

SEABEE NEWS SERVICE

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NAVY ESTABLISHES NEW UNIT CITATION

The Navy has established, with the approval of the President of the United States, a unit citation that will be junior to the Presidential Unit Citation and will be known as the Navy Unit Commendation. The ribbon, of standard Navy size, will consist of a wide myrtle green stripe in the center with smaller cardinal red, spanish yellow and royal blue strips extending to the edge, in that order, on either side and will be worn next after the Presidential Unit Citation.

The commendation will be awarded by the Secretary of Navy to any Naval activity which, subsequent to December 6, 1941, has distinguished itself by outstanding heroism in action against the enemy, but not sufficiently to justify award of the Presidential Unit Citation. It also will be awarded to any unit which has distinguished itself by extremely meritorious service not involving combat but in support of military operations.

To win the commendation, the unit must have performed service as a unit of a character comparable to that which would merit the award of a Silver Star Medal or a Legion of Merit to an individual.

Personnel serving in the unit at the time the commendation was won will be authorized to wear the ribbon.

HOT SPOT

"We'd just located our new camp site on the map and were headed into the jungle toward it," said CMM Clyde H. Witmyer of the 117th, "when we stumbled onto a detachment of Marines. The lieutenant in charge took one look at our chart and yelled, 'Stay the hell out of there! That's the exact spot we're throwing 75 mm shells into right now!'"

The Seabee was describing his experiences as a member of a survey party made up of men from the 39th and 117th Battalions and headed by Comdr. Michael J. Burke, CEC, USNR. The group had penetrated the interior of a newly-taken island while the jungle was still infested with Japs.

The men had been flown to the new base ahead of the main body of Seabees to map out locations for the naval installations to be built. For more than a month they had been inland, hacking their way through the tropical underbrush.

Attempting to concentrate on an engineering problem while Marine patrols close by were attempting to clean out Jap guerillas is 'unhealthy' work, according to Witmyer. Unexploded shells, grenades, mines, and booby traps, all plentifully sprinkled about, also were unnerving.

The Seabees' greatest scare, however, came when they heard the 117th Battalion was on a ship lying off shore. The surveyors rushed to stake out the camp galley location, something they had nearly forgotten.

Said Witmyer: "Japs or no Japs, I don't think our lives would have been worth a plugged nickel if the boys had discovered we'd surveyed all through those hills, but hadn't laid out a place for them to eat!"

TINIAN FIELD AMONG SEABEES' BIGGEST JOBS

Construction of one of the Navy's new airstrips in the Marianas involved moving 1,060,000 cubic yards of earth and coral, one of the largest earthmoving jobs the Seabees have ever attempted. Despite delays caused by enemy bombing and strafing attacks, the first plane was able to land on the strip 45 days after work was begun, exactly on schedule.

The Naval Construction Brigade which handled the job was commended by the Commander, Forward Area, Central Pacific, not only for building the 6,000 foot strip, but also for its construction of service buildings, a tank farm, water supply system, and housing facilities for thousands of officers and enlisted men.

PONTOONERS DELIVERED AT PELELIU

Beginning on D-Day and working thirteen days and nights without relief, a Seabee pontoon detachment at Peleliu unloaded over 60,000 tons of materials from 100 LST's within a space of two weeks, according to Lt. Comdr. E. P. Littlejohn, CEC, USNR, OinC of the unit. During this period, the Seabees lived on C rations and frequently operated under machine gun and mortar fire.

"When the first pontoon causeways were pushed into place," Comdr. Littlejohn revealed, "they were less than 500 yards from a Jap machine gun nest."

After a week, the Seabees set up a temporary camp on the beach, near the shore end of the causeways.

"The only location we could get," the Commander recalled, "was alongside a Marine howitzer battery. They fired intermittently both day and night. We didn't sleep too well."

During the first days ashore, the Seabees ate at the howitzer battery's field kitchen. But by the end of the week the pontoon detachment men had accumulated enough galley equipment not only to prepare their own meals but also to lay claim to "the best galley on Peleliu." Their method was simple: They treated each departing Marine unit to a square meal --- and received spare field ranges and cooking utensils from the grateful and always-hungry Leathernecks.

The detachment is now at Pearl Harbor awaiting a new assignment. His last memory of Peleliu, says Comdr. Littlejohn, is that of a Marine strolling up one of the causeways leading a giant land crab on a leash.

WITH THE GREATEST OF EASE

"Hit the dirt!" is slow-freight for Leighton L. Reimer, CM3c. On Saipan, Reimer was strafed by a Jap plane. "I heard a ping and saw a bullet hole in the dirt," he said. "I didn't even look up -- I just spread my wings and soared into the ditch!"

ADMIRAL HEWITT LAUDS SEABEES

For its part in the invasion of Southern France, Detachment 1040 has received a "Well Done" from Admiral H. K. Hewitt, USN, Commander of the U. S. Eighth Fleet.

"The accomplishments of this detachment," said the Admiral, "in the shore-side clearance of Toulon, Port-de-Bouc and, to a limited extent, in Marseille, were outstanding. This is especially so in view of the fact that the detachment had not been trained or equipped for this type of work, and, as a result, had to resort to use of local materials and ingenious employment of the limited equipment at their disposal. It was a job 'Well Done'!"

The Seabees, after employing their pontoon causeways to disembark troops and equipment over the beaches of Southern France moved into Toulon, after the Nazis had fled, to reopen the port. Pontoon causeways and wooden ramps were constructed over sunken vessels alongside the piers and wharfs to permit the unloading of large supply ships. The first Liberty ship was berthed just 24 hours after start of work.

Lt. Comdr. H. C. Wilson, CEC, USNR, is OinC of the detachment.

STEEL BOULEVARD SUPPLIED TINIAN

On Tinian, in the Marianas, Seabees built a record breaking steel road of pontoons while under fire. The steel boulevard, more than 500 feet long, carried across a lagoon and over a coral reef which had kept supply ships far off the beach.

CORPSMEN BUILD OWN HOSPITAL

With the aid of a few Seabee supervisors, 105 Navy medical corpsmen - laboratory technicians, druggists, undertakers, school teachers, X-ray specialists -- at an advanced base in the Marianas started almost from scratch to build a 500-bed hospital.

"We came here expecting to move into a finished establishment," said Lt. Comdr. P. F. Polentz, MC, USNR, executive officer of the hospital unit, "but, instead, with the Seabees' help, we pitched in to build it ourselves."

Primitive working conditions handicapped the Navy men. "We had to adapt a lot of salvaged Jap stuff, including repaired trucks, as we were still short on our own heavy equipment," explained CCM William H. McCarthy, a Seabee supervisor. "We even used water buffalo to haul supplies!"

None of the corpsmen had any previous construction experience, but they set up the 43-quonset-hut hospital at a speed of one hut every two days. Japanese labor units, used to start the job, required fifty per cent more time.

"The corpsmen used regular Seabee procedure," said Mathew E. Rankl, CM3c. "They were split into construction squads of ten to twelve men to speed up the work. One squad put in the floors, with sills and joists; the next group assembled the ribs and placed windows; another did the inside finish work, such as applying masonite and insulation, and finally the roofing gang came along with the corrugated iron.

"These are prefabricated buildings," the Seabee added. "With a little common sense and some systematic organization, even inexperienced men can get 'em up pretty fast.

EASY COME, EASY GO

One man plucked a \$20 bill off the top of a packing case. Another picked a crisp new bill from the ground. A third snatched at a \$20 note caught on the branch of a tree. Money, excited 117th Battalion Seabees yelled to each other, was falling all over the place!

Quickly, the scuttlebutt got under way. The yarn to make the rounds fastest was that Jap pilots, slap-happy after their losses in a raid the previous night, were bombarding the island with cash!

Lt. Chet Pond, Jr., SC, USNR, battalion disbursing officer, let the mates in on the prosaic truth. A gust of wind had blown \$500 in bills out of the hands of the storekeeper who was getting the battalion payroll ready. The treasure hunt ended with the \$500 back in Lt. Pond's possession.

"It just goes to show," moralized one Seabee, "Money doesn't grow on trees -- even when you find it there!"

TAKING NO CHANCES

"Sniper Street" is a three-mile road running from Tinian's coral pits to one of the island's new airfields. Jap stragglers firing from the brush have made life miserable for Seabee truck drivers working the night shift along the highway. The run is dangerous enough so that every man carries a loaded carbine.

"This isn't much like that route you used to have in the States," a mate joshed one of the drivers who had been a civilian trucker.

"No," the operator answered, "but it's like the Skipper said. The coral has to be moved and it's our job to do it. Any of the drivers who want another job can get it for the asking.

"How many men have asked for transfers?"

"None!" snapped the driver. "Do you think we want inexperienced men making junkers out of our new equipment?"

AMUSED

The sight of their Chief frantically searching for a helmet while under enemy fire kept a group of Seabees laughing so hard they light-heartedly declined to be rescued from the gasoline-laden barge which was the target of the Jap attack, admitted CMM Wilbur Robbins as he told how his men had "stayed with their ship" just off Peleliu Island.

Robbins was in charge of a group of four pontoon barges the Seabees were using to haul ammunition, fuel and supplies from transports to the Marines fighting on the beach.

"The second night of the invasion," he recalled, "we anchored our barges off a reef near Bloody Nose Ridge. Just about sunrise, the anchor chain parted and a barge loaded with flame-thrower fuel and 100-octane gasoline broke loose and ran aground on the reef.

"I stayed with the crew of the barge to see if we could work it free, but in about fifteen minutes the Japs on the island spotted us and started throwing mortar fire in our direction. I grabbed for my helmet but it was gone. I'd been lugging that darned helmet around with me for months, and the first time I really needed it, I couldn't find it!

"Just then a boat came by and offered to pick us up, but the boys were in such a good humor from laughing at me, they decided to stay on the barge despite its exposed position and wait for the incoming tide.

"We remained there like clay pigeons in a shooting gallery for two hours while Jap mortars peppered away at us." Then the tide raised the barge high enough to float free, and we moved out to safety.

ROUGH

To quote CMM Holger Ahlstrom, veteran of Tinian, "Forty minutes in a cistern with a dead Jap is a pretty lousy experience, any way you want to look at it."

Ahlstrom came to this not surprising conclusion one night when he dove down a cistern to escape enemy bombers, landed next to a Jap whose spirit had joined its ancestors some time earlier.

When the "all clear" sounded, Ahlstrom scrambled back to work --- but fast!

INSTALLERS BECOME INVENTORS

Installation of flame throwers on light tanks for the Army and Marines by men of the 117th Battalion has brought commendations from Admiral Nimitz, the Army's Lt. Gen. Richardson and Marine Lt. Gen. Holland Smith.

Six men were assigned to ordinary welding and mechanical chores on the project to work under direction of the Marines, but technical difficulties were encountered. After dawdling about for most of a day, the Seabees learned that problems lay ahead, pitched in to help solve them and, with the Marines, eventually produced effective flame throwers.

Said Admiral Nimitz: "... gratified with the spirit of cooperation and excellent services rendered by (the 117th) battalion in expediting the development of a valuable weapon."

Commendatory letters also came from Army and Marine officers.

The flame-thrower detail was directed by Warrant Officer O'Neill P. Quinlan, CEC, USNR, and included: Arthur A. Reichle, MMS1c; Roy E. Forseth, SF1c; John T. Patterson, SF1c; Dale W. Reid, SF1c; Edward V. Riley, WT1c; and Charles Schwab, MMS1c.

TREAT

All year long Francis L. Gaddis, SC2c, of the 17th Battalion, has been baking pastries -- pies, doughnuts, cakes. Especially cakes. Hundreds of chocolate cakes, pineapple upside-down cakes, sponge cakes, white cakes, brown cakes, even pink cakes. Then, 8,000 miles from home, Gaddis got a Christmas present. Yup, it was a cake.

FANCY MEETING YOU HERE

The middle of an invasion is a helluva place to hold a reunion but that's what the VanMeter brothers did during the assault on Anguar in the Palaus.

Operating a pontoon barge transporting troops and supplies to the beachhead, Seabee Leon, SF2c, a member of a pontoon detachment, was flabbergasted to see his brother, Harold, attached to an Army assault group, drop onto the barge from a troop transport.

While carrier-based planes roared through the skies and heavy Navy shells whistled overhead, Leon and Harold swapped experiences until the barge grounded on the beach. Harold waded ashore with his unit and Leon returned to his job of ferrying men and supplies from ship to shore.

How well he performed these duties was attested to by the three commendations he received for his courage and outstanding performance.

PRESS ROOM

"You don't have to be crazy to edit a Seabee newspaper," says Henry Senber, Y2c, of the 117th Battalion, "but it isn't always easy to prove!"

Senber, as a matter of fact, had difficulty proving it when he spent nearly a month aboard a crowded troop transport editing his battalion's newspaper, the REVIEW, from the ship's psychopathic ward!

The Seabee planned to issue the REVIEW daily for the men travelling on the packed vessel. For days he tried without success to find space, just enough to set up typewriter and mimeograph. Then, discovering the ship's psychopathic ward was fresh out of customers, he applied for admittance there; was readily accepted.

The REVIEW office was thus established in a cell equipped with heavy steel door and grilled peep hole. The door opened only from the outside. No sooner had Senber set up shop inside, than a roll of the ship slammed it shut!

The Seabee's cries brought a sentry on the run. He explained his predicament; pointed out that he had a paper to get out on schedule.

The sentry looked first at Senber's face, framed in the grill opening, then at the sign above it: "Psychopathic Ward."

"I dunno, bud," he muttered. "Ain't so sure but what maybe you b'long in there!" And he took off to find the Officer of the Day.

"Eventually I was released," says Senber, "and got that first issue out on time.

"I've worked on many papers that were called insane asylums in my day. But, to my knowledge, this is the first one that was actually published in a padded cell!"

ALMOST BUT NOT QUITE

Japs at Peleliu made an ingenious attempt to destroy Seabee pontoon causeways. The Nips floated mines down with the current. But Seabee demolition men waded into the surf and removed the detonators.

HIS NICKNAME IS CLICK

John J. Gacek, MM3c, of CBD 1054 is henceforth going to be called "Click" and here's why:

Gacek and a pontoon barge crew drew a bead on what later proved to be a Jap Imperial Marine who apparently was trying to attach a mine to their barge. Gacek's mates fired --- his salt-crust carbine only clicked.

A short time later, Gacek pulled up to fire at a rustling sound in the bushes because warnings had been issued of infiltrating Japs. The carbine clicked again --- and a frightened dog leaped out of the brush, bounded into the cab of a truck, spent the night and moved out.

Note Gacek's carbine is now in good order.

FINDERS KEEPERS? THEY HOPE NOT!

Trophy-hunting on Saipan, three Seabees found more than they had bargained for when they returned with a "souvenir" that could walk, talk, and eat.

The men, Henry Shuttieworth, SC2c; John D. Lee, Bkr.1c; and O. G. Jones, S1c, nearly became fathers by adoption when they discovered a tiny Japanese girl in a cave.

The youngster was placed in a hospital, but not before Shuttieworth, who is married but childless, and Jones, who is single, had become thoroughly alarmed at the prospect of having to take care of her.

Only Lee, a parental sophisticate with a 13-year-old daughter, appeared unperturbed. "We could have done it if we had to!" he said.

IT STOOD UP, TOO

Yes, it was happening right in front of their eyes; cynics stood with mouths agape. Ten of the battalion's officers -- a lieutenant-commander, four lieutenants, and five chief warrants -- were hard at work on a quonset. Another lieutenant was driving a truck of scrap lumber to the job. And the structure going up was the BOQ!

The officers' quarters had been last on the battalion's camp construction schedule. If they were in a hurry to move into a quonset, the OinC had told them, he had no objection to their building it themselves. No enlisted personnel, he explained could be spared for the job at present.

"It was," sighed the battalion's newspaper rhapsodically, "a sight worth seeing!"

THE COOKS AND BAKERS, BLESS 'EM!!

The manner in which the 135th Battalion's cooks and bakers handled the food situation during the early hours on their new beachhead is bringing praise from all hands.

With Charles W. Wright, SC1c, as galley captain, the "unsung corps" had carried enough K rations from a compound to feed the forward echelon within two hours after landing. They built their own shelter from salvaged Jap lumber, set up emergency cookers with GI cans and oil drums and were serving hot coffee six hours after the campsite had been established. As supplies were brought ashore, some of the cooks were at work in the compound and others were furnished for the guard detail.

A temporary galley which consisted of one range and two field kitchens was in operation seven days after the advance echelon landed.

A PRIVILEGE

The spirit of close cooperation which has been a keystone of Seabee-Marine relationships is apparent again in a letter received by Lt. Comdr. Lester M. Marx, OinC of the 57th Battalion, from the Commanding General of a Marine Corps Division.

"On behalf of the officers and men," the letter said in part, "I wish to express appreciation for your services in connection with the wounded of this Division who were evacuated to your station after (a recent) operation.

"The magnificent care and many kindnesses shown to our casualties has our deepest gratitude."

JAMMED UP

Tom Evans, EM2c, of the 77th Battalion, prefers not to remember the days when the Japs were still bombing Bougainville -- or that he gave them a target.

Evans, on duty when a raid warning came, shut off his generators to black out the camp, jammed a flashlight in his pocket and took off for shelter.

"Suddenly I was aware that a Jap plane had roared into a dive right above me and at the same time came shouts to 'shut off that damned light!' The flashlight switch had caught as I put the light in my pocket and was throwing a welcome beam at the Jap flier. I grabbed for the light in such a frenzy I tore off my pocket and part of my trouser leg. The light rolled away and I dived on it like a halfback after a fumble.

"The Jap was a poor marksman. His bomb hit in the jungle 50 yards away!"

UNFAIR

A complaint has been registered by Henry J. Graf, S1c. He says Jap bombers are unfair.

Graf's indignation stems back to an episode on Saipan a few weeks ago. The Japs came over and shot up a stretch of territory on which both the Seabees and Army Engineers were working.

"Why," says Graf, "one of their bombs blasted away most of a hill the Engineers were planning to remove anyway. But us Seabees - the damn Japs make us tear 'em down!"

TWO TARDY TENANTS

Two Jap soldiers who had "overstayed their leave" within the confines of Marine-Seabee reservations were unearthed by the 135th Battalion's Dominic Zoucha, MM1c, and his bulldozer. Zoucha was working with Guido Jafolla, CCM, a grade foreman, in preparing a foxhole shelter near a partly-built taxiway. Lights of the 'dozer flashed on

opening of what appeared to be an abandoned Jap dugout and as Zoucha rolled the 'dozer toward the hole, two shrieking Japs leaped out and hit for the high timber. They had been living within 150 feet of a new gun emplacement.

"WITHOUT RELIEF AND WITHOUT COMPLAINT"

Melvin E. Merrill, SF2c, manned his "sea-going" filling station off Peleliu for 72 hours without relief in order to keep landing craft on the move toward the beaches.

A commendation by his OinC cited his "exceptional skill, outstanding devotion to duty, cool judgment under firm and in bad surf and tide conditions."

KEEP THOSE BOTTLES MOVING-- AND QUIET!

The 31st Special has been awarded an official commendation by the Commanding General of the Army garrison force on a Pacific island for the skill, speed and care with which the Seabees unloaded a certain ship.

In addition, the cargo handling won the deep appreciation of every man on the island. The ship was loaded with beer!

The commendation said in part:

"The procedure, using pallets instead of slings, and using a loading ramp on the pier and restacking into trucks, has decreased the number of broken cases and bottles of beer tremendously. In using the slings only 60 or 70 cases were loaded into a truck. The repacking system steps it up between 170 and 210 cases per load, thereby creating approximately a 300 per cent saving in trucking facilities.

The 31st's stevedores disclaim too much credit, saying, "mate, when you unload beer you are gentle, cautious, careful -- and FAST!"

CONSEQUENCES OF OVER-INDULGENCE

Mascot of the Central Pacific Area's Seabee football team is "Grunt," a seven-months-old wild boar reputed to have a capacity of a dozen "cokes" per game and two or three beers per night.

The diet has been putting twenty pounds a month on "Grunt," a situation which hasn't escaped the Seabees' attention.

"At the end of the season," says his owner, Ronald Egan, CM3c, prodding the boar thoughtfully, "we might be ready for a barbecue."

SEABEES ACCELERATE ADVANCE

"This fine piece of engineering . . . marks a great stride forward in the acceleration of the development of future installations which will assist in pushing the war into enemy territories," wrote the Army Commanding General of a newly-invaded island to officers and men of the 101st Battalion upon the completion of a new road, the "West Side Highway."

"The officers and men who have made this asset available to our operations have made thereby a direct contribution towards the defeat of our enemy," the commendation said.

The commendation also bears the endorsements of the colonel commanding Army Engineers on the island and the OinC of the Seabee regiment.

HONEST JOHN

He'd like to pay two years' back dues to his Masonic lodge, says John D. Barker, CM1c, but he doesn't know how to do it. The Seabee was a member of Corregidor Island Lodge No. 5; he was in the States at the time the island fell to the Japs.

CHOW LINE'S A GOOD FORMATION!

The 117th Battalion had a hot meal from Irven W. Watkins' galley on the second day after they hit the beaches. Watkins, CCStd, and his staff of 40 cooks, bakers and butchers, went to work in a hurry after the landings, supplemented tinned rations with a hot meal for several days, began full operation on the fifth day. Now they're feeding 1,000 in 30 minutes. "The thing that has impressed me most," says Watkins, "is the constant good humor of the men. No matter how tough conditions get, they always find something to joke about --- especially the chow!"

BRRRR!

Silvio F. Tucci, S1c, George McCann, BM2c, and Sam Curtis, BM2c, are three Seabees who might welcome a hitch in the Pacific. Until now, the three have been handling cold weather jobs exclusively. A typical assignment on which they worked in Unalaska was to build 155-foot steel columns for a Navy radio station.

For two months straight, it rained or snowed every day -- without exception. Temperatures never exceeded 25 degrees. Fifty-knot winds swayed the towers, chilled the workmen. But they got the job done -- and in a third less time than had been planned!

135th A VERSATILE CREW

Their specialty is construction, but Seabees of the 135th Battalion are pretty fair hands at stevedoring when the occasion demands. Wrote the master of a transport to Lt. Comdr. Paul C. Gillette, battalion OinC: "... (your men) ... with limited cargo handling experience, have performed the discharge of this vessel under adverse weather conditions ... They did very well. ... The coordination of your best men was perfect. ..."

SHORT SPORT SHOTS

War Mobilization Director James F. Byrnes' "request" which closed down nation's horse and dog racing tracks from Jan. 3, 1945 "until war conditions permit re-opening" and directed Selective Service to review military qualifications of athletes in pro and amateur sports between "18 and 26" causing much apprehension in sporting circles. . . . Although physical standards for military service have not been lowered, substantial number of college and pro athletes hold 4-F classification because of injuries sustained in sports competition and re-examination may disclose such conditions have been remedied sufficiently to make them acceptable for induction. . . . Baseball big-wigs, while worried, cautiously refused to comment on edict's possible effect on forthcoming season. . . . National Pro Football League plans to continue operations with 4-F talent as nucleus. . . . survey of one league team revealed 9 of its 28 players hold medical discharges from the service and 10 classified 4-F because of old football injuries. . . .

Importance of physical training activities afloat and in forward areas emphasized by Commander Gene Tunney's appointment as Special Assistant to the Chief of Naval Personnel for Physical Training, permitting him to make more extensive tours to various Fleets and Naval Bases. . . .

Paul (Dizzy) Trout and Hal Newhouser, Detroit hurlers who ran up 56 victories and pitched the Tigers to within one game of pennant captured most of the pitching honors in AL during 1944 season. . . . Official figures revealed Trout and Newhouser not only were only hurlers in the league to win more than 20 games but also ran one-two in earned-run averages and in strikeouts. . . . Southpaw Newhouser was tops in games won with 29 against 9 losses; led league in strikeouts with 187; and had earned-run average of 2.22. . . . Righthander Trout, with 27 wins and 14 losses, topped earned-run averages with remarkable 2.12 although pitching 352 innings, more than any other pitcher in the league; hurled most complete games, 33; had most shutouts, 7; was second in strikeouts with 144. . . . League's best won and lost percentage record was compiled by Tex Hughson of Red Sox before he entered Army in August with 18 wins against 5 losses for .783. . . .

Cleveland Indians shortstop and manager, Lou Boudreau took 1944 AL batting championship with .327 average, lowest to head circuit since '08, and only two percentage points over Red Sox' Bobby Doerr who played in 125 games before entering service. . . . Nick Etten of Yankees led home-run hitters with 26 round-trippers. . . . Outstanding individual performer was Yanks' George Stirnweiss who finished fourth in batting averages with .319; played in all 154 games; was only player to clear 200-mark in hits with 205; stole most bases, 55; scored most runs, 125; tied teammate Johnny Lindell for triples leadership with 16; and was second to Lindell in total bases with 296. . . . Most spectacular performer was Detroit's Dick Wakefield who, released by Navy in mid-year, played in only 78 games. . . . Dick made 98 hits in 176 at bats for .355 average, slammed 12 homers, five triples, and 15 doubles. . . .

One of the most colorful featherweights to come out of the middle west, Joie Glick, now with the 135th Battalion somewhere in the Pacific. . . . In 9 years of competition, Glick, whose real name is Ralph Good, stepped into the squared circle 187 times, meeting such top-notchers as Mike Dundee, Reddie Blanchard, Joie Lepelle, Bobby Garcia, Kid Chocolate and Benny Leonard. . . . Glick, a MM1c, is now 42. . . . An ex-Marine, Glick served 7 years with the Second Division shortly after the first war and spent two of these years in Shanghai, China. . . .

Nat Fleisher, editor of "Ring Magazine", named Beau Jack, Georgia lightweight, boxer of the year for 1944. . . . Ring's other ratings: Heavyweight, Joe Louis, U. S. Army; light heavyweight, Gus Lesnevich, U. S. Coast Guard; middleweight, Tony Zale, U. S. Navy; welterweight, Freddy Cochrane, U. S. Navy; lightweight, Beau Jack, U. S. Army; featherweight, Willie Pep, ex-U. S. Navy; bantamweight, Manuel Ortiz; flyweight, Jackie Paterson.