

By the close of October, over 7,000 Japanese troops and the first few hundred American Marines lay dead and buried in the stinken-earth of Guadalcanal, called Gadarukanuru by the Imperial Japanese.

The American fighting man, considered "cream puffs" by the enemy and seen as effeminate fancy-living cowards accustomed only to the Western pleasures of their home, just held their lines and hung in there in the hideous war—with the rain, rivers, crocodiles, and with the poisonous scorpions, and malaria, dysentery, mud, decomposed jungle vines, the miserable heat, and countless centipedes, mosquitoes, bats, overgrown chiggers, snakes, cockroaches, plus the raids by the Japanese naval batteries at night and raids from their air force, which came initially. Interrupted sleep was a demonic factor which wore out men the most.

"PAH-BOOM. PAH-BOOM. PAH-BOOM"—was the mighty war call from the Japanese battleships and cruisers when they opened up from ten miles out, specking little flames, but hurling heavy shells.

Throughout the remainder of the year, both sides in their brave effort repeatedly reinforced their positions, but the U.S. kept a step ahead, and we poured in more men, aircraft, and supplies. Furthermore, by now U.S. forces had broken more of the Japanese JN-25 code. The Imperial Japanese usually came from Rabaul; the U.S. from Samoa, New Caledonia, Australia or Hawaii.

To keep the air landing strip safe, now called Henderson Field, the Americans had to blast out the enemy fanatics from the jungles and nearby swamps, and even caves—later, the Marines would try eliminating the foe from the entire island.

It was at Guadalcanal that a World War I American