

The day you threw a party instead of buying a bond



It was the 26th of May, 1943.

To you, it was a heavenly Spring day that just had to be celebrated in some way. Besides, you were so bored with all the talk and headlines of war.

To our men on Attu, it was the fifteenth day of incessant fighting. That is, to those who had not been killed, or put out of action with wounds or frozen feet.

They hadn't slept for days; their sunburned faces ached; their heads and beards and wool-covered bodies itched; their feet were never dry. The dead lay all about them in the fog and snow—an occasional Jap, twisted grotesquely in death, over the body of an American.

But the biggest push of the battle was just ahead.

They had to attack a Jap-held plateau called the Bench, which meant scaling a steep cliff, in the face of continuous gunfire from the Japs, snugly entrenched on top. The final 25 yards were so steep, the soldiers had to drag themselves up by plunging their rifle butts into the snow.

The Japs lay quietly in wait, until our men were almost to the summit. Then, without rising from their fox holes, they rolled grenades down on them. Three times new groups of Americans scaled up the cliff—to be blown to eternity.

And suddenly—one American stood alone on the Bench. With his rifle pointed down, he walked deliberately from one fox hole to another, shooting into them with deadly accuracy. Impervious to the Jap grenades all about him, he went on, finally using his gun butt to bash the Japs as they trembled in their holes.

He was still bashing away when our troops finally reached him.

Asked later how he did it, he explained his best friend had been killed as they started up the slope and he didn't remember anything after that.

Asked by his Colonel what he wanted, he said since he'd been a Corporal so long, Sergeant's stripes would be nice.

He got his stripes and he's mighty gratified. He did not get an invitation to your party, but that's alright—he was too busy to attend.

Did you have a good time at your party?

Incidentally the price of that party would have bought an extra Bond. The 4th War Loan is now on. Every American is asked to put at least \$100 extra into Bonds while this Drive is on. Not your regular Bond investing, but extra. \$100 at least—or \$200, \$300, \$500.



Let's all **BACK THE ATTACK!**

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