# Opinion

## An editor's random thoughts at Christmastime

by Warren R. Fisher Sr.
December 22,1932

Up betimes for me, and for a Sunday morning, and find the day as dark and gray as only December can bring. Overhead the sky, a misty pall, gives no hint of a sun our faith must know still shines. Even the leaves of the honeysuckle and privet hedges, evergreen through last winter, are withered and drooping from early zero blasts of this twelfth month. Nature rests in naked agony, uncomforted by the white, warm blanket of the snow.

And 'tis less than a fortnight till Christmas — Christmas with its riot of manmade color that will bring for a brief season a semblance of life to a dying year — Christmas which will bring to spirits that plod down the dreary lanes of life's westering slope, a fleeting glimpse, if they be fortunate, of memories, warm and rejuvenating. And if these be doubly fortunate, tiny fingers and golden heads and little flying feet will lead them back over the rocky slope and into the golden, sunlit years of Yesterday, the hushed, blissful anticipations and gay delights of Christmases that were.

Heigho! there is much to do, ere the sombre grayness of this cheerless Sabbath is transformed into the gaudy reds and greens of a Christmas in full flower; much to be done in atuning hearts, as well as much to be hoped for from the weather and the purse. In which latter regard I find myself, as always, lacking.

So, sombre as the weather and seeking to find a spot of color, as I take my morning coffee, yet cannot. Even the red topknot of the downy woodpecker is absent from the suet lump on my cherry tree and his much-abused wife, poor wretch, snatches her breakfast in nervous haste. I must take down my martin's house and refurbish it against the coming of another April. This morning it perches atop its dripping pole in my gray garden with all the pathetic desolation of a "house with nobody in it." And it is painted gray! Outside all is gray, sooty, colorless, cold and lifeless. Nature rests, yet her rest today is that of a shivering, wretchedly clad pauper on his pallet of rags. There is no warmth without and the cold leaden light creeps indoors and starts us poking fires. We will have need of Christmas greens and holly and white berries of the mistletoe, of the flame of poinsettia and the gaudy reds of toy trumpets and little wagons in our homes, if Nature stays in the weeping doldrums next week.

## Here Abouts . . . . . with Emily A. Wolf

### A big turnout in Frankfort

It didn't rain. It didn't snow.

In fact, except for dreary, overcast skies, last Tuesday was an almost perfect inauguration day in Frankfort.

Carlisle and Nicholas County were well represented in the parade and on the sidelines.

Charles Canupp and his Nicholas County High School band and the prize-winning Mathers-Johnson Health Care float from the local Christmas parade were two of the hundreds of units from all over the state that covered the five and one-half mile parade route.

The float, built by Tommy Vaughn, Paul Ritchie and Lloyd Duncan made it down and back without a hitch. Once loaded on a low boy (tractor bed) loaned by Sheriff Charles Ring, it was off to Frankfort Monday for Judge/Executive Reese Smoot, Charles Fay, W.J. Clark and Ring. Carol Power had worked long and hard to change the lettering on the float skirt to carry out the inaugural parade theme.

Mr. and Mrs. Ring and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Berry alternated driving the float truck which carried the likes of Mrs. Courtney Gunn, Mrs. J.F. Wagoner, the Fays and son Bobby.

Among those cheering from the sidelines were Jock and Jeanie Conley, Mr. and Mrs. Clay Dayton and Clay Fryman, to name a few.

Joanie felt that our float entry ranked with the best, if not the best, in the parade. We'll have to take her word for it because television coverage on Tuesday evening news segments was stilch to none. Hopefully, live coverage of the parade during the day captured the creative efforts of the float makers for those able to take time out to watch.

Mr. Canupp was kind enough to wag along a camera to record shots of his students and other locals. With luck, we'll be able to include one or more in The Mercury.

What happens to the float? It's to be auctioned Friday at 3 p.m. If nothing else it would make a great woodshed, or playhouse, or conversation piece for sure! Good idea.

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Speaking of Frankfort, we'll leave it to the political historians to evaluate the John Y. Brown Jr. years.

One thing's for sure: His wife, Phyllis, was a pretty fine ambassador of goodwill for our Commonwealth. Pretty and fine.

At a recent newspaper convention in Louisville, people from all over the country heard her sales pitch for Kentucky crafts, a pet project that will bear fruit for hundreds of people long after the Browns have left the scene.

A woman from Michigan sitting next to me marveled at her energy despite being very, very pregnant. (Phyllis, that is, not the woman next to me.) "I didn't know governors' wives did such important work. She's certainly not just another pretty face," the woman said.

Amen to that. We'll miss a certain charismatic touch the Brown's left the office for four years, including the birth of son Lincoln and daughter Pamela, no small accomplishment in itself.

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Motorists using the Lake Road around Lake Carnico are often treated to the sight of a momma deer and two fawns. They seem thoroughly happy frolicking on the golf course, and then as a car approaches, scamper into the safety of the wooded area just across the road.

As beautiful and graceful as they are, deer do pose a threat to the unsuspecting driver, especially in hilly terrain, such as surrounds the lake.

Deer also can be beautiful and graceful pests, as Carolyn Allen can attest. They find her garden plot in Section A a choice spot to munch a bunch anything green. Even as late as last week some turnip greens were still growing away, having survived recent frosts.

So, slow down and be on the lookout for the reindeer. Santa just might need them to pull his sleigh around here Saturday night.

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If you haven't found that certain Christmas gift, Betty and Sky Abner have some special antiques at their shop below Blue Licks, just off U.S. 68 on the road to Mt. Olivet.

For starters, they have a set of Haviland China plates with the letter C hand painted in gold, a octagon mustard holder and silver spoon, a brass and copper coffee pot, one crystal candle holder set, Haviland berry dishes, teapots, cream and sugars, individual salts, a Nippon cake plate with handles, brass buckets and tons of other goodies.

Listening to Betty talk, I suddenly wished my last name began with a C. Then again, I kind of like my W.

***

And from our fireplace to yours, God rest ye, Merry Christmas . . . and much love.

Emily

### Letters to the editor policy

All readers of The Carlisle Mercury are welcome to submit letters to the editor, and it is asked that the following guidelines be followed when writing to us.

Letters sent for publication should be originals addressed to the Mercury, not copies of letters to another third party. All letters must contain the letter writer's signature, address and telephone number of the phone number at which you can be reached.

Poems and cards of thanks will not be published as letters to the editor.

Brevity will help and we reserve the right to edit or reject any letter we consider libelous or in poor taste.

No fee is charged for publishing a letter to the editor.

If possible letters should be typed and double spaced and if written in longhand, please write as legibly as possible.

Letters to the editor should be addressed to:

Letters to the Editor
The Carlisle Mercury
POB 272
Carlisle, KY 40311

## Letters from our readers

### Band commended for performance

To The Carlisle Mercury:

On behalf of the Cynthiana-Harrison County Chamber of Commerce we would like to commend the Nicholas County Band for their participation in our Christmas parade. Despite the adverse weather conditions that prevailed on December 2, the band traveled to Cynthiana and when it became evident that they could not march as planned, they put the windows down on the school bus and played their instruments while riding the bus through the parade route.

Our sincere thanks to the band director, Mr. Charles Canupp for the way he responded to the situation and to the band for their spirit of cooperation.

We certainly hope the Nicholas County Band can participate in next year's parade in Cynthiana and again many thanks. Your community can be proud of these fine representatives.

Sincerely,
Sharon Foster
Executive Secretary
Chamber of Commerce

### Santa letter

Dear Santa,

For Christmas please bring me a Cabbage Patch doll with red hair, a Cabbage Patch doll carrier, a berrywarm, a Barbie bubble bath, a Strawberry Shortcake lunchbox, and a Star Wars Chief Chirpa doll. Also, I would like a well-filled stocking. I will leave you and Rudolph something to snack on under the tree.

Love you much,
Tonya France
Locust St., Carlisle

"It may be a good year for the retailers, but not for us... We're the ones who are going to have to haul all this extra stuff."

## Agree or not

### A promise vs. patronage

by S.C. Van Cleve
Frankfort — The pomp and circumstance is over.

The job now facing newly-installed Gov. Martha Layne Collins and her staff is not foreign to her but is one that will require all the courage, strength and determination she can muster and will try her conscience and soul at times if she carries out the single all-encompassing promise she made in her inaugural address:

"With deep awareness of the responsibilities conferred by your trust, I vow that this first woman governor for Kentucky will be ever dedicated to serving Kentucky first."

This will be especially true in walking the tight rope between this promise and another statement she made that she will return some patronage to the operation of state government.

As all governors have been, she is going to be besieged with propositions by individuals and business for their personal benefit which will go against her pledge of "putting Kentucky first."

NO ONE EXPECTS a governor not to favor friends in circumstances where things are equal competitively. It is more pleasant to deal with friends than enemies.

Allocating state insurance to friends without competitive bidding and conferring personal service contracts on friends when the chore can be done just as efficiently and more economically with state staff, such as the back tax collection job, falls in no-no territory as far as the public is concerned.

Governors before her have learned it is their friends they had to watch to keep from getting into trouble and not their enemies. Governors have also had to be watchful of appointees who used or tried to use the governor for personal gain.

She seems aware of this by issuing this guideline in her acceptance address:

"To you who work alongside me in behalf of all Kentuckians, let us govern with a sense of duty and obligation. The example we set as we conduct the business of the state must evidence commendable ideals, responsible leadership, and respect for the people we serve. Kentuckians deserve, and our future requires that we give no less than our dedicated best effort."

She also has taken recognition of the precarious state of Kentucky's fiscal affairs and the problems it creates in the deliverance of services to the people. The downturn in the economy has caused retrenchment in the past, but fortunately services were cut far less than expenditures. So, that example is before her at this budget time.

THE TOUGH decision to come is will there be enough income to deliver the services Kentuckians expect without increasing taxes. There is divided opinion on this among legislators. She asked for their cooperation in helping to solve these problems.

The sector of government service that got the most emphasis in her speech was education. "We look forward to a day when we are able to say that, in Kentucky, education is first. On us weighs the unusual privilege to set the agenda toward that day."

Mrs. Collins was careful not to create any expectations in programs or new ideas that would seem unattainable under present conditions, but asked for help and understanding in these words. "And, to you, my fellow Kentuckians, the government we fashion, no matter how sincere its design, cannot long thrive without your participation. Continue to share with me your vision for Kentucky."

WHILE IT may not be an important factor in the operation of state government for the next four years, a statement she made early in the introductory part of her acceptance is significant in that it will linger long in the minds of Kentuckians and endear her to them:

"True, the governor of Kentucky is a woman, and if I am to be a symbol, then let it signify the kind of individual freedom and opportunity precious to typical Kentuckians from whom I come and with whom I remain."

## Down Memory Lane

### Serious drought plagues county

Thursday, December 26, 1963

The City Council of the city of Carlisle Tuesday night approved the sale of $550,000 in bonds to finance the construction of sewer lines and a sewage treatment plant. The bonds went to Magnus and Company at an interest rate of 4.04 percent. Also there was an approval of a grant by Health, Education and Welfare on project 156 in the amount of $22,250 for sewage treatment facilities.

Rita Dayton won first place in the Nicholas County 1963 Soil Conservation Essay Contest entitled "Forest Conservation — How It Can Benefit My Community." Brenda Bach won second place, Kay Threlkeld third, Linda Marsh fourth, Ann Burden fifth, and Robert Kingsolver sixth.

Two Nicholas County students, Rodney Luther Brookshire and Ralph Edwards Wesley, have been named to the University of Kentucky Committee of 240, an information organization made up of students from each of Kentucky's 120 counties. Students selected represent the University in their home communities by visiting the high schools and presenting information on the University and answering questions.

The Carlisle Fire Department was called to the residence of Billy Watkins on McCracken Street Tuesday afternoon. A fire in the roof, caused by an overheated flue, was quickly brought under control. The house was owned by Jay Pryor.

BORN — To Mr. and Mrs. Roy Sosby, Paris, a daughter, Kimberly Lee, Dec. 12 at Bourbon County Hospital.

DIED — Homer Lee Frederick, 59, Lexington, Dec. 15 at the Veterans Administration Hospital, Lexington.

Thursday, December 30, 1943

The drought has become "very serious" in Nicholas County, Farm Agent W.T. Straw reported this week, and farmers have been hauling water from the Licking River and community ponds. There has been only one good rainfall since July 26.

Eight members of the Nicholas County Farm Bureau will attend the Kentucky Farm Bureau Federation Convention scheduled for Jan. 13-14 at the Brown Hotel in Louisville. They are W.E. Piper, Frank Henry, G.C. Grover, L.M. Gaitskill, S.B. Barlow, Judge Walter Shepherd, J.T. Patton and County Agent W.T. Straw.

The heaviest snow of the season fell here Tuesday night. The bright sunshine Wednesday removed much of the white flakes and traffic resumed to about normal.

BORN — To Mr. and Mrs. Marion Banta, a daughter, Judy Kaye, Dec. 15 at Johnson Memorial Hospital.

MARRIED — Miss Jane Dick and Capt. Harry T. Richard Jr., Sunday at North Middletown Methodist Church. — Miss Martha Elizabeth Sturgeon and James S. Ellington, last Wednesday at the home of Mrs. W.H. McLean. — Miss Sue Hopkins and James Minton, Monday at the home of the Rev. Frank Simons.

DIED — James Boyce Duckett, at his home in Forrest City, NC. — Hubbard Endicott, 73, Monday at home. — Miss Jessie Barr, Wednesday at home on Locust Street.

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# Op-Ed page

## By George, what we need . . . a new button to reflect our contribution to society

With that old warhorse George McGovern back in the traces, I got to wondering the other day if maybe McDonald's would resurrect the McWIN button again. If my memory hasn't stripped gears, the two Macs were being pushed by the young and the rebellious some 20 years ago when it was cool to kick the establishment and raise hell about the condition of everything in general.

Well, the world hasn't gotten any better, but the kids have. They have found barbershops and soap and are not complaining about what a fix we have gotten them into. They have done a 180 from the "there's no future in becoming a corporation executive" attitude back then.

Just because nobody in his right mind would have invited them to an office party the way they looked was no reason for knocking six-figure salaries, condominiums, limousines, expense accounts, stock splits and company jets. It seems they were more concerned at the time in making a niche for themselves for posterity and felt no one was going to remember business executives.

I remember one of them told me, "everybody remembers Norman Mailer, William Faulkner, Ernest Hemingway and John Steinbeck, but who is going to remember an executive? All he has is a nameplate on the door for 30 years."

That nameplate does a pretty good job of keeping the wolf from the door, if nothing else, I reminded him. I also had to remind him that Sam Insull, George Romney and Henry Ford were executives who cut off some nice chunks of history for themselves.

The whole cult of the executive is the product of those old men who fought World War II, he said. He could look upon our plight with some compassion because all of us came out of the great depression and made it strictly for him from hunger. Some of us haven't gotten out of that depression yet, I tried to tell him.

Anyway, he said after that grubby old war, those men naturally wanted nothing but status and comfort, a nameplate on the door, a place in the country, a garage to hold their fine automobiles and a piece of the community pie.

Old age does that for you. It dulls your ambitions to become secret agent for the CIA, or an ecology freak, or even a decent surfer. I know because I haven't been racing my Honda lately after curfew and I turn up the collar of my trenchcoat to keep warm rather than to look sinister.

Actually, I couldn't argue with him much. Quite possibly we old men of WWII could have gotten a little more done if we hadn't spent so much of the last 40 years refighting it.

Maybe our generation needs to celebrate with a new McDonald button showing our great contribution to society. It probably needs to be a picture of an overturned garbage can with just one word on it: "McMESS."

— RM —

Don't stop me if you've heard about the two congressmen, who were deep-sea fishing and a terrible storm came up. Neither of them being able sailors, they couldn't handle the boat and one big wave turned it over. They saved themselves by clinging to the side of the boat, but didn't have water to drink or anything to eat.

After five days of drifting, one of the congressmen couldn't take it any longer. He began to pray: "Dear God, forgive me for the terrible life I've been leading, the cheating, accepting bribes, my selfish interest . . ."

Don't forget your profit on the land deal," the other congressman said.

"That's right, the illegal profit on the land sale," the congressman prayed. "Please, Lord, if you'll just save me from this horrible death, I promise that I will . . ."

"Hold it, hold it," the other one shouted. "Keep your mouth shut and don't commit yourself."

"Huh?" the new righteous one said.

"I said be quiet," he told him. "I think I see land."

— RM —

## Russ Metz

Some years ago, a Fort Worth, Texas, Scoutmaster had a new youngster in his troop.

If that kid couldn't find trouble, he made it.

Finally, the Scoutmaster led him from the meeting room to a men's room and gave him a sound spanking.

The boy was 6 years old, meant at the next meeting. So the Scoutmaster administered another spanking. That continued for about two months.

Finally, the youngster adjusted and became just another one of the boys. Then his dad showed up at a meeting. He wanted to know what the Scoutmaster had done to his son. "The kid has changed," he dad said. "He's quieter, less demanding, pleasant to be around."

Scoutmasters, you know, always play it straight, so he had no choice but to tell all and hope the boy's father was a reasonable man.

The father heard him out, then, after a thoughtful pause, asked, "Can my wife join the troop?"

— RM —

In spite of Devil's Island, Charlie DeGaulle and Napoleon Bonaparte, the French have contributed a few things to mankind. One of these is French fries, which has kept American youth from perishing of malnutrition for many years.

Put this with French cuffs, French dressing, French horns and French toast and you can see that Frenchmen haven't been spending all their time at the Folies Bergere or taking leave to drool over French postcards.

It was the French who came up with another great idea we could use in America. They proposed to illustrate their own tax forms to make them more palatable and, perhaps, better understood by French taxpayers. I don't know if they ever actually jazzed up their tax forms in a la femme fashion, but they were seriously thinking about it.

The old cold 1040 form we use could stand some dressing up. It is about as chilling and calculating as a French guillotine. No wonder the average American taxpayer hides it in a drawer until the last minute. Or hires a private executioner to set the blade into place. I understand there is a new 1040 out, but I hide from the postman this time of the year, so I haven't seen it.

Washington bureaucrats have no imagination. They could take a cue from the French and from the circulation people of some of our national magazines, who are masters of applying the painless gouge.

This kind of approach would be more effective on a federal tax return form. You'd be duly impressed if it said: "Congratulations, you have won a reprieve! Simply fill in this 1040 correctly, enclosing your check or money order in the amount of your contribution and we will send you absolutely free a beautiful authentic reprieve, signed by the Collector of Internal Revenue, entitling you to one year's stay of execution."

A picture of Bo Derek being pinched by a treasury agent, or the 1040 attached to a Cabbage Patch doll should soften the sting.

For those whose returns are questionable, one saying: "A Free Vacation is yours. The computer has chosen your number to be among those being investigated for a possible all-expense vacation at quiet, remote, colorful Leavenworth Inn." Pictures of vacationers in stir and lounging around the exercise yard or at the license plate press ought to bring out the honesty in a fellow.

On second thought, it may not be wise to turn our staid old tax forms into French fortune cookies. The federal feathermerchants might begin to understand them and we have no Foreign Legion to hide in.

I have never won a magazine contest because I always refuse to buy their special offer in bird books that just happen to accompany the announcement. This kind of rebelliousness could get you a special prize from Uncle Sam's taxidermists.

It is too much to expect them to stuff their tax forms with mistletoe so we'll come out smelling like a rose. When that happens I'll be the first to send in my 1040 marked: To Washington With Love.

Onward, upward.

## Pearl Harbor — A Soldier's Experience — concluded this issue

(Continued from last week)

by Clyde R. Kerns

A short time later — probably about 0400 — we saw two long, low boats slide slowly into view in the streak of light from the air station hangars. Just beyond them was our Base Point, from which we could easily and quickly transfer fire. They were heading toward the beach side by side, and our imagination extended them into a long line of troop-laden landing craft moving toward us through the darkness. Bylotan, certain that this time we'd get fire, dictated a fire mission to me and I relayed it to the FDC. The response was, "Roger. We will not fire at this time. Keep us informed." Were Bylotas, Onderdonck, and Kerns going to have to defend Oahu's northeastern coast without even artillery support? It kind of looked that way to us, and we were three very angry young men.

At last, gray dawn began to herald a new day, Monday, 8 December 1941. As the light spread over Kaneohe we began to see them. Just as we had suspected, there they were, dozens of Japanese landing boats scattered over the bay. Again we cranked up the radio to send a fire mission. Surely, they'd give us fire now. But wait — just a minute — those look like — Oh, hell! They were U.S. Navy PBY "Catalina" amphibious patrol bombers that had been dispersed about the bay for better protection from air attack. During the night, small boats had been moving about, servicing the Catalinas in preparation for patrols to be flown on Monday. Lacking the usual navigation aids, one boat had become disoriented and had used its spotlight to scan the beach for a moment. That was when I almost went to war with our own Navy.

After daylight, Onderdonck and I went looking for food and drink, of which we had neither. Without getting out our truck and gadding about, which we did not feel at liberty to do, we could find only green bananas and warm Coca-Cola which we purchased from a roadside stand near our position. We carried that loot up to our eyrie and that's all we had to eat and drink on Monday and Tuesday.

On Monday, our battalion — particularly Captain Carter's Battery B — gained a minor niche in history by becoming the first American field artillery unit to fire its basic weapons against the enemy in World War II. We heard the battery firing, far over to our right in the Kailua sector, where my friend Corporal Paul Arnold, a smallish red-head and another former radio operator, had set up an OP for Battery B. We later learned that Arnold had adjusted the battery on a "midget" submarine that surfaced in shallow water near shore in Waimanalo Bay, not far from Bellows Field. Whether because of the artillery fire or due to mechanical problems from other causes, the tiny sub had grounded and its crew of two abandoned it. One of them drowned in the surf. The other, an ensign of the Japanese Navy, became the first prisoner of war taken by Americans in that war. The submarine was salvaged by the Navy and taken to the continental United States, where it toured the country in a war bond sales campaign.

About 2100 hours on Tuesday evening the long-awaited team from Battery C finally arrived and relieved us on the QP. They told us that we were supposed to go to Battery C for the rest of the night, then return to Headquarters Battery on Wednesday morning. We drove back to the highway and found a narrow gravel road that led a half-mile or so back toward the mountain wall to a patch of woods, in the edge of which were the battery's four 105mm howitzers. We were met by the First Sergeant, and he was the only man we actually saw that night. He told us, in a disgusted but resigned tone that there was no way for us to get anything to eat or drink until morning. He said that the Battery Commander had brought his steel cot and mattress from Schofield and installed it in his private small wall tent, complete with white sheets and pillow slips. He had required four men posted on guard at the corners of his tent, and there would be no relief for them that night. There were two cooks permitted to sleep until they would arise at 0400 to prepare breakfast. Every other man in the battery was to be out on the battery's defense perimeter and awake and alert throughout the night. Only the First Sergeant was permitted to move about. The First Sergeant was obviously ashamed and apologetic as he told us these things, adding that the BC had been much upset by wild tales of a group of sailors from a sunken Jap ship who supposedly had made their way ashore and were operating as a guerrilla force, making sneak attacks against American units and installations. It was a completely false rumor, of course, but to that particular officer (whom I was to come to know much better later on) it was a nerve shattering fact. The First Sergeant told us that according to the BC's orders, he'd have to send us out to the perimeter, too, but he said that if we wanted to try to sleep there in our car he would say nothing about it.

For three nights we'd been out on the ground with no cover or bedding of any kind excepting our clothing, so even the command car was a welcome prospect. But there was another problem: mosquitoes. Neither on Oahu or anywhere else have I ever seen them more numerous and voracious than they were there at Battery C that night. Onderdonck pulled his T-shirt up over his head and snored peacefully, but neither Bylotas nor I could sleep. Every bit of exposed skin throbbed and burned and ached and the night was filled with the high whine of thousands of humming wings. Already exhausted and our nerves on edge, the two of us slapped and scratched and floundered about and cursed. At one point, for the only time in all my life to this day, I gave serious consideration to suicide just to be free of those infernal insects. The loaded BAR was a great temptation. But then Bylotas said, "Hell, Kerns, we may as well go out on the perimeter. It can't be any more miserable than this."

Leaving Onderdonck asleep in the truck, we walked down the road to the bend where the First Sergeant had said the perimeter crossed. There we lay down on the road itself, with our rifles pointed through a closed farm gate toward a dark hillside that sloped gently away. It was much better there. There was a slight breeze and few if any mosquitoes. My morale began to rise somewhat.

Then there was a shot fired, somewhere down the road line to our left. Then another shot somewhere else — and another — and two or three together. Soon the entire perimeter was rippling with rifle fire as the tired and disgusted soldiers released their tension. I asked Bylotas if I could fire, too, and he said hell yes, he'd join me. We aimed our rifles toward the hillside and blazed away.

Immediately, from right under the muzzle of my BAR, there arose a loud outcry of pain and anger. There, in the ditch, unseen and unheard by us until then, were two Battery C troopers whose cars had been slapped by the mosquito-blast of our guns. We apologized, and held our fire, but the rest of the troops went on firing for some time to come. Next morning, I had a dead cow near the road on the hillside.

When the dawn's early light made our departure legal, Bylotas, Onderdonck, and Kerns waited no time vacating the premises of Battery C. There was not sympathy with the poor lads who had to serve there under such a worthless officer. Happy to say, the hapless jocularity was soon found out and relieved of command duty.

"Home" had seldom looked so good as it did that Wednesday morning, with good chow, our own friends and officers, the issue of blankets and canvas cots, tents to sleep in, our beautiful BAR bags with cleaning kits. And there was the friendly Lister bag with plenty of water to drink. We got filled in on all the interesting things that had happened while we were absent, one of which was the story of one of our new men who had been assigned to only a few days before the attack and was not known except by a few in the battery. He had been dropped off as a road marker at the point where the battery left the highway to enter its position in the field below the Pali. His instructions were to direct all Hq Btry vehicles in that way until he was picked up. When the route marker pickup truck came along, however, the driver didn't recognize the man as belonging to Hq Btry, so he didn't pick him up. The poor young private remained there, about 300 yards from the battery, until someone finally spotted him on Wednesday morning. He had no shelter, no food or water except what he could beg from passers-by, but he stuck faithfully to his post, directing Hq Btry trucks into the muddy field, for three days and nights.

Some historians claim that the morale of United States fighting forces was never lower than in the months following Pearl Harbor. I don't believe it, not for a minute. We firmly believed in our cause, we were angry at the enemy for having attacked without warning or declaration of war, we wanted to strike back, and we had not the slightest doubt that, ultimately, we would win the war. True, we were rather astonished at the Japanese strength relative to our own, but the typical American fighting man was determined, like First Sergeant Reagan, that "those little yellow bastards" would be sorry for what they had done. We took pride in such things as the words of Marine Corps Major James Devereaux just before his beleaguered garrison at tiny, isolated Wake Island was overwhelmed by vastly superior Japanese forces. The brave commander refused to accept the certainty of defeat, and his last message said "The issue is still in doubt." There was frustration, of course, among the ground troops who had to sit on guard and wait for an enemy that might never come, while the sea and air people were going out to

*See Pearl Harbor, page 5

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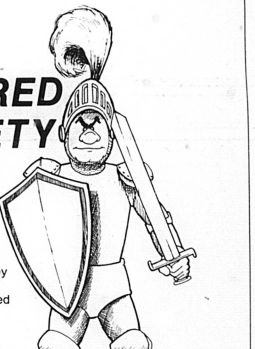

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