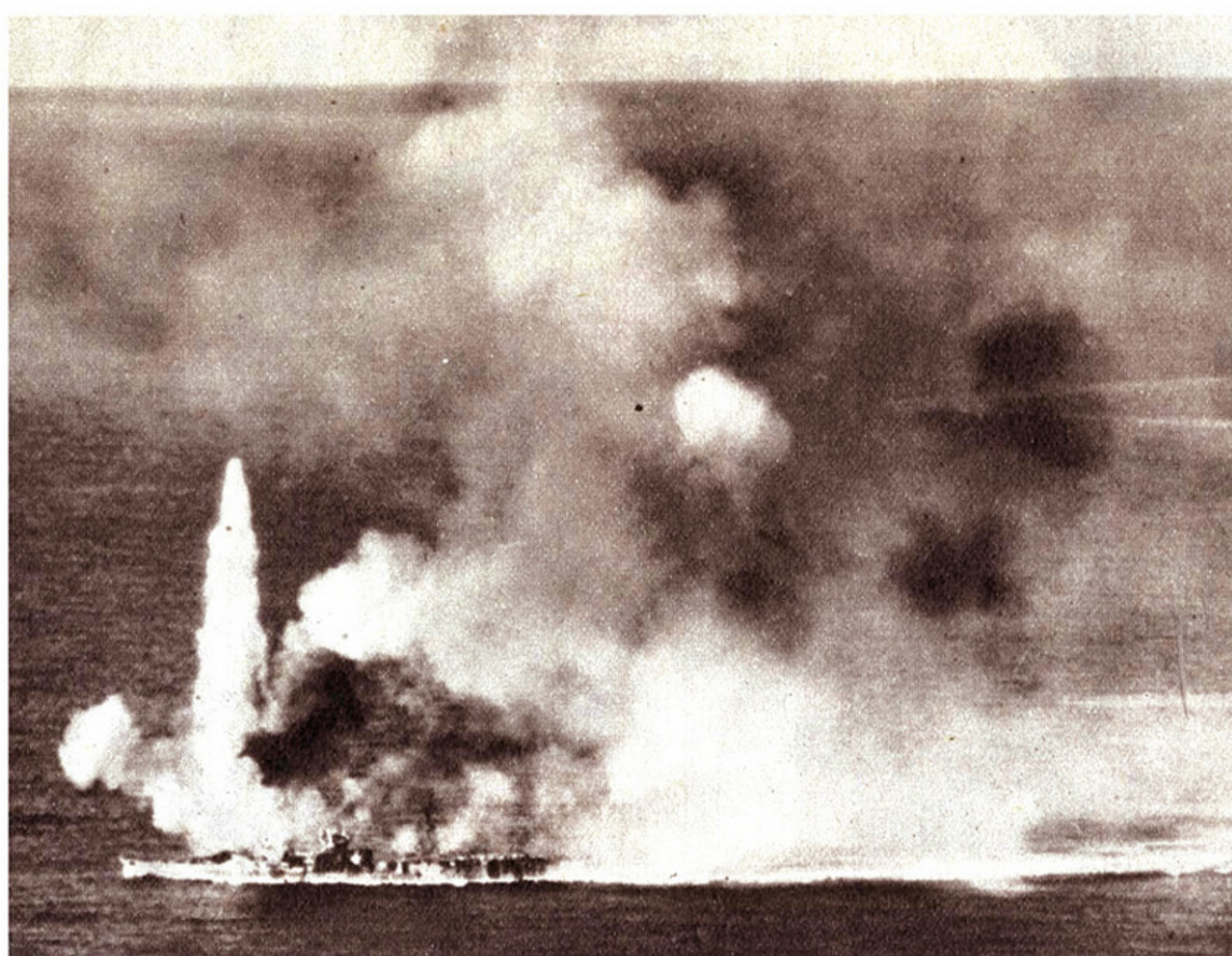


AMERICA'S GREATEST NAVAL BATTLE



Ise-class Jap battleship zigzags in vain effort to escape furious attack by our carrierbased planes. Direct hits have set the ship afire, and near-misses send geysers high into the air as our Hell-diver dive bombers and Hellcat fighters punish the crippled vessel

QUENTIN REYNOLDS

with the Pacific Fleet

GEORGE E. JONES

with Admiral Mitscher

RALPH TEATSORTH

with Admiral Kinkaid

FRANK D. MORRIS

at Washington

The Story:

The Japanese Navy, shamed out of hiding by our invasion of the Philippines, moved in three groups against our Leyte beachhead, hoping to cut off and destroy MACARTHUR'S army. The U. S. THIRD FLEET under ADMIRAL WILLIAM F. "BULL" HALSEY and the SEVENTH FLEET under REAR ADMIRAL THOMAS C. KINKAID awaited the enemy. It was like a three-ring naval circus. In Ring One, south of Leyte, American planes and submarines harried the Japs' southern naval force moving toward Surigao Strait, and our beachhead. In Ring Two, north of Leyte, VICE-ADMIRAL MARC A. MITSCHER'S planes had pounded a second Jap force, which on October 24th was reported turning back from San Bernardino Strait. In Ring Three, far to the north, HALSEY was leading most of the THIRD FLEET away from the beachhead to meet a third force, moving down from Japan or Formosa. This left San Bernardino Strait guarded only by escort carriers and destroyers.

Leyte

OUR gallant ghost ships—rebuilt from twisted wreckage raised off the bottom of Pearl Harbor—were poised for revenge on the Japanese in the early morning blackness of October 25th, when the Second Battle of the Philippines reached its first big climax. The final day of the three-day naval action was one of sweet anticipation for thousands of men who still rankled under the personal humiliation of Japan's 1941 attack on the Hawaiian naval base. But it was also a day of infinite peril, a day on which Japanese craftiness again thrust us close to disaster.

Morris Reporting

The battle had fallen naturally into three sectors and it was in Ring One, south of Leyte, that action began on October 25th. At 2:49 A.M. there was only darkness and silence and the tenseness of vast but unseen danger over Surigao Strait, a bottleneck ten miles wide and thirty-five miles long, through which the Jap southern force had to pass to get at our Leyte beach-head. The moon had set, and on Rear Admiral Jesse B. Oldendorf's flagship the men could not see even a star in the sky. They could not see the men at battle stations on their own ship; nor could they see the giant ghosts of prewar American naval power waiting close by in the blackness. But they were there; the proud ships that had exploded in clouds of fire and oil that desperate morning at Pearl Harbor.

You could call the honor roll of ghosts that morning in Surigao Strait. There was the California, now a quarter of a century old, which, on Sunday morning, December 7, 1941, was hit by bombs and torpedoes, and sank at her berth in Battleship Row off Ford Island.

Teatsorth Reporting



Rear Admiral G. L. Weyler, commander of our battleship force which "crossed the T" on the Jap southern force in a night action

3 Leyte

Six months later—to the day—she was floated out of drydock and, after refitting, rejoined the Fleet.

There was the Pennsylvania, which, immobile in a floating drydock at Pearl Harbor, had been bombed, but whose crew had fought off waves of Jap planes. There were the Maryland and the Tennessee, each hit by a pair of bombs, but returned to active duty several months later.

And there was the West Virginia. Six torpedoes and two bombs plowed into the West Virginia on December 7th and, a mass of flames and billowing black smoke, she listed badly to port. That day her skipper, Captain Mervyn S. Bennion, was mortally wounded. Fighting to save the "Weevie," 104 more of the ship's complement gave their lives. Three were trapped in a compartment when the ship sank, and their bodies were not recovered until months later, but it was discovered, from a record they had kept in chalk, that they had managed to stay alive until Christmas Eve.

Those were the ghost ships come to life and waiting for the Japs in Surigao Strait. And the men of Pearl Harbor were there, too, ready to close the trap that Oldendorf had set for the enemy.

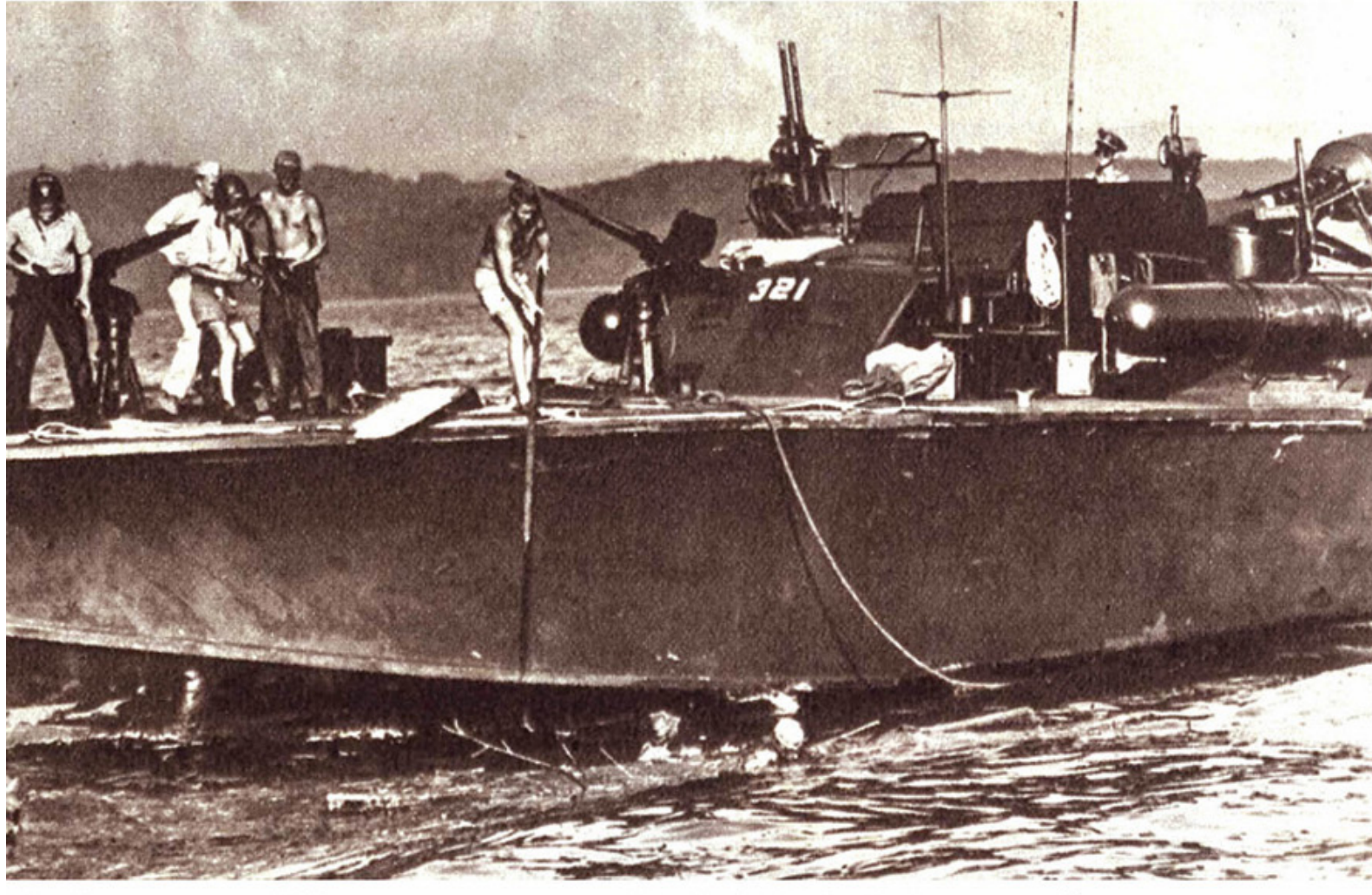
Oldendorf had formed a steel gantlet in the darkness of Surigao Strait. First, he had lined up five destroyers on one side and behind them he placed five cruisers, parallel to the eastern shore of the strait. On the western side of the strait, he had more cruisers,

Reynolds Reporting

preceded by four destroyers. Then he drew a line on his chart from Desolation Point, on Dinagat Island, to the island of Cabugan Grande, and ordered his battleships to take station in column just north of that line. They closed the northern end of the gantlet.

And now the Jap force of two battleships, the Fuso and Yamashiro, two cruisers and four destroyers, with a second group of cruisers and destroyers four miles astern, was steaming in twin columns into the trap, into the steel gantlet. There were about fifteen Japanese ships in all, moving at eighteen knots.

About 3 A.M., Oldendorf gave the order, "Commence firing." Our destroyers raced in toward the enemy ships, swung around and launched torpedoes. There was no more darkness that night in Surigao Strait. There



After making successful night torpedo runs on enemy ships entering Surigao Strait, PT-boat crews pick up Jap survivors from debris-filled waters after the battle. Some of the Japs resisted rescue and our PT men were ordered to haul them out with boat hooks



The Japs don't think it's funny, but Admiral W. F. Halsey, commander of the famous Third Fleet, chuckles over the prospect of drawing the Jap fleet out of hiding

were blinding flashes as the torpedoes struck, and then everything happened at once—especially to the Japanese.

*Morris
Reporting*

The torpedo attack was a signal for cruisers on both sides of the trap to direct a blistering cross fire against the enemy ships. At first the Japs thought it was a mistake, that they were being fired upon by their own guns. Their warships flashed colored recognition lights, which was proof that they were completely surprised and bewildered, and these lights furnished an excellent point of aim for our gunners. Then the Jap ships laid down a protective smoke screen. As they did so, our destroyers—except for one which was hit—withdrew through their own smoke screen and opened up with their five-inch batteries.

On one of the destroyers of Captain Kenmore M. McManes, a U.S. squadron commander, there was a gunner with good eyes. He saw the door of a Jap admiral's flag cabin fly open after a salvo struck one of the enemy battleships. A bright light flashed out. McManes' report on the incident concluded with: "We closed the door with our next salvo."

This was superbly planned slaughter, and real revenge for the veterans of Pearl Harbor. Oldendorf, from his cruiser flagship, saw the Japs squirm and twist and fight back in blind desperation, and he began to hope for still greater success—the classical tactic of crossing the T, an opportunity for which every naval commander hopes but which few realize.

The Jap columns plunged up the strait, firing sporadically and, for the most part, inaccurately. Their shells fell short sometimes, and again they overshot. Then, when they got the range right, they were usually off in deflection. Even the star shells that they sent soaring into the darkness to light up our ships were falling in front of the targets instead of behind them, as was required if they were to silhouette our ships. But Oldendorf was looking for something else and finally he found it.

The lead ship of one Jap column, reaching a certain narrow point in the strait, reversed course. The lead ship in the other enemy column followed suit later and so did the second ship in each column—at the same point. It was the opportunity of a lifetime for Oldendorf. If

Reynolds Reporting

the Jap ships had turned simultaneously, they might have escaped the worst punishment, but they didn't. And Oldendorf crossed the T.

As each enemy ship came to the turning point, it presented a perfect target, at constant range (twenty thousand yards—about twelve miles), to broadsides from the big rifles of our six battleships, deployed across the mouth of the strait under command of Rear Admiral George Weyler. It was almost too easy for the ghost ships. The first salvos smashed directly on the enemy's leading units around four o'clock.

The range was so short that it was difficult to miss, but the Jap warships, because they were approaching head-on, could bring only their forward turrets to bear against our battleships. The enemy nevertheless kept coming doggedly up to the same point—as precisely as trained animals—to make the turn and, now slowed to twelve knots, each ship received the same punishing dose of steel. It took Weyler only fifteen minutes to do a good job. Then he gave the order for the battleships to cease firing.

The reason for that order, however, was partly due to the fact that one of our destroyers, the *Albert J. Grant*, had been hit and heavily damaged during her torpedo run. Now she was dead in the water and drifting down toward the enemy ships—within range of Weyler's big guns. Also, the retiring enemy vessels were getting out of point-blank range. But the crippled Jap ships were not to be spared further torture, for our cruisers and destroyers immediately took over from the battleships, pounding away at the fleeing enemy.

With grim satisfaction, Oldendorf stalked his cornered prey. He saw two Jap ships burning, early in the engagement; then a battleship, obviously in trouble after being heavily shelled, started to blaze. Next he watched another big ship, probably a Jap heavy cruiser, go into its death throes. There seemed to be no end to the one-sided carnage. A large enemy destroyer, with its whole stern ablaze loomed up, and Oldendorf

Leyte

ordered his ships to finish it off. In the admiral's words, "Our ships started firing at the Jap. There was a destroyer there when they started—and suddenly there was nothing."

Of the estimated fifteen Jap ships that had ventured into Surigao Strait that night, not one returned to its Singapore base. At dawn, Oldendorf could see eight columns of thick black smoke rising from as many enemy ships, one of them a battleship.

"I sent planes out to get pictures of that one," he complained later, "but the damned thing sank before they could get there."

The two Japanese admirals commanding the force opposing Oldendorf might have questioned the validity of that complaint, but they had gone down with their flagships.

During that entire action, men aboard the American ships were too busy most of the time to worry about themselves. And, considering the death blow we dealt the enemy, our casualties were surprisingly light—one destroyer damaged. This was the Grant and she was in trouble—plenty of trouble. A salvo from a Jap cruiser had caught her just

*Morris
Reporting*

after she had launched five torpedoes. A series of explosions all but lifted the Grant out of the water. A direct hit in the engine room severed

steam lines, severely burning everyone in the vicinity. Many fires were started as ammunition blew up, and the screams of the wounded and dying could be heard all over the ship.

The ship's doctor, Lieutenant (j.g.) Charles A. Mathieu of Portland, Oregon, was killed, and his place was taken by a young pharmacist's mate, W. H. Swain, Jr., of Thomasville, North Carolina, the only medical man aboard who was still alive. While the battle was still raging, Swain ministered to dozens of wounded and saved many lives. The Grant's skipper, Commander T. A. Nisewaner of Boise, Idaho, a determined young man, was following to the letter Lawrence's famous order: "Don't give up the ship."

Captain McManes, the squadron commander, watched the Grant's skipper fight to save his ship, and McManes was full of pride.

"He kept her afloat until daylight, when they could get another destroyer alongside to give assistance," McManes said. "Her freeboard, when I first saw her, was not more than twelve inches, and her guns were so low over the water she looked like the old Monitor—you know, a cheesebox on a raft."

The task force commander feared the Grant was doomed and would have to be abandoned. Since one of the other destroyers had burned out a radio transmitter, the Grant was ordered to make hers available as a replacement. Back came the answer from Nisewaner: "My ship has been seriously damaged, but, speaking for myself and my officers and men, we intend to keep her afloat and we *will* do so. I protest most vigorously and request reconsideration of your order."

Shortly afterward, another destroyer turned up with a spare transmitter, and the intrepid Grant's skipper was allowed to keep his intact. He kept his ship, too, and the crippled Grant later weathered a typhoon before getting back to a repair base. She will soon be ready to take on more Japs. Nisewaner is a determined guy.

Leyte

There was considerable mopping-up to be done by our forces in Surigao. Planes knocked off the remnants of the Jap surface force, and PT-boats ranged through the waters of the strait, filled with debris and dead Japs, picking up survivors. Some of the Nips protested at being taken prisoner, but Oldendorf ordered his men to haul them out with boat hooks.

There was plenty of discussion over the coffee cups later that morning. The big question, of course, was: Why had the Japs allowed themselves to fall into Oldendorf's trap? There

*Teatsorth
Reporting*

were several possible answers. Apparently their plane reconnaissance had not been good or it would have reported our true strength in Surigao Strait. Again, they may have expected our ships would be busy defending the Leyte beachhead from attacks by either the central Jap force or by their carrier force approaching from the Formosa area.

This Jap carrier force may have been dispatched from the north for that very purpose, but now, on this morning of October 25th, their plans were being altered by two men named Halsey and Mitscher. To understand how this came about, we must go back to the previous afternoon, October 24th,

*Jones
Reporting*

when a boy from New Jersey, flying high over the Pacific, let out a yell of wild delight. It was just before 4 P.M., and Lieutenant (j.g.) Stuart Crapser of Springfield, Massachusetts, a rangy, blue-eyed Helldiver pilot, was cruising his search plane back toward his carrier after a fruitless search of the Pacific area to the north. Suddenly his gunner, Aviation Radioman J. F. Burns, of Garwood, New Jersey, gave off with his triumphant yell.

Thousands of feet below the broken clouds lay four enemy flat-tops and their escort, less than one hundred and fifty miles north of our own force! It was a two-way discovery; the enemy spotted the search plane at the same time and dispatched fighters. Frantically, the usually reticent Lieutenant Crapser radioed five messages back to Admiral Mitscher's flagship announcing his unexpected find.

Meantime, another search plane, piloted by Lieutenant (j.g.) Herb Walters of Tyler, Texas, spotted—not far away—two Ise-class battleships with flight decks on their stern, and turned in his report. All told, the enemy force consisted of seventeen ships, somewhat fewer than the total reported earlier that day by a land-based patrol plane. There was one light carrier of the Shokaku class; three light carriers of the Chitose and Zuiho classes; two battleship carriers; a heavy cruiser of the Mogami class; four other cruisers; and six destroyers. The next move was up to Halsey, and the Third Fleet commander reacted with characteristic vigor. He immediately sped his main force northward.

At two o'clock the next morning, October 25th (just before the battle of Surigao Strait began far to the south), a night-flying Hellcat contacted the Jap carriers seventy miles away, bearing on a collision course for Halsey's ships. Third Fleet surface vessels were ordered to prepare for a night battle, but, shortly afterward, possibly aware of the contact, the Rising Sun carriers turned north.

But their doom was sealed. Never in the history of naval warfare has such an aerial onslaught been delivered as descended upon the Japanese flat-tops that morning.

Before the take-offs, serious young Lieutenant Roger S. (Smiley) Boles of Santa Paula, California, told his fighter squadron aboard this carrier flagship: "We're so close to the Japs that the torpedo planes will have to make a couple of orbits to get enough altitude for the attack." The fighter pilots, lounging in their flight jumps and helmets, chuckled appreciatively. "Take it easy, stick together and"—Boles hesitated soberly—"we'll come out all right."

These men were, in a way, the second generation of this war. Many of them were still in school when Midway was being fought. Now they were experienced in combat and hopeful for a chance to show what they could really do in the showdown.

Just before six o'clock, they went to their planes. The impenetrable gloom of night was beginning to lift; on the flight decks were the fighters, dive bombers and torpedo planes of the first strike, their dark shapes motionless. As the first light of dawn came, the carriers of the task force turned eastward, pitching and rolling slightly, into the wind.

The first Hellcat roared off, dipped, then soared away, clutching at the sky. Before its wheels had lifted, another Hellcat was in the launching spot. And so the planes took off, one by one, for the attack, and another deck-load of planes came up from the hangar deck in readiness for the second wave.

In Flag Plot, task force headquarters aboard his carrier, Admiral Mitscher awaited word from search planes as to the enemy's exact location this morning. At 7:40 A.M., the words came: "Many surface gadgets, course 015, distance 150 miles." That meant the enemy was heading in a northeasterly direction, while Mitscher's carriers and battleships were coursing due north. Mitscher put on more speed.

To Commander David McCampbell, the Navy's leading ace with thirty-four Nips shot down, Mitscher assigned the direction of the

*Reynolds
Reporting*

first strike against the enemy. McCampbell is not only a terrific fighter pilot but a cool leader. Only the day before, he had knocked down nine Jap planes to set a world's record for kills in one day. But it was McCampbell's brain rather than his trigger finger that Mitscher wanted to use today. We'll let Dave himself tell this part of the story.

"We took off at dawn," McCampbell said, "and orbited (that is, circled and waited for orders) about fifty miles north of our fleet. I had with me a large force of fighters, torpedo planes and dive bombers. The ship had previously sent two scout planes ahead to locate the Jap fleet. They found it sixty miles north of us, and we were then directed to attack."

"How was the weather?" he was asked.

"Just made for us," he grinned. "We spotted the fleet thirty miles away. There was a great sight. What a mass of stuff down there—seventeen warships in formation! To my surprise, only a few planes came up to intercept, about twelve Oscars—carrier-based Zekes. We paid no attention to them but went in after the ships. They sent up the damnedest AA I'd ever seen, bursting all

Leyte

around us in every color of the rainbow. They put up phosphorous shells which exploded and fell in streamers. There was even a thing that looked like a pinwheel. The sky was full of it.

"I gave the boys assignments, and they went to work. The fighters strafed the outer screen of destroyers, hoping to divert their fire so the bombers and torpedo planes could make their runs and pull out safely. It worked pretty well. The bombers from my air group went in on a carrier and laid seven 1,000-pounders right in the middle of its flight deck. That took care of her, so I sent the torpedo planes after the nearest battlewagon.

"It was nice to see that carrier roll over. The boys really went to town on that Jap task force, and, when you get right down to it, that's the job we've really been trained for. Knocking out Jap planes is only incidental to us. We were trained to go after ships, and what happened that morning showed that we had been taught pretty well.

"Everything went by the book. First the fighters would strafe, then the dive bombers would drop their loads, and they were immediately followed by the torpedo planes. Huge columns of smoke now came from the burning ships, and the water was full of Japs. One carrier was sinking, and you could see that other ships were really hurt. The Nip destroyers never bothered to pick up survivors, as far as I could see."

"How long were you over the target?"

"Three and a half hours," he replied. "And while I was there I saw one carrier, two cruisers and two destroyers actually sink. By this time, my gas was running low and I was relieved by another strike group from our force. When I left, four other ships were dead in the water, drifting helplessly, and I knew they were dead pigeons."

*Jones
Reporting*

McCampbell landed aboard to receive the congratulations of a delighted Mitscher. Running up a record of 34 Jap planes is spectacular, but the job of directing that huge air attack was far more important and one that demanded the consideration, judgment and icy calm of a Dave McCampbell.

The size of this attack can be judged from the fact that nineteen Helldivers from one carrier alone were assigned to one enemy light carrier! One by one, the orbiting dive bombers reached the step-off point, eleven thousand feet above the doomed warship, and peeled off at two- and three-second intervals. They scored at least seven hits. Lieutenant (j.g.) George Peck—a blond, burly youngster who once played a tough game of quarterback for San Diego State College—was the third or fourth Helldiver to descend on the carrier.

"Somebody had got some hits ahead of me, because she was smoking," said Peck. "Still, she had enough speed to turn a bit as we came down. Not that it did any good. There were just too many of us. Why, I saw two dive bombers diving side by side on the same target. My bomb went smack into her flight deck, and just as I pulled up, I saw a torpedo heading into her."

Japanese warships, by reason of their small compartments and miserable living quarters, maintain a high standard of damage control. But nothing could save this carrier, lunging about as seven bombs and three torpedoes

ripped at her vitals. She came to a dead stop; explosion after explosion racked her frame, and she was shrouded in smoke.

One torpedo-plane pilot, Lieutenant Joseph C. Black of Knoxville, Tennessee, made his run on her, saw her condition, and simply swerved behind the carrier's blazing fantail. He resumed his course and launched a torpedo against a near-by battleship, scoring a hit which sent up a white column more than a thousand feet into the air.

What kind of defense can be made against such an assault? It is hard for us to say, because no American seagoing force has ever been subjected to a comparable attack. Two enemy light carriers were hit in that first attack; one blew up very shortly, while the other hung on grimly above the water line until late that afternoon. Several other ships in the formation were hit, some beyond escape.

Still, the enemy was not defenseless. He maneuvered. One carrier turned so fast in a nearly full circle that she completed her turn within two minutes after Helldivers began dropping on her. The Japanese launched an estimated twenty fighter planes as the first strike came in, but this was a very leaky umbrella.

Halsey could assume later that in the previous day's aerial attacks against this task force, the enemy carriers had intended to pick up their aircraft in the morning, after permitting the planes to remain overnight on Luzon airfields. In any event, the few intercepting planes were destroyed or dispersed by Hellcat fighters.

A young Navy pilot, Lieutenant John R. Strane of Duluth, Minnesota, was caught by seven Zeros, and bailed out of his burning Hellcat. Strane watched the rest of the attack that day from his life raft, ten miles outside the Jap screen, until a destroyer picked him up.

The badgered enemy also resorted to anti-aircraft fire of volcanic proportions. Fourteen-inch armament sprayed the attacking planes; and the skies, as on the previous day in the Sibuyan Sea, were daubed with purple, green and yellow bursts. Low-flying torpedo planes rocked viciously, and it was a disconcerting discovery for a pilot to feel a freight train whizzing past and to look back on a distant explosion. It now seems that those main-battery bursts exercised an effect chiefly psychological.

As usual, the most accurate, therefore the most deadly, weapon in the enemy arsenal consisted of his five-inch and forty-millimeter bursts, which can be fired quickly and at quite long ranges. Aircraft returned to American carriers with huge flak holes a foot or more in diameter, exposing the structural framework. Their windshields were covered with oil, testimony to the enemy's savage defense. Said one pilot: "Walk on that AA? Hell, I just put my plane on it and skidded in!"

Many pilots could hardly believe that they lived through that barrage, and more than a few didn't survive. But they pressed home the attack, and some airmen attacked twice if their release mechanism did not function on the first run. Young Ensign Fred Schuler of Athens, Ohio, came out of a run with the torpedo still in the belly of his plane. Spotting two cruisers on his way back, he went

Reynolds Reporting

in alone and put his fish into a light cruiser which already was making only five knots and leaving a trail of oil.

Or consider another eager ensign, Wallace F. Leeker of St. Louis. His torpedo plane sustained a hit which set a wing afire while he was still six thousand yards from his target, a light carrier of the Zuiho class. He steadied his flaming aircraft on its course and closed in to one thousand yards, where he launched his torpedo. It plowed into the carrier, and Wally Leeker, wearing a satisfied grin all the way back to his carrier, sped away. Miraculously, the fire on his Avenger died out ten miles from the scene of action.

Meanwhile one hundred miles south of this scene, Jap planes had been attacking our carrier force. Mitscher stood on the bridge of his flagship, his wizened face expressionless. Twelve Jap planes came in, and ack-ack fire from our destroyers began to dot the cloudless sky. A Jap plane careened down crazily.

"What destroyer got that one?" Mitscher barked.

"The Sullivans, sir," his flag lieutenant reported.

Mitscher grunted with satisfaction.

Three minutes later, the Sullivans (so named in honor of the five Sullivan brothers lost in the cruiser Juneau) brought down another torpedo plane. The Sullivans were fighters again this day.

Land-based planes came out from Luzon, but the naval fliers were waiting. Some twenty-one Nip planes had gone hurtling into the sea. Mitscher's fleet escaped almost unscathed. One Jap plane flew into a flurry of flak directly above a carrier and crashed on the deck, killing the ten men of the gun crew which had shot it down. They were ten Negro messboys who had volunteered to man the 20-millimeter guns. They had saved their ship from damage.

By noon, Halsey had the satisfaction of knowing that his fleet had sunk seven warships: four carriers, two cruisers and a destroyer. Two battleships had been badly damaged and were crawling away, while three stricken cruisers and four destroyers looked for rain squalls to hide in.

Here was a glorious chance for Halsey to wade in now with his carriers and fast battleships to wipe out the fleeing, damaged Jap ships. But, strangely enough, at this hour, a large part of his carrier force was steaming south at high speed. At one moment we had been on the brink of an annihilating victory; the next moment we appeared to be retreating. What had happened?

Jones Reporting

The answer had already been given with startling effect aboard Mitscher's flagship. Mitscher's Flag Plot was crowded with officers listening to reports from the scenes of action. The communications officer brought in a dispatch and handed it to the admiral. Adjusting his horn-rimmed glasses, Mitscher read it silently, then handed it to Thirty-one Knot Burke, his chief of staff, saying quietly, "What do you think of this?"

Burke read the dispatch. It was a plain-language message from Rear Admiral

¹² Leyte

Sprague, in command of our comparatively helpless escort carriers which were supporting MacArthur's beachhead on Leyte Island, far to the south. Radio Tokyo later in the day described this message as "frantic." Actually, it was about as urgent and pointed as the Navy's rules of procedure permit. Sprague hadn't even taken time to have it encoded because he was in a hell of a hurry. He said, in effect: "Am being engaged by enemy battleships. Urgently request support."

A look of grave concern crossed Burke's face as he replied: "I think it's bad, sir."

The final chapter of America's Greatest Naval Battle will appear next week.



This story was too big for one war correspondent to see or cover, so Collier's asked four veterans to report various phases of the battle. Jones (United Press) was aboard Vice-Admiral Mitscher's flagship and Teatsorth (United Press) was with Vice-Admiral Kinkaid. Reynolds covered the over-all story at Pacific Fleet headquarters, and Morris did the roundup of information at Washington. All four reports blend together, but, in a general way, the work of each reporter is indicated by marginal labels.

Collier's

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