

# SEABEE NEWS SERVICE

PREPARED BY THE BUREAU OF YARDS AND DOCKS FOR BATTALION NEWSPAPERS AND BULLETIN BOARDS

NAVDOCKS P-117

ISSUE NO. 63

13 MARCH, 1945

## TOUGH

There was little rest for the Seabee shore parties which accompanied the Marines in the opening phases of the Iwo Jima assault, reports 44-year-old Dean S. Marshall, Sr., BM1c, of Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

A squad leader in an infantry platoon of Seabees, Marshall landed on D-Day a few hours after the first Marine assault troops had cracked through the Jap beach defenses.

"The first four days ashore were tough," he recalled. "We worked day and night unloading ammunition, under Jap fire much of the time. The night of D-Day plus 4 was the first chance I had to get some sleep, and with a sore nose and leg, I didn't make out too well."

The sore nose and leg were the result of two Jap shells which landed near the Seabee's foxhole. Three pieces of shrapnel from the first explosive glanced off his leg, inflicting slight wounds. The second shell followed a few seconds later.

"I had my helmet down over my face so that only my nose stuck out," Marshall said. "The next thing I knew, something hit me in the face. It cut my cheek and skinned the end of my nose. Later, I found a heavy hunting knife in the foxhole. Evidently it had been thrown into the air by the explosion and landed on me. I never did find out where it came from."

"If my nose was a little bit longer," he added, "I might be missing the end of it now."

Marshall walked to a first aid station on the beach, had the shrapnel wounds treated, his nose and face bandaged, and returned to his foxhole. He was on the job the next morning, working with his squad.

## LUCK STEPS IN ON IWO

"That beach was plenty hot. Some of my men were hit immediately."

Thus came one of the first-hand Seabee reports from Iwo Jima, which is giving American forces their toughest fight in the Pacific war. The speaker was 29-year-old CCM Frederick F. Farina, who was on the beach a few hours after the initial wave.

"I landed with my platoon about noon of D-Day and had been hugging the sand for five minutes when a shell landed 10 feet away. A piece of shrapnel cut through my entrenching shovel and buried itself in my pack."

~~... with a ... of ... it back home, vacuumed it and hung it on the mantle.~~

Luck, in a lighter vein, was with 31-year-old Leo J. O'Malley, MM3c. O'Malley landed on D-Day, took shelter in a ready-made shell-hole, and as fire increased, started digging deeper.

"With the first swipe of my shovel I uncovered a pack of dry cigarettes, a can of ale and a hand grenade," he said.

"I lit up a cigarette, put the grenade where it would be handy, tested the ale can to be sure it wasn't a booby trap--and then drank the ale.

"The luck of the Irish, I call it," the Seabee grinned.

### SEABEES ARE CHARACTERS. SAYS NEWSMAN

"The Seabees are the characters of this Pacific war," wrote Shirley Povich, Washington "Post" war correspondent, from Guam. "Even the Marines, who don't like anybody except the Marines, like the Seabees -- even admire 'em. That's the test.

"Everybody on this island and every other island in the Pacific is indebted to the Seabees for something, at some time," he said. "They'll fix your broken belt buckle, or they'll sling together a nice movie theater -- in about the same time, which is quick. They'll repair the intricate plumbing in your cigarette lighter, or maybe you'd like a 40-room Quonset hut for tomorrow. It's just a breeze for the Seabees. They are the collective Mr. Fixit, umpteen thousand strong.

"They're the Navy's construction battalions and they're as liable to be hitting the beaches with the assault troops as they are to be primping a nice little rock garden for Battalion headquarters. They're everywhere.

"The secret weapon of this war is the Seabees' bulldozers. They knock over the trees, hillsides, moderate-sized volcanoes, and anything else on the elimination list. At work, the Seabee bulldozer drivers always have an audience of men from other outfits, enchanted by the results the bulldozers get.

"Machinist Mate 2nd Class George Winston Allen of Texas, a bulldozer jockey, was pounding away near the jungle edge on a Marianas island the other day after dark when his headlight suddenly spotlighted four Japs sitting on a log. They had been watching the operation, apparently quite fascinated by it all. The Japs were doubtless thinking of their own dinkey go-carts that pass for bulldozers. Anyway, they lit out into the jungle.

"Seabee Allen didn't let the incident disturb him. 'It's all in the night's work,' he said. 'I've decided to elect those four Japs to my Sidewalk Superintendents Club. It's growing.

The correspondent went on to explain that the Seabees did pretty well in financial matters as well. "At a B-29 base here," he said, "the chaplain squawked when a Superfortress, distinguished by a beautifully painted nude on its fuselage, drifted into camp. The aviator-artist wasn't on the trip. For 30 bucks, they hired a Seabee to paint swimming trunks and a halter on the lady!

### JUST A TRIM, PLEASE!

Seabee Albert Hoffman celebrated his 47th birthday in novel style.

Bald since 1924, Al recently noticed a slight fuzz beginning to spread over the hitherto "wastelands." So when his birthday rolled around, Al's shipmates helped him observe the occasion by giving him the one thing he had desired most for 20 years -- a haircut!

Al modestly attributes it all to clean living.

*(This story - author unknown - first appeared in a newspaper published by a Seabee battalion at an advanced Pacific base. It is reprinted here in a slightly condensed version.)*

### WE SAW THEM GO

The day was beautiful, but hot for marching. The men who swung into view around a bend of the road were sweating and begrimed. It was evident they had walked far and were tired.

A jeep preceded the column. We caught a glimpse of officers -- old young men who, without sweating, had the same look of weariness as the men on foot.

We thought they were a Marine patrol on maneuvers, but they continued to appear...fifty, a hundred, five hundred, a thousand. Alike and yet not alike.

We noticed their equipment. This was no patrol. Every man carried a full pack and wore a camouflage suit. His rifle was strapped to his pack.

A troop movement.

We stood silently at first. A friendly hand wave, a smile, a "Hi Seabees," broke the ice.

"What outfit, mate?" someone asked.

"The---th Marines."

"What's cookin'?"

"We're shoving off!"

"Where y' goin'?"

"We don't know."

"A tough one?"

"You ain't kiddin'!"

Still it was impersonal. Just men marching by.

Again we studied their equipment. It was the same as ours. But there was a subtle difference. Theirs looked used. There were mudstains, patched tears. Rifle stocks were dark with oil, scarred and bruised.

Every man carried a sheath knife. Here there was a note of individuality. They were of all kinds and all sizes. All looked big and ugly.

The line ahead stopped. The halt ran back like a ripple and suddenly the military machine became a crowd of individuals. With their packs laid down and their helmets off, they were just a lot of good natured kids.

"Where can we get a drink, buddy?"

"Hell, my cigarettes are sweated up."

"Thanks, buddy."

Our mess cooks opened up. No order was given, but tubs of ice water appeared, a line of Marines formed and filed through the galley. Every scrap of pie and cake in the kitchen appeared and disappeared in a twinkling.

The Marines were grateful. They seemed to think we ought to be thanked! We, who merely gave them a drink and a bite as they marched off to battle.

They were impressed with our camp and said so. It made us a little ashamed of our comfortable surroundings. We couldn't thank them for **what they** were doing. But it was in our hearts.

"Let's go!" an officer sang out.

The line formed and became a machine again. This time it was a machine we knew. It still moved inexorably forward but for a few moments at least we recognized a face here and there. There's a fellow whose canteen we filled. There's the tow-headed kid who told us how he wished he could get home. There goes the beanpole lad who said he was hungry. He's still eating the cake we brought him.

We went to the back of our area and stood on a knoll overlooking the valley, where the road winds down to the shore.

An army of men moved in a column of two's, like a huge thousand-legged worm. Five miles away we could see the head of the column as tiny dots on the ridge while rear units still streamed through camp.

At sea, outside the harbor, transports and LST's circled with their destroyer screen. Overhead a great formation of planes swept by, circled, and headed into the distance. The vast invasion armada strained for release.

It was impressive. We were awed by the might of our nation's forces.

But somehow we keep thinking of the tow-headed kid who wanted to go home. We wish we could know he will get there.

(Eds Note! The island was Iwo Jima.)

## CYCLE

Although CBM Leslie M. Kerrison of Haynesville, Louisiana observed his wedding anniversary aboard a troopship anchored in the harbor at Holiandia, New Guinea, he considered it as appropriate a place as any.

Twenty-three years ago, Kerrison and his bride left on a honeymoon voyage. They sailed aboard a Dutch vessel. It's name -- the "Hollandia."

## TAXI SERVICE TEMPORARILY CANCELLED

Footsore from seven days of tramping the beaches of Iwo Jima, Wilmer L. McComas, CM2c, of Lodge Grass, Montana, thought he saw a way to travel in comfort.

McComas, who had landed with a Seabee shore party on D-Day, had spotted a jeep, broken down and apparently abandoned. A bit of tinkering and he had the machine running. He was just starting to pull away when a Marine motioned him to stop.

"Where ya going with that jeep?" the Leatherneck demanded.

"This vehicle is for the Commander," McComas replied with dignity, quickly deciding his C.O. needed transportation more urgently than he.

"There's no Commanders in the Marine Artillery," said the Marine, planting himself in front of the jeep.

McComas admitted he might be right about that.

"Furthermore," said the Leatherneck, sticking out his jaw, "I been in the artillery two years and I never seen you before.

"Friend," said McComas, getting out and trudging up the beach, "it was a case of mistaken identity. You got yourself a jeep that runs.

## VOLUNTEERS FIGHT FLAMES ON BOMBED LST

With streams of water from a destroyer's fire hoses playing over them, two Seabees fought their way through a wall of fire and over the red hot decks of a bomb-blasted LST in an effort to save the ship, it was related by Lt. H. C. Phillips, CEC, USNR, OinC of the Seabee unit aboard.

"The Seabees, Joseph Lipinski, SF1c, and Orville Fondren, QM1c, made their race through the fire in order to carry lines from the destroyer to a "gypsy" at the stern of the LST so the destroyer's fire fighting apparatus could be brought into play. They not only volunteered for the job, but the two of them conceived the idea as the only means of keeping the two ships together.

"The destroyer crew had about given up hope of getting in proper position to fight the fire," Lt. Phillips said, "when Lipinski and Fondren offered to take the line down to the stern. The pressure on the hoses was reduced enough so the force of the water would not make them lose their balance and fall into the fire in the hole.

"They made it without serious injury."

Among the other heroes of the conflagration were Robert Chatwood, PhM3c, who went down into the burning hole to get a can of cooking oil which he knew would be an invaluable aid in the treatment of burns suffered by the other men; and CCM Leonard Bellman who led a detail of Seabees into the hole to find and throw overboard some 400 pounds of dynamite.

In the midst of the fire, Lt. Phillips recalled, CMM Frank M. Cabral was so busy tightening up the springs on 20 mm. magazines that he didn't realize that as fast as he was preparing the shells for the gun, his mates were heaving them over the side.

"In all the noise and confusion, the Chief thought he was just helping feed the gun," chuckled the lieutenant. "Later, when he saw what was happening to his magazines, he was hotter about it than the ship."

### ENIGMA OF BATTLE

What prompted Marine Sgt. Arthur Ervin to wrap his identification tags, letters, and other personal articles in a Japanese flag before he was killed on Saipan probably never will be known.

Seabee Alwyn Johnson, S1c, of Helena, Arkansas, who found the package months later while clearing a proposed road site, said he couldn't even decide whether or not Ervin had bundled his possessions himself; a buddy might have done it after the Marine had died. But then why should he have left his friend's effects in a cane patch?

Johnson came up with the strange package after he had found a dozen shell cases and was moving them off the location. Most of the carbons contained mortar shells, but one had been torn open. Through the hole, the Seabee saw a shred of cloth. He pulled loose nine two-by-three-foot Japanese battle flags. From one of the enemy standards fell Sgt. Ervin's tags, a bundle of letters from his wife, and other personal articles.

The Seabee has forwarded the entire package, including the flag, to the United States for presentation to the Marine's widow, Mrs. Odena Ervin, of Los Angeles, California.

### DOUBLE AS CORPSMEN ON IWO

Scores of Seabees who landed on Iwo Jima on D-Day volunteered as first-aid men and helped care for wounded Marines and Seabees on the hard-won beachhead, according to Staff Sgt. Bill Dvorak, a Marine Corps Combat Correspondent.

They carried stretchers, applied tourniquets, and assisted in administering plasma. All of this was accomplished with the front lines less than 400 yards ahead, and with Jap shells and mortars coming down in a murderous barrage.

Among them were George Mabbett, Cox., of Plymouth, Mass., CEM L. B. Hunter of Shelton, Wash., and Henry A. Schmunk, Flc, of Scott's Bluff, Nebr.

"Our job once we hit the beach was to unload ammunition and supplies from the ships," said Mabbett, a one-time civilian defense first-aid instructor. "When we landed, about two hours after the first Marine assault troops, the Japs were making the entire beach hot, and the regular doctors and corpsmen were unable to keep up with the casualties. Those of us with any experience stepped in to help, that's all."

"It was rough the first few hours, like I never imagined it could be," said Hunter. "It was my first taste of combat and a pretty impressive initiation. I didn't like it but I admired the courage of the Marines so much that I hope I'll be with them again on future operations."

"Those boys have guts. Ordered to hug the sand on the beach when the Jap fire was coming in thick, those around me weren't showing any fright--they were just asking permission to get going, cussing the Japs. When they did assault the Jap pillboxes and other defenses, using flamethrowers and all their other weapons, they did a workman-like job. They're all heroes."

Hunter and Schmunk, besides helping unload the first ships to reach the beach with ammunition, carried the explosives on their backs up a sandy slope to the front lines, working almost without sleep for two days, until roads for vehicles could be established on the island.

#### HEY, WAIT A MINUTE!

The Marines expect fast service from the Seabees, if a story received from Marine Corporal J. M. Purcell is any indication. He described how one optimistic Marine, a few minutes after H Hour at Iwo Jima, cheered his buddies by saying: "The way I figure it, the Seabees are just about starting to work on the airfield by now."

#### SPECIAL DELIVERY

At the Argentia Naval Base in Newfoundland, where "mail" is the first thing men think and say when they hear the sound of approaching motors or glimpse a ship pushing over the curve of the sea, Seabees fight swirling blizzards of snow to see that it gets through.

A correspondent for the Washington "Star," W. H. Shippen, Jr., told how, during a storm in which "a 65-knot wind, like a broom in the hands of some aimless giant, was sweeping snow around the air fields in almost solid layers, the Seabees labored for hours to shove back shifting drifts."

It was midnight, said Shippen, when "the big Seabee lieutenant on snow removal duty shook his head and swore. 'This stuff falls only once, but it keeps right on bouncing!'"

A transport plane was circling overhead. "We've never waved them off yet when they want to come in," said a man at the control tower, "especially when they're lugging letters from home!"

"For 40 endless minutes more," the correspondent continued, the plane circled, "the motor audible only infrequently above the howling storm. The pilots were waiting for a break in visibility...the equipment was lined up to race down the runway into the wind once the proper moment arrived.

"When the pilot messaged at last he would make a try, a parade of heavy equipment rolled down the runway, shoving snow out of a strip a couple of wing lengths wide. At the end of the run the motor equipment dived like moles into the snowbanks -- but quick, because the plane was mushing down right behind it.

"Then the Seabees' snow-plastered monsters thundered up to the hangar, clearing a taxiway for the plane, whose wingtips were rubbing high banks on port and starboard. The United States mail had arrived.

"Mail's down, Cookie," a jubilant sailor shouted to his mate as the plane unloaded, "if you don't get a letter, I'll let you read mine! My girl don't write often -- but good -- but good!"

#### LOVE TAP

CEM John H. Wilson thought one of his mates was playing a joke on him when he felt something tap his helmet. Then he found out the man, who had supplied the motive power was a Jap -- and he wasn't fooling!

"We landed on Iwo Jima on D-Day," said Wilson, who hails from Augusta, Arkansas, "and a couple days later I was digging a new foxhole when something hit my helmet. I thought the fellow digging the next hole had tapped me with his shovel.

"He said he didn't know what I was talking about, so I took my helmet off to look at it. A 25-calibre steel shell had gone through the steel part and, wedged tight, was projecting half an inch inside the liner!

"I decided to leave it there. If I yanked it out, that helmet sure would leak in rainy weather!"



## BIG BRITISH-FRENCH-DUTCH FLEET STALKING JAPS

The British battleships, Queen Elizabeth, Valiant, and King George V; the French battleship, Richelieu, the British battle cruiser, Renown; the British aircraft carriers, Indomitable, Indefatigable, Illustrious and Victorious, the Netherland cruiser, Tromp, and many other smaller warships of America's allies are now in the Pacific, A. V. Alexander, First Lord of the Admiralty, told the British House of Commons recently.

"A large share of the task of defeating Japan will fall on the men of the Royal and Merchant Navies," he was quoted in the New York "Times." He said British naval forces were only beginning their part in the war against Japan and would continue to be reinforced to play an ever-growing role. Mr. Alexander also predicted that in the Far Eastern air war Britain's "naval air arm will have greater opportunities and greater successes than ever before."

## NOVEL HISTORY BEING PREPARED BY 27TH

Back in the States after a tour of duty which took them to Noumea, Guadalcanal, Tulagi and Emirau, the 27th Battalion called in a professional writer, Eddie Doherty of the Chicago "Sun," to write the story of the unit's experiences.

The book will be titled "Meat on the Table," Doherty explained: "When a 27th gunner got a Jap plane in range, that plane was 'meat on the table.'"

To gather his facts, the writer lived with the battalion at Camp Parks for two weeks. He interviewed a hundred men, doing his "leg work" during the day and writing at night. The 60,000 word volume was completed in twelve days.

## WOODEN QUONSET

Wood ribs instead of standard steel arch ribbing distinguish the 40' x 114' quonset-shaped hut which houses the sheet metal, plumbing, carpentry, paint, and welding shops and the camp maintenance department of a battalion in the Marianas. The structure, designed by Lt. (jg) Oliver A. Stoutland, CEC, USNR, of Broton, Minn., eliminates the regular quonset ribbing without sacrificing strength, and the compact arrangement of shops it permits is an advantage when more than one shop have to work on the same job. There are no vertical members inside the hut to interfere with the free movement of bulky equipment being constructed, assembled or repaired.

To build the hut, laminated wood arch ribs, constructed of eight thicknesses of 1" x 4" fir lumber were calculated at the allowable unit fibre stress to equal the strength of steel ribs. (Each rib consists of 180 board feet.)

Driveways through the curved sides of the structure to allow passage of large trucks and heavy equipment were made possible through the use of channel-shaped headers constructed with 2" x 8" and 2" x 6" lumber.

Ends of the quonset-shaped building were constructed in similar manner to the steel-type structure except that wood studs were used. Odds and ends of curved

corrugated metal, made available because of variations and modifications made in the construction of tropical stran-steel huts were used to cover the top 23 1/2 feet of the roof. For the balance of the curved sides, down to a point seven feet from the base, where an awning effect is instituted, ordinary canvas tarping has been stretched over the framework. Below the three-foot open window space, which extends the full length of both sides, the lower four feet of the building is finished with 1" x 6" wood siding.

### WELDS BROKEN MOLARS

They were wondering if Lawrence Lashley, S1c, shouldn't be "surveyed" when he volunteered to take some faulty store teeth to the welding shop for repairs.

Lashley, a trainee welder attached to a battalion repair shop, overheard two chiefs bemoaning the condition of their "choppers" and the length of time required for legitimate repairs.

"I can fix 'em at the shop," he said. He did, too: Packed the plate with paste made of asbestos powder, then set the teeth and plastic in powder to prevent turning; placed the broken silver plate together and silver-soldered the broken parts together; then filed the solder down and handed over the finished job.

Even the battalion's senior dental officer approved.

### \$30,000 AHEAD OF THE GAME

A home-made crane being used by a battalion in the Hawaiians is claimed by officers and men of the unit to be the equivalent of a \$30,000 commercial product.

Built by Seabees Currin T. James, Clinton C. Nyquist and John L. O'Callaghan, the unit, mounted on a 1 1/2-ton commercial truck, is regularly in use lifting heavy equipment parts about the yard.

The "A" frame was designed by James and built by the battalion's welding shop. Winches, discarded from an old barge, were picked up in the yard. The air compressor was formerly an air pump for a diving unit. Pipes were procured from the scrap heap.

### COMDR. STANDLEY AWARDED NAVY AND MARINE CORPS MEDAL

For his part in the construction of the Naval bases in the Marshall and Marianas Islands, Comdr. David Standley, CEC, USNR, has been awarded the Navy and Marine Corps Medal by Vice Admiral J. H. Hoover, USN. Comdr. Standley's "meritorious performance of duty contributed materially to the success of the Central Pacific Campaign, distinguishing him among those performing duties of the same character," the citation said, in part.

### FINISHING SCHOOL

One hundred and fifty-two jungle-wise Seabees have been added to the staff of instructors at a Unit Jungle Training Center in the Pacific where soldiers, sailors

and marines get their final combat conditioning before shoving off to the forward areas. In charge of one of the several training units that make up the Center, the Seabees' course includes jungle first aid and evacuation, construction and passage of wire entanglements, booby traps and demolition, patrolling and ambushing, hip firing and infiltration, stream crossing expedients, assault of fortified areas, and jungle living.

The Training Center is under the supervision of the Army Combat Training Command.

#### ODDS AND ENDS

Carefully cloaking its description, the Army Air Force has announced its new jet-propelled fighter, believed to be the fastest combat plane in existence.....it is now in production in five major aircraft plants, reputed to have a speed in excess of sound, which is 760 miles an hour.....three more Japanese admirals have been checked off, making a total of 92 in the last 10 months.....

When a V-bomb wrecked an English pub, all the occupants were thrown into the cellar, which had been flooded with beer after the bomb smashed beer barrels.....Pan American Airways has contracted for 15 airliners designed to carry 204 passengers on 4,000-mile trips, using six 5,000 HP engines.....

WACS and soldiers are marrying in Paris at the rate of 34 a week and the Army has been obliged to take over two Paris hotels for the honeymooners because GI's are forbidden to patronize civilian hotels.....

A Dutch pilot flying with the RAF helped escort heavy bombers over Germany, dropped in on a Belgian airfield to refuel, hitchhiked to Holland for a visit with his parents, and was back on the field in time to take off at dawn for England.....a Burma-based GI wasn't so fortunate.....he hitchhiked 40 miles to look at the fighting on the bridgehead over the Irrawaddy river, was refused permission to continue because he had no helmet.....A Marine sergeant played a weird game of catch with a Jap on Iwo Jima, tossed a grenade at a Jap who was preparing to toss a grenade, but the Marine forgot to pull the pin.....the Jap threw it back, also forgetting to pull the pin.....the sergeant tired of the play, picked up a carbine and killed the Jap--who was about to toss a grenade.....

## SHORT SPORT SHOTS

FOR THE DURATION:....Sports leaders' expectations that transportation and manpower pinch on sports would be eased after defeat of Germany blasted by official statements.....No changes in present restrictions contemplated until final victory over Japan, judging from recent statement by Secretary of War Stimson that nation intends to "marshall against the Japanese every soldier and every item of equipment that can be used effectively to speed final victory".....Shift of men and material westward will cause three or four months period of "confusion and readjustment" in transportation, ODT warned, forecasting probable cancellation of annual College All-Stars-Professional football contest in Chicago and Pacific Coast headliners..... Meantime baseball, with Senators setting the pace, opened spring training with smallest nucleus of players in modern times.....Of 5,298 major-minor players in 1941, a total of 4,085 are now in service.....This week, the draft dipped into major leagues and came up with Gordon Maltzberger, White Sox ace relief pitcher..... Washington Selective Service officials, after review of case, accepted Howie Schultz, 22-year-old Dodgers first-baseman, previously rejected because he is six feet, seven inches, one inch over Army limit.

STEAL THUNDER FROM GUNDER.....A 23-day boat trip from England proved too much even for Gunder Hagg as the Swedish distance star finished last behind Jimmy Rafferty and three others in a special one-mile race at the I.C. 4 A championships in New York.....Haakon Lidman, hurdler who came with Hagg, won 60-yard hurdles; finished third in 50-yarder.....Meet developed into Army-Navy duel with Army retaining team title with record 73 1/2 points total, scoring in all 13 events; winning shotput, high hurdles and 600-yard run.....Navy took 4 events, scored in 10, totaled 55 1/2 points.

BULLDOZED:.....Lefty Baker of the 129th Batt's Post Office team pitched no-hit, no-run game against ATC team led by Lt. Johnny Beasley, Cardinal hero of 1942 World Series..... Lefty struck out 17 men as Seabees took 5-0 decision in exhibition softball game.

DISA AND DATA:.....Branch Rickey, president of the Dodgers, sent season passes to Ebbets Field to Capt. Francis Oliver and Lt. Robert Packer of Brooklyn, reportedly first two Americans to reach the Rhine.....Notre Dame promoted Line Coach Hugh J. Devore, former head coach at Providence College, to job of acting head football coach and athletic director.....CSp (A) Bob Feller, undergoing physical checkup at Mayo clinic.....Jackie (Kid) Berg, 35-year-old former British lightweight champ, scored 4-round KO in first comeback bout.....Arthur G. Penman of Neptune Beach, Fla., won top prize in 1944 George Ruppert fishing contest, landing a tarpon weighing 125 pounds, 4 ounces, with 15-pound test nylon line..... Major William (Memphis Bill) N. Mallory, one of all-time football greats at Yale and 1923 All-American, killed in plane crash in Italy..... St. Louis Cards set a new major league record in 1944 by winning both ends of seventeen double-headers.....German DNB news agency reported football championship games in Dusseldorf, "interrupted at the beginning of January owing to bad weather conditions, will be resumed at Easter.".....Dusseldorf presently is under artillery fire from Americans across the Rhine.