



BATTLE WITHOUT GUNS

PRESENTED BY
YOUR ARMED FORCES RADIO STATION

FOREWARD

This booklet, "Battle Without Guns", is presented as a tribute to the men who inhabit the "stepping stones, those mud gray blobs upon the sea" known as the Aleutians. This presentation is made possible through the cooperation of the Armed Forces Radio and one of its local morale radio stations located somewhere along the chain.

The Armed Forces Radio Service, commonly known as AFRS, was conceived and put into operation by the west coast office of the Special Service Division in Los Angeles. This service is designed to bring to the men in the remote, "far from civilization", theatres of this global war, radio entertainment comparable to civilian radio.

You people at home will never realize just how much this thoughtful service means to "your loved ones" scattered to the four corners of the earth. Outside of your always welcome letters, which due to conditions sometimes come far between, radio often becomes their major connection or hold upon memories; their source of relaxation and entertainment, and their promise of a future return to a "normal and peaceful pursuit of happiness".

Our local station, which has made this tribute booklet possible is a broadcasting studio in every sense of the word. The equipment is of necessity not elaborate, but in spite of all handicaps we maintain a standard of broadcasting that we have certain right to be proud of, as our programs are designed to meet the demands of these men whom we feel we cannot do too much for. Their response in "fan mail" in appreciation rivals some of the larger networks.

Each week the Los Angeles office of the AFRS transcribes the best of the entertainment you have heard over the major networks back in the states. These programs are shipped to our station by the fastest means available. This enables us to give our listeners the finest type of entertainment. Forty-two hours of Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, Fred Allen, Jack Benny, and practically every other "big name" in the show world. Forty-two hours of "big time" programs resulting in a schedule which a local station in states could hardly duplicate.

In addition to these many fine programs there has been made possible a subscription to a popular and nationally known transcription service which forms the basis for our local musical library,, supplemented by recordings for a total of over 5,000 selections. From this musical library we are able to prepare local programs which compete for popularity among our listeners. For example, request programs, many varied musical shows, quizzes, etc.

The Armed Forces Radio station at this base is a joint Army-Navy enterprise and is operated by enlisted men of both forces under the supervision of a commissioned officer. The station is operated in a strictly professional manner by a staff which remains conscious of its obligations to their "buddies". The technical picture is focused on our small, modern, compact transmitter which embodies many of the outstanding features found in regular small civilian commercial stations back in the states. Of necessity it is designed only to transmit to personnel of the Armed Forces in this area.

After reading this booklet we hope that in a small way you will better understand what it means to a service man to be stationed in this theatre of the war. That you will also understand the pride that we, the personnel of this local G. I. station, take in being associated with these men whom the world will learn to call in future years "rugged".

Our only wish is that we may be able to continue to make the months they spend in this part of the world as enjoyable as it is possible for the men far from home. For theirs, now, is a "Battle without Guns"—a hard, cruel battle, and a great one.

Battle Without Guns

By Herb Smith

The Aleutian road to Tokyo
Is built of mud, and rock, and guts!
Is built by men!
No balmy sunset evenings,
No soft moonlight romances,
No blossoms of spring,
No singing birds,
No nightingales!
Just mud, and rain, and wind!

There is no glamour there,
And little beauty,
Even of the rugged sort.
Let's glance along this island chain...
This God-forsaken string of stragglings
peaks
That jut their barren crests up
from the sea
And spot the map.
They form a chain of dots
That reach from our Alaska
To the Japanese Kuriles.
Let's glance at them a while,
But if you're expecting something
pretty,
Be sure to wear your rose-hued
spectacles!

Bleak and little known,
This stragglings archipelago,
Lies like a comic's nose,
And, on a map, too long to fit the
page.
Sixty, more or less,
Windswept, volcanic mountain tops
Shiver there in the frigid North
Pacific.
And some of them we know.
One of them our friends and brothers
Maintain the Northern Skyway
Highway.

Once there was peace in these
Aleutians.
The Natives lived in peace
And no one else was interested.
Then, the Monkey Men,
The squat, brown rats of the Mikado
Tried to use those stepping-stones,
And war found the Aleutians!
Then, in defense, came men from
Georgia
Men from Washington.
They came from Kansas and New York,
To don long winter underwear,
Take up their stations,
And begin to fight!
But, driving the Japanese out
Only began the fight.

The men who donned long underwear,
Are fighting now!
Are fighting as bravely, as doggedly
As men have ever fought!
They fight the weather!
They fight it where the foulest
weather in the world is spawned!
They fight the cold and snow,
They fight the rain,
They fight the williwaw!
The williwaw can blow a strong man
off his feet,

Can lift a roof,
Or rip a door clear off its hinges.
On hands and knees
Because the williwaw makes standing
up impossible!
And our men fight the williwaw!
Radio and telephone must be maintained
Must be kept up in spite of wind.
Roads must be constructed,
And buildings kept repaired!

Yes, they fight the weather.
And there is something else...
They battle loneliness,
The loneliness of barren wastes,
Of landscapes, uninhabited,
Forgotten, fog-drenched desolation.
They battle loneliness,
Grim and silent is their fight,
Grim against a stark, unfeeling foe.
They fight the elements.

There was a time
When human lived in peace
out there.
They called the cold, foreboding
islands "home".
They were called "Aleuts".
Before the war, they numbered some
four thousand.
Mongol in type, and stature and in
feature,
They get their food out of the sea.
And though they are bred to the
fight with the weather,
Their number has lessened,
Their progress is little,
And a century finds them but little
ahead,
In spite of the years.
And in spite of the men who have
tried to help,
Like the great Veniaminov,
The priest from Russia,
Who learned their language and
taught them to write,
Who taught them Saint Matthew,
And opened a school;
In spite of the men who introduced
reindeer.
And imported cattle;
In spite of all these,
The unfeeling islands,
Bleak and windswept,
Have always prevented advancement.
Men must fight
To live on these mountain tops.
And none fight more fiercely
Than the soldiers and sailors,
Marines and civilians,
Who, dreading the curse of feeling
deserted,
Battle infinite loneliness on the
Aleutians.

The strange Aleutians...
Stubborn and ominous,
Unfriendly to mankind,
Yet forming a land-bridge between
two continents,

A land-bridge of mountain tops,
Dripping in eternal fog,
And stretching across an ocean.
Soldiers will tell you a story
Of women behind every tree...,
Because both the women and trees are
but a dream.
Neither exist.
A coarse, reed grass
Grows and falls in a matted carpet
And covers the jelly-like muskeg
Where a man may sink
and be lost forever,
Or lose a tractor or even a truck.

The strange Aleutians...
Where fight the bravest men upon the
earth
And the stubbornest.
Here they are, as we travel westward:
The largest of all is Unimak.
Smoking Moses, an active volcano,
Still smokes from its snow-clad peak,
Unalaska is next in line.
Unalaska, parent land of Dutch Harbor,
Where, on June third in forty-two,
Came the first Nipponese attack.
On the land of North America,
Just west of Unalaska, is Bogoslof,
Which rose from the sea amid
earthquake and smike.
Umnak is next,
And before Dutch Harbor,
It grazed several thousand sheep.
Further out, the Andreanof group
Includes Atka, home of the Korovin
volcano,
And home of the native basket weavers,
And Adak, the arsenal of the North
Pacific.
The Rat islands follow
And bomb-scarred Kiska is known to all
The come the Near islands,
Named for their nearness to Asia...
Attu is the best known of these.

Bloody Atty, where American boys
Fought savagely, bitterly, grimly
In cold and wet,
Until the hills and valleys of
snow-capped Attu
Disgorged it filthy, ratlike invaders.
The end of the chain.

Yes, it's the end.
But the end of the Highway?
The end of the Highway is Tokyo!
And the next stop from Attu is
Paramishuro!
Through Atty the Highway is cleared!

Once the Hap made a miscalculation,
And tried to establish himself on
these islands,
But, as the Aleutians are stubborn,
So were our boys!
They cleared out the sneaking
marauders!
And now, across those stepping
stones that skirt the wind-tossed
Bering sea,
Fly American planes, filled with
men and equipment.
On the ocean are ships with cargoes
for war.
And on those stepping-stones...
Those mud-gray blobs upon the sea—
Are men who work and build until
the day,
When, as our President said,
We shall hit the Jap
From the north and south,
From the east and west!

The end of the chain is near the
Mikado...
Within striking distance of the
Emperor's land,
And, when the time comes,
When the jaws of the nutcracker
shall be closed,
With Tokyo inside,
The men who built those mountain
tops into fortresses and landing
strips,
Who won the fight against the
storm,
Who conquered desolation,
Those men shall be the winners!
Their struggle proved worth while!
And of the bridges that lead to
the Emperor's palace,
None is more direct,
Or stronger!
Whether or not it is used,
Only our leaders can tell.
Nevertheless, there it will be,
A menace to Tokyo,
A triumph in building,
A tribute to manhood...!
The manhood whose strength and
courage,
Whose stubbornness and energy
Brought success and victory,
In the Battle Without Guns.