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"I WAS THERE"

GUAM.....A CAMERAMAN'S NARRATIVE.

Here is Damien Barer, who was at Guam with the United States Marines. We present this graphic story as a tribute to the War-Correspondent-Cameraman on the world's battlefronts - the men whose only weapon is a camera.

On the beach we joined the famous 3rd Marine Division, some in foxholes, some already out of the fight.

The first wave had it tough. The Jungle smells, steaming hot, behind every tree there's a Jap, they were cunning and stubborn to the end, because they'd been taught that to surrender was to die. They had to be burned out like rats. There were Japs everywhere, if you didn't duck quick enough you were carried back.

We had all known for weeks what we would do, and we were itching to do it. We were coming back to Guam. We were avenging every sailor and Marine who had ever died there. The Jap snipers were holding out on Supai village. Mortars opened up, building by building piece by piece we destroyed that village. It took us two days but there wasn't a Jap soldier alive.

Our men didn't like what they were doing much, but it had to be done, once and for all time. Guam had to be fumigated, that means dead Japanese - plenty of them. In war there's little time for the dead. The main job of the living is to stay alive.

At last the fight is over....and time for a cigarette with the boys from back home. This is the moment we have been living and waiting for all right. I was wishing some of us who had not come so far had lived to see this scene. This is the reconquest of Guam.