



Leyte...
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We passed under the bow of our transport where Coast Guard telephone talkers, hatchmen and winchmen were feverishly engaged in debarkation and unloading assignments.

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"It's awful," said the cox'n, and wonderful too in a terrible sort of way."

Ahead in the distance, seemingly hung from a ribbon of pink haze, lay the island of Leyte. Long and sprawling, her twin sparsley-treed brown hills reached far to right of our landing point. To the left, rows of coconut trees stretched their fronds beyond the haze of the horizon.

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