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Johnnie Makagung

As the first streak of dawn tinted the horizon, the unwelcome sound of an alarm was heard. John Jones stirred, reached out and maliciously turned it off and fell back on bed. He was dead tired for he had turned in ^{at} twelve o'clock after being on duty eight hours as a voluntary aircraft spotter the night before. Yet, several minutes later, he wearily dragged himself out of bed, dressed, ate and was off to work at the Browns Munitions Plant.

A few weeks later in the moist sweltering heat of the jungle of New Guinea, the kind of weather which makes your clothes stick to you like flypaper, thus making them extremely uncomfortable, Capt. ^{Bob} Jones and a division of soldiers were waging a terrific battle to prevent the enemy from cutting off the ^{main} only supply route to Buna. Determined as they were to hold the pass,

The enemy were ^{as} equally determined
to take it. Their attack was
furious and relentless disregard-
ing losses. For two days and
two nights it continued. Capt.
Jones knew too well that the
next assault would be the
end for them for no army
can fight on courage alone.

To the ^{ears of the} worried captain lending
encouragement to his heroic
men, came singing voices.
Turning about, he saw a
long train of natives and
reinforcements come about
the bend. Singing as they
came, swinging down the
trail carrying wooden boxes
labeled: U.S. Army, Brown Mun-
ition Plant, Philadelphia.