Marine Reporter Blechman Finds War Correspondent's Job No Easy Assignment

(The following story was written by Staff Sergeant Earla W. Johnson, of 224½ Main Street (North) Little Rock, Ark., a Marine Corps Combat Correspondent.)

GUADALCANAL — (Delayed) — mile to the waiting train. Trudging A Marine Corps combat correspondent without a typewriter is about as handicapped as a tobacco auctioneer with lockjaw . . . ball.

cur outht was to make an occur ovyage in the South Pacific, my colleague, Staff Sorgeant Solomon I. Blechman, son of Rev. and Mvs. Nathan Blechman of 530 Palmer Avenue, Mamaroneck, N. Y. and I decided to have our typewriters put in crates and sent along with other gear. But fear that they might get lost or damaged caused us to change our minds, and we decided to carry them.

Too, I knew that should I lose my machine and fall to produce, the wrath of Washington Headquarters might cause my reversion to private first class. I realized also that if I came back home wearing only one stripe my wife wouldn't stop with the kitchen

With a 60-pound transport pack on our backs, rifles, ammunition, a map-case filled with paper and 20-pound typewriters, we walked a

so, herein lies the story of how two correspondents safeguarded their machines as well as their reportorial status.

The characters depicted in this experience are not fictitious, and any similarity between it and those of other correspondents is not coincidental, because they have suffered the same.

When it was first learned that our outfit was to make an ocean voyage in the South Paelific, my colleague, Staff Sergeant Solomon I. Blechman, son of Rev. 2017.





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