

BOOKS

Continued from page 18

cast or sold on record or tape is produced in another country. Sound faces problems with producing, recording, and distributing Canadian music. The CRTC's content policy which forces radio to play at least 30 percent Canadian music has encouraged original productions, but the definition of Canadian content is weak.

The chapter concludes with specific suggestions for encouraging this industry: tax incentives, government assisted loans, higher duty on imported tapes, diversified distribution networks.

GUTENBERG

Continued from page 19

While a good attempt has been made to simplify this process through the use of tutorials and extensive written documentation, additional aids are required to reduce the frustration level of even the experienced microcomputer user, when they start to use this program. While one of the great joys in using this program is watching the output come off the printer; one of the great sorrows is the amount of time that it takes to learn how to successfully make changes in the program's formatting statements. Perhaps more examples with line by line, cross referenced explanation of an actual functioning "print" program, could facilitate the learning process.

Finally, the Gutenberg boot disk is a locked, copy protected disk. This feature prevents the program from being used with either a pseudo-disk or a hard disk storage system. Also, Gutenberg text files are not readable by the normal Apple disk operating system. To compensate for this feature, a Gutenberg utility program has been provided. The use of this program permits the user to convert text files, previously created with other word processing programs, to Gutenberg text files and vice versa.

In summary then, the Gutenberg word-processing program has been designed to perform all of the functions associated with small scale typesetting. Its primary weakness is that it is a complex and difficult program to learn how to use. On the other hand, its primary strength is that, when combined with the qualities of a good dot matrix printer, its capabilities exceed the capabilities of any word-processing program currently on the market. In this reviewer's opinion, anyone who is working in a media related environment which requires the routine use of non-English languages or the regular use of specialized symbols, will find that Gutenberg's strengths far outweigh Gutenberg's weaknesses.

Radio

The chapter opens with a concise history of Canadian radio and the establishment of the CBC radio network.

Many of the problems outlined in the radio section are intimately connected with production problems in the Canadian recording industry. Specific details on radio audience, listening patterns and programming characteristics are given. These facts help us to understand the radio industry in Canada and provide some specific suggestions for improvement.

Moving Images

Movies and the NFB are integrally linked in Canada because for years the NFB was the only film production establishment in the country. Obviously the basic information on the NFB is explained, but it is supplemented by facts on the commercial distribution network. The goals of the Canadian Film Development Corporation are also critically reviewed.

Television

The television industry concludes the review of cultural industries. Like other

sections, it reviews the development of T.V. in this country and highlights the problems of producing top quality Canadian programming on a CBC budget.

Pay T.V. and the feature film industry are discussed. The chapter identifies as the key issue the definition of Canadian material.

The book concludes with a strong discussion of the financial impact of the communication industry on society. Consumer expenditure on the cultural products has increased dramatically in the last 10 years. The market for cultural products and programs is expected to increase more rapidly than the economy as a whole. The obvious problem becomes one of supply. Domestic involvement in Canadian news, current affairs, sports and talk shows is high. In comparison Canadian books, records, films, entertainment programs have a very limited market share.

This market share is the fundamental problem outlined in Audley's book. He makes specific suggestions for changing policy and the suggestions are intimately connected with the nature of the industry.

SIMON FRASER UNIVERSITY Faculty of Education COMPUTER EDUCATION

An assistant or possibly Associate Professor, tenure track position is open in computing and education.

Qualifications:

Doctorate in studies linking instruction and computing technology. The candidate's prior experience should demonstrate the capacity to conduct theoretical and applied research, and should demonstrate quality as a teacher.

Duties:

Course development and teaching in programs spanning preservice and inservice, scholarship in a cognate field (e.g., cognitive science, math or science education, artificial intelligence) is highly desirable, Supervision of graduate students at Masters and Ph.D. level; development of a long-term program of funded research. Could include involvement in administration of a Learning Resources Laboratory with a fully developed microcomputer laboratory.

Appointment:

The appointment will be effective September 1, 1984; subject to final budget authorization.

Application:

Letter of application, together with curriculum vitae and the names of three referees, should be sent to Dr. George Ivany, Dean of Education, Simon Fraser University, Burnaby, B.C., V5A 1S6.

Preference will be given to applicants eligible for employment in Canada at the time of application.

Closing Date:

Applications will be received until January 15, 1984.

ALLIGATOR

By James Michener

Editor's Introduction

Fiction can not only entertain, it can also instruct. Such was the philosophy stated in the first issue of CJEC (vol. 12) when we reprinted the classic Canadian short story "The Movies Come to Gull Point," as the first in a series of fiction specially relevant to the field of educational media. In this issue we continue our exploration in "Alligator", one of the short stories from James Michener's classic work TALES OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC.

First, a word of caution. "Alligator" has nothing whatsoever to do with educational media. It has nothing to do with educational technology. BUT this story of the American attack on Kurelai is the epitome of the systems approach in action. That systematic approach has since become the hallmark of contemporary educational technology with its define-develop-evaluate paradigm.

The origins of the systematic approach are often traced to the US military activities of World War II. But how much educational technology and instructional development actually owe to the military training experience is unrecorded. James Michener's short story which follows helps to set the record straight. As you read, you will find it nothing short of remarkable, how all of our ID concepts were pre-applied in a non instructional activity. The following provides a brief analysis of "Alligator" as a prototype of the systems approach and as a metaphor for educational technology:

Identify Problem

Not only does the author begin with a clear deliniation of the problem, he goes back one step further and begins where few systems models follow, namely identification of the problem "area". The problem area is the war in the South Pacific. The specific problem is "to take Kurelai". Two constraints are immediately imposed at the outset. First, the attack is to be secret, even from those who will participate, until the last moment. And second, to attack the island is a known impossibility. In Michener's words, "It was a preposterous decision."

Analyze Setting

With the problem clearly identified, the next step in a systems analysis is to analyze the setting. And this is precisely what is described next by the author. Several kinds of analyses are made. The

physical characteristics of the island to be attacked are considered. Lack of accurate maps necessitates sending out reconnaissance parties to collect relevant data to redraw the maps. The disposition of the natives is studied and categorized. The weather conditions are considered:

At this time of year, no hurricanes are to be expected. There is however, record of one that struck three hundred and eighty miles southwest of Kurelai in 1897. Assuming that a hurricane does strike, it will be certain to travel from . . .

Food is studied, and participants are guided by a general heuristic that "if something looks good, smells good, and tastes good, eat it." Like all heuristics, this one leaves something to be desired.

Particular attention is given to the very detailed analysis provided by the medical corps before planning and providing for medical assistance. For example:

They made a study of all amphibious landings of which there was any history. Landings by a large force, by a small force. Landings with a ground swell, and in calm water. Landings with air cover and without. Landings with fierce air opposition and with moderate. Landings with no air opposition. Landings in the tropics, in the arctic, and in temperate climate. Landings with hospital ships available and with hospital ships sunk. In fact, where no experience was available to draw upon, the doctors spent hours imagining what might conceivably happen. Slowly and with much revision, they proceeded to draw up tables.

Organize Management

Management personnel are selected according to their special areas of expertise — ranging from top ranking officers stationed in Washington, to the rank and file soldier on reconnaissance patrol. Each has clearly defined responsibilities which become subsystems of the overall system. The larger system is given the code name of "Alligator". Among the subsystems discussed in depth are the mapmakers, the destroyers, and the medical corps.

Specify Objectives

The development stage begins at this point. The terminal objective is of course, "to take Kurelai". Enabling objectives abound in the story, and indeed can be found in nearly every paragraph.

In fact, the very multiplicity of enabling objectives assists in keeping the mission a secret, mainly because almost no one is aware of what the enabling objectives are leading towards! Rather like an instructional situation often is, one suspects, although this time with reason!

Identify Methods of Procedure

These are clearly specified, always with alternate choices. At the extreme, "The admiral in charge of providing the necessary number of destroyers for the operation studied eighteen or twenty contingencies."

Construct Prototype

The master plan is developed using a team of developers, combined with resource persons. The result is a sort of multi-media kit consisting of a 612 page text and six accompanying maps of the area.

Consider the Human Element

System experts are constantly being reminded that with all their science, the human factor is still of primary consideration, perhaps even, the overriding factor. Mitchener too recognized this critical element:

Admiral Kester closed the book. Alligator, it said on the brown stiff paper cover. At that moment similar Alligators were being studied by men responsible for submarine patrols, aircraft operations, battleship dispositions, and supply. Each of the men — and it is easy to understand why — said, as he closed the book after his first cursory study of it, "Well, now it's up to me."

Implement and Evaluate

Finally the strike is on! Where the planning is accurate, success follows. Where weakness occurs, likewise so does disaster, tragedy, and death. Although the story stops here, one feels that weaknesses will be carefully examined and corrected the next time round, and that successful elements will be repeated when applicable.

Re-cycle

And so the cycle continues. But not only on the battlefield, and in the systems analysts' "front office", but even in the field of literature. For it is in this re-cycling into a new set of input data, that someone somewhere has remarked, "And thereby hangs a tale". As Mitchener has discovered, not only does all of this make good systems, it also makes a good short story.

— D.H.

One day in November, 1942, a group of admirals met in the Navy Building, in Washington. They discussed the limited victory at Coral Sea. They estimated our chances on Guadalcanal. They progressed to other considerations, and toward the end of the meeting the officer who was serving as improvised chairman said, "We will take Kuralei!"

It was a preposterous decision. Our forces at that moment were more than a thousand enemy-held miles from Kuralei. We barely had enough planes in the Pacific to protect the Marines on Guadalcanal. Our ability to hold what we had grabbed and to digest what we held was uncertain. The outcome in the Pacific was undecided when the men in Washington agreed that next they would take Kuralei.

Equally fantastic men in Russia made equally fantastic decisions. They forgot that Von Paulus was at the gates of Stalingrad. They were saying, "And when we have captured Warsaw, we will sweep on directly to Posnan. If necessary, we will bypass that city and strike for the Oder. That is what we will do."

And in London, Americans and British ignored Rommel at the threshold of Alexandria and reasoned calmly, "When we drive Rommel out of Tunisia, and when you Americans succeed in your African venture, we will land upon Sicily in this manner."

That each of these three grandiose dreams came true is a miracle of our age. I happened to see why the Kuralei adventure succeeded. It was because of Alligator. I doubt if anything that I shall ever participate in again will have quite the same meaning to me. Alligator was a triumph of mind, first, and then of muscle. It was a rousing victory of the spirit, consummated in the flesh. It was to me, who saw it imperfectly and in part, a lasting proof that democratic men will ever be the equals of those who deride the system; for it was an average group of hard-working Americans who devised Alligator.

First the admirals in Washington conveyed their decision to their subordinates. "We will take Kuralei!" One of the subordinates told me that his head felt like a basket of lead when the words were spoken. "Take Kuralei!" he laughed in retrospect. "It was as silly as suggesting that we sail right in and take Rabaul, or Truk, or Palau. At that time it was a preposterous imagination."

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But he and perhaps sixty other high-ranking officers set out to take Kuralei. Specialists of all branches of the service studied Kuralei day and night, to the exclusion of all else. Map-makers were called in to make complete maps of Kuralei . . . and four other islands so that no one could say for sure, "Kuralei is next." It was soon discovered that there were no maps of the island that could be trusted. Months later, lonely aircraft stole over Kuralei at great speed, and unarmed. They photographed the island . . . and four other islands, and some were never seen again. A submarine one night put six men ashore to reconnoiter a Kuralei beach. They returned. The men who crept ashore on another island did not return, but even in the moments of their darkest torture those men could not imperil the operation, for they knew nothing. In five months the first maps of Kuralei were drawn. They proved to be sixty percent accurate. Hundreds of lives paid for each error in those maps; hundreds more live today because the maps contained so much accurate information.

The admiral in charge of providing the necessary number of destroyers for the operation studied eighteen or twenty contingencies. *If* the submarine menace abates within four months; *if* we could draw twelve destroyers from the Aleutians; *if* we had only eight carriers to protect; *if* we can insist upon using only those transports that make sixteen knots; *if* we can rely upon complete outfitting in Brisbane; *if* Camden and Seattle can finish outfitting the cruisers we need; *if* the job between here and Ascension can be turned over to destroyer escorts; *if* the African experiment needs all the destroyers allocated to it; *if* we could draw heavily upon MacArthur's fleet for the time being; *if* reports from Korea four weeks previous to D-day continue favorable as to the disposition of the Jap fleet; *if* we decide to knock out most of the shore batteries by aerial bombardment; *if* we have a margin of safety at Midway; *if* we have an air cover as powerful as we plan; *if* we can suspend all convoys south of Pearl Harbor, and so on until a truly perplexing number of possibilities had been considered. But when a man whose life has been planned to the sea, whose whole purpose for living is meeting an emergency like this, spends four months on the problem of destroyers at Kuralei, one has a right to expect a judicious decision.

The medical corps attacked their problem somewhat differently. They made a study of all amphibious landings of which there was any history. Landings by a large force, by a small force. Landings with a ground swell and in calm water. Landings with air cover and without. Landings with fierce air opposition and with moderate. Landings with no air opposi-

tion. Landings in the tropics, in the arctic, and in temperate climate. Landings with hospital ships available and with hospital ships sunk. In fact, where no experience was available to draw upon, the doctors spent hours imagining what might conceivably happen. Slowly and with much revision, they proceeded to draw up tables. "Against a beach protected by a coral reef, with a landing made at high tide against effective, but harassed enemy opposition, casualties may be expected as follows . . ." Specialists went to work upon the tentative assumptions. "Of any 100 casualties suffered in this operation, it is safe to predict that the following distribution by type will be encountered." Next research doctors computed the probable percentages of leg wounds, stomach wounds, head wounds, arms shattered, faces blown away, testicles destroyed, eyes lost forever, and feet shot off. Then the hospital men took over. "It can be seen from the accompanying table that xx hospital ships with xx beds must be provided for this operation. Of the xx beds, no less than xx percent must be adjustable beds to care for wounds in categories k through r." Next the number of surgeons required was determined, the number of corpsmen, the number of nurses and their desired distribution according to rank, the number of enterologists, head specialists, eye men, and genito-urinary consultants. The number of operating tables available was determined, as were all items of equipment. A survey was made of every available hospital and medical facility from Pearl Harbor to Perth. "By the time this operation commences, it is reasonable to assume that we shall have naval hospitals on Guadalcanal, the Russell's, Munda; that we shall have increased facilities in the New Hebrides and Noumea; and that projects already under way in New Zealand and Australia will be completed. This means that at the minimum, we shall have . . ." Four medical warehouses were completely checked to see that adequate supplies of all medicines, plasma, bandages, instruments, and every conceivable medical device would be available. "If, as is reasonable to suppose, we have by that time secured an effective airstrip, say at some point like Konora, we will have available fourteen hospital planes which should be able to evacuate critically wounded men at the rate of . . ." At this point a senior naval doctor interrupted all proceedings.

"Let us now assume," he said, "that this operation is a fiasco. Let us imagine for the moment that we have twenty-five percent casualties. That our schedule for operations is doubled. That head wounds are increased two hundred percent. What will we do then?" So the doctors revised their tables and studied new shreds of

past experience. About this time a doctor who had commanded a medical unit for the Marines on Guadalcanal returned to Washington. Eagerly, his fellow physicians shot questions at him for three days. Then they revised their estimates. A British doctor who was passing through Washington on a medical commission that would shortly go to Russia was queried for two days. He had been on Crete. Slowly, with infinite pains, ever cautiously, but with hope, the doctors built up their tables of expectancy. Long before the first ship set sail for Kuralei, almost before the long-range bombers started softening it up, the medical history of the battle was written. Like all such predictions, it was bloody and cruel and remorseless. Insofar as our casualties fell short of the doctors' fearful expectations, we would achieve a great victory. And if our losses amounted to only one half or one third of the predictions, hundreds upon hundreds of homes in the United States would know less tragedy than now they could expect to know. In such an event Admiral Kester would be able to report on the battle in those magic words: "Our losses were unexpectedly light." It was strange. The men who would make up the difference between the expected dead and the actual dead would never know that they were the lucky ones. But all the world would be richer for their having lived.

About this time it was necessary to take more and more men into the secret of Kuralei. Seven months had passed. An inspiring whisper was sweeping the Navy: "A big strike is on." Everyone heard the whisper. Stewards' mates in Australia, serving aboard some harbor tug, knew "something was up." Little Japanese boys who shined shoes in Pearl Harbor knew it, and so did the French girls who waited store in Noumea. But *where* was the strike directed? *When* it was timed to hit? More than half a year had passed since the decision had been reached. Evidences of the decision were everywhere, but the ultimate secret was still protected. A manner of referring to the secret without betraying it was now needed.

Alligator was the code word decided upon. It was the Alligator operation. Now the actual printing of schedules could proceed. Wherever possible, names were omitted. Phrases such as this appeared: "Alligator can be depended upon to suck the Japanese fleet . . ." "Alligator will need not less than twenty personnel planes during the period . . ." "Two weeks before Alligator D-day, hospitals in the area south of . . ." The compilation of specific instructions had begun. Mimeograph machines were working, and over certain offices an armed guard watched night and day. Alligator was committed.

The day upon which the Kuralei opera-

tion was named, Captain Samuel Kelley, SC, USN, left Washington for the island of Efate, in the New Hebrides. He was instructed to assume full command of all supply facilities in that area and to be prepared to service a major strike. "Nothing," he was told, "must interfere with the effective handling of this job. Our entire position in the Pacific depends upon the operation."

At the same time a captain close to Admiral King was dispatched with verbal instructions to Admiral Kester, to the top-flight officers at Pearl Harbor, and to General MacArthur. This captain did not know of Captain Kelley's commission, and the two men flew out to the South Pacific in the same plane, each wondering what the other was going to do there.

Meanwhile, in Washington plans had gone as far as they could. In minutely guarded parcels they were flown to Pearl Harbor, where Admiral Nimitz and his staff continued the work and transmuted it into their own.

No commitments had been made as to when D-day should be, but by the time the project was turned over to Admiral Nimitz, it did not look half so foolish as when it was hatched in Washington. By the time I heard of it much later, it seemed like a logical and almost inevitable move. The subtle difference is that when I saw how reasonable it was, the plan was already so far progressed that only a major catastrophe could have disrupted it. I think that therein lies the secret of modern amphibious warfare.

In Pearl Harbor the mimeograph machines worked harder and longer than they had in Washington. Day by day new chapters were revised or destroyed, and yet there was no printed hint as to where Alligator would strike. All that could be told for certain was that a tremendous number of ships was involved. The super-secret opening sections of Alligator had not yet been printed, nor would they be until the last few weeks before the inevitable day.

At this stage of developments I was sent to Pearl Harbor on uncertain orders. I had a suspicion that I might be travelling there in some connection or other with the impending strike. I thought it was going to be against some small island near Bougainville. For a few electric moments I thought it might even be against Kavieng. Kuralei never entered my head.

I landed at the airfield and went directly to Ford Island, where I bunked with an old friend, a Lt. English. Sometime later Tony Fry flew up on business, and the two of us lay in the sun, swapped scuttlebutt, and waited in one dreary office after another. Since I was a qualified messenger and had nothing to do, I was sent out to Midway with some papers connected with Alligator. The island made no impression on me. It was merely

a handful of sand and rock in the dreary wastes of the Pacific. I have since thought that millions of Americans now and in the future will look upon Guadalcanal, New Georgia, and Kuralei as I looked upon Midway that very hot day. The islands which are cut upon my mind will be to others mere stretches of jungle or bits of sand. For those other men cannot be expected to know. They were not there.

Finally Tony Fry left for Segi Point, an infinitesimal spot in the Solomons. English had to go on a trip somewhere, and I was alone in the rooms on Ford Island. Young officers reported in by the hundreds in those exciting days prior to the big strike, and after brief interviews, hurried on to islands they had never heard of, to ships they had never known. I stayed, and stayed, and stayed. I did the usual things one did in Pearl Harbor, but somehow the crowds appalled me, and an evil taste never left my mouth. Other men have had similar experiences, in California, or New York, or Oklahoma. They were home, yet there was an evil taste in their mouths; for not even Chicago or Fort Worth can solace a man who has been in the islands and who knows another great strike is forming. His wife and his mother may tell him that he is home now, and order him to forget the battles, but he knows in his heart that he is not home.

It was in this mood that I reported one day to fleet headquarters. That time the call was not in vain. I was given a medium-sized briefcase, unusually heavy. I was told that if our plane went down at sea, I must throw the case into the water. It was guaranteed to sink in eight seconds. I was given a pistol, and a Marine sergeant as an armed guard. With an armed escort I was taken to a waiting airplane. Seven other officers were in the plane, and I was certain that at least one of them was a guard assigned to watch me, but which officer it was I could not ascertain.

We stopped that night at Funafuti, a speck in the ocean. Two guards were stationed at my quarters, which was shared with no one. In the morning the procedure of the previous day was repeated, and we left Funafuti, a truly dismal island, for sprawling New Caledonia.

When we were about an hour away from Noumea, where Admiral Kester had his headquarters, an unfavorable weather report was received, and we were directed to land at Plaine des Gaiacs, an airstrip some distance from Noumea. We made what I considered a pretty hazardous landing, for we were well shaken up. We had a difficult decision to make. Should we fly to Noumea in a smaller plane? Should we go down by jeep? Or should we lay over until morning? It was decided to wait an hour and to try the first alternative.

A TBF took us down, and it was then that I learned which of my fellow officers was my extra guard. It was a jay-gee who looked exactly like a bank clerk. In the crowded TBF we never acknowledged that either knew why the other was there. At Magenta we made a wretched landing, and both the jay-gee and I were obviously frightened when we left the plane. Bad weather was all about us, and we wondered how the pilot had felt his way through the clouds.

Again an armed car was waiting, and we proceeded directly to Admiral Kester's headquarters. There the admiral was waiting. Three of us, the jay-gee, the Marine, and I, presented the briefcase to him.

Admiral Kester took the case into his room and opened it. It contained a mimeographed book, eight and one half inches by fourteen. The book contained six hundred and twelve pages, plus six mimeographed maps. The most startling thing about the book was the first page. The first sentence designated the forthcoming operation as Alligator. The second sentence was short. It said simply, "You will proceed to Kuralei and invest the island."

Slowly, like one who had acquired a Shakespeare folio after years of dreaming, Admiral Kester leafed idly through the super-secret first pages. The warships of his task force were named. The points of rendezvous indicated. The location of every ship was shown for 1200 and 2400 hours of each of the five days preceding the landings. The barrages, the formation of the landing craft, the composition of aerial bombardment, code words for various hours, radio frequencies, location of spotting points, and every other possible detail which might ensure successful operations against the enemy—all were given in the first few pages. Only the time for D-day was missing.

The admiral passed over the opening pages and dipped at random into the massive volume. Page 291: "At this time of year no hurricanes are to be expected. There is, however, record of one that struck three hundred and eighty miles southeast of Kuralei in 1897. Assuming that a hurricane does strike, it will be certain to travel from . . ."

On page 367 Kester read that "the natives of Kuralei should be presumed to be unfriendly. Long and brutal administration under the Germans was not modified by the Japanese. Instead of finding the natives opposed to Japanese rule, American forces will find them apathetic or even hostile. Under no circumstances should they be used as runners, messengers, or watchers. They should, however, be questioned if captured or if they surrender."

On page 401 the admiral was advised that fruit on Kuralei was much the same

as that on islands farther south and that in accordance with the general rule of the South Pacific, "if something looks good, smells good and tastes good, eat it!"

It was on page 492 that the admiral stopped. "Casualties may be expected to be heavy. The landing on Green Beach will probably develop an enfilading fire which will be aimed high. Chest, head, and face casualties are expected to be above that in any previous operation. If barbed wire has been strung at Green Beach since the reconnoiters of December, casualties will be increased. Every precaution must be made to see that all hospital ships, field hospital units, and base hospitals in the area are adequately staffed to handle an influx of wounds in the head and chest. This is imperative."

On page 534 a clear night was predicted from the hours of 0100 on until about 0515, Depending upon D-day, the moon might or might not be bright enough to completely silhouette the fleet. It was to be noticed, however, that even a crescent moon shed enough light to accomplish that purpose. The brighter planets were sometimes sufficiently strong, in the tropics, to outline a battleship.

Admiral Kester closed the book. Alligator, it said on the brown stiff-paper cover. At that moment similar Alligators were being studied by men responsible for submarine patrols, aircraft operations, battleship dispositions, and supply. Each of the men—and it is easy to understand why said, as he closed the book after his first cursory study of it, "Well, now it's up to me."

D-day would be selected later, and some officer-messenger like me would fly to various islands and move under heavy guard. He would, like me, be some unlikely candidate for the job, and to each copy of Alligator in circulation he would add one page. It would contain the date of D-day. From that moment on, there would be no turning back. A truly immense project would be in motion. Ships that sailed four months before from Algiers, or Bath, or San Diego would be committed to a deathless battle. Goods that had piled up on wharves in San Francisco and Sydney would be used at last. Blood plasma from a town in Arkansas would find its merciful destination. Instruments from London, salt pork from Illinois, Diesel oil from Louisiana, and radio parts from a little town in Pennsylvania converged slowly upon a small island in the remote Pacific.

Men were on the move, too. From Australia, New Zealand, the Aleutians, Pearl Harbor, Port Hueneme, and more than eight hundred other places, men slowly or speedily collected at appointed spots. Marines who were sweating and cursing in Suva would soon find themselves caught in a gasping swirl which

would end only upon the beach at Kuralei, or a mile inland, or, with luck, upon the topmost rock of the topmost hill.

Each of the remaining bits of gossip in this book took place after the participants were committed to Kuralei. That is why, looking back upon them now, these men do not seem so foolish in their vanities, quarrels, and pretensions. They didn't know what was about to happen to them, and they were happy in their ignorance.

The intensity, the inevitability, the grudgingness of Alligator were too great for any one man to comprehend. It changed lives in every country in the world. It exacted a cost from every family in Japan and America. Babies were born and unborn because of Alligator, and because of Alligator a snub-nosed little girl in Columbia, South Carolina, who never in a hundred years would otherwise have found herself a husband, was proposed to by a Marine corporal she had met only once. He was on the first wave that hit the beach, and the night before, when he thought of the next day, he cast up in his mind all the good things he had known in life. There was Mom and Pop, and an old Ford, and Saturday nights in a little Georgia town, and being a Marine, and being a corporal, and there wasn't a hell of a lot more. But there was that little girl in Columbia, South Carolina. She was plain, but she was nice. She was the kind of girl that sort of looked up to a fellow. So this Marine borrowed a piece of paper and wrote to that girl: "Dear Florella, Mabe you dont no who i am i am that marine Joe Blight brot over to see you. You was very sweet to me that night Florella and I want to tell you that if i . . ."

But he didn't. Some don't. To Florella, though, who would never be married in a hundred years anyway, that letter, plus the one the chaplain sent with it . . . well, it was almost as good as being married.

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AMTEC Leadership Award

The premier award given by AMTEC is the Leadership Award, a handsome engraved gold medallion. There may be no more than two recipients in any one year, and it is given in recognition of outstanding service in the field of educational media. Following are the general criteria for the award:

1. The nominee must have been active in the educational media field for 10 years or more.
2. The nominee may have been active at either local, regional, national or international level.
3. The award may be presented to one who is active, retired or deceased.
4. Nominations may be made by any member of AMTEC.
5. The nomination must include a brief biographical sketch of the nominee as well as any other information which will be useful to the selection committee in making their decision. This should include the educational background and the reasons why the nominator feels the award should be made.

Presentation of the award(s) will be made at the AMTEC Annual Conference Awards Function. This will be part of the annual conference in London in June 1984.

Nominations should be submitted to the Awards Chairman as soon as possible. Address all nominations to:

David MacDougall
Director of AV and TV Services
Sheridan College of AA & T
1430 Trafalgar Rd.
Oakville, Ontario L6H 1L1