

YOU'LL BE SOR-REE!
A GUADALCANAL MARINE REMEMBERS
THE PACIFIC WAR

BY SID PHILLIPS



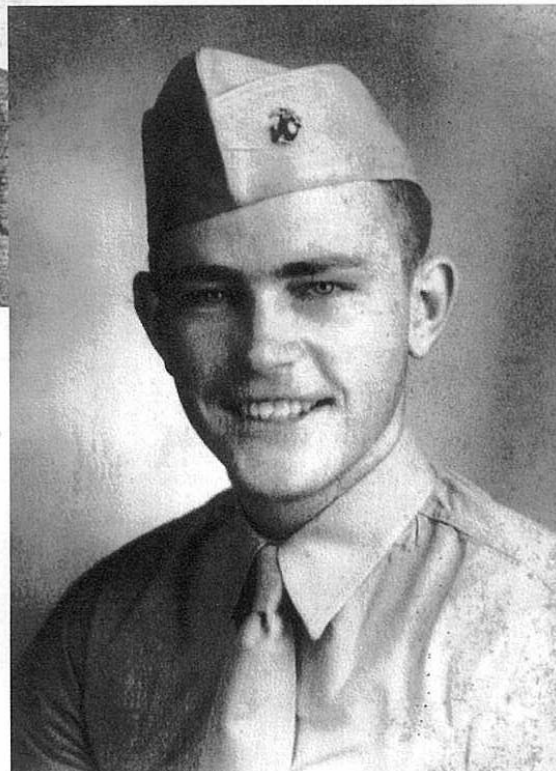
Courtesy of Sid Phillips

High school senior photo,
Spring 1941



Courtesy of Sid Phillips

At Parris Island, January 8, 1942



Courtesy of Sid Phillips

After the Pacific, while studying at
Chapel Hill, Spring 1945



Courtesy of Sid Phillips

Above: Our number four gun squad, May 1942. L-R: Tatum, me, Lucas, Ransom, Doyle. As I look back at these pictures, it is startling to think America was considering these young volunteers as her defenders. We had the heart, but not the experience.

Right: Deacon Tatum and me in May 1942.



Courtesy of Sid Phillips

Posing with a BAR during a
Sunday in May 1942.



Courtesy of Sid Phillips

Cpl. Don Rouse and me in
May 1942.



Courtesy of Sid Phillips

H-2-1 member Dave Madison in
the boondocks, May 1942.



Courtesy of Sid Phillips



W.O. Brown and me
eating chicken in May
1942.

Courtesy of Sid Phillips

My uncle, Charlie Tucker
(in cockpit), after he
soloed at Opa-locka,
Florida, during his training
to become a Naval Aviator
in November 1940.



Courtesy of Sid Phillips

Courtesy of Sid Phillips



Before shipping out, I enjoyed a last visit with my family and friends in Mobile, during Memorial Day weekend, May 1942. **Above left:** with my great friend, Eugene Sledge. **Above right:** with my sister, Katharine. **Below:** with my parents, Katharine, and younger brother, John, at our home at Monterey Place.

Courtesy of Sid Phillips



CEC/fim

COMBAT GROUP "B"
USS BARNETT

July 30, 1942.

Now it can be told:

You are now proceeding towards a true test of our combat efficiency. "D" Day and Zero Hour are near. We will have the honor of participating in the first major offense of Marine Corps units in this war. There will be a preponderance of forces and we will be strongly supported by Naval and Army units.

It is an honor to have been chosen for this particular effort and the traditions of our Corps will, without doubt, be upheld. That each officer and man do his full share is a natural duty. Only by the highest type of bulldog aggressiveness can we fulfill the confidence and responsibility that has been entrusted to us.

This war cannot be won by inertia and inactivity; only by aggressive and vigorous action can we attain our objective, i.e., the complete collapse of the Japanese military forces. That is our goal and in the near future we will signal "final objective reached".

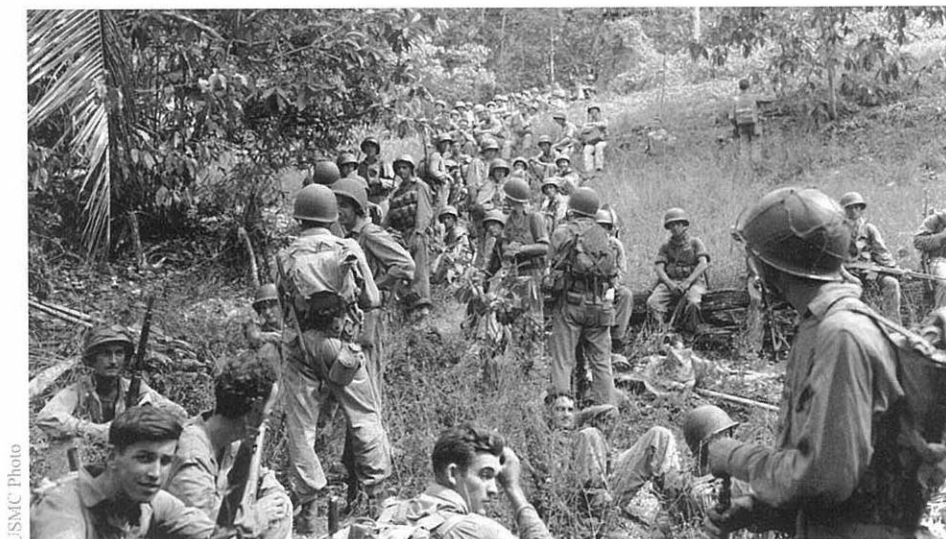
This is not an ordinary war. It is one that demands everyone's individual effort, as well as teamwork of all branches and units of our military forces. A person that fails to give that individual effort not only jeopardizes the success of the whole operation but his own life as well.

The unwarranted treacherous action of the Japanese on Dec. 7, 1941, will go down in the annals of history as the most glaring example of deceit and trickery of all times. Remember that we didn't start this war, but we are going to end it to our own liking. The Japanese will always regret the day they ever heard of Wake Island or Pearl Harbor.

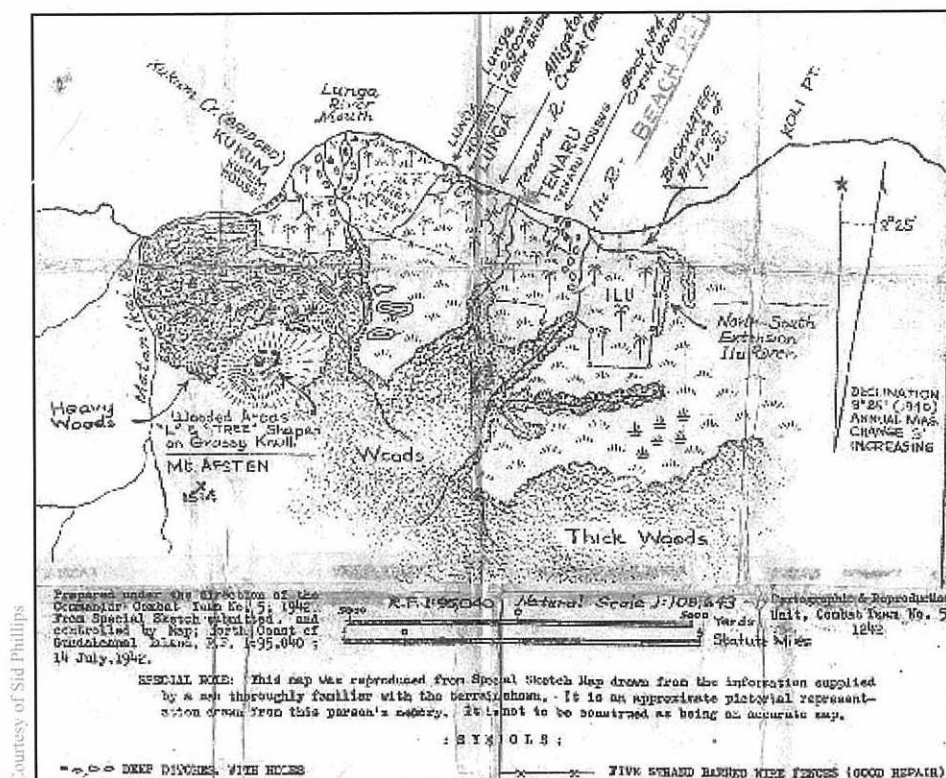
We are fighting for a just cause; there is no doubt about that. It is for the right of liberty and freedom, and for our mothers, fathers, sisters, brothers, wives, children and sweethearts, as well as ourselves. We have enjoyed the many advantages given to us under our form of Government, and, with the help of God, we will guarantee that same liberty and freedom for our loved ones and to the people of America for generations to come.

/s/ C. B. CATES
C. B. CATES,
Colonel, Commanding

Letter from Col. Cates that was handed out at our evening meal on August 6, 1942, on the eve of our landing on Guadalcanal.



This photo was taken looking toward the beach, and one can see how the green troops are bunched up, clean-shaven, in khaki, and relaxed. I am off to the right of the column with my back to the camera, taking a leak.



An original, crude map given to me by Harold Couch of H-2-1 at our 1991 reunion.

USMC Photo



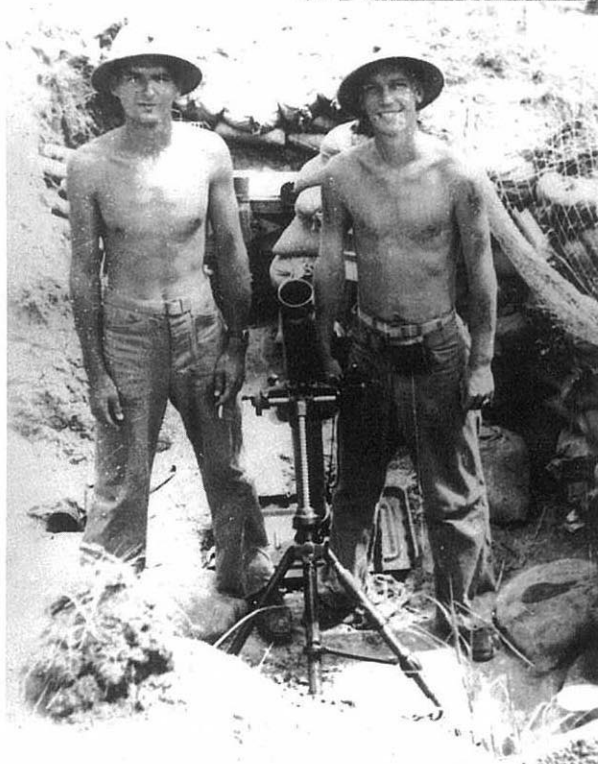
There was no harbor and no dock in the early days at Guadalcanal, so everything had to be unloaded from ships into landing craft and then unloaded again at the beach.

The aftermath of the Tenaru battle, August 22, 1942.



USMC Photo

Courtesy of Sid Phillips



Lt. Stratton (L) and Lt. "Benny" Benson (R) on Guadalcanal, November 1942.

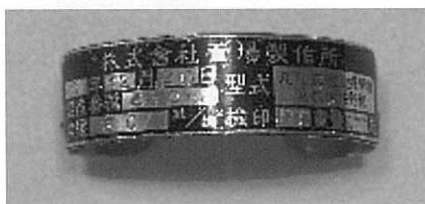
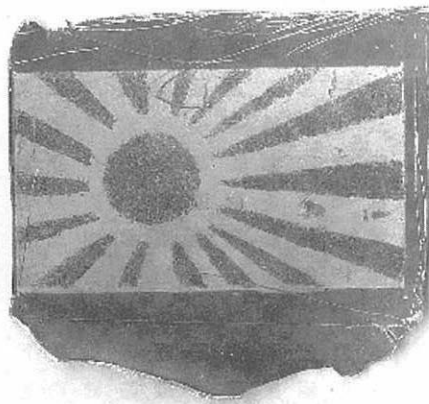
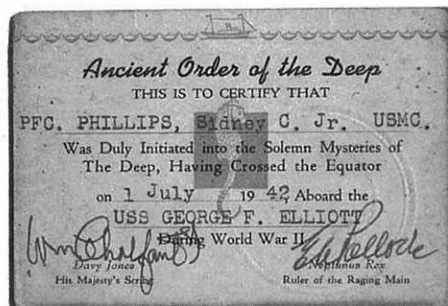
Courtesy of Sid Phillips



In November 1942, on Guadalcanal, a member of our platoon received a package from home containing a camera and several rolls of film. Though cameras were forbidden, he took pictures and we forgot the whole affair. I did not see the pictures until 25 years after the war when he brought them to a reunion. **Above:** our number 4 gun squad, L-R: Tatum, Lucas, Doyle, me, and Ransom. **Below:** This picture shows part of our mortar platoon. I am the idiot in the second row wearing the Jap hat between Lucas and Ransom.

Courtesy of Sid Phillips





Some souvenirs from the Pacific.

Clockwise: victory marking cut from a wrecked Navy or Marine plane, Jap soldiers' flag taken after the Tenaru battle, Jap uniform insignia found in an abandoned camp, a manufacturer's plate from a crashed Jap dive bomber that I sent home as a bracelet for my sister, Katharine, and my Ancient Order of the Deep card given to me for having crossed the equator.



Courtesy of Sid Phillips

Courtesy of Sid Phillips



Courtesy of Sid Phillips



Courtesy of Sid Phillips



Memories from Melbourne, Australia, 1943. **Clockwise:** Cuddling a koala at the Melbourne Zoo, our First Marine Division patch designed and manufactured while in Melbourne, a photo taken by a street photographer who snapped W.O. and I eating fish and chips, and a close-up of yours truly.



Courtesy of Sid Phillips

On Cape Gloucester in March 1944, W.O. met a Navy photographer looking for Marines from the same hometown. W.O. came to get me so we could have our picture taken by the photographer who said he would send it to our hometown newspaper. In the picture you can see our nasty clothes hanging on the tent ropes behind us.



USMC Photo

On Dec. 29, 1943, on Cape Gloucester, we visited our small cemetery on the side of Mt. Tuali, where a Marine combat photographer caught me in a group picture that appeared in the VFW magazine a few years ago. It is possible to see the range cards I always carried in the top of my helmet liner above the straps.



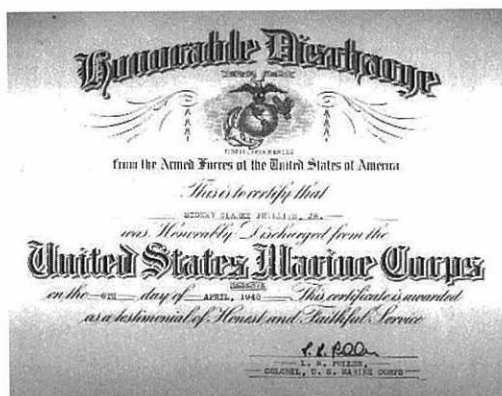
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Left and Above: H-2-1 machine gunners and mortar squad at Pavuvu in November 1944 after I had returned home.

Courtesy of Sid Phillips



Left: My Dad gives me a hug soon after my return from the Pacific, August 1944. **Above:** My USMC discharge signed by Col. Louis B. "Chesty" Puller.



Courtesy of Sid Phillips

Above: Mary (L) and Katharine (R) bury my friend Bunk Sims.

Courtesy of Sid Phillips



Left: Mary at Gulf Shores, Alabama, 1945.



Courtesy of Sid Phillips

Above: April 15, 1946, the final spoils of war. Mary and I were married on her 21st birthday.

Right: The wedding party, (L-R) Bill Houston (Mary's brother), Eugene Sledge (best man), me, Mary, Katharine (my sister), Betty Houston (Mary's niece), and John Houston (Mary's brother).



Courtesy of Sid Phillips



Courtesy of Sid Phillips

My family and descendants as photographed in October 2009. My sister, Katharine, and I are in the center.