1944

1944, Clipping

Marine Combat Correspondent

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.chapman.edu/gvtudor_correspondence_publications

Recommended Citation
https://digitalcommons.chapman.edu/gvtudor_correspondence_publications/5

This Publication is brought to you for free and open access by the George V. Tudor Second World War Correspondence Collection at Chapman University Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Series 8. Publications by an authorized administrator of Chapman University Digital Commons. For more information, please contact laughtin@chapman.edu.
1944, Clipping

Keywords
Sgt. Tudor Never Let A Pal Down

Identifier
2015-083-w-r-_Tudor_WWII_Tudor-News-B

Comments
An exact date is not known for this letter. The year listed is an estimation and may not be accurate.
Sgt. Tudor Never Let A Pal Down

Brave Southtown Marine
Limps into Guam Invasion; Killed by Shell in Foxhole.

BY A MARINE COMBAT CORRESPONDENT.

SOMEBWHERE IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC (Delayed).- The trim white marker over his grave simply reads: "George V. Tudor, gunnery sergeant." An appropriate epitaph might well be: "He never let his boys down."

Gunnery Sergeant Tudor, before he became a marine, lived with a sister, Mrs. Mary T. Lavery, at 5914 Green St. His body lies in a hillside plot on Guam, overlooking the beach he helped take with his machine gun platoon.

He went ashore D-Day despite the fact that, for nearly a month, he had scarcely been able to walk because of a foot infection.

Doctor's Advice.

"You'll not be landing tomorrow," a doctor told him the day before the assault.

"Can't stay here," was the gunnery sergeant's reply. "Fix up the foot a little and by tomorrow I'll be able to go in."

He made the landing with his men.

The going wasn't too tough the first day as Tudor's platoon moved through the seaside town of Agat.

That night he "dug in" and occupied a foxhole with a lieutenant.

At midnight the Japs attacked with hand grenades and mortar fire.

A grenade flew into the foxhole. The officer threw it out.

A Fatal Hit.

The lieutenant was wounded.

Marines who served with Tudor during two years' fighting in the Pacific speak of the Southtowner with unsparing praise.

"He never let anyone down," is their most frequent comment.

"When there was a tough job to do in combat—or anywhere—George was right there to help out."

So goes the story of Gunnery Sergeant George V. Tudor, a marine's marine. But there is an epilogue:

A few days after George gave his life on Guam, a telegram arrived reporting the death of his mother, Mrs. Sofi Tudor. Neither knew of the other's death.