

**Power in the Pacific : official U.S. Navy,
Marine Corps and Coast Guard
photographs exhibited at the Museum of
Modern Art, New York : a pictorial record
of Navy combat operations on land, sea
and in the sky**

Compiled by Edward Steichen

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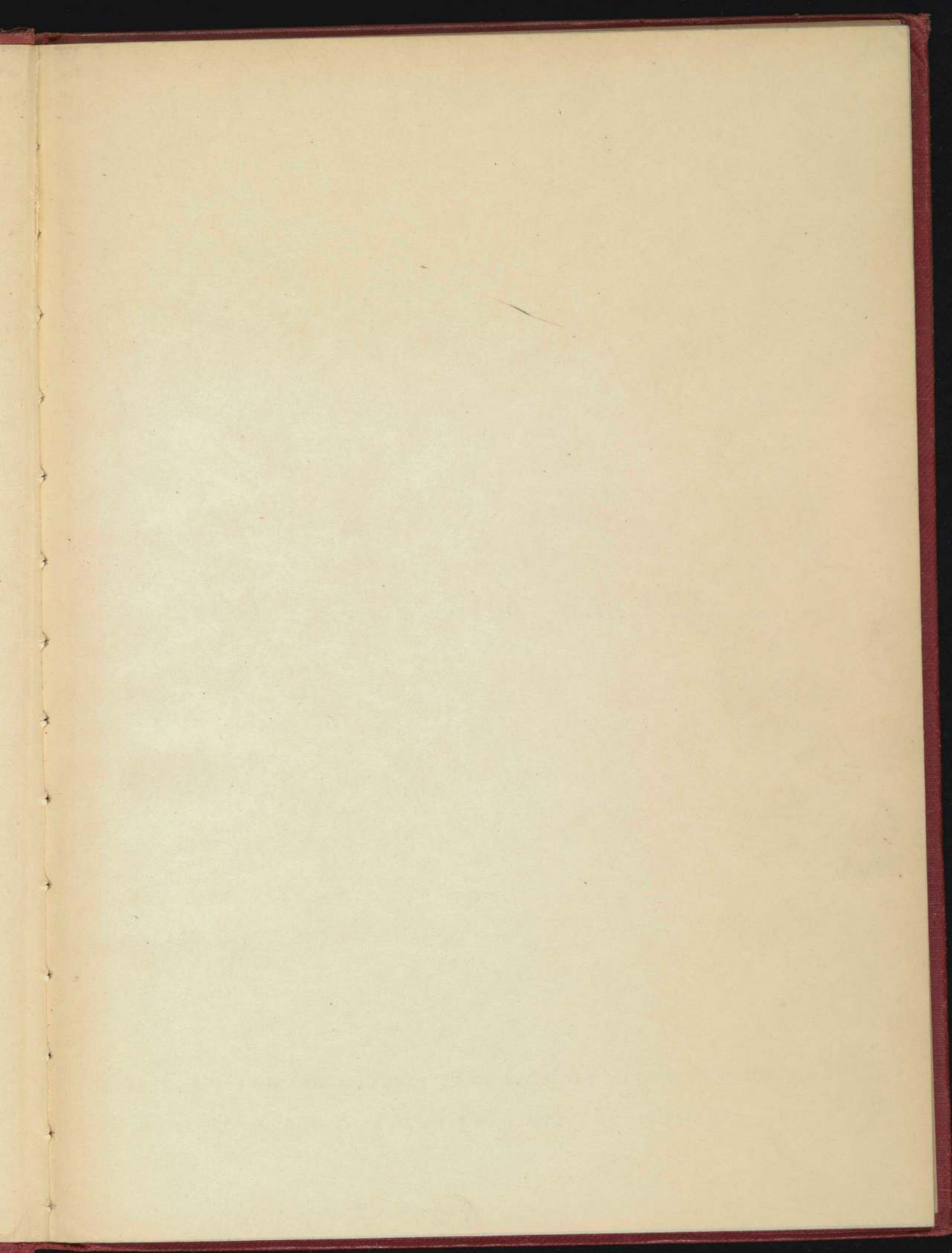
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POWER IN THE PACIFIC

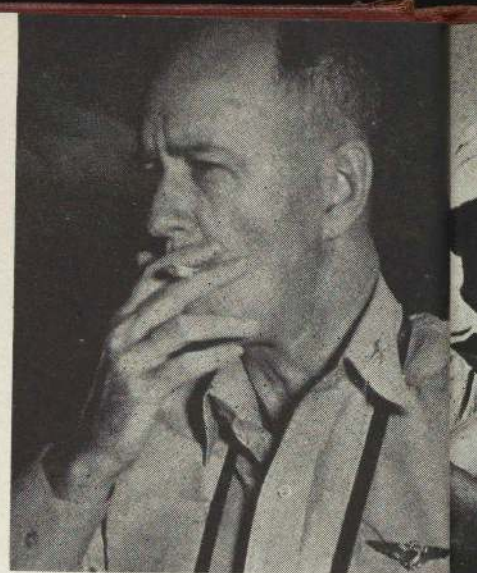
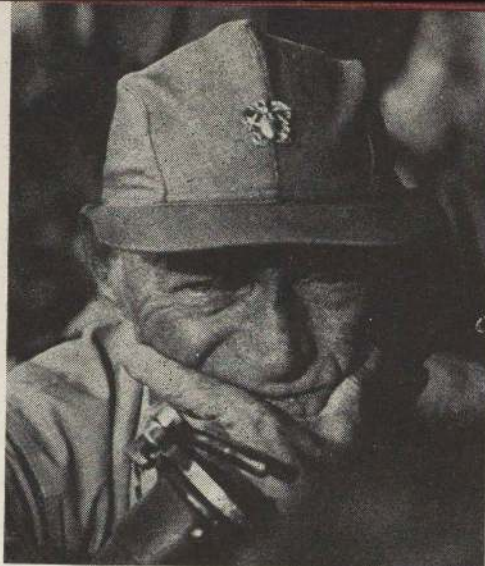
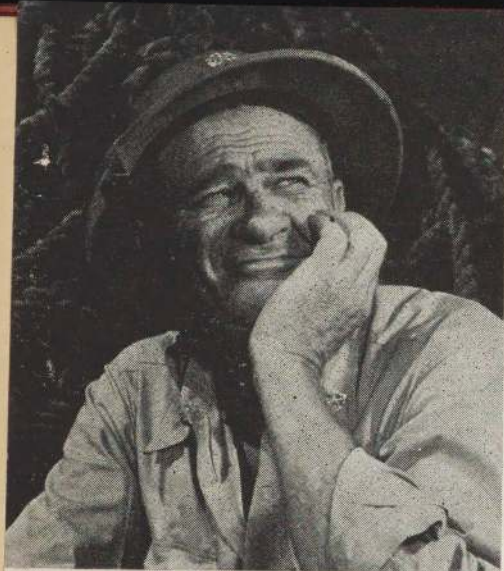
A Navy Picture Record
Compiled by
Capt. Edward Steichen, USNR

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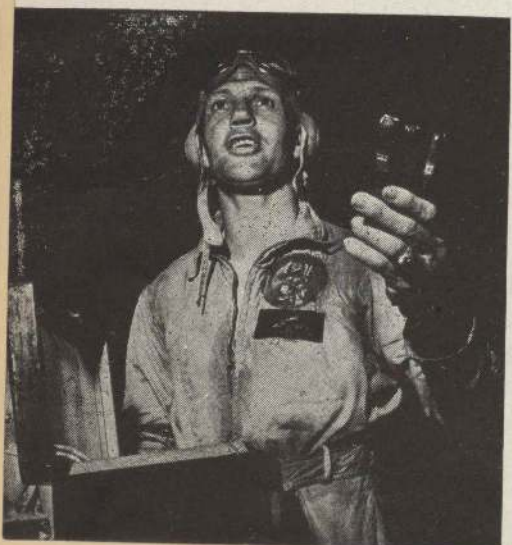
POWER IN THE PACIFIC

*Here is the camera story of men battling across the Pacific.
Here are the warriors and here are the warriors' tools.*



POWER int

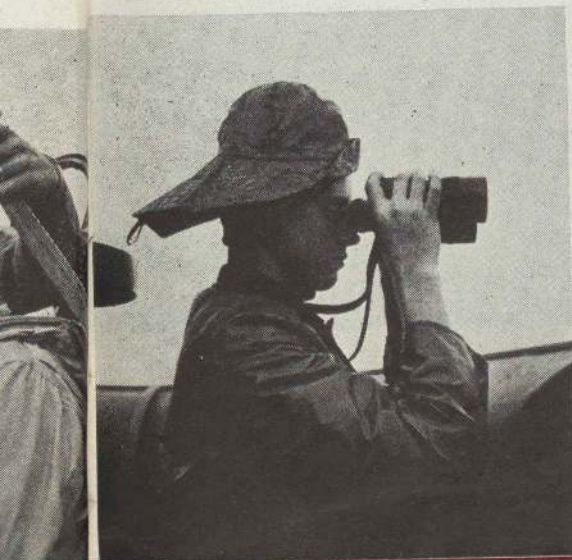
OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY, MARINE CORPS AND
COAST GUARD PHOTOGRAPHS EXHIBITED AT
THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, NEW YORK





in the **PACIFIC**

A PICTORIAL RECORD OF NAVY COMBAT OPERATIONS
ON LAND, SEA AND IN THE SKY • COMPILED BY
CAPT. EDWARD STEICHEN, USNR • A U.S. CAMERA BOOK





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THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY
WASHINGTON

February 8, 1945

The photographs in this collection are more than examples of superb camera work. They are glimpses of the war itself: the ships, the sea, the planes, the tropic skies, the guns and -- most of all -- the men of the Navy, Marine Corps and Coast Guard who are fighting in the Pacific.

These pictures were originally exhibited at the Museum of Modern Art in New York City. They are now being presented in book form so that the largest possible number of Americans can see them, for they are historic. They will endure as a living record of the Navy's march across the western seas to Japan.

To the Navy photographers and the air crewmen who took these pictures -- often at a grave personal risk -- and to Captain Edward J. Steichen and his associates, I say, on behalf of the Navy, "Well done."

James Forrestal

JAMES FORRESTAL

#146-9447 of postcard

FOREWORD

THE photographs in this book were first assembled for the exhibition "Power in the Pacific" at the Museum of Modern Art in New York. They were all made by Navy, Marine Corps and Coast Guard photographers. Some of these photographers were well-known professionals before the war; others were amateurs; some had never made a picture before the war and received all of their training and experience in the Navy.

This procession of photographs shows the Navy's war in the Pacific and its fighting men in action. It demonstrates that the Camera in the hands of competent and understanding photographers can get under the surface appearance of things, can comment upon, emphasize and interpret actuality and that it can visually record moments of combat, of fear, of anxiety, or of pride with a breathtaking sense of reality.

Although a man's memory (sometimes fortunately) will dim with time, a good photograph will not lose its impact.

The "boy who thought only sick people died" will forget how tired he was that day he came back from Eniwetok, but the photograph of that moment will be reminding generations to come of the quality and stamina of a great generation of young men.

The tenseness of a ready room while pilots are in the air during a strike and the anxiety of a ship's skipper for his boys are plainly visible. It is an emotional moment of war in the lives of men permanently recorded.

The stark, ferocious fury of Tarawa is concretely visualized by the photographs made by Marine Corps cameramen who went into that action with cameras instead of guns.

The boys who so tenderly lifted a wounded airman from a crippled plane become a living pattern of human warmth and devotion.

The pictures in this book demonstrate how the camera can show what actually happened out there to those not present. They and pictures like them will take on added meaning and stature in the decades to come.

These images of war by unnamed Navy, Marine Corps and Coast Guard photographers from ships and planes and advanced bases were often made without regard to personal safety. Many have been killed, more have been crippled and injured. Those that have taken their place are out there now continuing the job.

I believe combat photographers are rendering service that the nation will cherish and remember.

EDWARD STEICHEN, Captain USNR.

POWER IN THE PACIFIC

TODAY, in 1945, Citizen Smith reads of powerful U. S. task forces steaming boldly through the China Sea, striking the Asiatic coast at will. He is proud of his Navy. He is beginning to take its uninterrupted string of victories almost for granted.

He—and he stands for most of us—forgets that only three short years ago the tables were completely turned—against us. Three years ago it was the Jap who roamed the Pacific and struck at will, and it was the American who blacked out his windows, glanced uneasily to the West, and wondered where the blow would fall.

Only three short years ago we were on the ropes in the Pacific arena—militarily speaking. We could be compared with a hockey-team with half of its players out of town—and a couple more in sick-bay—vainly trying to stem the rushes of a full-strength opponent. For half of our fleet strength was in the Atlantic, locked in a struggle with U-boat wolf-packs. And every battleship of our Pacific Fleet, and many lesser combat craft, had just been put out of action at Pearl Harbor—blasted, burned, capsized, or aground on the muddy bottom off Ford Island.

This is the story of the Pacific Fleet's comeback. Historians who recount it for posterity may find themselves using words seldom found in such detached reportage—words such as heroic, miraculous, and phenomenal. For the build-up of a battered, scattered “bow-and-arrow navy” of scarcely a hundred first-line combat ships—without a battleship to its name—into a fleet that today can break itself up into quarters and still defy the Japanese Navy with any given quarter . . . that build-up can only be called miraculous.

This is the story of Power in the Pacific.

* * * *

Let's go back to December, 1941. You are sitting at the elbow of the Commander in Chief U. S. Pacific Fleet in his Pearl Harbor Headquarters. On a huge

wall-map of the Pacific you see the location of every ship of the fleet—that is, every ship still afloat after the lightning struck on December 7th and 8th. You also see plotted the location of each of the 200-odd combat ships of the Japanese Imperial Navy—as accurately as battle-reports and Intelligence can plot them.

Here was the combat-ship line-up in the Pacific: *Battleships*—one, in drydock at Bremerton, Wash. *Aircraft Carriers*—two with task forces in Mid-Pacific, one in overhaul in a mainland harbor. *Cruisers*—six with task forces in Mid-Pacific, eight at Pearl Harbor, five in western Pacific with troop convoys, diverted from the Philippines, and three on the prowl in the Southwest Pacific. *Destroyers*—many over age—roughly a dozen were on patrol, a dozen in Asiatic waters and a dozen at Pearl Harbor. Ships of the Netherlands and British Dominion forces were later to come under Allied command, but were not yet integrated into the Pacific Fleet.

It was not a picture to warm the heart of a fighting admiral. By all classical rules of naval warfare, we would lose the Pacific—and eventually the Pacific Fleet. Already Wake, Guam and the Philippines were proving impossible to defend. The Japs were starting their march through the East Indies archipelago, aimed at Australia. And we were left without a single developed naval base in the entire south and west Pacific.

The only possible decision was to go on the defensive, to spar for time, to hit and run—and all the while to pray for more carriers, more planes, more heavy ships. This defensive phase of our war with Japan was to last for six months, and they were six of the longest, blackest, most despairing months in American history.

For the men and ships who fought this one-sided sparring match through the archipelago from Manila to Borneo to Bali to Java to New Guinea and finally to the coast of Australia, it was a cruel and costly con-

test. Deprived of air-cover, and without adequate bases, the battered American, Dutch, and Australian ships were hounded from island to island by dive-bombers, torpedo-bombers and heavy Jap ships; it was a modern naval counterpart of that winter at Valley Forge. Their numbers dwindled. Their only role was to slow up the Jap advance; they had no hope of stopping it.

The Jap march started in January with landings on Borneo and Celebes, the two largest islands north of the Dutch East Indies. In short hops clearly designed to take airfields along the line of march, they were moving straight toward Java, temporary haven of the few remaining ships of the U. S. Asiatic Fleet. In their airfield hopping technique the Jap ships were constantly supported by land-based bombers and fighters, as well as their fleet carrier planes.

Flight from the Philippines

Admiral Thomas B. Hart, Commander of the Asiatic Fleet, watches from his office window as Jap bombers leisurely destroy Cavite naval base. It is the third day of the war. Ships are sinking and burning in the harbor, and the base itself is a tower of flame and smoke. There is no fighter opposition: the Japs spent the first three days of their war methodically bombing and strafing every airfield in the island group.

This third day of the war brings other bad news: the British battleships *Repulse* and *Prince of Wales* die at noon after a merciless bombing and torpedoing off the coast of Malaya. Any hopes that Admiral Hart may have had of fighting the Japs with the aid of these powerful British ships go down with them. His own fleet is pitifully weak; three cruisers, 13 World War I destroyers and a few auxiliaries—against the most powerful air and naval forces to roam the Pacific up to that time.

With the last major naval base west of Pearl Harbor a pile of rubble and ashes, the admiral sends the remains of his fleet to safer southern waters. With them, he sends some 200,000 tons of merchant ships which had sought haven in Manila Bay. He—and his submarines—remain.

The month wears on. Jap troops march through the Philippines, and clouds of their planes swarm from captured airfields. Manila Bay is bombed daily; even the submarines must lie on the bottom during daylight, coming up to resume repairs only by night. On Christmas Day, Admiral Hart boards a submarine and follows his fleet south. By the end of the year, all submarines have left Manila, leaving only a few minesweepers and tugs—and MacArthur's army on Bataan and Corregidor. Two days later, Japs enter Manila.

The Japs March South

Almost a thousand miles south of the Philippines—in Soerabaja on the northern coast of Java—Admiral Hart meets again with the men and ships of the Asiatic Fleet. General Wavell is there, too, newly arrived to head the American-British-Dutch-Australian joint command, though for several weeks all British, Dutch and Australian warships are busy convoying troops to besieged Singapore. For by now it has become clear that the Japs are moving not only down the Asiatic mainland toward Singapore, but also straight south toward Java and southeast toward New Guinea—in a vast triple pincer. The objectives of the pincer are clear: that richest of all plums, the Dutch East Indies, then Australia, and if possible, the remainder of the Allies' sea power.

By January 20th the central pincer is already probing through Makassar Strait—that open seaway that stretches south from the Philippines toward Java. By ingenious airfield-hopping, the Japs are constantly supported by land-based fighters and bombers, as well as swarms of carrier-based planes. Woe to any Allied force that dares to oppose the Jap march in daylight with anything less than a half-dozen battleships, three or four carriers, a dozen cruisers and a covey of destroyers. Admiral Hart looks out over the Java Sea at the tiny force at his command: the cruiser *Houston* is his heaviest ship, he has but a handful of antique destroyers—and no air support.

Reconnaissance brings in reports of a Jap armada heading south toward Java through Makassar Strait, and Hart decides on a night torpedo attack—the only choice when so vastly outnumbered. Four destroyers, backed up by two cruisers, start north, but bad luck haunts them. One cruiser hits an uncharted rock and retires; another has engine trouble that cuts her speed in half. But they sight the Jap armada off Balikpapan, Borneo's main oil port. Darting through the smoke of fires set in the town's oil installations by the fleeing Dutch, the destroyers find themselves in the midst of a score of Jap troop transports. Hurling torpedoes in all directions the destroyers hit a dozen ships, see at least six sink, and leave the bay alive with swimming Japs. A Dutch submarine that watched the battle later reports a toll of thirteen Jap ships. It is a resounding American success, and the Japs are stalled for some time at Balikpapan.

Death of a Fleet

But the brave group of little ships is doomed from the start. It has no protected bases. Singapore falls.

Jap planes soon make the advance base of Soerabaja "untenable"—which in plain English means a death-trap. Soon Port Darwin on the west coast of Australia—which the joint command has selected as a main base—is completely erased by Jap bombers. And it will be months before the U. S. bases far to the east in the Fijis and New Caledonia are operating.

Meanwhile, the joint command adds some British, Dutch and Australian cruisers and destroyers to the Allied fleet, but again—too little and too late. And the joint command functions under soul-trying difficulties—difficulties in language, lack of organization, lack of navigational and communication aids, and the fact that joint strategic action had never been rehearsed. The Japs are on the move again, airfield-hopping, bombing and building-up. Under Admiral Doorman and later Admiral Helfrich of the Dutch Navy, the brave fleet weakens with each strike at the Jap advance. The cruisers are put out of action one by one, and the number of destroyers dwindles. Soon the Japs have sealed the entire Java Sea, and the remaining ships must fight their way out. Late in February three ships try the strait between Java and Sumatra; a few days later three more try the same exit. None of them are ever heard from again. Only four U. S. destroyers reach Australia—the battered remnants of the naval force which once bore the proud name: "United States Asiatic Fleet."

Central Pacific Strikes

But elsewhere the U. S. Pacific Fleet is taking the initiative. A striking force built around two carriers, five cruisers and ten destroyers sets out from Pearl Harbor late in January on a tour of destruction which will soon leave nearly a dozen of Japan's Central Pacific outposts badly damaged. Wotje, Maleolap, Kwajalein, Roe, Jaluit, Makin, Taroa and Gugewe—many of them islands we were to hear much more of later in the war—are given the same sort of surprise working-over that the Japs gave us at Pearl Harbor. It is a tiny striking force but it makes up in surprise and superior airmanship what it lacks in power. And it is a laboratory that proves conclusively the effectiveness of the carrier striking force for this peculiar Pacific warfare, for it steams back to Pearl Harbor early in February to report: 73,000 tons of Jap ships (including two subs) sunk, heavy damage on a cruiser, 35 Jap planes downed, and several enemy bases ruined for months to come.

Six days after this curtain-raiser, a similar force built around carriers again leaves Pearl Harbor for the West. This time it is our former island of Wake,

which the Japs are rebuilding into a central Pacific bastion. By surprise again, our carrier planes, plus naval guns, wreck the tiny island, sinking two patrol vessels, destroying four big planes, blowing up nearly every fuel and ammunition dump and hangar on the atoll. Then the force heads farther west, driving right up to Marcus Island—less than a thousand miles from Tokyo—and does an equally thorough job of naval air-power pulverizing.

In April, as things are going from bad to worse in Bataan and the South Pacific, we are electrified by the news that Army bombers, striking from nowhere, have struck at Tokyo itself. It is a token raid, of course, and perhaps not too destructive, but unquestionably it throws the Jap High Command off balance. Months later we are to learn that the bombers took off from the *Hornet*.

All in all, our spring carrier strikes are invaluable. They teach us our weaknesses—and we had many—in anti-aircraft protection and marksmanship, in carrier-plane design and armament, and in our woeful shortage of guns, planes, men, ships—and carriers. Mostly carriers.

One more raid is made—this time in the Southwest—using this now-proven technique of carrier-plane strikes. The Japs have leap-frogged almost to the door of Australia, and stand poised at Lae and Salamaua on the north coast of New Guinea. Their next step is Port Moresby—the "Key to Australia"—unless they can be slowed or thrown off balance.

Again using superior generalship in place of superior power, two carriers and cruiser-destroyer escort plan a surprise for the Jap staging points of Lae and Salamaua. By careful research, it is discovered that the three-mile-high Owen Stanley mountains which form the backbone of New Guinea, have a lone pass—through which planes can fly at 7500 feet. This, then, is the back door to Lae and Salamaua. The carrier-group lies off the southern coast. On March 10th, its planes dart through the pass and burst from a totally unexpected quarter on the Jap ships at anchor. The toll: five transports, a cruiser, a destroyer, a mine-layer sunk; two cruisers, two destroyers, and a sea-plane tender badly damaged and possibly sunk. We lose one of our mountain-hopping carrier-planes.

Pacific Stalingrad

In April, five months after the Jap tidal wave rolled through the Southwest Pacific, it meets its first strong resistance. By now it has smothered the Philippines, Borneo, Malaya, the Dutch East Indies, Northern New Guinea, and many of these islands which flank Austra-

lia on the north. Australia is the only major area in the Southwest Pacific not yet taken by the Japs, and its days seem numbered. Jap fleets cruise unchallenged through the archipelagoes north and northeast of it, and their land troops begin to occupy the Solomon Islands—thus almost completely cutting off the continent “down under.”

This, historians will say, marks the high-point in Japan's expansion—the Pacific Stalingrad, the turning point in the United States-Japan war. For two separate naval actions are to stop the Jap in his tracks, and never again is he to seize the initiative.

The first, in May, takes place a few hundred miles this side of Australia, south of an island in the Solomon group called Guadalcanal, which most of us have never heard of. Admiral Fletcher, with two carriers, three cruisers and six destroyers, determines to stop the Jap march into the Solomons with another dose of their own prescription—naval air-power. The first day his carrier-planes sink several Jap ships and heavily damage others. Later, reinforced, the same force sinks and damages other Jap carriers and cruisers. In this “Battle of the Coral Sea,” Japan's advance on Australia's flank is stopped, and our losses—a carrier, a destroyer and a tanker—are far lower than the Japs'.

A month later, another dose of naval air-power is administered in another quarter. Anticipating a Japanese thrust elsewhere than in the Solomon area, Admiral Nimitz gathers a carrier-cruiser-destroyer group in the central Pacific, this side of Midway Island—the only Clipper-stop not yet attacked by the Japs. Sure enough, a large Jap attack force is sighted moving on Midway on June 3rd, and Army B-17s strike first, obtaining several hits. Navy and Marine Corps planes from Midway also strike, and then our carrier planes move in. By June 6th, the Jap fleet is soundly trounced—the first decisive defeat of the Japanese Navy in 350 years. A tally shows all their carriers sunk, several cruisers sunk or badly damaged, heavy hits on a battleship, and lesser craft sunk and damaged. Our Midway losses were severe but light in comparison: the carrier *Yorktown* and a destroyer were lost, and three squadrons of carrier torpedo planes were almost destroyed. Clearly, we have regained control of the Central Pacific air—and the sea beneath it—and it is never again seriously challenged. The war-center moves again to the Southwest Pacific, except for the Japs' abortive attempt to set up bases on the Aleutians. The unhappy defensive stage of our war with Japan is over.

We Take the Offensive

On August 7th, we take the first step on the long

road back. We land a force of Marines on Guadalcanal and Florida—two jungle-covered islands in the Solomon group—this side of Australia. The purpose of the landing is to wrest from the Japs an airstrip they are building on Guadalcanal—an airstrip which in Jap hands will threaten our remaining bases between Australia and New Zealand. The landings are accomplished with the loss of a transport and a destroyer and the airstrip is taken—but the heroic campaign of the Marines to take and hold the island, and the struggle of naval forces to supply them, is to last for many months.

As might be expected, the Japs' reaction to the snatching of an almost-completed airfield from under their noses is violent and immediate. At last we have come to grips with the Japs on the ground, and when opposing ground forces are locked in battle and supplies must reach them by sea, naval battles are inevitable. They start on August 9th, two days after the landing, and are to reach a furious crescendo of destruction late in November.

The first round goes to the Japs. Fatigue, inexperience, and communications breakdowns all contribute to the bad showing we make in the Battle of Savo Island. In a 30-minute night attack, Jap guns and torpedoes sink three of our cruisers, damage another cruiser and two destroyers. If the Japs learn what a crushing blow it is, and how weak we now are, they might return the next day, polish us off, and retake Guadalcanal. But they don't know, for it is a night action and we don't report the catastrophe. This, by the way, is a potent reason for navy censorship on losses.

We win round two, on August 24th. Our naval strength is bolstered by a new battleship, the *North Carolina*, and we split into two task forces, each with a carrier, and go hunting for Jap reinforcement convoys moving down the Solomons toward Guadalcanal. We find them. Our carrier planes severely damage a Jap carrier, the *Ryuzo*, wound a cruiser and destroyer. Marine planes from Guadalcanal's airstrip, now named Henderson Field, damage two more Jap destroyers and a cruiser, sink a transport. Carrier planes hit a Jap battleship and two other cruisers. The Japs give up the reinforcing expedition, flee northward to lick their wounds. But their air and submarine attacks continue, and they cost us a carrier, the *Wasp*, victim of a Jap submarine torpedo, as well as four destroyers in the six weeks' lull that follows the surface action.

Round three is ours, too. Another new U. S. battleship reaches the Solomon area, and we are no longer

a featherweight pitted against a heavyweight. In October we detect another reinforcing convoy headed down "The Slot" toward Guadalcanal, and we try a night attack ourselves. Catching the screen by surprise we sink five ships, badly damage seven or eight others. The Japs flee. One of our destroyers is lost, three other ships damaged in the 40-minute Battle of Cape Esperance.

The fourth round, on October 26th, goes to the Japs on points. Two of our task forces and three Jap groups are out to destroy each other, forgetting for the moment the supplying of ground troops on Guadalcanal. They meet, this side of the Solomons, near the Santa Cruz Islands. Massive carrier-plane blows are struck, many Jap ships are heavily damaged. Our carrier, *Hornet*, is badly hit, and later is abandoned and sunk by our forces. The Japs still rule the waters of the Solomons.

Round five is a three-day melee of sinking, exploding and burning ships—a naval battle as ferocious as any ever fought. It is the Japs' last all-out effort to land a decisive force on Guadalcanal and ends the see-saw jungle battle. His four battleships, two carriers, five cruisers and 30 destroyers are spotted on November 10th loading up at Rabaul to the north, together with a huge fleet of troop transports—enough to break the 'Canal deadlock. This, surely, is it.

Two days later, three huge Jap warship groups push down The Slot, clearing the way for the troopships. Five of our cruisers and eight destroyers are to lure them into battle, so that our battleship-carrier force can smash into the troop convoy in the rear. The decoy stunt leads to a wild midnight slugfest off Guadalcanal's beaches, with most of the ships engaged taking heavy shell-and-torpedo hits, and several sinking. We lose heavily but so do the Japs, and their losses include two battleships.

The next day the planes take over, and six to eight of the Jap troopships are bombed and sunk. Four damaged ones beach themselves on Guadalcanal. When our carrier-battleship force arrives that night to deliver the final blow, they meet another Jap force and slug it out. So complete is the damage wrought on both sides that the lone destroyer *Meade* the next morning controls the sound off Guadalcanal, and as if to prove it, she leisurely shells the beached Jap transports to destruction. It was our round, let us say, by a technical knockout.

One final attempt by the Japs to reinforce their 'Canal troops fails on November 30th. The troops themselves are weakening. On February 8, 1943—six months after we landed—the Japs pull out. Guadalcanal, a blasted, malarial piece of jungle, is ours. The

real estate value is low, but strategically and psychologically it is a tremendous acquisition.

We Move North

Meanwhile, unseen forces are at work reestablishing some semblance of naval balance in the Pacific. U. S. submarines return singly from long Pacific prowls, their crews pallid and bearded, with wonderful tales of successful torpedo strikes on Jap merchantmen, troop transports and warships. Announced collectively at intervals, the sub toll becomes staggering—hundreds of Jap ships and thousands of their sailors are clawed from the Jap naval armadas. These heroic strikes cost us heavily in subs and men, too, but for every sub we lose the Japs lose perhaps a hundred thousand tons of vital ships.

U. S. shipyards also are throwing in their weight. The building rate for destroyers, for example, is now almost a dozen per month—as compared with one-and-a-third per month before Pearl Harbor. First-line carriers of the *Essex* and *Independence* class, as well as "baby" escort carriers converted from merchantmen, are beginning to come down the ways in a swelling volume to bolster our Pacific striking power. New and better planes for their flight-decks are arriving in a growing stream, too—fighters such as the *Hellcat* and the *Corsair*, torpedo bombers such as the *Avenger*, dive-bombers such as the *Helldiver*—and show themselves superior to anything the Japs can contrive. Land-based bombers such as the *Ventura*, the *Liberator* and *Mitchell* supplement the *Catalina* and *Mariner* flying boats.

And so, early in 1943, we begin our northward march through the Solomons—preceding each landing with bombings and shellings of Jap island airstrips. It is the Japs' airfield-hopping technique in reverse, with American improvements. On February 21st we land in the Russell Islands, 60 miles up the Solomon chain. Furious air battles swirl over the southwest Pacific for the next few months as U. S. Army, Navy and Marine Corps fliers find their wings growing stronger. On March 1st, for example, they almost completely destroy a 21-ship Jap convoy steaming down to reinforce New Guinea, and on June 16th, 107 Jap planes are shot down, at a cost of only six U. S. fliers lost. Later in June, landings are made on New Georgia, the next big stepping stone going north in the Solomon chain, and simultaneously American power bursts west toward New Guinea, as landings are made on Woodland and Trobriand and on the east coast of New Guinea itself.

The summer of 1943 sees our Pacific sea-and-air power slug it out with the Japs in the central Solo-

mons. Surface battles again are inevitable as both sides try to supply their ground forces locked in jungle struggles. Two sea-battles take place north of New Georgia, with severe losses to both contestants, but our supplies and reinforcements go through. Our growing air-strength forces the Japs to resort to night barge shipments, and PT-boats take a heavy toll. By October the Central Solomons are ours.

The Solomons are Cleared

The same formula of naval power—airfield-bombing, naval-gun bombardment, landing, airfield-building and sea-lane supply—is used in the fall and winter of 1943 to clear or “neutralize” the entire Solomon chain, and free Australia from Jap threat. Bougainville is attacked in November and its important airstrips and ports occupied by Marine and Army troops in a few months—but only because American ships and sailors fight skillfully and die heroically in fending off Jap thrusts at our beach-heads, and only because American foot soldiers and fliers fight with equal skill and face death with equal bravery on and above these steaming strategic jungle islands.

The two biggest islands at the northern end of the Bismarck Archipelago are New Britain and New Ireland, and they are significant because their naval bases—Kavieng and Rabaul—are the hornets’ nests from which swarm Jap planes and ships to menace our new foothold in the Southwest Pacific. Our first two major strikes at Rabaul are carrier-plane strikes in November, with our dive-bombers and torpedo-planes putting nearly a score of Jap cruisers and destroyers out of action for months. Between December and February, 1944, land-based *Liberators* help to make Rabaul and Kavieng untenable for Jap ships, and the carrier-plane strikes continue to knock out Jap men-of-war which otherwise would be challenging our ground forces to the south. By February, American and Australian troops have made successful landings on Green Island, near Rabaul, and on the Admiralty Islands to the west, and the hornets’ nests are out-flanked, neutralized and useless Jap naval bases.

By now, General Douglas MacArthur’s long march back to the Philippines has started, and the outlines of its superb strategy are becoming clear. From their precarious toe-hold in Port Moresby on the southern coast of New Guinea—the only toe-hold the Allies have been able to retain as the Jap tidal wave swept across the Southwest Pacific—MacArthur’s men are on the move. Because most Pacific islands have no cross-country roads it is necessary only to take strategic coastal towns and harbors to control an entire island. As MacArthur’s American and Australian troops jump

from Moresby around the eastern tip of this vast island, naval skirmishes and air-attacks occur, but the amphibious march continues. Salamaua and Lae fall, then Finschafen, then Saidor, and MacArthur’s beach-heads move steadily west on New Guinea—as he begins to fulfill the promise made to his Filipino friends—“I shall return.”

Meanwhile, nearly two years after the start of the war, our Pacific Fleet begins its major offensive. It is an offensive that is to carry the flag from the central Pacific right up to the front door of Japan itself—an offensive mounted upon the most powerful fleet of U. S. battleships, carriers, cruisers, destroyers, landing craft and troopships ever to sail the Pacific. The first stop is the Gilbert Islands, lying athwart the Equator almost midway between Australia and Pearl Harbor. If we take them, we can render useless many others of the Jap air and naval island bases which block the roads to Tokyo. Tarawa is the most important target in the Gilberts, with seizure of Makin and Apamama also planned.

Crumbling the Outer Fortress

At dawn on November 20th, 1943, the American armada lies off Tarawa’s shore, as huge naval guns and a sky-full of carrier planes plaster the tiny atoll with nearly 3000 tons of explosives and millions of rounds of machine gun bullets. It is far more tonnage than hit Berlin in our mightiest raids up to then. Since the island is scarcely a mile square that is 20 pounds of TNT for every square yard. As the island begins to burn, the Marines, jumping into their landing boats, complain that there won’t be a Jap left to kill.

But as they near the shore, their fears prove unfounded. Tarawa is crawling with live Japs, well dug-in with ten-foot-thick blockhouses that resisted the heaviest bomb hits. There begin four days of the most ferocious fighting, up to then, in the Marine Corps history—four days of relentless prying, blasting and burning of fanatic Japs from pillboxes and underground fortifications. Not only is the island manned by 5700 of the healthiest, best-equipped Jap soldiers yet encountered—the cream of Tojo’s marines—but it had been constructed in 22 months of feverish building into an impregnable and well-camouflaged fortress, even to huge coast-defense guns brought in from captured Singapore. Our toll is shockingly heavy—almost a thousand killed and two thousand wounded—and it shows America the calibre of the enemy and the roughness of the road ahead. Makin and Apamama are taken with comparative ease and light casualties, however.

Carrier strikes at other Jap central Pacific island fortresses continues. Splitting up into task forces,

naval airpower and naval guns work over Wotje, Kwajalein, Nauru, Roi, Taroa, Mille, Jaluit and Eniwetok, while shore-based bombers from newly won Tarawa neutralized Jap bases in a wide area. Landings are made on the well-softened islands of Kwajalein, Roi and Namur—hundreds of miles closer to Japan—and on February 5th, 1944, they are ours.

The next step is Eniwetok, an island fortress still farther west in the Marshalls. After aerial and naval bombardment, Marines swarm ashore first on Engebi island, which is taken in a record six hours February 17, before others in the atoll are attacked. The same week, Truk—known as Japan's Pearl Harbor, and lying hundreds of miles farther west on the flank of our Tokyo high-road—is assaulted for the first time. Shrouded in mystery but known to be the biggest and most perfect Jap naval base in the Pacific, Truk consists of a circle of islands sheltering the vast naval installations. Carrier planes dart in with guns chattering while bombs and torpedoes churn the tropic waters in the first day's strike—taking a toll of 200 Jap planes, 23 ships sunk and seven probably sunk. Our battleships and cruisers join the attack with their guns—and Truk, mighty Jap bastion, is well-nigh useless for many months to come.

We Move Closer

The Navy is moving now in giant strides—ever closer to Japan. Task forces range over the entire central and west Pacific, sinking scores of ships, downing hundreds of planes, feinting and jabbing. The real blow, however, is to fall on the Marianas—Saipan and Guam—sizable islands with developed airbases within long-range bomber distance of Japan and the Philippines. On June 13th, the softening of Saipan and Guam starts with a three-day carrier-plane assault which sinks 13 ships, destroys 141 planes. The next day the islands are shelled by our surface ships, and the now-familiar landings begin. The Japanese Navy is stung to retaliation and comes out from hiding to challenge the invaders. In the naval battle that ensues, 402 Jap planes are shot down in the biggest single air-combat to date—and eleven Jap ships are sunk or damaged. But the landings are accomplished and the grim job of blasting the Jap defenders from their caves and blockhouses begins—a job which is to take six bloody weeks.

While this job is proceeding, carriers begin the softening of nearby Guam, the former U. S. possession which we did not fortify for fear of offending the Japs. Finally the battleships and cruisers move in and shell the island, and on July 19th, the troop transports are standing offshore. Again the landings go smoothly,

but the resistance on the island is bitter—8000 dead Japs on Guam and 5000 on Saipan are counted by August 3rd. By August 8th, Guam and Saipan are ours—and the tide of U. S. naval power has rolled to within fifteen hundred miles of Japan and the Philippines, our next big objective.

Behind us lie dozens of Jap island bases—bases bypassed and wrecked or neutralized by frequent bombing raids from our newly won oceanic airstrips. Instead of laboriously assaulting each one, the naval high command had found it necessary to take only the strategic ones, thus saving many months and thousands of lives.

Ahead of us are the operations which are to result in our reconquest of the Philippines. The Navy's part in the story of MacArthur's return can best be told, perhaps, in the official naval communique of the Second Battle of the Philippines, part of which follows:

* * *

A series of naval engagements and, in terms of victory, ones which may turn out to be among the decisive battles of modern times, were won by our forces against a three-pronged attack by the Japanese in an attempt to prevent our landings in the Philippine Islands.

The fact is known. Progress of the three-day battle which began October 23, 1944, was promptly reported to the American public as far as military security permitted. It is now possible to give a chronological and diagrammatic review of the second Battle of the Philippines, which left the United States Fleet in command of the eastern approaches to the Philippines, providing support for General MacArthur's invading forces and maintaining without interruption the sea-borne supply lines pouring men and munitions into the combat area.

The Japanese are still wondering what hit them. It is impossible, therefore, to identify the composition of our naval forces or to describe the damage—other than losses—suffered by us in the three-day fight. All damage, however, was remediable and some of the United States ships hurt in the fight are already back on duty.

We lost one light carrier, the USS *Princeton*, two escort carriers, the USS *Saint Lô* and USS *Gambier Bay*, two destroyers, the USS *Johnston* and USS *Hoel*, and one destroyer escort, the USS *Samuel B. Roberts* and a few lesser craft.

Against this, the Japanese definitely lost two battleships, four carriers, six heavy cruisers, two light cruisers, and an undetermined number of destroyers. These ships were seen to go down. So severely damaged that they may have sunk before reaching port,

and in any event removed from action for from one to perhaps six months, were one Japanese battleship, three heavy cruisers, two light cruisers and seven destroyers. In addition, damaging hits were noted on six battleships, four heavy cruisers, one light cruiser and 10 destroyers.

The victory not only made possible the continuing supply of men and munitions to General Douglas A. MacArthur's successful invasion forces, but by its magnitude can conservatively be said to have greatly reduced future casualties in both men and water-borne equipment.

Like all battles, this one did not just happen. The engagements, in one of which surface ships slugged it out against each other, and in which the far-ranging carrier-borne United States aircraft both intercepted and pursued enemy ships with conspicuous success, were preceded by a series of other actions which fall into a definite, strategic pattern when reviewed in order.

Preliminary Feints

Preliminaries to the show-down battle can be said to have opened with the landing on Peleliu and Morotai, southwest of the Philippines, on September 15. These landings in themselves were preceded by a two-week series of feints and thrusts by Vice Admiral Marc A. Mitscher's carrier task force of the Third Fleet, which kept the Japanese forces off balance while whittling down their aerial strength by some 900 planes.

These successes indicated the feasibility of advancing the date for the invasion of the Philippines, and the date of October 20 was set by General MacArthur in consultation with Admiral Nimitz and approved by the high command.

However, a great deal of hard, tough work had to be accomplished first. As much damage as possible had to be inflicted upon the enemy over the widest available area guarding the Philippines. Additionally, by hitting the Japanese hard, and again and again, the enemy was to be confused, and kept confused, as to the ultimate objective of our far-ranging forces.

On October 9, surface forces bombarded Marcus Island, and on the following day a carrier task force struck at Okinawa, in the Nansei Shoto group, about 1,500 miles to the westward. The Japanese defenders were caught off base each time, losing 82 planes at Okinawa and 46 ships not counting 11 probably destroyed.

On October 11, while the enemy was still trying to figure out what had hit him to the northward, the airplanes of one carrier group swept over the northern part of Luzon, main island of the Philippine Common-

wealth, while the other carrier forces were refueling. That strike cost the Japanese 10 to 15 airplanes destroyed on the ground. Enemy opposition was inconsequential.

Three times, in as many days, the United States forces had struck at three different and widely separated strongholds of the enemy. On the fourth day, October 12, a fleet appeared in the enemy's own backyard, off the island of Formosa, from which the aerial attack against the Philippines had been launched by the Japanese nearly three years before. Our objectives were the 25 to 30 first-class military airfields on Formosa, the airplanes based there, and, of course, any other military establishments on shore and the enemy shipping in the harbors.

Our fleet maneuvered in the vicinity of Formosa for three days, October 12, 13 and 14. Fifty-five enemy vessels of all kinds were certainly destroyed, and 32 were probably sunk, while approximately 396 airplanes were destroyed in the air or on the ground. On the last day, and on October 16, Formosa was additionally the target of U. S. Army B-29s, flying from China.

The effrontery of the attack on Formosa from the sea provoked the Japanese into immediate counter-action. Strong units of bomber and torpedo planes swept down from the islands of the Empire, to be met and broken up by fighters from our carriers. Two Japanese planes which forced their way through found targets in a couple of United States medium-sized ships, which were damaged by torpedoes but which successfully retired to the eastward.

Now comes one of the most fantastic chapters of the war. The Japanese aviators who managed to reach home reported an amazing victory, and Tokyo was quick to claim—for the fifth or sixth time—that the Naval strength of the United States had been rendered puny. But this time the Japanese believed their own propaganda, that at least 15 carriers had been sunk and varying quantities of other warships.

A task force of the Japanese Navy was sighted leaving the Empire to give the American fleet its *coup de grace*, but when the astonished pilots of the enemy scouting force saw the size of the healthy opposition deploying to receive them, the Japanese expedition wheeled and ran back to the safer waters of the Empire. Admiral Halsey ironically observed that his ships sunk by Jap radio announcement had been salvaged, and were "retiring at high speed toward the Japanese fleet."

On October 14, our carrier planes began working over the Philippine island of Luzon, and the lesser islands of the archipelago to the south and east, in

order to come into immediate support of the amphibious forces approaching for the invasion. Only about 85 enemy planes were bagged in the sweeps over approximately 100 airfields up to the time our carriers, both the large and fast ones and the smaller escort ships, converged in support of the landings of the United States amphibious forces on Leyte. The strategy had succeeded, and the landings were effected by General MacArthur's forces in complete surprise.

The troops that effected that landing were transported under protection of the Seventh Fleet, whose battleship force was largely comprised of ships the Japanese had accounted destroyed on December 7, 1941.

The invasion of the Philippines employed a grand-scale use of all arms of modern warfare: land and amphibious forces, surface and sub-surface ships, and, of course, a tremendous air coverage.

A look at the chart will show the confusion of islands upon whose perimeter the initial assault was made. They form a maze of channels, of which the two providing the best egress to the Pacific are San Bernardino Strait in the north, between Luzon and Samar Islands, and Surigao Strait in the south, between Leyte and Mindanao.

Second Battle of the Philippine Sea

One of the precautions our forces took against a Japanese incursion from the westward was to post submarines on the opposite side of the archipelago. Early on the morning of October 23, before daylight, two of our submarines flashed the word to the invasion forces that a strong Japanese fleet was headed northeastward from the South China Sea into Philippine waters—and characteristically reported, also, that they were moving in to attack.

They sent four torpedoes into each of three heavy cruisers, two of which were reported to have been left sinking and the third heavily damaged. The enemy forces scattered, and in the pursuit one of our submarines ran on a reef in the middle of the restricted channel and had to be destroyed, after all of the crew was removed to safety.

Later that day, other contacts with the enemy were reported, in Mindoro Strait, south of Luzon, and off the mouth of Manila Bay, where the reporting submarine badly damaged another heavy cruiser, which managed, however, to limp into the bay.

Thus alerted, the carrier air forces immediately extended their patrol searches westward over the Visayan Sea and the Sulu Sea. On Tuesday, October 24, two large enemy fleets were seen making their way eastward. One in the Sulu Sea, was obviously headed for

the Mindanao Sea and its exit into the Pacific, Surigao Strait. It consisted of two battleships, *Fuso* and *Yamashiro*, two heavy cruisers, two light cruisers, and eight or 10 destroyers.

Our carrier planes attacked and inflicted some damage on the battleships, one of the cruisers and two of the destroyers, but the enemy continued doggedly on the way to the strait, at whose mouth, where it debouched into Leyte Gulf, a surprise reception committee was being assembled.

The larger enemy force of the central prong of attack was initially composed of five battleships, the modern *Yamato* and *Musashi*, and the *Nagato*, *Kongo* and *Haruna*. In support were seven heavy cruisers, one light cruiser and from 13 to 15 destroyers. This task force was also engaged as it steamed through the Sibuyan Sea by the carrier force of the Third Fleet. One of the Japanese battleships and two of the cruisers were heavily damaged and most of the other vessels in the group received hits. After engaging in a running battle, the Japanese turned back upon their course as if decided not to attempt to force San Bernardino Strait.

While these carrier strikes were being made against the two enemy fleets, our own ships and landing forces were being subjected to a very heavy air attack by hundreds of land-based planes darting out from the Philippines' 100 or more airfields. During these attacks the *Princeton* was hit and set on fire, and so damaged that the carrier had to be destroyed.

Two cruisers and four destroyers stood by the *Princeton* during her agony, the USS *Birmingham* and *Reno*, and the USS *Irwin*, *Cassin Young*, *Morrison*, and *Galing*—rescuing personnel, fighting the fire, warding off enemy attacks and finally destroying the hopelessly crippled carrier.

Among the attacking Japanese planes was one group of carrier-based aircraft which flew in from the north, so search groups were dispatched from the Third Fleet to track them down. At 3:40 in the afternoon of that same Tuesday, October 24, two enemy forces were detected coming down from the northern tip of Luzon to join battle. They included two battleships, the *Ise* and *Hyuga*, four carriers, including one large ship of the *Zuikaku* class, a heavy cruiser, three light cruisers and six destroyers. The Third Fleet, upon receipt of this information, turned to meet the oncoming enemy.

The United States forces aiding and protecting the landing on Leyte were now the target for three converging Japanese groups totaling, without estimating submarines, nine battleships, four carriers, 13 heavy cruisers and seven light cruisers, and 30-odd destroyers. The stage was set.

Shortly after midnight, our PT boats off the southern approaches to Surigao Strait detected and reported the approach of the enemy's southern force, the one that had been battered but not deterred. The PTs reported that two of their torpedoes had probably struck as many ships, but still the enemy came on. Three hours later, United States destroyers on picket duty in the Strait discovered the Japanese coming through in two columns, making about 20 knots. The destroyers attacked, and almost simultaneously the battleships and cruisers stationed at the mouth of the strait opened fire. The enemy was caught in narrow waters, and caught in the fire, too, of five battleships he had accounted as lost in the sneak attack on Pearl Harbor—the *West Virginia*, *Maryland*, *Tennessee*, *California* and *Pennsylvania* all modernized and more powerful than ever.

Southern Attack Obliterated

The Japanese columns slowed indecisively to 12 knots, and then, as shell after shell from the American vessels found their marks, the enemy tried to reverse course and escape. Of the two battleships, two heavy cruisers and two light, and 10 destroyers, all were sunk except one battleship, one or two cruisers, and perhaps half the destroyers. The next day our aviators discovered the battleship and a fugitive cruiser, badly crippled, and finished them off. Our losses in the entire action were one PT boat sunk and one destroyer damaged.

While the southern prong of the Japanese attack was being obliterated by surface action, the northernmost had been located from the air during the night—and it promptly swung from a south-easterly course to a northerly one. Hot pursuit resulted in a new contact early in the morning of the 25th. The Japanese carriers had few planes on their decks—they had sent their aircraft out against our ships the day before, and the planes apparently had to refuel on Luzon before returning to their mother ships.

Indeed, the Japanese airplanes came in to rejoin their carriers while the United States bombers and torpedo planes were sending three of the four ships to the bottom and making the deck of the fourth no fit landing place for anything. Twenty-one of the homing Japanese airplanes were intercepted and destroyed by the fighter-cover of the United States forces.

Not only did the aerial assault sink three of the four carriers and damage the fourth, but two of the Japanese destroyers were sent down. The enemy force turned and made their way toward Japan, with some of our ships crowding on all steam to catch them—the remainder of the Third Fleet units turned south at

full speed for a reason about to be made clear. Our cruisers and destroyers quickly overtook the surviving but crippled Japanese carrier and sent it down without effort. During the night one of our submarines intercepted a damaged cruiser, and finished it off with torpedoes.

What had caused Admiral Halsey to divert part of his force southward was the report that a group of our escort carriers operating in support of the landings on Leyte was being threatened by superior enemy forces. The anti-submarine patrol of this group of six escort carriers and seven destroyers and destroyer escorts had detected in Wednesday's dawn an approaching Japanese force of four battleships, seven cruisers and nine destroyers. These were apparently the surviving elements of the enemy task force which had been attacked from the air in the Sibuyan Sea and forced to flee westward. During the night the group had traversed San Bernardino Strait.

The escort carriers, silhouetted against the dawn, came under heavy fire from the Japanese force which, in the western gloom and with the Philippine hills providing further concealment, possessed every advantage of position and firing power. The carriers, converted merchantmen, headed off to the eastward into the East wind at the top of their limited speed, launching aircraft to attack the enemy.

But the enemy's superior speed and gun power swiftly told. The Japanese continued to close in, hauling around to the northward and forcing this carrier group to head southward, under continuous fire from the enemy's 16", 14" and 8" shells. Japanese marksmanship was poor, and American seamanship excellent, however, and although frequently straddled, our ships were not heavily hit during the first part of the engagement.

By 9 o'clock, though, despite a sustained air attack on the enemy and the best efforts of the destroyer support with smoke screens and forays against the Japanese, the carriers began to take considerable punishment. One of them was sunk. Two destroyers and a destroyer-escort which courageously charged the Japanese battleships went down under the enemy's heavy shells.

Nevertheless, the Japanese paid an exorbitant price for their success, such as it was. Two of their heavy cruisers were sunk, and one—perhaps two—of their destroyers went down under the concentrated counter-attack from surface and air.

Still the enemy pressed his advantage, and by 9:20 the carrier group had been jockeyed into a situation with the Japanese in position for the kill.

Then, suddenly, the enemy ships hauled away, gradually widening the distance, and to the astonishment of the battered American forces, broke off the battle with a final and harmless spread of torpedoes before steaming over the northern horizon at high speed, trailing oil from pierced hulls as they fled.

The Enemy Calls It Quits

What had happened can be reconstructed from the events already reviewed. The Japanese admiral, with a costly local victory in sight, received word of the destruction of the southern force in Surigao Strait and the utter rout of the northern force with the destruction of its carriers. He had to get back through San Bernardino Strait, or face annihilation.

The Japs had not counted on any single force for victory. They had planned a synchronized three-pronged attack with each prong supporting the others. The northern prong had now been broken and turned back. The southern prong no longer existed. The central force, although enjoying some temporary local success, was left alone with the prospect of encountering the entire Third Fleet.

Further, though the Jap may not have known it, we had a battleship and cruiser force—a part of the 7th Fleet—in Leyte Gulf for the purpose of protecting the transports and landing craft from any enemy force attempting to destroy them. This was the force which so completely defeated the Japanese southern force before daylight in the southern part of Leyte Gulf, almost annihilating it—and which was still available—almost unscathed—to prevent the entrance of the central force.

The vanguard of the returning Third Fleet units caught one straggling enemy destroyer before it reached the strait and sank it. Early the next day air groups from our carriers ranged over the Sibuyan Sea and continued attacks on the fugitives, probably sinking one heavy cruiser and a light cruiser.

Back at the scene of the attack on the carriers, the Japanese continued to harass the American ships with land-based planes, resulting in the sinking of a second of the CVEs. The surviving ships of the heroic force, all of which sustained some damage, were the escort carriers *USS Kalinin Bay*, *Kitkun Bay*, *Fanshaw Bay* and *White Plains*, the destroyer *USS Heerrmann*, de-

stroyer escorts *John C. Butler*, *Raymond*, and *Dennis*.

The Third Fleet was under command of Admiral William F. Halsey, Jr., U.S.N., during the operations, and the Seventh Fleet was under command of Vice Admiral Thomas C. Kinkaid, U.S.N.

* * *

In the weeks that follow this climactic struggle between the two greatest battle-fleets in the world, the American march continues. MacArthur's men win Leyte, jump north to an island flanking Manila Bay, soon are landing in force on the main Philippine island of Luzon, and marching down to Bataan and Manila. It is a masterful campaign that surpasses the Japs own conquest of the islands three years before, and it is done 8000 miles from the U.S. mainland.

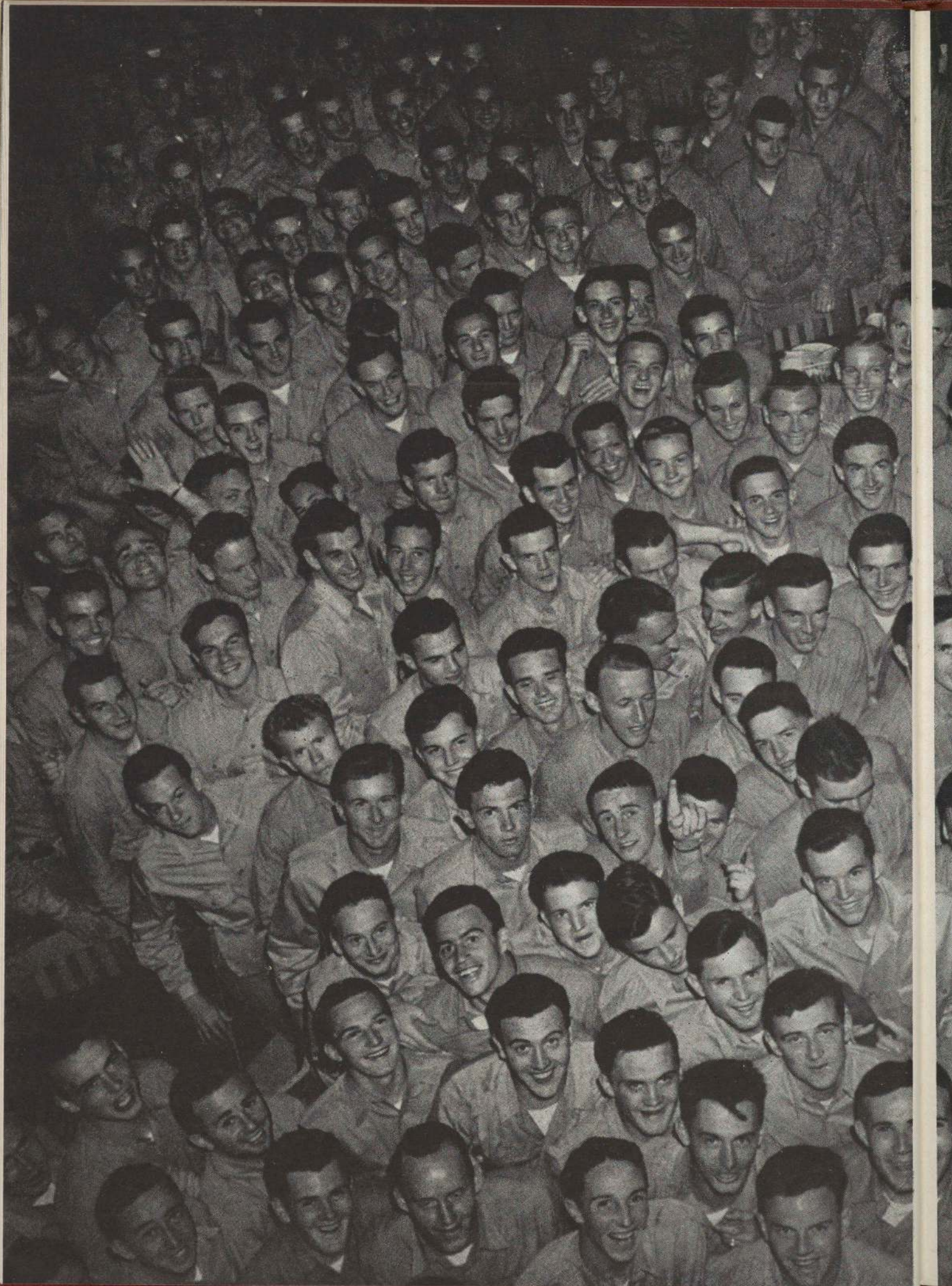
On To Tokyo

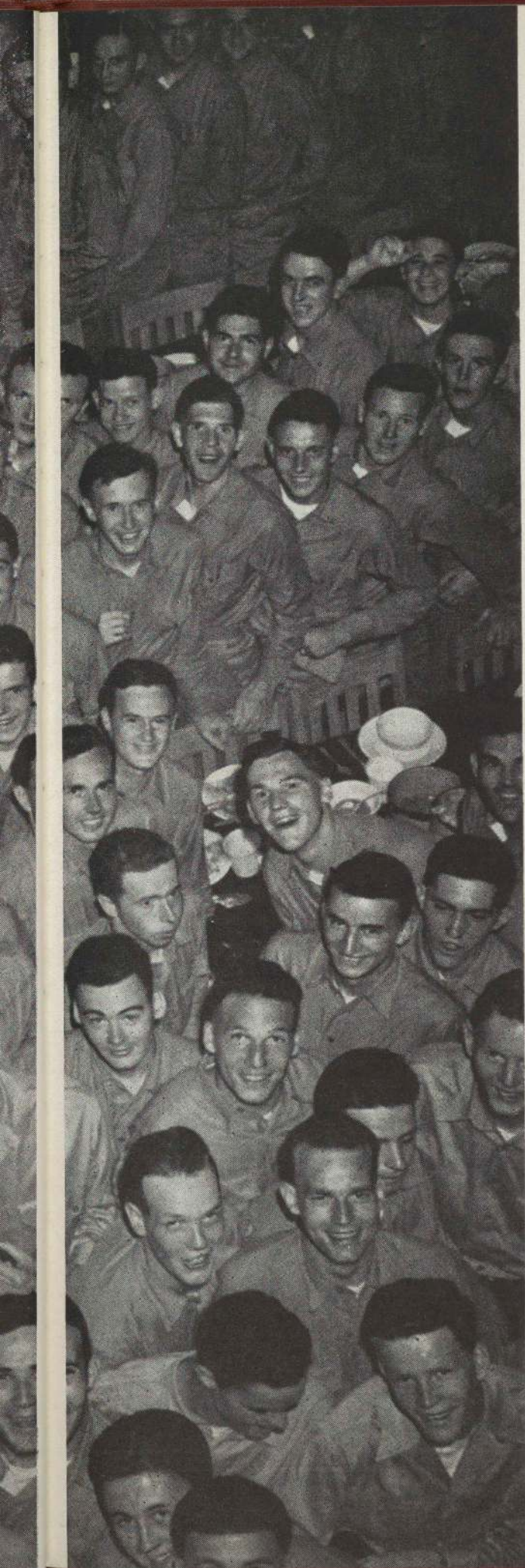
Less than a month after MacArthur enters Manila, our Pacific power is bursting loose again—aimed straight toward the heart of Japan. In February, 1945, 2,000 carrier planes take off from flight decks heaving gently in Japan's home waters and subject Tokyo itself to the worst aerial bombardment any Oriental city has ever suffered. For two days dive-bombers and fighters strike at Japan's vital industry, and Jap radios predict that this show of naval air-power is staged to divert attention from a more important strike elsewhere.

They are right: the important strike is against the Jap island fortress of Iwo Jima in the Volcanic Isles—just a few hundred miles off Tokyo's harbor breakwalls. A terrific naval bombardment knocks out major Jap defenses, and two divisions of Marines swarm ashore. It is to be "the toughest battle in the history of the Marine Corps"—and that includes Tarawa, for the Marine general who took Tarawa makes the statement. But Iwo is taken, after bloody weeks of furious fighting, and bombers and fighter-escort can now bomb any portion of the Jap home islands.

The road to Tokyo's doorstep has been a long one, a rugged one. It has taken us three years to travel its nearly three thousand miles—and many American boys have died that we may traverse it. And many more must die before this greatest of all wars is to be won.

It is they who are the real Power in the Pacific!





POWER IN THE PACIFIC

Here is the war in the western seas, and here are the men who fight it. Here are the tools of the warriors' trade—the guns, the ships, the airplanes. Here is the force that America sent into Far East waters—Midway, Saipan, Guadalcanal, the beach of bloody Tarawa, Lingayen Gulf, and Guam and Truk, and far-off gloomy Formosa. Yesterday these men were boys; today they are seasoned warriors. Yesterday the airplanes were but lines on a thousand blueprints; today they sting the air with death, and shake the earth with blastings. Yesterday the ships lay stacked in piles of shapeless metal, today they cleave the trackless sea, belching steel and brimstone against the slimy fever swamps, the mountain caves, the jungle.

THE NAVY'S FLEDGLINGS

The cream of the nation's youth, men who are in training at Del Monte, California, grin broadly as they file out of mess hall.



CONVOY DUTY



HEAVY SEAS



STORMY WEATHER

CONVOY DUTY (*top left*)

A Navy destroyer escorts a United Nations convoy through dirty weather and rough seas at sundown. The merchant fleet and its Navy escort have performed gallantly to bring needed supplies to the fighting fronts.

HEAVY SEAS (*bottom left*)

A destroyer on duty somewhere patrolling Allied sea lanes bucks rough seas as it maintains a constant vigil.

STORMY WEATHER (*above*)

Another destroyer on escort duty buries its nose in the sea, drenching the bow with a spray of foam. The sailors who man our ships must stand watch in all weather.

BLINKER (*right*)

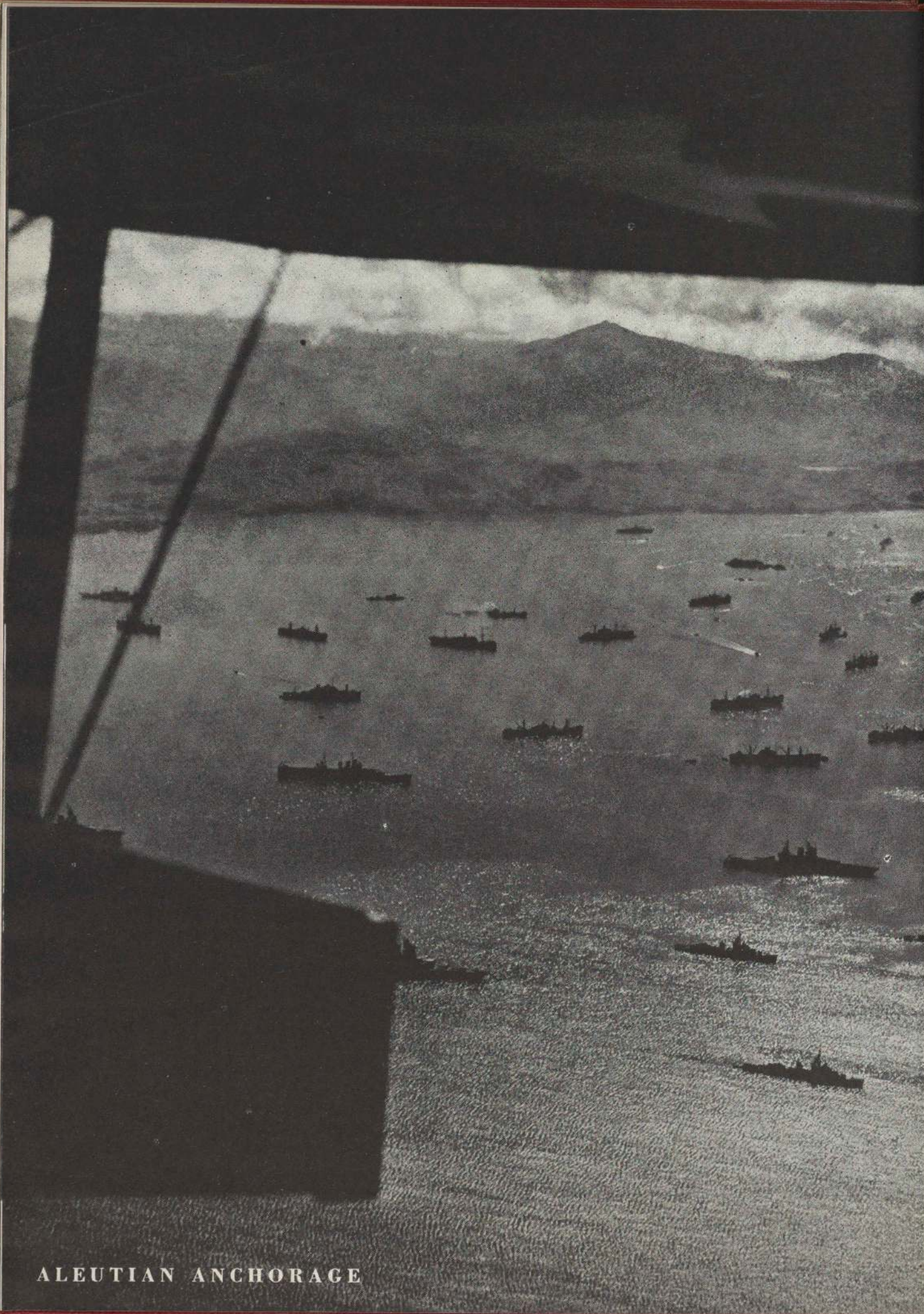
A signalman aboard the *USS Yorktown*, one of our *Essex*-class carriers, blinks a message to a destroyer escort.

ALEUTIAN FLEET (*page 28*)

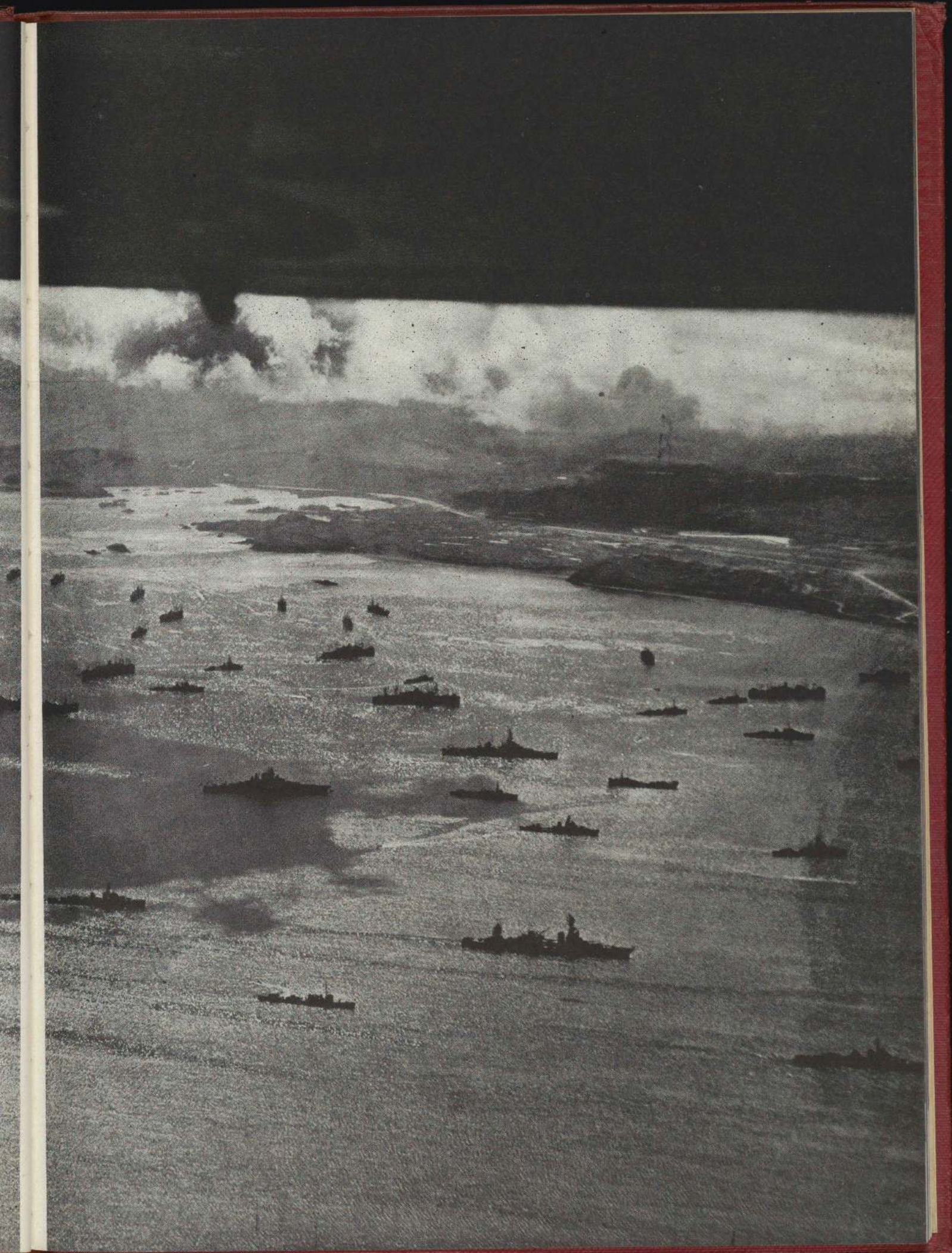
Part of a huge U. S. fleet is shown at anchorage in Adak Harbor in the Aleutians. It participated in the 1943 campaign in the North Pacific when the Japs were driven from their toeholds and the threat to Alaska was removed.

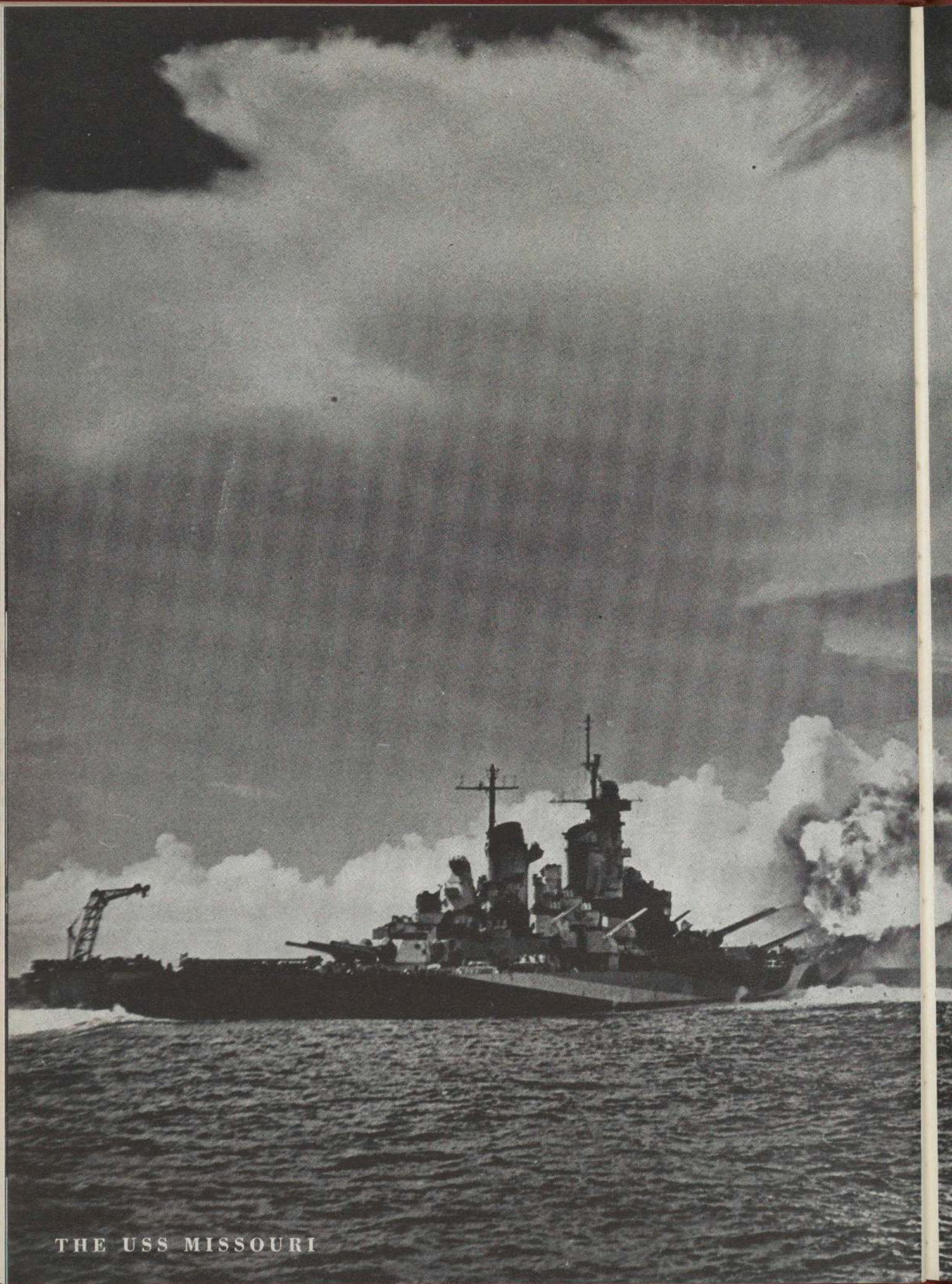


BLINKER

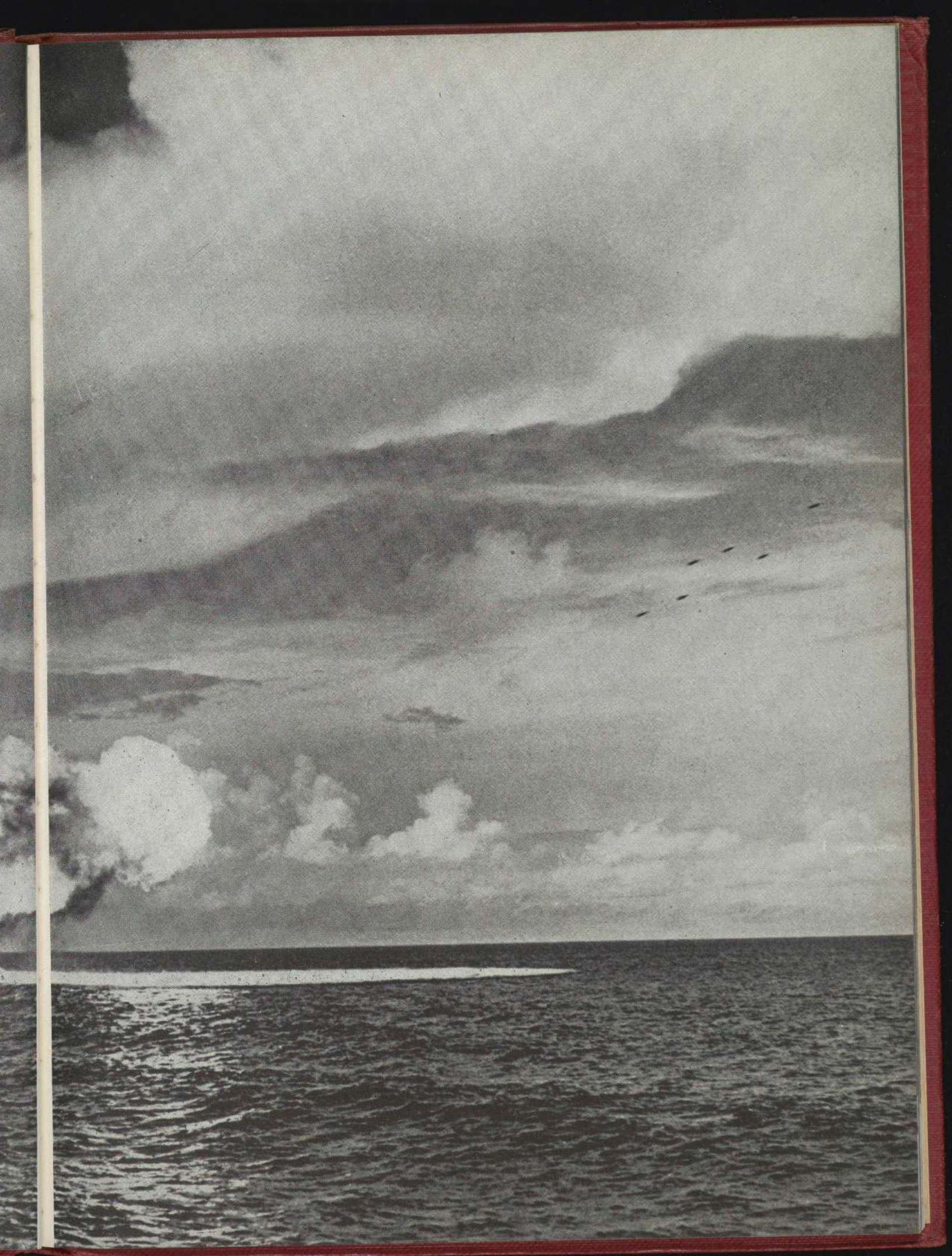


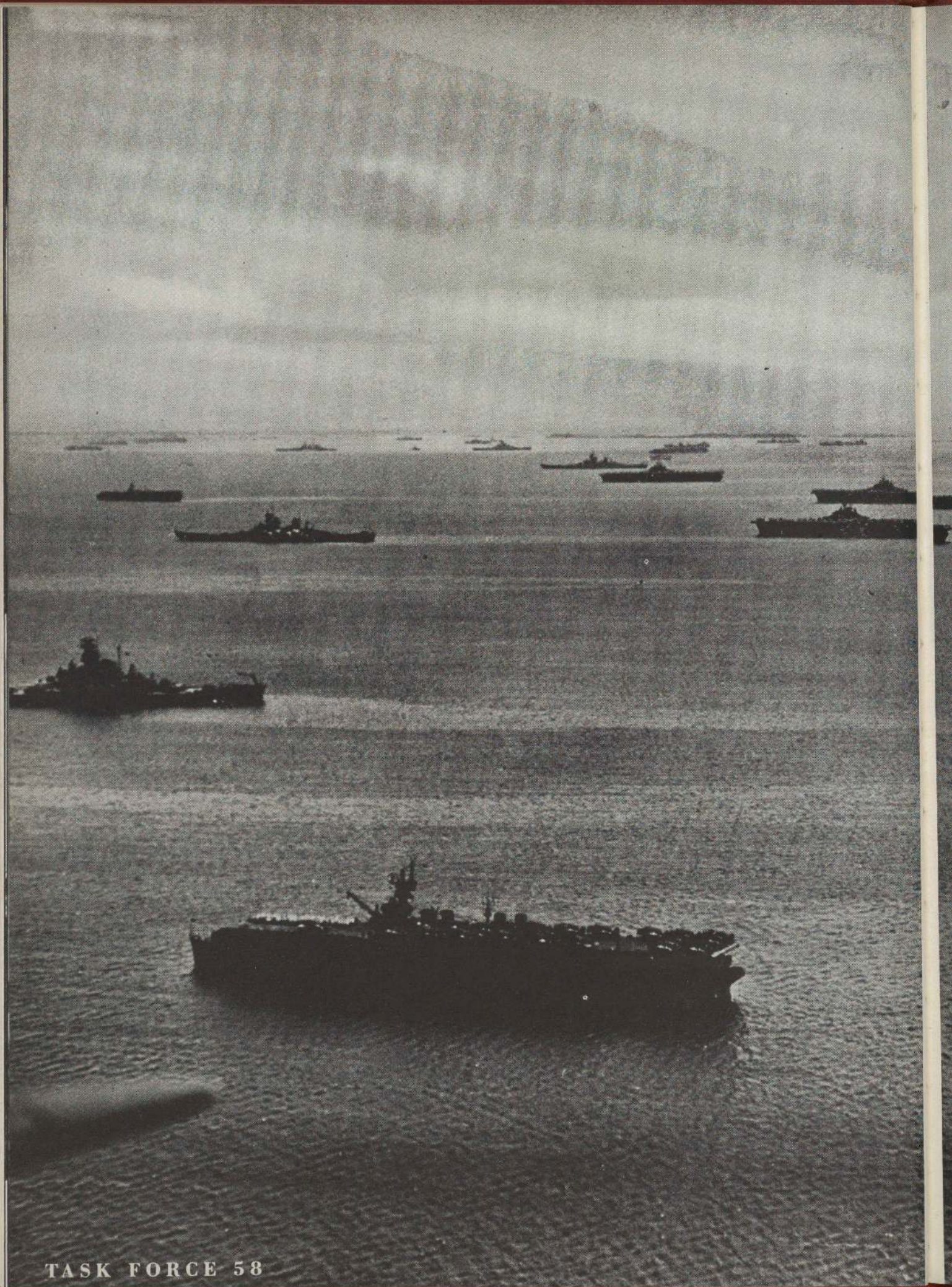
ALEUTIAN ANCHORAGE



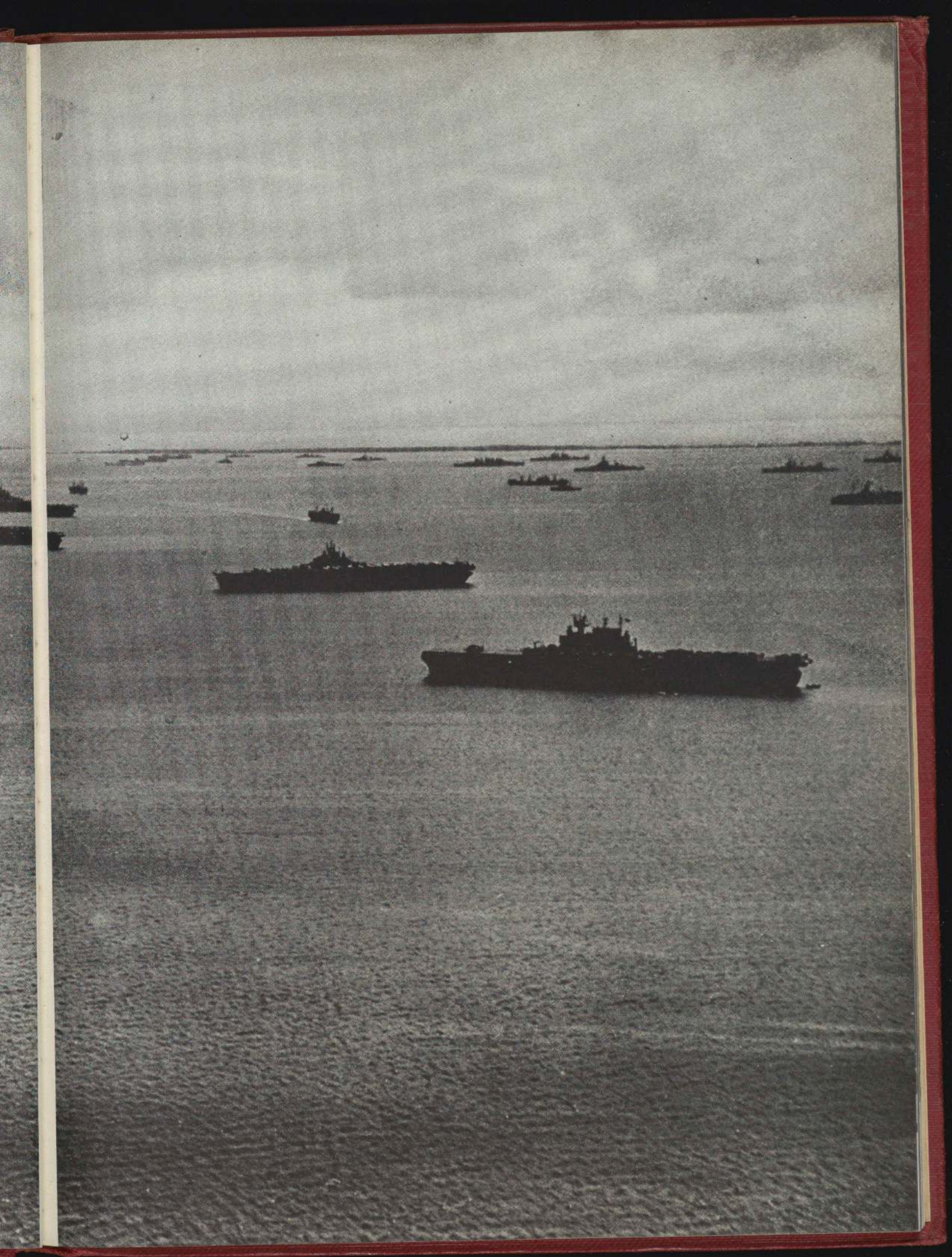


THE USS MISSOURI





TASK FORCE 58





RAMP BOATS OFF ATTU (above)

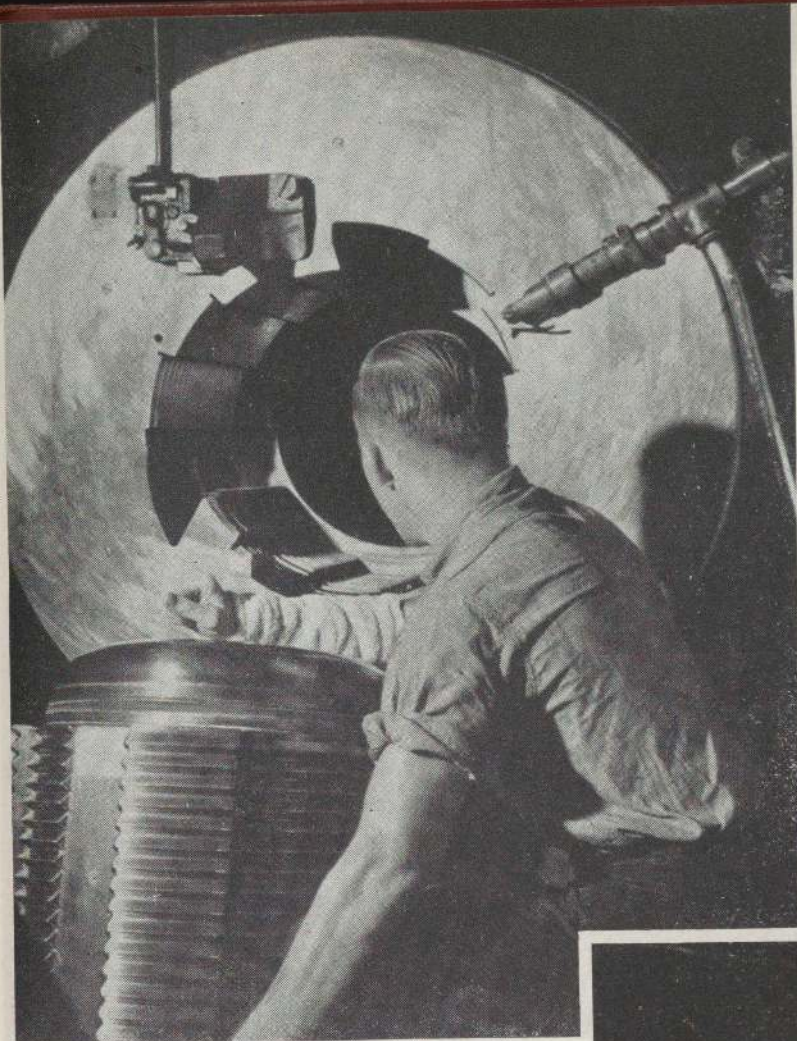
Landing craft dot the water as the first wave of Americans headed for a job on Attu Island in the Aleutians, in May, 1943. Almost a year before the Japs had occupied Attu, Agattu, and Kiska in the Western Aleutians, had failed to capture Dutch Harbor, principal American base in the fog-shrouded islands which stretch between Alaska and Siberia. First American steps in the reconquest of the chain were the occupation early in January, 1943, of Amchitka and Adak, from which, weather permitting, Army and Navy bombers could operate. In May, Army and Navy forces carried out amphibious operations against Attu, west of Kiska, and found the enemy well entrenched along the shores of Hultz Bay. In the three week campaign to take the island, 342 Americans were killed, 1135 wounded, while Jap losses in dead alone numbered 1791. When American and Canadian forces landed on Kiska in August, 1943, they found the barren little island deserted, although the Japs had left well established defenses and could no doubt have put up a good fight, had they elected to remain.

THE USS MISSOURI (page 24)

Latest of our Navy's mighty *Iowa*-class battleships, the *USS Missouri* is shown as her 16-inch guns fire in salvo from the forward turret. At the upper right of the photograph six projectiles are seen in flight.

TASK FORCE 58 (page 26)

A million tons of naval might are given visual meaning in this picture of part of the first U. S. Navy fleet to drop anchor in waters that were Japanese prior to the Pearl Harbor attack. Assembled in a Marshall Islands lagoon, only a portion of Task Force 58 can be seen in the photograph: nine aircraft carriers, a dozen battleships and cruisers, destroyers and supply ships by the score. Defiance of the Japanese was emphasized by the anchoring of such a tremendous concentration of war vessels in formerly enemy waters less than a week after the island's capture. An idea of the size of the aircraft carriers in the center foreground can be obtained by contrasting them with the 10,000-ton Liberty ships moving up from the right center.



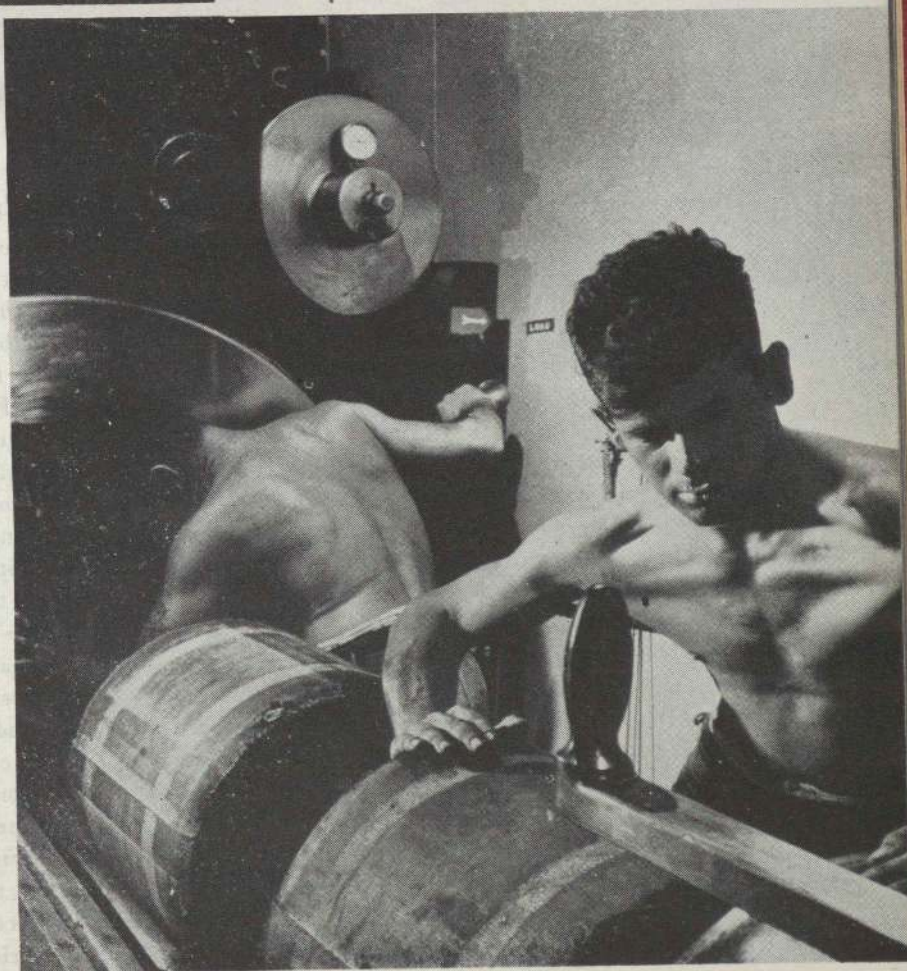
GUN POLISHER (*left*)

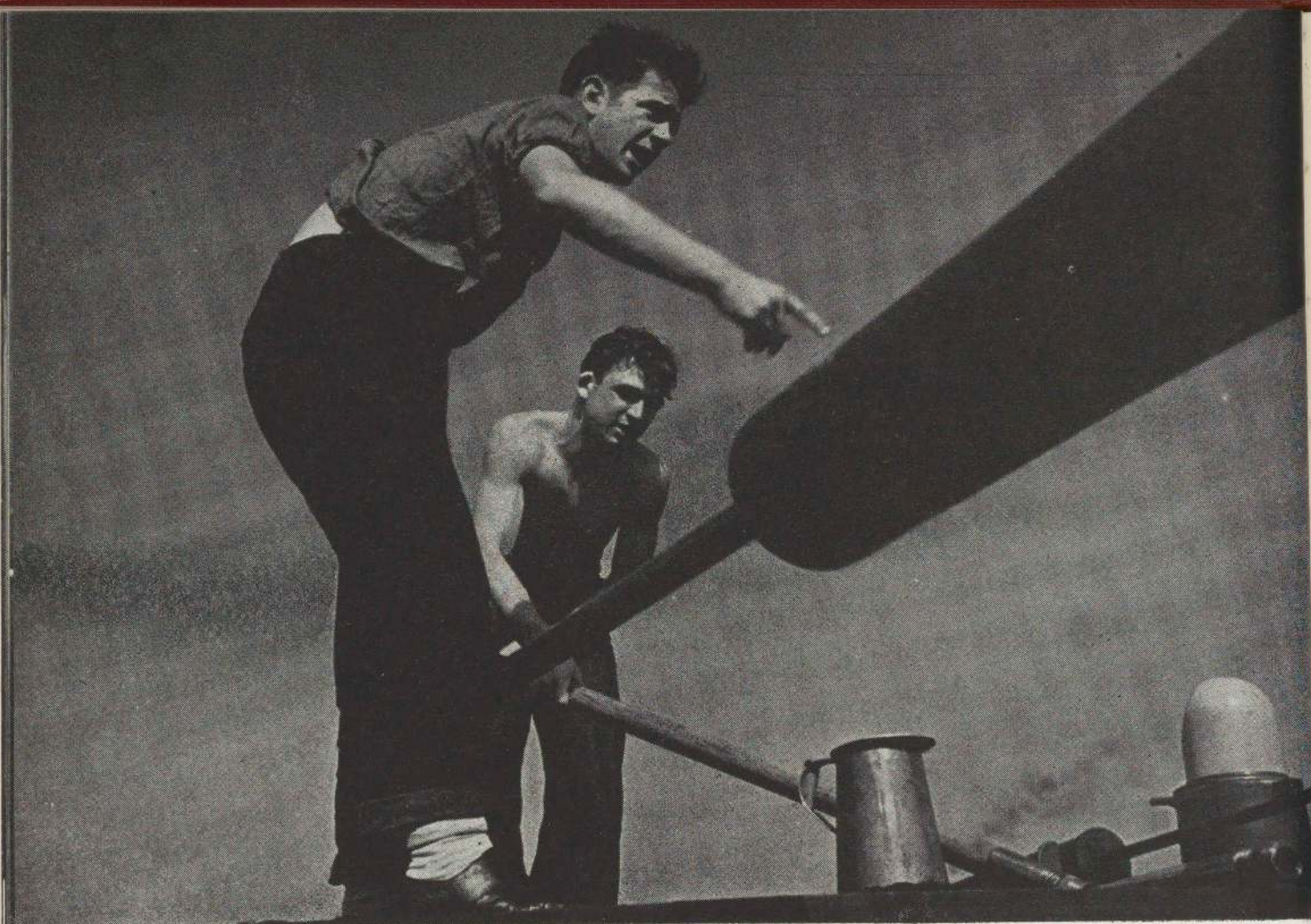
Aboard a battleship somewhere in the Pacific, a sailor polishes the breech of a Navy gun. For most of the men who make up the complement of a ship, duty consists largely of such unglamorous, yet necessary jobs as this. Every inch of the ship must be kept in top working order—scrubbed, oiled, painted or polished—and that takes a lot of elbow grease. With the possibility of a fight at any time when the fleet is in combat waters or about to tackle another Jap-held position, there can be no hitch in the functioning of anything aboard ship. However menial their jobs may seem, the Navy could not get along without the gobs who swab the deck, who polish the gun breeches. They are as important to the winning of the war at sea as the ordinary foot soldier is to the fight on land.

LOADING POWDER BAGS

(*right*)

Bluejackets, stripped to the waist for comfort, load powder bags into the 16-inchers aboard a first-class battleship in the Pacific. While the aircraft carrier has without doubt stolen the show in the Pacific from the bristling, yet lumbering battle-wagons in this war as the importance of air supremacy has become more and more apparent, the performance of these giants of the fleet must not be underestimated. Without their protective power, the vulnerable aircraft carriers would hardly have dared to strike so deeply within enemy controlled waters. Every carrier task force that steams into combat zones has enough battleships and destroyers to protect the flat-tops as well as to provide the pre-invasion barrage.





CLEANING GUN BARREL

Crewmen aboard a U. S. Navy aircraft carrier clean the barrel of one of its five-inch guns. They and their carrier are part of the fighting team that has advanced westward across the Pacific, pushing the Japs back in the three years since Pearl Harbor, back to their innermost ring of defenses. In the Solomons naval aviation did not have an adequate chance to show its stuff, for our carrier force was pitifully weak during the Guadalcanal action, and the invasion was only supported by land-based Marine and Army planes. After Midway there were only three first-line carriers afloat: the *Saratoga*, *Enterprise* and *Ranger*.

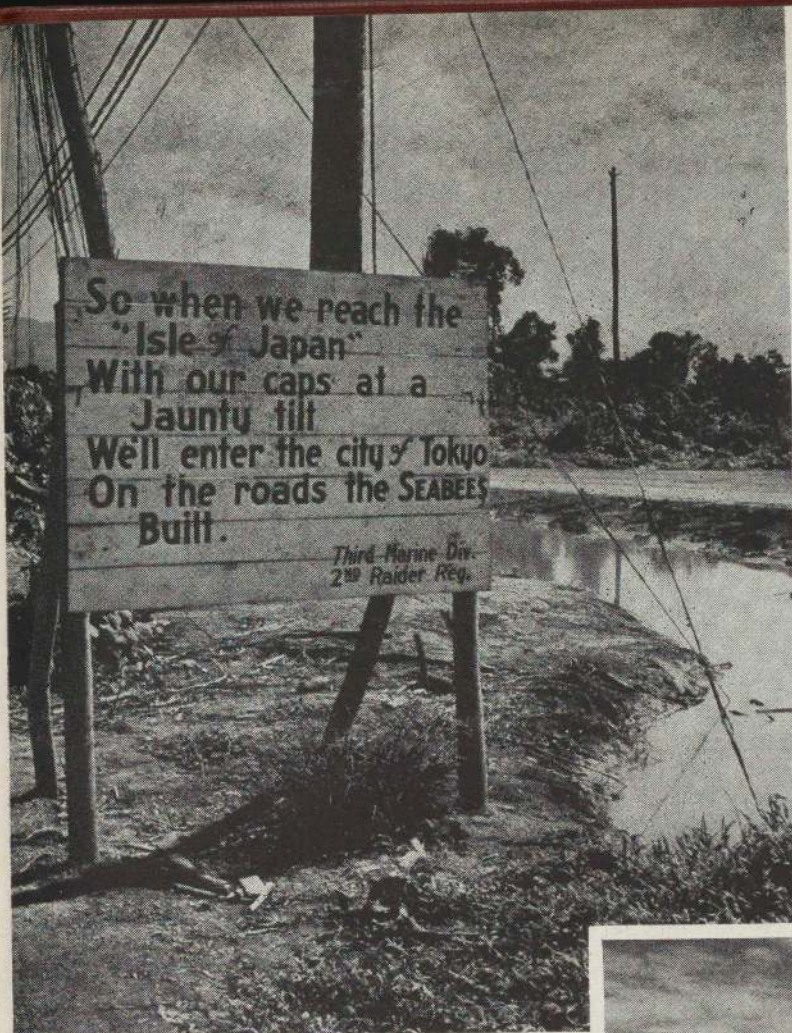
By August, 1943, however, perhaps two carrier forces were operating against the Japs. The Navy's Air Group Nine, including dive, torpedo and fighter squadrons, bombed Marcus, Tarawa, Apamama and Wake. After these assaults Admiral Raymond A. Spruance's Central Pacific Force was organized with carriers, battleships, cruisers, destroyers, transports, landing-craft and even land-based bombers under a single command: the first full-scale triphibious team in Navy history. It received its baptism of fire in the Gilberts.

The lesson learned in the bloody Tarawa landing was applied in the Marshalls campaign, in which

Kwajalein, Roi, Taroa and Wotje were pasted by 15,000 tons of explosives in a 60-day softening before the first landing craft moved in January 31, 1944. More than two million tons of American warships, larger than the entire pre-war Navy, composed the attacking forces. Marine and Army troops were landed and by February 20 with the capture of Eniwetok, the campaign was brought to a successful conclusion. Meanwhile Spruance's task force hit Truk on the night of February 17, sank 23 Jap ships including two cruisers during the 36-hour pounding by carrier planes and battleship, destroyer and cruiser guns.

From there on in the war in the Pacific has been an offensive one for the United States as our carrier task forces have penetrated more and more deeply into enemy waters, and finally to the very door of Japan itself.

This advance has been made possible with the addition of carrier after carrier to the Pacific fleet, and the chronology of the Pacific war has been largely determined by the rate at which these floating bases have been added to the fleet. Backbone of the current fleet are the *Essex*-class carriers, supplemented by the CVL's (converted cruiser hulls) and the CVE's or escort carriers, affectionately known as "baby flat-tops."

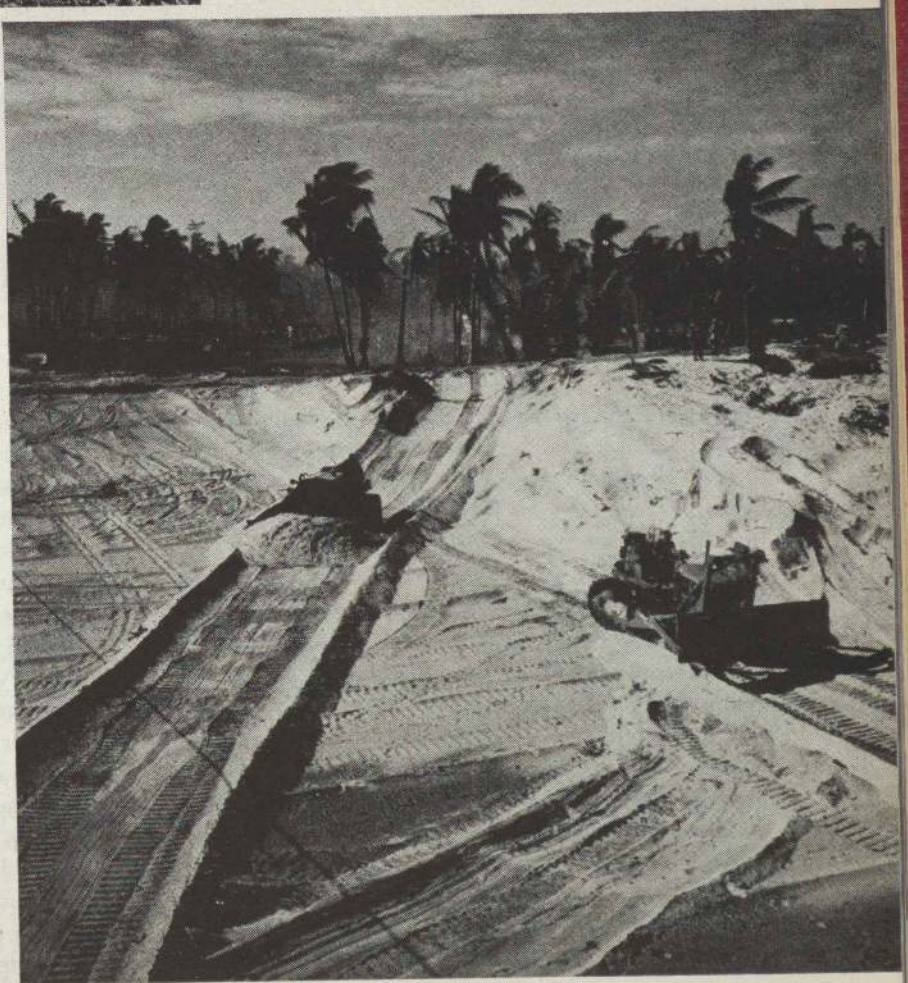


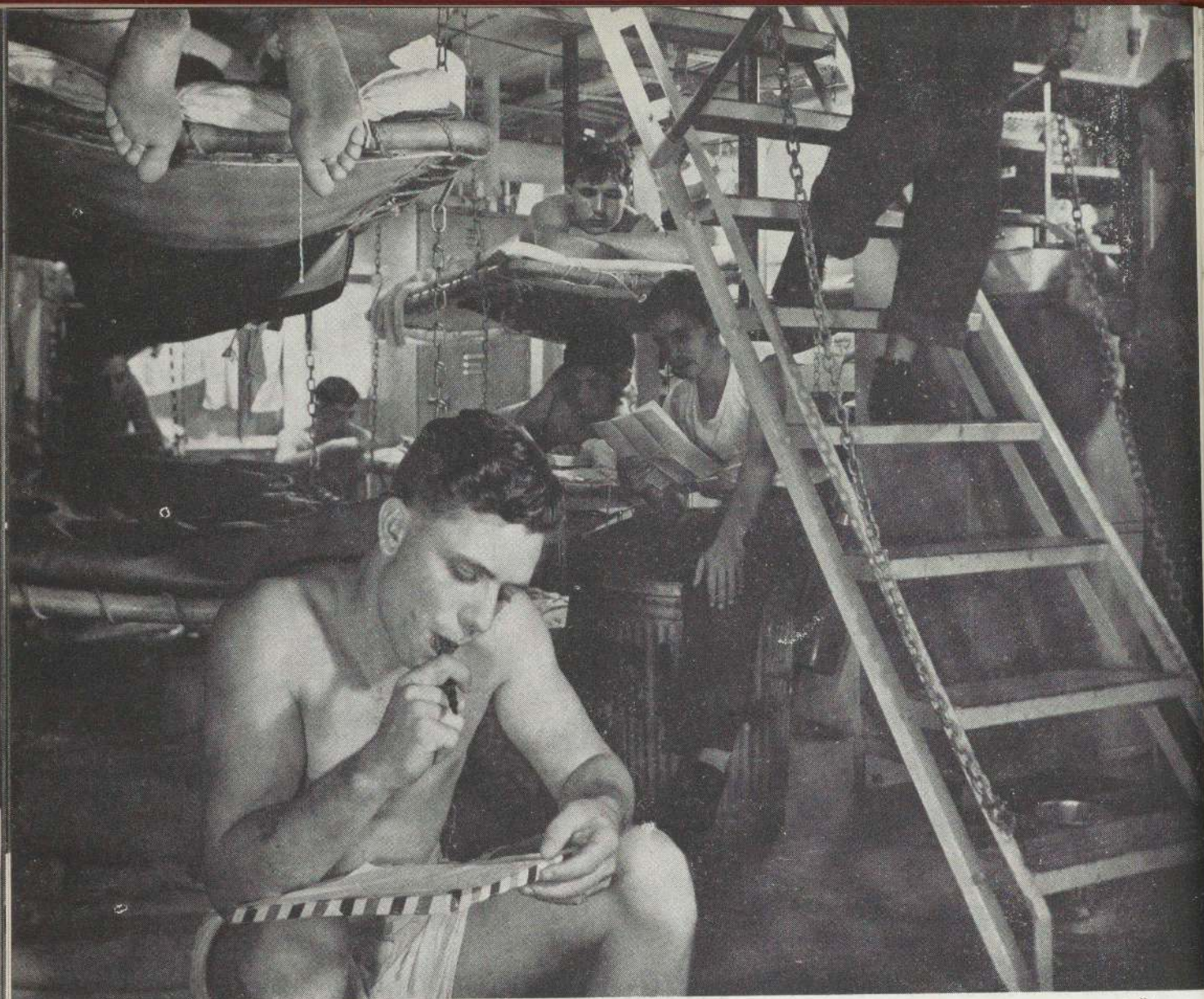
MARINES PAY TRIBUTE (left)

Testament of the Marine Corps' admiration for the Navy's Construction Battalions, the hard-working Seabees, is this sign by the road near Torokina fighter strip on Bougainville Island in the Solomon group. They have performed amazing feats of engineering skill under the most difficult conditions. They have cleared jungles, built airstrips, constructed defenses and have transformed every island seized in our advance west across the Pacific from a barren or jungle-dense, wreck-strewn spot to a habitable, well defended and useful base. Within remarkably short periods of time they have set up quarters for island garrisons, cleaned up and improved upon the enemy's blasted defenses, repaired vital landing strips or built new ones. No job is too difficult for the men whose slogan is "Can Do!"

SEABEES, ENIWETOK (right)

Wherever the war is amphibious, the Seabees are doing their full share of the fighting. Their battle station is the front line. They move in—often before the enemy has moved out—to repair damage, improve existing facilities, and build the jumping off points for the Pacific advance. All volunteers, many of them exempt from military service, their battalions are made up of steam shovel operators, bulldozer men, dynamiters, linesmen, steel workers, carpenters, painters, mechanics, blacksmiths, plumbers, divers. Trained to fight, they have performed miracles of repair, often under heavy fire, while Marines were still mopping up an island. There are grenades in Seabee pockets, and a machine gun or a rifle slung from the seat of each Seabee bulldozer. Here bulldozers are carving out on an airstrip at Eniwetok.





OFF DUTY

Letter-writing, letter-reading, and just plain loafing occupy these crew members of an aircraft carrier during off duty hours. This picture was made in a "berthing compartment", where the men can relax on their hammocks.

The ship is operating in equatorial waters and the men are therefore stripped down against the heat. The crewman in the foreground pensively chews his pen while he tries to think of what to say next in his letter home. His bunkmate, whose presence is indicated by the pair of big feet above, is probably catching a well-earned nap. Another sailor appears to be looking over his buddy's shoulder while the latter reads his mail.

Much of the time at sea is spent in waiting for action. There are routine jobs to be done daily, of course, as the ship must be kept in tip-top condition, her men must be fed, their clothing laundered, their

shoes repaired, not to mention practice for gun crews, or the constant work in the engine room to keep up full steam, or the vigilant watch for any enemy subs or planes lurking in the area.

To men at sea letters are pretty important—letters from family and friends, telling cheerfully of news at home, of the little incidents of daily life. They are read and reread until they are dog-eared and torn. And they are answered in off duty hours when there is time to read or see a movie on the hangar deck, to play poker or acey-deucey, or simply to chew the rag and pass the scuttlebutt.

On the eve of battle, however, a man is particularly apt to be writing another last letter home, pouring out his thoughts on page after page and thereby gaining some relaxation from the tension of waiting. He also very likely attends divine service, to pray at a makeshift altar in preparation for battle.



FUN FOR FLYING CREWMEN

Crewmen of a U. S. Navy *Liberator* squadron get a laugh out of a comic book which they are reading in the crew's ready room. Any "literature" is welcome reading matter at a Pacific outpost, from books on weighty topics to light novels, months-old magazines well thumbed to the comic sections of home-town papers. From left to right the crewmen shown are: Jack L. Featherston, ARM 1/c, of Pawhuska, Oklahoma; Edwin A. Beane, Jr., AMM 2/c, of Oak Park, Illinois, and Joseph H. Oliver, AM 2/c, of Lawton, Oklahoma.

The men shown here fly their shore-based *Liberators*, Navy version of an Army standard bomber, on long range patrol in combat areas. *Liberator* squadrons operate over the entire Pacific, patrolling every square mile of the ocean. These Navy search planes are adept at hunting out the Japs. With a 2000-mile flying range, the PB4Y's were employed early in the Pacific

campaign to replace patrol flying boats as search planes. They keep advancing task forces informed of what's going on ahead. They have also been highly effective in bombing operations which have neutralized such bases as Rabaul.

Whether aboard carriers or at shore bases, pilots and flying crewmen have their own squadron ready room, where they relax when off duty, are briefed before assignments and report in to intelligence officers after flights.

When not being used as a classroom for last-minute instruction before take-off or for after mission reporting-in, the ready room is the general hang-out, a reading, writing, and rumpus room rolled into one. Aboard ship, more so perhaps than on land, it is the home for fliers and "bankroll boys" as flying crewmen are often called by non-flying bluejackets, envious, no doubt, of the formers' flight pay.



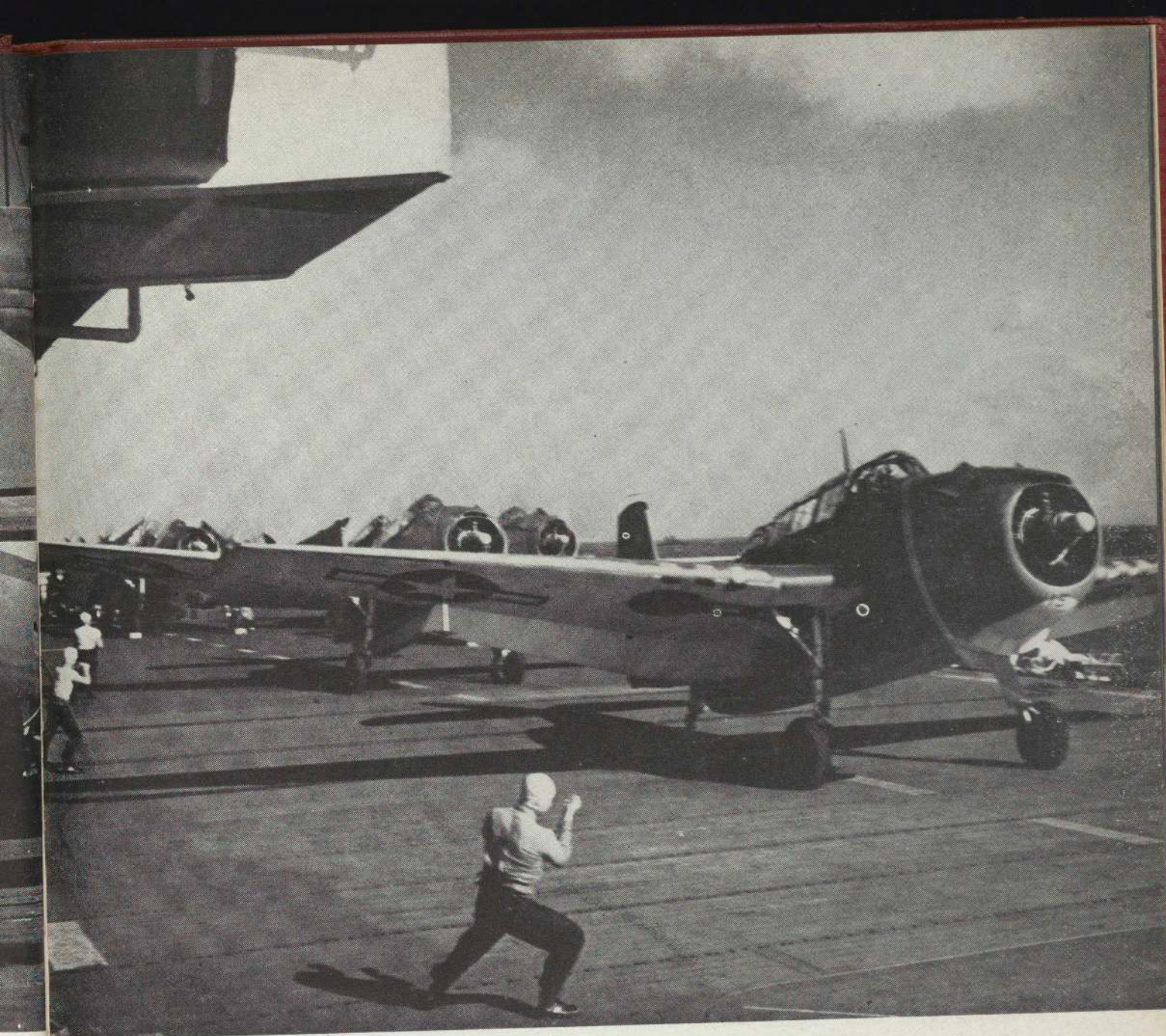
PILOTS, MAN YOUR PLANES

Alert! Alert! "Pilots man your planes!"

Aboard the *USS Lexington*, Navy pilots walk to their planes to go up against the Japs. General Quarters has already been sounded and every man has gone to his special battle station—even those whose ordinary duties usually keep them in the galley, the laundry or the barber shop have gone to their fighting posts—to give first aid or pass ammunition or to be a lookout. The pilots at the sound of G. Q. have gone to their ready rooms to wait tensely for orders to come over the loudspeaker: "*Pilots, man your planes!*"

Now that the moment has come, they hurry up to the flight deck, where plane propellers are whirring

for the take-off, each carrying his equipment (chart-board, automatic, jungle kit, life jacket, parachute included). They appear alert and confident now that the moment for action has come. Fighter planes are lined up first on the long flight deck, for fighter squadrons go aloft ahead of the bomber and torpedo plane squadrons to provide cover for the latter on their missions against enemy-held targets. If the carriers and their escorts have been sighted by enemy scout planes and trouble is expected, it is the fighter pilots' job to prevent enemy planes from getting through their protective screen to attack the carriers.

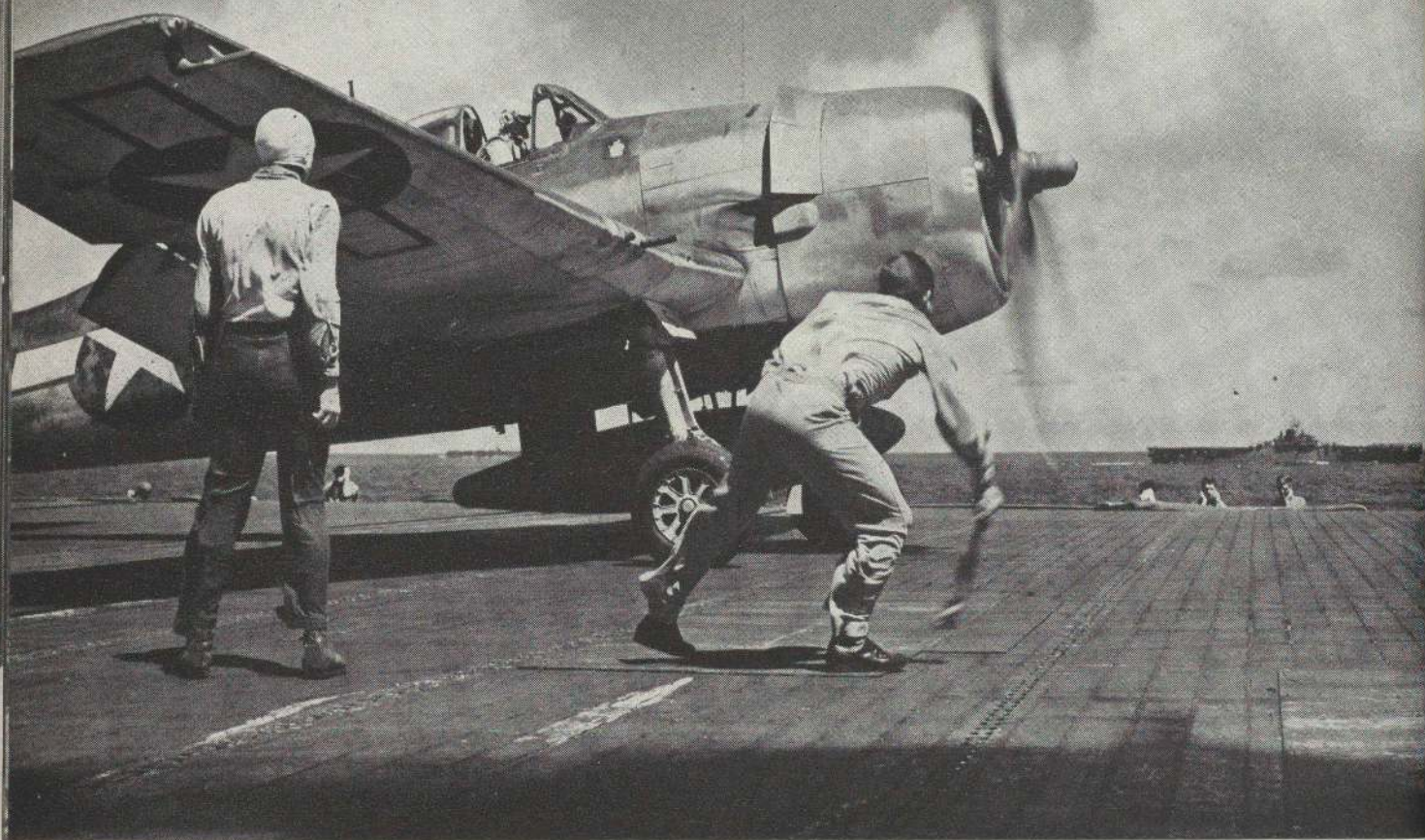


PRE-INVASION SOFTENING UP

Planes aboard a carrier in the Saipan-bound Task Force 58 leave the flight deck for a bombing mission over Tinian, nearest Jap-held island to Saipan, in one of several pre-invasion strikes against the Marianas before the landings in June, 1944. These and planes from other carriers in the huge task force destroyed enemy installations on Tinian that might have been used against the Yank troops landing on Saipan and Guam.

Aboard a carrier scenes such as the one above are unusually colorful and exciting. Traffic problems on the flight deck are handled with an ease that is deceptive, especially here. Though the flight deck is massive in appearance as well as in fact, it is nonetheless a limited space from which planes must take off and

land on their return. The space aft is less than half the deck's length, with its arresting gear and barriers, and beyond the barriers are planes that have already been landed or that are waiting to take off. Even routine traffic, moving planes about on the deck to line them up for take-off or to lower them to the hangar deck, calls for great alertness and skill on the part of the crews of "airedales" or plane pushers. Each crew wears its own particular color sweaters and helmets, by which they are identified as a team, for the roar of propellers warming up, added to the strong wind into which the carrier is always turned for a take-off, limits communication to a system of signals and pantomimic gesture. Here plane directors are signalling pilots to bring their planes up to the take-off spot.



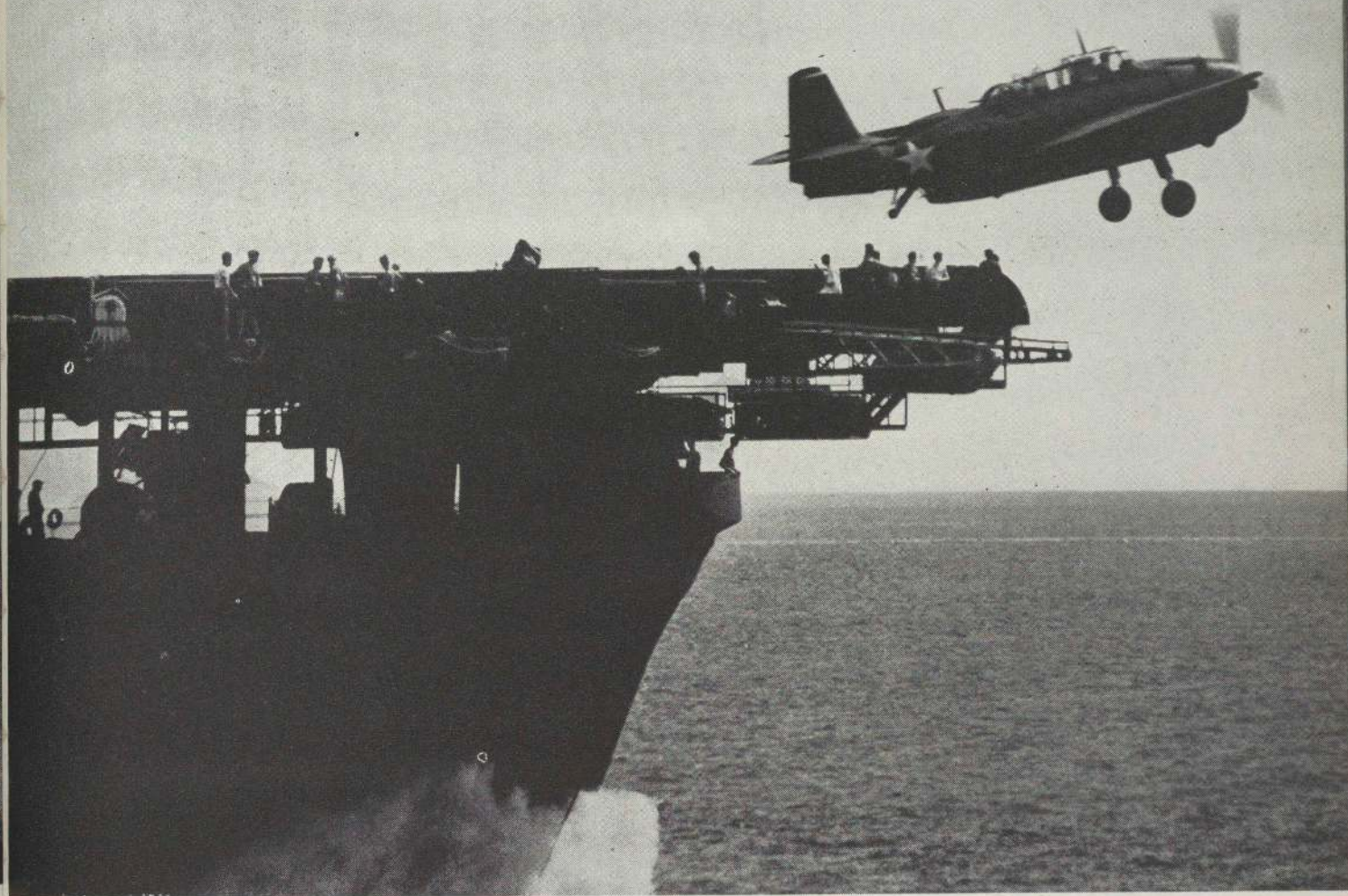
GO SIGN

The landing signal officer flags the take-off signal to the pilot of a Navy *Helcat* about to zoom off the flight deck of the carrier. He has brought his plane into take-off position according to instructions from signalmen spread out down the deck. Abeam is another *Essex*-class carrier and beyond a battleship. Crewmen standing in the walkways watch the operation with interest.

A flier himself, with many hours in the air to his credit, the landing signal officer probably much prefers to be taking off on a mission himself. But his is a vital and important job. He sees to it that planes take off on flights in orderly fashion, roaring down the deck at few-second intervals, and that calls for alert cooperation on the part of pilots and plane pushers as well.

But an even trickier traffic problem occurs when planes return from a strike, some of them crippled and

torn, their pilots wounded. It is the landing signal officer's responsibility to "talk" with his paddles; to direct pilots properly to come in and land on the flight deck, to ascertain the speed and extent of damage to their planes. His orders are followed explicitly, for the fliers know their lives and safe landings under difficulties depend on his judgment. They themselves do not have as good a view of the flight deck and cannot see their own wheels and wings. Never was anyone more finicky than a Fly Three officer who insists that the pilot have his plane in just the right position before he settles to the flight deck. If he gives the wave-off the pilot must take his plane over the carrier and come around for another try. Those planes who have made the homeward journey from the target with difficulty need special attention—their landing gear may be torn off, their gas tanks empty, their crew wounded—and they are the signal officer's first concern.



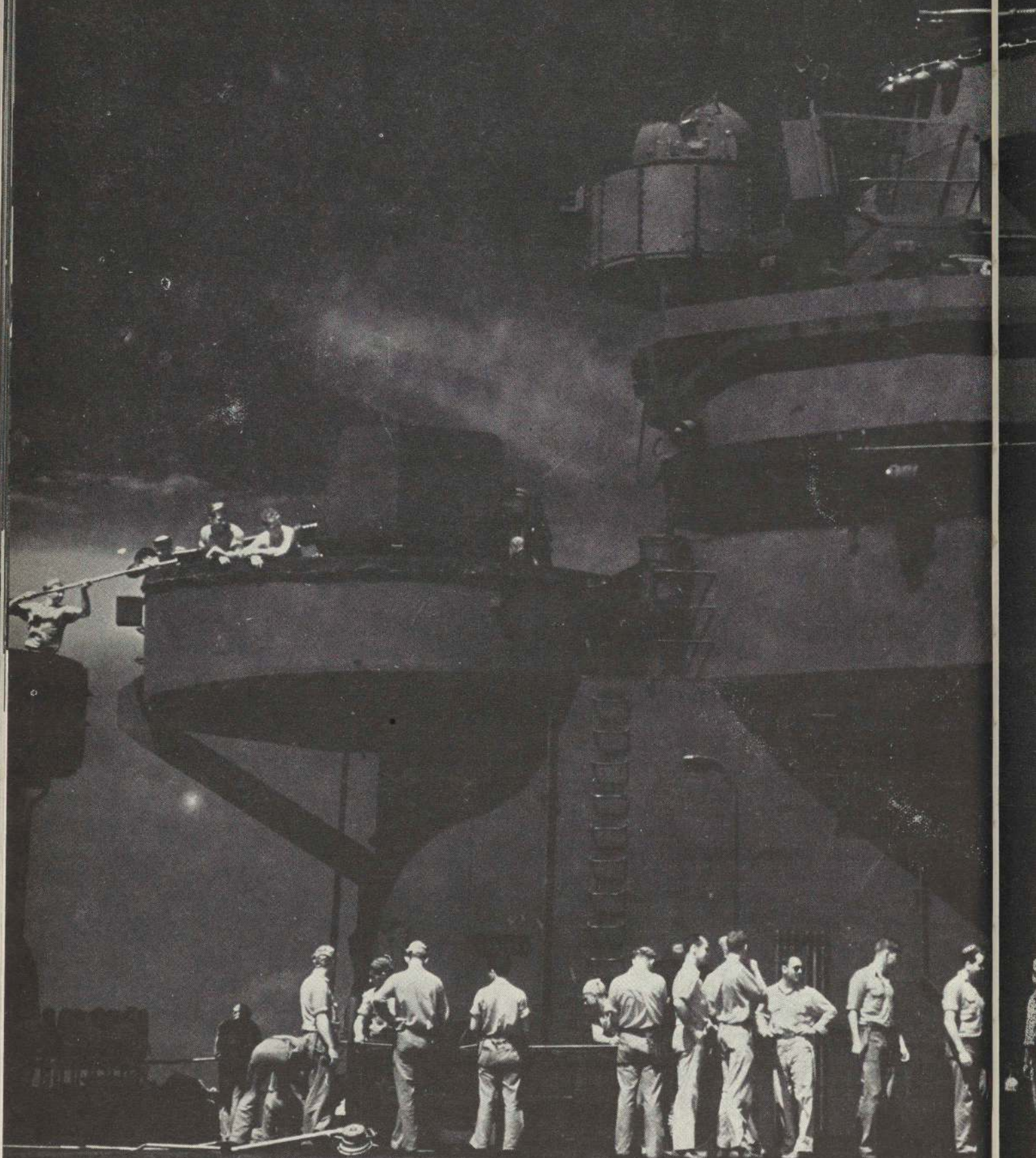
LAUNCHING, USS YORKTOWN (above)

The *USS Yorktown*, kicking up a bow wave as she speeds into the wind, launches one of her TBF *Avenger* torpedo bombers. Named in honor of her predecessor, lost in the Battle of Midway, the new *Yorktown*, one of the *Essex*-class carriers, carries a squadron of the hard-hitting torpedo planes, each of which is equipped with a deadly torpedo. *Avengers* assigned to the smaller escort carriers used for anti-submarine patrol carry depth charges instead of torpedoes, while on some missions a regular bomb load is substituted.

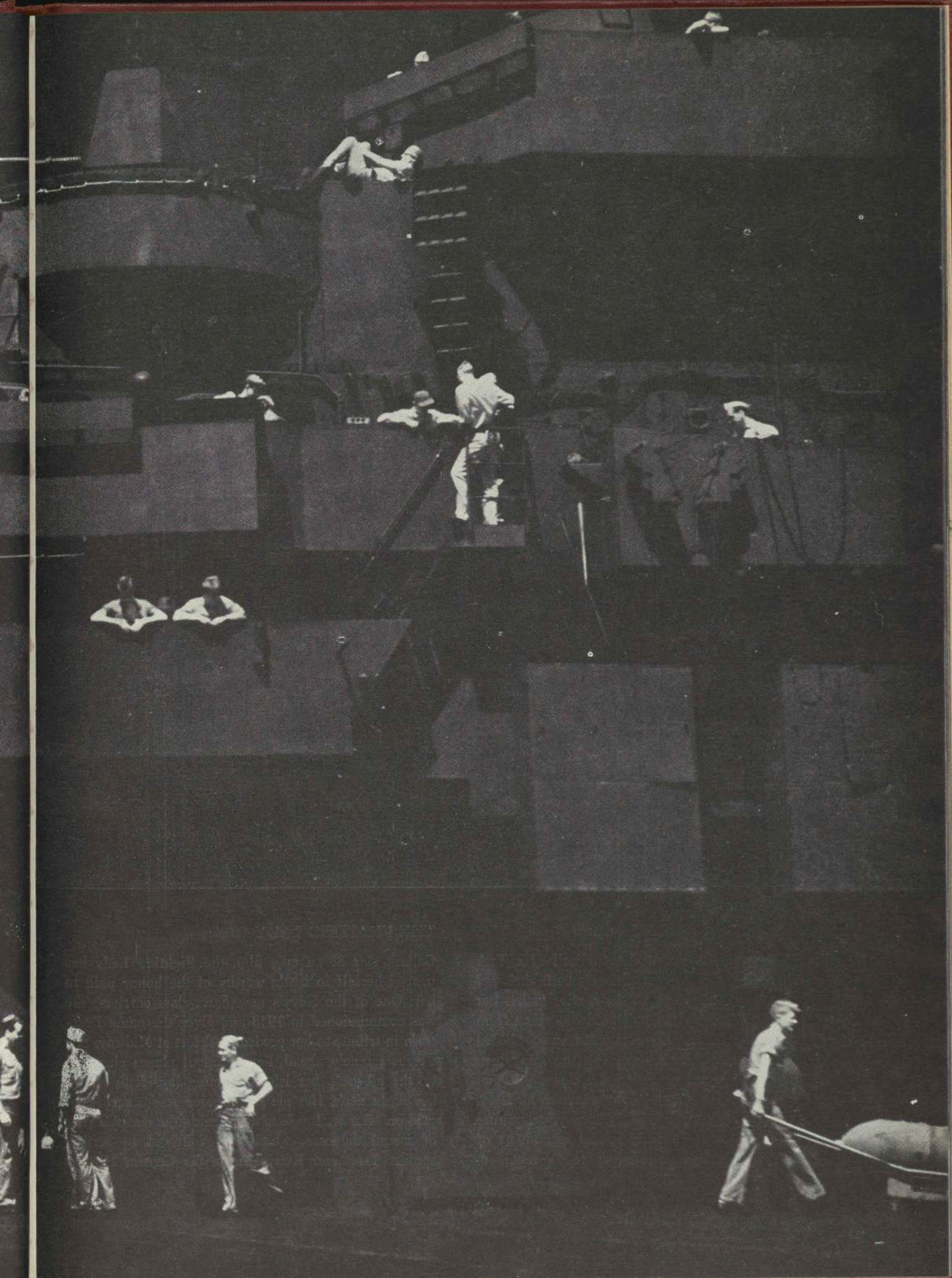
The *Avenger* is the heaviest plane in regular operation from carriers. It accommodates a larger crew than any other carrier-based plane. The crew normally consists of pilot, turret gunner and radioman gunner. In an attack, the TBF's go in low, the torpedo-bay doors open, the one-ton tin fish, a full-size submarine torpedo, plunges down and forward.

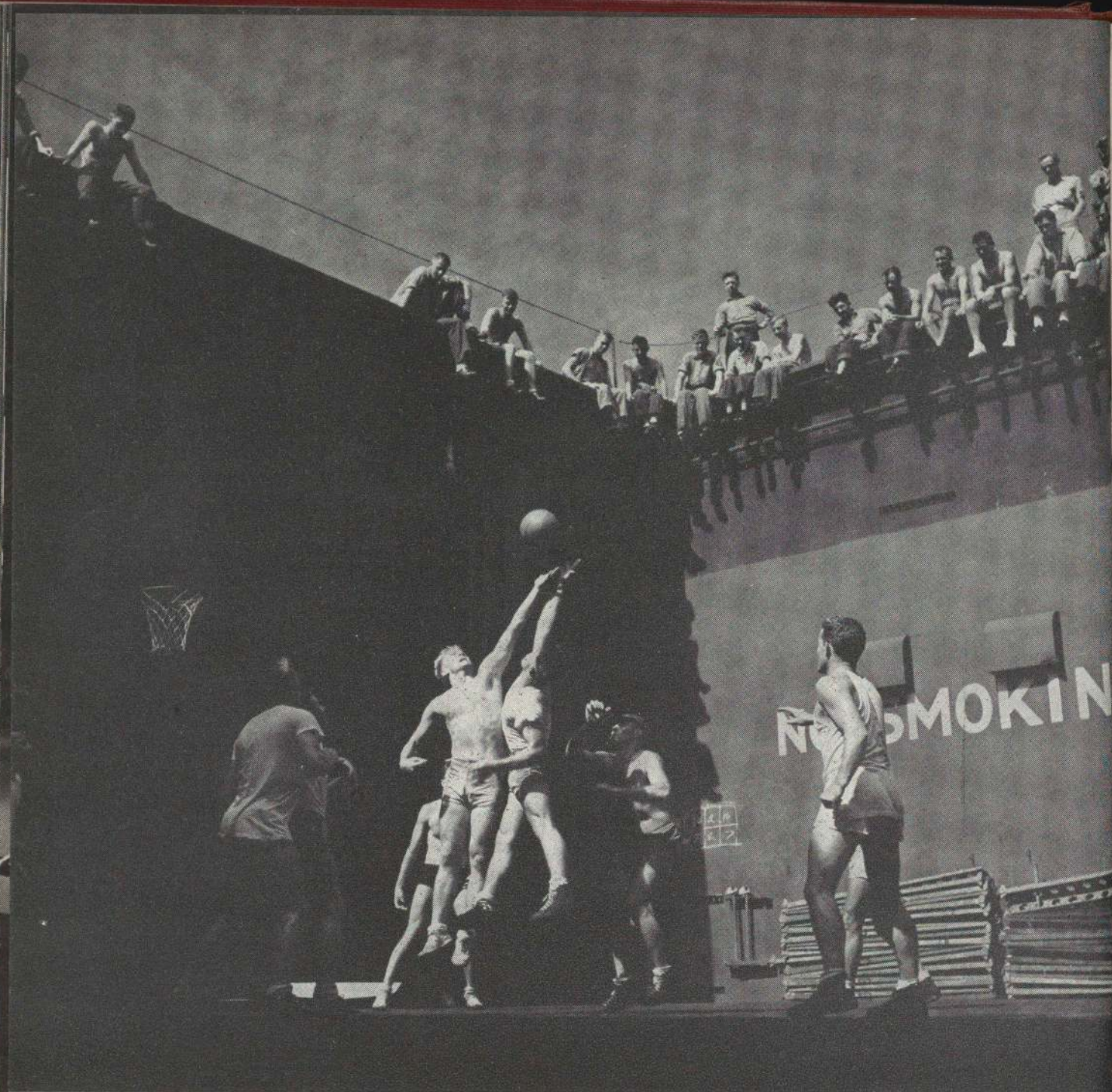
FLIGHT DECK, USS LEXINGTON (page 38)

Making ready the flight deck of a carrier for a strike is a job that involves great activity on the part of many of the carrier's complement of over 2,000 men, as this infra-red photograph shows. Preparations for attack begin long before the usual dawn launching. The planes have been loaded with bombs and gas, and maneuvered into position for take-off. While officers watch preparations from the island superstructure, from whose various bridges operations are directed, crews working in ten teams of about a dozen boys each, wear gaudy sweaters in identifying colors, push the planes around, creating order out of what is noisy, windy confusion. The "airedales" are the ones who duck under whirring propellers to release the chocks from in front of plane wheels, maneuver towing jeeps around the deck, and get the planes into position as per gestured orders from the plane directors.



FLIGHT DECK, USS LEXINGTON



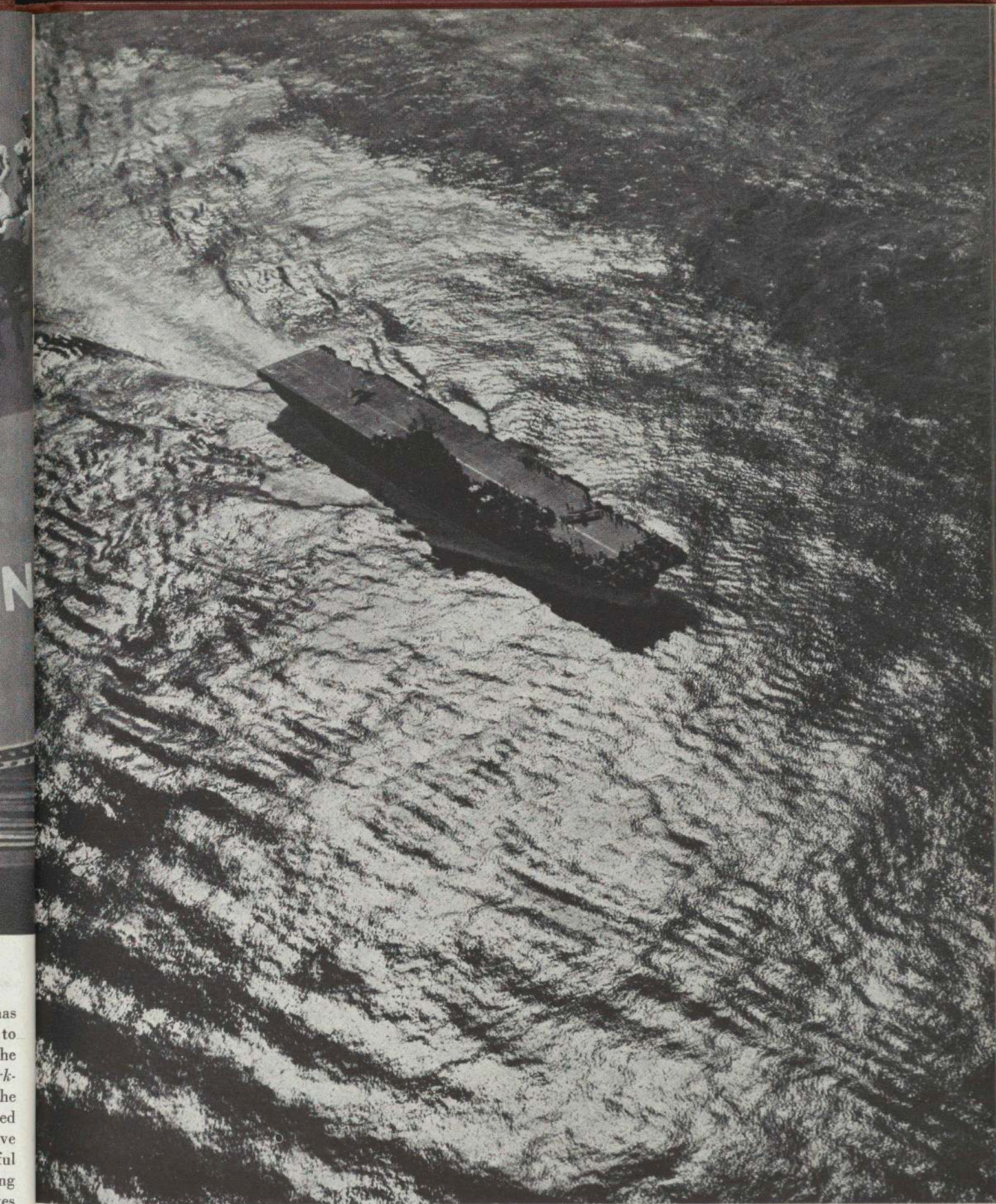


BASKETBALL OFF GUAM (*above*)

Navy pilots use the forward elevator well of a Task Force 58 carrier for a game of basketball, sheltered from the windy flight deck, as the carrier makes her way back from Guam after the island was taken from the Japs. Volleyball is also a popular sport aboard any carrier. These pilots were among the Navy men who took to the air daily during the Guam invasion of the Marianas campaign in the summer of 1944. They strafed enemy troops and destroyed Jap ground installations, helping effectively in the reconquest of the island, first American territory to be regained.

THE FIGHTING LADY (*right*)

Gallant star of an epic film, the Fighting Lady has proved herself in battle worthy of the honor paid to her. One of the Navy's new *Essex*-class carriers, she was commissioned in 1943 and given the name *Yorktown* in tribute to her predecessor, lost at Midway. She steams serenely ahead, her brood of planes clustered on the aft-deck, her island looming lopsidedly above her flight deck. Her maiden mission was a successful raid on Marcus, Jap base deep inside the enemy's ring of island defenses, which was followed by strikes against Truk and Kwajalein in the Central Pacific.



THE FIGHTING LADY



The carrier is a hornet's nest of activity. Fighters in the air, antiaircraft from below blast the enemy from the sky.

SETTING UP EXERCISES (above left)

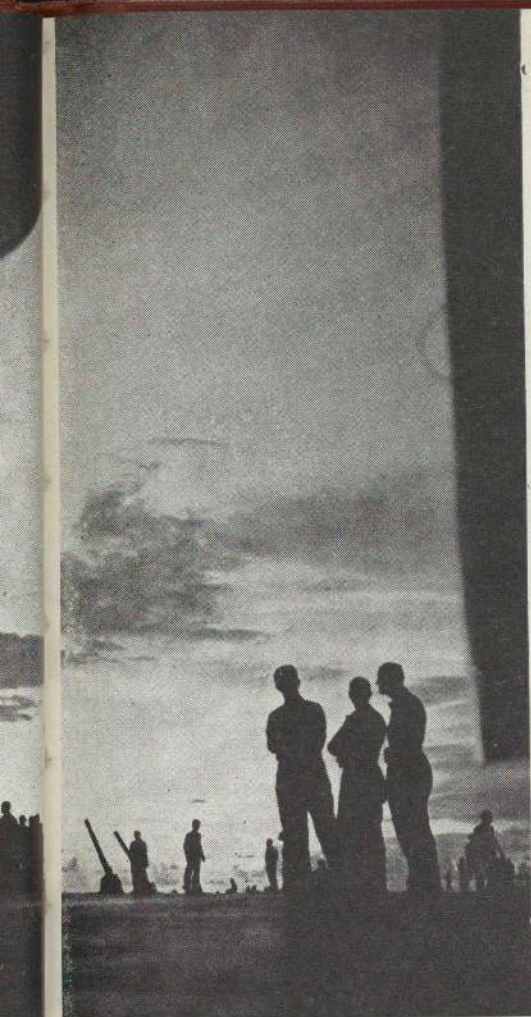
Stretching far down the broad flight deck of a mighty U. S. aircraft carrier are the men of her crew going through physical exercises at morning muster. The big flattop is in the Pacific, playing a vital part in the Navy's smashing attacks against Jap island fortifications. A *Hellcat* fighter is in the foreground; a cruiser, part of the protective screen for a carrier task force, is off the starboard bow.

When men are at sea for long stretches at a time it is important that they have opportunity for exercise to maintain the top physical condition acquired in training and needed by fighting men. Often this takes the form of impromptu wrestling matches or a fast game of volley ball. For those whose duties keep them below deck in the galleys, engine rooms, barber shops and laundries, leisure time is often spent sunbathing on the forward flight deck, acquiring a healthy tan, or perhaps reading in the shadow of the big guns.

WAITING FOR ZERO HOUR (center)

Men, guns and a plane of the *USS Saratoga* are etched against the Pacific dawn as the carrier moves in for a strike against Rabaul. The *Saratoga*, one of three American carriers afloat at the end of 1942, was part of a task force under the command of Rear Admiral F. C. Sherman which attacked Rabaul's Simpson Harbor November 5, 1943, in one of the earliest and most successful raids on that New Britain base. Grumman *Avenger* torpedo plane and Douglas *Dauntless* dive bomber squadrons accounted for hits on six Jap heavy, two light cruisers, and two destroyers. One of the heavy cruisers was seen to blow up. Twenty-five enemy planes were shot down at a loss of only eight of our own. MacArthur's *Liberators* also appeared on the scene the next day, concentrating on water-front targets.

The second Rabaul attack on November 11 provoked retaliation on the part of the Japs, who sent some 120 planes against Sherman's and Montgomery's forces.



GUN CREWS SPITTING FIRE (above right)

The youngsters who man the Bofors 40 mm. guns and the Oerlikon 20 mm.'s take their job seriously, and well they might, for they must provide enough—and accurate—anti-aircraft fire to discourage any and all enemy attempts to strike the vulnerable flight deck of the carrier.

Shown here during target practice aboard the *Yorktown*, the boys in the 40 mm. ack-ack batteries that bristle beside the fighter deck direct their fire on an aerographer's balloon or perhaps a sleeve being towed by a plane, pride themselves on being dead-pan shots. They know they are good when they can pop down any target sent aloft for them to hit. And it is well that they are, for nothing would give a Nip pilot more pleasure than to land a bomb spank in the middle of a beautifully exposed flattop, and just one hit could do a most annoying amount of damage. The gun crews are eager for action, of course, but everyone else aboard much prefers that the carrier's fighters keep enemy planes from coming within striking distance. Other members of the carrier's crew, shown in the background, watch gun crews practice, cover their ears to lessen the noise of exploding missiles.

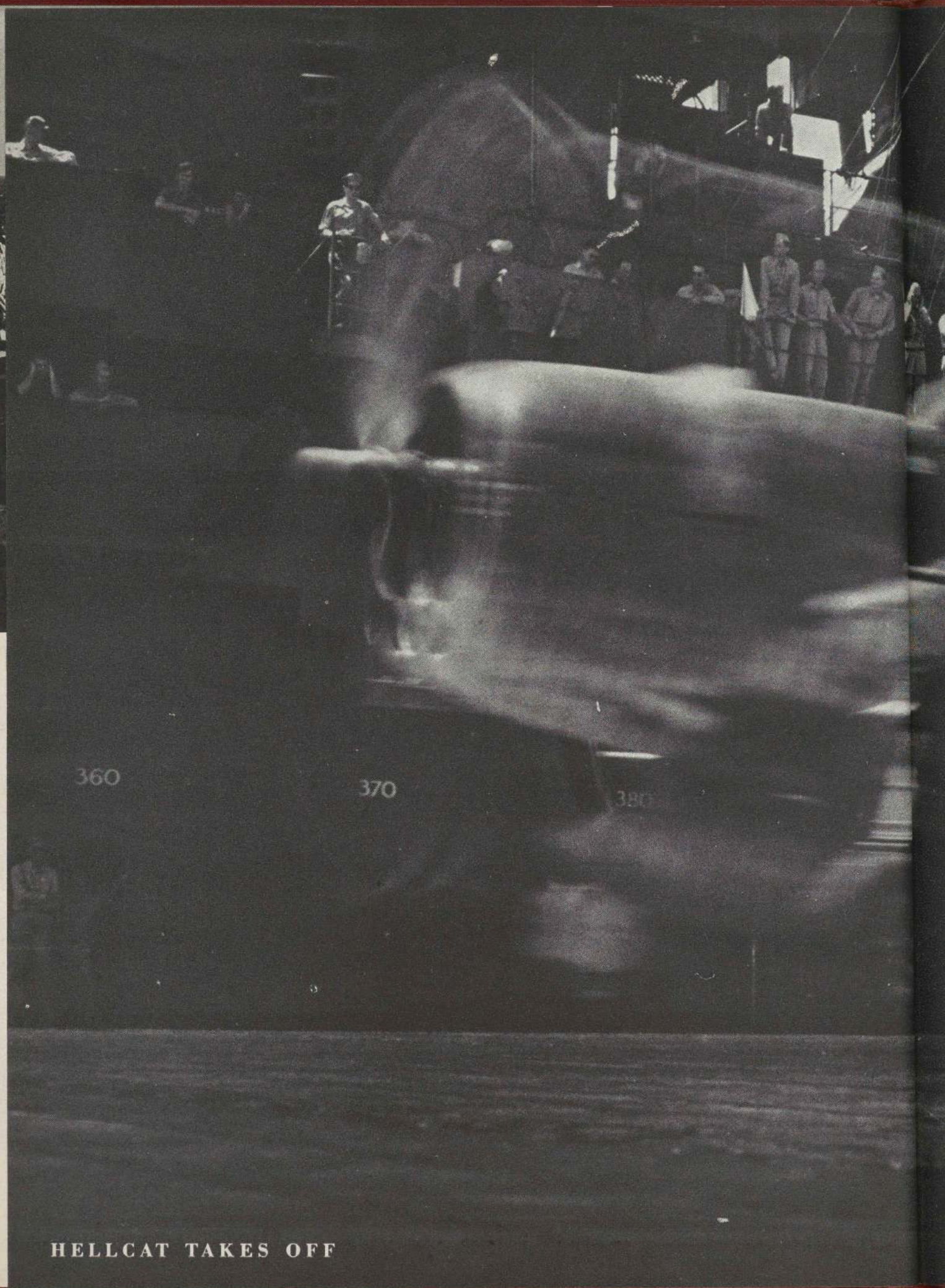
HELLCAT TAKES OFF FROM CARRIER

(page 44)

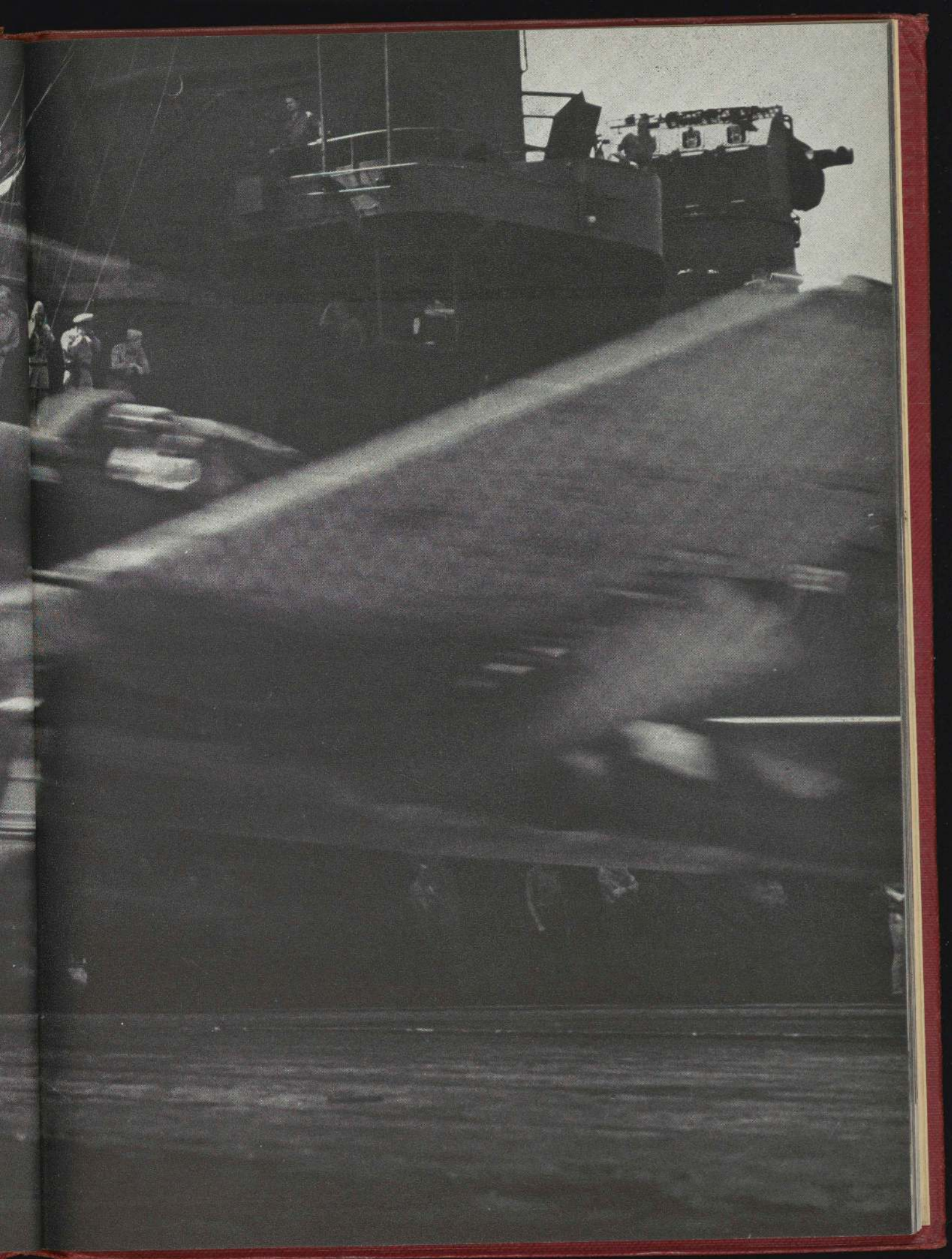
A Grumman *Hellcat* rushes off the deck of the *USS Lexington* in an unusual photograph that catches the impression of the plane's speed. No matter how fast a carrier is travelling, her planes are taking off a good deal faster, right into the head-on gale which is necessary for takeoffs and landings. Officers and men are watching from one of the bridges of the island superstructure as this plane takes off during Tarawa operations. The *Hellcat*, the Navy's newest fighter, is the answer to Butch O'Hare's plea for "something that will go upstairs faster."

BOMBING RUN (page 46)

Curtiss *Helldivers* (SB2Cs) with fighter cover head out on a mission. Successors to the *Dauntless*, veteran scout bombers of the Navy, the *Helldivers* made their first appearance in the November 1943 raids on Rabaul. Following the November 11 raid, our carriers under Sherman and Montgomery were subjected to heavy attack, but no damage was inflicted on our ships. Almost 90 Nip planes were shot down, including a record day's total of 55 by the *Essex*' Fighting Nine.



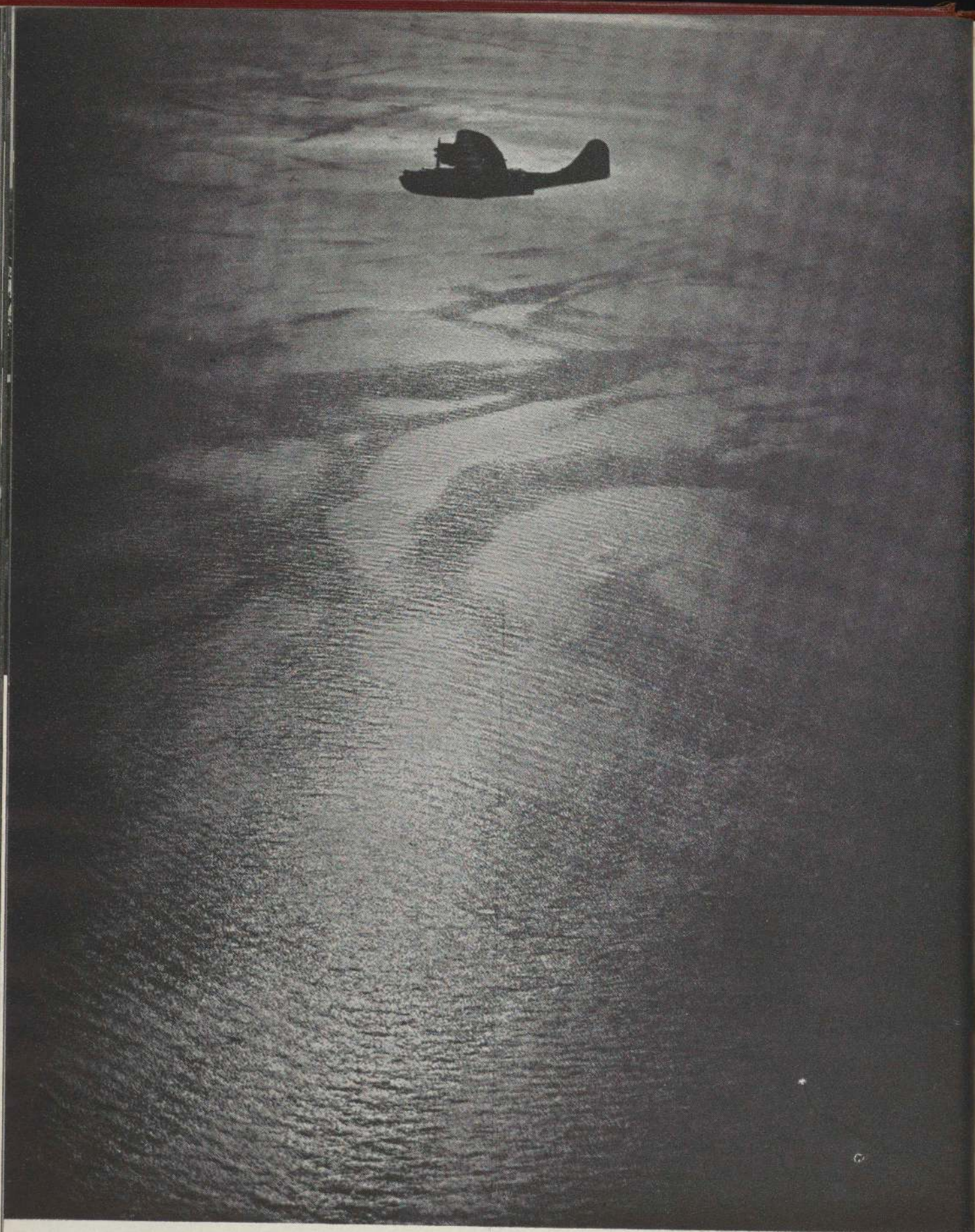
HELLCAT TAKES OFF





BOMBING RUN





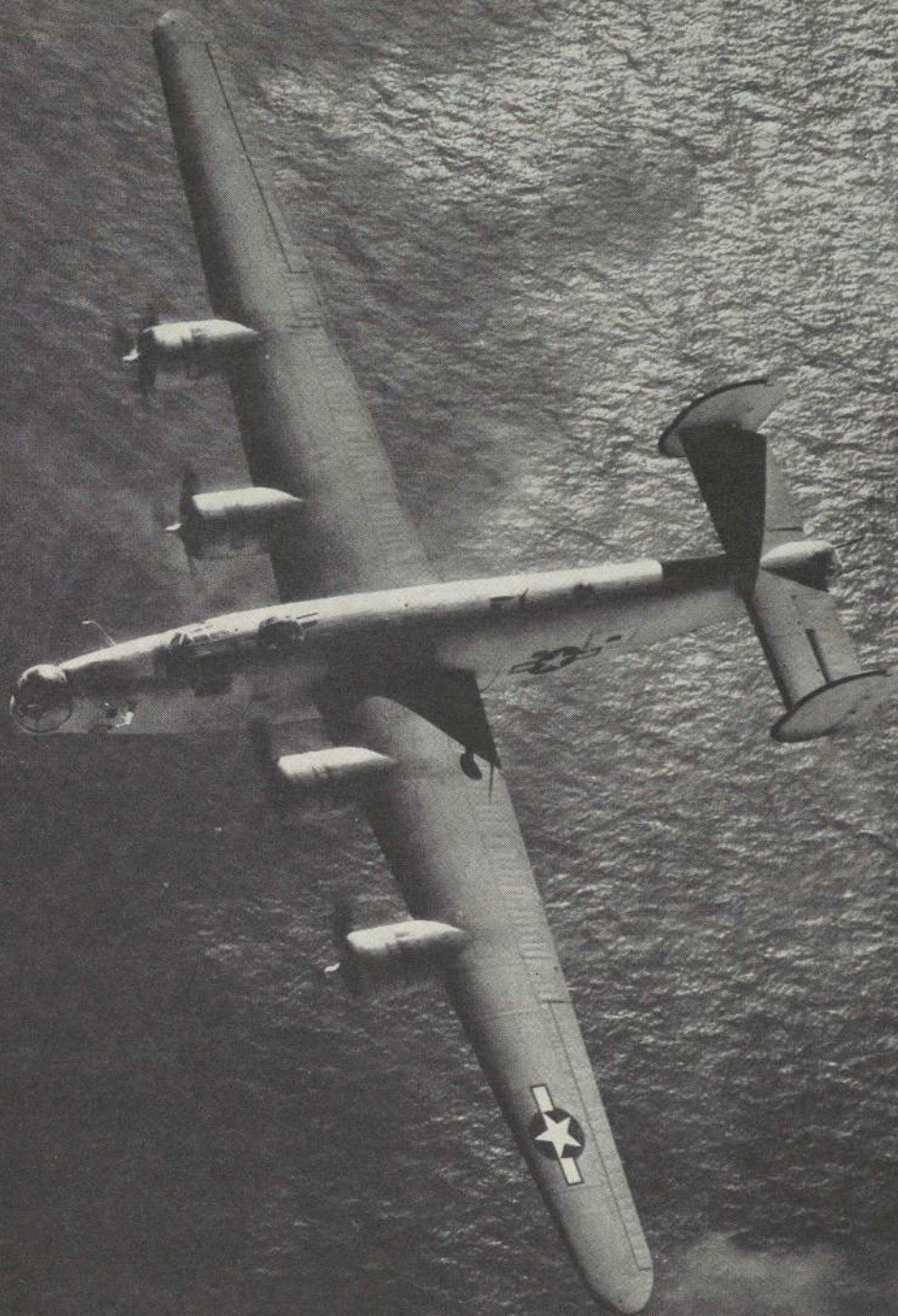
NIGHT PROWLER (*See page 53*)



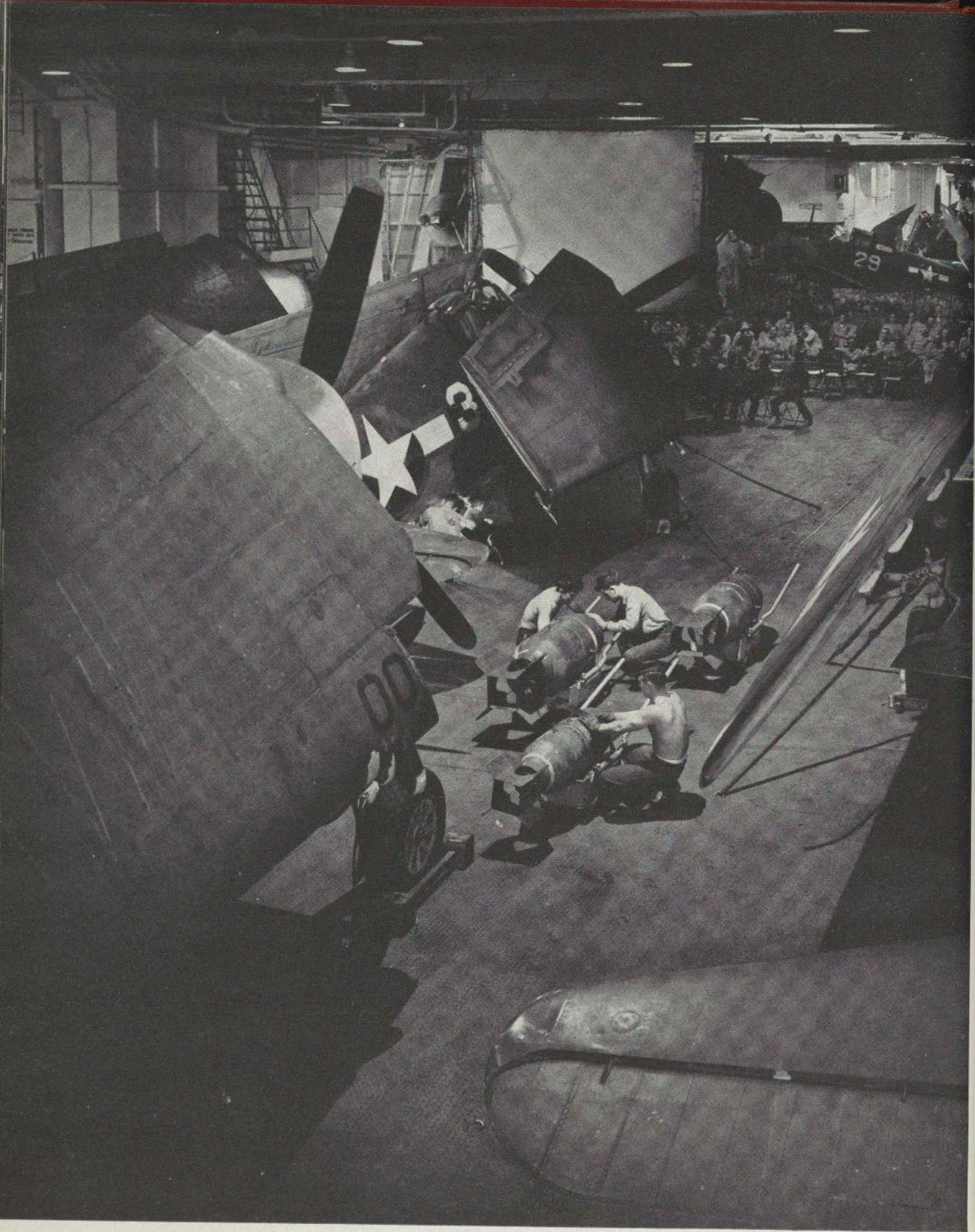
PRELUDE TO RABAUl RAID (*See page 53*)



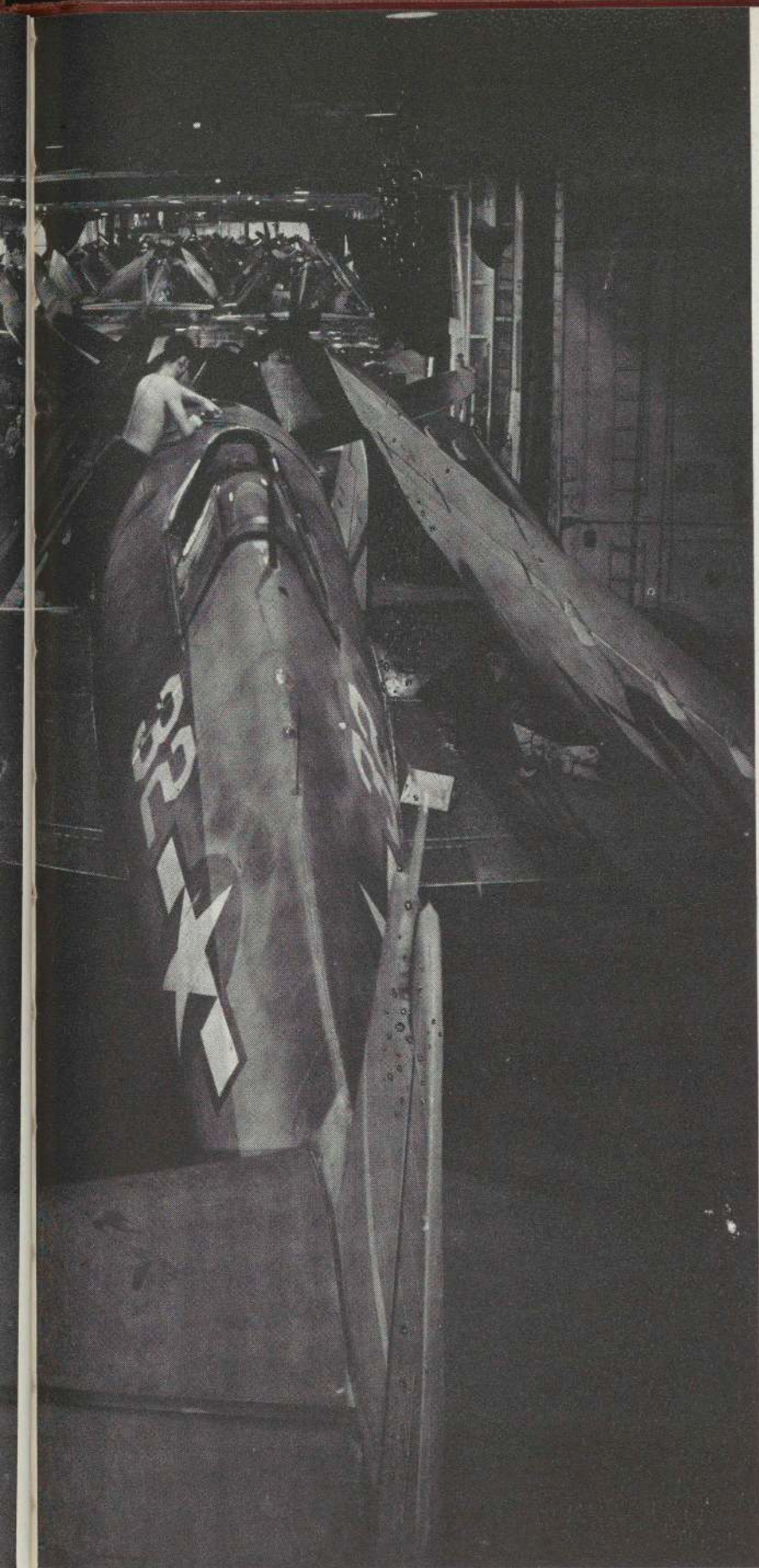
ANGRY AVENGERS (See page 53)



LIBERATOR SEARCH PLANE (see page 53)



HANGAR DECK



HANGAR DECK (left)

Surrounded by Grumman *Hellcat* fighters, ordnancemen work on bombs on the hangar deck of the *USS Yorktown*. Extending something over two city blocks in length, wide enough to house four freight trains abreast, the hangar is a vast cavern running almost the entire length of the ship. Here planes, their wings folded, are kept fuelled in readiness and are repaired. Some idea of the number of men needed to man a capital aircraft carrier—over 2,000—can be gathered from the size of the group watching a movie in the rear.

NIGHT PROWLER (page 48)

A *Black Cat*, part of the night squadron, made up of original VP-12 and VP-81 planes, starts out on a lonely mission in the Pacific. It may be on its way from a shore base to strafe enemy positions or to drop its 500-pounders on enemy ships.

PRELUDE TO RABAU (page 49)

Bombers with their fighter escorts roar forth on the November 5, 1943, Rabaul attack. A cruiser is seen on the horizon.

ANGRY AVENGERS (page 50)

Like angry hornets, five Grumman *Avenger* torpedo planes bore through the sky to score heavily against Jap warships.

LIBERATOR SEARCH PLANE (51)

Sleek and speedy is the four-engined PB4Y, adept at searching out the Japs.

PRE-DAWN LAUNCHING (page 54)

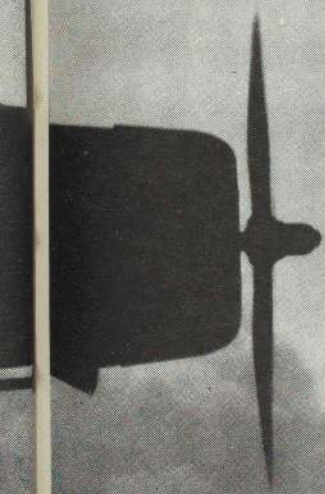
Exhausts of Navy dive bombers glow as *Dauntlesses* are warmed up before dawn for an attack on Mille in the Marshalls.

BOMBER OVER WAKE (page 54)

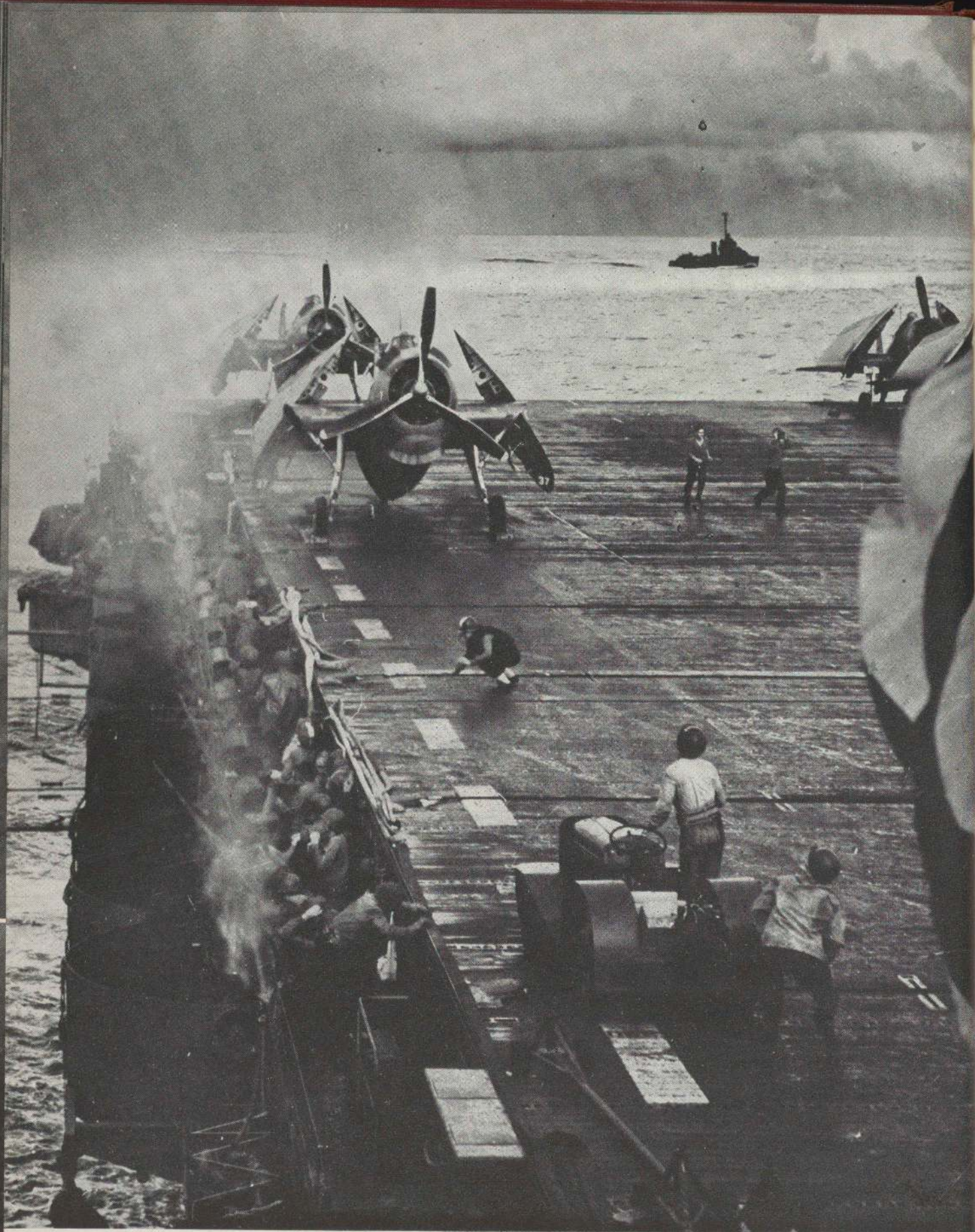
This Douglas *Dauntless* dive bomber (SBD) is ready to plant its 1,000-pounder on burning, shattered Wake, on October 6, 1943, second day of Montgomery's task force which hit 61 Jap planes, shipping and land installations severely.



PRE-DAWN LAUNCHING



DIVE BOMBER OVER WAKE



JAP BOMBER LEAVING



FRONT ROW OF INFERNO (above)

Pilots and crewmen aboard a U. S. Navy carrier cheer exultantly as guns of their task force send a Japanese plane to a blazing finish. Smoke from the burning plane and from anti-aircraft shells blend into the leaden background of the overcast sky.

JAP BOMBER LEAVING (left)

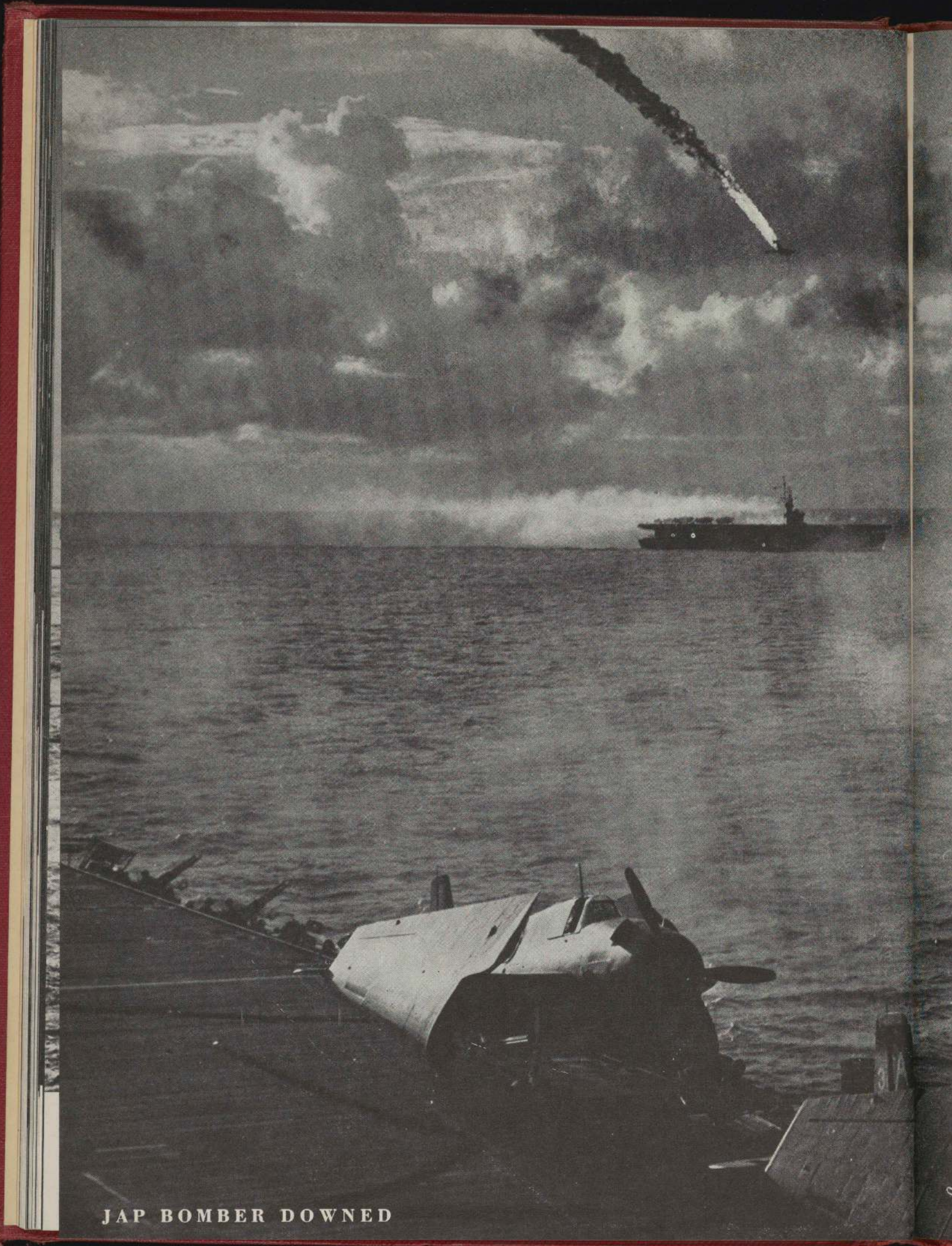
Blasting anti-aircraft guns of the *USS Sangamon* have just driven off an attacking Jap dive bomber in this action near Leyte in the Philippine Islands on November 22, 1944. Crew members of the converted baby flattop, one of the Navy's escort carriers, are gazing skyward at the retreating Jap, discouraged from his attempted strike by their ack-ack reception. The small CVEs are lightly armored with five-inch guns.

JAP PLANE PLUNGING (page 58)

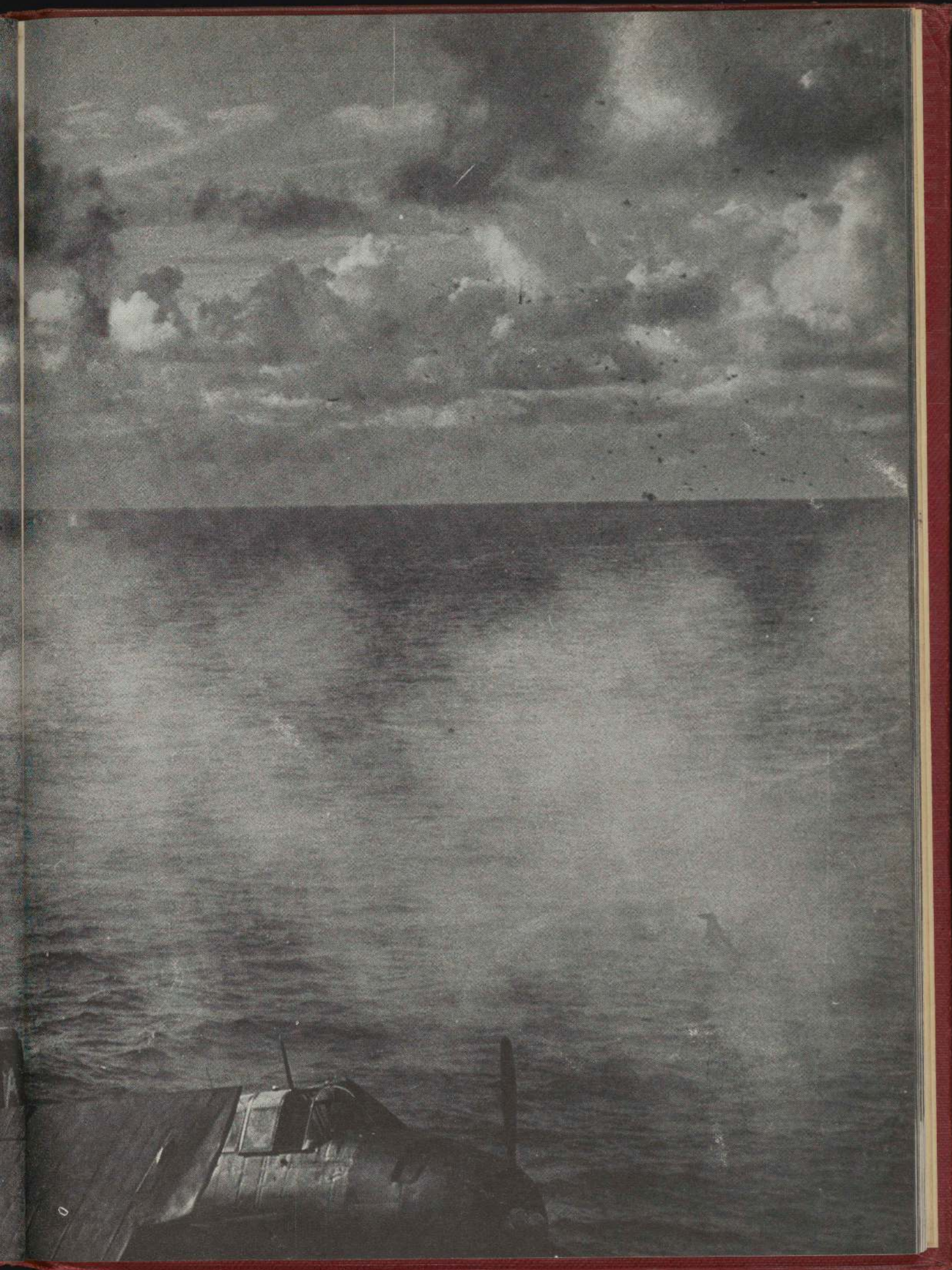
A burning Jap dive bomber plunges into the Pacific after being shot down by anti-aircraft fire from a U. S. Navy carrier, probably the one which is shown in the foreground, its planes riding with folded wings on the flight deck, ready to go up against an attack.

DIRECT HIT ON JAP BOMBER (page 60)

On December 4, 1943, Kwajalein and Wotje atolls were aerial targets for the Pacific carrier forces, by way of preparation for the landing assaults which were to come in February. Of the Jap planes which rose to ward off the Marshalls attack, 72 were destroyed in the air. One such torpedo bomber was caught by the camera as it exploded in midair after a direct hit by a carrier five-inch shell off Kwajalein.

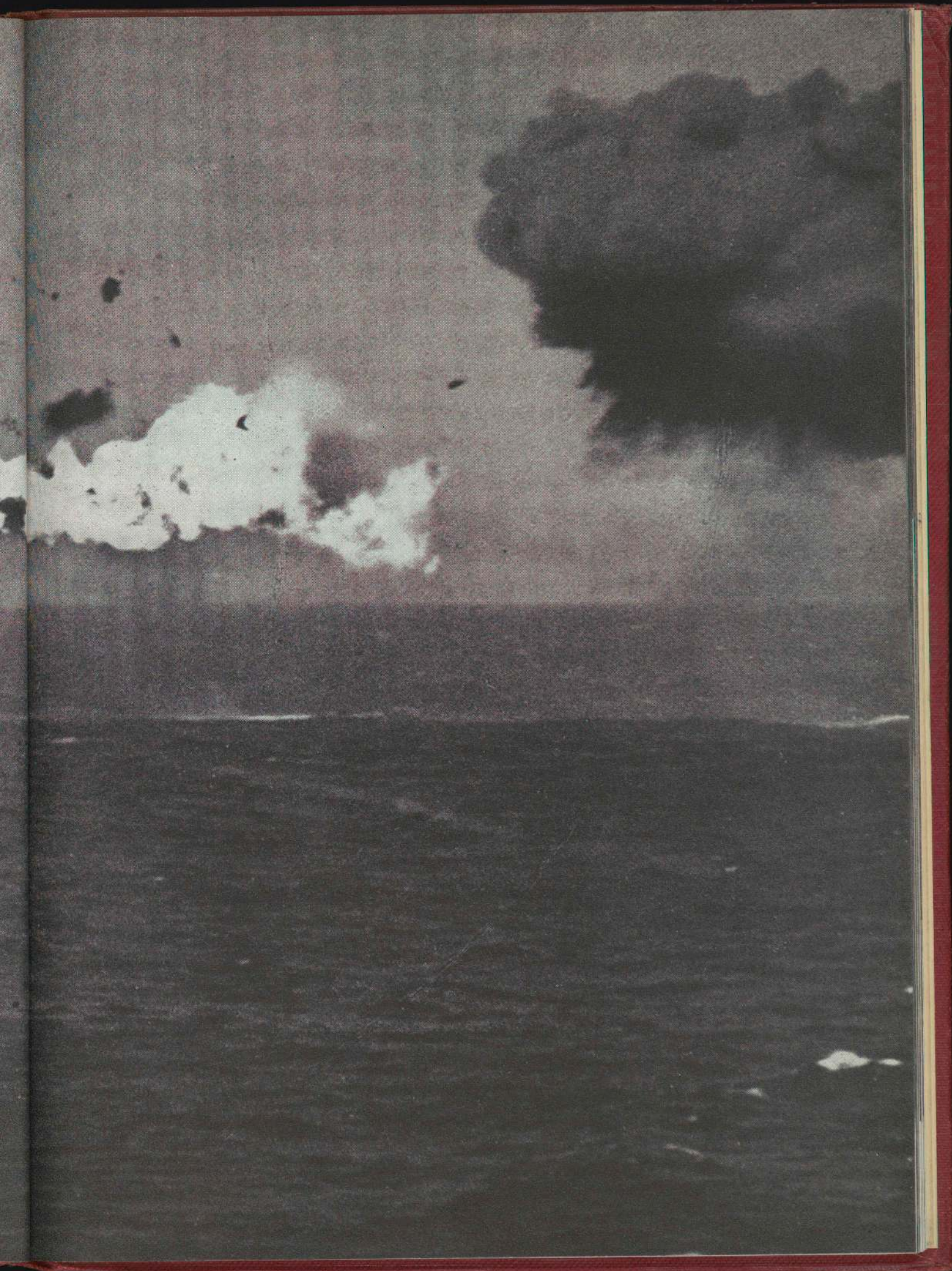


JAP BOMBER DOWNED





DIRECT HIT ON JAP TORPEDO BOMBER

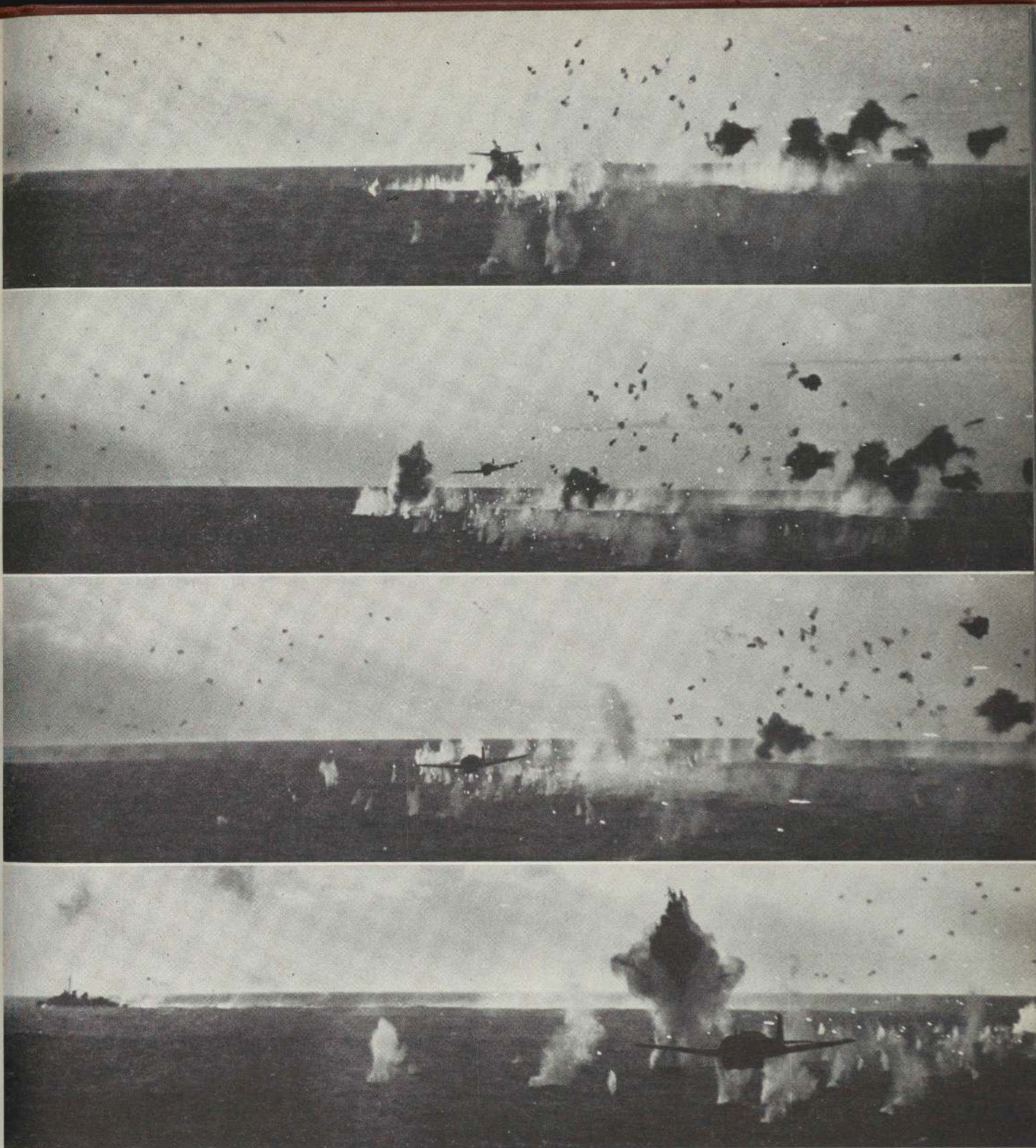




"JILL" ATTACKS CARRIER *(above, right)*

Through a hail of AA fire a Jap torpedo bomber "Jill" flies toward a U. S. carrier to attack, during a task force raid on Truk, enemy-held bastion in the Carolines. On the next page she is seen approaching the deck of the carrier, anxious to loose her torpedo on its vulnerable expanse, undaunted by the fire of anti-air-

craft guns along the carrier gallery. Above she comes dangerously close, passing over the bow of the carrier. Fortunately for the ship, the enemy "Jill", as she is familiarly but not affectionately called, failed to accomplish her mission. On page 64 she meets her fate, and is shown as she lies burning on the water beyond the carrier, plumes of black smoke marking her watery



grave. Carrier deck hands stretch anxiously to see where the Jap plane, just knocked down in time by the flat-top's antiaircraft guns, comes to its just deserts.

TRUK HIT BY NAVY BOMBS (*page 65*)

Other unfortunate Jap planes, shot up on the ground, are burning after the February 16, 17 raid on Truk.

TARGET SAIPAN (*page 68*)

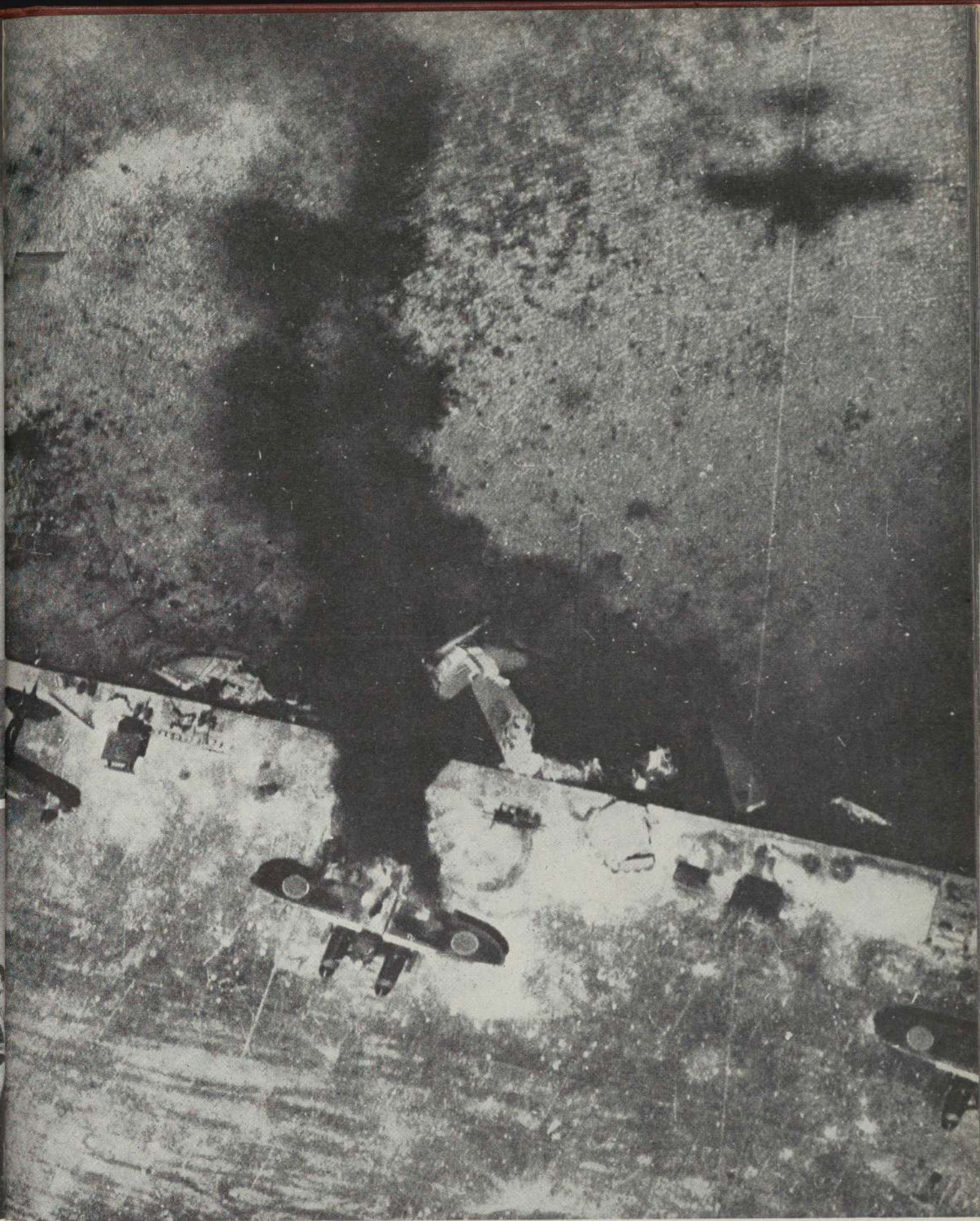
Pillar of smoke rising from Saipan testifies to the accuracy of Navy bombers during the June 1944 invasion.

BLASTING GUAM (*page 69*)

Explosions on the beach of Guam are indications of the Navy's off-shore bombardment before the landing.



CARRIER CREW WATCHES END OF JAP "JILL" (see page 62)



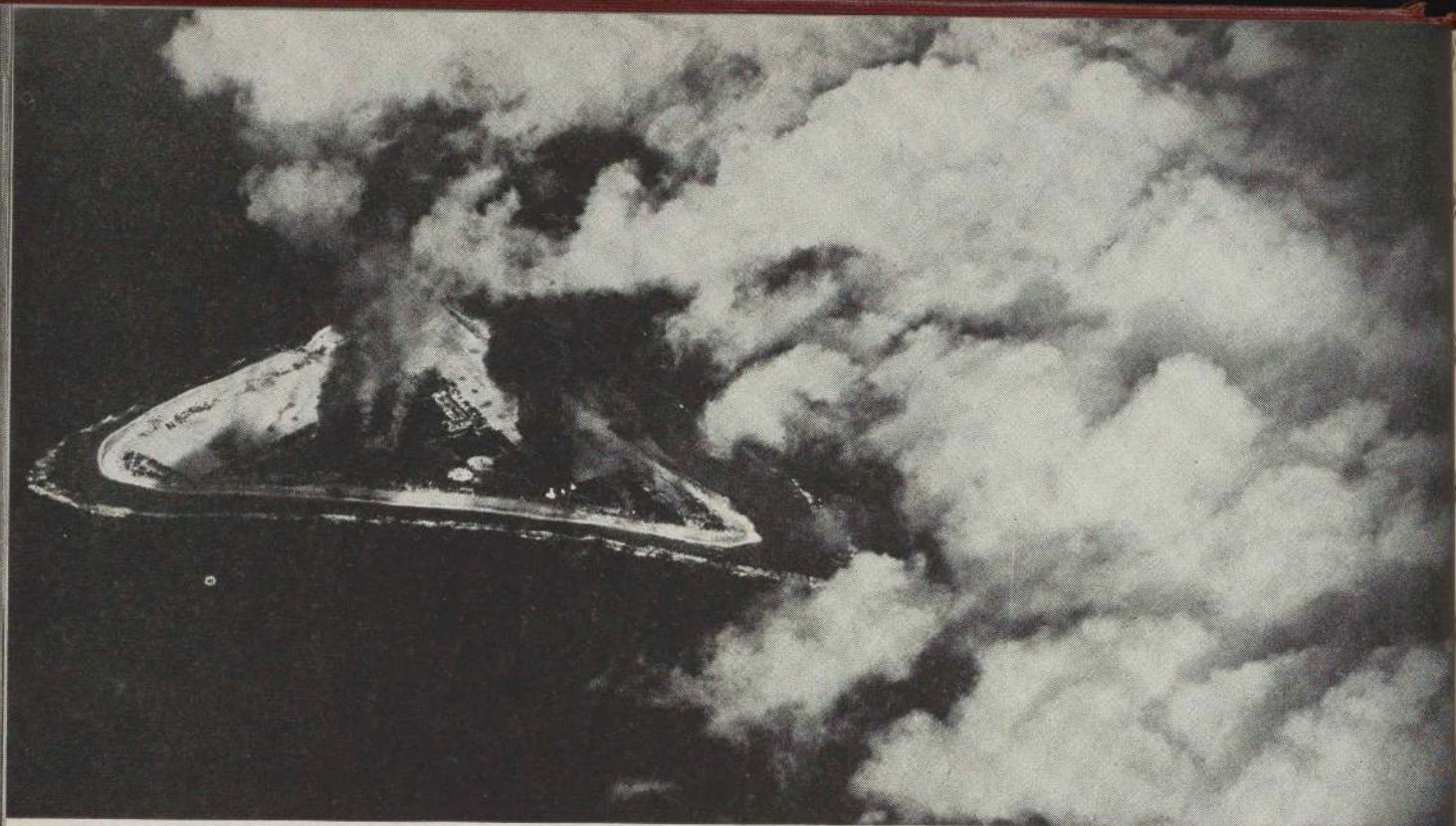
TRUK HIT BY NAVY BOMBERS (See page 63)



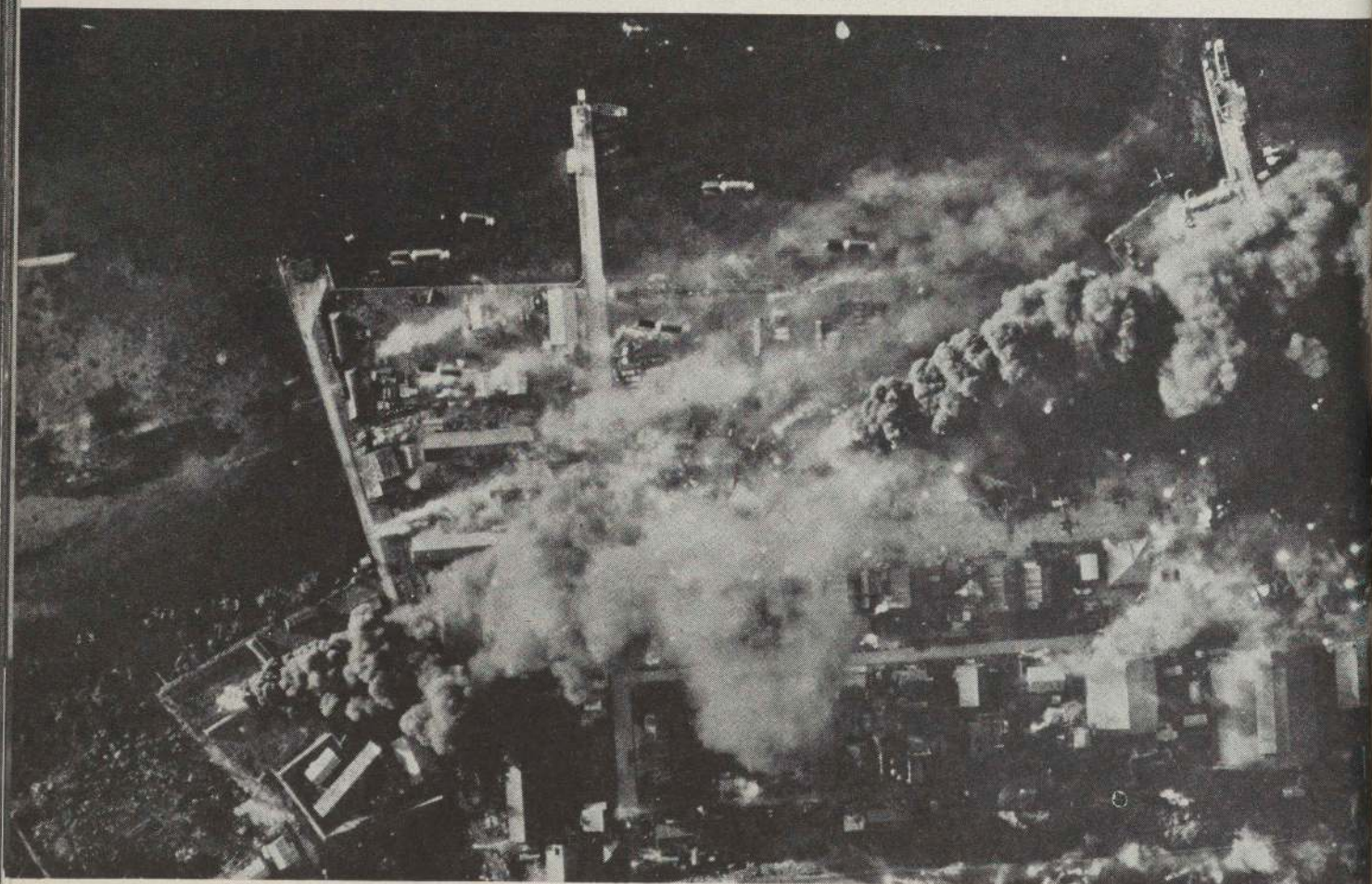
TARGET SAIPAN (See page 63)



BLASTING GUAM (*See page 63*)



Dive bombers blast enemy strong points from the air.



SMOKING MARCUS (*top*)

BOMBING TRUK (*bottom*) (See page 72)



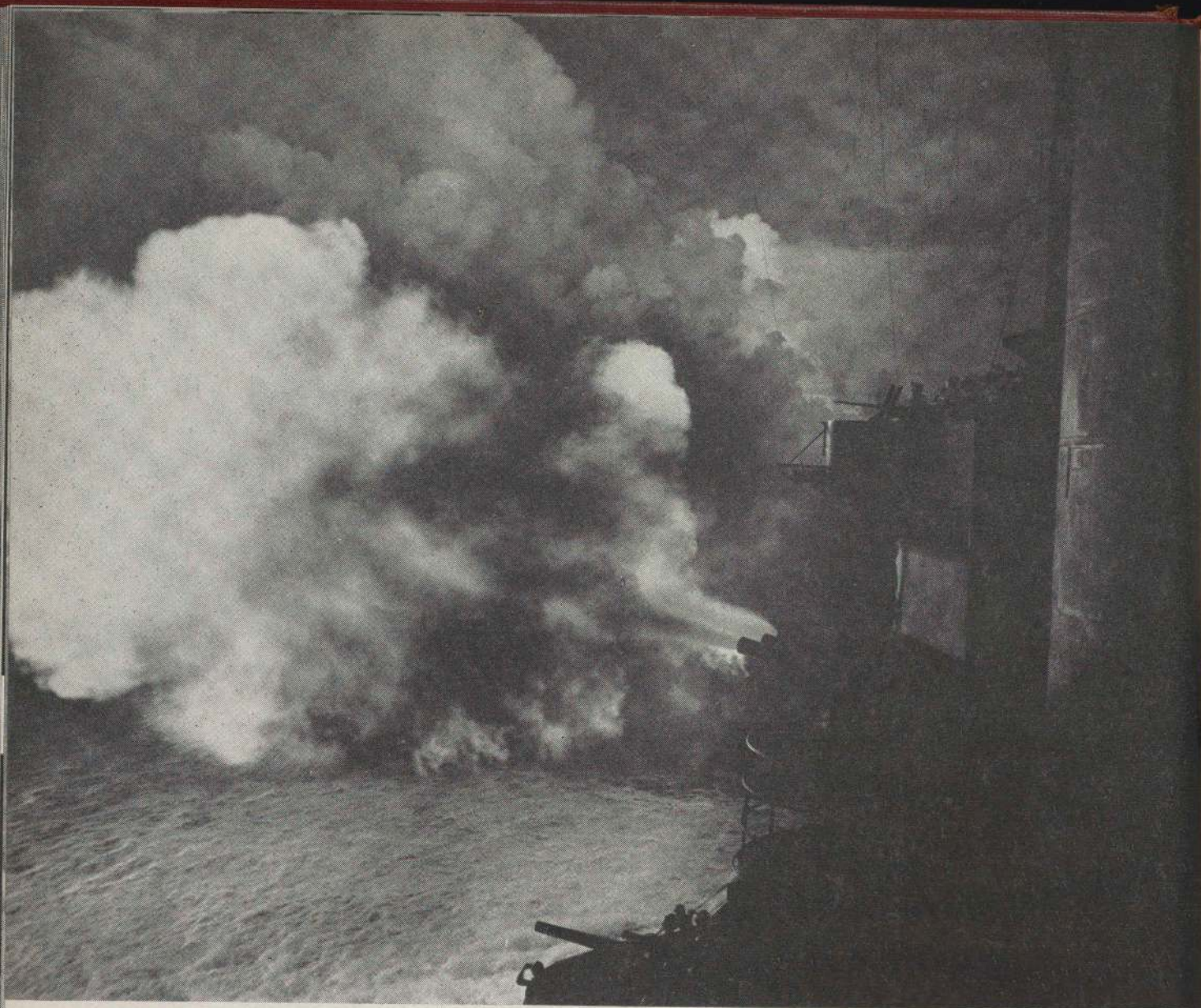
JAP HARBOR UNDER ATTACK (See page 72)



KWAJALEIN BEFORE (*see page 72*)



KWAJALEIN AFTER (see page 72)



Giant guns and rockets from the fleet roar destruction upon his fortifications and soften his defenses.

TARGET GUAM (*above*)

Fourteen-inch guns of a U. S. battleship pound Guam's shore installations prior to invasion July, 1944.

SMOKING MARCUS (*page 68*)

Jap positions on Marcus go up in smoke after the September 1, 1943, task force raid. Columns of smoke at the left come from seven Jap twin-engined "Betty" bombers, strafed and set afire by Navy *Hellcats*.

BOMBING TRUK (*page 68*)

Plumes of smoke testify to the accuracy of Navy bombers during the February 16, 17, 1944, Truk raids.

JAP HARBOR UNDER ATTACK (*page 67*)

Effective bomb bursts on Truk's Dublon Island navy yard are seen from a Navy *Dauntless* dive bomber.

KWAJALEIN BEFORE, AFTER (*pages 70, 71*)

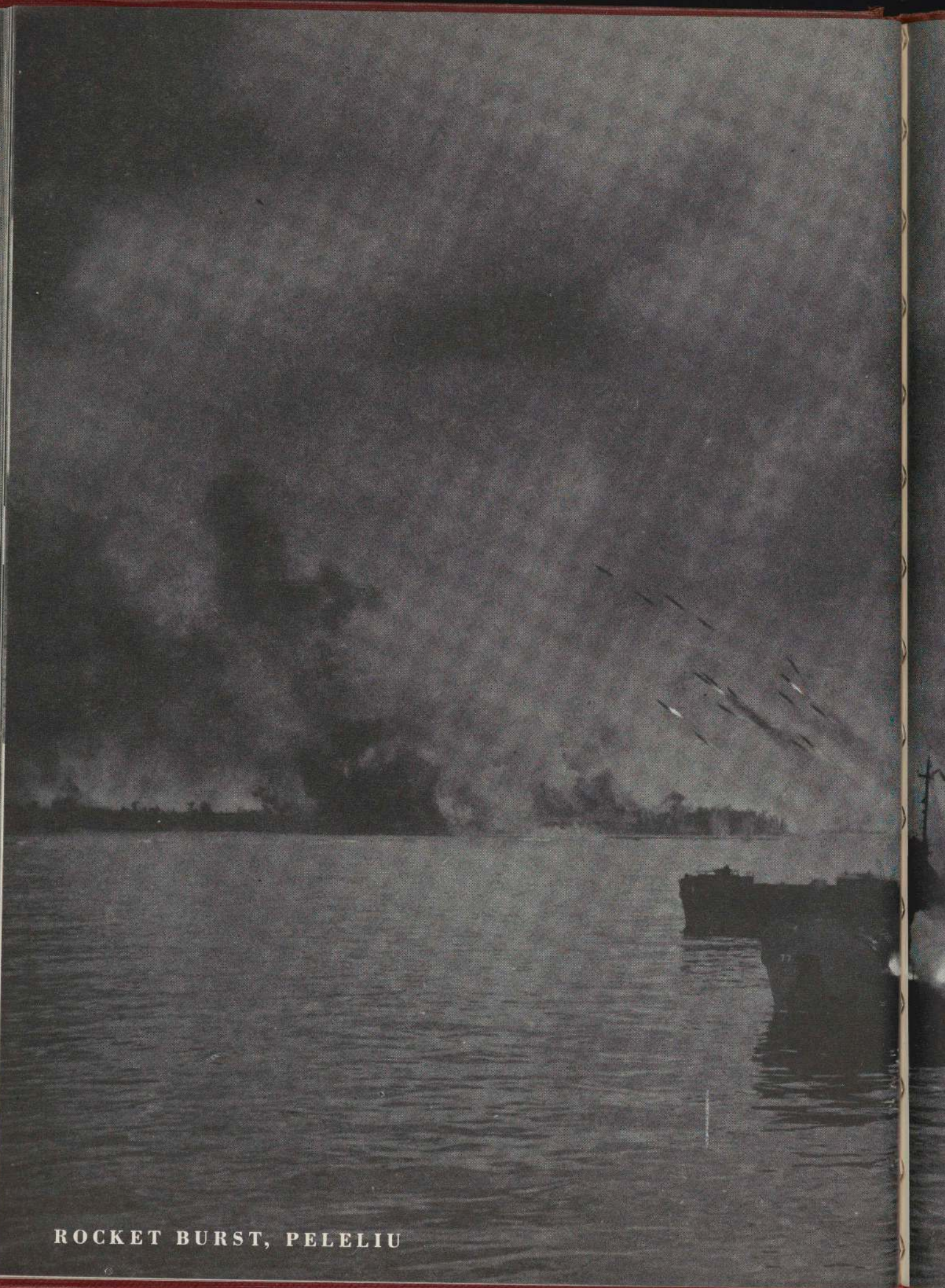
Aerial views of the southern end of Kwajalein, on D-day, January 31, 1944, and three days later, show the effect of naval air and surface bombardment.

H-HOUR AT MINDORO (*right*)

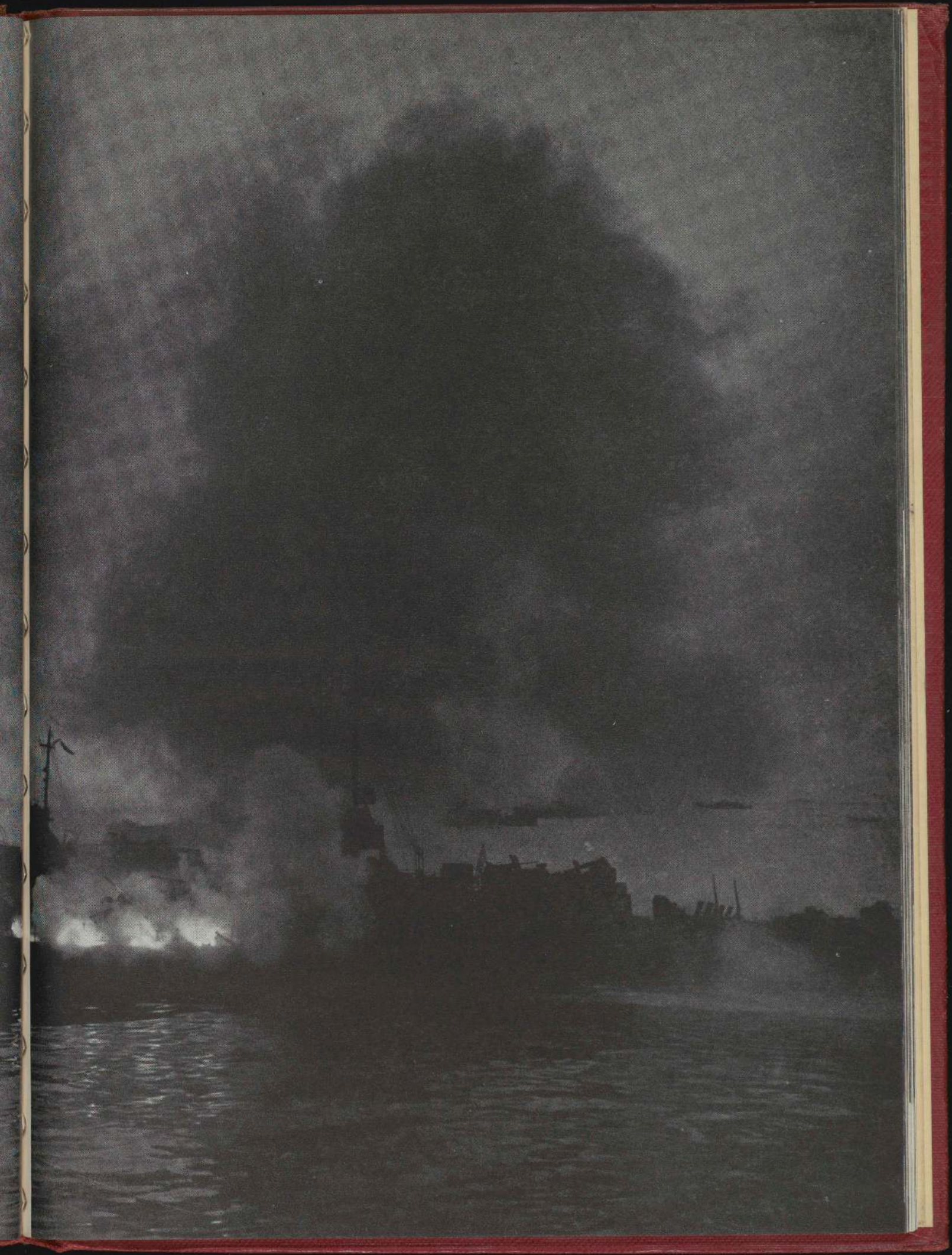
A rocket-firing LCI lets go a barrage of deadly projectiles as the first wave of Mindoro assault forces nears the Philippine shore on December 18, 1944.



H-HOUR AT MINDORO

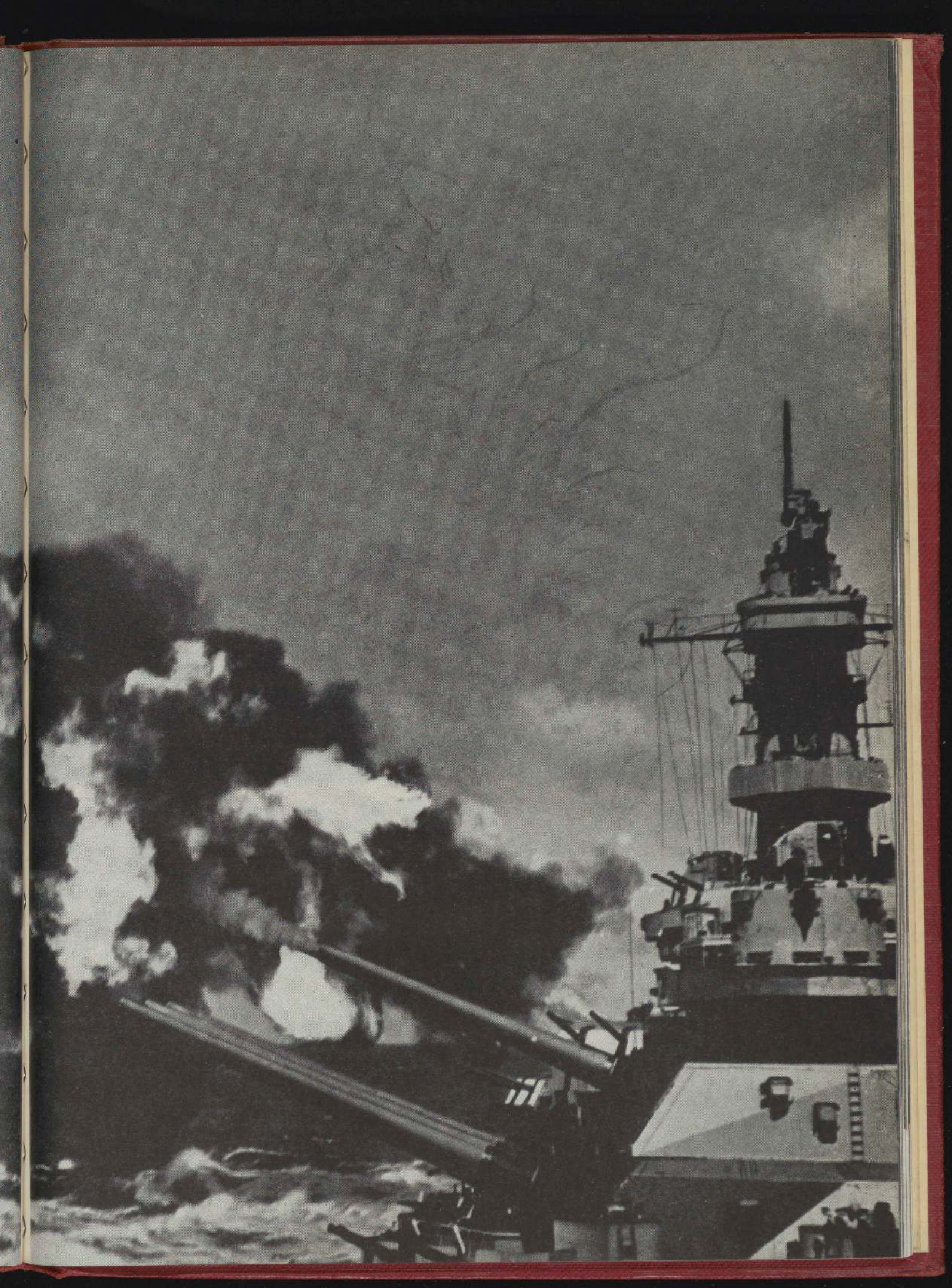


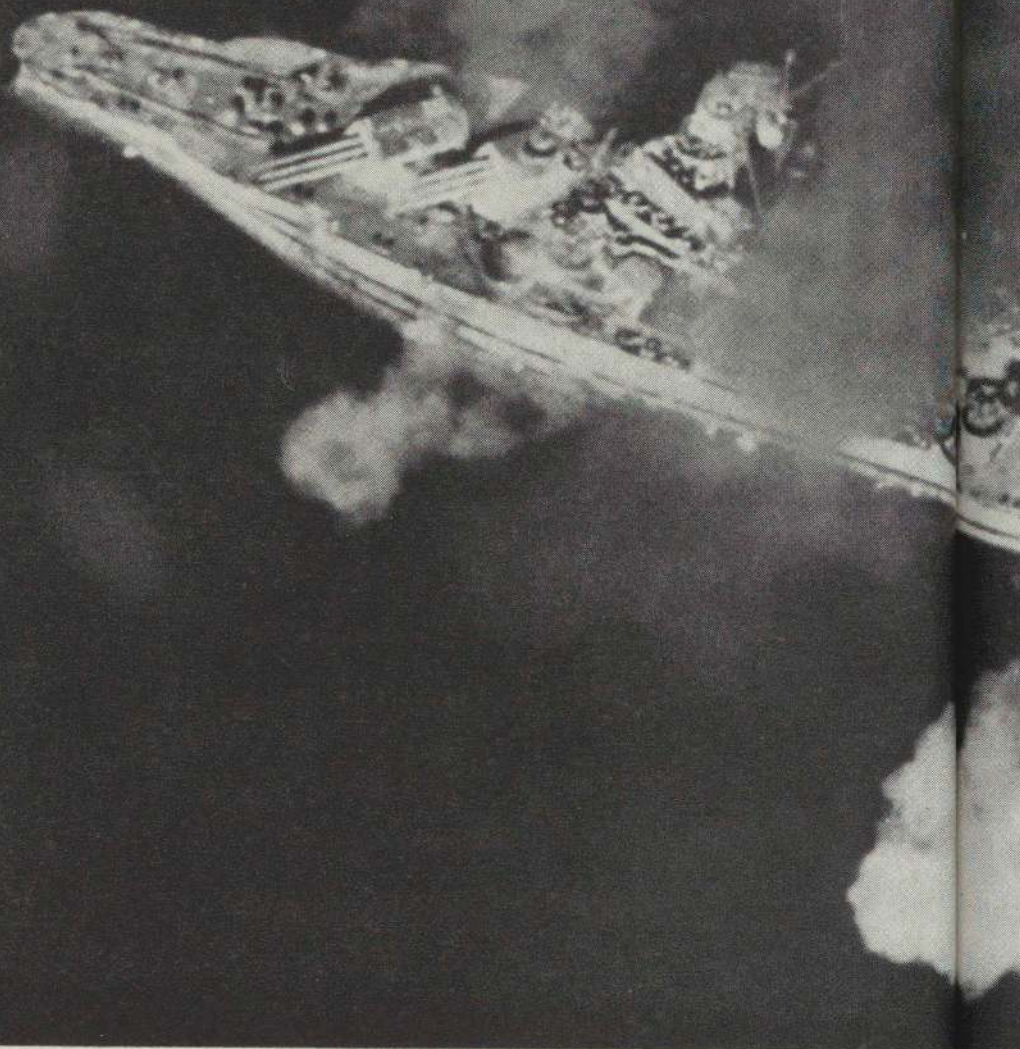
ROCKET BURST, PELELIU





BATTLESHIP IOWA FIRING





GUAM BOMBARDMENT (*above*)

The battleship *USS Pennsylvania* blasts Guam, former American base in the Marianas held by the Japs, just before our landing operations began on July 20, 1944.

ROCKET BURST, PELELIU (*page 74*)

One of the Pacific Fleet's landing craft launches an attack against the beaches of Peleliu in the Palau group on D-Day, September 15, 1944, preceding landings by troops of the First Marine Division. Army troops landed at the same time on Angaur, while other troops tackled Morotai Island, north of New Guinea.

BATTLESHIP IOWA FIRING (*page 76*)

A banner of smoke and flame unfurls from the muzzles of the 16-inch guns of an *Iowa*-class battleship.

LEYTE INVASION (*right*)

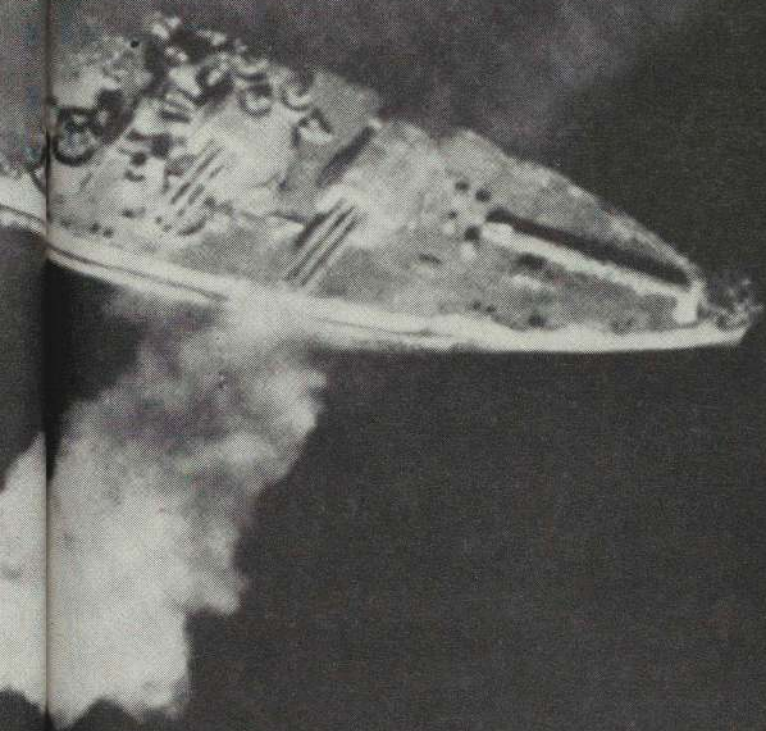
Heavy columns of smoke rise in the sky over the Philippines as Navy carrier-based planes and naval guns hammer the shores of Leyte, prior to the landing of troops, shown watching from a landing craft in the foreground, on October 20, 1944. This was the first step in MacArthur's long-awaited liberation campaign.

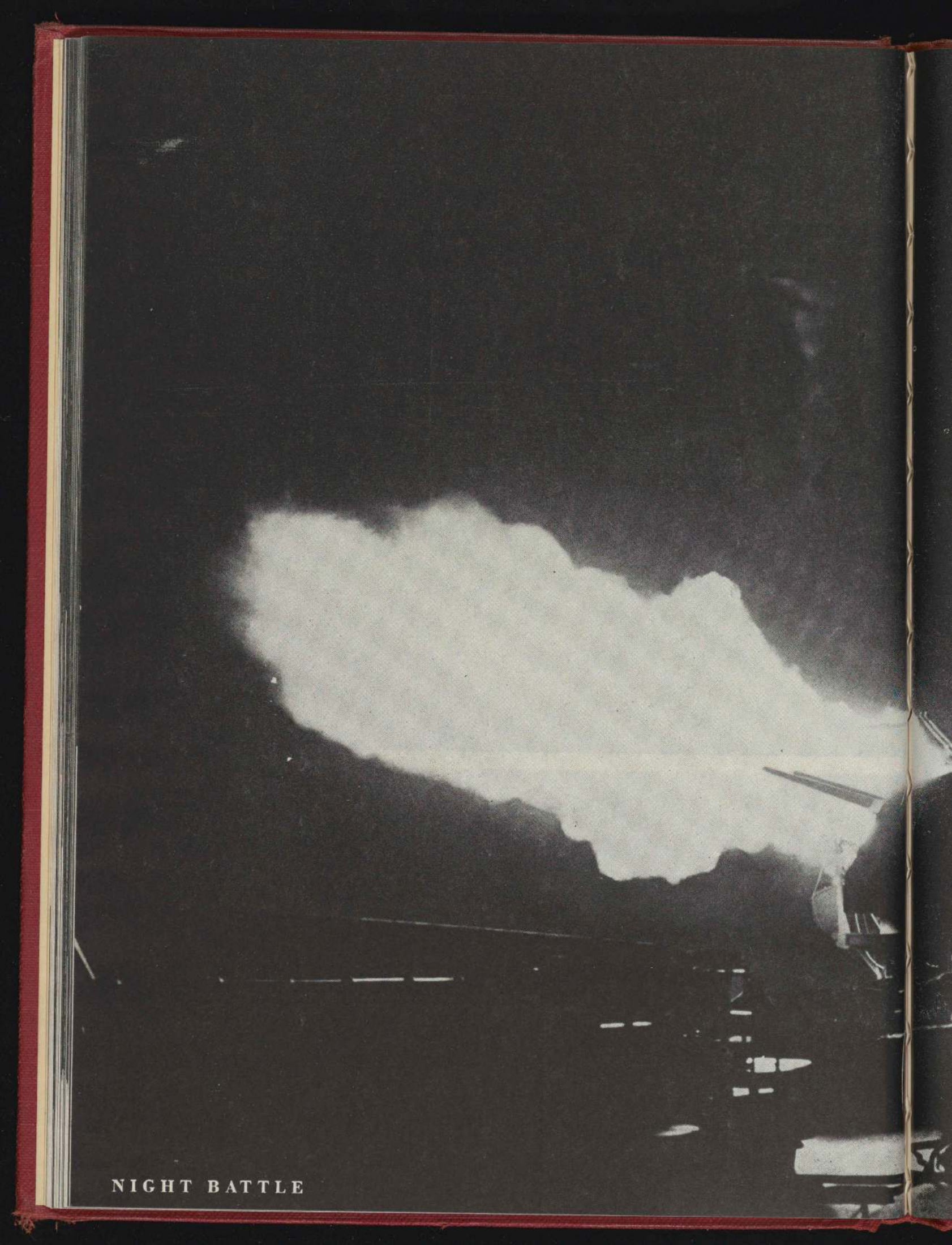
NIGHT BATTLE (*page 80*)

With lightning flashing overhead to the far left of the photograph, five-inch guns of a U. S. Navy cruiser let go with a brilliant salvo during a night battle.

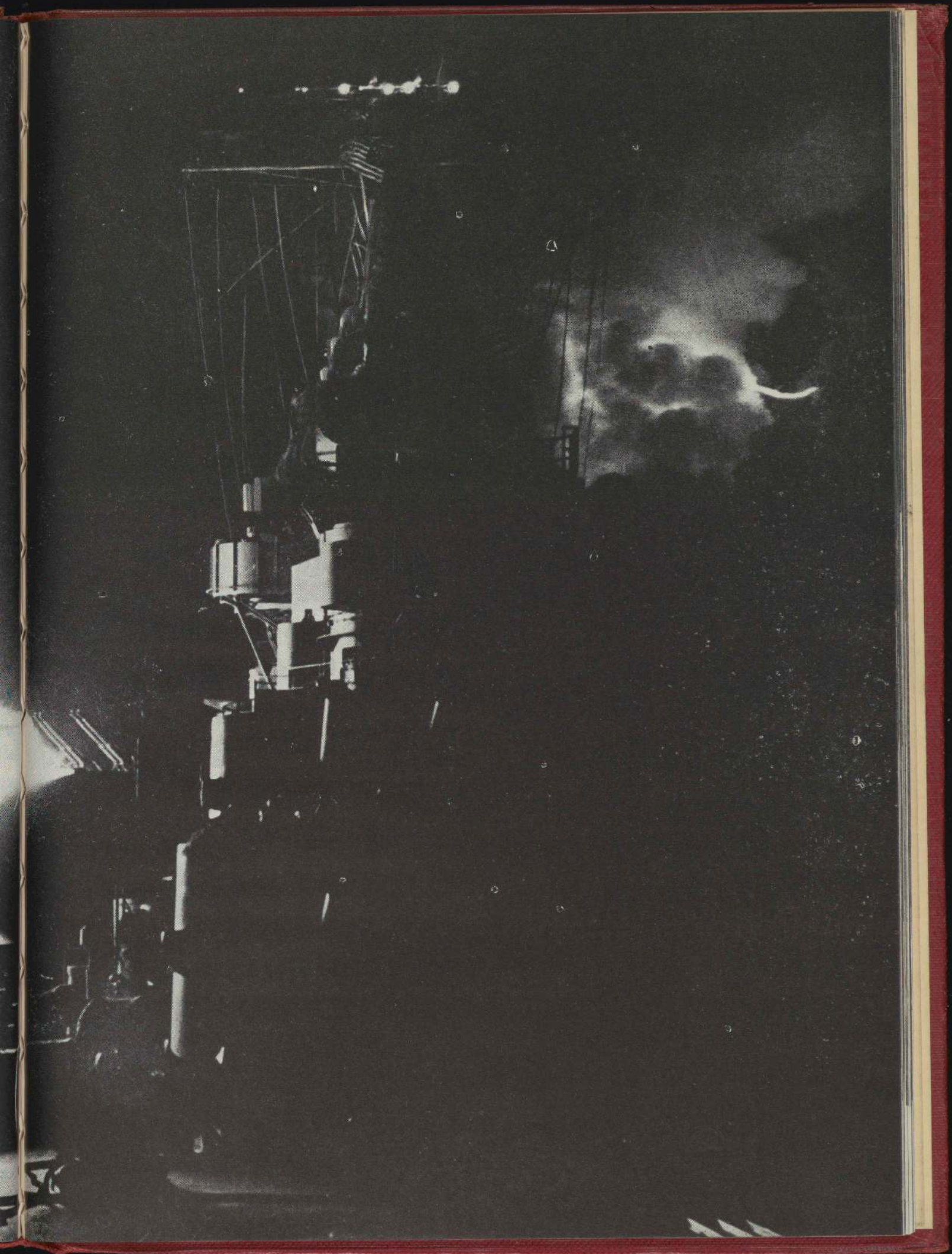
SCOUT PLANE, ANGAUR (*page 82*)

A Navy observation plane flies over firing ships and landing craft approaching the shores of Angaur.



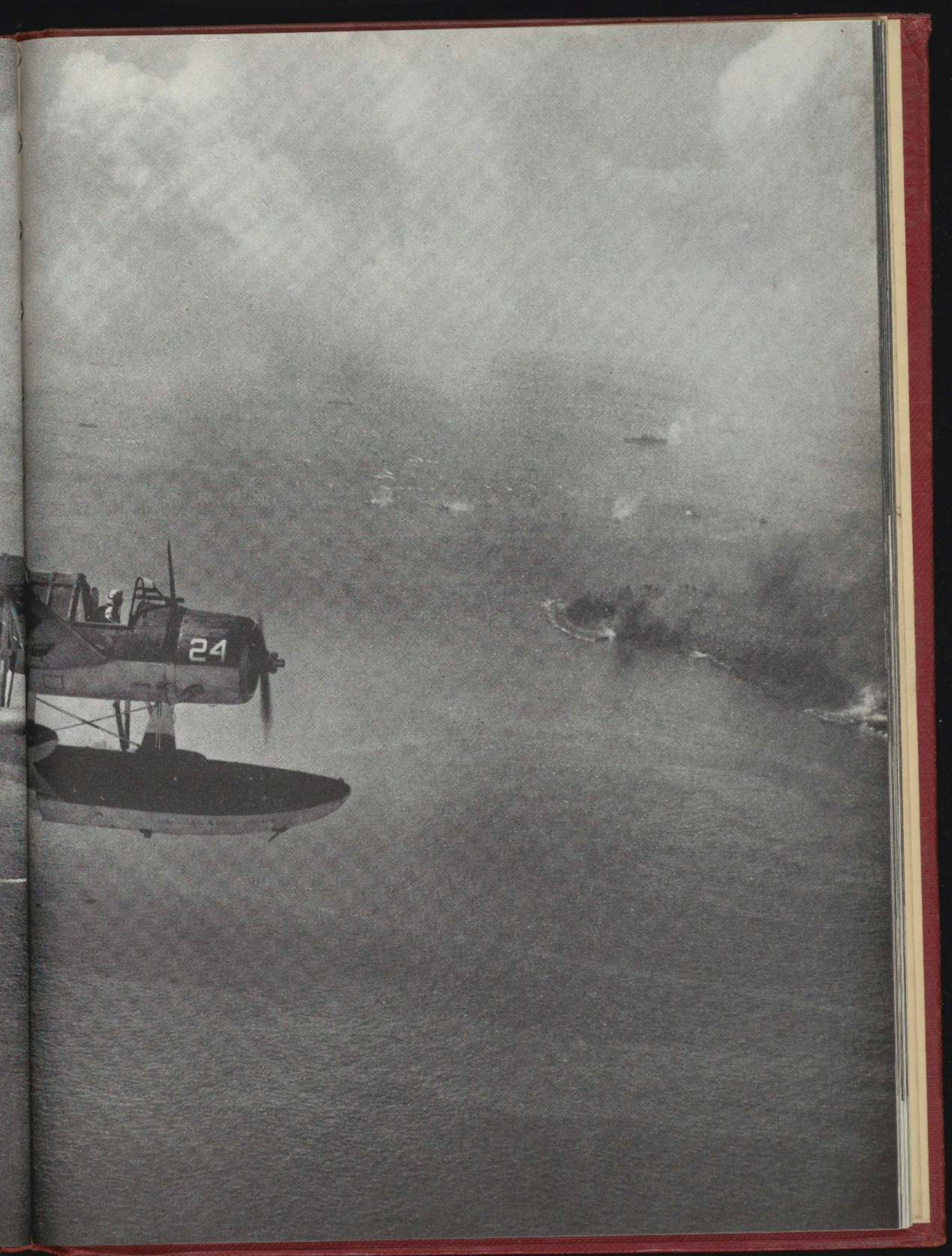


NIGHT BATTLE





SCOUT PLANE, ANGAUR





SMOKE SCREEN, ENGEBI

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SMOKE, ENGEBI (*left*)

Engebi, site of a key Japanese air base in Eniwetok Atoll, appears as a pyre from the vantage point of a Navy photographer in an *Avenger*. Coming in the wake of a concentrated battering by naval guns and bombers, landing forces completed the conquest of Engebi in six hours and five minutes, the quickest victory of the Pacific war over a defended bastion. Eniwetok Atoll, stormed by the 22nd Marine regiment and elements of the 106th Army regiment, was captured on February 20, 1944, thereby passing control of the Marshalls to the U. S.

GOING IN, ANGAUR (*right*)

Guns readied, grim-faced Army infantrymen sweep toward the beach of Angaur in the Palaus. This sharp photograph of amphibious invasion was made by a Coast Guard combat photographer heading toward the beach with the first waves. It shows at close range an LVT(A) churning through the surf. Its caterpillar treads enable the Landing Vehicle Tank, Army, to creep over the hidden reefs that sometimes broke the LCVPs used in earlier amphibious operations.

FIGHTING OFF JAPS (*right*)

An American warship fires at a Japanese invasion force that attempted to land troops on Vella LaVella Island in the Solomons early in 1943. Her speed and maneuverability cut down by engine damage, the ship hurls a stream of ack-ack at the bombers.

ANGAUR LANDING (*page 86*)

Two amphibious tanks with gunners race toward the flaming shore of Angaur during the invasion of this island in the Palaus by the 81st Army division on September 16, 1944, the day after Marines assaulted Peleliu.



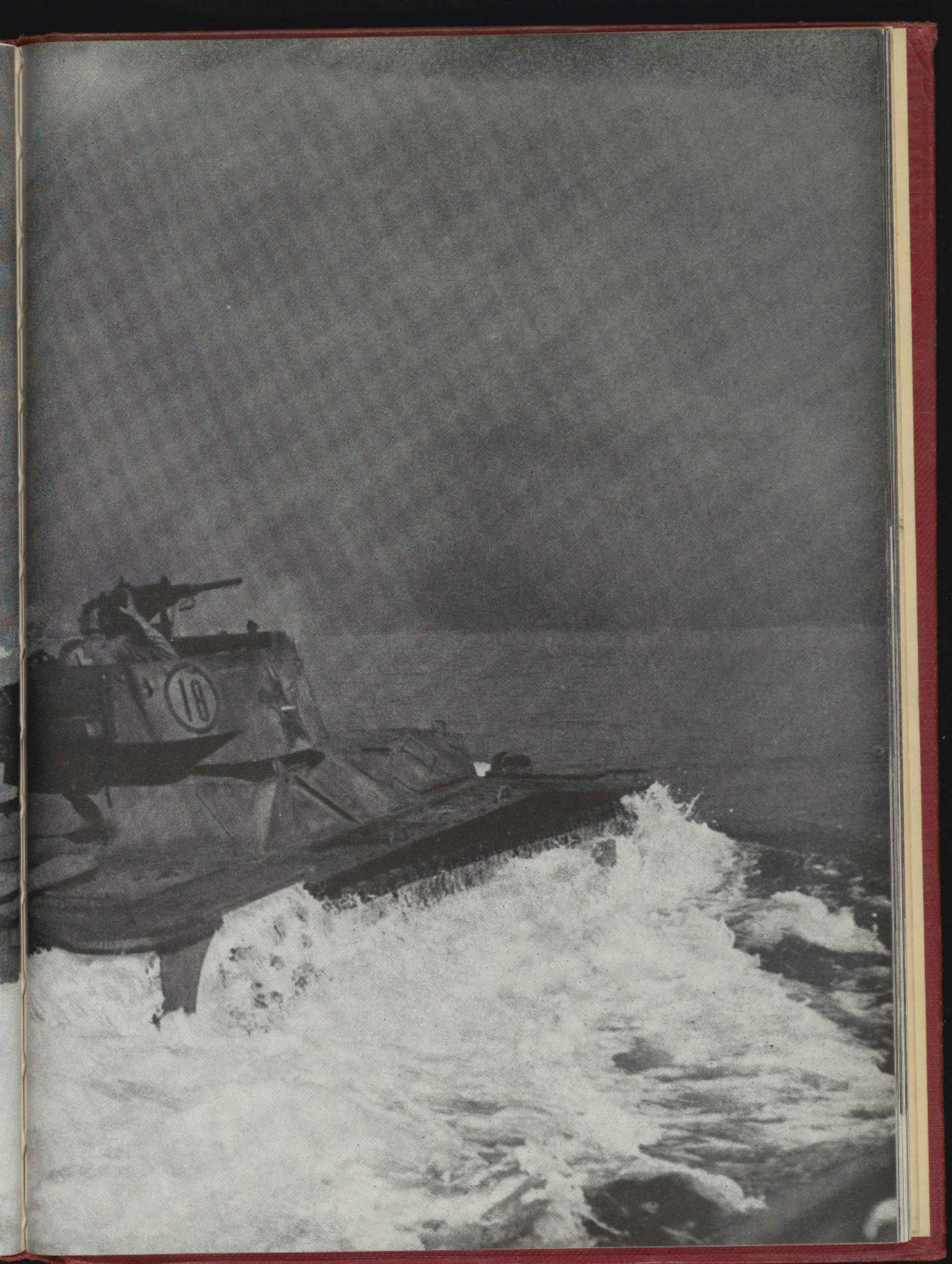
GOING IN, ANGAUR

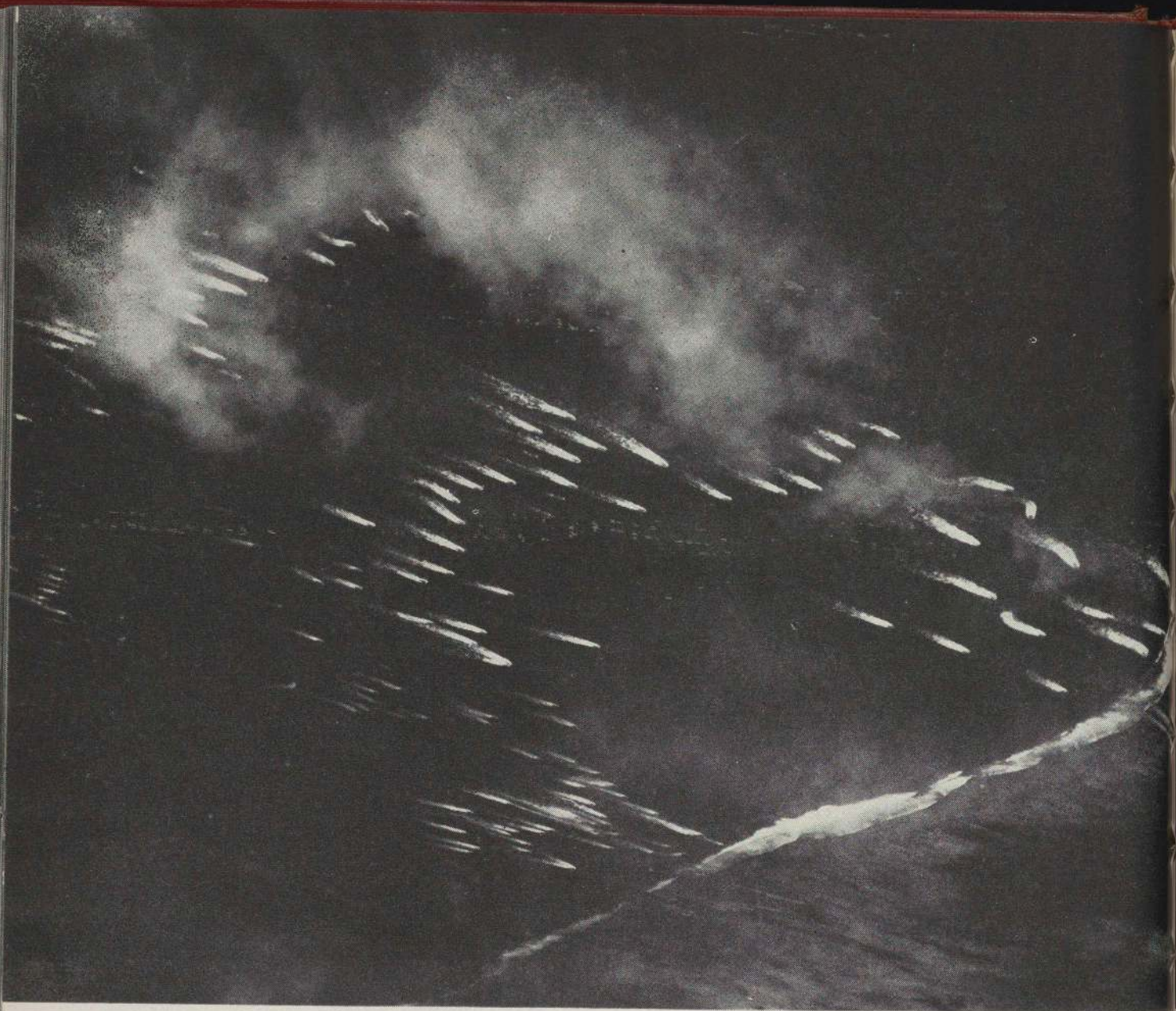
FIGHTING OFF JAPS, SOLOMONS





ANGAUR LANDING





We win the beachhead and we win the island, but not without cost. Ships and planes have been damaged. Men have been wounded and killed. The living and dead are heroes.

ASSAULT WAVE, SAIPAN (*above*)

From a Navy spotting plane of the task force, this is how the D-day attack, June 16, 1944, on Saipan, strategic island in the Marianas group, looked. The white streaks darting toward shore are landing craft carrying troops of the 2nd and 4th Marine Divisions and the Army 27th Infantry. Nine days after the landings approximately one-third of the island had been wrested from the enemy. Attacking from the western beaches, the American forces drove across the island, seizing

Aslito airfield, which they used as a huge artillery base. Mount Tapotchau, in the center of the island, was taken by assault as the drive went northwest to capture the capital, Garapan. Two days before the finish, the remaining Jap troops cornered in the mountainous northern tip advanced 2,000 yards in a banzai attack before being stopped. The month-long campaign cost us 3,500 dead or missing, and 13,000 wounded, but the enemy lost over 25,000 men before the island was mopped up for use as a base against Japan.



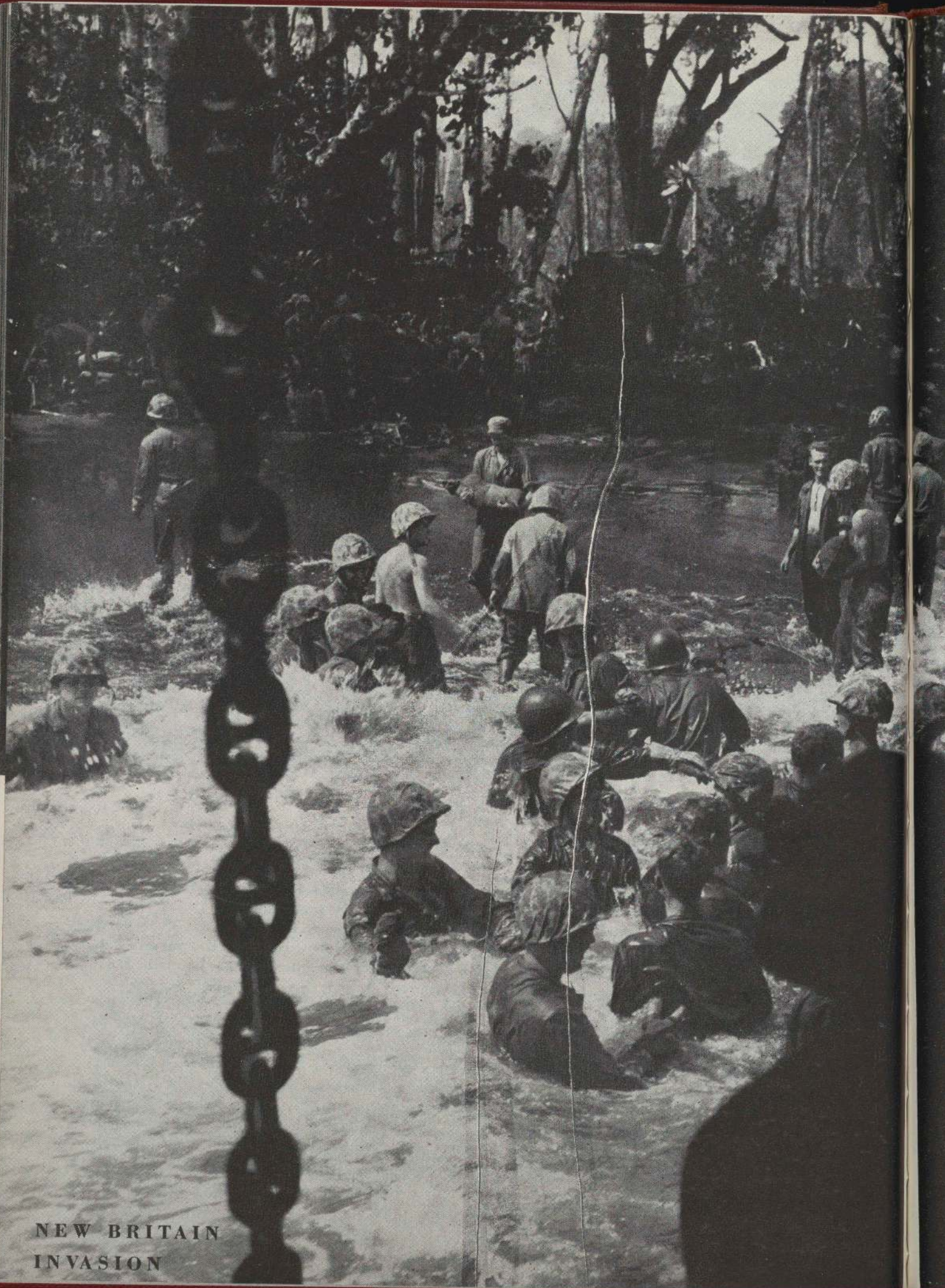
UNLOADING AT CAPE GLOUCESTER (above)

A jeep from a Coast-Guard-manned LST is pushed ashore through the surf at Cape Gloucester, New Britain, by Coast Guard and Marines, December 26, 1943, the day after the Marine landing was made on New Britain's western tip. Low-flying B-25 and B-26 medium bombers cleared the way for the Marines' assault with a heavy pounding of Jap positions, climaxing a month's bombing in which 4,000 tons were loosed on enemy positions. Sixth Army troops had gone ashore December 15 at Arawe on the other side. Junction of the two advancing forces was made two months later.

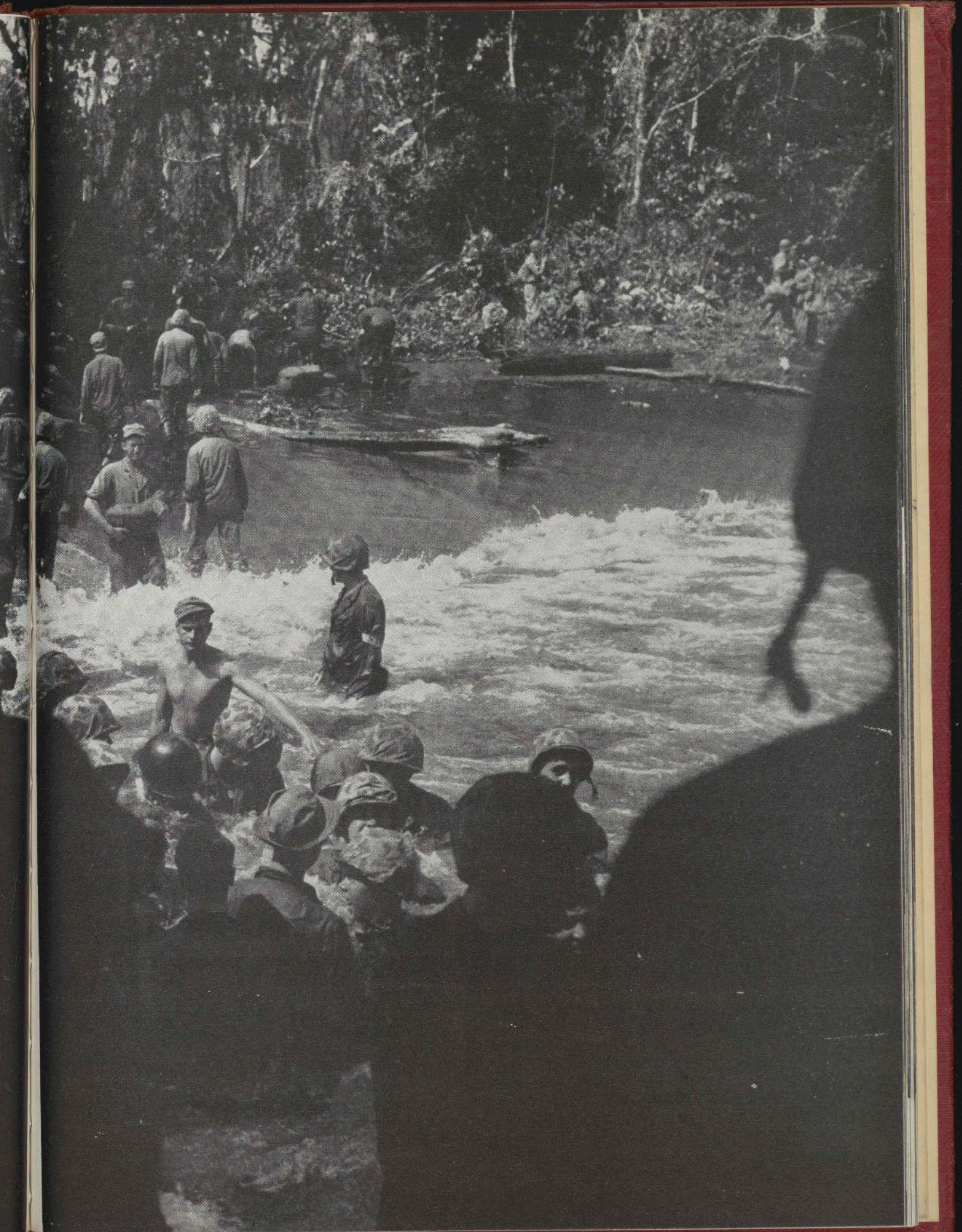
Marines found themselves up against a Jap division which had fought at Bataan. Landing was easy but after that the going—against rain, mud and Japs—was rough even for jungle veterans. Two strategic airfields were seized at Cape Gloucester, from which bombers could operate against Rabaul, some 270 miles away.

NEW BRITAIN INVASION (page 90)

U. S. Coast Guardsmen and Marines waded in to build a temporary causeway for unloading as the invasion of Cape Gloucester gets under way. This landing and that of Army troops at Arawe brought the pincers closer to Rabaul, major Jap base in the Bismarck Archipelago. As MacArthur had moved up the New Guinea coast, his bombers had been hitting Rabaul and nearby Kavieng on New Ireland. Carrier raids had been made on Rabaul in November and on Christmas and New Year's Kavieng was treated to task force attacks. By way of further closing the ring around Rabaul, cruisers bombarded the Shortlands, landing was made on February 15 almost without opposition on the Green Islands, 150 miles from Rabaul, and MacArthur moved into the Admiralties in March. By April, some 40,000 Japs were penned up on Gazelle Peninsula around neutralized Rabaul, apparently abandoned without supplies.



NEW BRITAIN
INVASION





PACIFIC LANDING *(above)*

Marines riding in to attack a Pacific island, their bayonets ready, their steel helmets strapped securely, are waging a new type of warfare, the amphibious operation which has been developed and used so extensively in the advance across the Pacific. Made possible by the tremendous pace of ship construction in the United States, amphibious operations have involved the use of thousands of landing craft, from the smallest Higgins boats which can move in toward shore, avoiding the hazards of coral reefs because they draw less than two feet of water, to the LSTs and LSMs, ocean-going vessels which can run up on a beach and lower ramps to unload their cargo of tanks and other mechanized equipment. Many specialized types of landing craft have been developed for transporting troops as well as equipment, those with caterpillar tracks being appropriately dubbed "alligators" and "water buffaloes".

MARINES WADE ASHORE *(right)*

Marines leave an LST to wallow through the surf for a landing on the beach at Cape Gloucester during the second day of the assault which saw Navy planes soften up the enemy for the initial landings. The advance was slow, but by February 13, 1944, the first Marine Division on New Britain had moved 21 miles east of the Cape and had joined Army contingents from Arawe.

The occupation of the Admiralties and Emirau Island in March gave our air forces more bases from which to launch sorties against Rabaul, as well as control of the Bismarck Sea. By April, the Japs had abandoned Cape Hoskins and Gasmata, leaving 4,679 dead, and had retired to Gazelle peninsula around Rabaul. Reconnaissance planes reported that its four airfields had only some 100 planes, which further bombings failed to bring up, probably because they lacked gasoline. Apparently Rabaul and Kavieng were neutralized.



MARINES WADE ASHORE, CAPE GLOUCESTER



The Marines with rifle, bayonet, grenade and flame thrower, clear the enemy, Jap by Jap, from the beachhead.

MARINES ADVANCE, TARAWA (*above*)

Tarawa, a tiny island of sand and coral lifting out of the Pacific, was the scene of one of the bitterest fights in Marine Corps history. This Gilbert Islands atoll was assaulted November 20, 1943, and before it was taken 76 hours later, 1,026 Marines were killed, 2,557 wounded, but a force of 4,000 Imperial Japanese Marines had been wiped out. Tarawa was taken, said Maj. General Julian C. Smith, only because "the men were willing to die." Bullets ripped the water as they waded ashore. Those who made it charged the beach, which had undergone an intensive bombardment from

the task force offshore, and found the Japs well entrenched behind an intricate system of fortifications. Marines charging in, as those above, met enemy cross-fire which swept the palms like a tropical hurricane. In spite of the 20 pounds of high explosive which fell in the pre-invasion bombardment for every square yard of Betio (main islet in Tarawa atoll on which the Japs had built an airstrip), the Japs were far from blasted out. In fact, they were so well dug in in their pillboxes and blockhouses, many of which had 10 to 12 feet of sand, coral, and logs on top of concrete foundations, that the Marine grip was precarious at first.

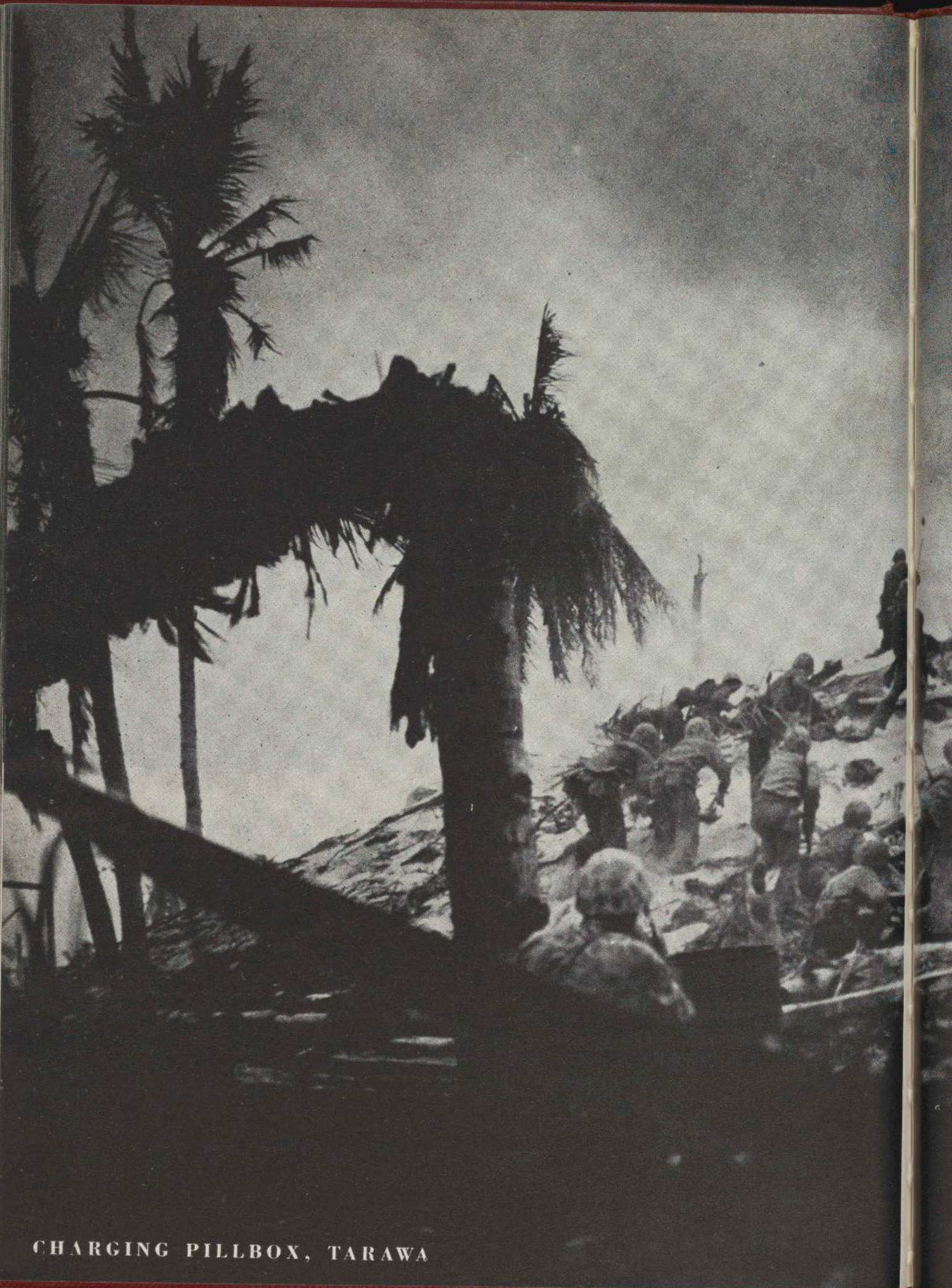


STORMING BETIO AIRPORT *(above)*

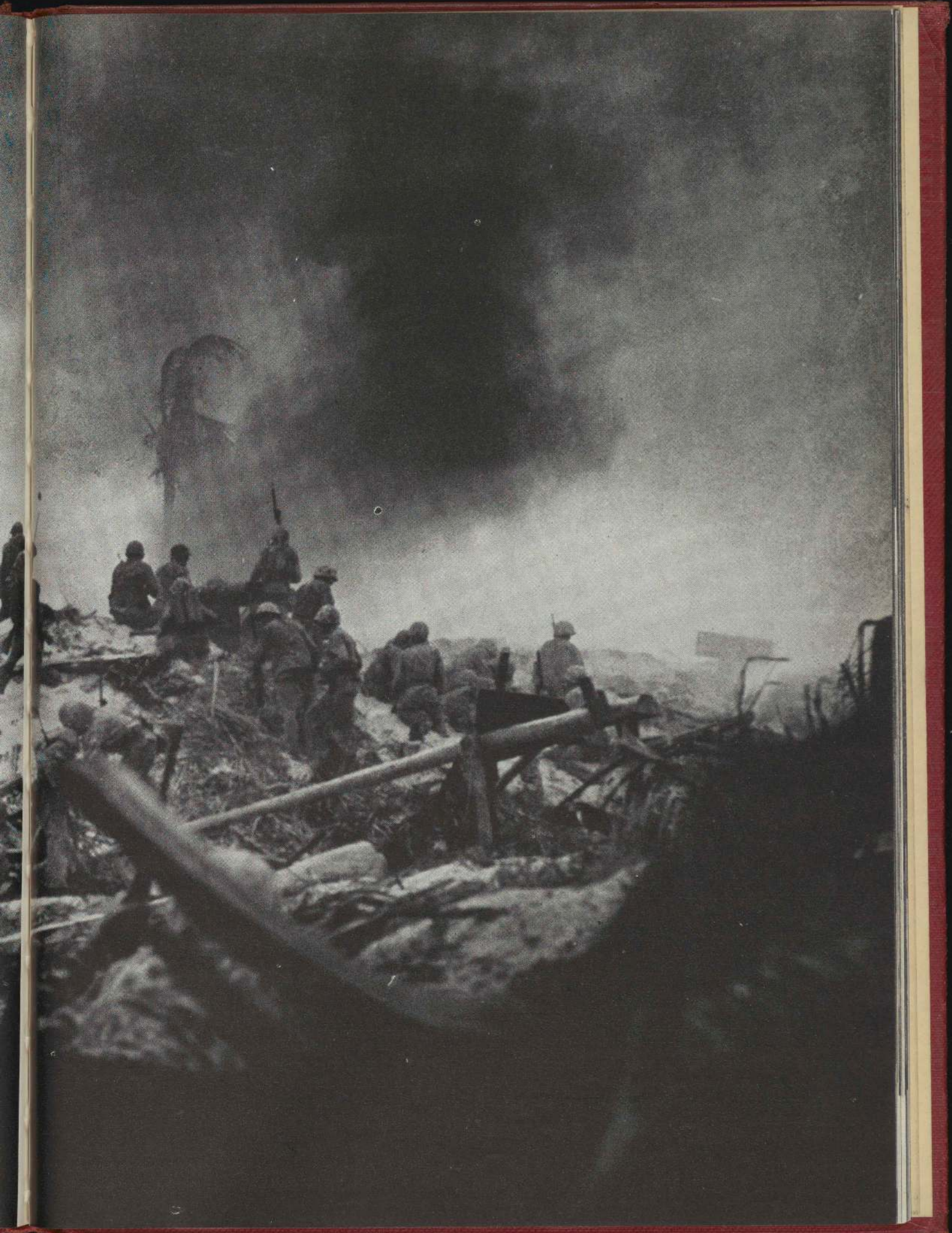
Storming Betio's airport, Marines go over the top of a coconut-log retaining wall, crouching low and firing until their turn comes to follow. This photo, taken from the water's edge, gives some idea of the small strip of beach, only twenty feet wide here, in which the Tarawa invaders had to operate the first day while the enemy let loose with mortars, machine guns, rifles and cannon fire from behind the barricade which extended all around the square mile of coral and sand. The Marines threw dynamite and bangalore torpedoes in on the Japs, and half-tracks poked the muzzles of their cannon into the slit openings from which the Japs were firing. Countless of the enemy, realizing they couldn't escape, committed hara-kiri. Flame throwers roasted others and many a Jap felt the cold steel of a Marine bayonet. The turning point of the battle was reached about noon the second day.

CHARGING MARINES, TARAWA *(page 96)*

At the order to charge, Marines swarm over a heavily-reinforced pillbox, braving fire from all sides. The only way to silence the stubborn defenders, the cream of Tojo's forces, was for the Marines to fight to the top and shoot down inside at the Japs. On the third day, it was definitely apparent the Marines had won Betio. They had taken the airfield and had driven a force of about 200 Jap survivors into the island's narrow tail. From there on in, it was a matter of wiping out that force and of cleaning up a few isolated strongholds and snipers' nests. On the fourth night these remaining Japs gathered their strength for one final, fanatical charge. Attacking the mop-up rifle companies, they advanced, shrieking "banzai", but a platoon, commanded by Capt. Lyle Specht, effectively wiped them out. The Japs had worked for 22 months to build up the island and did not give up without a struggle.



CHARGING PILLBOX, TARAWA





RESCUING WOUNDED *(above)*

Two Marines brave Japanese crossfire to rescue a fallen buddy from under the nose of enemy snipers. Although the bombs and shells, dropped on Betio by Navy dive bombers and torpedo planes and hurled by the ships of the task force offshore, made it one of the most intense pre-invasion softening, the Marines met with formidable opposition from the defenders. Those who hit the beach in the first waves of landing craft met intense enemy shellfire. Because Betio, an islet only two-and-one-half miles long and 800 yards across at its widest point, was nowhere more than 12 feet above sea level and had been exceptionally well fortified, its capture was very costly. Its airfield was strategically important, however, for it was the Japs' major base in the Gilberts. American attacks on other islands in the group, Makin and Abemana, were fortunately much less costly than the bloody fight for Tarawa.

ENIWETOK CONQUERORS *(page 100)*

These Marines, begrimed and weary from two days and nights of fighting, are typical of the conquerors of Eniwetok Atoll in the Marshalls. Storming ashore from Coast-Guard-manned landing craft, they swept Engebi, one of the islands in the atoll, clear of the Japs in short order and then went on to wipe out the enemy on Eniwetok, which was the westernmost Jap base of the Marshalls. It was attacked after Kwajalein had been taken, and at the same time that the Navy raided Truk. The Marines who hungrily down cups of hot coffee are back on an assault transport—some of their faces black from the coral dirt into which they burrowed to avoid enemy snipers. Although landing forces completed the conquest of Engebi in six hours and five minutes, Eniwetok, 21 miles across the atoll lagoon, proved much tougher going than the former. It was in our hands, however, by February 20, 1944.



SANDBAG BARRICADE (above)

Marines advance from behind a sandbag entrenchment, hastily thrown up on the atoll.

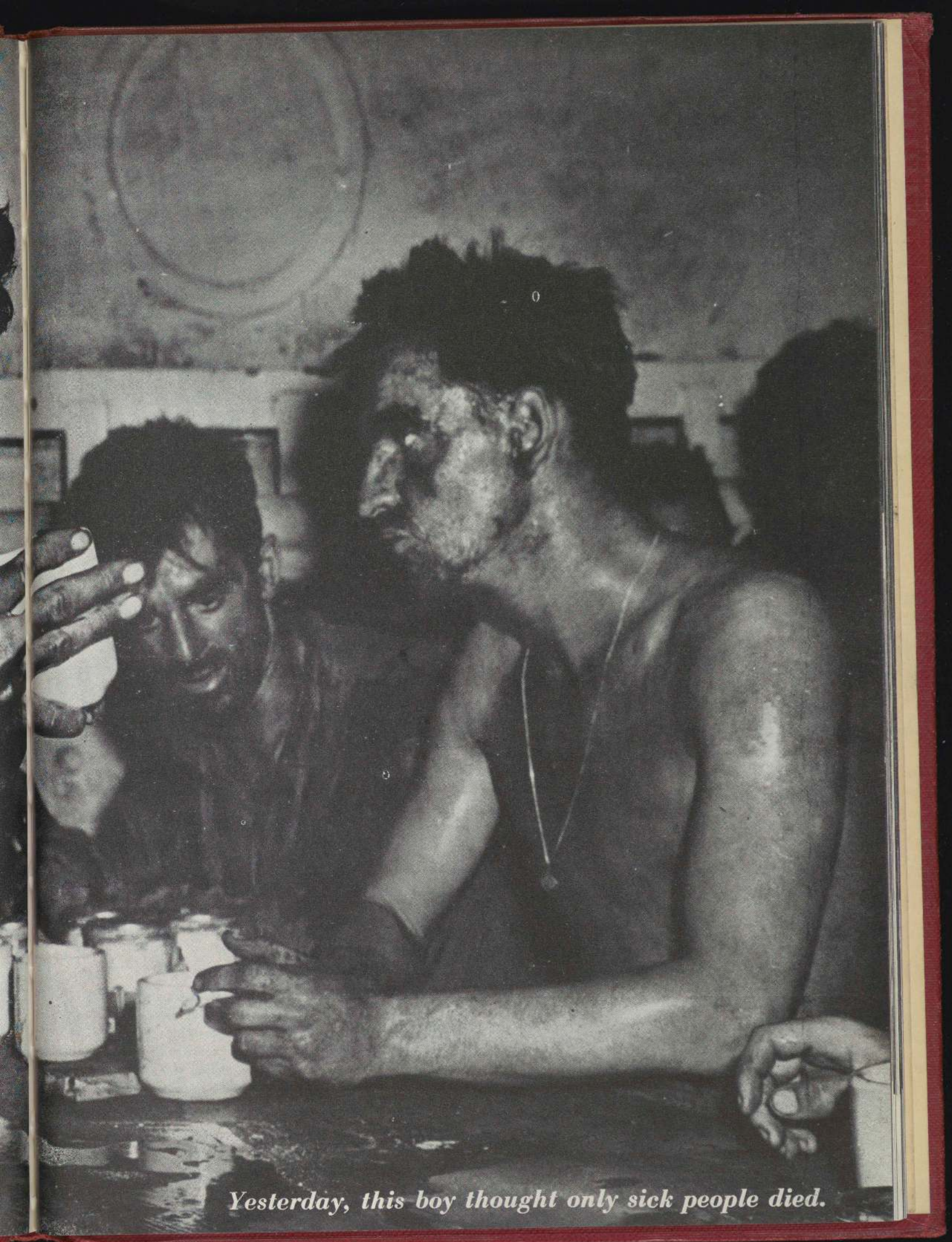
PLASMA FOR WOUNDED (right)

Seriously wounded, Marine Pfc. Arthur Norris Robison, 20, relaxes after receiving plasma at a first-aid station on Guam on July 28, 1944. He was taken to a Pearl Harbor hospital, where he is recovering from his injuries, thanks to plasma.

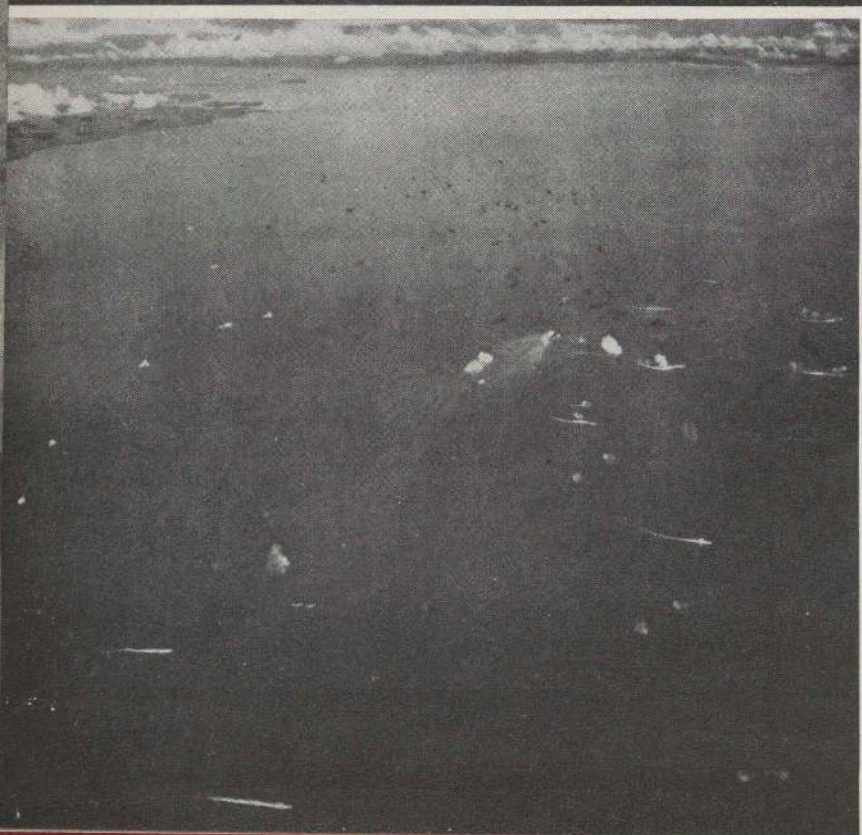
Plasma — blood from home — breathed life back into the tortured body of this Marine.







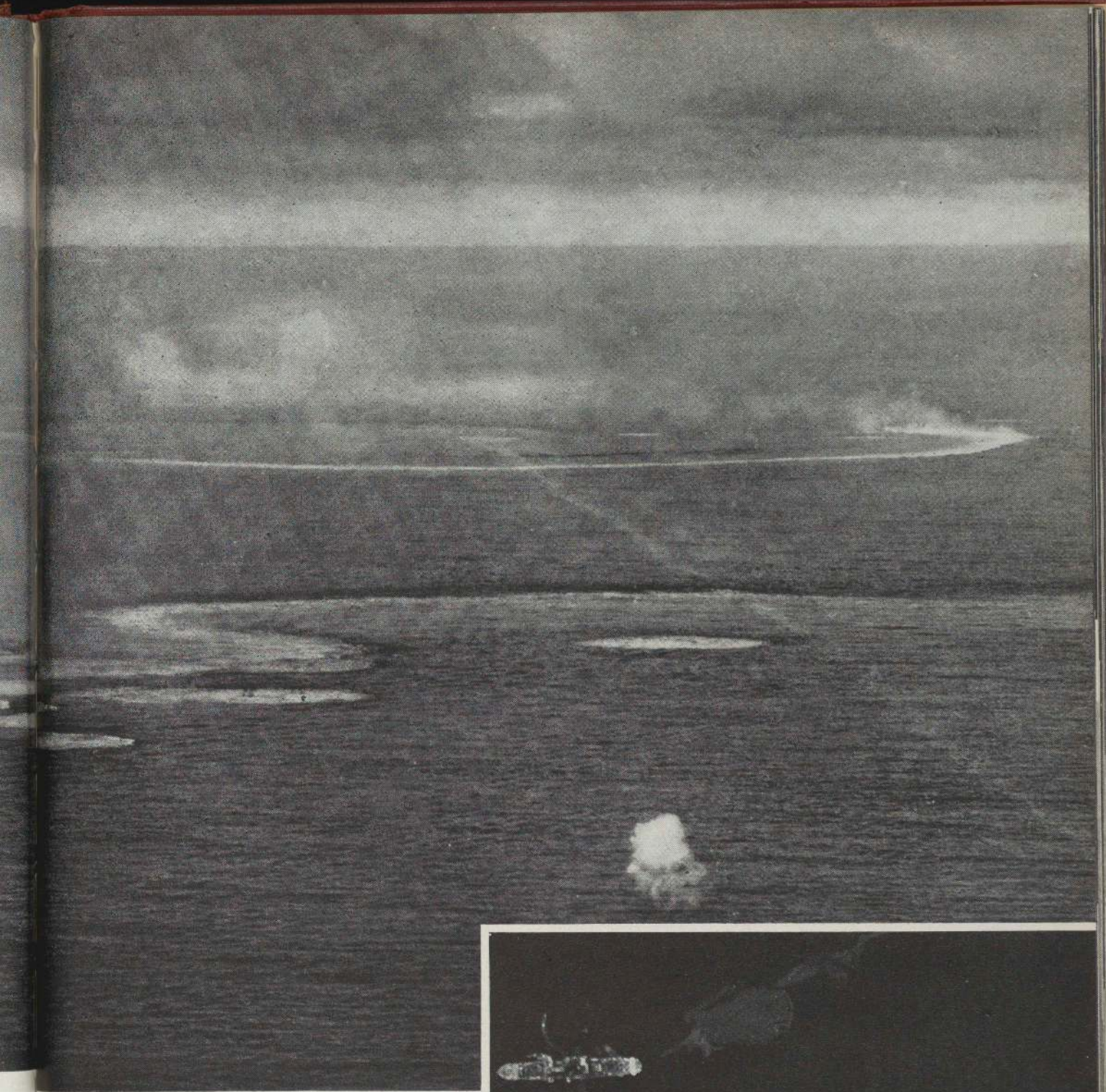
Yesterday, this boy thought only sick people died.



The Imperial Japanese

TORPEDO TRACK (*above*)

A Jap warship under attack during the Second Battle of the Philippines scurries away from a pasting by Navy bombers. In the right background a Jap destroyer squirms away, while the faint white track indicating the course of one of our torpedoes can also be seen. The wake following the battleship shows its evasion tactics.



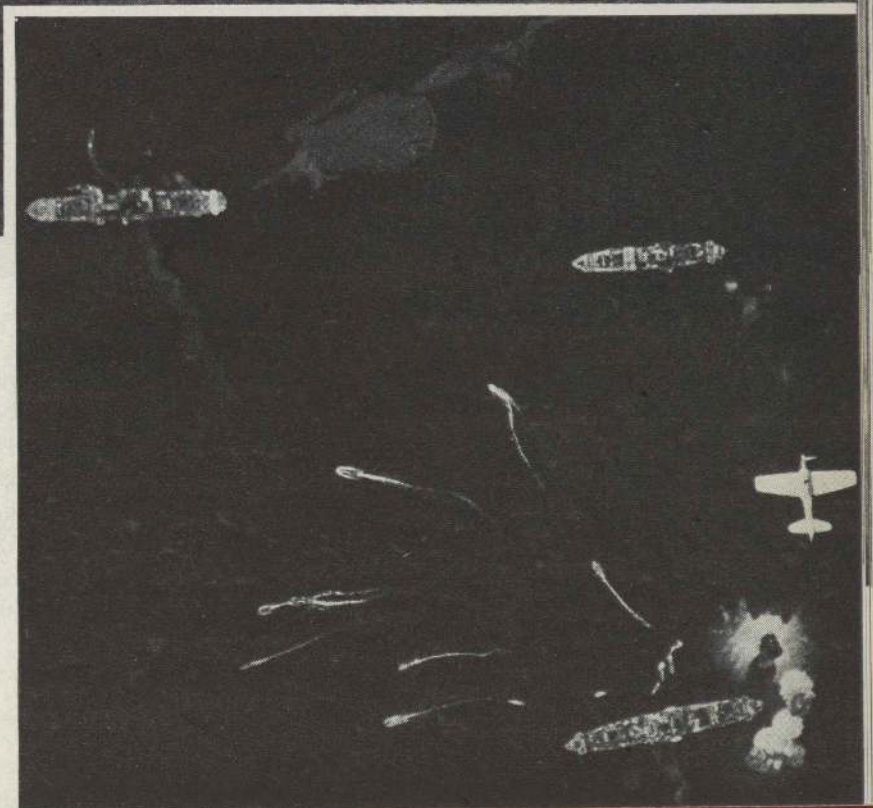
Navy takes a pasting

SCURRYING JAPS (*lower left*)

The air is full of ack-ack and exploding shells as Jap ships dash for safer waters during battle.

HITTING A JAP FREIGHTER (*right*)

This attack on a Jap merchant vessel, caught in Tonolai Harbor, is typical of our treatment of enemy shipping. A Nip plane hovers ineffectively.





DAUNTLESSES DIVE ON TARGET

Douglas *Dauntless* dive bombers nosing toward their target are veterans of the Pacific campaign, having performed with outstanding success. Replaced to a great extent by the newer Curtiss SB2C *Helldivers*, the redoubtable SBD's have set an enviable standard for their successors to live up to. The new planes had several bugs at the start which had to be ironed out before revised models were sent to the fleet. With a

1,700 horsepower engine as against their predecessors' 1,000 h.p. one, they have turned out to be pretty good and just as reliable as the old outmoded *Dauntlesses*. First used in the November, 1943 raid on Rabaul, the *Helldivers* began to replace the battle-scarred, tired SBD's throughout the fleet in the spring of 1944. They were in time to get in on action every bit as exciting as that seen by the *Dauntlesses* earlier in the Pacific,

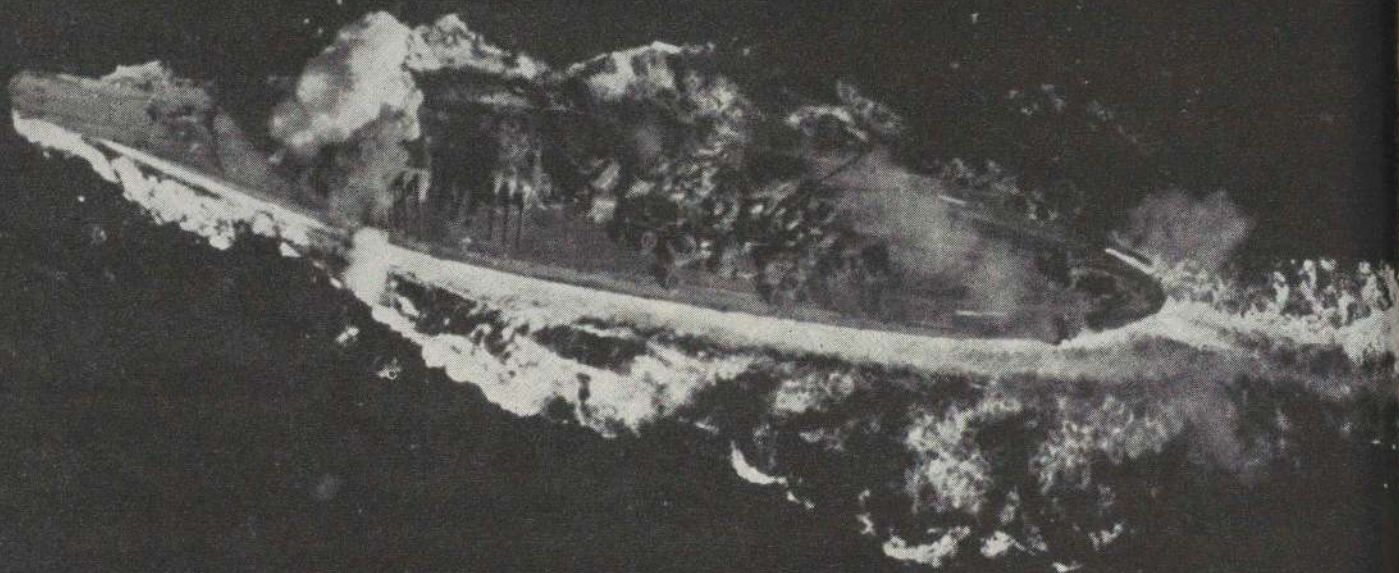


JAP CARRIER SMOKING FROM TORPEDO HIT

Her flight deck buckled by the force of an explosion of a torpedo hit and punctured by bombs, this *Zuiho*-class light carrier maneuvers violently to avoid further blows, while smoke from her aft deck bears evidence of the damage inflicted by Navy dive bombers. A Rising Sun flag flying from her side mast, she was caught off Luzon by Third Fleet planes on October 25, 1944, during the Second Battle of the Philippine Sea.

With the aid of cruisers and destroyers which closed in later, they added the finishing touches to the sinking job shortly after this photograph was taken. Our airmen were not deceived by the poor attempts to camouflage her deck as a battleship, for the white lines, used as landing aids, give her away as a carrier.

This ship was one of four Jap carriers in the northern enemy force, which Halsey's planes intercepted.

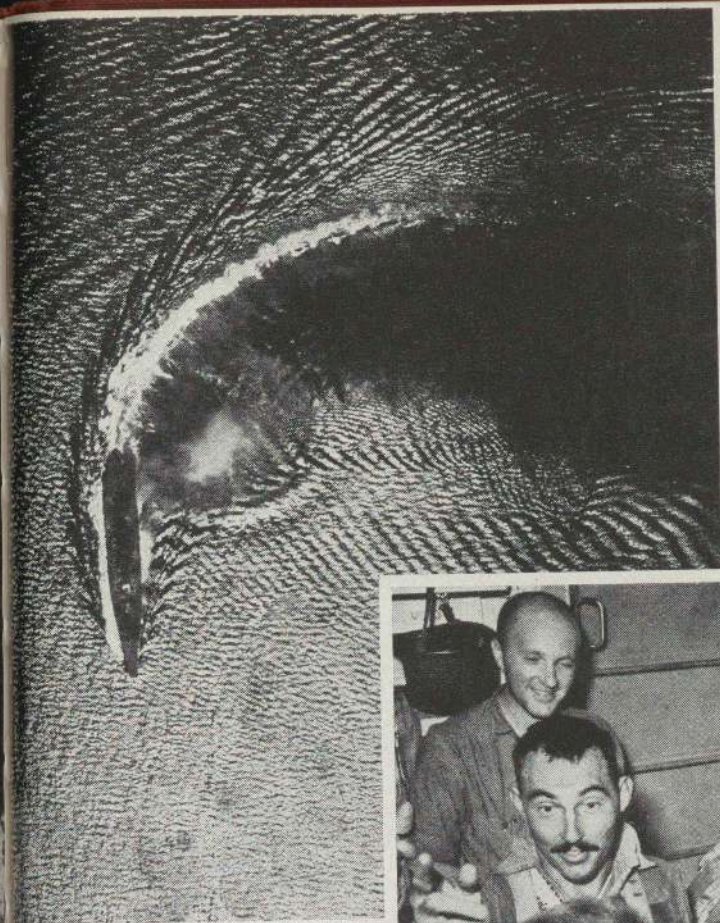


YAMATO SHUDDERS FROM HITS (above)

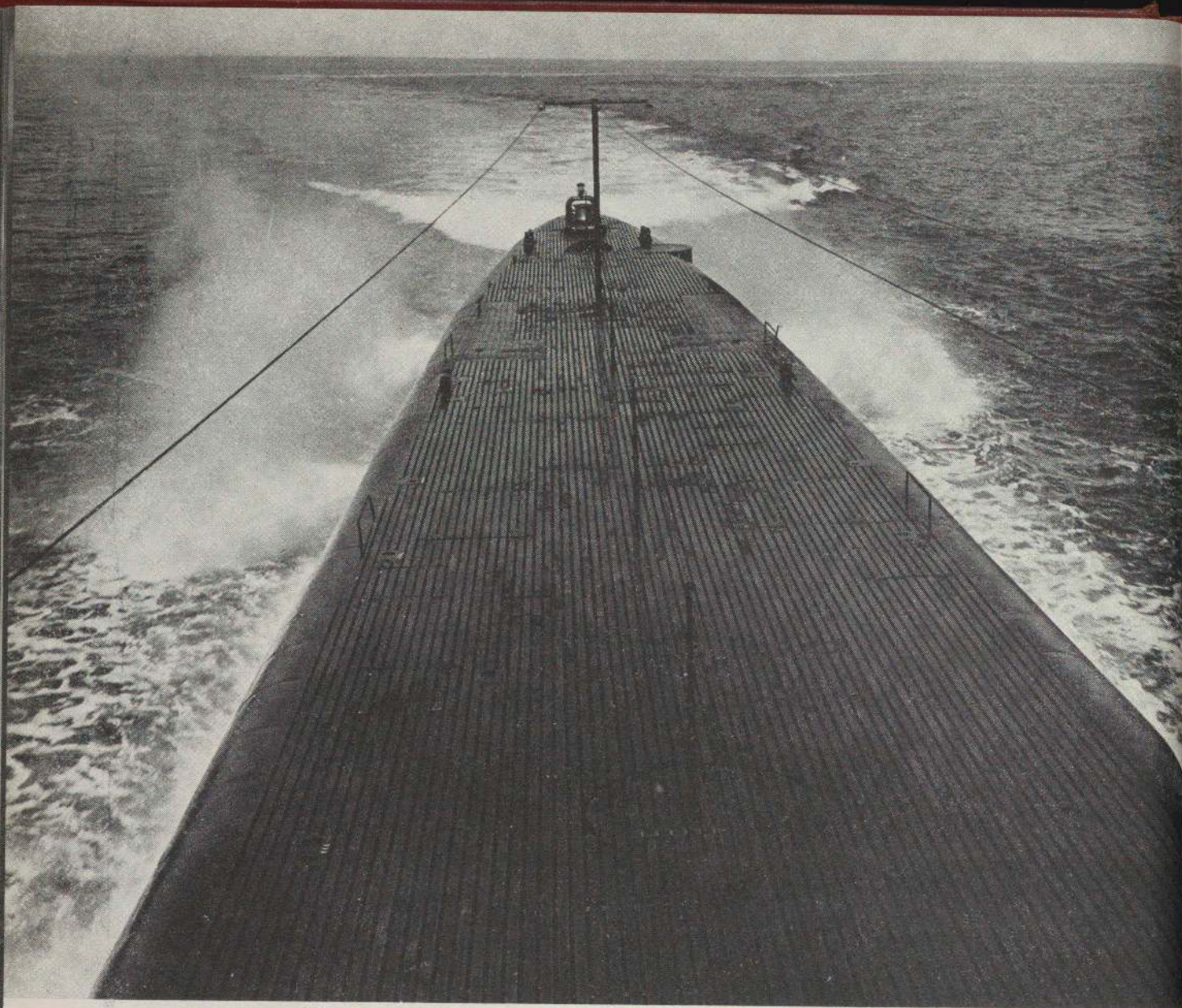
The great Japanese battlewagon *Yamato* was fleeing under full steam through Tablas Straits in the western Visayans, Philippine Islands, October 25, 1944, when Lt. Comdr. Arthur L. Downing, USNR, executive officer of one of Admiral Halsey's Third Fleet bombing squadrons, zoomed his *Helldiver* in at low altitude to drop the bombs seen bursting just forward of the No. 1 gun turret. As his plane pulled out of the dive, his radioman, John L. Carver, took this remarkable picture. The *Yamato* was part of the central Jap force.

AIRMEN MAUL THE JAP FLEET (right)

The excited dive-bomber pilot is telling about his attack against the Jap fleet off Saipan on June 20, 1944. And well might he and his fellow fliers be excited, for their bombing accuracy has had a telling effect on Hirohito's fleet, as witness this evidence, beginning at the lower left and going clockwise: a heavy cruiser caught in the Manila Bay strike, a warship dodging attack during the Second Philippine Sea engagement, a cruiser heavily damaged in the Sibuyan Sea encounter, a destroyer struck amidships at Palau.



*“Now here was this Jap battleship doing tight circles,
so I peeled off—”*

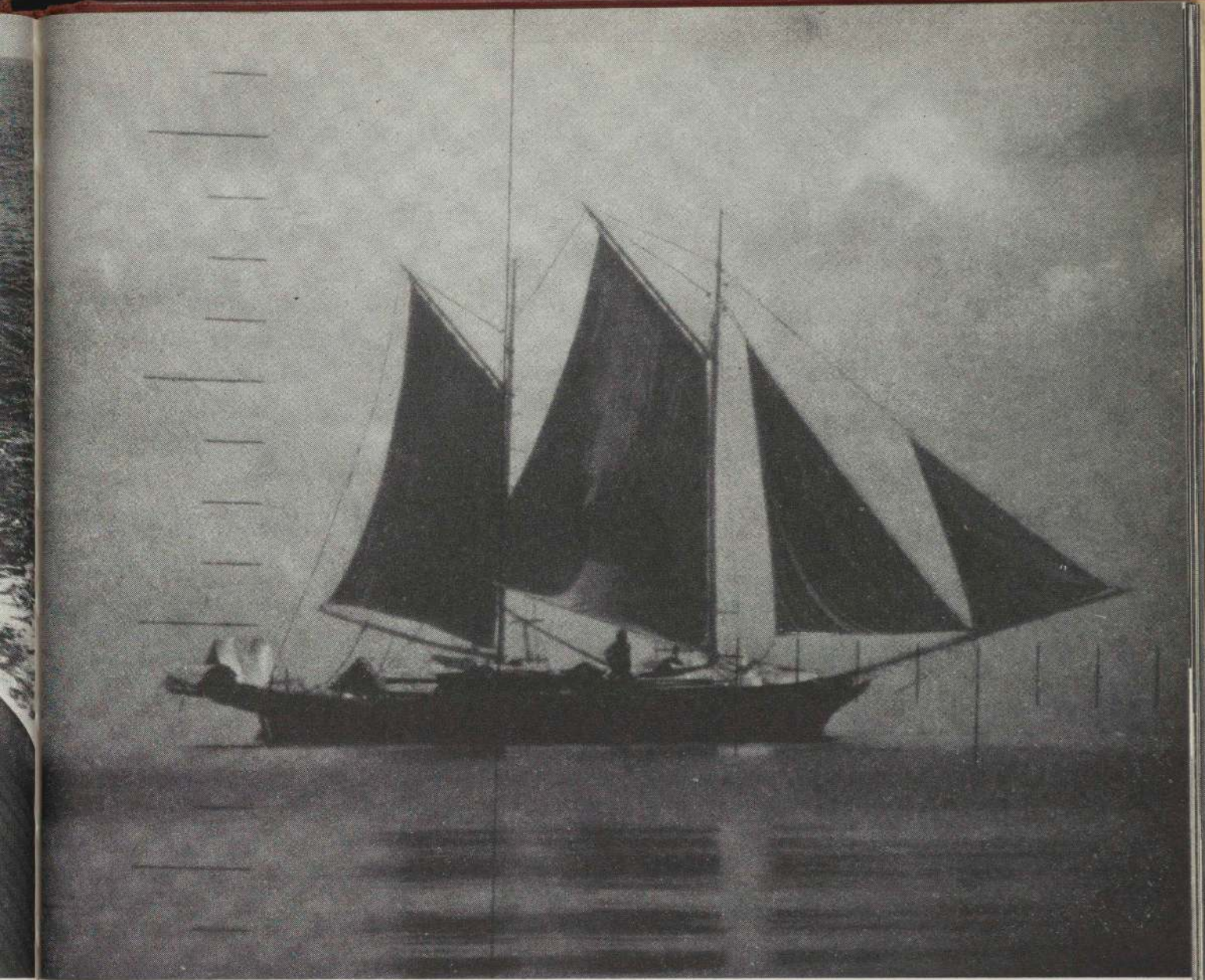


Submarines sink ships. Prowling the sea lanes, American undersea boats and American undersea crews are quietly shortening the war with every torpedo fired.

SUBMARINE ON PATROL (above)

The broad, sturdy deck of a U. S. submarine glistens from wet sea spray, as it extends aft from the bridge. One of many American underseas craft patrolling enemy waters, it is manned by efficient and reticent men, who consistently refuse to toot their own horns. Rightly called men of the "silent service" these crews have been largely responsible for disrupting Japan's tenuous supply lines to the isolated garrisons of her once-proud empire. Their harassing activities along

the enemy-held China coast, in the East Indies and even off the coast of Japan herself have been given little publicity, but the results in shipping losses have been most annoying to the Japs. Since Pearl Harbor, according to the latest available figures, 1,057 Jap ships, including three carriers, 47 destroyers, 17 cruisers, have been sunk by U. S. subs. Non-combatant ship sinkings total 945. This is an extraordinarily creditable record for this branch, which at the beginning of the war numbered 100 ships fit for service.



PERISCOPE VIEW (*above*)

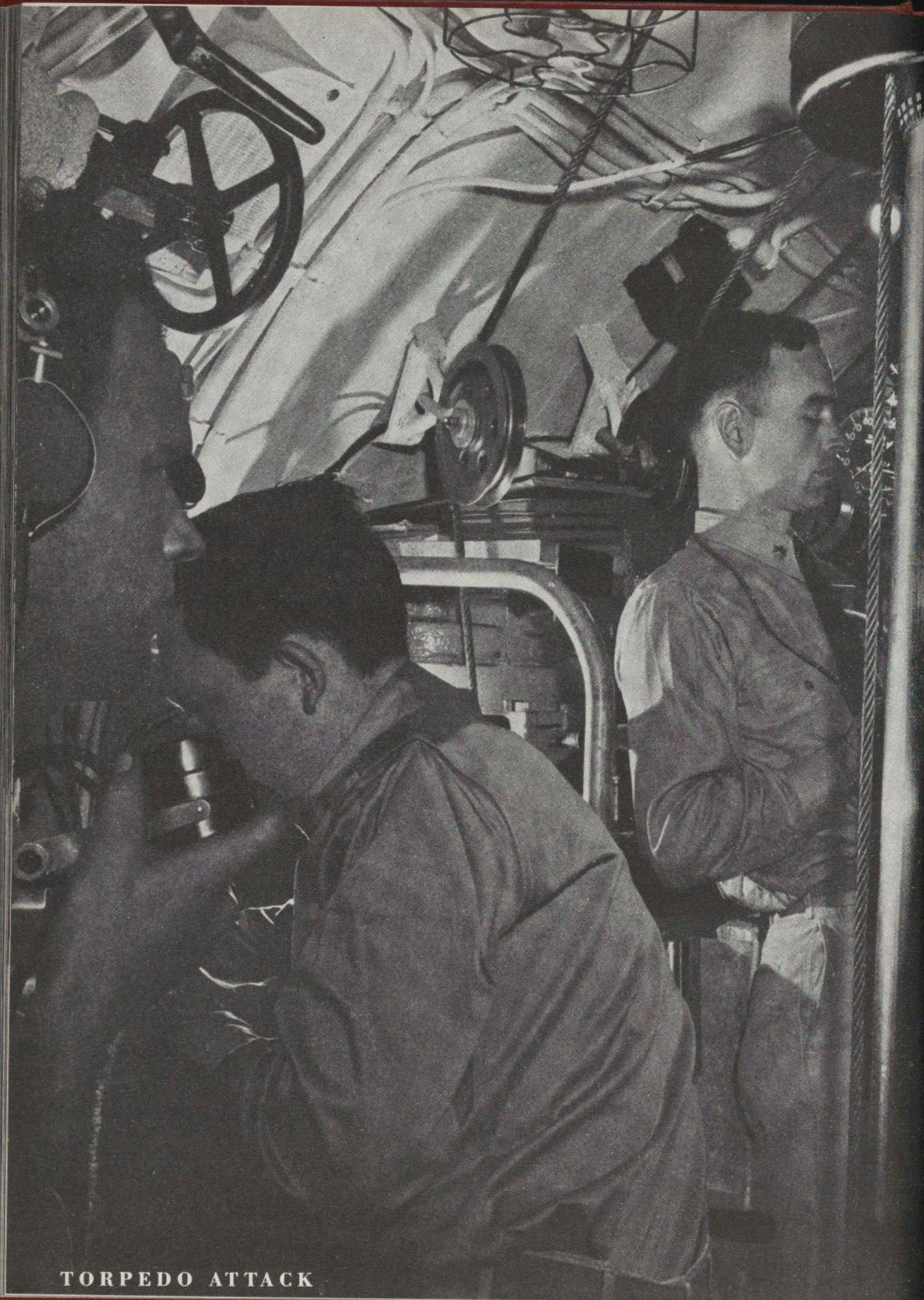
Snapped through the periscope of a U. S. Navy submarine on battle patrol off the coastal waters of Jap-held territory, this Japanese sailboat is more than just a reminder of the romantic past of maritime history; it is indicative of Japan's increasing dependence on old-style shipping to maintain supply lines to the almost isolated outposts of her fast-dwindling empire. That the Japs have nothing better in which to transport supplies is in good measure due to the success of our submarine campaign in the Pacific. Our under-seas craft have often worked close to Jap shores, within periscope range of towering Fujiyama, and as they lay almost within sight of land, their men have listened to the broadcasts of Tokyo Rose. Early in the war she liked to refer to our subs as mere toys that the Jap fleet would wipe out in no time. Later, she called them the Black Panthers of the Pacific.

TORPEDO ATTACK (*page 110*)

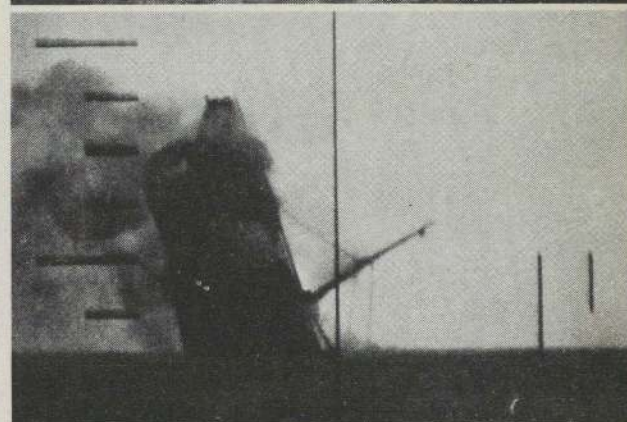
The commanding officer of a submarine peers through its periscope, ready to loose torpedoes at the enemy from the ten tubes, six fore and four aft, at his disposal. His accuracy in directing the deadly missiles, like that of fellow officers operating subs in the Pacific, has resulted in such effective attacks as the periscope photographs shown at the right. Submariners are accustomed to keeping quiet, for they have sweated it out while the ship is lying low until enemy destroyers give up dropping ashcans overhead.

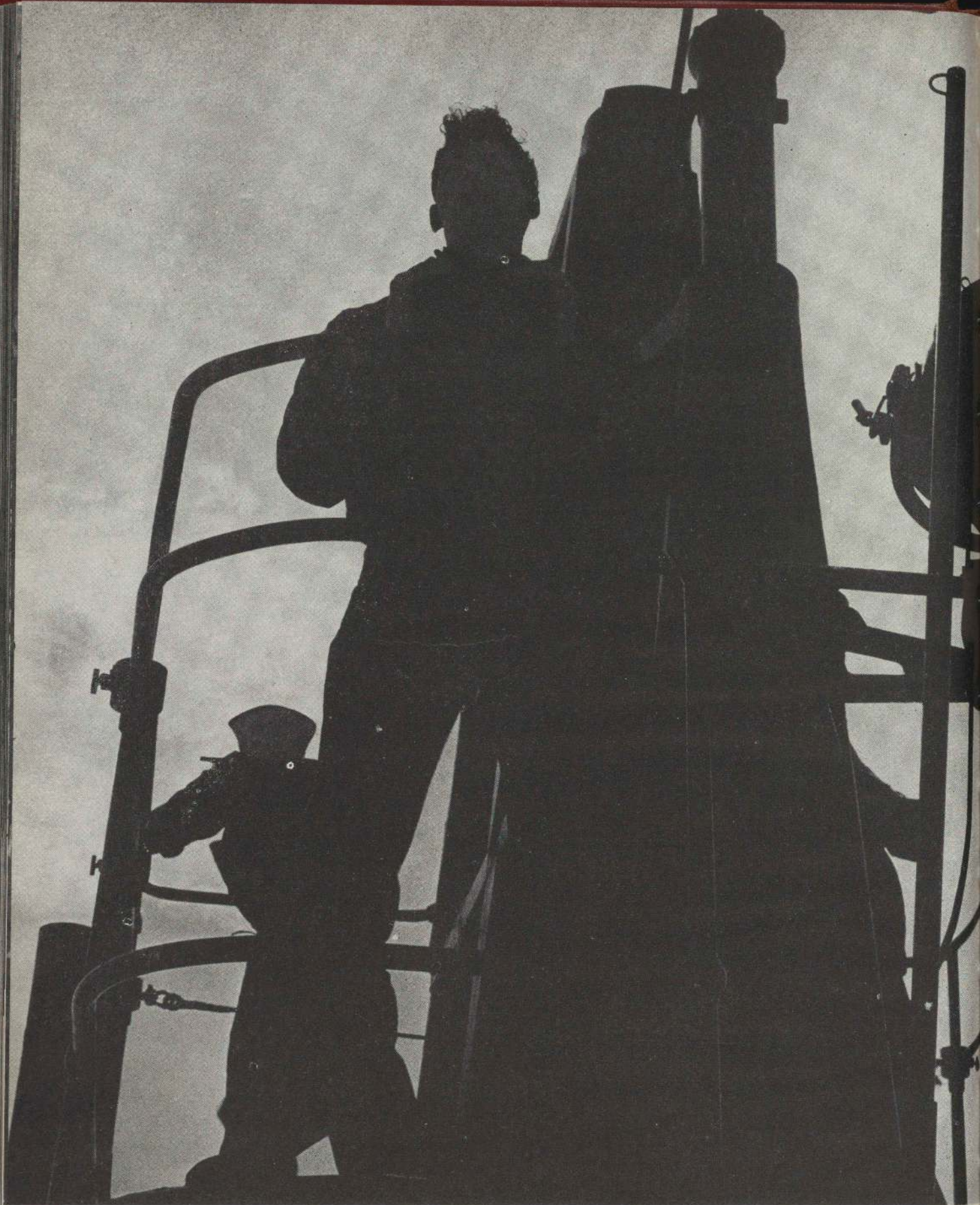
SUB LOOKOUT (*page 112*)

On the exterior conning tower of a sub, a lookout stands watch. Like his fellow submariners he finds life aboard a sub comfortable, for ours are air-conditioned, roomier than destroyers, equipped for staying several months at sea, and their cooks the Navy's best.



TORPEDO ATTACK





SUB LOOKOUT (*See page 109*)



GAMBIER BAY SHELLIED (*See page 115*)



FLAT-TOP BATTLE (*See page 115*)



—and we can take it, too!

HIT BY JAP BOMBER (left)

Sometimes our fleet has to take it as well as dish it out to the Japs, and it does, in its stride. During the Second Battle of the Philippine Sea a Jap bomber laid an egg on the deck of an escort carrier, ripping the hole through which smoke pours. Ninety minutes later all damage was repaired and the ship was underway once again.

DIRECT STRIKE (below)

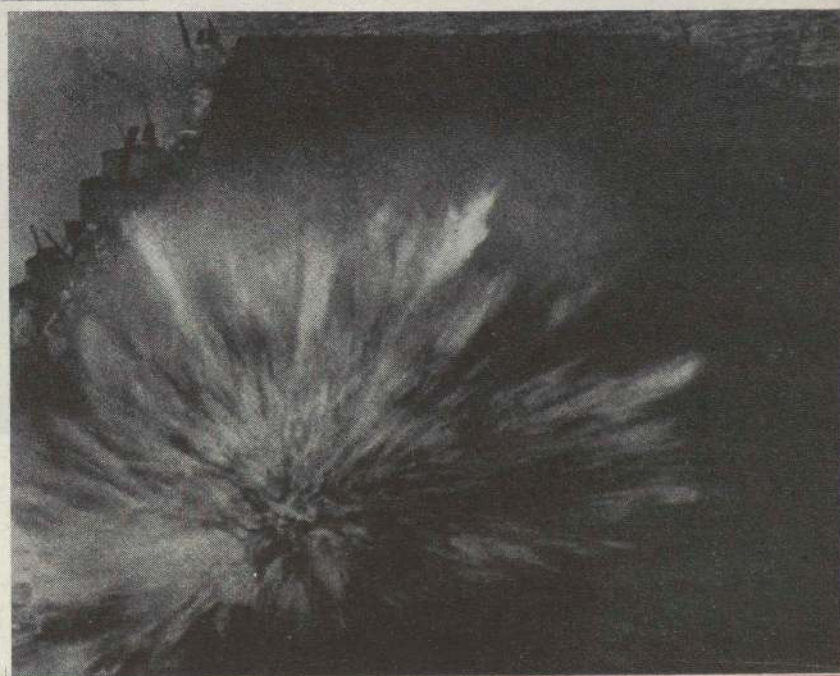
Another time the Japs were fortunate in their aim was this direct hit on the flight deck of the *USS Enterprise* back on August 24, 1942. But the *Enterprise* is still afloat and her carrier planes have more than settled the score in various encounters.

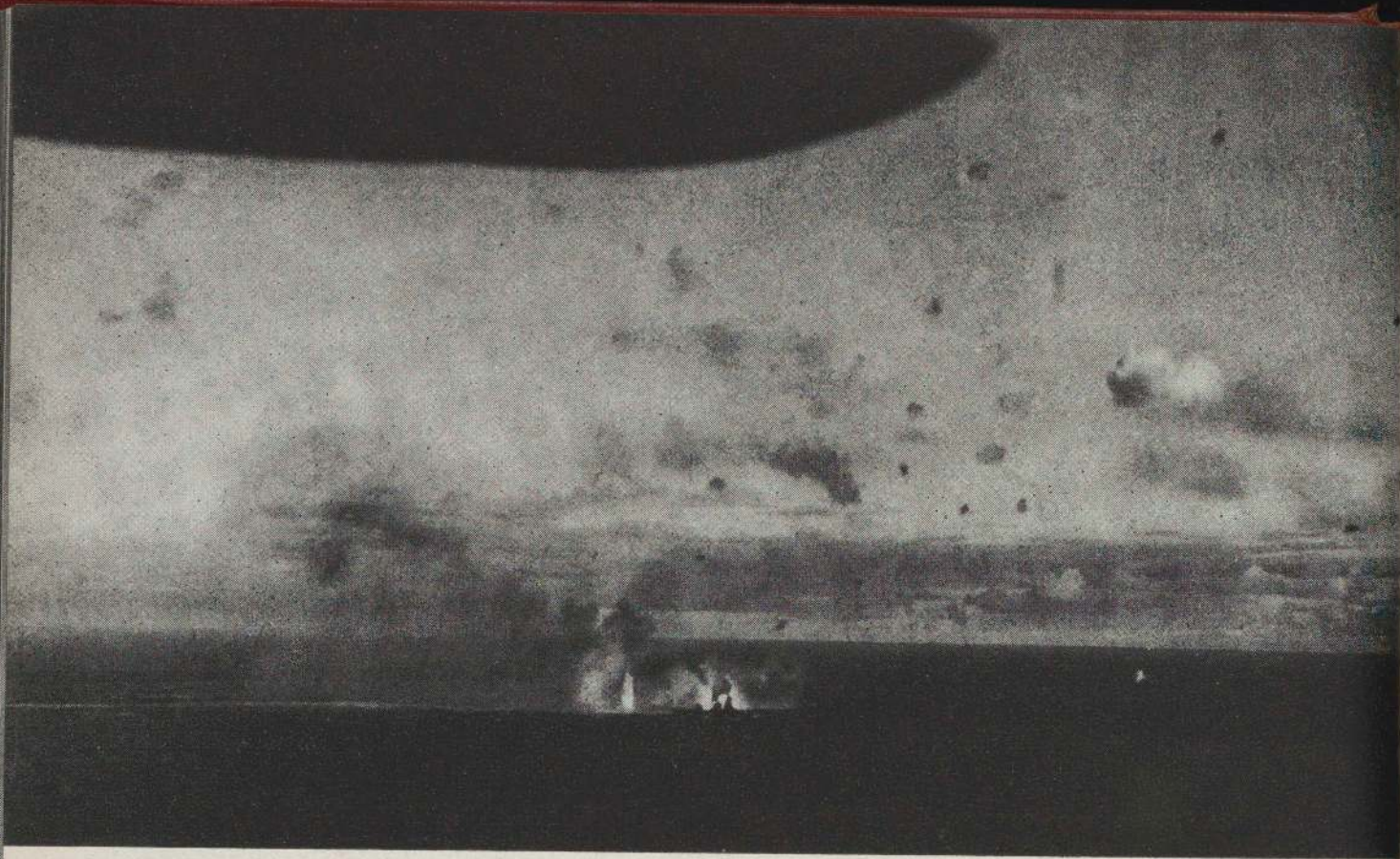
GAMBIER BAY SHELLED (page 113)

Bracketed by shells, the *USS Gambier Bay* is under attack from one Jap fleet in the Second Battle of the Philippine Sea, October 25, 1944. It was part of the Seventh Fleet carrier escort group, caught off Samar, whose planes and destroyers battled the enemy against heavy odds. The *St. Lo* was also sunk in this same engagement.

FLAT-TOP BATTLE (page 113)

Crewmen aboard the CVE, *USS Kitkun Bay*, watch Jap shells smash into a sister baby flattop during the Seventh Fleet encounter with a superior Jap force.





MANILA BAY STRIKE



DEATH THROES AT TRUK



MANILA BAY STRIKE *(above left)*

Geysers explode around a frantically maneuvering Japanese heavy cruiser, one of the ships hit by carrier-based planes during the November 5, 1944, attack on the Manila Bay area. Soon after this photograph was taken, several of the bombs struck home and the cruiser sank stern first. According to Tokyo, 300 planes participated in the strike in the southern Luzon area. They damaged four other warships in addition to the cruiser and downed 197 enemy planes. The next day of the continuing attack our planes sank five ships off Luzon, destroyed 249 planes and damaged fourteen cargo ships in Manila's harbor. Such effective carrier support was part of the Navy's contribution to the Philippines campaign. MacArthur, meanwhile, was slugging it out with the Japs on Leyte.

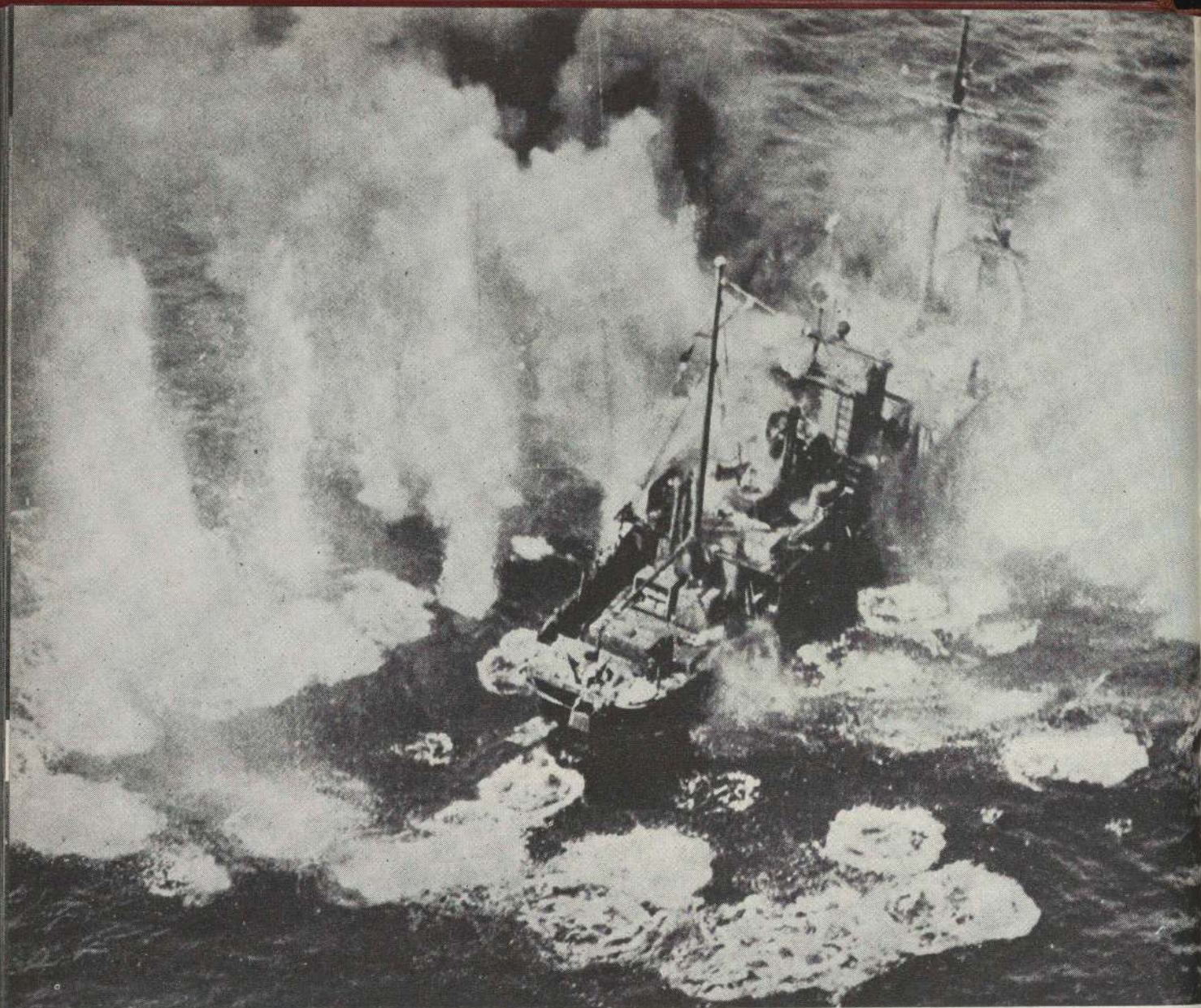
The success of his land operations was aided greatly by the Navy's pre-invasion raids. These had to be effective and at the same time diversified enough to keep the Japs guessing about the direction of the land attack. On October 14, carrier planes began working over Luzon and the lesser islands of the archipelago, in order to come into immediate support of the amphibious forces approaching for invasion. About 100 fields were swept up to the time our carrier task forces converged in support of the Leyte landings, which were effected October 20 in complete surprise, and considerably ahead of the original schedule as well.

BURNING NIP CARRIER OFF LUZON *(above)*

One of the four Jap carriers definitely sunk in the Second Battle of the Philippine Sea is shown above after being hit by Navy bombers of Admiral William F. Halsey's Third Fleet off the coast of Luzon. It was part of the enemy's northern force, detected during the night of October 24, 1944, heading south, which had promptly turned around in retreat with Halsey in hot pursuit. Apparently its aircraft, sent out against our ships the day before, had to refuel on Luzon, for few planes were on the carrier decks to rise against our attack, early on the morning of the 25th. The rest appeared on the spot, indeed, as our bombers and torpedo planes were sending three of the four ships to the bottom and making the deck of the fourth no fit place to land on. Twenty-one of the homing Nip planes were intercepted and destroyed by our fighter cover. Two destroyers were also sent to the bottom and after the force turned tail, our cruisers and destroyers quickly overtook the crippled carrier and finished it off without effort. Submarines and shore-based aircraft also helped eliminate some of the stragglers.

DEATH THROES AT TRUK *(lower left)*

Veiled in three gigantic cauldrons of smoke and sea foam, a Jap destroyer goes through its death agony before sinking in Truk Harbor on February 17, 1944, one of 23 ships sent to the bottom in the two-day raid.

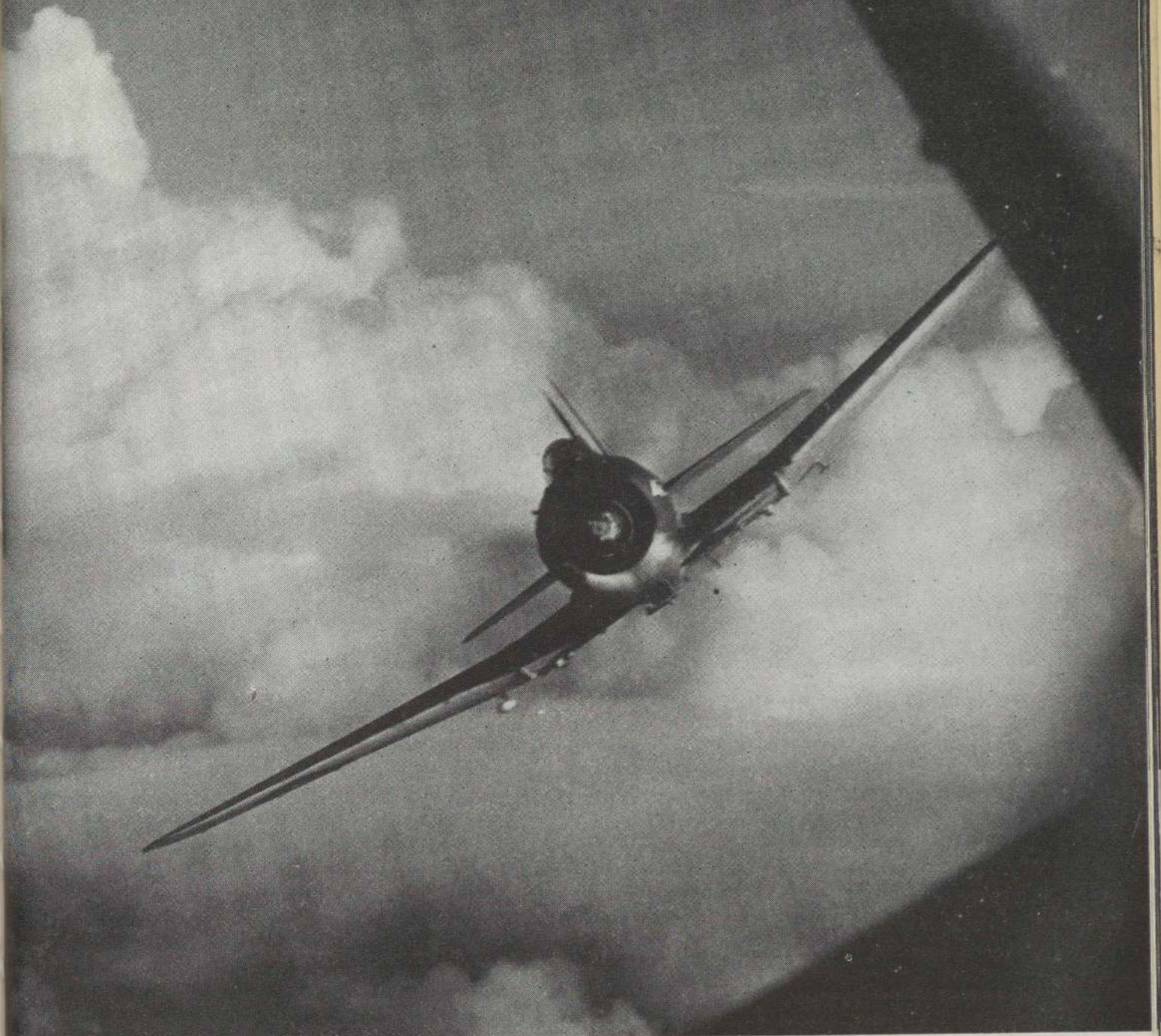


PEPPERING JAP FREIGHTER, JALUIT (above)

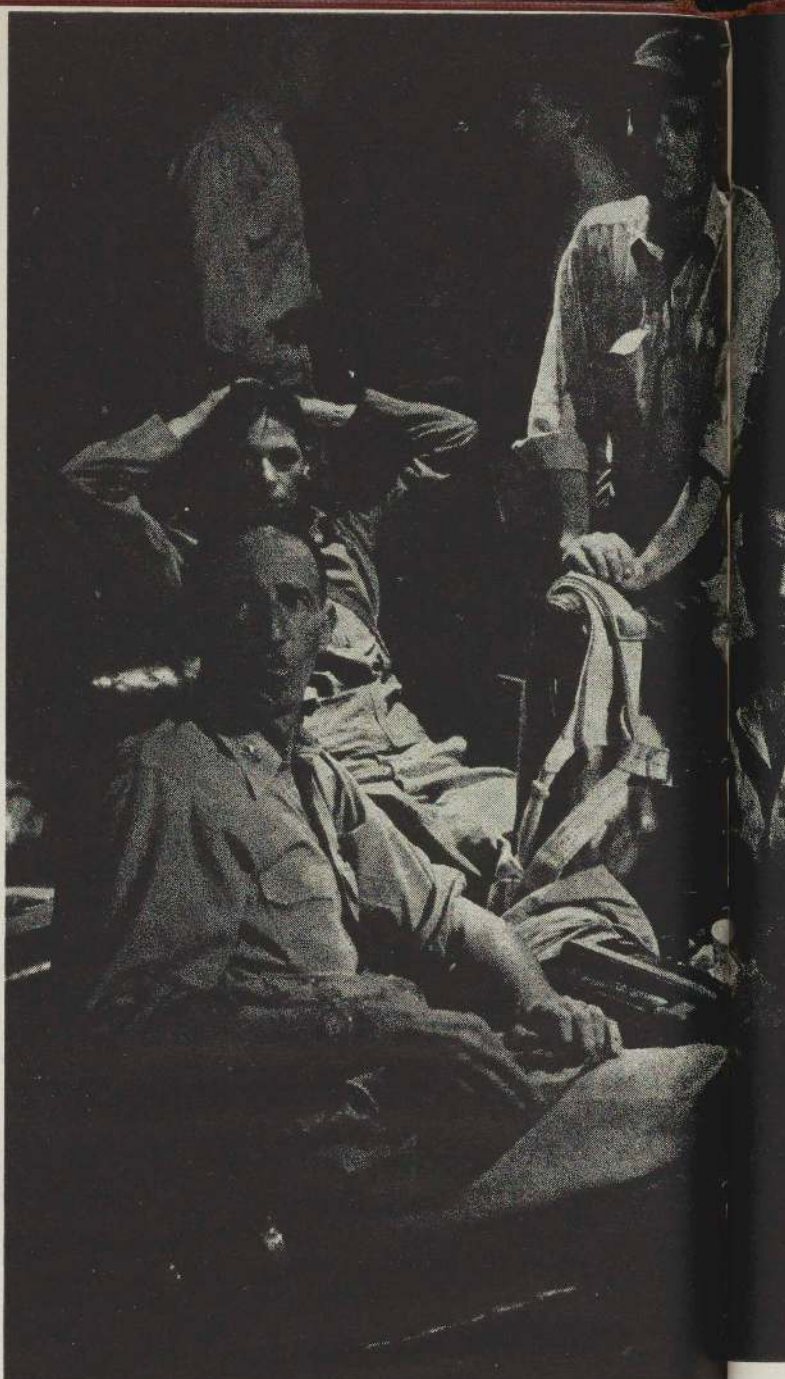
A dramatic strafing attack on a Japanese freighter off Jaluit Atoll in the Marshalls by Navy carrier-based planes produced these huge geysers around the ship and set it afire. The action took place February 16, 1944, the day before the very damaging attack on Truk in the Carolines and the landing on Eniwetok which climaxed Admiral R. A. Spruance's campaign to wrest control of the Marshalls from the Japs. Beginning January 30, 1944, the naval and amphibious operations had involved the seizure of Kwajalein, Roi, Namur and lastly, Eniwetok, as well as the bombing of others in the group. Such bases as Wotje and Maloelap, Jaluit and Mili were by-passed since occupation of the other atolls would mean control of the entire island group. The whole operation involved some 30,000 men and two million tons of shipping.

DIVE BOMBER RETURNS (right)

A Douglas *Dauntless* dive bomber (SBD) banks into formation for the return trip home. Surprisingly little space is required to land on a carrier. As this plane approaches the ship it will let down a long metal hook from its tail and will unfold its wheels. At a speed of some 80 to 90 miles an hour, it will hit the stern end of the deck, and to the uninitiated observer, it will appear ready to tear on down the deck. However, the hook, dragging behind, will catch on an arresting wire stretched across the flight deck, and the plane will be pulled up short in a matter of a few yards. The wire has just enough give not to snap or damage the plane. After it is released, the pilot gives his engine enough gas to taxi out of the way. Should the hook miss the first wire, there are others stretched at intervals along the flight deck as well as wire barriers at the end.



DIVE BOMBER RETURNS



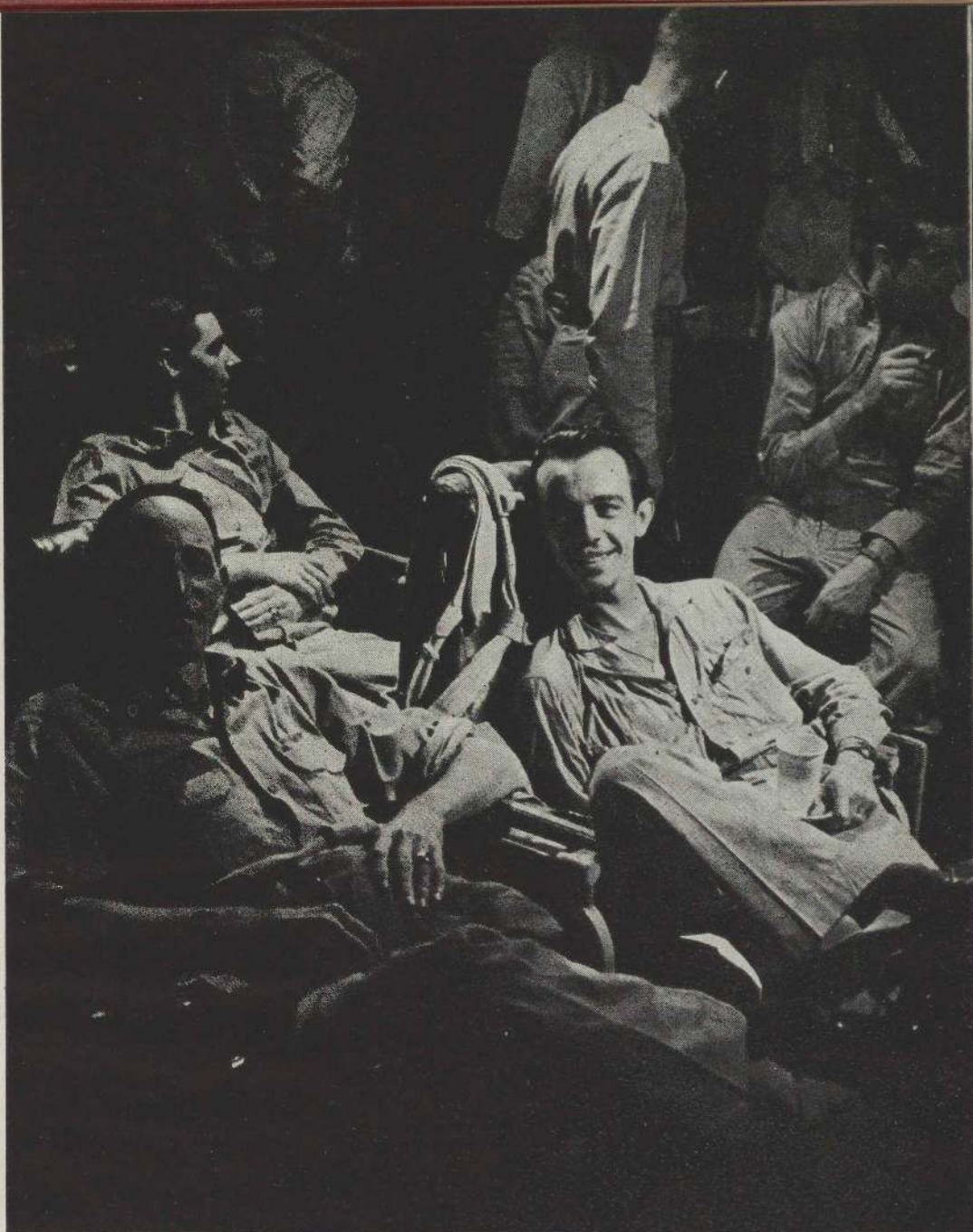
SWEATING OUT A MISSION

Captain Stuart H. Ingersoll, skipper of a carrier in Task Force 58, waits in the carrier readyroom and worries while his boys carry out a mission over Tinian on D-Minus-4-Day, June 11, 1944. The fighter squadron has already completed its sweep and now the bombers are out doing their job. At the upper left, Lt. Commander Roger W. Mehle, group and fighter squadron commander aboard the carrier, reports to the skipper the results of his squadron's sweep made earlier in the day. He led his planes over Tinian's Garguan airstrip, came back with a score of two sure kills and two probables, of the nine twin-engined Jap Zeke bombers which the squadron was credited with destroying.

All the planes in the sweep returned to the carrier

after the attack as did all the bomber pilots on the later sweep. But while the latter were out, there was the tense wait back aboard the carrier for news of their success. Sharing Captain Ingersoll's anxiety are the fighter pilots waiting quietly in the background of these pictures. Their ears are alert for the first blare from the speaker relaying conversation between the bomber pilots which is carried over the inter-plane system. One pilot is still perspiration-covered from his sortie. In the center picture, Ingersoll, with Mehle sitting at his left, listens in on the conversation of the bomber pilots over Tinian, intent on following their progress.

This is what waiting is like, and there are many such missions to be sweated out while aboard a carrier.

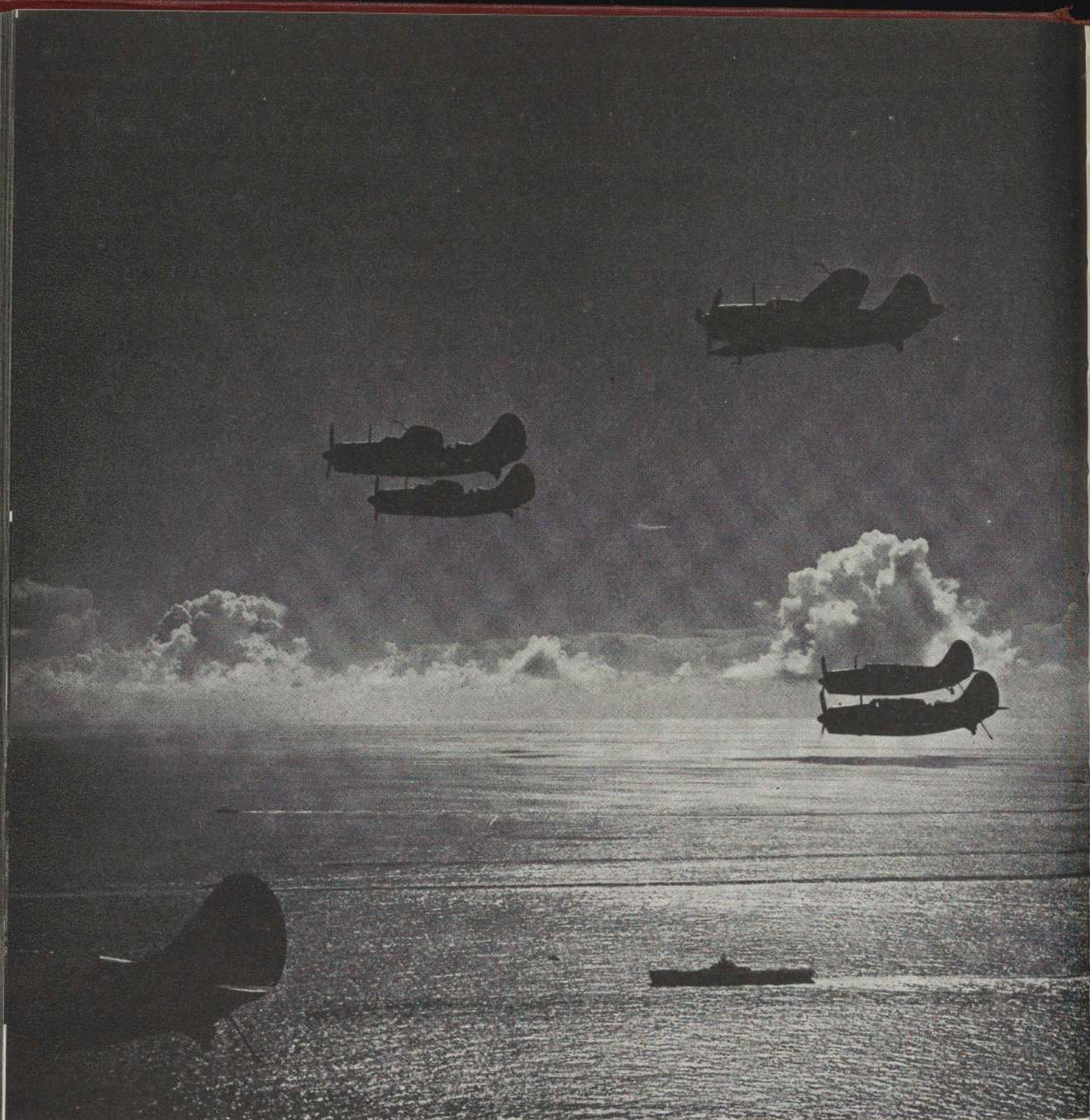


HIS BOYS ARE COMING HOME

Smiling in complete relaxation, Captain Ingersoll, in the picture above right, has just heard over the inter-plane system that his bomber pilots have completed their mission and are now headed for home. Gone is the frown that puckered his brow as he listened to the pilots' conversation with one another. Commander Mehle shares his pleasure at the report. Behind him the pilot who had been in the act of lighting his cigarette when interrupted by the conversations carried by the speaker, now puffs away while he talks to the flier next to him.

Captain Ingersoll is skipper of one of the many fast new carriers that early in 1944 became a part of Vice Admiral Marc A. Mitscher's hard-hitting Task Force 58.

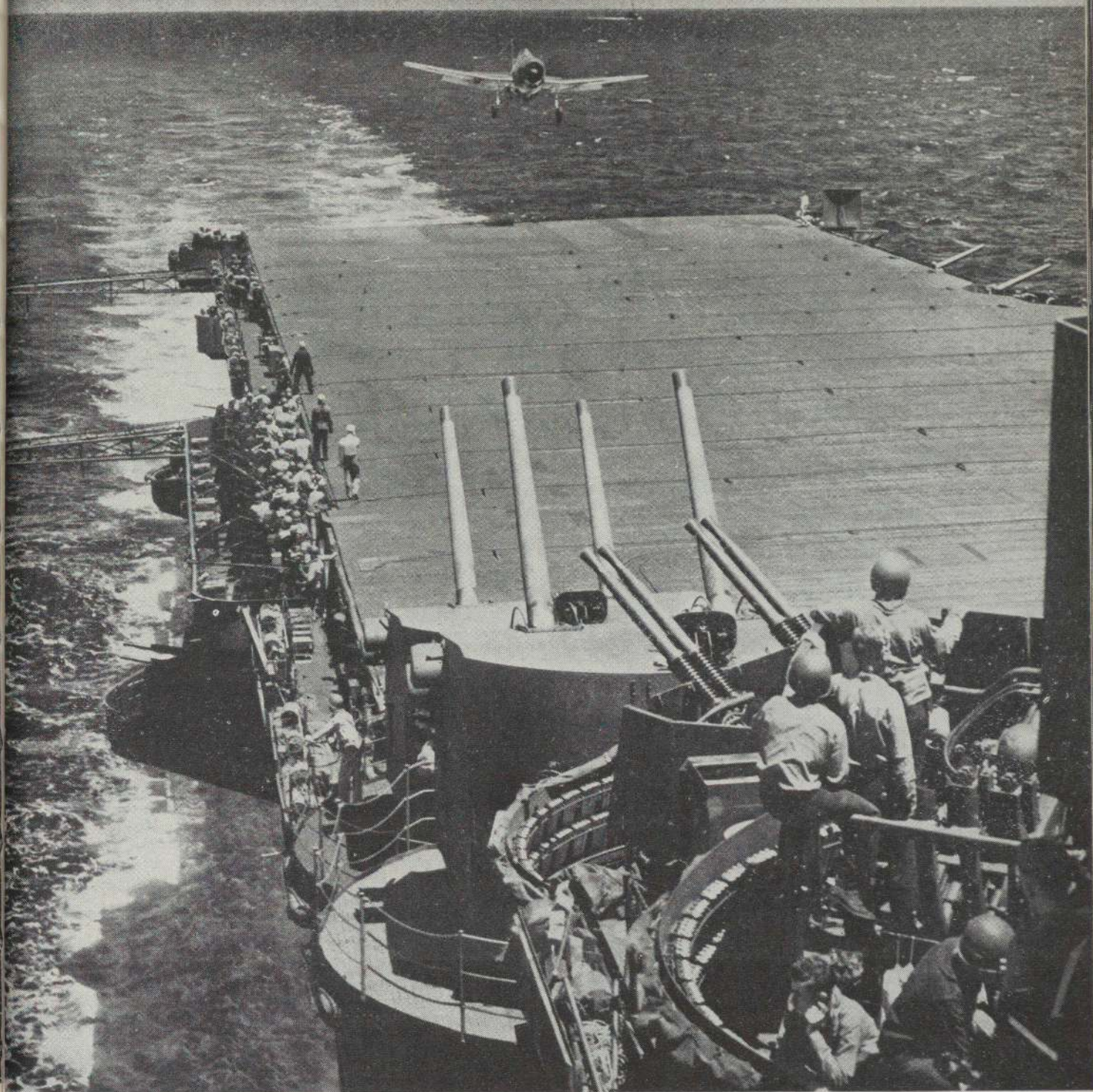
This fast carrier force was in turn part of Admiral R. A. Spruance's Fifth Fleet, but it has operated as a complete unit in itself under one name or another throughout most of the Central Pacific campaign. Composed of the latest and swiftest Essex-class carriers, battleships, cruisers and destroyers, it has, in the first six months of its existence, reversed the direction of traffic in the Pacific. It roams freely and claims the entire ocean as its stamping ground. It has carried out strikes against Truk, Marcus, Wake, the Volcano and Bonin Islands, not to mention support of amphibious landings at Hollandia, in the Marianas, Philippines and the successful rout of the enemy in the First and Second Battles of the Philippine Sea.



EN ROUTE TO GUAM

Straight as an arrow . . . pointed towards Guam . . . is the wake left by the aircraft carrier in the background, while Navy planes form a pattern in the sky overhead. They are part of the triphibious assault which was launched against Guam on July 20, 1944, first United States possession to be retaken from the Japs since the beginning of the war. Saipan, first of the Marianas

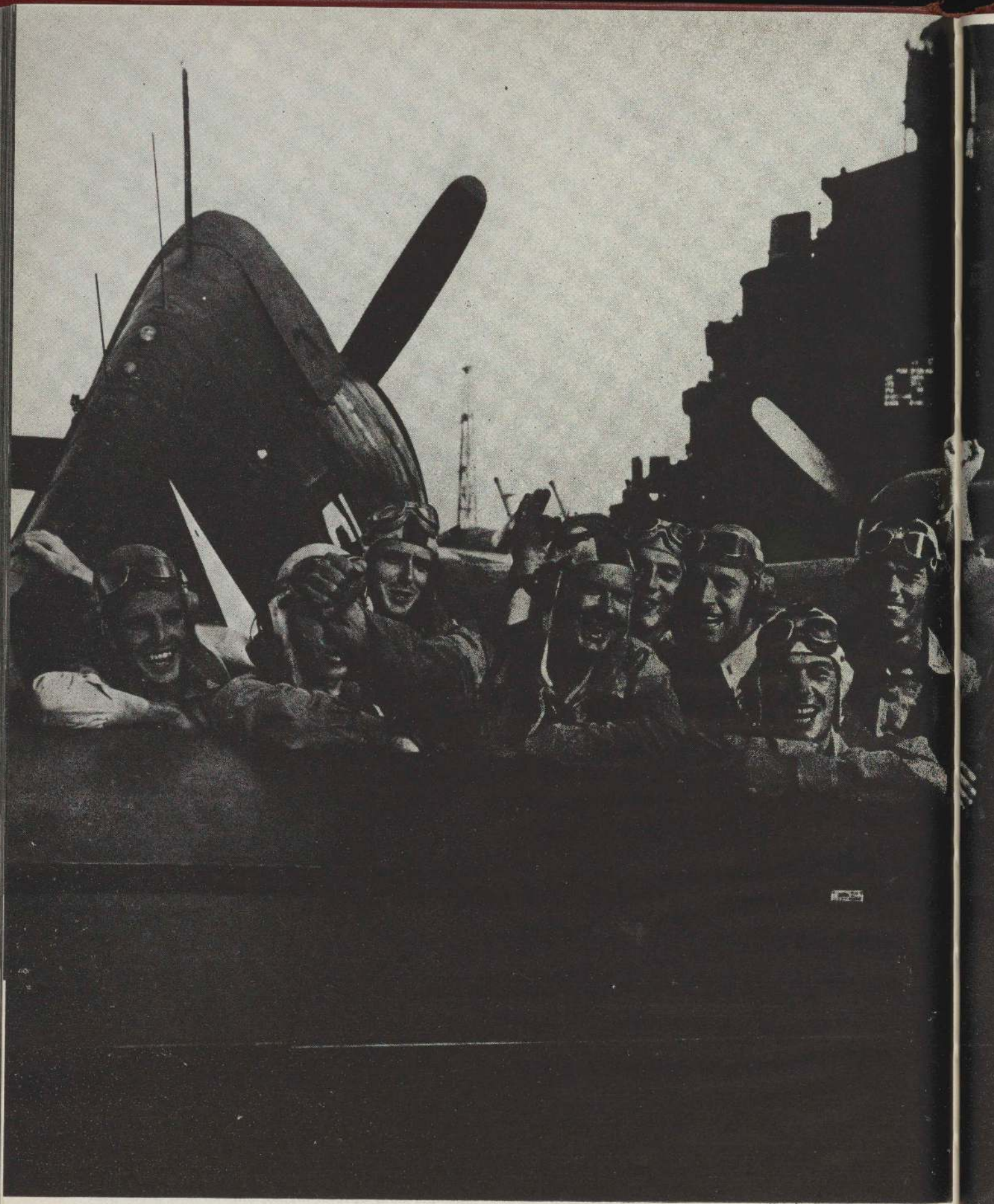
group to be invaded, was almost entirely in American hands by the time landings were made on Guam. This second campaign, as well as the occupation of Tinian, third important island in the group, was simplified by the protective air coverage afforded by our control of airfields on Saipan. Resistance on Tinian ended August 1, while that on Guam ceased a week later.



HELLCAT WINGS HOME

Guns are manned and ready as a Grumman *Hellcat* lands on the deck of the *USS Lexington* during a Jap air force attack on Task Force 58. It has probably tangled with a few Nip fighters and has come out on top. The F6F, its pilots have found, can stand terrific punishment and still get home, as well as outdo the latest *Zeros* in everything except maneuverability, for

which the Japs have sacrificed armor, so that the *Zero* is most apt to fall apart when hit. The *Hellcat*, however, is well-armored against enemy bullets and has leak-proof gas tanks that lessen the danger of fire. With its supercharged 2,000 horsepower engine, it is fast (400 miles per hour at level flight) and can dish it out with the six deadly 50-calibre machine guns in its wings.





"PISTOL PACKIN' AIREDALES"

Right across the tail surface of a *Hellcat* beam the laughing faces of eleven Navy fighter pilots. They have plenty of reason to feel good, for these boys bagged 17 Jap Zeros in one interception. Eugene Ralph Hanks, a wiry six-footer from Gibbs, Idaho, who had never before encountered a Jap plane, bagged his record score of five in less than five minutes, while the whole encounter took only fifteen minutes.

Based aboard an aircraft carrier in the Pacific, these pilots, members of a squadron known as the "Pistol Packin' Airedales," for the most part had seen little combat. On the particular day of their run-in, they were on a routine assignment in the combat area—their task being to fan out from the carrier force and intercept any enemy planes that might approach with bombs, torpedoes, or anything else of an objectionable nature. They flew in teams. As they winged along at 20,000 feet, 20 Zeros were spotted below, serenely flying in the direction of our task force and Tarawa. Catching them completely by surprise, the *Hellcat* fighters dived, got their ranges, and went to work. In less than a minute the sky was full of screaming, diving fighters.

Although the carrier's fighters were outnumbered almost two to one, their eventual score was seventeen Zeros definitely shot down, without the loss of a single Navy pilot, and the three not accounted for listed as probably losses. Intercepting the Japs the next day, the Airedales shot down ten Zeros and two bombers.

From left to right are Ensign William J. Seyfferle, Cincinnati, Ohio; Lt. (j.g.) Anthony R. Fizalkowski, Los Angeles, Calif.; Lt. (j.g.) Alfred L. Frendberg, Hillsboro, N. D.; Lt. Cmdr. Paul D. Buie, squadron commander, Nashville, Ga.; Ensign John W. Bartol, Port Washington, Wisc.; Lt. (j.g.) Dean D. Whitmore, Alton, Kans.; Lt. (j.g.) Francis M. Fleming, Portland, Ore.; Lt. (j.g.) Eugene Ralph Hanks, Gibbs, Idaho, hero of the day; Ensign Edward J. Rucincki, Chicago, Ill.; Lt. (j.g.) William C. B. Birkholm, San Marion, Calif.; Lt. (j.g.) Sven Rolfsen, Jr., Ridgewood, N. J.



HOW HE GOT TWO ZEROS

Ensign A. H. "Bull" Durham, Navy fighter pilot, gives an impromptu account of his experiences downing two *Zeros* over Kwajalein. He has just returned to his carrier, part of a task force that smashed at the Jap base, December 4, 1943. In addition to this carrier strike, Kwajalein and the other Marshalls targets were pounded by land-based bombers seventeen times in the two months prior to invasion. Navy strategists had learned much from the Tarawa experience. That fight had been a tough one and the Japs had only a year and a half to fortify the atoll. They had had twenty years to build up defenses in the Marshalls. So while Tarawa had been given a 3,000-ton softening up, and some four hours' bombardment before landings, Roi, Namur and Kwajalein were treated to 15,000 tons, and the latter was shelled four days before any landing craft moved

toward shore. In addition to the aerial pounding and the off-shore bombardment, the fighters went in for plenty of low-level strafing. This treatment was jokingly dubbed "The Spruance Haircut," for not a tree was left standing.

Again during landing operations, Navy planes put on an excellent performance. They completely destroyed Jap air power in the area so that not a single enemy plane was able to attack our ships. In the very first fighter sweep, in fact, 122 planes were destroyed on the ground. And in the nine days up to February 6, 3,850 combat sorties were flown from the carriers, with a loss of only ten fighters, eight torpedo planes and no bombers. Gilberts-based *Liberators* and *Venturas* had also attacked consistently before landing operations to cripple Jap aerial patrol of the area.



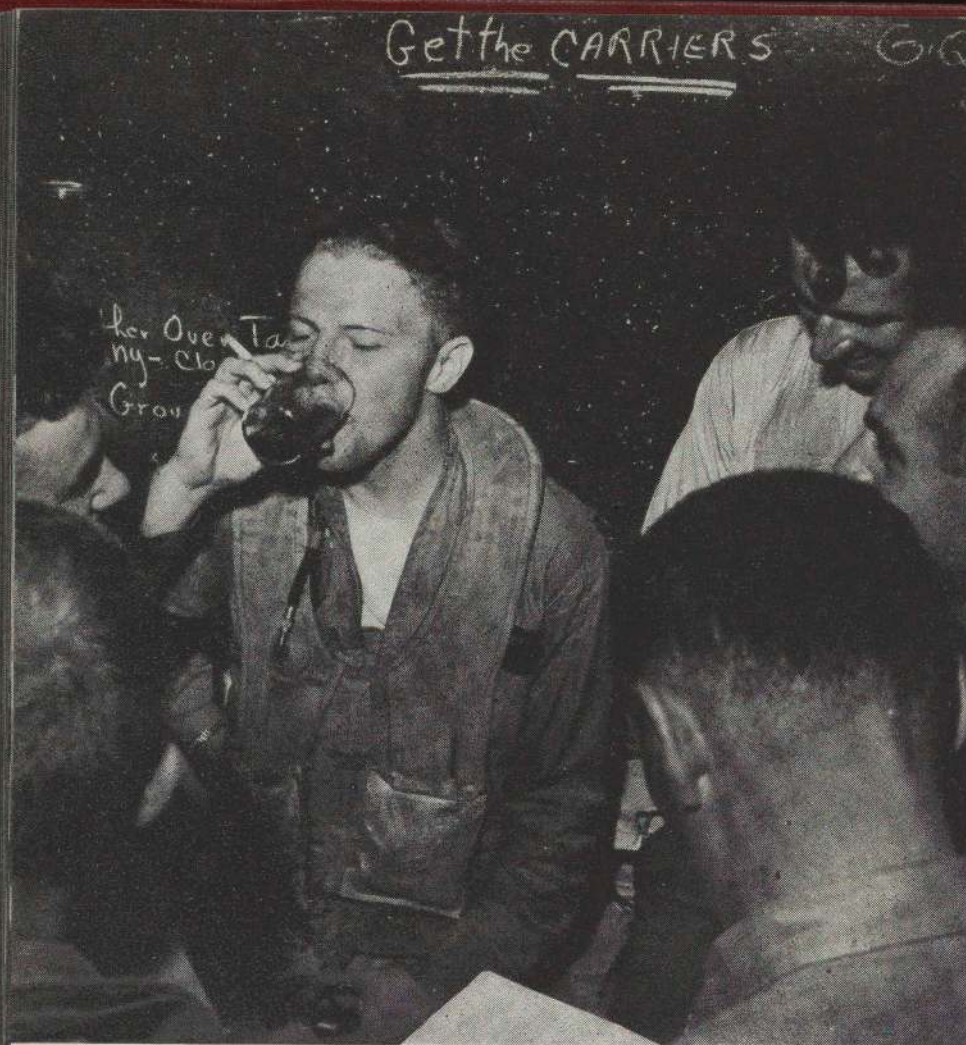
NAVY ACE BAGS SIX OVER GUAM

American landings on Saipan in June, 1944, forced the Japs' Admiral Shimada to play his hand, which he did on June 19—with catastrophic results. One pilot, Lieutenant (j.g.) Alexander Vraciu, did more than his share in knocking out the 400 and more planes that Shimada sent against Spruance's fleet that day.

Spruance and Mitscher wisely decided to keep the fleet close to Guam and Rota, holding their airfields under attack, for the Jap planes were apparently being launched some 500 miles to the west, with the intention of attacking our ships from extreme carrier range, then going on in to refuel at Guam and reattack. The tired few that managed to escape the battle at sea met a hot reception when they came in to land on Guam's Orote Field. There they tangled with our fighters and Lt. Vraciu bagged six of them to bring his total up to nine-

teen, then the record for carrier pilots. Despite his jubilation, "Ace" Vraciu, who is now missing in action, was not high scorer for the day, for Ensign Wilbur B. Webb brought down six bombers and scored two probables as well over Orote Field.

By early afternoon, the Jap attacks were over, but our carriers remained near Saipan and Guam just in case the Japs decided to put in another appearance. Shimada, however, had had enough. His fleet steamed westward as fast as it could flee. By dawn Task Force 58 was headed after the Japs. It was almost dusk before Mitscher's carriers came within extreme range and the enemy was located. It was well after dark before the carrier planes came winging home from a most successful attack. Despite the danger involved, the carriers lighted up so the pilots could see to land.



"GET THE CARRIERS" (above)

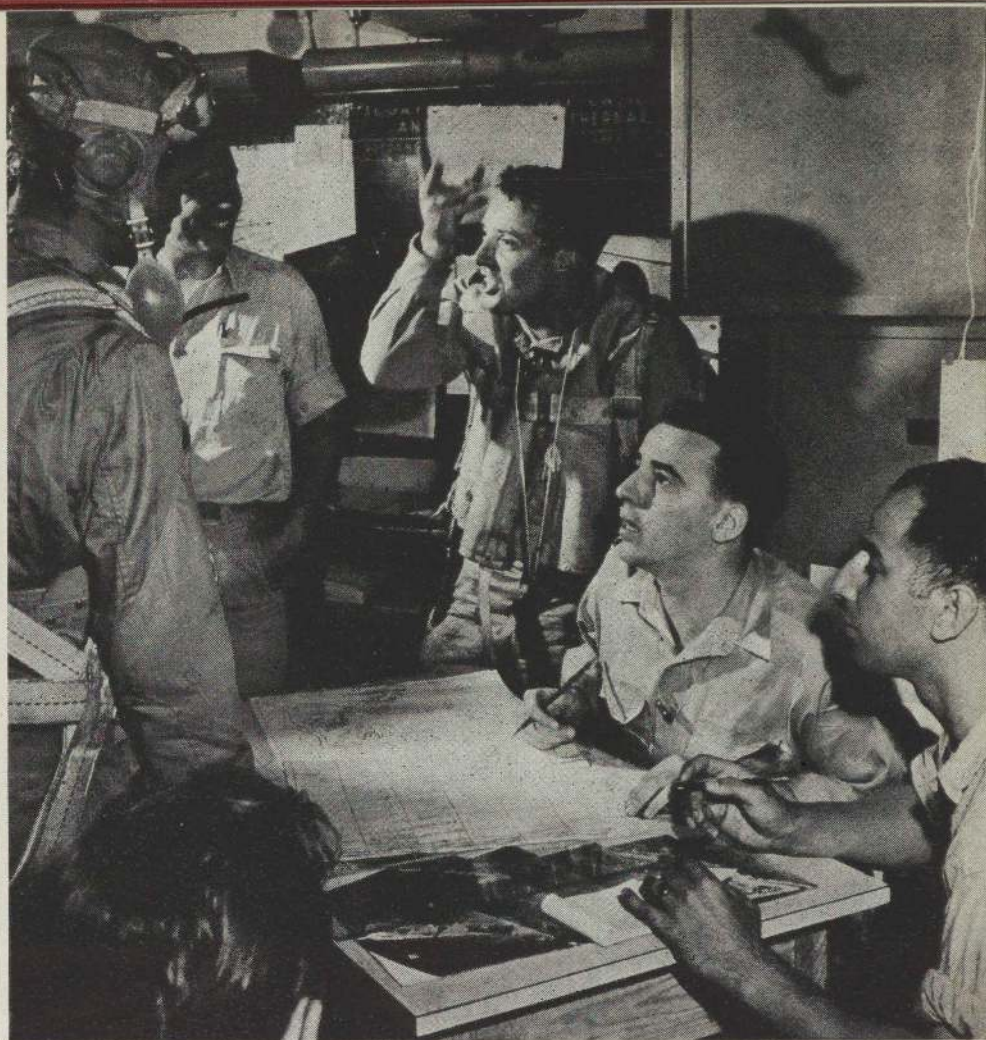
That is exactly what Lt. Ronald P. "Rip" Gift of Marlette, Michigan, did on June 20, 1944, in the second day of the Navy's showdown with the Japs. Shown in the readyroom of his carrier downing a restorative after the battle, Rip flew one of the TBF *Avengers* which were credited with eight to ten hits of 500 pound general purpose bombs on a Jap CVL, leaving it burning.

His TF 58 carrier was in on the chase which Mitscher gave to the retreating Jap fleet, fleeing westward at top speed, after the licking it took in the first phase of battle. Although our carrier group began hunting at dawn, scout planes found nothing. Each time the planes were launched the carriers had to stop and turn east into the wind, thereby increasing the Japs' head start. About three p.m., however, a search plane located the enemy, just beyond range. Although Mitscher knew there remained only about two hours of daylight and that the planes would have to return after dark, he ordered an attack to be launched. The carrier planes which took off came within sight of the first Jap ships about 6:30—relatively small fry tankers and destroyers which were ignored and our planes flew on until the

big game was sighted some forty miles beyond, halfway between the Marianas and Luzon. It amounted to six carriers, four battleships and six cruisers, with about 30 fighter planes, 26 of which were knocked down in the attack.

Keeping in mind the last-minute instructions on the readyroom blackboard, our bombers and fighters concentrated on carriers. Despite heavy flak, they hit, in addition to the *Shokaku*-class, two *Hayataka*-class carriers, two cruisers and a destroyer.

Even more dramatic is the story of the planes' return to their carriers after the fifteen minute attack. It was pitch dark when many of them reached home, their gas tanks almost exhausted. Mitscher and his carrier captains took stock of the situation and ordered blackout regulations to be set aside. As their birds came winging in, the carriers bobbed faint lights of welcome. Some three-fourths of the several hundred planes thereby landed safely aboard the first decks they could find. Those who landed in the water were the object of a search which continued through the following day, as seaplanes and destroyers picked up two-thirds of the downed crews. Further chase of the Japs was abandoned.



TOMORROW ANOTHER BATTLE (center)

Aircrewmembers sit it out in their carrier readyroom. Tomorrow they know they will be making another carrier strike on Manila. To relieve the tension, they do anything. Most write letters, some read, others just talk. These flight gunners who will occupy the rear seats will have just as important work to do as their pilots.

Their readyroom, like those of the pilots and other crews, is close to the flight deck, so that they can man their planes in split seconds. Since the readyrooms are always air-conditioned against the tropical heat, they are favorite hangouts between missions. Each is filled with rows of leather-upholstered throwback seats, with headrests for comfortable lounging, and arm rests which facilitate writing. Hung on the walls of the typical pilots' or flight gunners' readyroom are tangles of equipment: parachutes and harnesses, Mae West life jackets, jungle and survival kits. Then there are the usual pinups decorating what wall space is available, shelves stacked with old magazines, and towards the front of the room, the little screen on which messages from the teletype on the bridge are flashed. It is as much home to them as any spot on the carrier.

SBD PILOTS BRIEFING AFTER WAKE RAID

A Navy dive bomber pilot excitedly describes how his thousand-pounder blasted Jap installations on Wake Island during the carrier task force raid of October 5 and 6, 1943. Gathered in the pilots' readyroom afterwards, other fliers who went on the raid listen while he tells how the bomb from his Douglas *Dauntless* hit the target right on the nose. Although they met with tough going—heavy flak and enemy fighter opposition—these carrier pilots turned in a first-rate job. They reported to their respective air intelligence officers a total of 65 enemy aircraft destroyed, a gasoline tanker exploded, Wake's fuel, ammunition and water storage wrecked, in addition to some 70 buildings. Our losses in the raid were ten fighters and two bombers.

It is the job of the air intelligence officer, seated at the right, with maps on the table before him and a yeoman beside him to take down notes, to piece together the information contributed by each pilot from which he can make his report on the results of the raid. The task isn't always easy, for the pilots are excusably excited after returning from a successful mission. But their individual observations add up to a valuable total.



ADMIRAL AND HIS BOYS (*above*)

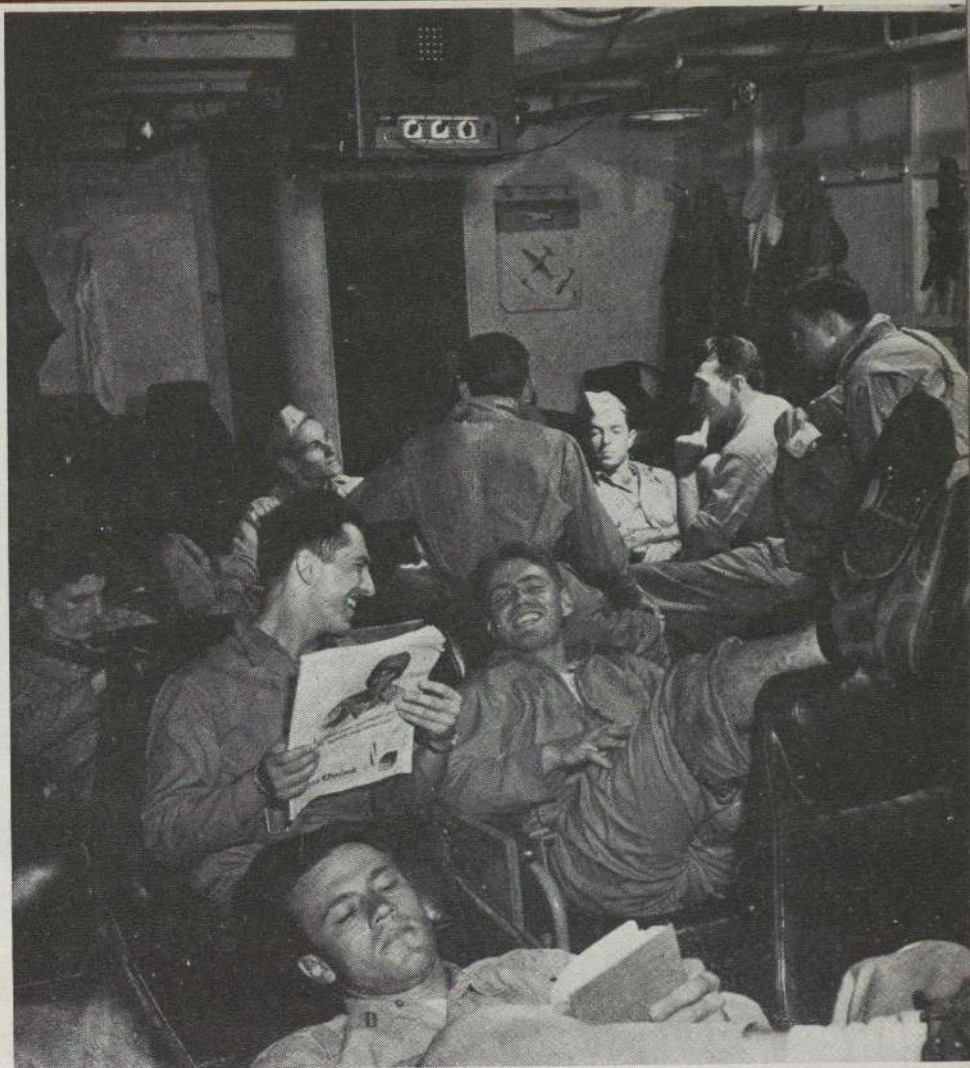
All faces are turned as Rear Admiral Calvin T. Durgin (left with his back to the camera) sits in the ready-room of his carrier and congratulates his pilots for destroying a target. One of the Navy's crop of younger admirals, he is a flier himself, and well qualified for the job of directing the carriers and planes that have become the most important part of the new Navy. He was graduated from the Naval Academy back in 1915 and has been flying ever since. His class at Annapolis produced a number of other leading names in naval aviation: Rear Admirals Gerald F. Bogan, Ralph E. Davison, John Dale Price, and Andrew C. McFall, as well as four other recent task force commanders: Rear Admirals Van H. Ragsdale, Samuel P. Ginder, Arthur W. Radford, and the late H. M. Mullinix, who went down with his flagship, the baby flattop *Liscombe Bay*, during operations off Makin.

They and other ardent supporters of aviation like Marc A. Mitscher have long realized the importance of air power in naval warfare. In the present successful advance across the Pacific they have had a chance to show how very effective their carrier attacks can be.



BRIEFING SESSION (*center*)

Serious-faced airmen are being briefed for a raid in their carrier readyroom. They aren't missing a word, for they know that tomorrow will bring battle—the first strike on Manila. Youngsters for the most part, these men have been trained as gunners and radiomen. They go along huddled in the rear seats manning a gun or inside the "greenhouse" operating radio equipment. Their job in a dive bomber or torpedo plane is just as important as that of the guy up front. In fact, after a bit of flying any pilot will admit that he depends upon his rear gunner, that they depend on each other. The only man to go into action backwards, the rear seat gunner gets a last look at the carrier when his plane takes off, rides down in a dive on the small of his back, and looks as the plane comes up to see if a hit has been scored. In an emergency he can be counted on to do his best and even better than that. One gunner managed to fly his plane back to the carrier, where his badly wounded pilot revived enough to land. Another, although wounded, fought off attacking fighter planes and put out with his bare hands the fire that had started in the "greenhouse,"



RELAXATION AFTER WORK (*above right*)

These boys have just returned from a second successful mission somewhere in the South Pacific. Fighter pilots, they intercepted some Jap planes with good results. Back in their readyroom, they are relaxing after a job well done. Topic of conversation for the group in back may very possibly be a rehashing of the operation.

BATTLE REPORT (*page 132*)

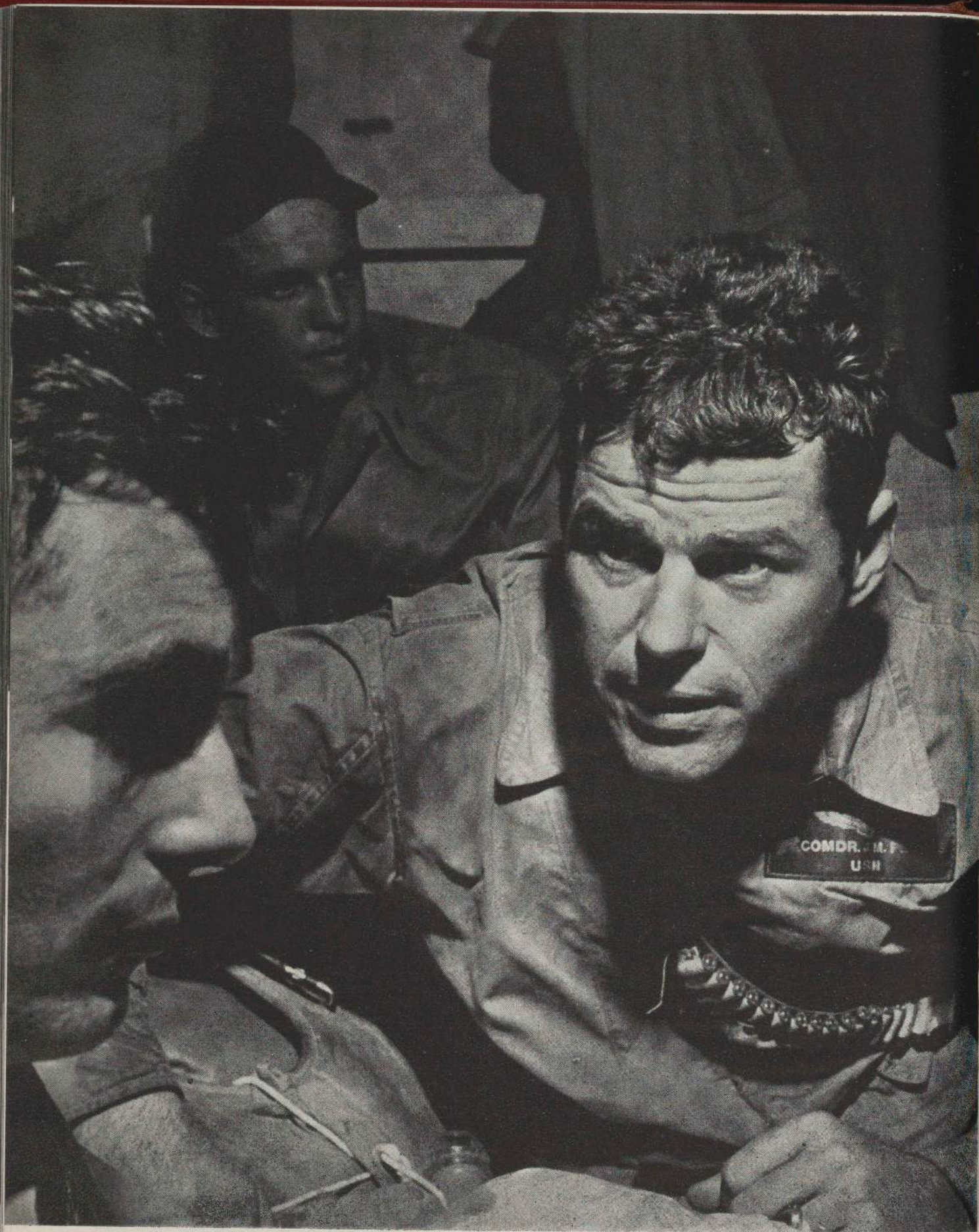
When Mitscher opened up the campaign in the Marianas in June, 1944, his TF 58 carrier *Yorktown* took on a new air group to replace Air Group Five, on its way back to the states for a well-deserved rest. Air Group One, headed by Commander James M. Peters, more than lived up to the reputation of its predecessor. Commander Peters led his fighters against the Japs who attacked the task force on June 19th. His squadron destroyed 37 enemy planes as well as having six probables to its credit. Commander Peters, who holds two DFC's and the Air Medal, is shown as he tells fellow fliers how he downed two Jap planes himself during the air battle. The *Yorktown* fliers had mauled the Japs the previous week in the Bonins and Volcanoes.

BATTLE STATION (*page 133*)

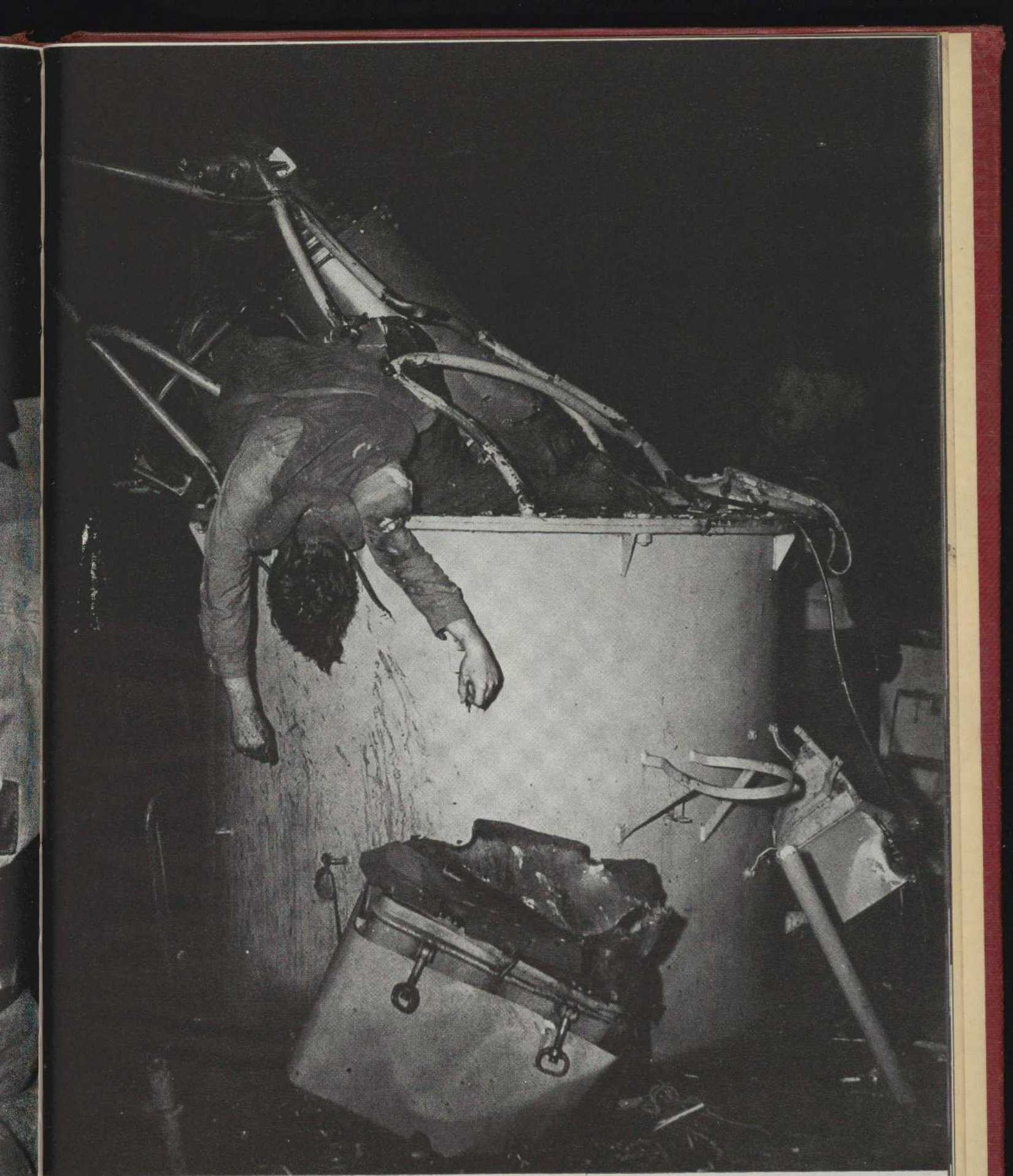
His ship blasted, this twisted, lifeless body symbolizes the sacrifice that youth is making for the liberation of subjugated peoples. Dying at his post during some invasion operation, this boy represents the blunt expression of a Coast Guardsman's duty: "You have to go out, but you don't have to come back."

SICK BAY (*page 134*)

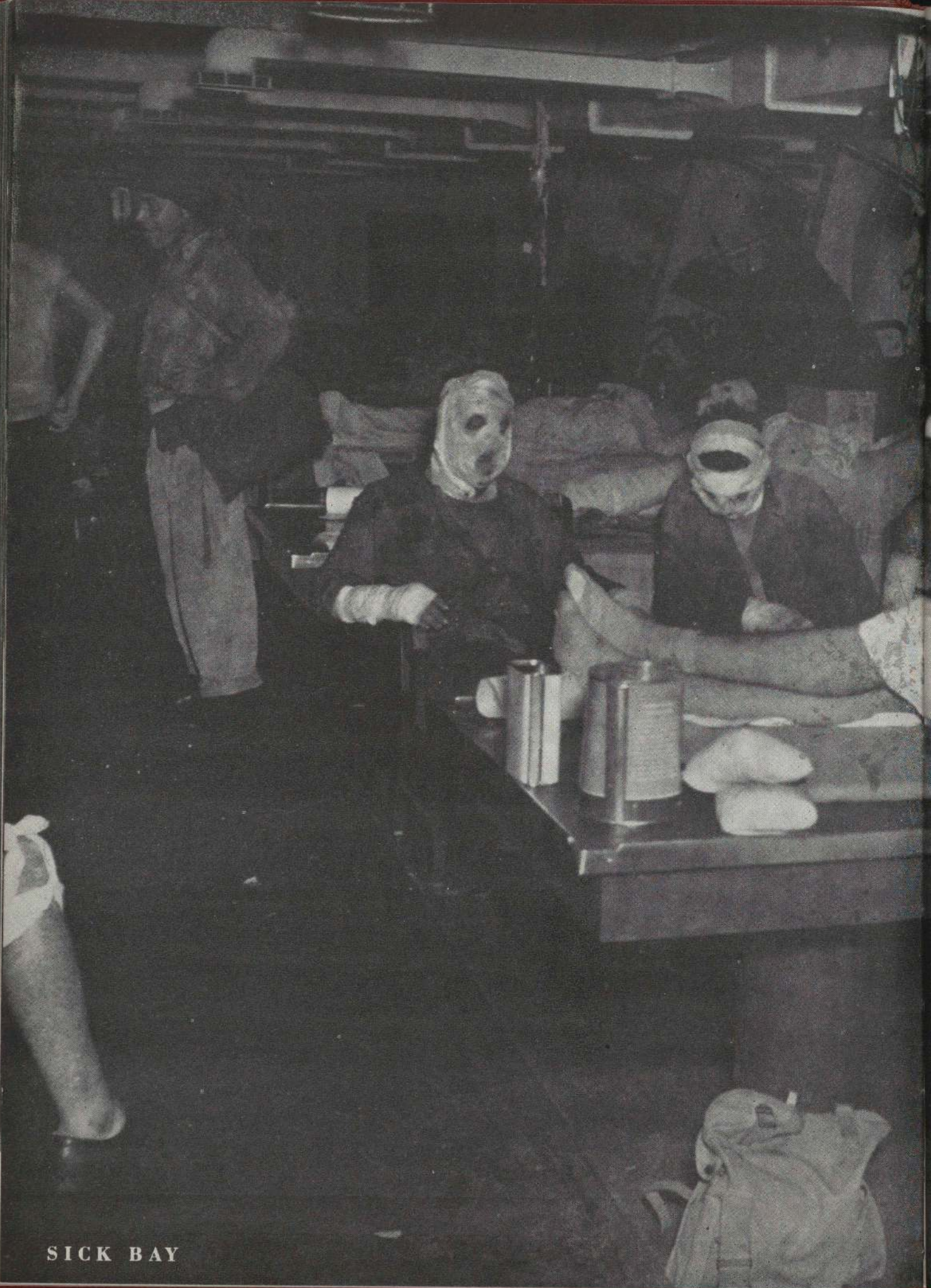
Casualties of the Second Battle of the Philippine Sea receive medical treatment in the wardroom of a carrier which has been converted to a sick bay to handle emergencies. Officers above deck have first aid kits containing sulfa drugs and morphine shots which they may have to use in case the ship is hit. And everyone on deck wears "flash clothing"—helmet, goggles, face mask and long gloves—just in case, for the flash which follows an explosion causes more injuries than shrapnel or bomb fragments. Taken below, these men have been given the excellent emergency care with which Navy doctors have kept the loss of life in battle to a minimum. The Navy reports that those wounded who lived until they received treatment, 98 out of 100 have survived.



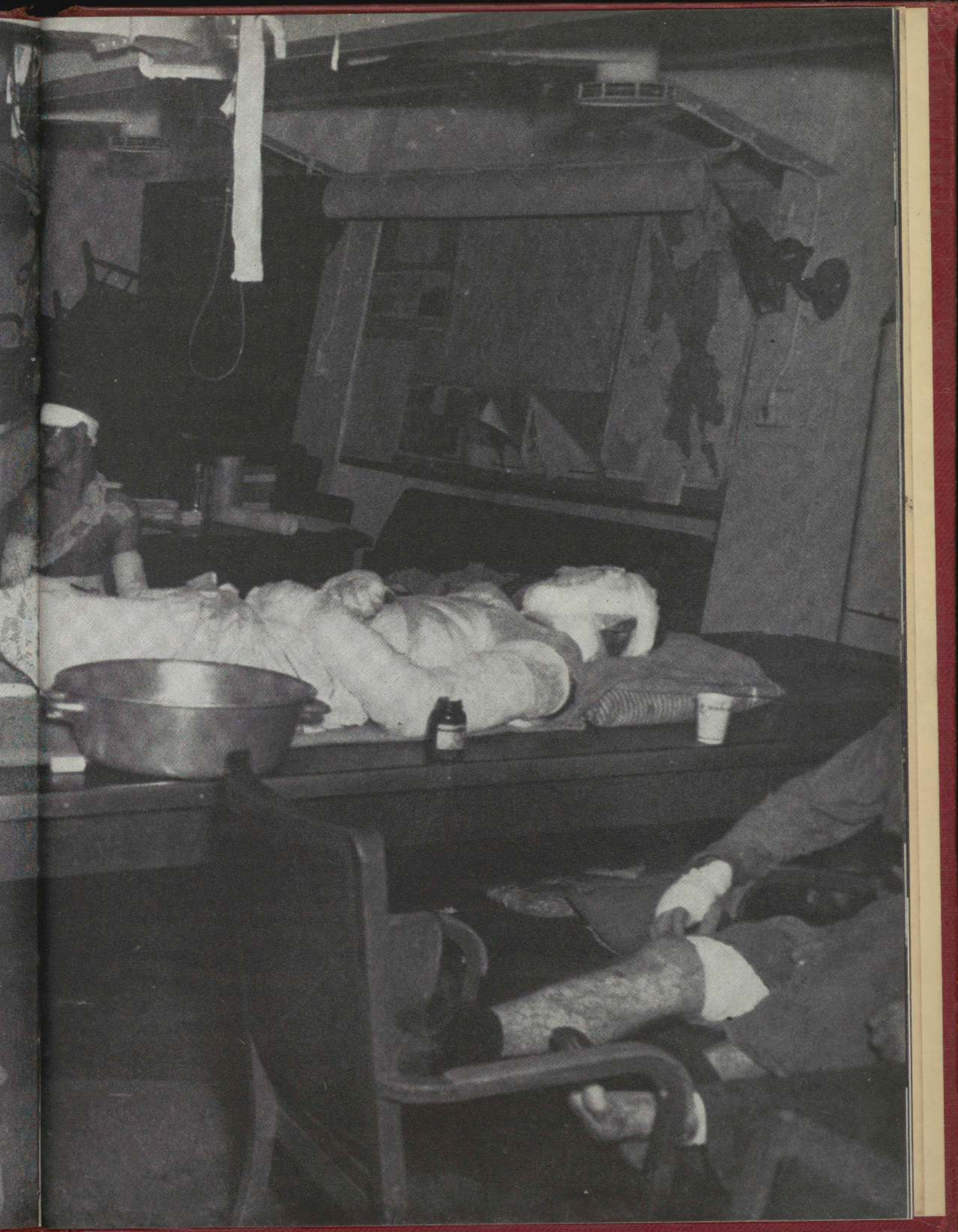
BATTLE REPORT (See page 131)

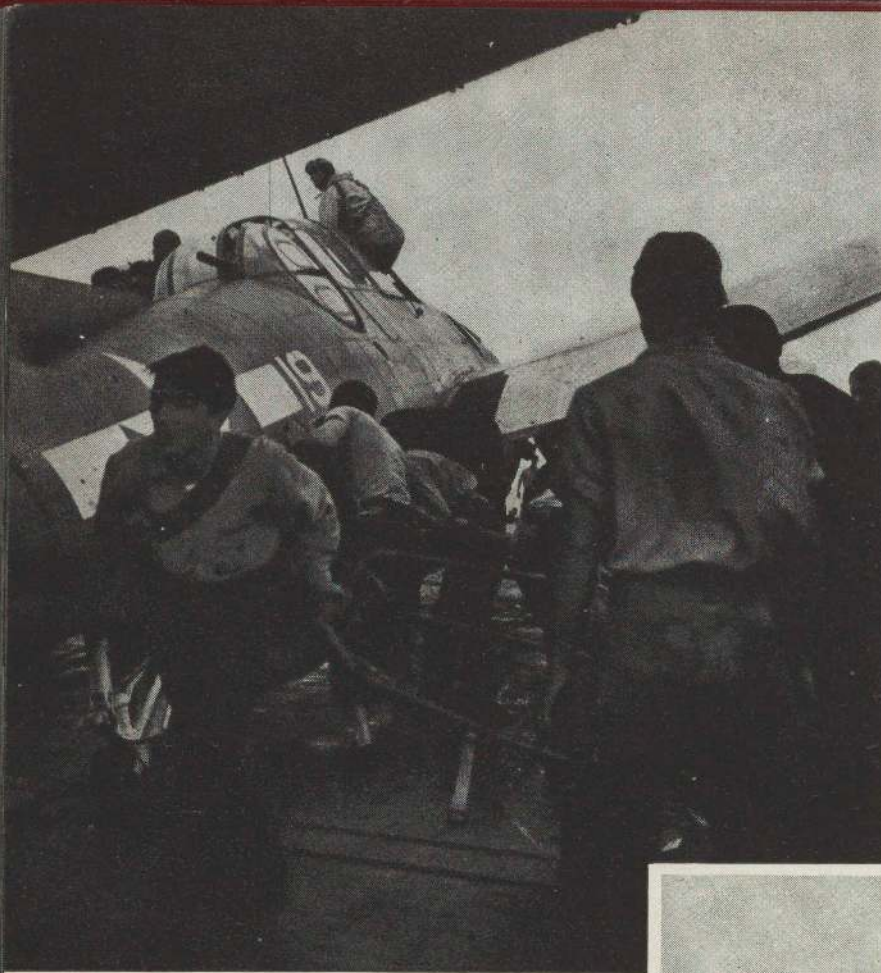


BATTLE STATION (See page 131)



SICK BAY





WOUNDED GUNNER (*right*)

A wounded aircrewman, AOM Kenneth Bratton of Mississippi, is gently hoisted out of the turret seat of a TBF bomber, which has just landed aboard the *Saratoga* after the November 5, 1943, raid on Rabaul. By applying a tourniquet to his shattered knee, Bratton retained consciousness and kept firing his machine gun. The plane, piloted by Commander Henry H. Caldwell, teamed up with a *Hellcat* to fight off eight *Zeros*.

BATTLE CASUALTIES (*left*)

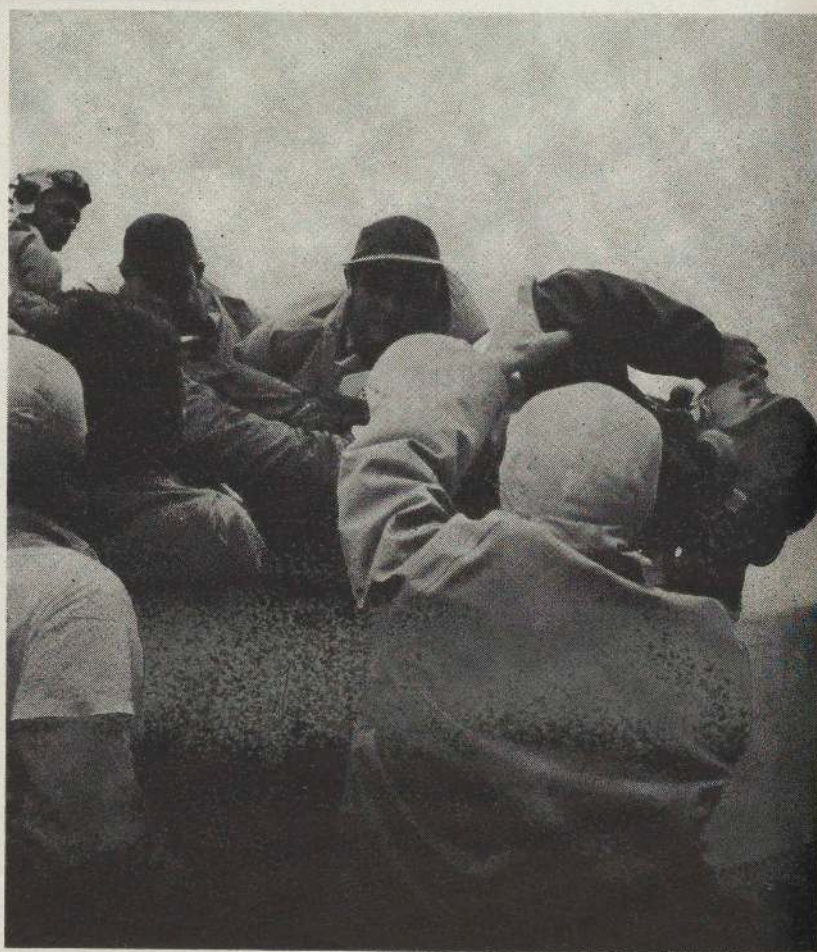
Medical corpsmen and plane handlers hasten to remove crew members from a torpedo plane after it landed on the *Saratoga* following the Rabaul attack.

THE PRICE IS HIGH (*right*)

An airman, wounded in the leg, is lifted from the cockpit of a Douglas *Dauntless* which he managed to bring back from Rabaul and land on the carrier in spite of his injuries. This first carrier raid on the New Britain bastion was carried out by nearly 100 planes, very few of which returned without any holes, so thick was the ack-ack sent up from the target. Five fighters, a dive bomber and two torpedo planes were lost in this initial attack.

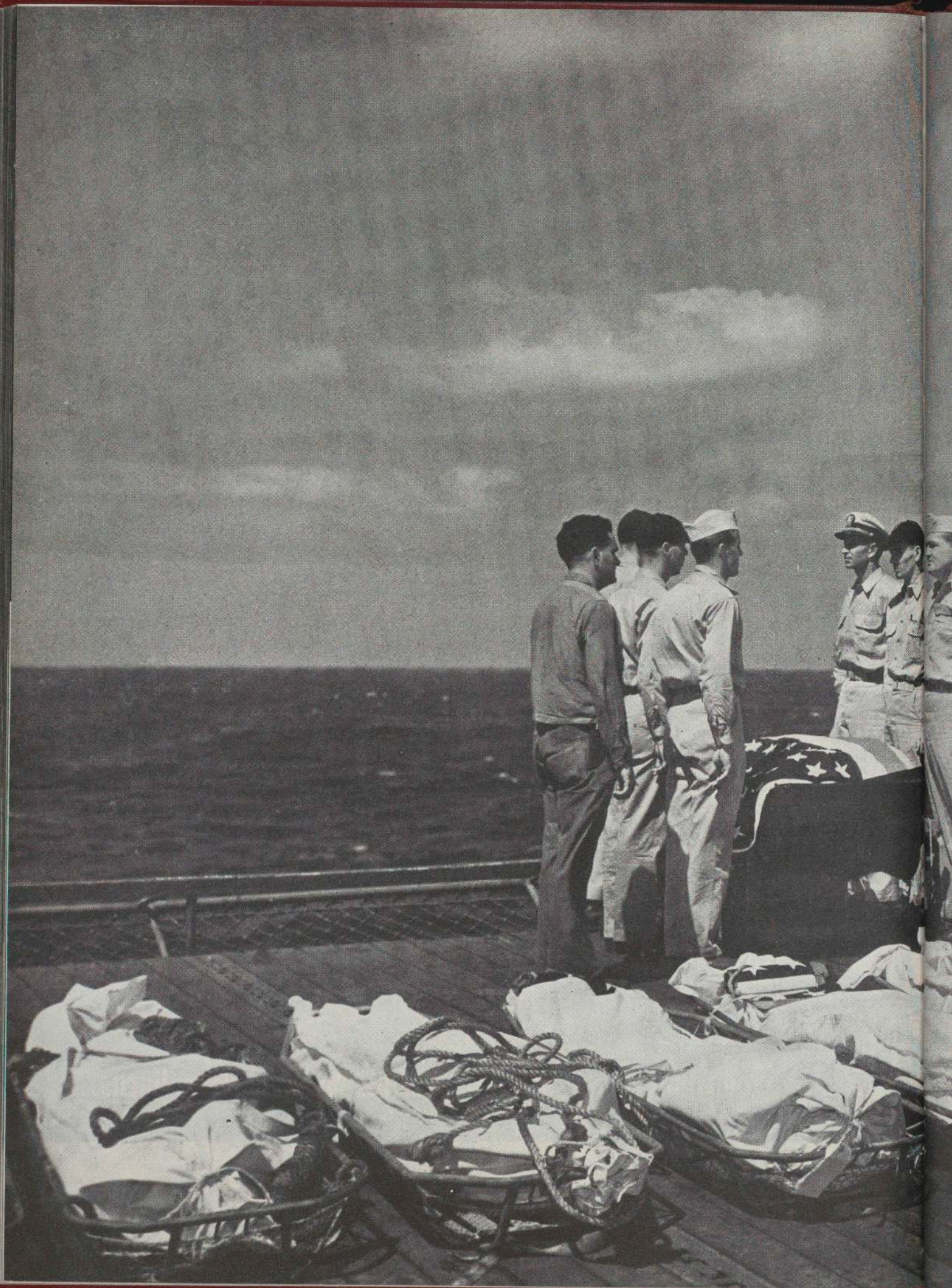
BURIAL AT SEA (*page 138*)

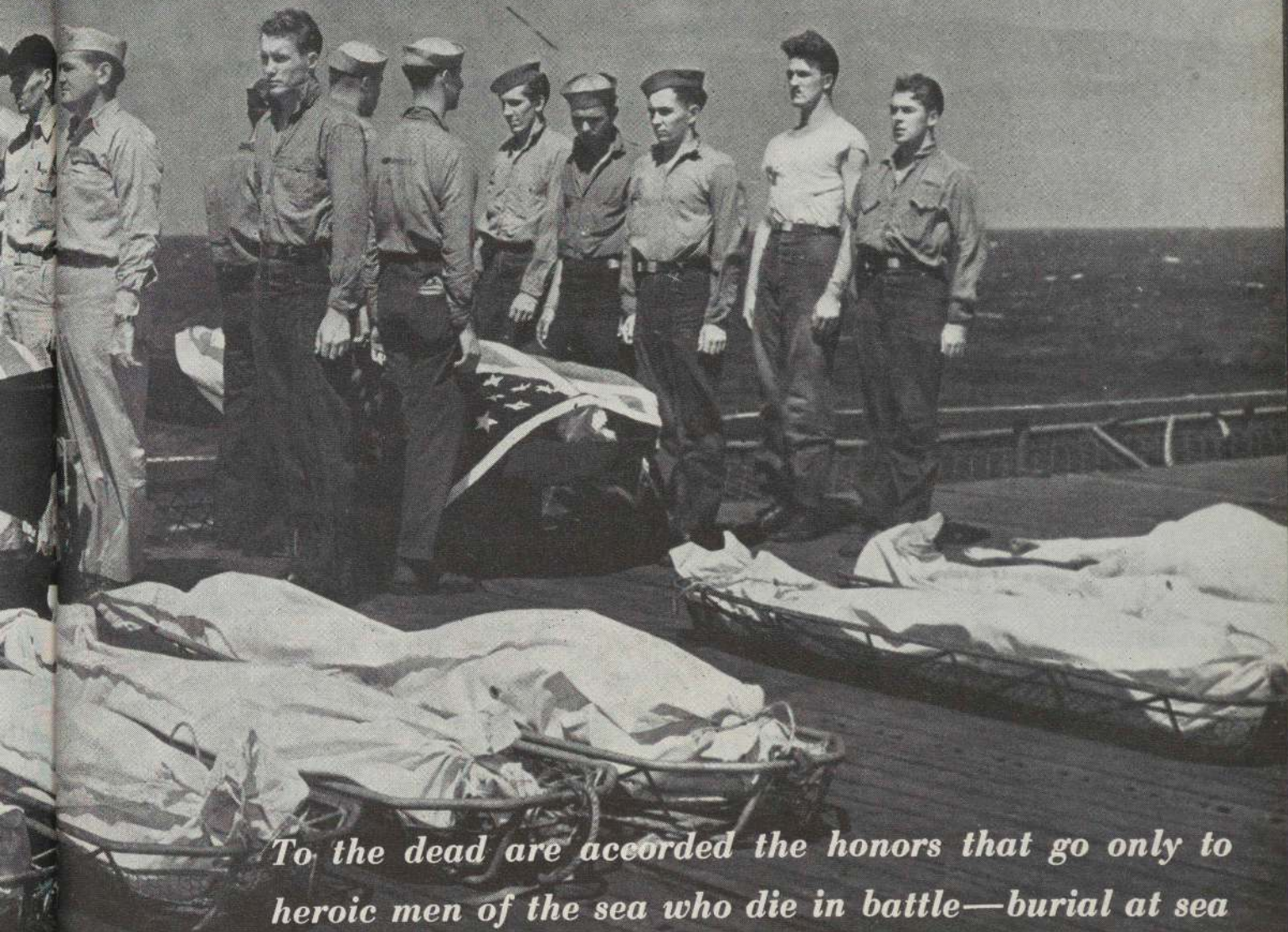
The Navy pays tribute to its dead and gives them last honors in the tradition of men who go to sea. Mourned by their friends and fellow crewmen who stand at attention while the brief burial service is read, their bodies are slipped gently over the side to sink into the cool Pacific. Only the sharp crack of the rifle salute breaks the momentary silence of the flight deck.





“—took him down and wrapped his body in clean linens.”





To the dead are accorded the honors that go only to heroic men of the sea who die in battle—burial at sea with full rite and ritual while their shipmates, with all the dignity of the living, pay silent tribute.

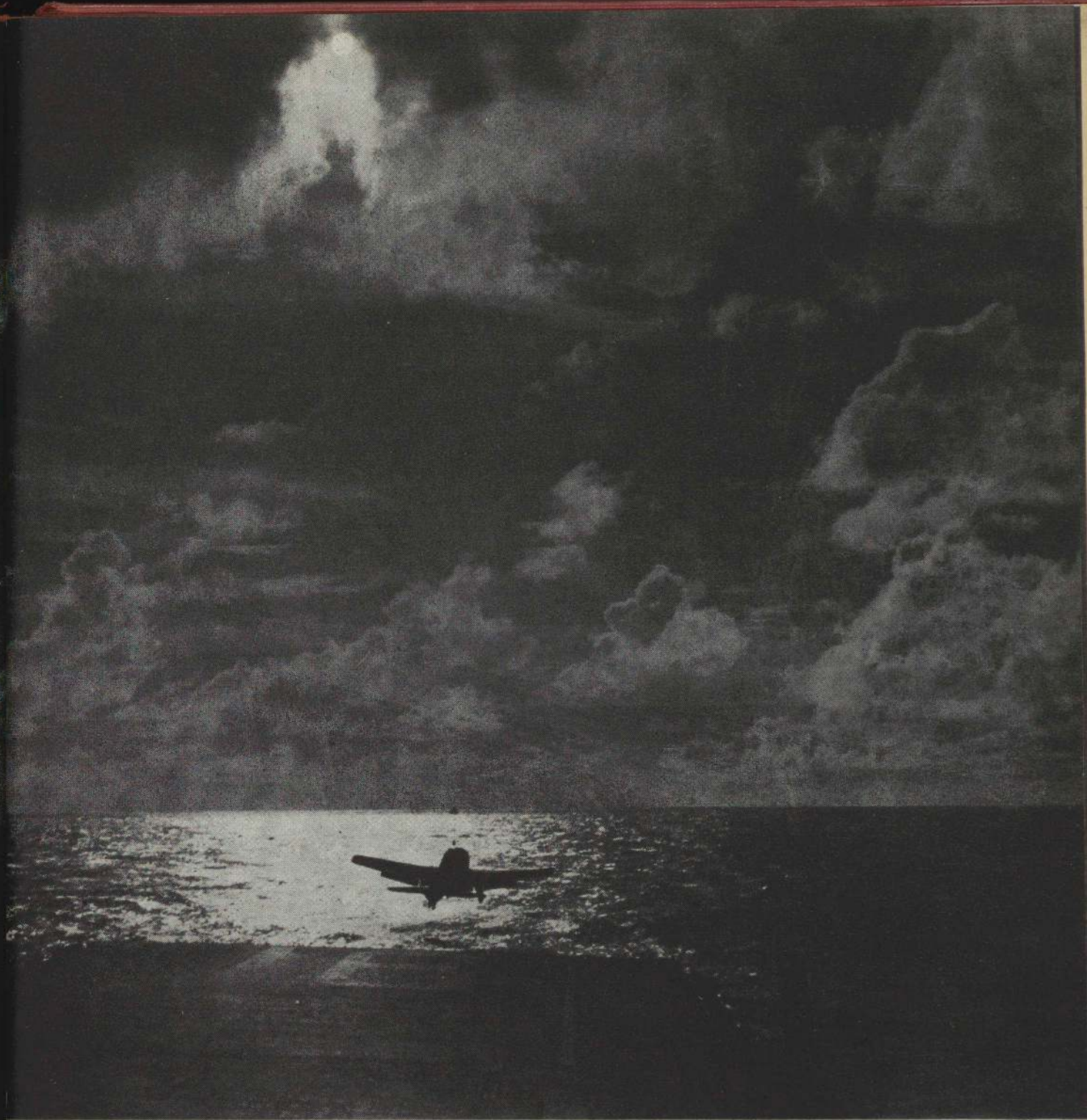


RAID COMING UP *(top left)*

Aircrewmen slip into flight gear on the morning of November 5, 1944, a few minutes before they start out on their first strike against Manila. The sober faces of these youths show that they know what they are up against. They as well as their pilots have been thoroughly briefed for the mission over the Philippines.

HEADED FOR COMBAT *(lower left)*

Navy TBF pilots hurry toward their waiting planes on a Task Force 58 carrier for a strike against Guam. His harness buckled and parachute in place, each carries his chart board under his arm. On the charts is recorded vital data on the ship's course, position and speed, weather reports, which he'll need to get home.

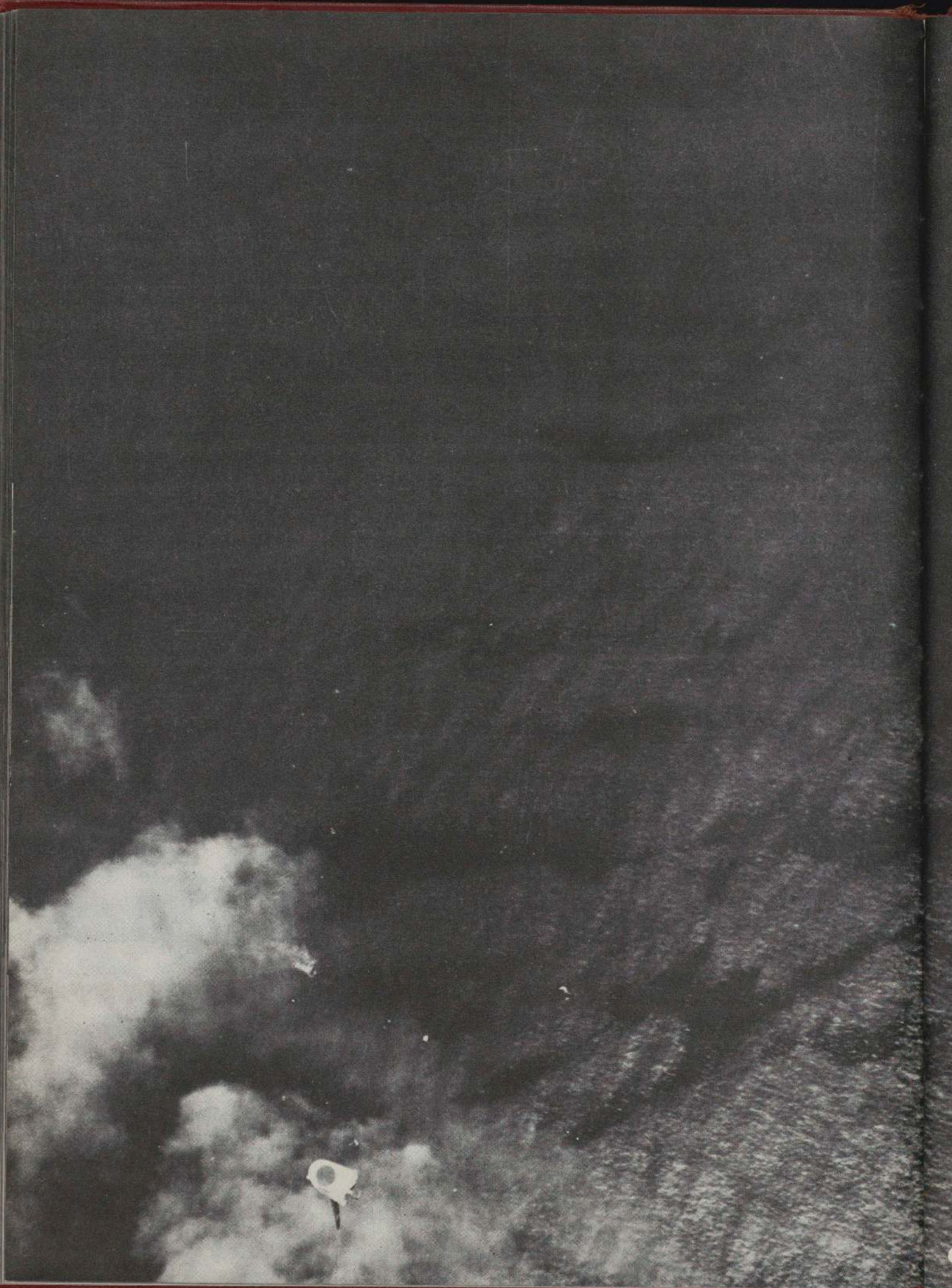


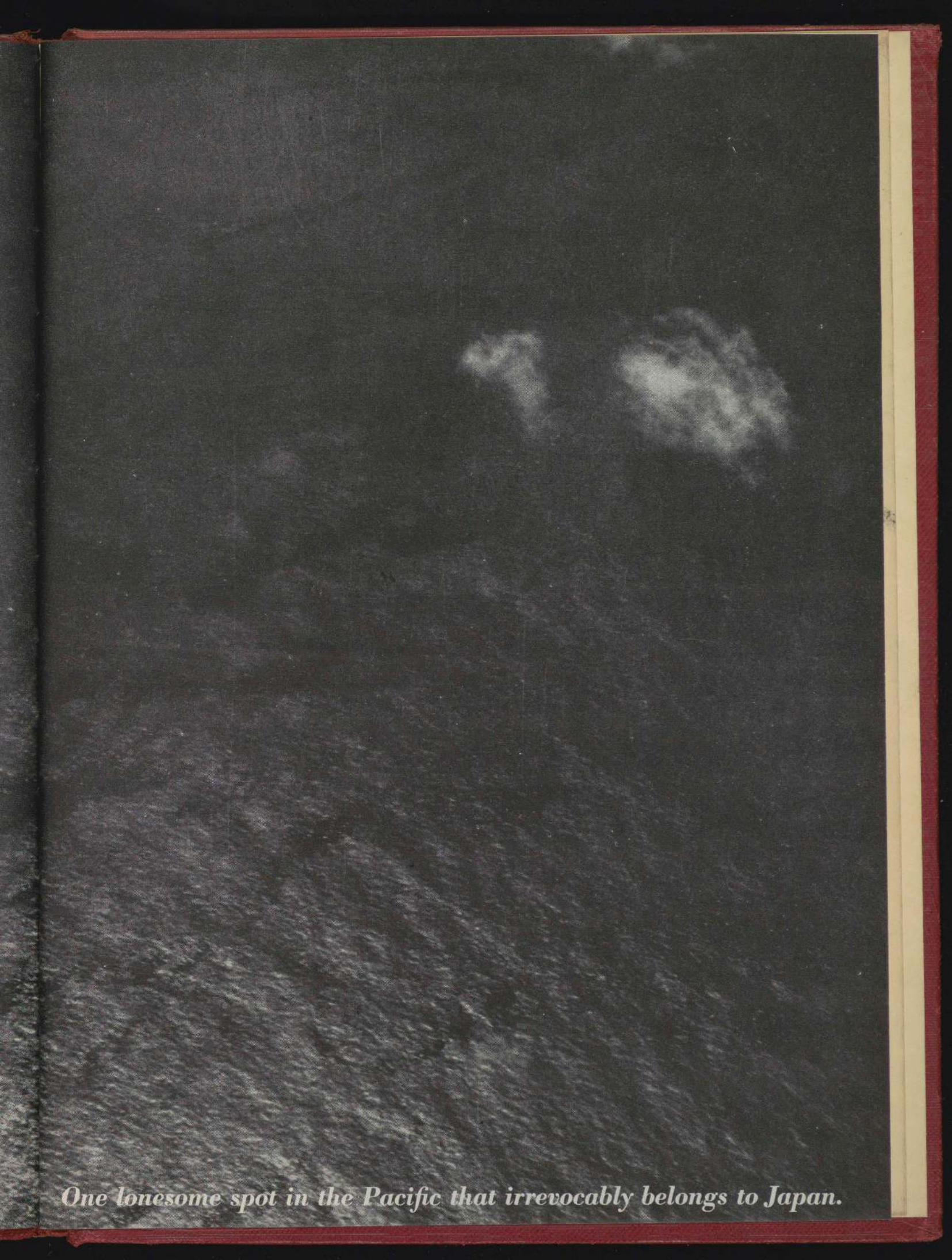
TAKEOFF FOR BATTLE (*above*)

Somewhere in the Pacific a Grumman *Hellcat* fighter takes off from the deck of the new USS *Lexington*. Symbolic of the strength of the new Navy is the broad flight deck, for it belongs to one of the *Essex*-class carriers that range the waters ever closer to Japan, launching planes to blast the heart of Tojo's Empire.

VANISHING EMPIRE (*page 142*)

The wing tip insignia of the Rising Sun which has been blasted loose from some Japanese planes tells the story of the disintegrating Nip and the shrinking circumference of his once-proud empire. Following it down, a Navy photographer got this remarkably significant picture—somewhere in the Pacific's broad expanse.





One lonesome spot in the Pacific that irrevocably belongs to Japan.

ABOUT THE EXHIBIT

THE photographs which comprise this book were originally exhibited in the still-picture show, *Power in the Pacific*, presented at the Museum of Modern Art, New York. Views of the exhibition which opened in January are shown at the left. For those who may not have an opportunity to see the truly impressive photographic show while it is on tour throughout the country, as well as for those who want a permanent picture record of our progress in the Pacific, its 150 photos have been arranged in book form.

From beginning to end, *Power in the Pacific* is a naval achievement. All hands, from Captain Edward Steichen, USNR, whose "child" it is, to the men of the naval aviation photo laboratory who made the technically outstanding blowups for the exhibit, have done the Navy proud. Capt. Steichen selected the pictures to be included in the show from among the thousands which have been taken by Navy, Marine Corps and Coast Guard photographers since the early stages of the war. Under his supervision, the prints were enlarged to tremendously impressive proportions, most of them 3 x 5, 4 x 5 and 6 x 8 feet in size.

The design and hanging of the show at the Museum of Modern Art was under direction of Lt. G. E. Kidder-Smith, USNR. The dramatic captions (reproduced here in large type) were written by Lt. Commander Roark Bradford, USNR. Lieutenants W. E. McNaught and Victor Jorgenson, USNR, and other members of Captain Steichen's naval aviation photo unit took care of the innumerable details, in cooperation with the staff of the Museum. They also worked with the editors of *U. S. Camera* in the compilation of this volume.

Unless otherwise noted all pictures are official U. S. Navy photos. Those by Marine Corps photographers appear on pages 93 through 99; those by the Coast Guard on pages 85 (*lower*), 86, 89, 90, 100, 133.

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The Museum of Modern Art



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