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HERE IT IS AN IMPROVED ROTATION PLAN!

Prospects of an effective replacement and rotation program for Seabees in the field have brightened with disclosure of a plan to tag several thousand new recruits per month as specific replacements.

Heretofore, rotation in Seabee duty has not only been difficult, but almost impossible because practically all new recruits were assigned to newly-forming units, leaving no personnel surplus for replacement purposes.

BuDocks' personnel section disclosed that first groups of replacements are already moving into the field and will continue to do so at an accelerated rate. Present shortages of personnel in the field will be erased by the end of August and full effect of the replacement program will then be felt. The current deficit is due to "attrition" --- sickness, discharges, casualties, etc., and the continual demand for additional units and personnel.

A spokesman cautioned against hurried optimism and restlessness: "We are not guaranteeing that anyone can come home immediately after 18 months of overseas service. We can, however, assure him that his chances now will be far better than before. The administration of the rotation program in the field is, of course, a function of the area commanders. Rotation will be slow, but at least we are getting a program under way."

For the most part, the replacements will be non-rated men -- a factor which will enhance the re-rate and complement situation in many field units by moving out the top-rated men, moving up the intermediate rates, and replacing with strikers the men who have been advanced to third class.

Of the several thousand men--some new recruits and some veterans--who are trickling into the Pacific now to mark preliminary stages of the program, less than 25 percent are non-rated men. They are intended primarily to fill the existing deficit.

When this need is met, subsequent groups of recruits, expected to run heavy with non-rated men, will go as replacements.

New recruits are numbering some 5,000 per month. As boots are received at Camp Endicott or Camp Parks, they are given a leave, then return for four weeks of military training. Many of them are graduates of Class A general-service schools. At the conclusion of the training period, they are assigned as

- (1) Overseas replacements.
- (2) For formation of new units.

- (3) For formation of specific casual drafts for overseas duty.
- (4) For special striker training to meet demands of the program.

Added to the 5,000 recruits monthly will be the veterans headed for a second tour of duty. The percentage of these men, all rated, will be relatively small and most will be scheduled to replace men overseas on a rate-for-rate basis.

Soon to go into operation on the west coast is a stevedore pool designed to supply replacements to special battalions in the field. Personnel thus tagged are from units which have had a tour of duty and who have returned to the states as casuals. They are given refresher training on the west coast prior to re-assignment as replacements.

SECRETARY FORRESTAL INSPECTS SEABEES IN PHILIPPINES

"Seabees have carried the war in the Pacific on their backs!" Secretary of Navy James V. Forrestal told a battalion in the Philippines after he had inspected an airfield they had built. The strip, laid out on what had once been swamp land, had been completed in less than a month, despite incessant tropical rainfall.

"Mr. Forrestal was very much interested in the work of the Seabees," said George E. Pappas, BM2c, of Chicago, Ill., battalion correspondent. "I was supposed to be interviewing him, but he asked more questions than I did!"

IWO SEABEES DESCRIBE BEACHHEAD HOLOCAUST

Editor's Note: Seabees all over the world are proud of the important part their mates played in the capture and conversion of Iwo Jima into an American air base. The stories which follow were written by Seabee and Marine Corps correspondents who interviewed Navy construction men who landed at Iwo on D-Day and shortly thereafter.

For the Seabees as well as the Marines, Iwo Jima was the bloodiest, toughest fight of them all. Members of the Seabee contingent which landed at H-hour-plus-30 minutes to act as beach party for the Marines described the beachhead fury as "worse than the front lines" and said they moved up to the advance positions at night to enjoy the relative quiet.

Even the momentary refuge of a foxhole was an unobtainable luxury. "We tried to dig a shallow trench in the volcanic cinders, but just as fast as we got the hole dug, the sides collapsed," said one Seabee who went into the beach only a few hundred yards behind the first wave of Marines. "You just wormed your body into the ground as best you could.

"No activity was possible -- the mortar fire was too intense. Although I knew by my maps where many of the Jap pillboxes were supposed to be, they were camouflaged so expertly I couldn't spot them. All I could see was a big expanse of brownish-dirty earth.

"I was lying next to a Marine I'd met aboard ship when there was a terrific bang. I felt as if a great weight had dropped on my legs. The Marine was killed outright, and I thought at first my legs had been blown off, but I got off lucky -- I was only wounded.

"A corpsman gave me first aid and I started crawling for the beach. A buddy

came along and helped me make it to the evacuation boat. The boat got stuck on the beach and for 15 minutes the Japs peppered at us with machine guns and mortars.

"I kept thinking: 'What a helluva note. On our way out of this -- and now we're going to be killed.' But finally we got off. We reached the hospital ship and had unloaded all but five men when we discovered our landing craft had been hit and was sinking.

"They transferred us to another small boat, then got us aboard. Our clothes were cut off, the wounds dressed, and the more serious cases operated on. Those doctors were absolutely wonderful. But one of my buddies was too far gone to be saved. He died on the operating table.

Proud of His Mates

"We were there several days before we pulled out," the Navy construction man continued, "I got on deck and saw that roads had appeared on the beach and stuff was rolling over them. It made me feel pretty good to know that we Seabees were helping to keep the supplies our men needed coming in to them."

The going was almost as tough at H-plus-three when Andrew F. Stuckenberg, CM1c, of Cincinnati, Ohio, came in on an LSM.

"The first thing out of our boat was a bulldozer," he related. "Machine gun bullets were glancing off the blade. The cat hooked on to my truck and pulled me off the ship. While the rest of the equipment was being unloaded, a buddy of mine was hit by shrapnel as he sat on his tractor.

"We dug in alongside the Marines. They'd managed to get a foothold on a terrace just in back of the beach. For three hours we just lay there and prayed. Shells were exploding all over the beach. I saw a warrant officer get a direct hit; the shell exploded and he just disappeared.

"I had medical supplies on my truck," Stuckenberg said. "My helper and I were supposed to unload them so they could be used at the evacuation station on the beach. Every time the fire eased up, we'd go in and work; when it got too hot again, we'd dig in for a while. That went on for three days.

"There was lots of sniper fire, especially from several wrecked Jap tanks. On the second day, a mortar shell blew a tire off my truck. Another truck, 30 feet in front of me, got a direct hit, and both it and a truck beside it were burned to a crisp. I hate to think of the two Marines who were caught underneath the trucks.

"One of our bulldozers hit a mine and was ruined. Another one got a shrapnel burst in the radiator. There were mines all over the beach. Finally we had only one dozer left in operating condition. We used it to unload supplies from landing boats.

"On the second day, our chief was wounded. On the third day, we sent two of our trucks up to do some work on the airfield. By that time our ranks were pretty well thinned out.

Under constant fire the first three days and nights of the invasion, Stuckenberg never saw a Jap.

Preferred Front Lines to Beachhead

Enemy fire on the beach was too hot for one Seabee, a carpenter's mate from New Jersey, so he moved inland toward the terraces that slope up from Iwo's beach to the airfield. It was only 30 minutes after H-Hour and he figured the first terrace, about 20 yards back from the beach, might offer some cover.

His immediate objective obtained, he decided to head for the second terrace.

"We started crawling," he said. "I saw a Jap in a shallow hole -- just his gun barrel and helmet. I fired a burst at him with my BAR and he disappeared. I don't know if I got him.

"At about 11:00 AM we again started to crawl forward. That's when I saw two more Japs. I was just about to fire at them when a mortar shell exploded behind me. I was knocked flat.

"A couple of minutes later a corpsman got to me. He gave me morphine, a battle dressing -- and a shovel! I dug a foxhole lying flat on my back. There was too much stuff flying around to stay out in the open. When an evacuation boat came in about a half-hour later, they carried me down to it in a stretcher.

"Then the fun really started. We got stuck sideways on the beach. Another boat came in to tow us off, and meantime the Japs were trying to get us with mortars and machine guns, and boy, they were coming close! I saw one boat get a direct hit. Finally we got off to the hospital ship.

"There wasn't any cover on the beach, and the Japs had it ringed with mortars. You just had to take it."

Another Seabee, William H. Courtney, Jr., S1c, of Stockton, California agreed that the best place to be was up near the front lines. "It wasn't heroism," he explained, "just self-preservation. The beach was catching hell and even the front lines seemed quieter the first night.

"I had been working down on the beach, unloading ammunition and food supplies. The Japs kept firing mortars, especially when boats came in to unload, but small arms sniper fire died down somewhat. Even so, often they'd open up with their big stuff, and then all you could do was curse the fact there was no cover anywhere, and try to hang on."

Courtney worked the beaches the first five days. "It was one helluva mess," he said wearily.

"The Japs were entrenched everywhere, in pillboxes, foxholes, and even among the wrecked planes along the edge of the airfield," recalled Alfred R. Teehee, SF3c, of Coffeyville, Kansas. "Machine gun and rifle fire from snipers was very heavy. I jumped into a ditch and thought I was safe from overhead fire. But when I turned my head, I found I was lying next to a Jap mine! .

"I moved about a dozen feet, and then tried to go on, to get my ammunition up to where it might be needed. I could feel the bullets going over me.

What Seabee catskinners were up against was revealed by Allen E. Powell, CM1c, of Portland, Oregon. "Two of our dozers were blown up by mines, and a third one was hit by a shell while working, killing at least three Seabees; we think a fourth man, who is missing, was blown to bits."

Blasted Path Through Wreckage

The beachfront, Powell said, "looked like a salvage dump. There were so many wrecked landing craft and ducks in the water, that before additional boats could land, a demolition crew had to be sent in with dynamite to blow the hulks out of the way.

Despite what the Japs were throwing, he said, by the evening of D-Day, the Seabees and Marines had bulldozed a beach road, and had laid pierced-steel planking on the volcanic sand to give rolling stock something on which to get traction.

Leo W. Rawlinson, F1c, Dallas, Texas, had what were probably as many close calls as any man on the beachhead. He landed at H-Hour plus thirty minutes. As his landing craft hit the beach, running a gauntlet of bursting Jap mortar shells, the Japs also opened up with artillery.

"Get out of here," a Marine lieutenant yelled. But the boat ramp was stuck fast and a desperate coxswain was unable to lower it.

"We tried to get out by climbing over the side of the boat with our full packs and machine guns and ammunition" said Rawlinson, "but it was getting so hot the Marine officer said 'Heave 'em over the side!' Mortar fire was especially heavy, with some of the shells exploding within 30 or 40 feet of us.

"I threw my machine gun over, then jumped directly on top of it so I could find it. But when I fell around in the water, I wasn't able to locate the gun. The boat suddenly swung sideways and I had to leave or be smashed.

Pack Saved His Life

The Seabee had just dug in on the beach, he said, when the Japs "started throwing the kitchen sink at us" mortar shells, artillery, machine guns and sniper fire. A shell exploded 30 feet away from me and a piece of shrapnel went completely through my pack and struck me in the back, but didn't penetrate. I still have the shrapnel chunk.

A jeep was bogged down in the volcanic gravel directly behind me. A shell bit next to it, killed a doctor working on a wounded man and tore another man almost in half.

Another Seabee, a machinist's mate from Lewiston, Maine, talked of the heroism of the Navy corpsmen. "I was hit by a shell," he said, "and after a minute I started yelling for a corpsman. One of them crawled up to me and gave me first aid. I can still remember how worried he was because he's lost his carbine someplace. All the time

he was bandaging me, he kept muttering about that carbine. Those medical corpsmen were the heroes of this operation -- they went places an angel would be scared to go, and they worked till they dropped or were killed or wounded.

NOT ACCORDING TO HOYLE

Standing security guard on Iwo the first night of the landing, Karl C. Friel, SF2c, of Smyrna Ville, Maine, wasn't allowing anything to get past his post -- not even driftwood.

"I thought the thing I saw floating toward the shore was a piece of wood," he said, "until I saw it turning sharply off to my right, parallel to the beach. That was enough for me. I fired 13 rounds. At 25 yards, I don't think I missed. At any rate, the next morning some of the men found a Jap washed ashore. He had plenty of holes in him."

CATSKINNERS CLIMB MT SURIBACHI

Less than 14 hours after the first 20-ton bulldozer's blade bit into the base of Mount Suribachi on Iwo Jima, Seabee catskinners had pushed a pioneer trail to the top of the extinct volcano, Second Lt. Diggory Venn, Marine Corps Public Relations Officer, reported.

The Seabees were allotted three weeks to build a road up to the 554-foot summit.

Said Carp. Jack Purcell of Santa Barbara, who bosses the 29-man road gang, "We'll have it finished in 10 days easy!"

Credit for blazing the trail up the crater, which Marines call "Snipers' Summit," is equally divided between three of Purcell's men. They are Albert L. Patterson, MM1c, of Danville, Ark., E. C. Cagle, MM1c, of Paul's Valley, Okla., and James D. Ballard, MM3c, of Austin, Ark.

Ballard made the first high bluff into a toboggan slide with an average 35 per cent grade. While he smoothed and widened the lower trails, Patterson and Cagle together drove their dozers to the top.

"It was all right," said Cagle, "as soon as you found you weren't going to roll off the mountain."

Marine patrols, dug in on the crater rim, received the Seabees with **mixed feelings, according to Ballard.**

"For one thing they had to move their foxholes," he said. "Then they said their privacy was gone because lots of people who wouldn't walk up the mountain could drive up now. But at least they were pleased at the idea of not having to pack all their supplies to the top on their backs."

The three dozer operators landed on Iwo Jima the afternoon of D-Day. For three days they worked the beaches under constant enemy fire, building roads or beach exits and making ramps for the landing craft.

"Marines were being killed all around us," said Patterson. "When things got too hot, we'd jump off our seats and take cover until the Marines got things under control. More than once we were pinned down for over half an hour."

From the beaches, the three operators moved to Suribachi where they are now building the "Dozer Drive" from seven in the morning to seven at night.

Nearly everyone on the island has marvelled at seeing their bulldozers clinging to the sheer-sided volcano, fly-like, but none more than the Japanese prisoners in their stockade at the base.

"At first they squatted on their haunches and laughed. They said their tractors couldn't go up Suribachi so we were stupid to try," said Purcell.

"Now they just squat on their haunches and watch," he added.

BROUGHT UP ON SPINACH

A North Carolina Seabee ran Superman a close second on Iwo Jima. The seaman, whose name cannot be revealed at present, was working in an ammunition dump when Jap mortars made a direct hit on it.

The Seabee lived through the explosion, dove for a nearby shell hole, waited there until the firing died down a bit, then picked himself up and walked to the nearest first aid station. Corpsmen discovered twenty wounds.

Patched up, the Seabee scorned transportation, walked to the evacuation point, and boarded a Navy hospital ship—still on his own feet.

CAME EARLY

A four-man team of specialists who volunteered to accompany a Fifth Marine Division assault unit are believed to have been the first Seabees ashore at Iwo. They landed 22 minutes after the first Marine assault wave.

After completing their original assignments, the Seabees pitched into the job of removing dud shells and other explosives from the beach, safeguarding personnel engaged in clearing roads and mopping up by-passed enemy pill boxes.

All attached to the same battalion, the Seabees were CCM James L. Price of

Bunkie, La., petty officer-in-charge of the team; Pete A. Paris, GM1c, of Colorado Springs, Colo.; David F. Boles, S1c, of Beverly Hills, Calif.; and Walter A. Stark, MM2c, of Milwaukee, Wisc. The latter operated a BAR, protected his mates against enemy snipers, and later served in the Marine Security Guard and as a member of Marine sniper patrols.

SAVE BOATLOAD OF AMMUNITION

"Out of the frying pan into the fire" would have been an apt description of the D-Day activities of two Seabees on Iwo who left the shell-swept beaches to man an ammunition-laden LVP.

From their shell hole on the beach, Terry Terwelleger, SF3c, of Seattle, Washington, and John Jannacone, S1c, of New York City, saw the small boat, apparently out of control, about to broach on the beach. Bullets whistled dangerously close as the two Seabees ran into the surf and climbed aboard.

Jannacone, although he had never operated an LVP himself, recalled that he had seen Navy coxswains at work. He got the boat into gear, gunned the motor, and ran the craft up on the beach.

He and Terwelleger set about unloading. They got most of the ammunition off before the craft broke up and washed out to sea.

HANDLES HUMAN CARGO AT IWO

Troops on one invasion ship off Iwo could not be discharged in the regular way -- by use of ropes or ladders thrown over the side. Seabee John J. Hendrix, MM1c, a veteran winch operator, volunteered to help get the men on their way. He spread a cargo net on the deck, lowered the boom over the center of the net, and picked it up. Seabees and other troops clung to the net as Hendrix raised it, then lowered it safely over the side into the landing craft.

LIFE OF RILEY??

George J. Lewis and Gary B. Moore, both Y3c, want to know just where is that "easy life" yeomen are reputed to have.

After laying in a Higgins boat off Iwo Jima for seven hours to stay out of mortar range, the two landed on D-plus one, worked in the chain-gang unloading line, crawled on their hands and knees with a clean-up crew to clear an air-strip of shrapnel fragments and finally, on the fourth day, got around to setting up their "office."

NOT EVEN A DOG'S LIFE

Four Seabees really mean it when they say that on D-Day Iwo Jima was a fit place for neither man nor beast.

The four, according to Sgt. Dan Levin, Marine Corps Combat Correspondent, are CY Herbert Moore of Newark, New Jersey, Don Gutzki, Y3c, of Lansing, Michigan, John Lumpkin, Y3c, of Muskegee, Ala., and Charles Garmany, Y2c, of Milan, Tenn.

They landed at one of the hottest spots on the beach, and beside them landed a group of Marine war dogs.

"A mortar came over, and I started to dig," said Moore. "I heard someone panting beside me, and looked up. There was one of these Doberman-Pinschers. The dog gave me a look, and then started to dig in beside me, tearing up sand for all it was worth.

"I leaped into a small shellhole," said Gutzki, "and another of the dogs leaped in beside me. We lay there side by side, shivering and squeezing into the sand. I would laugh at the idea of me and the dog there together, then a mortar would drop nearby and we would huddle still closer.

The barrage lifted for a few minutes, and the word came to **move** inland, off the bloody beach. In a flash the four Seabees were gone with the dogs.

HOSPITAL TECHNICIANS

The solution was obvious when an improvised fracture table was needed aboard an Iwo Jima-bound troop transport -- and the transport was full of Seabees.

The ship received orders to be prepared to handle beachheads casualties, but lacked some equipment, particularly the fracture table, used in applying body casts. Using a picture found in a medical catalogue, Paul J. Jones, CCM, and Carmen Sespico, SF2c, built the table from scraps found in the ship's hold, welded it together and had the table ready for service before the first casualties arrived aboard.

ONE MAN BEACHHEAD

When Ralph L. McNeill, MM2c, rolled his bulldozer off the LSM on Iwo and started trying to duck mortar and sniper fire, he found himself a one-man beach party. First man off the ramp, McNeill turned around and found the LSM heading for safe regions out of range of the heavy fire.

"The first thing I did was to dig for cover under that bulldozer," he said. "Then I sweated it out until the next day, finally found a group of Marines and went to work for them making some roads on the beach so we could get supplies moving elsewhere.

"Right now I'm thanking those Marines who knocked out the Jap gun positions and left me in one piece to be able to tell about it."

PLEASE DO NOT DISTURB

Iwo Jima was no place for a Peeping Tom. When Ray S. Frieden, SF3c, of Nowata, Oklahoma, and Raymond E. Dorsey, BM1c, of Houston, Texas, discovered a Jap peering into the foxhole they were using as a bed chamber, they took the necessary measures. Frieden grabbed the Nip around the neck as he stuck his head over the rim. "Conk the-----!" he yelled to his mate. Dorsey obliged, clubbing the intruder to sleep with the butt end of his carbine.

NOT QUITE YET

For nearly one hour, one night recently, Iwo Jima was about the happiest spot on earth.

Jubilation was uproarious, said Staff Sgt. Frank Devine, Marine Corps correspondent, as machine guns, anti-aircraft guns, carbines, rifles and even pistols blasted away.

The war in Europe was over. Germany had surrendered.

Then came the dismal truth. It was all a mistake.

A "walkie-talkie" Army radio operator, bored in his solitary foxhole, had decided to play radio announcer with a buddy a couple of holes away.

Close by, inside a truck, another operator was typing military messages from San Francisco. Somehow the frequencies became tangled. From the official receiving set in the truck came the electrifying message:

"Germany has surrendered unconditionally."

The operator got the message to his headquarters and in 10 minutes all the island and the ships offshore had the word.

Then the foxhole announcer became worried. He went to his commanding officer with a report that deserves to be added to the archives of understatements.

He said: "Sir, I think I've done something wrong."

PILOT TRIES HAND AS CAT OPERATOR

A catskiner doesn't have to worry about going into a tailspin but, on the other hand, a fighter pilot doesn't have to rattle with mud. One job, decided Lt. Wilson G. Barton, Marine Corps flyer from Farmington, Utah, is as tough as the other.

His squadron operating from a Seabee-built field in the Philippines, Lt. Barton talked bulldozer jockey Carl E. Gilley, MM1c, of Williston, Florida, into letting him run one of the big cats.

"He soloed on my dozer pretty quickly," Gilley chuckled, "but I had to laugh a couple of times when he stalled the motor and had to crank until he was blue in the face. Then he'd get mired in a mud hole and start cussing. I always made him work his own way out, though, and now he's a pretty good Seabee. I figure it's his turn now -- if he'll teach me how to fly, we'll be even."

The Marine pilots brought only the barest necessities with them when they arrived. Lt. Barton didn't even have toilet articles, towels, or bed clothing -- until he met Gilley.

"I had a few towels, a couple of razors, and some other things," Gilley said, "and it was a pleasure to give them to him. After all, we think the Marines are tops."

The lieutenant was equally impressed. "I've been overseas a year," he said, "and I've never seen such a display of good old American spirit. Gilley volunteered to help us and other Seabees pitched in as well. They donated shower slippers, cots, mattresses, blankets, and even pitched our tents. And we've been eating in their mess hall and using their showers ever since our arrival.

"Marine pilots," he added, "generally follow the Seabees in an invasion, landing our planes on strips they've built. But with all their long hours and hard work, they always find time to help us get situated."

OOPS SORRY!

"Be careful! Watch the oil on your shoes!" Carpenter Eugene A. Walsh, CEC, USNR, yelled to his men as they jumped from an LCT to a tanker wallowing alongside.

The officer stood back until his entire crew had leaped from one deck to the other, said the men's battalion paper, "Stevedoings." Then he jumped across himself.

Only one man hit the skids and landed in the Pacific.....
Carpenter Eugene A. Walsh.

DEVICES NEW DRILL

Pneumatic drill operators in the "coral fields" of the Pacific were having difficulty when William J. Scott, 38, CM2c, happened along. Their standard drills were penetrating efficiently, but spoil packed around the collar of the bit and impeded withdrawal. Scott's new bit, with extra cutting edges, cuts down the coral collar and facilitates removal from the hole.

SHORT SPORT SHOTS

BASEBALL received another shot in the arm from War Manpower Commission's decision that players may return to game from off-season employment, such as war plants, without asking for certificate of availability or referral card. Chairman Paul V. McNutt of WMC said he took action after satisfying himself that there is a widespread demand, particularly on the part of servicemen both at home and abroad, for continuance of game. The WMC pointed out, however, that its ruling does not relieve a player's legal draft obligation and a player leaves off-season employment at his own discretion and responsibility in this regard. Meanwhile, Selective Service tagged three more big-leaguers. Howie Moss, most valuable player in International League last year, went to Baltimore to pick up his ticket to Cincinnati and the Reds but found an induction notice awaiting him there instead. He requested service with the Navy, was accepted, and reported to Bainbridge NTS. The Indians lost their star third baseman, Ken Keltner, to the Navy also, while Danny Litwhiler, outfielder for the Cards was accepted by the Army for limited service. The Cards also expect to lose outfielder Johnny Hopp. Hopp, examined three months ago by his local board has been notified by the Adjutant General's Office at Washington, that he is acceptable for induction.

LT. BERT SHEPARD, 25-year-old fighter pilot who lost his right leg below the knee when he was shot down over Berlin and spent 8 months as a POW in Germany, working out with Senators, seeking contract. Pitcher, he wears fiber artificial leg, handles bunts, covers first, runs, with only slight noticeable limp. If he makes grade, Shep wants to team up with Pete Gray, St. Louis Browns outfielder, on tour to hospitals. All umpires have been given special instructions for ruling on catches by Gray if he sticks with Browns. Umps will give Gray credit for momentary catches, and in the event he drops ball after starting process of removing his glove, they will not rule out catch.

THREE AMPUTEE PATIENTS at the Army's Percy Jones General Hospital at Battle Creek, Mich., received three-day passes for winning the highest awards given at the hospital's first Purple Heart field day. About 400 patients took part in basketball, volley ball, table tennis, bowling, wrestling, boxing and swimming events. Pvt. Robert V. Croker of St. Louis, Mo., who lost one eye and both hands when a grenade exploded in his foxhole at St. Lo., captured the sportsmanship award. Croker gave diving exhibition and won 20-yard free style swimming race for arm amputees. The title for best all-around athlete went to PFC Jerry Wilson of Keansburg, N.J. who lost a leg at St. Lo. He placed first in the free-style swim for leg amputees, the breast stroke race and placed second in basket shooting. S/Sgt. Ralph Roth of Donnelly, Minn., awarded a plaque for winning the most events, lost a leg in Italy. He placed first in basket shooting, making 19 baskets in 30 seconds, played basketball for the amputees against a team of other patients, and tied in four shooting contest.

SHADES OF SHANTY HOGAN....Johnny Hutchins, 260-pound Braves pitcher, slammed out a 500-foot drive in an intrasquad game but needed the assistance of his team mates to make home safely. Exhausted when he rounded third, Hutchins fell flat on his face. His teammates rushed over, grabbed him by the arms and legs, and dragged him over the plate. He was revived with the contents of a water bucket.

DISA AND DATA.....Lt. Joe Maniaci has been transferred from Bainbridge where his football team went undefeated two years...Byron Nelson won Charlotte Open from Sam Snead after second 18-hole playoff...CSp Bobby Feller will direct Great Lakes NTC nine this season...Jimmy Rafferty outran Gunder Hagg for third straight time in Chicago mile...Willie Pep in Army...Pitcher Jack Kramer who won 17, lost 13 for Browns last year, holding out for more dough...T/Sgt Torger D. Togle, one of greatest skiers of all time, killed in action in Italy...Reds signed 40-year-old Walter (Boom Boom) Beck, who pitched his first major league game in 1924, and has played in nine different circuits...Mort Cooper, who retained his 4-F classification after recent physical, signed with Cards...Willie Hoppe set new world's championship three-cushion billiard match record by running 20 straight points...World Series netted Red Cross \$185,093...Bill Mosienko of Chicago Black Hawks, winner of Lady Byng Trophy...Bill Durnan of Canadians captured Vezina Trophy as best goalie of year...Calder Trophy for rookie of year went to Frank McCool, Toronto goalie.....