

War Deeds on Far-Flung Fields Told by Angelenos

Sailor Finds He's Leading Assault on Leyte Island

BY ART RYON

Sure, 1st Lt. Andrew F. Beggerly of 118 W. 112th St., Los Angeles, completely wrecked his carbine—but he did it against the head of a gopher dressed in a German uniform for a personal reason.

It happened in a field in Brittany during mop-up operations. When Lt. Beggerly halted briefly in an open field, a pistol shot rang out and a German bullet pierced his shoulder. But, whirling around, Lt. Beggerly saw nothing.

As he watched, however, he saw a trap door of weathered planks covered with sprouting grass being cautiously raised and under it was a figure in the German gray-green uniform. In the figure's hand was a



1st Lt. A. F. Beggerly

Luger pistol.

As Lt. Beggerly ran toward the cleverly camouflaged sniper's nest, the Luger fired again. The second shot hit the Los Angeles officer in a leg, but momentum carried him to the Nazi's fox hole. Before the trap door could be slammed shut, Lt. Beggerly's carbine swung.

What Happened?

"I don't know why I didn't fire," Lt. Beggerly said. "It just got to be a personal issue, I guess, and I was mad."

What happened to the German?

"Well," explained Lt., Beggerly with a grin, "I am now the owner of a fine 9-mm, Lager pistol."

But, then, war with the Germans has its chummy side, too. Or perhaps Staff-Sgt. William C. Addison of 121 W. 47th St., Los Angeles, didn't get mad enough.

When his reconnaissance unit was ambushed in France one night, Sgt. Addison wisely decided that the thing to do was hit the ground. When it came time to get up, the sergeant discovered that three Germans were sitting about six feet away from him, nonchalantly talking. Sgt. Addison lay for five hours, not daring to move.

"Nuts to this," he decided, picked himself up and walked away. When he last saw the Germans they were in the same place, still talking.

Action? Read On

(Lots of exciting action this week, huh?)

Well, here's some. It's about Coast Guardsman J. L. Johnson of 5310 McMillon St., Compton. What happened to Johnson shouldn't happen to a—well, it just shouldn't happen, that's all.

He headed his salvage boat toward the beach at Leyte with the

Well-Camouflaged Nazis Picked Off by Angry Yank

assignment to pull other barges off the beach that had been stranded after the first assault waves.

Imagine his surprise when he found out that, through a mix-up, his salvage ship was LEADING the first assault wave. But, it turned out all right. They were scared a couple of times by heavy shells from the Japs' hillside batteries. But, some of our boys charged the batteries and, eventually, everything was o.k.

King for a Day

Practically King for a day. That was Cpl. Lawrence V. Antista of 400 N. Ave. 40, Highland Park, not so long ago. Even if Einstein wasn't there, Cpl. Antista had a lesson in relativity. In Sicily he visited scads of them. Relatives, we mean.

In a two-wheel, native horse drawn cart, Cpl. Antista reached a mountainous Sicilian village in the wee small hours and woke up his grandmother to whom, after 10 minutes of broken Italian, he eventually managed to introduce himself.

Bingo!—like that—the whole town of 200 persons was awake and welcoming Cpl. Antista. They feted him with eggs, goat meat, local cheese, mountains of spaghetti and, of course, their finest wines.

So, for the first time in his life Cpl. Antista met his grandmother, three uncles, four aunts, two great-aunts, his 83-year-old great-grandmother and a raft of relatives by marriage.

And do you know where all this information came from?

A public relations officer!

But here's a story that all started over a carpet sweeper. It began when Lt. Carl Podlasky, veteran of countless bombing missions over Germany as a Flying Fortress navigator and now an executive officer for the 6th Ferrying Group, Long Beach, called a Long Beach store where Mrs. C. Branham is employed to see if they had any carpet sweepers.

"I'm very sorry, Lt. Podlasky, but I haven't seen a carpet sweeper for months," Mrs. Branham said. But, after she hung up, Mrs. Branham had a strange feeling. She HAD to talk to Lt. Podlasky. She KNEW that he might know something about her son, Capt. George E. Branham, Flying Fortress pilot with the 8th Air Force who was reported "missing in action" on Oct. 26, 1943, after a bombing raid on Bremen, Germany.

She called him back and they talked.

Star Pilot Lost

Did Lt. Podlasky know Capt. Branham? You said it! George—they called him Big Foot in the 8th Air Force—was one of Podlasky's closest friends in England. Not only that, Podlasky was in a B-17 on the right wing of Capt. Branham's ship on that unlucky, unlucky day over Bremen.

"Branham was leading our squadron that day," Podlasky told Mrs. Branham. "I saw his plane when it was hit and watched it go down, could have reached out and almost touched it. The 8th Air Force lost one of its best pilots and I lost one of my best friends."

However, the navigator in Capt. Branham's plane, although injured, managed to bail out and recently returned to the United States in a prisoner exchange.

That's what keeps Mrs. Branham's hopes up.

"We all feel certain that our boy also escaped somehow and is now a prisoner in Germany," she said, "but we have heard nothing' except that he is missing."

When he slid bail out of the falling plane, let's hope that Capt. Branham didn't suffer the discomforts of Sgt. Garth M. Kanen of 912½ W. Ninth St., Los Angeles, radio operator-waist gunner on a bomber with the 15th Air Force in Italy.

'Looks Like Curtains'

Sgt. Kanen did his bailing out over Yugoslavia but, in doing so, proved that he isn't a man to pick any soft spots.

"After bombs away," he related, "our No. 1 and No. 2 engines were knocked out by flak. With four Jerry ME-109's in the distance, it looked like curtains. We started losing altitude at an alarming rate and our pilot ordered zip to bail out. I didn't waste much time getting out of the plane. I could see tracers shooting past us, so I made a delayed jump. I landed on a pile of boulders and was knocked cold. When I came to I could hear machine guns in the distance so I hid my chute and waited until dark to contact the Partisans who led me to safety."

There are, however, some other things that the boys worry about over there—what's going on over here. Take the letter that Lt. Robert W. Harris wrote to his parents, Dr. and Mrs. John H. Harris of 701 S. Woods Ave., Los Angeles.

"America can well be proud of her fighting men," Lt. Harris wrote in part. "We want to be proud of you at home. Sometimes, though, it's a little difficult to overlook the things we hear about even if we realize that only a few are guilty.

"We never have time to think about strikes, graft and greed in the middle of a flak barrage or when the air is filled with Hun fighters. We go right on to the target.

"Back in the barracks we read where 20,000 have walked out of factories. We wonder what would happen if 20,000 airmen were to 'walk out.'

"But, then, after a few hours in the sack, we forget and are back in high spirits."

So, you see—

But, here's a guy with another gripe. He is Pfc. Chris Williams of the marines, whose home is at 3724 S. Sepulveda Blvd., Los Angeles.

Was He Sore?

In a campaign in the Pacific, Williams volunteered as a corpsman and went ashore to look after the boys. Well, he was sniped at by snipers, floundered around in a swamp, got some hunks of shrapnel in his back, and when he managed to crawl back to the spot where he left the ambulance he was driving, found

that Jap mortar shells had smashed it to smithereens.

He's not so sore about the flak wounds and the demolished ambulance. But, he's pretty hot about the fact that, in the ambulance, was his super chromatic harmonica. (Whatever kind of a harmonica is that?)

Anyway, although there is no confirmation from his audiences, Pfc. Williams writes that the boys used to like to hear him play his harmonica. Kind of buoyed up their spirits, he says. And he sure wishes he had another one.

So, does anyone in the crowd happen to have a super chromatic harmonica? Let's send it to Pfc. Williams so he can blow himself to a good time.

SHORT BURSTS—He used to be in the cutting department of a motion-picture studio but now as pilot of a Flying Fortress with the 15th Air Force, Capt. Edward A. Biery of 4504 Carpenter St., North Hollywood, is helping to eliminate a lot of Nazi scenes.

Having been forced to parachute into the English Channel twice in three months and being: credited with downing seven Jerry planes, Capt. Robert W. Foy of 1419 Ventura Blvd., Van Nuys, recently had a new experience. He led his flight of Mustang fighters into an airfield of Nazi jet-propelled interceptor planes and shot up the layout.



Cpl. David Weiss

The crew in an amphibian tank of which Pfc. Walter T. Gleeson of 4955 Renovo St., Los Angeles, got so mad when the Japs hit them and sank them when they were moving in on Ngesebus Island that they kept firing until their cannon barrel was under water. Then, they escaped through hatches.

"Splat, splat!" said a tommy gun in the hands of Cpl, David Weiss of 921 S. Orange Grove Ave., Los Angeles, who is with the American infantry division in the Southwest Pacific. Result: One Jap sergeant dead, one Jap second lieutenant wounded.

"Boy, oh, boy," said 1st Lt. Merrill A. Jones of 2742 Glenview Ave., Los Angeles, a Marine Corps flyer, as he was talking about an anticipated record kill when he spotted seven unsuspecting Jap pilots circling to land their Zeros on Rabaul's Vunakanau air strip. "I thought that teas it. I could see myself telling the fellows the lurid tale about how I bagged those babies. I was above and behind the Japs and thought it would be a cinch to get all or most of them. But, I'll be darned, just when I was starting to make a pass at one, the ack-ack batteries opened up and drew the Zeros' attention. They all nosed up to greet me. Seven was just

a few too many, I figured, so I scrambled."

Seeing Betty fall made up for a lot of things with Chief Motor Machinist's Mate Jack W. Kincaid of 402 W. 99th St., Los Angeles. Betty is a type of Jap bomber and, as a member of a 3-inch gun crew aboard an LCI at Leyte, Kincaid knocked one down with the first burst when a flight of the Jap bombers flew over Leyte to attack our landing operations there. "I've been in plenty of air raids before, but this was the first time I had the chance to fire back and get some thing," Kincaid said with colossal satisfaction.