

PART THREE 1942-1945Chapter 8Nec Aspera Terrant

(Leo Lefevre) "We were loaded on a ship, in 1942, and midway to Wake Island our course was changed and we went to the Fiji Islands for two weeks."

(Fred Edinger) "We were measured for dress uniforms and boarded a troop transport en route to Australia, in Dec. 1942; however, that was changed en route, and we ended up on Guadalcanal relieving the Sixth Marines. We debarked onto a beach and marched through what was left of a coconut grove (after all the naval shelling) to "secure the high ground"."

(Harold Cook) "One rainy Sunday morning we were formed in the muddy redlands and the Col. told us 'This is one Sunday on Oahu you will never forget!' We were loaded on a ship (USAT Holbrook - formerly the Pres. Taft) and away we sailed. All the old timers and those scheduled for OCS were left behind. Was a very sad day.

"We sailed for many days with a Naval escort until we hit the Fiji Islands where we were taken into port and let off to march around the island and then loaded back on the ship. All our Naval escort but one left us in a big hurry. We were living on bad mutton and rotten oranges."

(Clarence Irwin) "When we departed Hawaii for Australia, on 6 Dec. 1942, I was exec of George Co. While we were enroute a transport carrying a combat team of the 43d Div. was sunk in the New Hebrides harbor when it struck a mine. The 25th Div. was rerouted to Guadalcanal to take over the mission of the 43d in the relief of the First Marine Div. We arrived 30 Dec. 1942."

(Phil File) "Our departure of Honolulu came about midnight. We struck camp, rolled our packs and packed our A bags which we carried with us. All other non-essentials went into our B bags which we placed in neat rows in a roadside ditch. As we entrucked to go to the harbor, a tropical cloudburst dropped and, as we pulled out of the bivouac area,

(File) "we were treated to the sight of our B bags sitting in a mini lake - not quite afloat.

"We were loaded aboard the old Pres. Taft; having been hastily converted to a troopship, and the accommodations were slightly less than adequate. The greatest failing was the troop mess. Breakfast - a boiled egg and slice of bread and a cup of tea; lunch - an orange and a sandwich of rotten slimy meat; evening meal - a cup of tea and tray of stew made with the same slimy beef as the luncheon sandwiches (Authors: - Authors can now divulge this rotten, slimy meat was Aussie Bully Beef (WW I) and was not finished on the Taft. We got the left-overs in Korea.). Coupled with the expected rate of sea sickness, this menu did nothing to maintain troop morale. Each night, at sundown, all hatches were secured and total blackout observed. We were sailing near the equator and the steel decks got almost too hot to touch. At night it was absolutely fetid below decks. The canvas bunks were tiered seven high and every man perspired profusely (this means we were sweating and stinking like hell!). It actually dripped thru the canvas, accumulating at each level until the bottom man was actually being rained on; this, combined with the seasickness made for a scenario like Dante's Inferno. About 25 days out we made a landfall and, after dark, our ship docked. The harbor was well lighted, which seemed weird to us since Honolulu had been totally blacked out. Doing guard on the dock were strange looking people with great bushy hairdos and clad in what appeared to be short skirts. We weren't sure what we were seeing, in that dim light, but word filtered down that we were docked in Suva Harbor, Fiji Islands and the guards were Fijian troops.

"The next day we were marched off the ship and taken on a little stroll thru the city. The first place of note we passed was a pub which we eyed longingly, but were marched past in quick time. Several Gyreenes came to the door and waved glasses to us and made in appropriate remarks about our appearance. Exercising restraint, under threat of court-martial we bit our tongues and kept silent - each man resolving

"to have it out with the Marines at the earliest opportunity. When we returned to the ship we found they were loading fresh food aboard for the balance of the trip (wherever that was). It had gotten so bad the troops balked, two days before Suva, at going down to the breakfast mess. Col. Journey came down to the troop compartment and hearing the mens complaints vowed to do the best he could to alleviate the problem. We knew there was better food aboard because crew members were selling good beef sandwiches for ten bucks each. We always figured it was Col. Journey's intervention that detoured us into Suva for better rations. We were to find, as we fought under him, that he was a C.O. who would give everything for the men of his command."

## Chapter 9

### The Canal



(Clarence Irwin) "In Jan. 1943, about two weeks after we were committed to combat, our Co. C.O., Alan Strock, was wounded and I assumed command of George Co. After the action was over L/Col. Mitchell, the Btn. C.O., commended me for my efforts and promised to leave me in command; however, Capt. Strock returned before my promotion came thru."

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Account of Jim Beasley, M27 & Hq. 3 Btn.

I was a map carrier, in S2, for Col Bush and a photo interpreter. I carried the maps for him, in the field, in a bamboo tube, - which was just right to keep them safe.

I was with a patrol once, on the Canal, and we were under orders to proceed to the Tenaru River. We were lucky - we had native guides - until we realized we'd passed the same Banyan Tree three times. The Lt. in charge and all the guys were pretty pissed off. The Lt. ~~didn't~~ didn't know what to do, but, I had a photo and a compass and told the officer I thought I could get to the river. He said if I could find the way = lead. We retraced our steps north until we came to a ridge top, and then turned west - following the ridgeline. It ended right at the Tenaru..

Our training, in New Zealand and on New Cal, was relentless.

On New Georgia we had a terrible time moving NW. We had to crawl thru the jungle and the Nips fired at anything that moved. I was following a buddy's foot and suddenly a rifle went off - he came back and I asked - are you hit? - he said no - but, he thought his eardrum had been broken - the blast of the rifle had been that close and - we hadn't even seen the Jap. One sniper, in a tree, got sprayed out with a BAR..

Malaria finally was my undoing - after about the fourth bout.

"A month, or two later the C.O., of 2 Btn., Hq. Co. went to the hospital and I was promoted to Capt. and assigned command of Hq. Co. About this time Ben Evans, who had been Rgtl. S3, came to 2 Btn. and was promoted to commander."

(Harold Cook) "We arrived on the Canal relieving the Marines and engaged the Japs. We lost a lot of men on the Canal and when the fighting ended most were sick with malaria, denge fever, yellow jaundice, ulcers and the like."

General Patch (wearing glasses, lower photo) succeeded Marine General Vandegrift (right), with whom he is shown in conference. At left is Col. R. Hall Jeschke, USMC.



On 6 Dec. 1942, the Wolfhounds boarded the transports Republic and Holbrook and sailed from Honolulu Harbor that afternoon. On 30 Dec., the Rgt. landed on the beach area between Ilu and Block Four Rivers. Until 7 Jan 1943, supplies were unloaded, and recon of the forward sectors were made by key personnel of the command.

Upon receipt of General Patch's orders, the 25 Div. made preparations for the attack. Div. Intelligence had little information on the enemy's strength and disposition in the Div. zone.

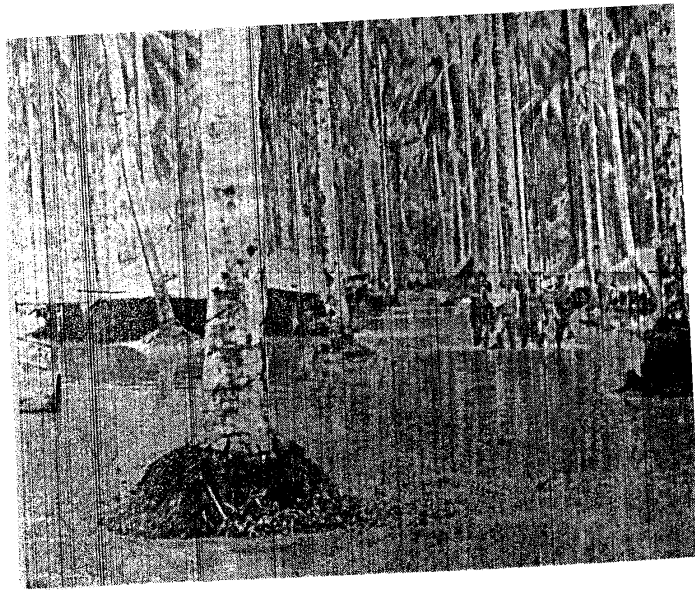


SUPPLY TROUBLES were accentuated by lack of men and equipment to handle incoming shipments of materiel. At Guadalcanal (above) all spare troops were kept busy manhandling supplies from barges to the beach.

(Phil File) "Leaving Suva, we plodded northerly for more days, passing small bits of land till we were 34 days out of Oahu. Having wangled a look-out detail which kept me out of the airless troop compartment at night, I was above decks when we moved into the

channel between Guadalcanal and Tulagi in the early morning hours before daylight. As we anchored offshore I could see twinkles of light along

the explosion of mortar and arty."



Richard Frank

of action, but practically speaking, the precipitous slopes along the banks of the Lunga south of Mount Austen formed a natural barrier. The deeply eroded forks of the Matanikau severed the 25th Division's territory into three distinct terrain compartments: a large area east of the Matanikau and two smaller areas between the southeast and southwest and the southwest and northwest forks. One main terrain feature dominated each of these compartments. Mount Austen commands the area east of the Matanikau. In the wedge formed by the southeast and southwest forks of the Matanikau are Hills 44 and 43, named the "Sea Horse." Between the southwest and northwest forks is the much larger bare hill mass labeled the "Gallop Horse."

Major General J. Lawton Collins, a gifted forty-five-year-old Louisianian with twenty-five years of soldiering behind him but no battle experience, commanded the 25th Division. Collins devised a scheme of maneuver sophisticated in concept but simple in execution: the 27th Infantry Regiment would seize the Gallop Horse from the north; the 35th Infantry Regiment would contain the Gifu with one battalion while the other two enveloped the Sea Horse from the south; the 27th Infantry would then push south from Hill 53 (the "Horse's Head") to meet the 35th Infantry pressing west from Hill 43. These maneuvers would create "three great pockets . . . [that] could be reduced more or less at leisure." The 27th and 35th Infantry Regiments were regular formations; Collins placed in reserve his third infantry regiment, the 161st, a Washington State National Guard unit.

To sustain his maneuvers, Collins demanded and got a degree of logistical legerdemain achieved at no other time during the campaign so deep into Guadalcanal's interior. The supply officer of the 25th Division boasted that the only maxim controlling the forwarding of provisions to the rifle units was: "Does it work?" The deployment and sustenance of Collins's division trunked from a single treacherous road. The branches to each infantry regiment began as constricted trails partly built with, and hospitable only to, jeeps. Affixed to the end of these trails was a diverse array of innovative means and methods for distributing material to the front line: details from the infantry units themselves; carrying parties of natives; a human-powered boat and barge flotilla up the Matanikau; engineer-rigged elevated cable trolleyways for lifting supplies and lowering casualties; and sleds to negotiate steep inclines. Moreover, on January 13 and 15, B-17s dropped supplies (literally) to the 35th Infantry battalions deep in the interior. However imaginative these methods, ultimately

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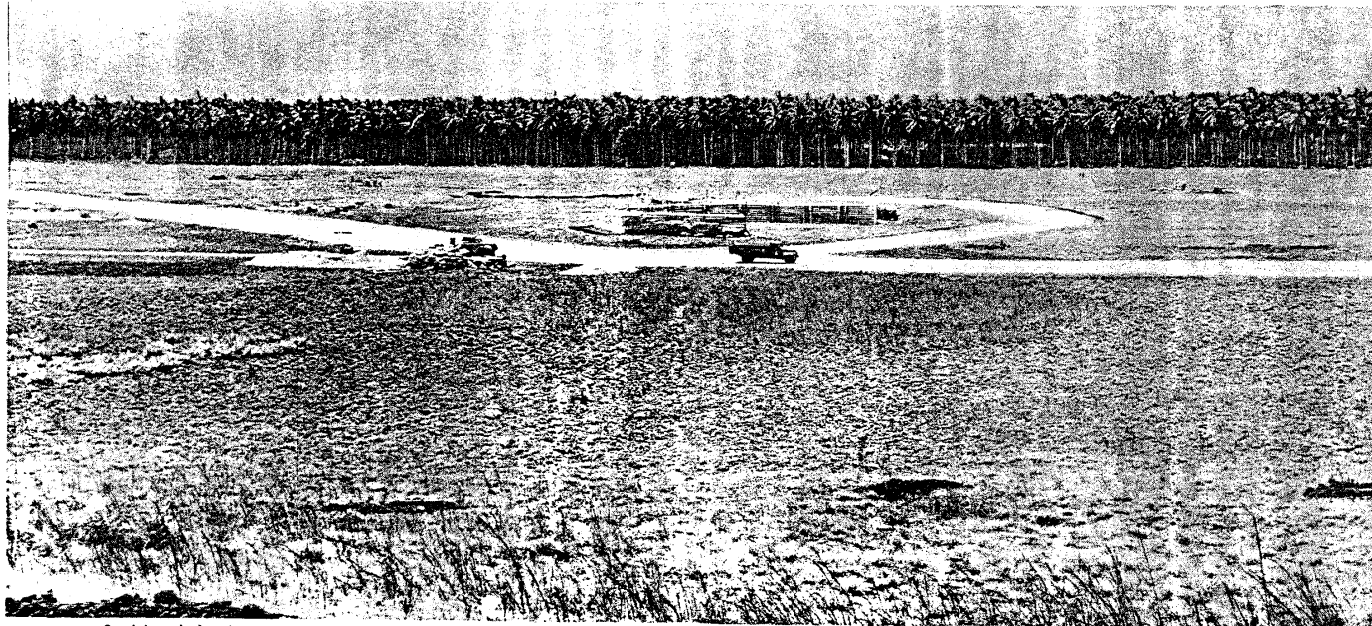
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Guadalcanal airport was constructed by Japs on a level, grassy plain which runs along north-eastern shore of the island. Americans made use of protective plane revetments like one shown

here and built new ones of their own after seizing the field in the early part of August. Fringe of palms in background is part of one of many plantations owned by English and Americans.



P113 Y Guadalcanal

Word came on November 1, 1942. The 25th would fight west for the Philippines. As the men readied for departure, Major General Collins, Commanding General, received a message from Admiral Chester W. Nimitz, Commander-in-Chief of the Pacific Fleet: "The 25th Division is fit and ready for offensive combat . . . we have high expectations . . ."

P117 2 The Division moved swiftly to Henderson Field, Guadalcanal, to relieve the United States Marines. The initial Marine invasion of the island had forced the Japanese back into the hills. Little was known of their strength, but early fighting showed that resistance would probably continue until every single enemy soldier had been taken.

In the absence of maps, air reconnaissance was used to scout the terrain. The forking Matanikau River divided the rough and broken terrain into three main compartments. The Division's objective: break through the enemy's line; cut the compartments; envelop his southern flank; and reduce his strength on Mount Austen. With only one road into the area, and only a few of Mount Austen's foothills in American hands, the Division had a formidable task.

As the 27th Infantry Wolfhounds battled in the open, Division artillery pounded the crest from its position in the foothills. Twenty days later the men of the 25th had cut their way through to friendly lines and the occupation of Guadalcanal was over.

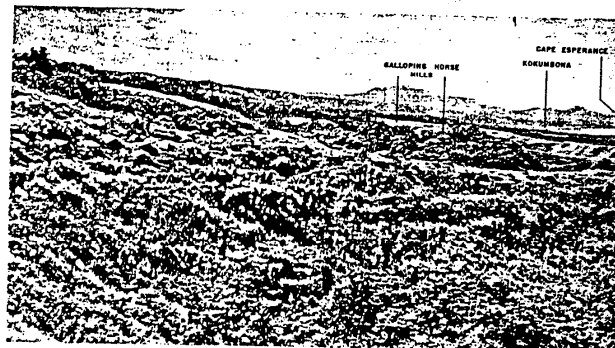
It was the unprecedented speed with which the Division completed this campaign that earned it the designation, Tropic Lightning.

American forces were beat up, hung up and worn out, on Guadalcanal, 117 in the closing months of 1942. Except for the attacks against Mt. Austen, the American lines in the west sector had not changed substantially since Nov. The west line south from Ft. Cruz was refused eastward at Hill 66, and joined the old perimeter defense line at the Matanikau River. South of the perimeter the 132 Inf. was facing the Gifu between Hills 31 and 27. In late Dec. Gen. Patch had ordered the west sector be extended to provide maneuvering room for the projected large Jan. offensive, and to provide for the construction of a supply road west of the Matanikau.



The 25 Inf. Div., of Maj. Gen. Joe Collins, with all three combat teams, had landed on the Canal between 17 Dec. 1942 and 4 Jan. 1943, and bivouacked east of the Lunga River. Hq., 2 Marines Div. and the reinforced 6 Marines reached the Canal 4 Jan., to join the rest of the 2 Marines, under command of B/Gen. De Carre, Asst. C.O.

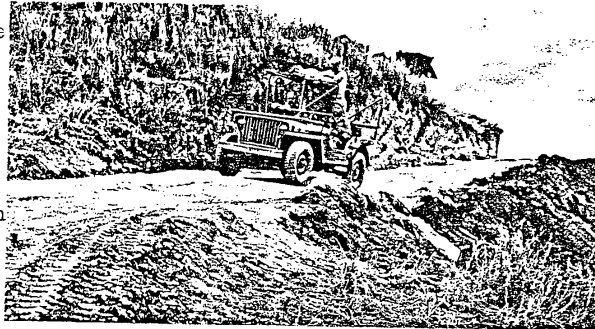
THE FIRST JANUARY OFFENSIVE ZONE was west of the Matanikau and Army fighting was concentrated in the area of Hills 54, 55, 56 (above). From Hill 42 on Mount Austen's northwest slopes, the sector could be seen clearly by 25th Division troops resting before the offensive started.



For motor supply, only the rugged jeep could negotiate the rough cord trails and steep hills of the south sector and the 25 Div.s units had to be supplied almost entirely by 1/2 ton Jeeps and hand carriers for ammo., food, water, and evacuation.

The daylight air attacks, naval shellings, and arty fire that had pounded Henderson Field so heavily, in Oct., were over, altho harassing air raids continued at night

(Russell Alling) "I was with Hq. and Svc. Co. and I remember we were 118 up every night loosing sleep to "Louie the Louse", or "Maytag Charley", or "Washing Machine Charley", or whatever name it was called (usually a single enemy plane whose sole purpose was to disrupt sleep, night after night; also, on the Canal, exposing the troops to malarial mosquitoes. Usually the carburator was adjusted, or props out of sync simply to create odd noises. In all our modern wars we encountered "WMC" and wondered how one guy could get around so - or had lived such a charmed



CASUALTY MOVEMENT taxed the facilities of medical units during the January offensive. The jeep, only vehicle able to negotiate the poor roads, was used as above to carry patients to hospitals after men were brought out of the front lines by hand-carry teams!

life.) and wondering where his single bomb would hit. We were bivouacked by the Matanikau River and spent long nights wondering what that noise was - probably Japs sneaking into the area. One morning we all woke up outside the perimeter wire with no recollection of where we were, or how we got there - or even who we were. We could credit it all to that nectar of the



The thousand yard stare

Gods - medicinal alcohol and grapefruit juice. In this side of the world, no matter what the recipe was, better known to All American Boys as "jungle juice".

"One afternoon, in Jan., the "old man" "requested" that I "volunteer" to run a message up to the "front", wherever that was, in the hills above Kokumbona Beach. I finally found the unit and they were hospitable enough to invite me stay overnight with them; however, I decided home cooking was more appealing.

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they were profligate of human resources and impinged heavily on tactics. Patch considered landing a regiment at Tassafaronga to trap the Japanese about January 18, but informed Halsey that he held this option in abeyance because of lack of manpower both to handle supplies and to launch an amphibious flanking movement.

In a situation report dispatched on January 5 and 6, the 17th Army alerted Rabaul to the imminence of an American offensive. Despite the hardships of the past eight weeks, Japanese morale retained its amazing flint, but what passed for a defensive scheme rather appears to be an attempt to formalize sheer desperation. According to Colonel Konuma, the basic concept of the defense was simply for each unit to stand unflinchingly at its post. The attackers would naturally infiltrate the many gaps in the Japanese front, but once the two forces became intermingled, the Americans would not be able to exploit their advantages in firepower. At night, the able-bodied Japanese would sally out to prevent the Americans from resupplying their leading elements. Either the attack would bog down completely or the Japanese would force the Americans into a protracted effort to reduce each position, during which the 17th Army expected to be succored by reinforcements. This formula duplicated in miniature the entire Japanese strategic plan for the war. Japanese commands and dispositions remained fundamentally the same as since November: the wasted regiments of the 2d Division manned the narrow coastal corridor and defended the coastline; the 38th Division stretched across the Japanese line to Mount Austen.

The plan of the 27th Infantry to take the Galloping Horse resembled an assault mounted by ants—crawling upward from the hooves of the front and rear legs to the head. In fact, it was dictated by logistical considerations. Two trails led to the regimental zone of action: one ran down the ridgeline west of the Matanikau to Hill 66 opposite the forelegs; the other ran along the high ground east of the Matanikau with an extension to Hill 55 (the hooves of the hind legs). As neither of these paths could sustain the entire regiment, Colonel William A. McCulloch directed the 1st Battalion (Lieutenant Colonel Claude E. Journey) to move from Hill 66 up the forelegs of the horse while the 3d Battalion (Lieutenant Colonel George E. Bush) jumped off from Hill 55 to move south, up the hind legs, then west with the ultimate objective of the Horse's Head.

The marines reported that a well-dug-in force of Japanese held the "Water Hole" in the valley between the 1st Battalion, 27th Infantry (1/27) and its objective, Hill 57. This area became the target for a massive application of American firepower. Commencing at 0550,

January 10, no fewer than six battalions of guns tossed 92.5 tons of shells into the Water Hole in twenty-five minutes. Then a dozen P-39s each loosed one 500-pound bomb on Hill 53 and a like number of SBDs released three dozen 325-pound depth charges in front of 1/27. At the conclusion of this preparation, Army and Marine units became guarantors of 1/27's flanks. With these preliminaries complete by 0730, three companies of the 1st Battalion advanced in column. After "very slight" resistance from three machineguns, the 1st Battalion gained its objective, Hill 57, at 1140.

The riflemen of Lieutenant Colonel Bush's 3d Battalion, 27th Infantry (3/27) started from Hill 54 at the rear hoof of the Galloping Horse and faced a rugged and elevated, though open, expanse of Guadalcanal. High ground dominated their route at the Horse's body above the forelegs (Hill 52), the neck (soon named Sims's Ridge by the Americans after a fallen officer), and the Horse's Head (Hill 53). An abrupt slope, clifflike in places, marked the length of the Horse's back. Marines described Hill 52 as a "hornet's nest" to Bush, so he designated it as an intermediate objective and planned to seize it with a double envelopment.

At 0635, after the aerial pounding of the Water Hole ceased, the 3d Battalion crossed its line of departure at Hill 54 with Company I on the right and Company L on the left. Company L occupied Hill 51 without opposition, and by 0730 its leading platoon had clambered halfway up Hill 52, where machinegun fire from the left flank halted it. The company experienced confusion lapsing into paralysis, and the company commander contented himself with advising Bush that the terrain rendered impractical the envelopment on the left.

On the battalion's right flank, Company I moved to within 200 yards of the crest of Hill 52, where enemy fire sent it to earth. Bush dispatched his reserve, Company K, to circle around Company I to affect a deeper envelopment to the right while Company L passed into reserve. Meanwhile, he organized a supporting air bombardment mission. After six aircraft dropped depth charges precisely on Hill 52, and an artillery concentration further saturated this height, Company K advanced from the north and northwest side while Company I scaled the eastern side. The assault companies destroyed six machineguns and killed about thirty Japanese on Hill 52. The 3d Battalion achieved its objective by 1625, and halted to prepare to defend its conquests.

Bush was bent on renewing the attack on January 11, but something more elemental than forbidding terrain barriers and stubborn Japanese soldiers stymied him: terrible thirst. A failure in supply

planning and executing any water when the preparation. The main Head came to a stand halted, mortars assailed the lack of water and the led, ever more from heat exhaustion, remained conscious.

Shortly after noon, ion had run out of strength. V. Mitchell to pass through with his 2d Battalion. In a hasty reconnaissance artillery pummeling of Hill 52 at 0630 on January goal, the southern flank, Company F secured then checked by the attempt by Company recoiled and sidestepped north while Company I Japanese stayed Company repulsed Company E.

For January 13, Mitchell F would pull back off Sims the Horse's Head through east. Company E would F at Hill 53, the Horse's ver, Company E was chancing to miscarry, the Charles W. Davis, volunteered at the south end of the and was the fulcrum of J Davis and his party crept. Two Japanese grenades failed to explode. In reply grenades into the Japanese one shot, whereupon his pistol and fired at the others on with his rifle. view of the Japanese army

mination. They would fight, and fight on, until they no longer had the strength to shove magazines into their *Nambus*, drop shells into mortar tubes, and push bolts home. One must salute the officers and men of this sadly crippled but by no means demoralized army.<sup>11</sup>

Against these men, who expected to die in their emplacements, Major General Patch, on the morning of January 10, 1943, launched his XIV Corps.

The Corps opened its attack on the left (inland) flank at 5:50 A.M. when six artillery battalions fired the first of 600 rounds on a terrain feature west of the Matanikau dubbed "Gallop Horse." This intensive bombardment was sustained for 30 minutes. A moment after the last shells burst, each of 12 fighters dumped a quarter-ton bomb on suspected Japanese emplacements. This fight was followed by 12 SBDs which in successive dives dropped thirty-six 325-pound demolition charges against enemy positions infantry mortars had marked with white phosphorous shells.

The 1st Battalion, Twenty-seventh Infantry, moved far off the mark and had no trouble seizing its first objective on "Gallop Horse." On its left, the 3rd Battalion encountered sporadic resistance, but it, too, was on the assigned objective by late afternoon. Next morning, after preliminary bombardment, both battalions again jumped off. But the 3rd ran into trouble. The soldiers had received no fresh supplies of water, and none reached them until midday. In the meantime, several score parched, dehydrated and exhausted men crumpled under a brassy sun. The battalion could make little progress, and in midafternoon its commander, Lieutenant Colonel George E. Bush, decided to pull his advance elements back to tenable positions. This day, altogether frustrating for Bush's battalion, was climaxed when Japanese 90-mm. mortars ranged-in on several groups of retiring soldiers.

On the following morning, the 2nd Battalion relieved the 3rd, and immediately attacked along a spiny kunai-covered ridge toward a well-concealed and strongly held Japanese position on its southern tip, designated "Hill 53." The battalion could not know, at the moment its companies jumped off, that its lonely battle on this desolate ridge would bring it merited distinction to itself, the regiment, and the 25th Division.

Throughout its course, the Guadalcanal campaign had

\* see Appendix

resolved itself into a series of platoon, company and battalion actions. Except by calling for artillery fire, arranging for air strikes, or committing his reserve, a regimental commander—or even a battalion commander—could exercise very little control over the battle joined. Thus, young company officers and noncommissioned officers, endowed with the ability to work out imaginative tactical combinations and to lead in their execution, had ample opportunity to display these talents, which are not as commonly possessed as is frequently supposed. However, the fight for the southern spine of "Gallop Horse" was, on January 13, to develop into precisely this sort of combat, fought and ultimately decided at such close range that hand grenades were exchanged at less than 20 yards.

The first problem that faced Lieutenant Colonel Herbert V. Mitchell, his executive officer, Captain Charles W. Davis, and his staff was to locate the center of resistance from which light and heavy machine guns fired against any individual who exposed himself. During the hot day, and without water, two companies, one on each side of the ridge, attempted repeatedly to approach its southern nose. Each time they were stopped, and by afternoon the men, their clothes black with sweat and dirt, their throats dry as sandpaper, were on the verge of collapse. But a three-man officer patrol led by Captain Davis had discovered the mutually-supporting Japanese emplacements on Mitchell's objective, Hill 53, and Davis was sure he could take the largest of them with no more than a small patrol.

Before noon on January 13, he and his five-man patrol did so, first crawling to within ten yards, then showering the Japanese with grenades and finally rushing the position and killing most of the enemy in it. A few dazed men stumbled out and fled toward the jungle. This "bold rush" was witnessed by hundreds of soldiers on adjacent ridges, and inspired them to assault and overrun remaining Japanese positions on "Gallop Horse."<sup>12</sup> The left flank of XIV Corps was now firmly anchored about 4500 yards from the sea, and Collins had the maneuver room he needed.

The Japanese were not slow to realize that a decisive effort was in the making, but other than exhort his troops to hold, there was very little Hyakutake could do. He had no reserve either to counterattack or to localize American penetrations. On January 10, the first day of the attack, the 17th

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(Alling) "Night was coming on, as only it can in the jungle, and I was most anxious to get back before it closed in. (Authors; Anyone in the jungle with dusk falling, especially alone, has got to be apprehensive about all those things, enemy, animals, sudden death and, always, the unknown, that go to make up a part of our natural fears in such situations.) I nearly jumped out of my shoes when somebody said "Halt, or I'll fire!". I had found my way back to our base and, with the sun disappearing behind the hills, was I ever happy. A couple weeks later I was in the field hospital, on the Canal, for two weeks before being flown to the Naval Base Hospital "Roses" in New Hebrides with malaria, yellow jaundice, and whatever else it took to drop my weight to 118 lbs."

By the first week, of Jan. 1943, the Divisions of the XIV Corps numbered over 40,000 men as compared with less than 25,000 men of the Jap 17th Army. Gen. Patch explained his plan for the first offensive to Gen. Collins in a Letter of Instruction, dtd. 5 Jan. 1943.



SUPPLY MOVEMENT TO MOUNT AUSTEN was accomplished by groups of native bearers called the "Cannibal Battalion," (above) and over Wright Road. Photographed from Hill 29 in January 1943.

Upon receipt of Gen. Patch's orders, the 25 Div. made preparations to attack. Gen. Collins issued Field Order #1, on 8 Jan. '43. With the 3 Btn. of the 182 Inf., Americal Div. Recon. Sq., and the 1 Btn., 2<sup>d</sup> Marines attached, the 25 Div. would attack at 0635, 10 Jan. It was to seize and hold a line about 3000 yds. west of Mt. Austen.

The 27th Inf. Rgt., commanded by Col. William McCulloch, was ordered to capture the high ground between the northwest and southwest forks of the Matanikau.

(Phil File) "With the preliminaries out of the way we struck camp one morning and started hiking up the beach in a northwesterly direction. It was hot and altho this so-called road was the main drag along the beach, it was nothing but a deer path so bad so anything I'd seen in my mind to

