

Demianow, John

## LOCAL MAN AN UNSUNG HERO ON BATTLE LINE

MAR 9 1943

**Pvt. Demianow, Medical Unit,  
Braves Enemy Fire to Aid  
Wounded.**

By RUSSELL LANDSTROM

London, March 9 (AP)—Much of human courage, dignity and fellowship is manifested in the fighting sectors of French North Africa, but in the heat of getting out the most important news first individual stories are often lost.

Back in Britain after three months in French North Africa, I find these among my sharpest recollections:

An allied attack in a mountain pass of southern Tunisia was moving toward a successful conclusion. The decisive advance was scheduled for 5 o'clock in the afternoon. It had been a day of some tension; just had bombed and strafed in the morning.

About an hour before the final assault the enemy opened up with a little extra machine gun fire. A man screamed. Others yelled for first-aid men.

John Demianow of Bethlehem, Pa., a short, thin, bespectacled private in the medical unit, raced to the crest of the mountain where the wounded man, a corporal, was laying in great pain. The corporal had been hit in the right shoulder by a machine gun bullet and the wound looked bad.



PVT. JOHN DEMIANOW

Emergency treatment, including, of course, a pain-relieving drug, was given him. Then he was taken, gray and twisted, to a first-aid station in the rear. On the way to the ambulance he tried to grin. The right sleeve of his field jacket was soaked with blood, and stains of the wound were on Demianow, too.

The corporal's platoon commander called around to see him that night, once the enemy had been killed or captured. The corporal, whose every moment must have been extremely painful, said to his lieutenant, "I'm sorry I yelled up there on the mountain like that. It hurt like hell, but I didn't mean to kick up a fuss."

"One of the pluckiest men we've had," said Captain Harry Rainey, of Scranton, Pa., who has since been promoted to a major in the medical corps.

Familiarly known to a legion of friends as "Smitty", the local soldier apparently has what it takes to make a fearless American.

From an authoritative source, it was learned that he is 5 feet 1 inch tall, and when he donned the country's uniform he weighed 115 pounds.

Born in Bethlehem on May 29, 1919, he is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Demianow, 1318 East Fourth Street. Prior to his induction into the armed forces, he was an employe of the Modern Throwing Mill, at Fifth and Williams Streets.

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