

Douglas Munro, Ray Evans Perform Heroic Rescue

Cle Elum can claim one if not two war heroes in World War II. One is Douglas Munro, Cle Elum High graduate who enlisted in the Coast Guards three years ago. The other is his buddy, Ray Evans, who lived in South Cle Elum until his folks moved to Seattle when he was a mere boy. Both enlisted in the Coast Guards on the same day and are Signalmen First Class on a destroyer operating at Guadalcanal.

The daring story of their heroic rescue of marooned seamen was told in Monday's Seattle Times in substance as follows:

Munro and Evans, 21-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Raymond J. Evans of Bryn Mawr, commanded two rescue boats which braved a steady curtain of enemy machine-gun fire to rescue a detachment of marines which had been cut off by Japs on an isolated section of Guadalcanal Island.

The marooned marines were discovered by the pilot of a dive-bomber and gunner who saw white spots near the beach. Dipping low they saw the spots spelled out the word "Help."

The isolated marines had spelled it out with their shorts, spread out on the ground.

The pilot reported to headquarters by radio and sent his plane shrieking down again and again, while the gunner kept the machine guns hot, to help the marines to fight their way through to the shore.

From headquarters, rescue boats under Evans and Munro were speeding up the coast with a destroyer.

Destroyer Shells Japs
The destroyer swung into the coast and started shelling the Japanese inland.

A group of the marines ashore had made the beach thanks to the pilot's dive attacks, and they started swimming the mile and a half to the destroyer, and a destroyer's boat picked them up.



"Doug" Munro

machine-gun fire from Japanese so well concealed their positions could not be fixed.

Bullets smacked into the bows of the boats. Two men aboard went down. Twice the boats went in without contacting the isolated men ashore. They lay to 100 yards off shore, under steady fire, and drove in the third time. That time they got off the entire party.

Yesterday's Times tells still another story in which Munro, Evans, two navy men and a marine corps reporter in an open landing boat chanced upon a Japanese landing party at the northwest tip of the Guadalcanal and lived to tell about it.

They were within 300 yards of the enemy, their only offensive cannon a machine-gun, when all hell broke loose, as the reporter described it, from the four large Japanese landing boats riding at anchor. They escaped unscathed in a hail of machine-gun fire.



RAYMOND J. EVANS JR.

Evans 'Scratched'

We may not have hit anything, but every time Evans let go with a burst, the enemy fire fell off considerably. Suddenly he dropped into the bottom of the boat and yanked up his pants' leg.

"Are you hit?" Lieutenant Gibson asked.

"Just a scratch," Evans replied, bobbing back up to his gun.

It seemed like hours before our boat passed out of danger and left the miniature geysers behind us. The Japs must have been thoroughly annoyed at losing such an "easy" prize because they kept on firing long after we were out of range. We headed back to our base.

While Munro opened a can of vegetable hash for our lunch, I shook over the damage inflicted. There were 20 or 30 jagged rips in the side and outside the boat. Evans' slight wound apparently had been caused by a ricochet slug which bounced into the steel armor plate a few inches in front of Lieutenant Gibson and Coxswain Roberts and machine gun grazed Evans' right calf.

When we reached our base, we learned that the aviators—Ensign Christopher Fink of Greybull, Wyo., and his gunner, Milo Kimberlin, of Spokane—had been picked up by a flying boat shortly before we had sighted the rubber boat. The planes had tried to signal us to turn back but we thought they were pointing out the rubber boat.

We were glad to learn the flyers had been rescued, and were happy, too, when a striking force of marine dive-bombers proceeded to Cape Esperance late in the afternoon. The enemy's attack on the

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