size and toughness. All seem to be above six feet tall and as hard as nails. In training they get sprayed with animal blood thrown in their face, to see if they can take it. It was good training, because for the past three days there was plenty of bloodshed. The Raiders were out to kill Japs and they killed plenty.

I got in on the fight through a coincidence. I was temporarily aboard a transport en route to my own ship at sea off the Solomons and got to go ashore. I wouldn't have missed it for the world.

SNEAKED UP ON JAPS

Early in the morning of August 7, with clouds hiding the moon, our transport slipped into Tulagi Harbor undetected and our planes swooped down to strafe and bomb the islands while our escorting warships shelled the shore.

We shoved off from our transport and went over to another transport to take aboard some Raiders. They quickly scrambled over the side and took seats in the bottom of the boat. Most of them lit cigarets and crouched there calmly. There wasn't much talk. Looking back from my post in the bow, all I could see was helmets and shoulders of Marines with their rifles between their knees.

My boat was the first which headed inward Tulagi. We had hoped to make a landing at 5:30 a.m., but we kept right on going. At 3 a.m. Sunday we were yet from the ship "all is well." Then hell broke loose.

Over to the west, toward the mainland, there was a sudden rumble of gunfire. Instantly three ships were burning, great blazes of light against the black night.

One ship seemed to explode and looked as if it was lifted right out of the water by the explosion. I saw searchlights briefly illuminating a ship. Then there were no more flashes both from the ships with the searchlights and from the ship that was being illuminated. We knew it was a fight between Jap and American surface vessels.

It was impossible to tell whether we were winning or losing or what was happening. We heard conflicting reports and three times before sunrise we were lifted aboard the transport, which prepared to leave the area.

At 5:30 a.m. the transport pulled out and we thought we were abandoned. We went over to another transport nearby where we were told the landings would continue as scheduled.

IN MIDDLE OF FIGHT

We took supplies aboard and headed inshore. By mistake we landed on Gavutu instead of Tulagi. Marines were walking along the beach only a few feet from us. Frequently one would kneel and fire at some target we couldn't see.

Five Raiders came along the beach and suddenly opened fire with tommyguns at a coconut tree. We thought they'd gone crazy. A few coconuts dropped from the tree. Then a dead Jap fell down and we decided the raiders weren't crazy.

overhead bombing and strafing in front of the advancing Marines. It was really reassuring to see those planes.

While our boat was going toward the shore we received an air raid alarm and in the distance we saw the splashes of bombs dropping around our transports across the channel off Guadalcanal. I saw two Japanese planes plunge to the sea in flames and I heard that at least 14 were downed.

'ACCIDENTALLY DRIFTED'

After we made a few trips we were told to stand by on transport to await the unloading of Marine troops who weren't scheduled to go ashore until the Raiders had the situation well in hand. We were anxious to see what was going on and three times we "accidentally" drifted so close that the Marine commander reprimanded us.

We tied up to our transport Saturday night. Heavy guns broke out but we kept right on chow. At 2 a.m. Sunday we were yet from the ship "all is well." Then hell broke loose.

Over to the west, toward the mainland, there was a sudden rumble of gunfire. Instantly three ships were burning, great blazes of light against the black night.

One ship seemed to explode and looked as if it was lifted right out of the water by the explosion. I saw searchlights briefly illuminating a ship. Then there were no more flashes both from the ships with the searchlights and from the ship that was being illuminated. We knew it was a fight between Jap and American surface vessels.

It was impossible to tell whether we were winning or losing or what was happening. We heard conflicting reports and three times before sunrise we were lifted aboard the transport, which prepared to leave the area.

At 5:30 a.m. the transport pulled out and we thought we were abandoned. We went over to another transport nearby where we were told the landings would continue as scheduled.

IN MIDDLE OF FIGHT

We took supplies aboard and headed inshore. By mistake we landed on Gavutu instead of Tulagi. Marines were walking along the beach only a few feet from us. Frequently one would kneel and fire at some target we couldn't see.

Five Raiders came along the beach and suddenly opened fire with tommyguns at a coconut tree. We thought they'd gone crazy. A few coconuts dropped from the tree. Then a dead Jap fell down and we decided the raiders weren't crazy.

tially filled with rice and other food were standing on the tables with chopsticks scattered about. We found some Japanese saki and beer and champagne cider, and tried them all.

We made 10 trips to the beach during daylight Sunday and several times I wandered considerable distances around Tulagi. From the beach a path led through a ravine leading from the north to the south side of the island, through hills. The ravine is about 50 yards long, 15 feet deep and eight feet wide.

SMOKING OUT JAPS

Several of our Marines with rifles were lying on their stomachs on top of the ravine. Others were gathering brush which they threw on the bodies of three Japs. They threw the brush on the bodies of three Japs. They threw the house. The Marines burned matches and lighted the brush. They told me it was to smoke out five other Japs in a cave in the side of the ravine.

While I was watching one Jap stuck a rifle out of the cave and shot. The bullet hit a Marine in the bow, missing the bone. Another Marine tapped him on the shoulder and said "dressing station's down there." The Marine got up without a word and walked down. Another Marine took his place at the rifle. Just then a Jap walked out of the cave in front of our eyes and seated himself on the path. He was laughing loudly and a little hysterically. He had a full uniform but no rifle or helmet. Apparently waiting to be killed drove him crazy. He didn't wait much longer.

Our raiders weren't the least bit excited. All they wanted to do was kill Japs. Some of them had been at Midway. While we were on the beach, Marines would walk out of the woods and ask for a smoke. We'd give it and ask how it was going. The most they would say was "O.K. Have to go back and get a couple in there." I remember asking one if our losses were heavy. He said "they've killed some of us."

JAPS VETERANS TROOPS

The beach was sprinkled with the bodies of Japs. Most of the Japs were shot through the head. The Japs were apparently veteran troops. They didn't look very young. Some of their uniforms were much like the Marines except different colored leggings and cartridge belts.

The Marines were allowed to carry whatever weapons they chose. All had knives, which they spent the night before the attack sharpening.

The Marines told me the Japs spoke good English and used clever tricks. One Jap took the clothes from a dead Marine and started to pass our sentries just at dusk. The Jap challenged a sentry on the back and inquired, "what's doing, kid?" the sentry answered, "never mind what's cooking." Then the Marine shot him.

The first night ashore the Marines occupied a large building but decided to sleep outside, and posted sentries. The next morning they went to re-enter the building and were met by machine gun fire. Somehow during the night 14 Japs had got through our lines and into which I can assure you they're getting daily from Colonel Carlson's

SNIPER BAIT

The Marines let us wander everywhere on the island, but we stopped doing it much when we learned they were using us as a bait to trap snipers. Several times a Bluejacket would walk past a Marine crouching silently by the path. The Bluejacket would get a few feet past when he would hear shots—one from a sniper aiming at him and the other from the Marine who'd been waiting for the sniper to give away his position.

All the time we were unloading, shooting was going on not far from us. At one point the Marines were throwing grenades into holes in the cliffs to get the Japs out.

Seeing those Marines fight made you proud of them. I'd heard about the Japs' suicidal charges. But those Marines were entirely oblivious to their own safety. They walked right into fire and when some of them were killed, others kept going.

These Marines didn't seem to give a damn whether they lived or died, as long as they died shooting Japs.

Western Pacific

on

Double Duty

The railroads of America serve the public by moving vast quantities of freight and many thousands of traveling Americans.

Western Pacific, now, is doing double duty. The Army and the Navy are depending upon the Nation's railroads, to move men and munitions smoothly, efficiently and rapidly. That, today and until Victory, is our first order of business.

At the present time there are no restrictions on civilian travel but if you are making a trip we suggest you make arrangements early.

For tickets, reservations or information, inquire:

J. J. HICKEY, General Agent
299 Post Street, SUter 1651 *or*
ticket office, Ferry Building

R. J. CLELAND, General Agent
1944 Broadway, Oakland
TEmplebar 0404

☆

Western Pacific

BUY WAR BONDS!

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS

Kem-Tone

FOR PAINTING WALLS, CEILINGS ... AND OVER WALLPAPER!



IT'S SOMETHING REALLY NEW IN PAINT!

IN NEW, SMART PASTEL COLORS!

- THIN WITH WATER . . .
- PAINT ON ANY SURFACE . . .
- USE JUST ONE COAT . . .
- IT'S DRY IN ONE HOUR . . .
- —AND IT'S WASHABLE!

Mix 1 gallon with water and make 1½ gallon paint. Your cost, ready to apply $1.98 per gal.

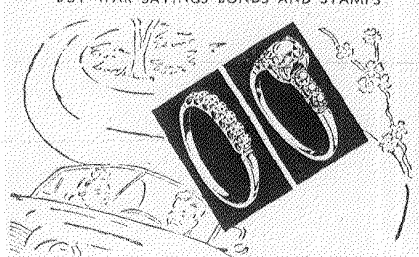
$2.98 GALLON *Paste Form*

Have you seen KEM-TONE demonstrated at our downtown store? Come in and try it yourself.

MAXWELL HARDWARE CO.
OAKLAND—BERKELEY

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS

BUY WAR SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS



Extra brilliance means a lot in her DIAMOND

Of course she may appreciate any diamond you give her because it comes from you. But she'll appreciate it a lot more if hers is truly a fine quality diamond with the extra brilliance and beauty found only in the better quality gems.

Before you select her diamond we invite you to drop in for a talk with our diamond experts. There is no obligation. They will be glad to show you the difference in diamonds and help you in every possible way.

Illustrated—Orange Blossom engagement ring with brilliant blue-white diamond and six-cut diamonds, $200. Matching wedding ring with seven diamonds, $95.

(Convenient Payments Arranged)

H. Morton Co.
Jewelers and Silversmiths
1928 BROADWAY

Registered Jewelers ◆ American Gem Society

FRANK WERNER
☆ 1960 Broadway ☆

Trim and smartly new!

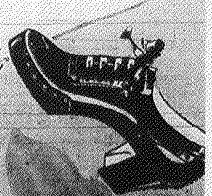
POLISHED CALF

by I. MILLER





Suave little models . . . brilliantly new, deftly attuned to your busy Autumn program. High, low or medium heels, sophisticated details.



'DOG FIGHTS' DESCRIBE

Firebaugh then describes the many-sided do that ensued for the next h

"I saw tracer bullets g me," he continued. "O tacked me here on the insisting to a tiny cre reached goggles off. I got in the cockpit and I bail out but the radio co me and said me right down

"I broke the cord pu off at about 5000 feet. I the ripcord right away I thought they would h parachute down and ma me.

That was my first ju years of flying. I dropped ably with my back toward and the only casualties was from the flying suit on my legs.

"I looked over my sho saw the water was getti close, and jumped the 'c chute went between my and popped me into the when it opened. About ninety feet to the water it struck. Then Zeros came a to me in the water but do

LIFE-JACKET DISCARD

"I was within about fi of a tiny isle and started toward it. My life-jac have been damaged as fo to wonder) stay inflated.

50 British Prison Escape from Fra

BERLIN (from Berlin radio), Sept. 7.—(U.P.)—Fifty war prisoners interned in mountainous Pyrenees resort ceeded in escaping, Berlin radio today in a dispatch fro Two of the fugitives w to, have been captured the day while walking a beach.

HELP UNCLE SAM—BUY MORE BONDS AND STAMPS