapid advance made by all units of the regiment to Kokumbona, which speeded the complete elimination of the Japs from Guadalcanal. This was transmitted to each and every one of you to show you personally that you are under the highest leadership, which appreciates your individual responsibility in the ultimate success in

③

any engagement.

In General Orders No. 52, Headquarters XIV Corps, dated 7 March 1943, you were personally and officially commended by the Corps Commander for outstanding performance of duty as part of the 25th Division in action on Guadalcanal, S. I., during the period 10 January - 9 February, 1943.

Soon many of you will receive individual decorations for special meritorious conduct in battle.

All of the above incidents are reviewed for you at this time to encourage you to continue the fine record of this regiment and carry on the traditions of superb leadership, fighting spirit and eagerness for combat so eminently demonstrated.

I regret that my promotion severs, for the present, my official ties with all of you but I will always follow your future records with pride in having been associated with you almost two years.

In spirit may I grasp your hand, look you in the eye and say, "The best success to you individually buddy, and the same to you as a member of the 'Fearless' Wolfhound Team".

Be loyal to your leaders and give them the support and cooperation which spelled success in our last drive and there is not doubt about the future. Let this be especially true with respect to your new Regimental Commander, who has been my most efficient righthand man for so many months. Col. Sugg knows you as well as I do and will demonstrate the smooth functioning leadership in ways which were not known by you before. Always put on a good show, whatever your job may be, by fearless but intelligent teamwork. Play the game!

Aloha,

*Wm. A. McCulloch*  
Wm. A. McCULLOCH,  
Brigadier General,  
U. S. Army.

YANKS ON GUADALCANAL FIGHT ENEMIES  
RESIDES JAPANESE

Co R  
272 am  
25 am

Extracted from the Kansas City Times, Wednesday, March 24, 1943, By William Hippie, AP Correspondent.

BATTLE WITH MUD, HEAT, DUST, WEARINESS, DISEASE AND LONELINESS IS A CONTINUOUS ENGAGEMENT ON OUR PACIFIC OUTPOSTS - SOME IMPROVEMENT IN LIVING CONDITIONS HAS BEEN MADE BUT IT IS ONLY A START.

Little has been heard from Guadalcanal and New Guinea since American forces became firmly established there. How our boys are faring during the lull in fighting on these outposts in the Pacific is described in the following dispatches from correspondents on the scene.

GUADALCANAL. (Delayed) From letters received here, the impression seems to be circulating among folks back home that life on Guadalcanal is getting soft and comfortable because the island is secure. If it keeps up, the boys here are going to rise from their mudholes and mosquito bars and issue a joint non-military raspberry flavored Bronx Cheer that will be heard as far as Staten Island. Any similarity between this tropic isle and the idyllic South Seas setting of a Dorothy Lamour or Hedy Lamarr movie is not even coincidental. It is purely six thousand miles worth of fertile front imagination.

If Dotty or Hedy should appear with their sarongs it would take them about twenty four hours to lose their allure. Their shapely forms and beauteous faces would be peppered with little bumps erected by industrious insects of many varieties. Their feet would trip daintily through the thickest black mud and the sharpest thistle ever devised and their make-up would run in vari-colored little rivers of dolor down their faces as a result of the always humid heat. Frankly, I don't think the girls would like it, although they would be greeted with a wilder mob offensive than they ever encountered on a bond selling tour. In many months most of the men have not seen anything closer to a woman, ever the black melanesian, than pictures of Hedy, Dotty, Jane Russell and Rita Hayworth, Their favorite pan-up girls.

Take the typical discomforts of the typical day of the typical man in Guadalcanal:

He arises about six o'clock, slightly groggy from lack of sleep because Japanese buzzed around during the night, dropping a few bombs and keeping him in the dugout. By eight o'clock the sun is so hot he is already dripping with his clothes clinging to him. The flies which hibernated during the night, re-appear. They are now civilized flies, and are not used to being brushed off lightly. They are extremely tenacious. Various other insects and bugs begin their daily routine and crawl over his body and his arms he gets tired swatting and scratching. The bugs also like to hover over his food.

This land, incidently is not laden with tropical fruits. If there are any pineapples, bananas, and papayas on this island I have never seen them. There are plenty of coconuts, but after eating a couple, one rarely touches them again.

The food supply is increasingly better as supplies come in, but the meals still are sprinkled with such stuff as powdered eggs, powdered milk, dehydrated potatoes and preserved canned meat which is served cold, fried roasted, broiled, minced and baked, but still seems to taste the same. After the war none of these boys will ever go on a picnic.

The Army doctors say everybody on the island actually has malaria but it has been kept at bay by daily doses of little yellow atabrine pills. I had malaria once and it is not amusing.

Everywhere men are working, stripped to the waist under the frying sun. They are unloading landing boats, building installations and roads, repairing planes and doing a multitude of the always present tasks.

(2)

Late in the afternoon the typical soldier goes to the Luaga River to swim or to wash his clothes in water that is usually yellow with mud. Or he will swim in the ocean over which oil and stray scraps of cargo often float. Then he hitchhikes a ride to camp and he is covered with dirt again. The main roads are dusty but the side roads though the palms and jungles never dry out. The jeep churns through deep mudholes splashing a large portion of the mud in his face, and on his clothes. Toward evening the rain starts coming down in torrential tropic cloud bursts for a half an hour to an hour. The soldiers remember that the side flaps to his tent are up and he rushes there in time to find water dripping on his blankets. There is not time to dry them out before bed time. Bed time is early but most of the men are so tired they are glad to hit their cots. It starts getting dark about seven o'clock and there is nothing to do because of the total blackout. Then vampire mosquitoes start working on the soldier and the rats on the night shift start running playfully over the tent floor and rustling his possessions.

Once the soldier gets to sleep there is the furious sounding of sirens, "Wash board Charlie" is back, perhaps with a couple of playmates. "Charlie" stays at tremendous heights, now and then dropping a stray bomb here and there. It is more annoying than serious, because the soldier hardly dares to return to the cot from his fox hole. Sometimes he hears "Charlie" coming in fast and hears a bomb whistling, he has to spring from his cot, toss on a helmet and nothing else and fling himself into a hole. Most likely he sits unclothed in a mud pile, which is not pleasant. Sometimes this nuisance continues until four or five o'clock in the morning, then after a short snatch of sleep the soldier starts a new day.

Even though griping in the Army, Navy, and Marines is considered a good sign of moral I hear little of it here. The Solomon Americans are going through their miseries and discomforts of a hard life with their chins up and mouths closed. THEY CAN TAKE IT !!! ( OH YEAH )