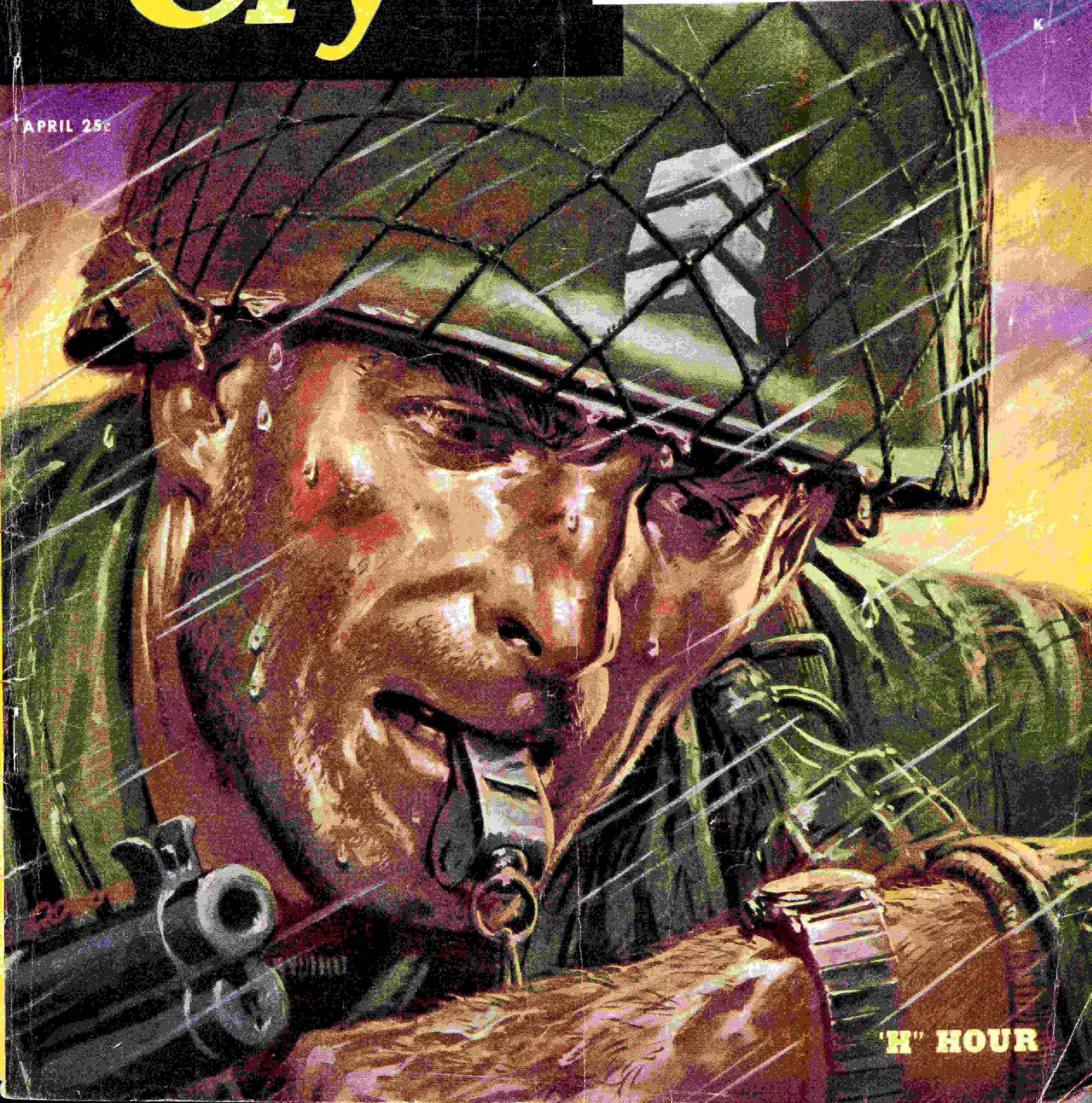


Battle Cry

ARMY NURSES
Saints or Sinners?
JAN 25 M.C.
HOT SPOT in the COLD WAR!

**WE GOT KILLED
AT KASSERINE PASS!**

APRIL 25c



'H' HOUR

Reducing Specialist Says:
LOSE WEIGHT

Where
It
Shows
Most

REDUCE

MOST ANY
PART OF
THE
BODY WITH

UL UNDERWRITERS
LABORATORY
APPROVED

Spot Reducer

Relaxing • Soothing
Penetrating Massage



**ELECTRIC
Spot
Reducer**



FOR GREATEST BENEFIT IN REDUCING by massage use SPOT REDUCER with or without electricity—Also used as an aid in the relief of pains for which massage is indicated.

TAKE OFF EXCESS WEIGHT!

Don't Stay FAT—You Can Lose POUNDS and INCHES SAFELY Without Risking HEALTH

Take pounds off—keep slim and trim with SPOT REDUCER! Remarkable new invention which uses one of the most effective reducing methods employed by masseurs and turkish baths—MASSAGE!

PLUG IN
GRASP
HANDLE
AND
APPLY

LIKE a magic wand, the "Spot Reducer" obeys your every wish. Most any part of your body where it is loose and flabby, wherever you have extra weight and inches, the "Spot Reducer" can aid you in acquiring a youthful, slender and graceful figure. The beauty of this scientifically designed Reducer is that the method is so simple and easy, the results quick, sure and harmless. No exercises or strict diets. No steambaths, drugs or laxatives.

With the SPOT REDUCER you can now enjoy the benefits of RELAXING, SOOTHING massage in the privacy of your own home! Simple to use—just plug in, grasp handle and apply over most any part of the body—stomach, hips, chest, neck, thighs, arms, buttocks, etc. The relaxing, soothing massage breaks down FATTY TISSUES, tones muscles and flesh, and the increased awakened blood circulation carries away waste fat—helps you repair and keep a firmer and more GRACEFUL FIGURE!

YOUR OWN PRIVATE MASSEUR AT HOME

When you use the SPOT REDUCER, it's almost like having your own private masseur at home. It's fun reducing this way! It not only helps you reduce and keep slim—but also aids in the relief of those types of aches and pains—and tired nerves that can be helped by massage! The SPOT REDUCER is handsomely made of light weight aluminum and rubber and truly a beautiful invention you will be thankful you own. AC 110 volts. Underwriters Laboratory approved.

MAIL THIS 10 DAY FREE TRIAL COUPON NOW!

TRY THE SPOT REDUCER 10 DAYS FREE IN YOUR OWN HOME!

Mail this coupon with only \$1 for your Spot Reducer on approval. Pay postman \$8.95 plus delivery—or send \$9.95 (full price) and we ship postage prepaid. Use it for ten days in your own home. Then if not delighted return Spot Reducer for full purchase price refund. Don't delay! You have nothing to lose—except ugly, embarrassing, undesirable pounds of FAT. MAIL COUPON NOW!

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318 Market St., Newark, New Jersey

Please send me the Spot Reducer for 10 days trial period. I enclose \$1. Upon arrival I will pay postman only \$8.95 plus postage and handling. If not delighted I may return SPOT REDUCER within 10 days for prompt refund of full purchase price.

I enclose \$12.98. Send DeLuxe Model.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

SAVE POSTAGE—check here if you enclose \$9.95 with coupon. We pay all postage and handling charges. Same money back guarantee applies. I enclose \$12.98. Send DeLuxe Model.

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If you're that man, here's something that will interest you.

Not a magic formula—not a get-rich-quick scheme—but something more substantial, more practical.

Of course, you need something more than just the desire to be an accountant. You've got to pay the price—be willing to study earnestly, thoroughly.

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SAMPLE LESSON
SENT FREE
MAIL COUPON BELOW



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Just suppose you were permitted to work in an accounting firm under the personal supervision of an expert accountant. Suppose, with his aid, you studied accounting principles and solved problems day by day—easy ones at first—then more difficult ones. If you could do this—and could turn to him for advice as the problems became complex—soon you'd master them all.

That's the training you follow in principle under the LaSalle Problem Method.

You cover accountancy from Basic Accounting right through Accounting Systems and Income Tax Procedure. As you go along, you absorb the principles of General Accounting, Auditing and Basic Cost Accounting. Then you may choose Commercial Accounting, Industrial Accounting or Public Accounting and prepare for the C.P.A. examinations.

Your progress is as speedy as you care to make it—depending on your own eagerness to learn and the time you spend in study.

WILL RECOGNITION COME?

Do you feel that such things aren't for you? Well, don't be too sure. Very possibly they can be. You know that success does come to the man who is really trained. It's possible your employers will notice your improvement in a very few weeks or months. Indeed, many LaSalle-trained men have reported substantially increased earnings long before they finished their training. Others have quickly won higher position and larger incomes by changing jobs with the aid of this training.

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Battle Cry



VOLUME 1, NUMBER 23

STANLEY P. MORSE, MICHAEL MORSE, Publishers
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COVER PAINTING BY CLARENCE DOORE

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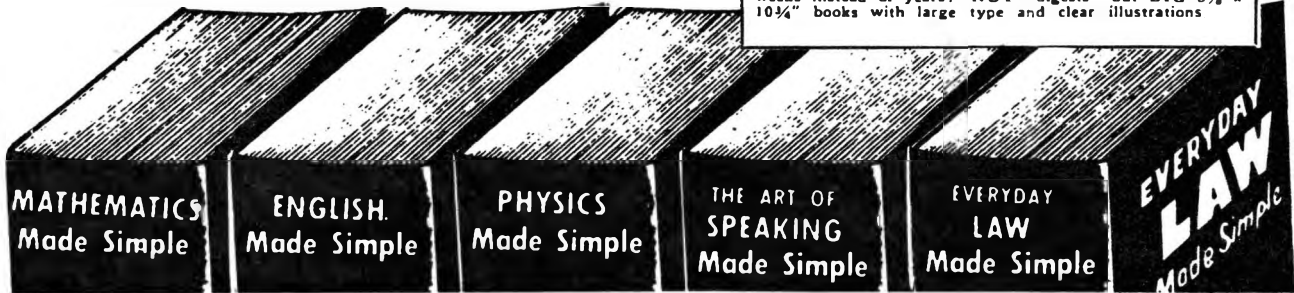
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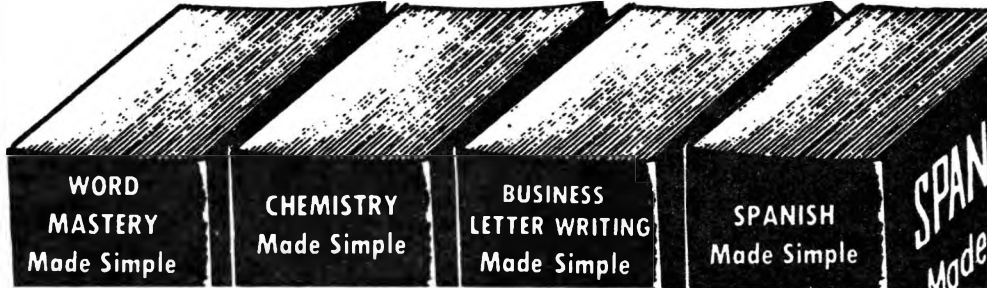
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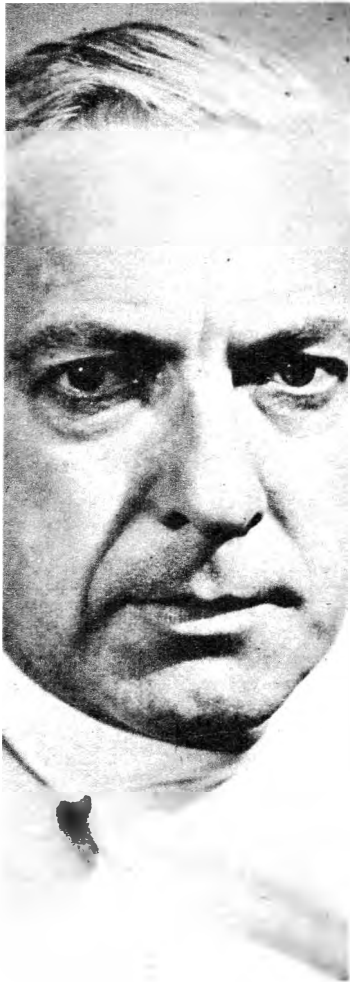
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Minimum order \$2.98. Add \$1.00 for each additional book.

Did You Ever Ask Yourself...

WHY CAN'T I GROW HAIR?



First, let's understand a few facts about hair growth and baldness. Common baldness follows a characteristic pattern. The hair recedes at the temples and there is a gradual loss of hair at the crown of the head. Hair lost in this manner is progressive and, if unchecked, the end result is baldness.

You may have seen ads with "before and after" photographs of men and women enjoying renewed hair growth. These photographs are probably authentic. But the next time you pick up one of these ads observe it carefully. Note that the baldness areas do *not* follow the characteristic pattern of common baldness. Note that the bald spots are not on the crown or at the temples. Instead, they are almost on any other part of the head — the back of the head, the side of the head — places where most people still retain hair after many years of being bald. These people were suffering from a scalp disorder called *alopecia areata*, which means loss of hair in patches. In these cases the hair falls out in clumps practically overnight, and grows back the same way after weeks, months, or years later. Doctors don't know the cause of *alopecia areata* but believe it results from a nervous disturbance.

At any rate, the chances are 98 to 1 that you do *not* have *alopecia areata*.

NOW YOU CAN STOP WORRYING ABOUT BALDNESS

Now we can clear the air. Up to this time no one has discovered how to GROW HAIR ON A BALD HEAD. No, nothing known to modern science, no treatment, no electric gadget, no chemical, no brush, no formula can GROW HAIR. So, if you are already bald, make up your mind you are going to stay that way. Quit worrying about it — enjoy yourself.

But if you are beginning to notice that your forehead is getting larger, beginning to notice too much hair on your comb, beginning to be worried about the dryness or oiliness of your hair, the itchiness of your scalp, the ugly dandruff—these are Nature's Red Flags. They warn you that if these conditions go un-

checked, baldness may be the end result.

Yes, there is something you can now do to help save your hair. The development of the amazing new formula series called Keratone may mean that thousands of men and women can now *increase the life expectancy* of their hair. Keratone has two basic formulas, with the dual purpose of correcting a scalp condition that often results in baldness, and giving greater health and longer life to the hair you still have.

authorities believe may be an essential nutritive factor to the hair and scalp.

(2) As an effective antiseptic, Keratone kills, on contact, seborrhea-causing bacteria believed by many medical authorities to be a cause of baldness. By its keratolitic action, it dissolves dried sebum and ugly dandruff, it controls seborrhea, thereby tending to normalize the lubrication of the hair shaft, and eliminating head scales and scalp itch. In short, Keratone offers a modern effective treatment for the preservation of your hair.

KERATONE IS UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED

Therefore, we offer you this UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTEE. Try Keratone in your own home. In only 10 days your hair must look thicker, more attractive and alive. Your dandruff must be gone, your irritating scalp itch must stop. In only 20 days you must see the remarkable improvement in your scalp condition, and the continued improvement in the appearance of your hair. After 30 days you must be completely satisfied with the rapid progress in the condition of your hair and scalp, or return the unused portion of the treatment and we will refund the entire purchase price at once.

You now have the opportunity to help *increase the life expectancy of your hair — at no risk.*

So don't delay. Nothing — not even Keratone — can grow hair from dead follicles. Fill out the coupon below, while you have this chance to enjoy thicker — stronger — healthier HAIR AGAIN.

© THE KERATONE CO., INC., 23 West 44th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

Note to Doctors

Doctors, clinics, hospitals engaged in clinical work on scalp disorders are invited to write for professional literature and samples of the new Keratone Formula Series.

checked, baldness may be the end result.

Yes, there is something you can now do to help save your hair.

The development of the amazing new formula series called Keratone may mean that thousands of men and women can now *increase the life expectancy* of their hair. Keratone has two basic formulas, with the dual purpose of correcting a scalp condition that often results in baldness, and giving greater health and longer life to the hair you still have.

HOW KERATONE WORKS ON YOUR SCALP

This is how Keratone works: (1) It tends to normalize the secretions of your sebaceous glands, controlling excessive dryness and oiliness. A few treatments, and your hair looks more beautiful, more vital, and healthier. By its rubifacient action, it stimulates blood circulation to the scalp, thereby supplying more nutrition to the hair follicles. It supplies Vitamin A to the scalp, which some medical

BALDNESS WON'T WAIT! ACT NOW!

The KERATONE CO., Inc., 23 West 44th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

Please send at once the complete Keratone hair and scalp treatment (60 days' supply) in plain wrapper. I must be completely satisfied with the results of the treatment, or you GUARANTEE prompt and full refund upon return of unused portion of treatment.

Enclosed find \$10. (Cash, check, money order). Send postpaid.

Send C.O.D. I will pay postman \$10 plus postage charges on delivery.

Name _____

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 . . . filled with gorgeous gift ideas . . . lingerie, pin-up posing outfits, everything that gals adore. The pictures alone are worth the price. Get your hot-off-the-press copy right NOW!



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#923 "Jungle Fever" Leopard-Look Dance-Set 40 denier Nylon tricot. Sizes 32 to 38 . . . \$5.98

#923-A Same style; Red, Black rayon satin. \$5.98

#34 "Pin-Up Picture" Curve-clinging elasticized terry suit has a bare midriff. Black & Gold or Red & White. Sizes 32 to 38. \$6.98

#765 "TV Lounger" 1-piece mid-calf length Hollywood glamour - all. Rayon & acetate taffeta. Zip-front. Red, Black, White, or Green. Sizes 10-18. \$8.98



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#107 "French Lines" Satin with satin-lined cups for firm, pointed uplift. Black or White. Sizes 32 to 38, B-cup or 34 to 38, C-cup . . . \$3.95

#95 "French Accent" Nylon net half-bra. Push-up insets; double wiring; ruffled trim. Black Ice or White. Sizes 32 to 36, A; 32 to 38, B-cup. . . \$5.00

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Frederick's 5430 Hollywood Blvd. Dept. 6602
 OF HOLLYWOOD Hollywood 27, Calif.

Style #	Size	1st color	2nd color	Price

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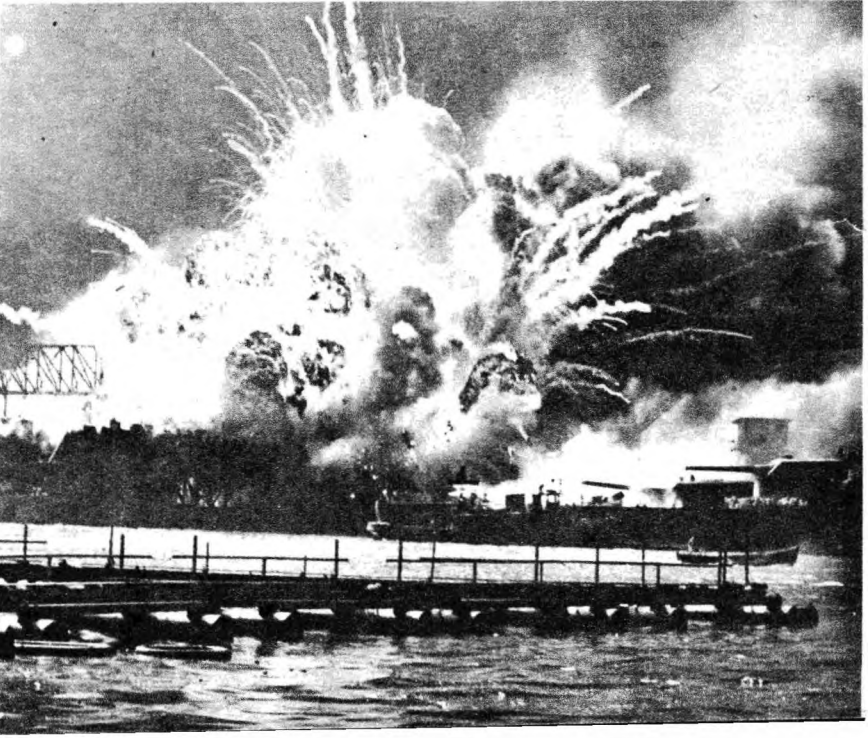
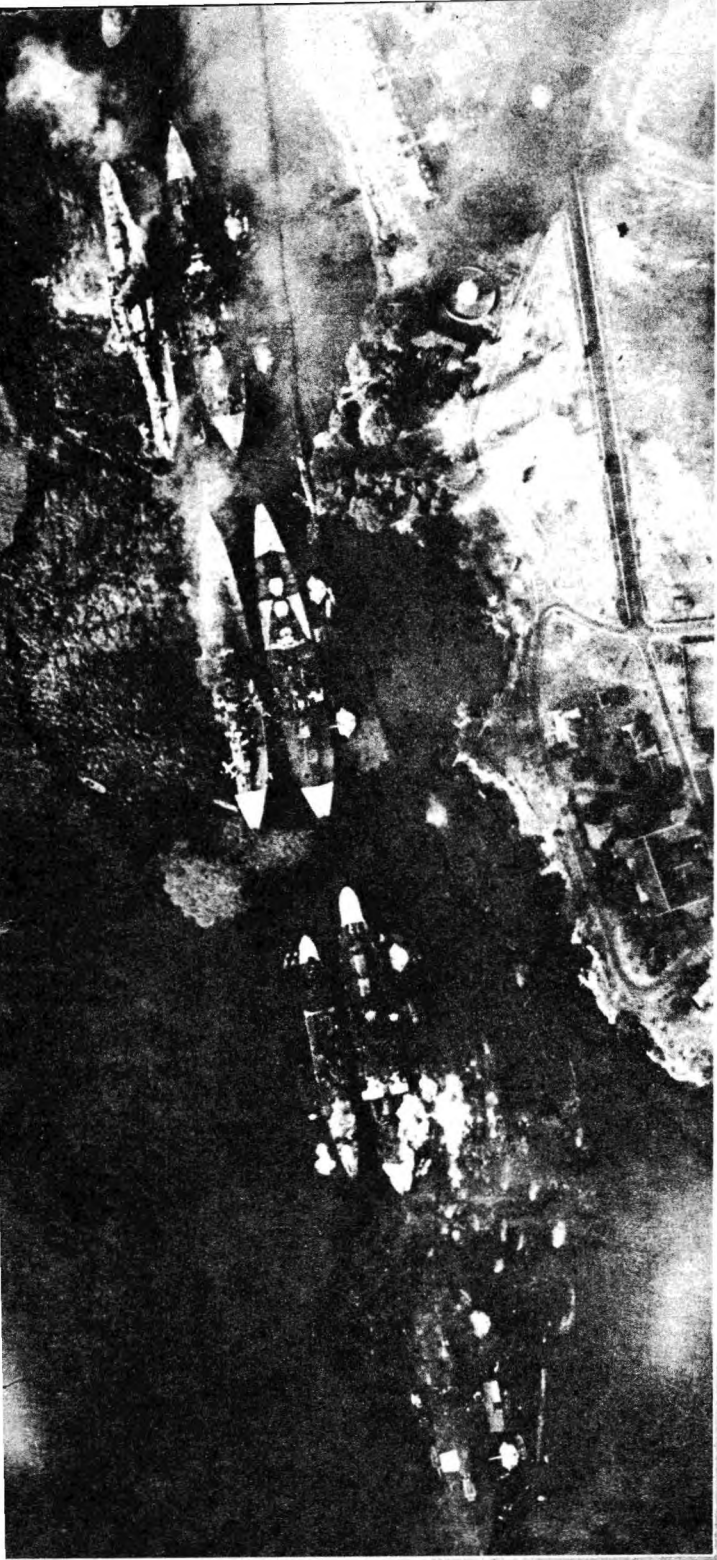
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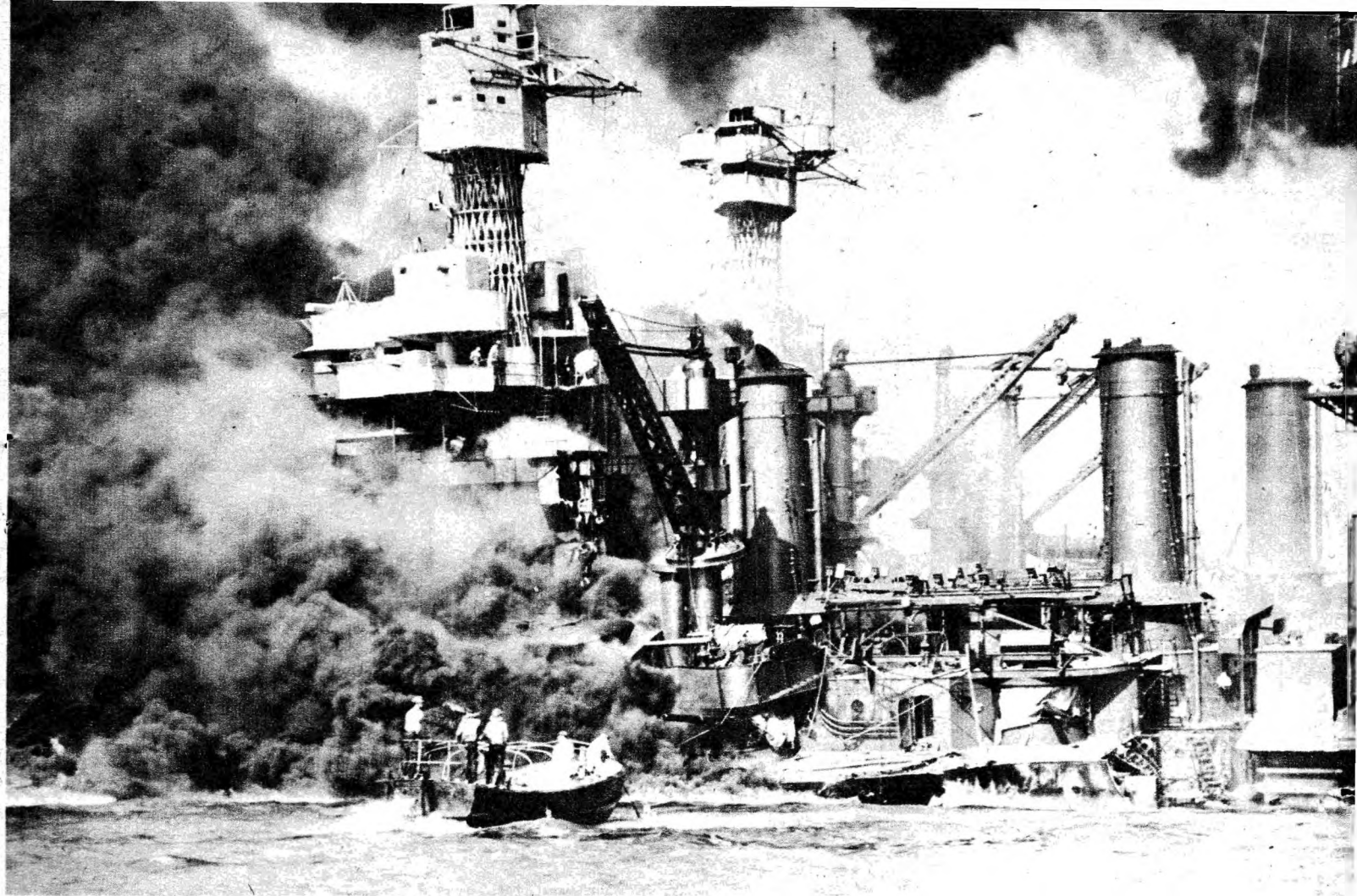
EVERY PENNY BACK IF NOT DELIGHTED!



UP FROM THE MUD

This captured Japanese photograph shows how "Battleship Row" looked to one of the attacking bombers. Notice the bomb pattern straddling the targets. Striking at just the right time, our fleet was helpless and were just sitting ducks to the low-flying marauders. Below, the U.S.S. Shaw, a destroyer, taking a direct hit, explodes.





The mighty battleship *West Virginia*, here covered by dense smoke and flames during the attack, was the special target of the Japanese. She was struck by many bombs and took six torpedoes, all of which caused destruction from stem to stern.

REVENGE is sweet.

Out of the bitter humiliation, and out of the mud, of Pearl Harbor, the iron ghosts of America's sunken Navy rose—to seek revenge. Symbols of vengeful power, the “dead” ships were brought to flaming life again. Then they cut a bloody swathe through the treacherous foes who had laid them low.

When the Japanese sneak attack on Pearl Harbor ended, the exulting Nipponese proclaimed that they had wiped out the American Navy. But the supreme irony of their boast was yet to come. Some of the very ships they had so infamously sunk, were to ride in conquering victory in Tokyo Bay when the beaten Japs signed their surrender.

Eighty-six major ships, the bulk of the American fleet, were moored in Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941. Among them were eight battleships, seven cruisers, 28 destroyers, and five submarines. Fortunately, no aircraft carriers were present.

In the attack the damage was terrific. Apparently

sunk were five battleships—the *Arizona*, *Oklahoma*, *California*, *Nevada*, and *West Virginia*; three destroyers—the *Shaw*, *Cassin*, and *Downes*; the mine-layer *Oglala*; the target ship *Utah*; and a large floating drydock.

Apparently damaged beyond repair were three battleships—the *Maryland*, *Pennsylvania*, and *Tennessee*; three cruisers—the *Helena*, *Honolulu*, and *Raleigh*; the seaplane tender *Curtiss*; and the repair ship *Vestal*.

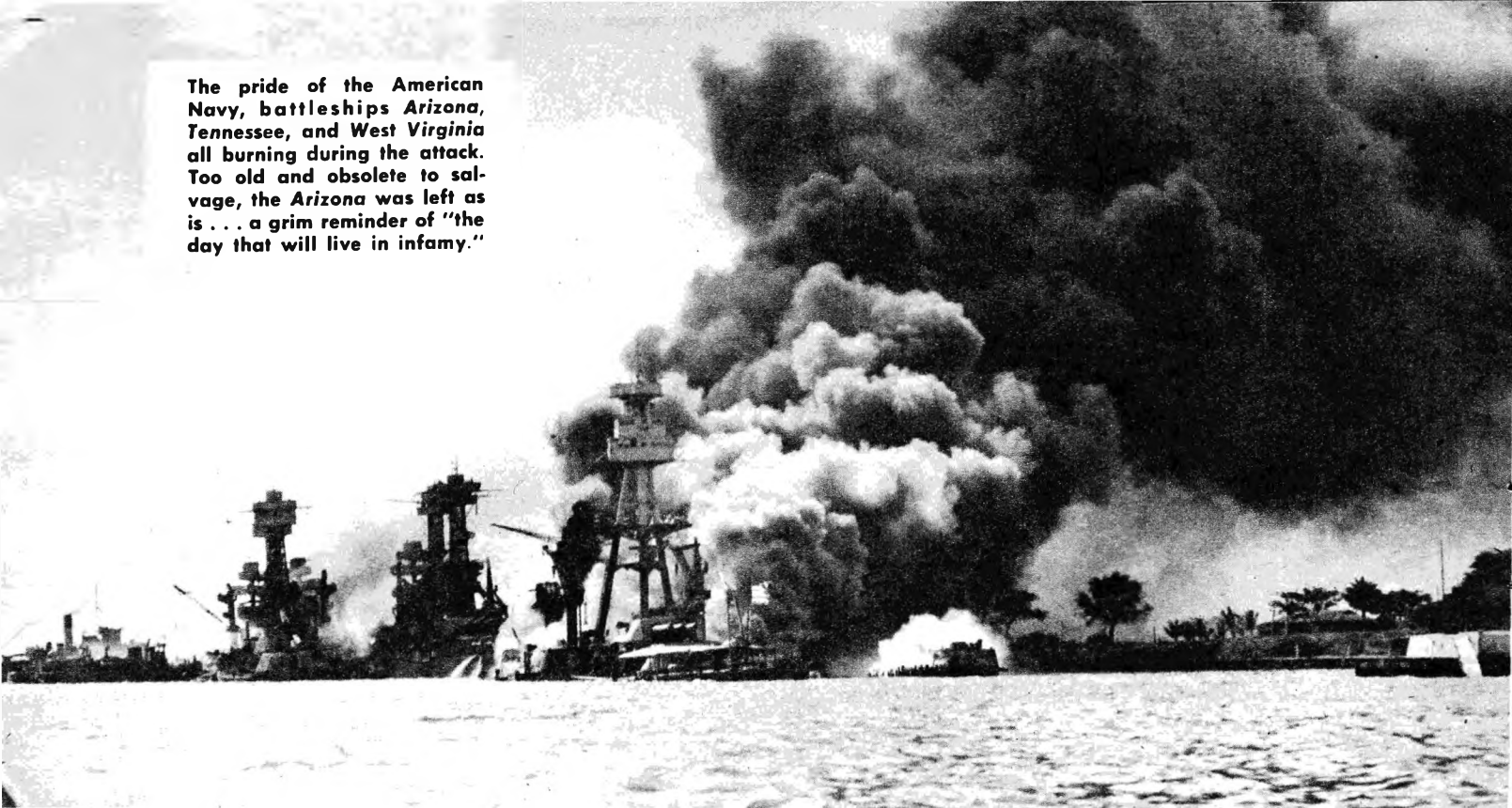
Besides these, 80 Naval aircraft of all types were destroyed, as well as 97 Army planes on Hickam and Wheeler fields. Personnel losses were equally chilling. 2117 officers and enlisted men of the Navy and Marine Corps were killed, 876 wounded, and 960 missing. Most of the missing men were quite certainly known to have been trapped in the sunken *Arizona*. Their skeletons still are entombed in her. 226 Army officers and enlisted men were killed, and 396 wounded.

The deadly determination of the Americans ex-

The saga of the mighty warships that were sent to the bottom at Pearl Harbor. How they came back from the ignomy of defeat to lead mighty task forces westward to victory!

BY TOM KILEY

The pride of the American Navy, battleships *Arizona*, *Tennessee*, and *West Virginia* all burning during the attack. Too old and obsolete to salvage, the *Arizona* was left as is . . . a grim reminder of "the day that will live in infamy."



pressed itself with ominous significance, right after the Pearl Harbor attack. Even while the flames and smoke still boiled over the wrecked armada, the work of reclamation began. Quietly, with business-like orderliness, and with cold-eyed purpose, salvage crews began to clear the wreckage, and to repair and refloat the "destroyed" ships. That same day Naval HQ. loaded salvage experts on planes in the States, and sent them off to Hawaii. An epic of a nation's will, and of a nation's revenge, began as the exulting Jap pilots turned away from the carnage they had so murderously wrought.

U.S.S. Arizona

The 26-year-old battleship *Arizona* lay, burned out, on the bottom of the bay, only her superstructure above water. In her old iron hull nearly a thousand American sailors were entombed. Old and obsolete, she was not worth salvaging.

Her value as a reminder of "the day that will live

in infamy" outweighed her doubtful value as an obsolete battlewagon. Solemnly, the decision was made. She would be left where she was—a stark, grim reminder to the American people. Every time an American fighting man passed her blackened, tomblike silhouette, he would be reminded.

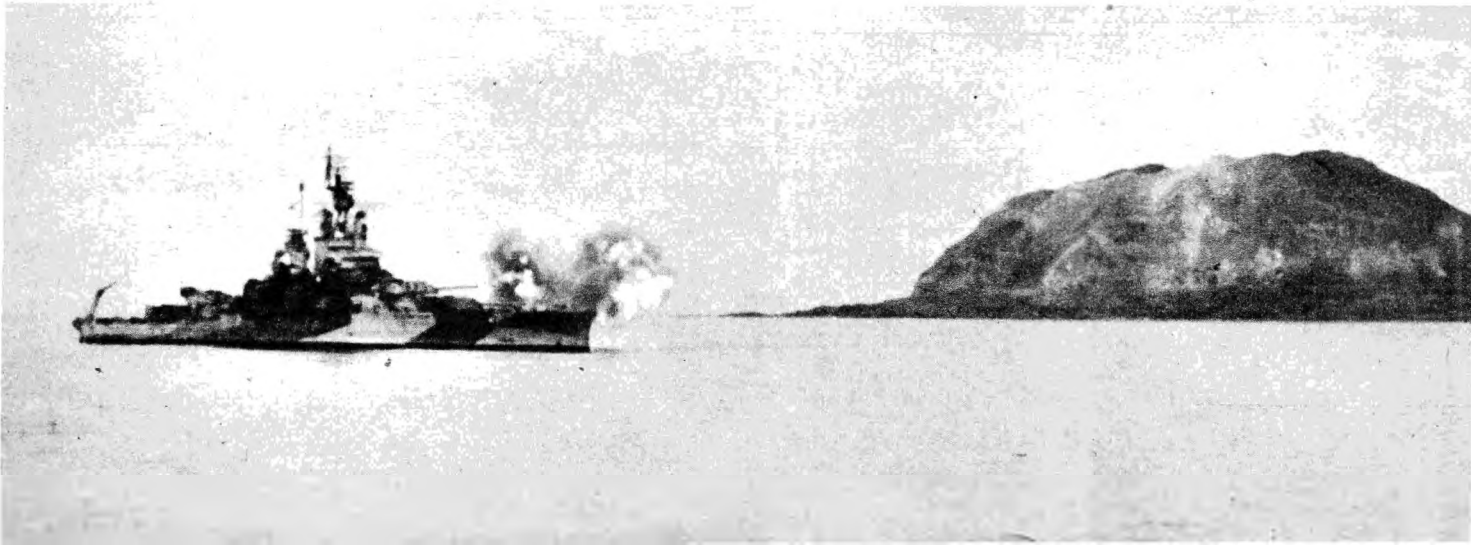
And so it was. Hundreds of thousands of American Soldiers, Sailors, Airmen, and Marines were to see her in the years to come. Each time a man looked at this mute monument, his face turned towards the setting sun, and a grim icyness crept into his eyes.

U.S.S. Arizona still lies, in proud mourning, in the mud of Pearl Harbor.

U.S.S. Oklahoma

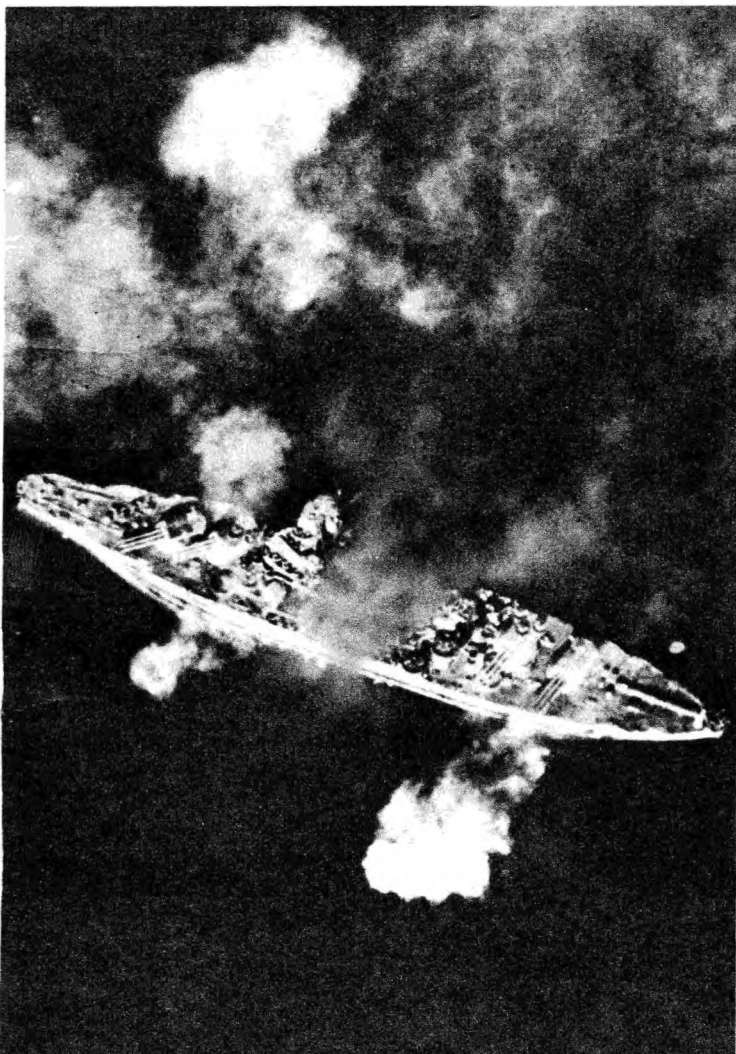
Ablaze, after being hit by four torpedoes launched by the first wave of Jap torpedo planes, the old battleship *Oklahoma* capsized at her berth. Her men had continued firing until they were swept from the

Reportedly sunk by the Japanese, the battleship *Tennessee* rose from the depths to become a ghost ship that haunted the enemy. Here shown shelling shore positions at Iwo Jima, the "Big T" ranged the Pacific in her search for vengeance.





Smashed, but not defeated, the destroyer *Shaw* took a direct hit in her ammo stores which exploded and broke the ship in half. One of the fleet that was thought to be useless, she was raised, refitted with a new bow and sent back to sea.



The battleship *Pennsylvania*, shown here shelling shore installations at Guam, took her vengeance throughout the Pacific. She served from Attu to the windup at Okinawa.

deck by the waters. Bombs continued to smash at the partly overturned hull. She seemed to be a total loss.

Whether or not she was worth saving was doubtful. Nevertheless, work began. In May, 1943 she was righted and refloated. On September 1, 1944 she was able to be moved again. But it was not practicable to refit her for battle.

Her guns, machinery, and superstructure were stripped, and used on other ships. The naked hull was sold to the Moore Drydock Company of Oakland, California. A Navy tug pulled the bare old skeleton out of the harbor, en route to the west coast.

One week later, wallowing heavily 540 miles out of Pearl Harbor, the creaking hulk began to list heavily. Her desolate decks awash, the emasculated colossus pulled loose from her tow lines. As though she were too proud to end her life in a junkyard, the grim dowager plunged down into the depths. She lies in the deep Pacific, three miles below the waves, forever.

U.S.S. California

Anchored on the outer, exposed side of "Battle-ship Row," the battleship *California* was hit by torpedoes before her crew realized what was happening. Her fuel oil tanks ignited by the blast, she burst into an enormous mass of flames.

Desperate attempts to quench the flames, by flooding one compartment after another, were of little avail. Surrounded by a lake of burning oil, she settled slowly in the mud, half careened over on one side. Her AA guns kept firing up through the black smoke, to the last.

Afterward, every last bit of the stricken giant was salvaged, and used against her murderers. Her guns, machinery, and equipment went to other fighting craft. The very steel of her sides were melted down and used again. Many a Japanese was destined to be torn to (Continued on page 56)



318th
FIGHTER SQUADRON



NORTHEAST
AIR COMMAND



STRATEGIC
AIR COMMAND



We have all kinds of equipment up there to keep an eye on unfriendly aircraft. But more important, we have combat-ready pilots who know the score.



F-94s patrolling the barren wastes of the frozen Arctic. Constantly on the alert, these all-weather interceptors have met the enemy time and again in combat. These jet pilots are ready, willing and able.

BY MARK RICHARDS

HOT SPOT in the



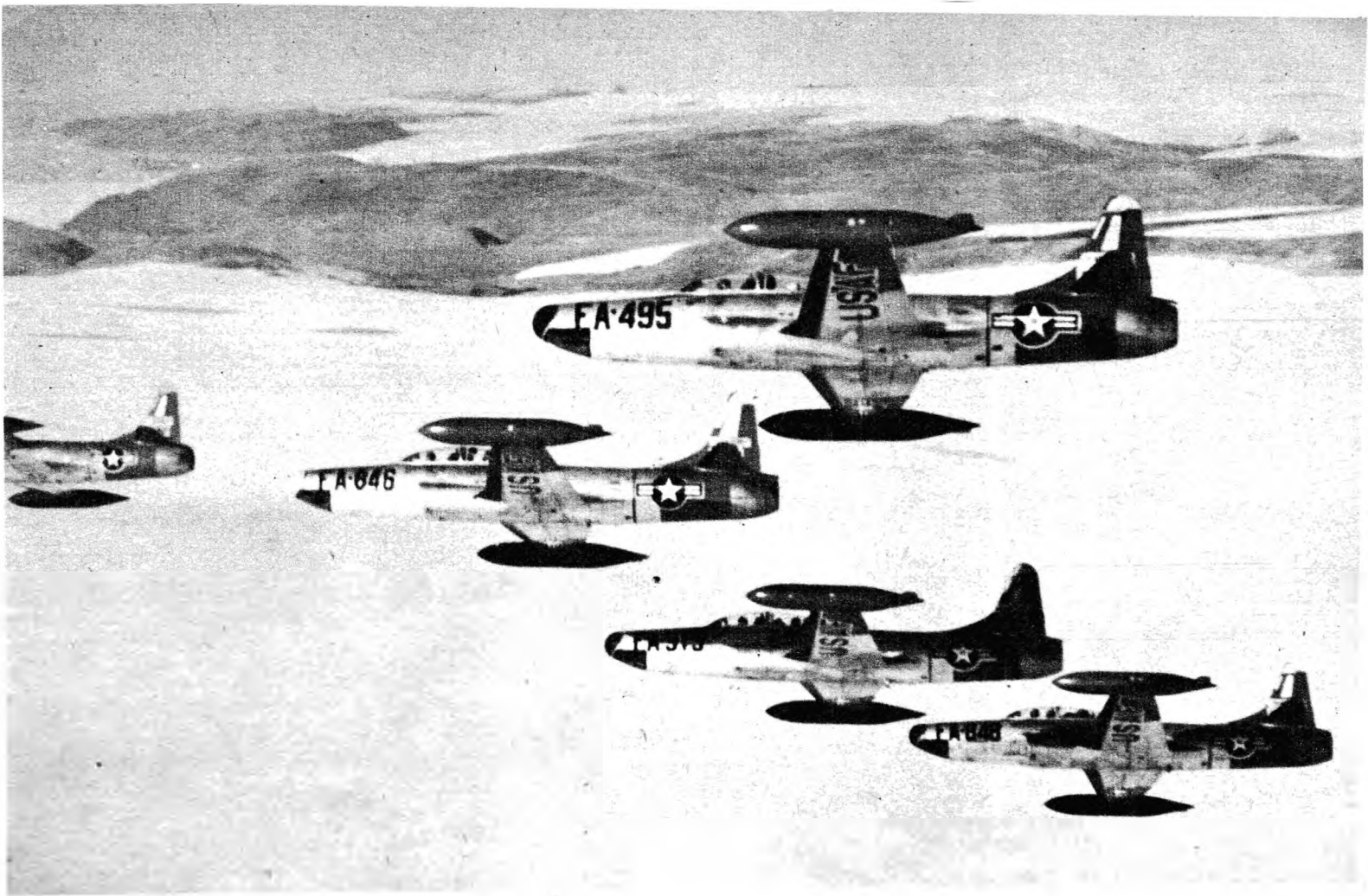
The weather can be as bad as the enemy, but missions must be flown, planes must be ready. They're playing for keeps up here, and 50 calibre bullets make damn good insurance!

(BATTLE CRY, April.) Planes of the —th Fighter-Interceptor Squadron, on a routine patrol mission met and put to rout a flight of four unidentified unfriendly craft. The other aircraft fired on our planes unexpectedly but fled when we returned the fire. One of the fleeing planes was downed by our accurate return fire. None of our personnel was injured; one of our planes received superficial damage.

THAT kind of an Air Force communique didn't appear in your morning paper because the USAF didn't issue it. But it could have been issued and have been truthful, if not for today, for yesterday or last week or the day after tomorrow.

Because the tensest spot on earth right now, for Americans, the place where the Cold War gets heated up in bloody battles, is the area around and over the North Pole.

All along the frozen north, at bases secret and known around the Arctic Circle, Air Force planes are lined up on runways, ready to go on a moment's notice: huge 10-engined B-36 Convairs, the whales of the air that can take a freight-car load of bombs to any point in the Soviet Union and then return; fast, six-jet B-47 Stratojets that can carry atomic or hydrogen bombs to Moscow, say, at better than 600 miles an hour; one-man F-84 Thunderjets, the fighter-bomber equipped to carry atomic bombs,



COLD WAR

modified for in-flight refueling for greater distance; F-94 all-weather interceptors; speedy Saberjet fighters.

These planes are not sitting idle. Large numbers are out every day. The bombers haven't dropped any bombs yet, but the fighters have been in plenty of fights, and so have some of the big boys.

We have friction with Russia almost everywhere we touch, however remotely. The USAF is in direct contact with the Red Air Force over the top of the world, and they are both touchy.

The reason for this is a simple matter of geography. The shortest route from the United States to practically anywhere in Europe or Asia is over the Arctic—and vice-versa. For instance, the big USAF base at Thule is almost exactly half-way, as the bomber flies, between Moscow and Washington; the distance between Fairbanks, Alaska, and Yakutsk, deep inside Siberia, is less than 2500 miles; a B-36 from Thule could fly to *(Continued on page 40)*

Huge B-36s, flying in all kinds of weather, can carry their loads to any target in the Soviet. And, just in case, the loads are ready . . . H-bombs!

**Pilots don't ask questions
when the Red-Starred jets open
up, they just fire back!**





1st Armored Division



1st Division



9th Division



34th Division

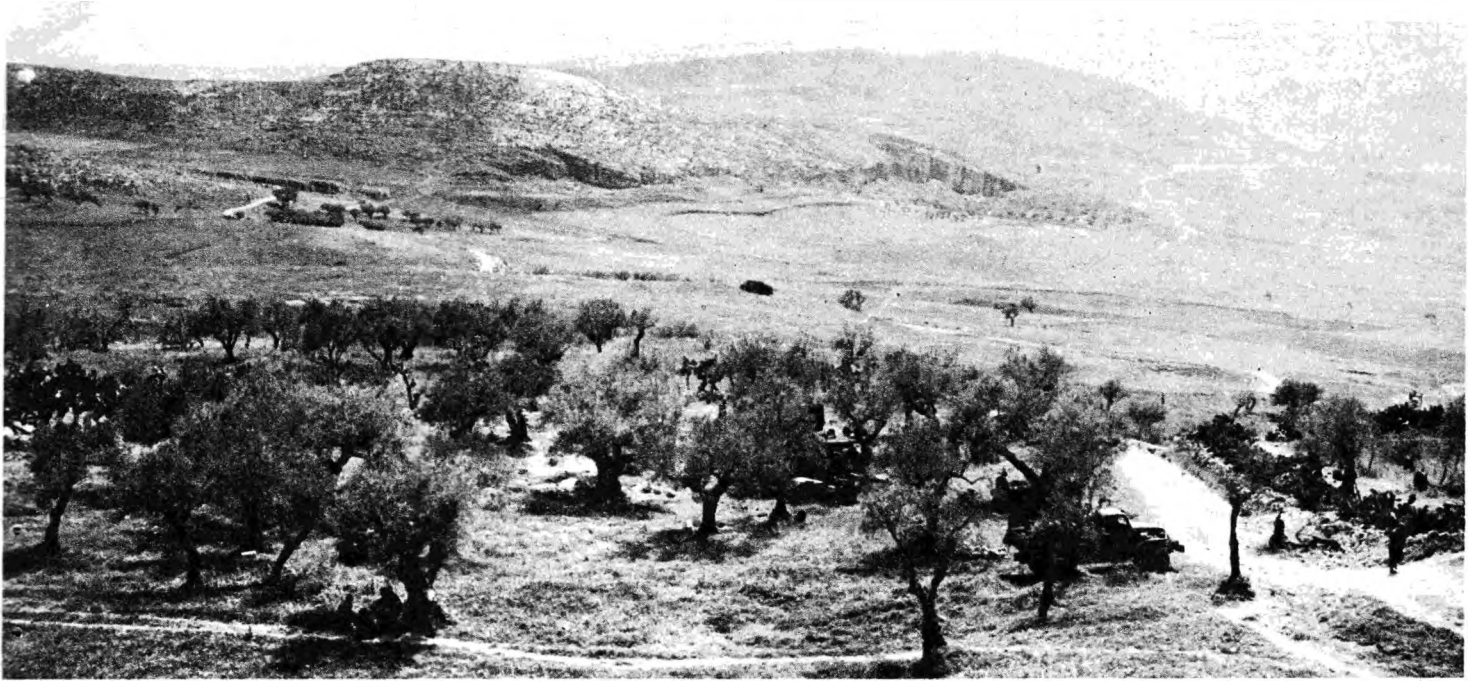


Thousands of Americans were cut off by the daring two-pronged spearhead that struck through the Pass. Panicky stampedes, caused by continuous night-shelling of the raw troops, added to the disorder.

WE GOT KILLED



Trapped, and cut off, the 68th Field Artillery under the command of Lt. Colonel E. H. Burba, assembled in a huge circle and held off the surrounding and advancing tanks by pointblank fire. They withdrew to safety at night as the Nazis pulled back.



The famous battleground, HILL 609. Of strategic importance, it had to be wrested from the Germans who had turned it into an armed fortress. In the foreground, American troops rest before making the suicidal assault across the zeroed-in open terrain.

AT KASSERINE

BY LEN SIMMONS

The Krauts were just too much for us! Green, raw troops were thrown against the crack Afrika Korps . . . and were slaughtered!

THE Division needs to be blooded a bit. Then it will be ready for successful combat."

That is what experienced staff officers often say about new, untried fighting units. That is what they said in late 1942, when the 1st Armored Division advanced into combat in North Africa. And they said the same thing then about the 1st Infantry, 9th Infantry, and 34th Infantry Divisions.

All four Divisions were destined to be "blooded a bit"—a bit too much—very soon. They were "blooded" at Kasserine Pass.

"Mauled" might be a better word for what happened to them.

For the green, inexperienced American troops, Kasserine Pass was destined to be a bitter school of war. There, in combat with the picked veterans of the Afrika Korps, they were to learn the brutal business of killing. The hard way.

After landing at Casablanca, Oran, Algiers, Bougie, and Bone, the Americans had moved east, across North Africa, towards Tunisia. There the German center of power lay, while Rommel, the Desert Fox, fought his see-saw battles with Montgomery and



Generals Eisenhower and Patton after the German withdrawal from Kasserine. "Blood and Guts" had assumed command, but it seemed to have no effect on the GIs.

Nazi General Jurgin Von Arnin, shown here after his surrender at Bizerte, led Rommel's daring offensive and almost succeeded in completely routing the Allies.





American GIs, bloodied and beaten at Kasserine, learned their lesson well. Shown here moving forward against the retreating Afrika Korps, they were never again to know the meaning of defeat in combat with the enemy.



German Tiger tanks, attempting to turn the flank of the 1st Division, were blocked by the 1st Armored. Shown here, are two of the fifty Tigers that were destroyed by the gallant tankmen in battle for the first time.

the British Army, to the east, in the Libyan desert.

At El Alamein the British "Desert Rats," aided by American air reinforcements, and equipped with new American tanks, had stopped Rommel and the Afrika Korps. Now Rommel intended to test the mettle of the new American Army.

Concerned by the exposed southeastern flank of the Allied forces in Tunisia, General Eisenhower assigned the American II Corps, under Lt. General Lloyd R. Fredendall, to guard that area. In the II Corps, the fighting Divisions were the 1st Infantry, 1st Armored, 9th Infantry, and 34th Infantry. The latter two Divisions were ordered to move east from Algiers, to join the Corps.

II Corps Headquarters was located near Tebessa, in the middle of Tunisia. Between it and the German forces to the east, lay a mass of low mountains. Through the hills a road ran from Tebessa, east and southeast, through the Kasserine Pass to the crossroads town of Kasserine. From Kasserine one road led due east, through Sbeitla, to Sidi-Bou-Zid, and the German lines. The other road curved south through Thelepte and Feriana, and then southeast to Gafsa, and the German lines.

Some fifty miles north of the little village of Sidi-Bou-Zid was the town of Fondouk. That was where it was expected that the German attack would be launched. The Afrika Korps was bound to try to cut the long Allied supply line. It was almost certain to move around the southern flank of the American-held area, and then try to drive north to cut the supply line.

Eisenhower had planned an Allied attack east, as 1942 ended, but had abandoned the plan because of the rain and mud. Signs of inexperience among the men and Commanders were disturbing, too. And the American units had been so thoroughly scattered that the Corps actually was a skeleton force.

On February 14th, while Eisenhower was on an

inspection tour at II Corps Headquarters, the expected German attack came out of the rain and mist. But it was not aimed at Fondouk. Instead, it came in two spearhead attacks through Sidi-Bou-Zid, and through Gafsa, while a feint attack held the Allied Commanders' attention in the north.

Later, Eisenhower was to replace his intelligence organization chief at AFHQ, because of this serious mistake. Meanwhile, the damage was done.

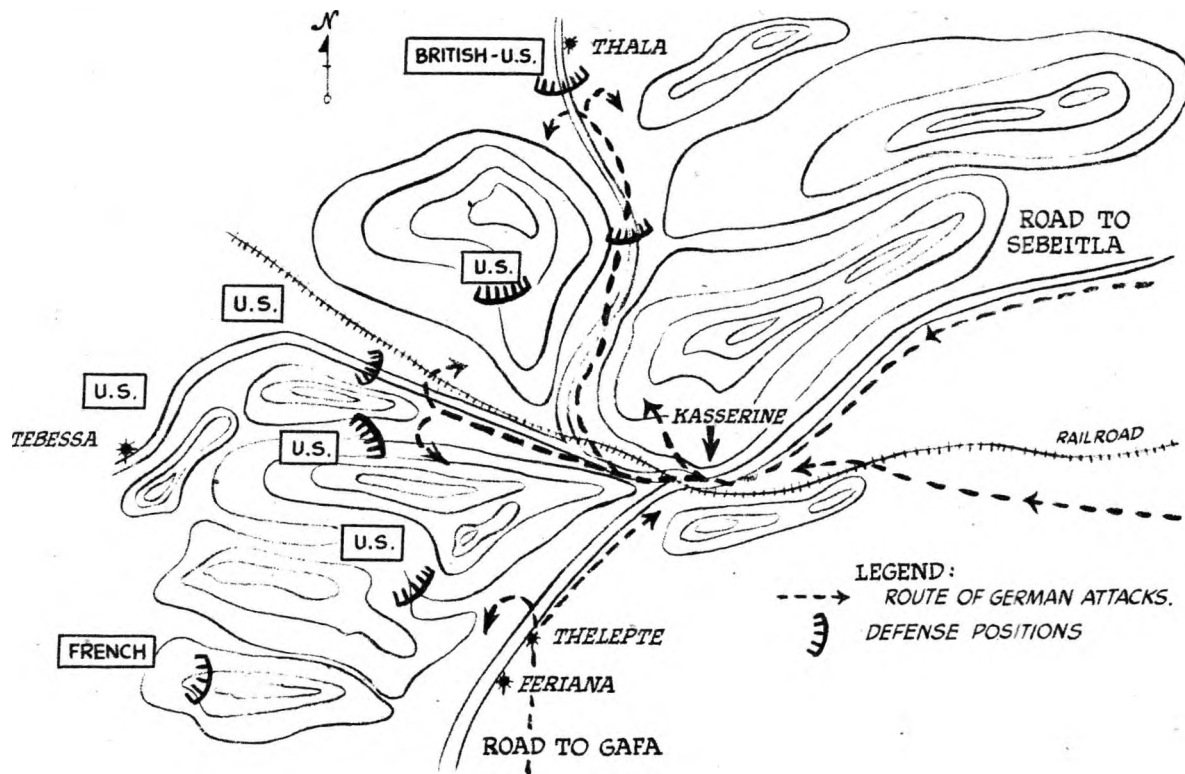
The Afrika Korps, led by the 10th and 21st Panzer Divisions smashed through Sidi-Bou-Zid, and swept around Gafsa towards Kasserine. Between the two pincers, thousands of Americans were to be cut off, and captured.

It was clear that the pass beyond Kasserine was a major target. The road through it led to the great supply dump at Tebessa. Through it, a swift penetration north, by way of Thala, also could stab into the unprotected southern side of the long supply line to Algiers. It was therefore equally clear that the pass should be held shut.

But in the mile-wide pass, and on the hills on both sides, the Americans failed to hold the swarming German tanks. At Sidi-Bou-Zid the 1st Armored had been stopped, not long before, by the 21st Panzer Division. Early in February its thinly-spread units took the first shock of the attack of Von Arnim's offensive. Following Rommel's plan, the 10th and 21st Panzer Divisions, reinforced by Afrika Korps and Italian tanks and Infantry, smashed through the alert but scattered American units.

Instead of a coordinated defense or counterattack, the American and British Commanders—Eisenhower, Anderson and Fredendall—offered only a piecemeal, too-little-too-late defense against the tightly-knit, well-coordinated German machine. As a result, each unit was defeated separately.

While Eisenhower was pinning a decoration on an Infantry Regiment's Commander at Sidi-Bou-



The German attack was expected to strike north of Kasserine. Its objective being to cut our long supply line. But the wily Rommel, living up his nickname of "The Desert Fox," caught us napping, and with two spearheads drove south through the Pass.

Zid, he was shown the dangerously untenable situation of the few Battalions there. There was no reaction on his part. In fact, the 1st Armored Division's history says: "These remarks, if they made any immediate impression on the visiting Commander-in-Chief, brought from him no immediate indication that he would intervene. . . ." In fact, he found Anderson's and Fredendall's plans "as good as could be made. . . ."

When Eisenhower stopped next at Sbeitla, that same day, a First Army Headquarter's warning was received there, that an attack would come the next morning. Nothing was done about it. It was too late,

anyhow, to try and stop the charging Panzers.

Around Sidi-Bou-Zid were scattered 1st Armored and 34th Infantry Division units. Preceded by heavy bombing attacks, the German tanks and Panzer-grenadiers surrounded the town, capturing and destroying the American outfits in the area. Stragglers from the broken units filtered back across the desert towards Kasserine.

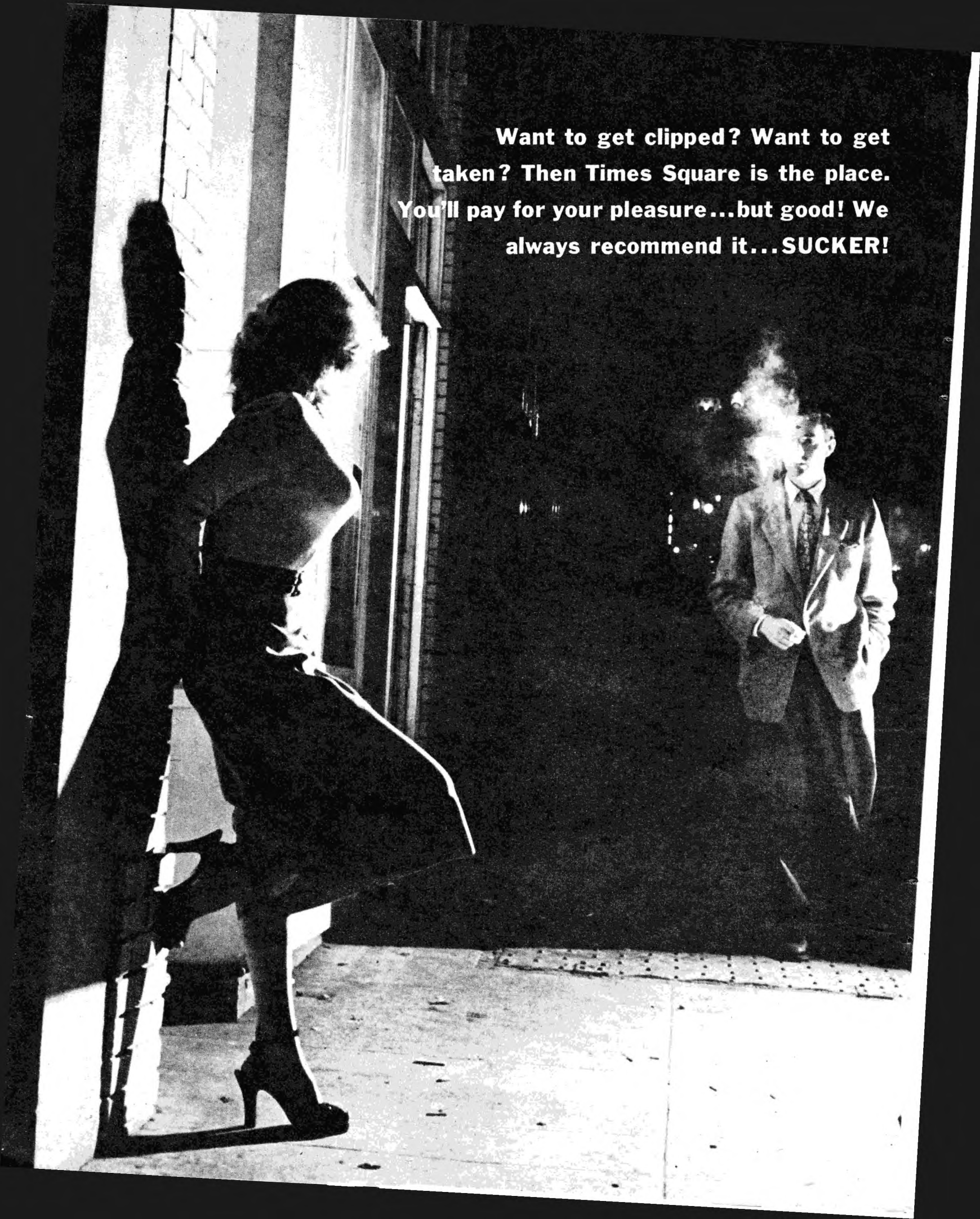
At Sidi-Bou-Zid alone, the American losses were 40 tanks, 15 self-propelled guns, 7 half-tracks, some guns and other vehicles, and 71 prisoners. This was only the beginning.

On the next day, the (Continued on page 52)

Before the tide of battle could swing, Tiger tanks had to be stopped. And, as shown here, they were. Superior Air power and the big guns of the Artillery did the job. American armor finished the task, and led the Infantry in the final drive to victory.



**Want to get clipped? Want to get
taken? Then Times Square is the place.
You'll pay for your pleasure...but good! We
always recommend it...SUCKER!**



OFF LIMITS

NEW YORK

TIMES SQUARE

BY DON DAVIDS



Editor's Note:

This is the second in a series designed to expose the parasites and the scum who prey on the unsuspecting Servicemen out for a "hot" time.

■ INTO the five New York boroughs they stream, roughly 59,000 of them a week—some to visit parents and relatives, some to share a leisurely beer with buddies who've been in civvies for a few months. The greatest number of them, though, invade the city of bright lights and razzle dazzle for a much more dedicated purpose: To have a *Hot Time*.

And the Times Square area is, they've been told, where the Hot Times take place.

They have been told correctly.

They are Army personnel from Ft. Jay, Ft. Hamilton, Ft. Tilden, Ft. Totten. They are Navy men from Newport Naval Base, New London Submarine Base. They are Air Force members in from Mitchell and McGuire and Stewart.

Enough of them head for the sleazily exotic stretch of The Square, called Eighth Avenue, to keep the B-Girls and V-Girls in pretty steady employment.

They are GIs on the harmless prowls for quick kicks in what

they hear is the happiest gin-and-sex haven in the United States . . . maybe in the world.

But allow this former GI, who knows the liquor and lust lairs of Eighth Avenue, to hand out a two-word sermon to those already steamed up: *Stay away!*

This certainly is not meant to throw a blanket accusation over the bars and hotels which dot the side streets of Times Square. The A.S.P.D. (Armed Services Police Detachment, the unified military patrolling agency in New York) has done a remarkable job, in association with the New York Police Department, in seeing to it that the Times Square hennaed tramps and paddy rollers don't dig their sexed-up claws too deep into our Servicemen. Too, lots of GIs are sophisticated enough to smell out the watered drink and the blonde bum with the "Mrs. Murphy Game" in mind, in plenty of time to run like hell in the direction of the USO.

But you don't find "action" at the USO—and the Times Square Tarts know you know this. That's how they keep their rents paid, their gullets filled with saloon Scotch, and their garters stashed with the fast buck.

Let's take an evening tour of The Avenue, to the gin mills that cater to the GI trade. At the very first spot (*Continued on page 50*)



WHY THE 90th DIVISION FAILED AT NORMANDY

Pvts. Hoyle and Fachak found cover behind this wall. Here, they cover each other as they battle a German sniper. A few moments after they pulled out, the wall was blasted by enemy mortar fire.





German troops in the hedgerows let the American barrage pass over them. Then they rose to greet the advancing Infantry with a storm of direct fire. As the GIs moved in artillery cut them down.

The T-O division had to be relieved of its first mission because it had failed. But did it? This is the story of that failure told from the eyes of the men who were there. From the CO down to the GI in the line.

BY MAJOR HOWARD OLECK, USAR

THE 90th Infantry Division was called a failure in its first combat mission in World War II. The proud Texas-Oklahoma Division, landing in the Normandy Invasion on D-Day, was said to have failed to carry its part of the load, and was shamed and humiliated.

Why?

Why did General Eisenhower report that the 90th had not been “properly brought up,” when he sent his routine battle report back from Normandy to General Marshall?

There are reasons why. How good, or bad these reasons are depends on *the point of view*. For example, take the point of view of the Commander of VII Corps, in which the 90th served:

Major General J. Lawton Collins:

“VII Corps had some crack divisions in the Normandy beachhead on June 9th, three days after hitting the beaches. It had the 82d Airborne and the 4th Infantry—and the 90th. The Corps’ mission was to drive across the neck of the Cotentin Peninsula, cutting off the German units there, and isolating the vital port of Cherbourg.

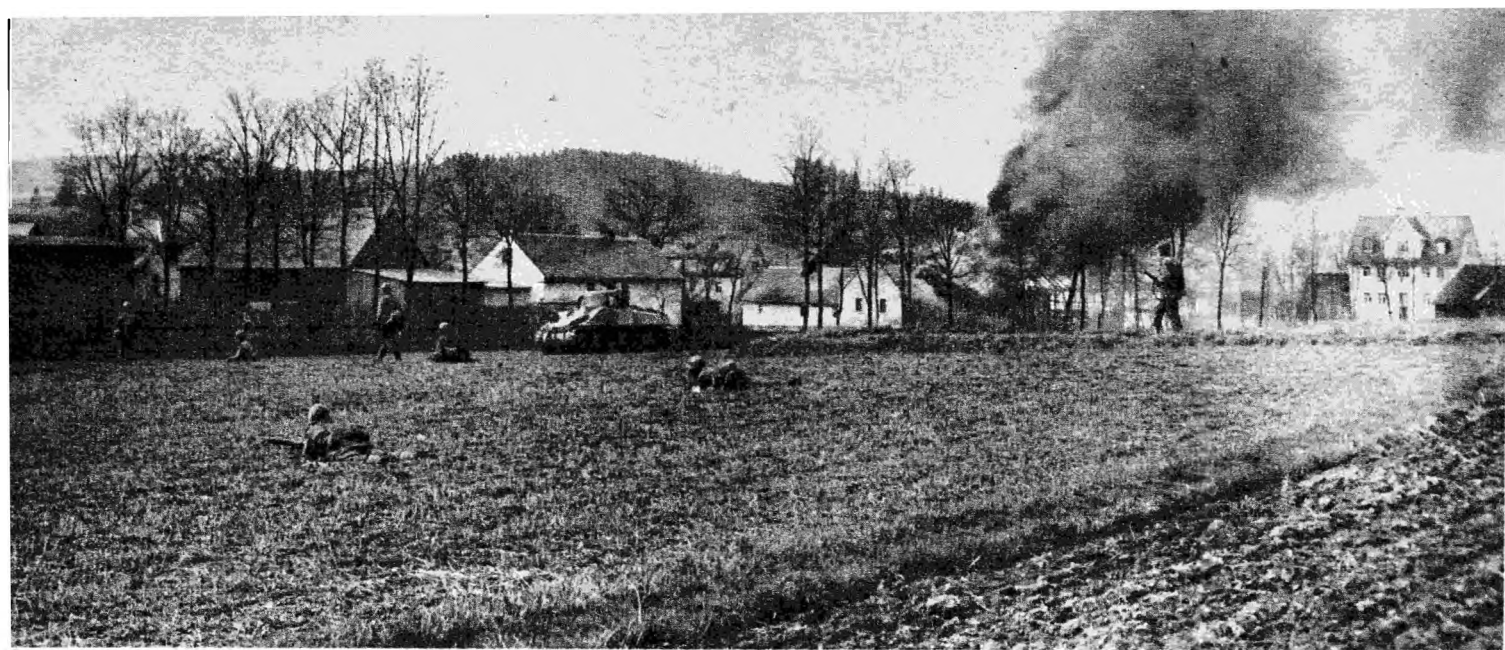
“On June 9th the Corps had moved one-third of the way west, across the Peninsula, past Sainte Mere-Eglise. The 82d Airborne was across the Mer-



Gen. J. Lawton Collins, on the left, CO of the VII Corps, who removed Gen. J. W. MacKelvie, CO of the 90th Division.

deret River, which ran from north to south, parallel to the Utah Beach coast. On the south it was flanked by the 101st Airborne, which was near the River, but still east of it, above Carentan. On the north the 4th Infantry flank of the beachhead, near Monteburg, was steady.

“It was logical then, to drive straight west, from the 82d Airborne’s position, in the middle. This mission was given to the 90th Infantry Division, which was assembled behind the 82d ready to go. The 90th was ordered to push rapidly to the Douve River, which ran from north to south two-thirds of



Battle-weary GIs couldn't follow the rules of maneuver and fire. It was impossible to. Deadly mortar and artillery fire met them everywhere. Every field, every cover, was zeroed in by the Krauts who were just waiting for the T-O boys to move up.

the way across the Peninsula. The 90th was to attack through the 82nd lines, relieving the Airborne Division.

"The 90th Division's attack failed. Practically no progress was made. Gains of only yards, not miles, were made. Two days later the 325th Glider Infantry of the 82nd was ordered to advance to the Douve, to help the 90th. The Glider Regiment took its objective at once.

"The next day the Commanding General of the 90th was relieved (but without prejudice). Two of the Division's Regimental Commanders were relieved at the same time."

The 90th had failed in its mission, it was said.

A Commanding General's point of view of his unit is like a father's view of his children. Take Brigadier General Jay W. MacKelvie, CG of the 90th Infantry. It looked different from his point of view.

Brigadier General Jay W. MacKelvie:

"Fate seemed determined to harass the 90th. Its men were as brave and capable as any Americans. But everything seemed to be against the T-O men.

"In crossing the English Channel, for the D-Day landings, one of the troop transports was sunk. A whole Battalion of Infantry and a Company of Engineers were messed up. Most of the men had to swim for their lives. Their equipment was gone and some men were lost. That was the first bad break. After that the bad breaks came thick and fast.

"'Bocage country,' they called the area. It was all hedgerows, such as Americans never had seen. All the fields had different shapes, mostly squares and oblongs. Trench-like ditches, overgrown with thick hedges, bordered every field. It was perfect defensive terrain—murder for the attackers.

"You needed plenty of engineer material to blast



The change in plans forced the 90th into a long night march through swamps and across a river. The advance was uphill, out of the bottomlands, and into the teeth of the best of German defenses.

through the hedges and ditches. Most of the 90th's material was sunk. Almost all the tanks were with the 82nd and the 4th Divisions. The 90th had practically none, to bull openings through the dense hedges.

"To make the situation almost entirely impossible, General Collins had taken one of the Regiments away from the 90th. Its 359th Infantry was attached to the 4th Division. Originally the 90th had been supposed to attack north, with the 4th. That was the Invasion plan. Instead, after practising for that route, the orders were changed, verbally, on the night of June 9th, for an attack at dawn—westward.

"Confusion was the result. In the middle of the night well-rehearsed plans and orders had to be changed completely. There wasn't even an exact written order as to what the 90th was supposed to do. The oral order was simply to move west to the Douve.

"In the night, the two remaining Regiments had to be turned around and marched to the jump-off line. The Merderet River had to be crossed. Swamps

and side creeks had to be sloshed through. Then, already exhausted, the bewildered units had to jump-off at dawn. Through the deadly hedgerow country, they had to attack uphill, against the waiting Krauts, in frontal assault.

"German resistance was intense as the 90th began the attack. Without room to maneuver, with confused and very tired outfits, without supporting tanks and with almost no engineer supplies, the Division advanced very slowly.

"Two days of savage fighting saw an advance of only a few hundred yards, against terrific fire. On the third day came orders from Eisenhower, relieving the Commanding General 'without prejudice.' Major General Eugene M. Landrum was given command.

"A general who is relieved of his command doesn't wail or complain. Still, it was rough to be relieved under these conditions."

From the German point of view, the picture looked altogether different. Take the viewpoint of the defending Commander of the German LXXXIV Corps, General Erich Marcks, before he was killed, and his successor, General Wilhelm Farmbacher.

Generals Erich Marcks and Wilhelm Farmbacher:
"American plans to drive west, across the neck of the Peninsula, were obvious by June 8th. Accordingly, the bulk of the German forces were deployed to stop such a drive.

"The veteran 91st German Division stood in the center, and the recently arrived 77th German Division, another experienced unit, also reinforced the center. Both dug in on high ground, commanding the slope down to the Merderet River.

"When the American attack came, on the morning of June 10th, the defense was ready. Smashing artillery, mortar and machine gun fire met the Yanks as they tried to move forward. The main assault was by the American 90th Infantry.

"German units in the hedgerow trenches let the American barrage pass over them. Then they rose to greet the advancing Yank Infantrymen with a storm of direct fire. Heavy artillery barrages, on pre-determined target areas, crashed down on the Americans as they moved into the pre-set target zones.

"The persistent 90th Division assaults wore down German resistance. On the night of the 12th, the 100th Panzer Replacement Battalion, a makeshift unit of foreign Allies of the Germans, on the south wing, broke at first contact with the American 325th Glider Infantry. On the next day the German units on the north flank gave way.

"Although the 90th did not advance far in the center, it ground up the best German units. As a result, the German flanks broke and other American units drove through to cut off the peninsula."

On June 14th, the report of the new German commander, General Wilhelm Farmbacher, said:

"A large-scale American attack westward could not be held because of the splitting and mixing of (German) units, the fatigue of the troops, and the lack of sufficient ammunition."

They had spent themselves fighting the 90th. In the fighting regiments (Continued on page 61)



Shermans, like these shown at the "Bulge," were needed to smash paths through the hedgerow defenses. But none were available. It had to be done the hard way, by GIs.



"Tough 'Ombres'" was what the T-O boys were called as victory followed victory later in the war. Here, they are shown capturing the German town of Hoff as they spear-head a drive.





He sat there, eating in blood-caked fatigues. Not even seeing the dead Kraut on the floor . . . it was as if he was dead too.

Follow The Leader

“You’ve got to give a good account of yourself,” the Captain said. But the Captain was psycho, all he wanted to do was die!

BY BRYCE WALTON

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER POPP

GERMANS and tanks came swarming out from behind the mountains around Faid Pass that Sunday morning. Stukas strafing and bombing. Our patrols had been bringing in mostly Eyetie prisoners, so we didn’t know there were so many Krauts and tanks. Anyway, the world around Tunisia blew all to hell, and we were scattered all over the desert, like someone had kicked the underside of a big jigsaw puzzle and the pieces of tanks, half tracks, ten wheeled trucks, jeeps, troops, and doggies thrown in all directions.

57, 75 and 88s were pounding in from Kraut artillery in the hills. The sky was dense with desert dust and smoke.

As far as I knew the rest of my rifle platoon were dead. I didn’t know where they were. I didn’t know where I was either except I was flattened down into

an irrigation ditch on what was left of some Arab’s farm, knowing that it wouldn’t be nearly enough of a ditch when a big Mark IV rode over me.

If I wanted to stay alive I needed something about six feet deep. And I intended to stay alive.

Krauts had overran our troops that afternoon. Tanks, artillery, infantry and planes dive-bombing and strafing. Our artillery was run over in the first rush. We were scattered, swamped and done for.

But I didn’t intend to die.

The thing you have to have first to live in that kind of spot is a deep hole. I jumped up, kept on running through the dust and smoke. I was traveling light by then. When you run that way you leave everything. You throw away all your gear, pack, grenades, ammo, every- (Continued on page 44)



ARMY

Did they take advantage of sex-starved combat GIs? Were they angels or tramps? Here is the true, sensational story!



Lt. Gwen Maynard was the first American woman these two repatriated prisoners saw in almost two years. Is it any wonder that they called her "The Saint With Wings"?

NURSES

... Saints or Sinners?

BY BOB WALTERS

PRACTICALLY every dogface, flyboy or headquarters clerk who saw service in any combat unit of the U.S. Army will readily and lustily discuss the bed manners of an Army Nurse—and not those of her working day.

These stories are mostly, "I had a good friend who . . .", or "There was this major I knew who . . .", and are thus pretty well warped. But by the mere weight of numbers they point up a single fact: The morals of many Army Nurses are pretty questionable and they are not all plaster saints.

When you have been out in the jungles, or at sea for months, fighting or just working, almost any American girl seems very beautiful. It was a standing joke in the South Pacific, that when the native women began to look attractive you'd been in the jungles too long.

White women were very rare in New Guinea, and the native belles were hardly alluring, by American standards of feminine beauty. That was one of the big reasons why the GIs looked at the few American nurses in the field hospital at Buna with very special interest.

The temptation was recognized by Headquarters. For the protection of the nurses, therefore, they were ordered to stay very close to the hospital tents. If they went anywhere at all, it had to be with special permission. Even to go from their living quarters to and from the hospital area, they had to be escorted. And though there were no Jap troops nearby, the escort of any nurse was required to be armed at all times.

The plain truth was that the nurses were being protected from their own sex-starved countrymen.

One nurse de- (Continued on page 62)



Then there's the other kind . . . the sinner. Like the nurse at Buna, who took advantage of the situation and came home with a fortune.

FAMOUS BATTLE CRIES

The pages of history ring with the slogans and cries that spurred men on to victory. Where did they come from? Who devised them? This is the first in a series . . . the blood-curdling yell of the Paratrooper!



82nd Division



17th Division



11th Division



101st Division



GERONIMO!

OVER Africa—over Sicily and Italy and Southern France during World War II, the cry rang out whenever and wherever our paratroopers bailed out to rain down from the skies like death-dealing and death-defying men from some outer planet. **GERONIMO!** It was a **BATTLE CRY** . . . a warning . . . a signal for action. All these things rolled into one.

GERONIMO!

There was legend behind the strange cry and its adoption by the paratroopers. For as every student of the history of our frontier days knows, there was once a living Geronimo. A tough and wily Apache Indian chief, he resented the restrictions put upon his people by the Paleface. He refused to be conquered or to admit defeat. When his tribe was herded into a reservation, he escaped with a group of his followers to Mexico and from there conducted a long series of daring, brutal raids, terrorizing the settlers of Arizona. He bowed down to no man. In

the end only old age forced him into comparative inactivity. By then his name was a household word in the Old West. The cry "**GERONIMO!**" became the warning signal for Indian raids.

When the specialized training schools for paratroopers opened at Fort Bragg, N.C. and Fort Benning, Ga. somebody remembered the Indian warrior. "That's the kind of men we want to turn out. Men as tough and fearless as old Geronimo! Men who never give up! A special breed of warriors for highly special tasks."

When the first group of planes carrying paratroopers flew over North Africa, they didn't forget the old Apache chief. That was in November, 1942—and that was when the **BATTLE CRY "GERONIMO!"** first echoed from the skies as scores of fighters dropped down on Tunisia.

The rest is history—victorious history for the paratroopers.

GERONIMO!

You never knew when one might turn up . . . even the Krauts were using them. But the Army's changed, they don't use them anymore . . . and that's TS!

It's In The Cards...

THE 1955 version of the U.S. Army is a new Army. Modern, with better guns, better tanks and powerful, flawless recoilless rifles. They have better rations and water-proof boots. The soldier of today is loaded with knowledge on how to stay alive without water, how to unwind pythons and stay alive in the jungle or on the desert. He is weighted down with new-fangled paraphernalia. His medicine is better, his classification more exacting, and his psychiatrists are on hand to see that nothing unnerves him.

But something is missing!

There is a lack in the modern Army that only suffering, death, a world torn apart by war and a sense of humor could produce. It is a small dog-eared item carried by the grim, war-weary Dogface of World War II who could turn a beard-rimmed, lip-cracked mouth into a grin and laugh at some of the most god-awful misfortunes ever to overtake a human being.

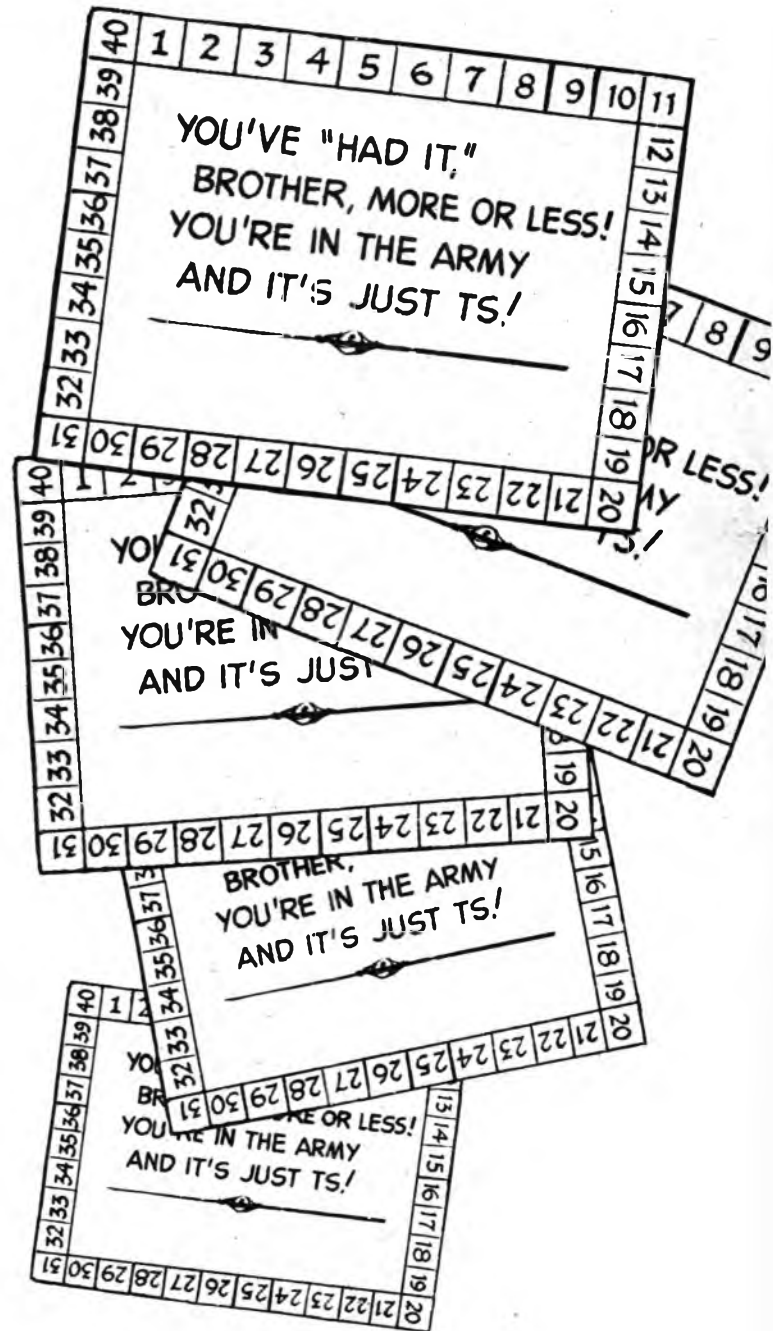
This was the TS Card!

It couldn't exist in the modern Army for several reasons. In these days a Noncom is directed to be polite to his "boys," and at times he even has to explain the reasons for doing things. And he can not use profanity. This is a new Army indeed, and Vets of World War II would be surprised to learn that their everyday vocabulary was and is actually profane. So the TS Card cannot be because today when a GI has a gripe he must be heard. And the sergeant doesn't say "Tough S—t!"

But the Cards blossomed at a time when profanity was the international language and even French and Germans, if they couldn't converse in English, could always cuss like troopers in a form of Brooklynese. And TS was as common as trench-foot.

This was a time when an average American Joe would kill to defend a pair of dry socks and a combat patrol would go through the most complicated tactics to steal a dozen eggs. He was an oddity of chaos and his strange sense of humor was born of the hopelessness of his time. And because he could laugh at his troubles the TS Card was created.

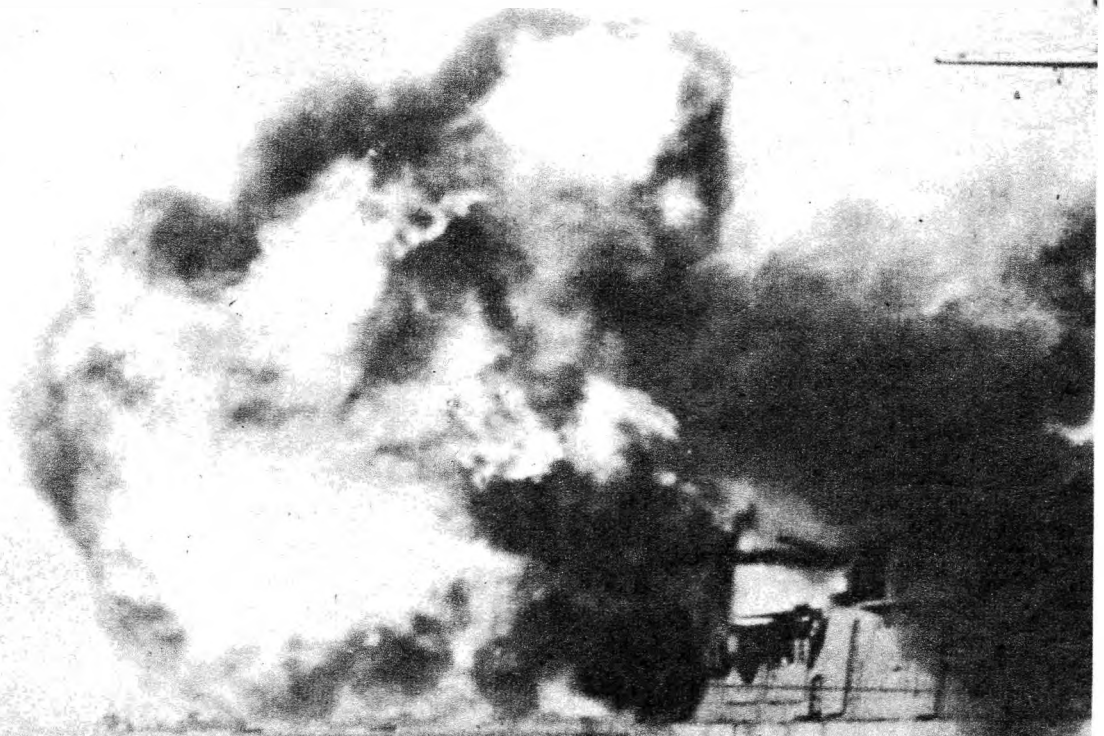
The exact origin of the Cards is a thing steeped in mystery, but it is generally accepted that a Chaplain with the famed 29th (Continued on page 43)



BY STUART JAMES

RUSSIAN vs

WHERE DO WE STAND?

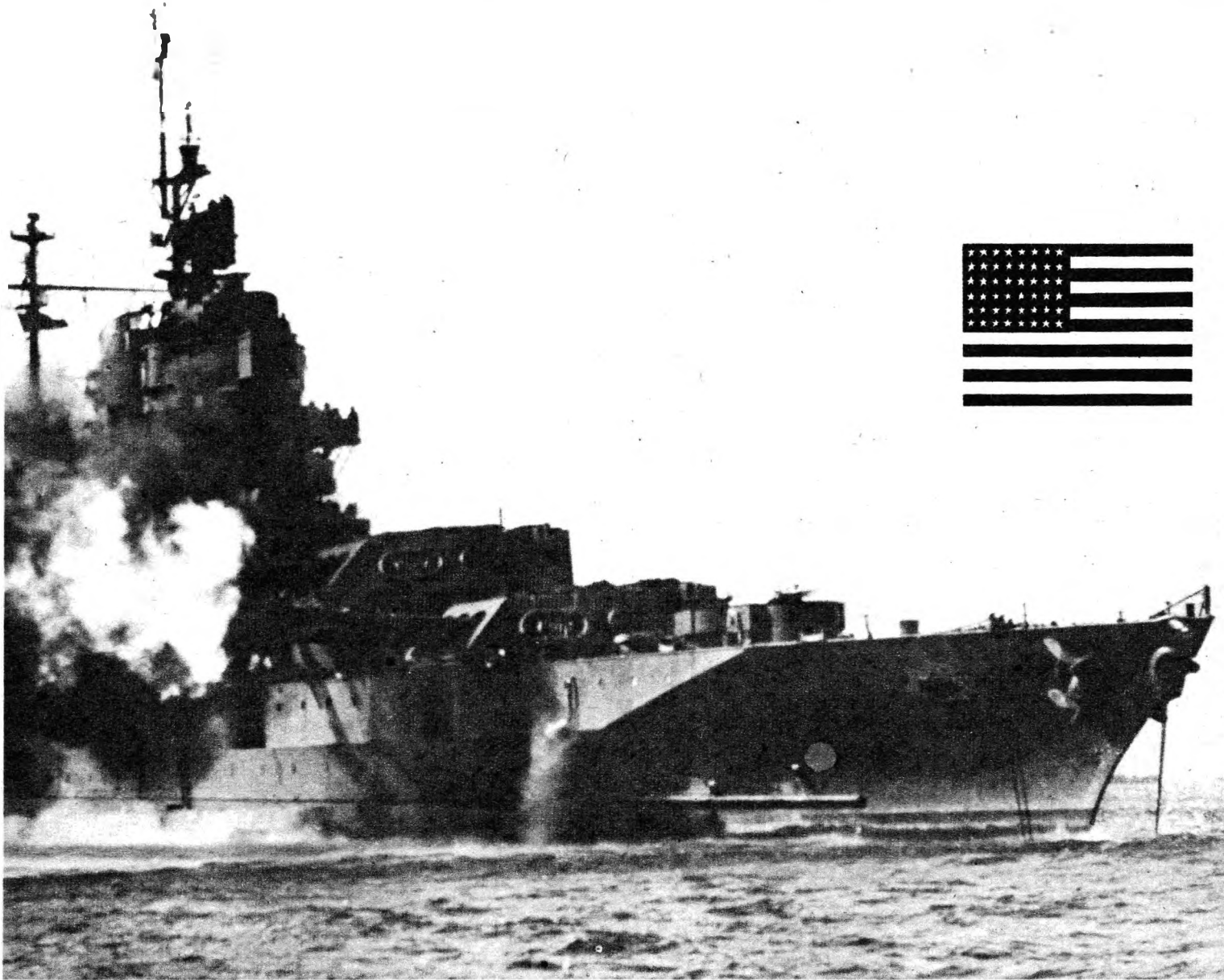


**THE FIRST IN
A SERIES
COMPARING RUSSIAN
AND AMERICAN
MILITARY MIGHT**

IF WAR with the Soviets comes, America will have to transport and supply its Armies across two oceans. No matter how the war may begin, that will have to be done if the conflict is to be won. It is an old military maxim that the enemy nation must be occupied before a war can be said to be over. An Army will have to be landed in order to win a war with Russia (or China).

America must control the seas for other reasons too, in case of war. Many vital munitions of war, such as rubber and tin, must be imported by the United States. Friendly Allied nations must be supported. Our far-flung bases in Africa

U.S. SEA POWER



and Asia must be supplied and maintained. Fighting must be done outside the United States, rather than inside its borders, as far as is possible.

It is obvious that sea power is vital to the security of the United States. It is obvious to us, and it is equally obvious to the men in the Kremlin.

But the Russians are wily, and seem to have no intentions of trying to beat the Americans at their own game. They are building no aircraft carriers, as far as we know. They do not have a single battleship. Instead, they have over 400 sub-

marines on which they base their Naval strength.

The basic Naval strategy of the Soviets is to deny the ocean lanes to the free nations. It is a curious strategy—negative in nature. It seeks to win a contest not by meeting, fighting, and overcoming its enemy, but by bleeding him to death. If the free nations can be prevented from using the seas, the seas will become Communist property, by default.

On this basis rests the planning of Soviet Naval tactics. In its way it is good military reasoning. It seeks to make the most of what the Soviets do have—manpower. And (Continued on page 41)

TOO HOT



"Scintillating" Eve Myer knows what it takes to make a poor lonely GI happy. A fireplace, a rug, and a girl. But how hot can you get, buddy? Isn't it time to cool off a little?



...TO COOL OFF!



And what better place to cool off than the beach! Or maybe in a sweater and shorts. You don't notice the difference! Well, it just goes to prove what we've said all along. That with Evie Myer, indoors or out, she's the girl that can't be cooled off!



The briefings aboard the troop transports went on endlessly before the actual Invasion. And it was a good thing they did, for as it turned out casualties were so high that it was nothing for a buck sergeant to wind up leading a squad into action.

It Took More Than



3rd Marine



4th Marine



5th Marine

Where everywhere was the front. Where even the dead shot at you. To relax was to die . . . this was IWO JIMA!

by C. L. MOREHEAD

FOR every nation there is a standard of bravery in battle. For the French, perhaps the defense of Verdun in World War I is the standard. For the British, perhaps the stubborn, orderly evacuation of Dunkirk. For the American, there can be little doubt.

It was Iwo Jima.

On Iwo Jima the American standard reached a peak. That is why the immortal photo of the "Flag Raising On Mt. Suribachi" touched the heart of every American.

On the black sands of Iwo Jima, early in 1945, 4300 United States Marines died, and 15,308 were wounded, in frontal assaults on a solid mass of hidden forts. The Marines killed 23,000 fanatical Japanese defenders, who fought to the death, there. Less than 100 prisoners were taken, and they were almost all stunned or wounded men.

Surely Americans do not want to die. Life in the U.S.A. is good. Yet, when they are challenged, they seem to fight with deadly efficiency. It may be that the Marine motto, simple as it is, expresses the real reason why.

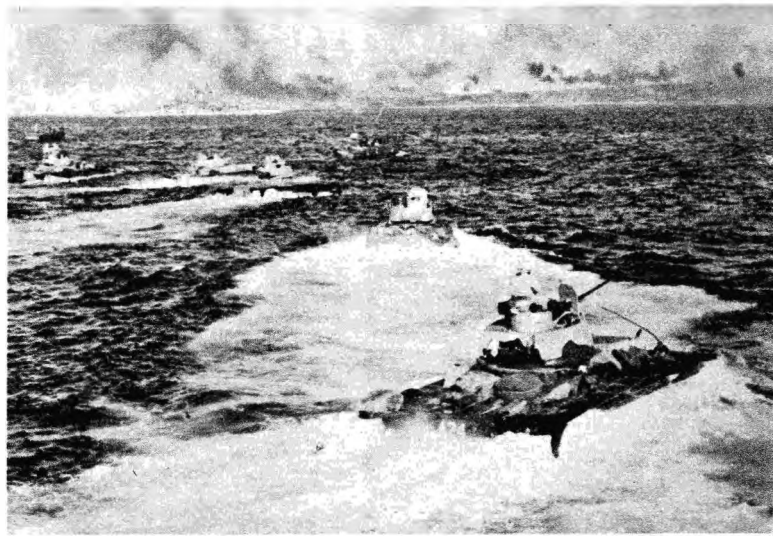


There was no front, for everywhere was the front. Days after the fighting had moved off the beaches, and while supplies and men were being unloaded, the enemy still had the area zeroed in. Continuous shelling made veterans out of non-combatants.

Guts . . . IWO JIMA!



In this dramatic shot, a wave of charging Fourth Division Marines hit the beach a few moments after H-Hour. In a short time, this group had suffered 50% casualties.



The island of Iwo seems to be erupting from the smoke and flame of the fury of the battle as these LVTs reach the Departure Line and swing in toward the Invasion beach.



Marine rocket trucks shell enemy positions. Positions that had to be wiped out step by step, for the entire island was an armed camp. Every square yard was honeycombed with interlocking tunnels. Pillboxes dotted the terrain. Troops waited in caves to ambush the oncharging Marines.

A "Gyrene" throws a grenade into enemy fortifications as other Marines use the embankment as a sort of cover. For the action was everywhere, all the time. It was a case of flushing the enemy out first, and then picking them off as they scurried for new cover.



Semper Fidelis means "Always Faithful." Faithful to what? To the American dream. To freedom, to justice, to the dignity of the individual.

And there it is—the dignity of the individual. If a man is to have self-respect and dignity, he must be ready to fight for his principles.

And to die for them.

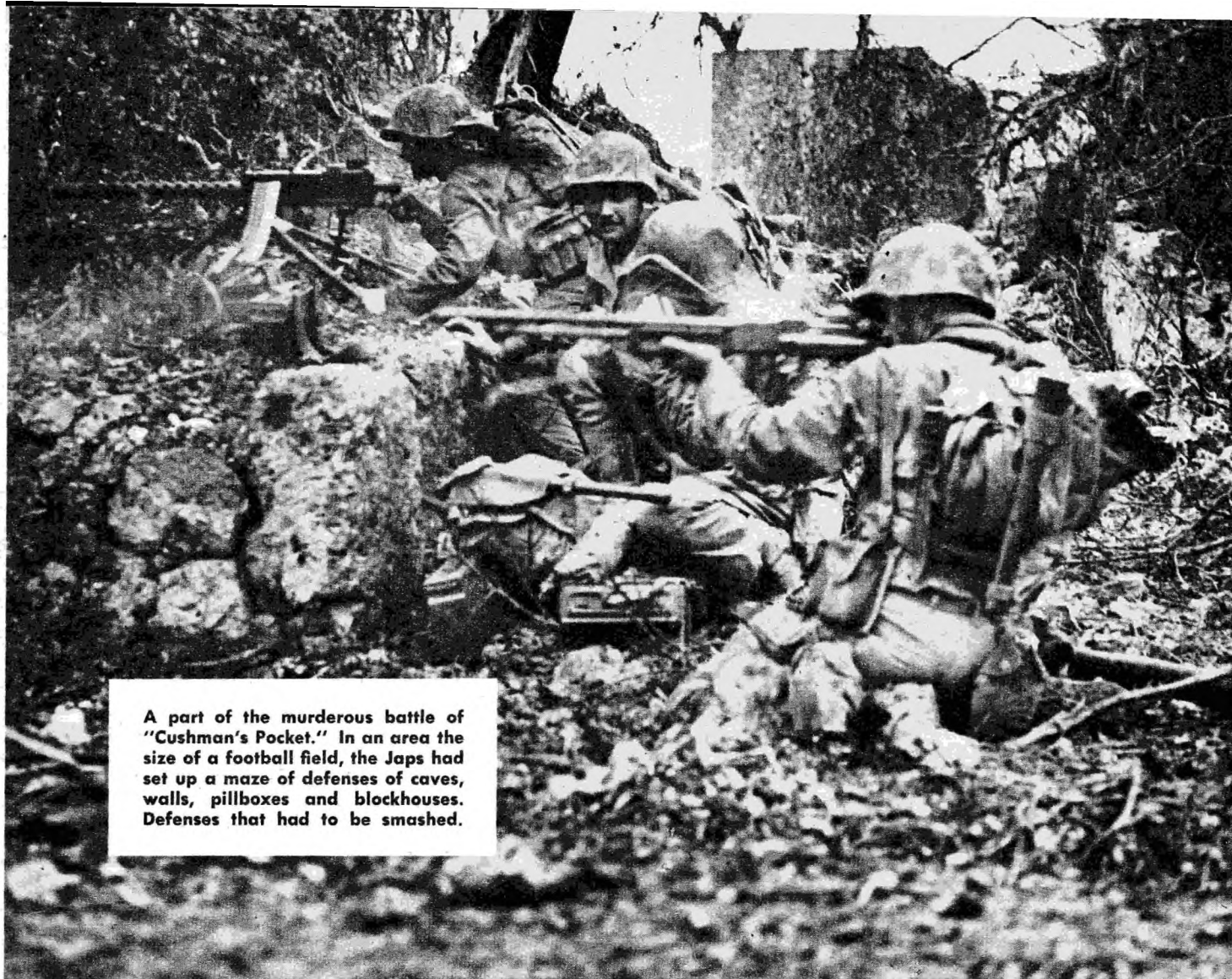
At Iwo Jima it was all "individuals." No mass "banzai charges," no "human sea," no cattle-like charges, for Americans. Each man advanced against concrete pillboxes, through storms of flying steel and flame, as an individual, because of ideals and because of pride.

That is how it is with most Americans, especially in the Marines. They are not supermen. They know the sweating fear of combat. They too shrink from the tearing, ripping steel and shattering explosions of battle. But they choke down their fear, and go forward, because a free man must.

Take Private Mike Morse, of New York City, for example. He was not a hardened veteran when he landed on Iwo Jima. Less than six months before, he had joined up. After boot training he was shipped right out to Guam, for a few weeks more of training. Then, off he went, with the 21st Marines, in the 3rd Marine Division, to the most brutal fight in American history.



The smoke and flames of a burning amtrack provides a backdrop for the famed Mt. Suribachi. This action took place on the beach immediately after the first landings.



A part of the murderous battle of "Cushman's Pocket." In an area the size of a football field, the Japs had set up a maze of defenses of caves, walls, pillboxes and blockhouses. Defenses that had to be smashed.

In the murderous, face to face clawing of "Cushman's Pocket," Mike fought his first battle. In a rocky, sand strewn space not much bigger than a football field, he inched his way with his buddies, through a crazy network of pillboxes and blockhouses. From three-foot-thick concrete walls, almost invisible muzzles of Mambu machine guns and cannon spat death at him. From skillfully hidden cave holes, darting Japs hurled grenades that smashed the black rubble near him. The ground seemed to heave and convulse. Roaring noise and smoke enveloped him.

Mike crawled and slithered through the shattered earth and debris. When he saw a flitting Jap figure he fired his carbine, or flung a grenade. The hours melted into days of thundering chaos, dead bodies, blood, and cold sweat. Over it all rain beat down, soaking and chilling him.

When his Battalion was ordered back for a brief rest, Mike lay on the wet sand in the "rear," exhausted like the other men. The "rear" was a grim joke. Shell, mortar, and machine gun fire slammed down into the "rest area."

That was why he was almost glad when he was called to help carry the wounded back to the beach for evacuation. It was better to be doing something. Almost tenderly he picked (Continued on page 55)



In "Cushman's Pocket" you never even saw the invisible muzzles of Nambu machine guns that suddenly spouted death from concealed positions behind three-foot walls.

SOUND OFF!



Aussies Vs Marines

In the article, **THE WORLD'S TOUGHEST KILLERS**" (BC, Dec.) you say that the Australian soldiers make "Our Marines Look Like Sissies!" What's the scoop? The Aussies are good troops, but the U.S. Marines are the *best fighting force* in the world! Better stop lousing up your rag with junk like that or else you'll lose the Marines as customers!

Chas. Thompson
U.S.M.C.R.

I am only twelve years old, but I can't let you say that about the Marine Corps without putting in my two cents. I know plenty of ex-Marines, and I wouldn't call them sissies if I were you. And when I grow up, I'm going to enlist in the Corps . . . if they'll have me.

Wayne Strange,
Moultrie, Ga.



I don't give a damn if you print this letter in your lousy magazine or not. But nobody is going to call an ex-Marine a sissy and get away with it. And I've seen the Aussies in action, they're tough all right, but not like a Gyrene. This is the lousiest magazine I ever read.

An Ex-Marine,
Kansas City, Mo.

• Okay! Okay! We take it back! And just to make you all happy, take a gander at page 34.

On Training

I just finished **YA GOTTA KILL 'EM TO TRAIN 'EM!** (BC, Dec.) and had to tell you how I as an ex-GI of two wars felt about it. Nuts! Sure glad I didn't have to serve under Gen. Stephens. Maybe it isn't the fault of the poor slob of a soldier, but that of the officers who lead them! The public will never accept **YA GOTTA KILL 'EM TO TRAIN 'EM**, so don't try forcing it down our throats!

A. W. Kasch,
Melbourne, Fla



A great story . . . about time someone printed the facts! I'm an ex-Marine who saw combat in Korea after but five weeks of conditioning training! It's too bad the public doesn't care, or understand, about training the people who do the fighting for them. I don't know what the answer is, but they'd better do something . . . just in case.

An Ex-Marine,
Savannah, Ga.

Clerks and Combat

The joker who wrote **I WAS A FILING TIGER** (BC, Dec.) is all wet. I know from experience that there's no comparison to misery and privation of an Infantryman's life and that of a rear-line clerk. But it's only a matter of choice as to who is sent where. The situations could easily have been reversed. Give us a break, will you?

S/Sgt. A. C. Foglio,
USAF Recruiting Grp.

Is the author bragging or what? If I can't have the latest down-filled parka, why should a slob like him get one?

A Marine who froze in Korea



Treasure Chest . . . Evelyn West

I couldn't take my eyes off them . . . the photographs, I mean.

Pop-eyed,
Ames, Iowa

I've got a year's supply of cocoa-butter if you're interested.

A grocer,
Chicago, Ill.

THE CARE AND HANDLING OF MY TREASURE CHEST (BC-Dec.) is the greatest. Who cares about Marines when we get Evelyn West's secret!

The Boys,
L. A., Calif.

WOW!

N. H.
New Hamp.

DOUBLE WOW!

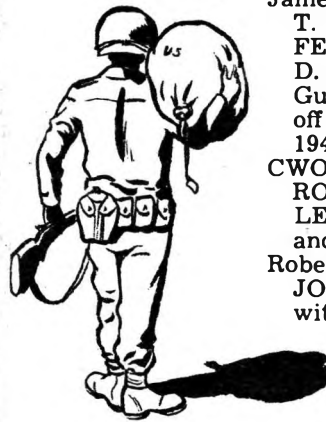
An ex-fan of Sally Rand

Dear Miss West:

So that's how it's done! Thanks for letting me in on the secret. One favor though, sure would like a souvenir. How about one of those bras you throw out . . . and autographed, please.

A/3C U. Arrosmith,
Sampson AFB, N.Y.
(Continued on page 54)

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO—?



James E. Webb would like to find T. A. BURNS and JOHN KAEFER, as well as the Marine pilot, D. A. FORCE, that their Coast Guard Cutter #83389 picked up off Jacksonville in the summer of 1944.

CWO G. L. Vallee wants to find ROY SPURLOCK and WALTER LEE WOLFE. (U.S.S. *Melville* and *Vestal*)

Robert Bradshaw wants to find JOHN G. HARRIS who served with him at Milne Bay.



Air Force

Russell Scott is looking for LOUIS STAUB, BILL TRUMPOWER, and EARL GILPIN. (Johnson Air Force Base, Japan)

Robert Whitlow wants to find ERNEST FORD, HAROLD CARMON, EDDIE WILLIAMS, JOE McMILLER, JAMES BROWN, B. EMMONS, GUS GARCIA, and CLAUDE WELLS. (Flt. 1039, Sqdn. 3738, Lockland Air Base)

James Taylor wants to locate LESTER FLAGELO. (78th Air Base Sqdn., Moody Field)

John Grigsby is still trying to find JOSEPH PENTA. (Fitzsimons General Hospital, Denver)

Floyd Colpitts wants to hear from EUGENE PARIS.

Sylvester Lipics is trying to contact CPL. ARTHUR NESBET. (708th Air. Mat. Sqdn., Eschborne Air Base, Frankfort, Ger.)

Stanley Baugh wants to hear from SAM ROSE. (Air Force Band, Moore Field, Texas)

Thomas Truitt is still looking for JAMES TRUITT. (520th Eng., APO 901, San Francisco)

Still trying to find that joker who shared your foxhole at Heartbreak Ridge? Looking for that buddy who went through Parris Island with you? Trying to find out when and where your old outfit is having a reunion? Or maybe you want that reunion publicized. Or are you a parent trying to find out the names of some of your son's buddies . . . the ones who can tell you what really happened that dark day at Iwo Jima.

Well, we're here to help. Just drop a line to
WHATEVER HAPPENED TO . . . ?
c/o BATTLE CRY

Suite 2101
261 Fifth Ave.
New York 16, N. Y.

and we'll do the rest by printing it in this column.



Army

Earle Skinner is trying to find T/5 DOVER. (900th H.A.M. Co.)

Will Buckley is looking for 1st. LT. BOB VANVOPKENBURG. (D Battery, 19th Field Artillery Btn.)

C. L. Scott wants to find T/5 FRANK LEFIVERS. (990th Steel Treadway Bridge Co.)

John Lowney wants to hear from M/SGT. CLYDE STAFFORD. (6019 ASU, MP Det., Camp Irwin, Cal.)

Gene Humphrey would like to contact JAMES B. HAMILTON. (591st Ord. Svce. Co., Tokyo Ord. Dpt.)

Henry Rice is looking for GEORGE H. McNABB.

R. W. Stark would like to hear from CPL. HOWARD G. WILLIAMS. (H & S Co., 13th Eng., 7th Div.)

Raw Rawling would like to hear from the following men: SYKES, KADER, JOHNSON brothers, PETERS, NICHOLS, COCKRUN, AMOS, MEDINA, GASSO, HOBBS, VEACH, WILLIAMS, and ALVAREZ. (2nd & 3rd Sqds., 2nd Platoon, A Co., 5th Cav. Reg., 1st Cav. Div.)

Mrs. John E. Knopp is trying to find JAMES ABRAHAM who served with her husband in Korea.

Wilfred Garcia Raygoza is looking for THOMAS ALVAREZ. (1st Cav. Division)

David Lysaker is trying to locate NOLAN GUELLY. (Co. C, 3rd Eng., C Batn., 24th Division)

Harry Barnhard, Jr. wants information about JAMES J. McCORLEY (2nd Infantry Division)

Myrle C. Godwin is looking for LEO P. NEDEAU.

Carle Panzer is trying to locate LEO N. BROWN.

Douglas Nolin wants to hear from BUFORD PARTEN, "RED" STOUFFER, JAMES SMITH, and ADELIO ACOSTA. (25th Division)

Paul Lucino is trying to find his buddy THOMAS SORRELL.

Frank Cooney, Jr., is trying to locate JOHN CONRAD. (3rd Sqd., 1st Platoon, C. Co., 10th Reg., 10th Div.)



Navy

Donald Walshire would like to hear from DONALD WALLACE and LAWRENCE WEBER. (U.S.S. *Ellyson* DD-19)

Fred Sanders wants to find DAVID THORP. (U.S.S. *General A. E. Anderson* TAP-111)

Lorene Hunt is still trying to find CARL WEIGAND. (U.S.S. *Whitemarsh*)

Dan Heirs wants to hear from JOHN DRATH, ROY TAYLOR, JAMES TAMBLING, and T. L. ROBINSON. (U.S.S. *Tingey* DD-539)

Robert Bressler wants to hear from WILLIAM THOMPSON and ABLE GREEN. (PCE-894)

Donald Pardoe is trying to contact BILL LOVEJOY. (U.S.S. *Columbus* CA-74)

William Peters wants to hear from HERBERT KITSON and ANDREW THREESTAR. (U.S.S. *Yellowstone* AD-27)



Marines

Reuben Chaffer wants to hear from JAMES CROSS. (5th Division, Iwo Jima)

Pfc. B. W. Shepherd, Jr., is trying to contact SAM MIMMO. (Camp Lejeune, N. C.)

Lt. C. R. Breeland wants to find CPL. BURT BRANSTETTER. (Eniwetok)



Deaths

Mr. John Darrell is trying to find someone who was with his son at Heartbreak Ridge, and who can help him fill in the details. (Pvt. Thomas Darrell, Co. E, 2nd Btn., 5th R.C.T., APO 301, c/o PM, San Fran. (Continued on page 60)

Calcutta, India, and return—except that it would have to go all the way across Russia and India, who might not like the idea. Conversely, cities like Los Angeles, Chicago, Detroit, and Hartford, are not too far from Europe, via the northern route.

On the one side is Greenland and the North American continent, from Newfoundland to the Bering Straits; on the other side is the USSR, Siberia and European Russia. Greenland, on the east, is the world's largest island (827,000 square miles). At the western end are the Diomedes, with Little Diomedede (2.4 sq. mi.) separated by a narrow strait from Russian Big Diomedede (11.3 sq. mi.).

There are two commands guarding our northern approaches. The NEAC—Northeast Air Command takes in Greenland and the territory from Newfoundland to the Pole; the AAC—Alaska Air Command takes over to the west, as far as the Aleutians, the island string stretching toward Japan, south and west of Siberia. The commands are equally busy, touchy, and secretive. Their men are fighting the long cold war against loneliness, boredom, and the climate—and occasionally, in bursts of fire, the hot war against intruding planes from the nearest large neighbor. Of course, all we and our neighbor are interested in is the weather.

It's amazing, the meteorological concern the US and USSR show in the Arctic. Planes of both nations fly a lot of weather missions over country that might be interesting for other reasons. Over a period of years, we've lost a lot of reconnaissance planes, and they weren't all lost in storms. We started using RB-29s, moved up to RB-50s, then RB-36s, and lately the fast RB-47s, as well as RF-84s, the Thunderstreaks that can use the big Convair B-36s as an aircraft carrier.

One far-north outfit alone, the 58th Weather Reconnaissance Squadron, has flown more than 4000 missions, including some 1500 Ptarmigan flights. Ptarmigan Number One was flown in 1947. The Pole-Vaulters Ptarmigan Mission is a little jaunt of some 3100 statute miles that takes in the Brooks mountain range and a lot of other interesting scenery, none of it tropical, before returning to Eielson AFB. But as a reminder of a warmer clime, there's a Confederate Flag at the North Pole, left there by a flight of the 58th. And it was a member of the 318th Fighter-Interceptor Squadron who put it into words: "Brother, when I have to look south to see the Northern Lights, I know I'm one hell of a distance from Texas."

We have put a lot of equipment in these polar wastes. Because of the climate, many installations are automatic, so no people have to stay to man them. These automatic radio and radar installations use a special plastic material to withstand the wind, snow, sleet, and ice that beat against them for days and weeks and months on end.

Though these installations are to keep track of the weather, some of them are so powerful and so well situated that they can track Soviet bombers in the air over their Siberian bases. While keeping tabs on a storm they might also serve as an early warning system for unexpected planes. In an attempt to overcome electrical disturbances set up by the aurora borealis, we have installed at least one tremendous radio mast. A sign of the importance we place on the far north, it's the second tallest man-made structure in the world—higher than the Eiffel Tower or the Chrysler Building, surpassed only by the Empire State Building.

Our planes in the Arctic are abnormally dependent on radio and radar. For one thing, there's the long Arctic night—lasting from November to February, even on Leap Year. And there are other fears besides the usual ones concerning any unidentified plane approaching. There is a constant ground alert—an atomic attack on the continent might well be presaged by a paratroop drop on our northernmost defense and warning bases. All the service and technical troops are ready and trained to repel an attempt by airborne troops to take their base.

In case of emergency, we're prepared to beef up our Far Northern bases at a moment's notice. That was one of the reasons behind Operation Snowbird, in which some 3,000 paratroopers of the 503rd Airborne Regimental Combat Team were airlifted from Fort Campbell, Kentucky to Anchorage, Alaska by the 18th Air Force, along with much of the 503rd's equipment.

After a period of Arctic indoctrination, the troopers jumped in a series of airborne assaults on the snow-covered tundra at Talkeetna, at below-zero temperatures. At one point, engineers and equipment were air-dropped, and a usable snow-compacted airstrip was built for possible landing of airborne ground troops and supplies. The whole operation was judged extremely successful. One hundred Flying Boxcars and fifty Globe-masters were used in the long-range Arctic airlift and airdrop.

Operation Snowbird was a test to show how fast we could rush troops

to our exposed northern bases—the 503rd was carried back to its old Kentucky home after the exercises. For the regularly assigned Arctic units, the combination of climate, remoteness, danger and constant alert make a one-year hitch at many of the bases count as the equivalent of two years' normal overseas duty. Off duty, their lives are strange and rugged. On duty, except for some obvious differences, it's like any Defense Command base, anywhere.

In the ready room, anyone coming in from the outside is greeted with an automatic, "Shut that damned door!" as soon as it's opened. Otherwise, the men are flyers, they're talking flying, using their hands the way airmen do, to represent their plane and the other plane. They're on standard four-hour watches, bundled up in heavy flight and arctic exposure suits.

"There I am, cruising along on the Idiot Mission when this goon comes out of the sun and starts shooting at me. Brother, I go into evasive action in a hurry and try to get so I can shoot back." The hands are moving quickly and descriptively. "There's no time for anything, but I cut loose a couple of rockets that score near misses, and we break off. I swing around and follow him, looking all the while to see if he has any playmates, because they sometimes pull a stunt like that as an ambush. After a while, I have to give up and come back while I still have enough fuel. When I land, I see that the starboard wing got nicked by a machine gun."

"I got caught once just as I was about to head for home," another one said. "I wonder if they wait and watch, and figure to jump us when we don't have much more fuel than we'll need to get home. . . ."

"I could fool 'em," a pilot said, punching his pudgy neighbor fondly. "All I'd have to do is leave my observer home, and I could get three hours more flying out of my crate. . . ."

The squawk box came to life with a characteristic noise, and all conversation stopped as the men hunched, ready for action. The gong rang sharply three times, and a voice, harsh and metallic, called out, "Scramble! Able Seventeen, Scramble! Vector One Two Zero, Angels Four Zero. . . Call on Charley. . . ."

The pilot and radar man of Able 17 were gone, out the door and down the stairs to the hangar below while the squawk box was repeating its message. The plane engine was already roaring and the front of the hangar seemed to be lifting itself by its boot straps as the doors opened. The two flyers climbed into the plane, said a few words to the line crew, and buttoned down the canopy. The heavy, all-weather jet shot out of the hangar and headed for a runway as the runway lights went on. The plane roared down the runway, picking up speed as the pilot poured on the coal. Halfway down the runway, he kicked in the

afterburner, and the jet took off into the dark, its afterburner a comet in the night.

The Ground Control Interceptor vectored the plane toward the bogey, the moving blip on his radar scope that represented an unidentified plane some eight miles up and more than a hundred miles away, until the interceptor was close enough for him to call, "Punch" and leave the finding of the unidentified plane to the interceptor's radar. After a minute, he heard the pilot's answering, "Judy" as the plane's radar picked up the intruder.

The pilot turned on his wing lights and swung close to the other plane—radar could do a lot but it couldn't read the number on a plane or the insignia on its wing. The plane turned out to be a Scandinavian Air Lines DC-7, considerably off course, and he reported to GCI, who started to guide him back toward the base, and suddenly changed. "Four more bogeys coming southeast at 45 Angels. Able 17, heading Two Seven Zero at once, rendezvous three other fighters from this base in 20 minutes."

In less than twenty minutes, the plane made its rendezvous with the other three. There was little of the usual chit-chat in the air—a single plane showing on radar usually

turned out, as the last one had, to be an intercontinental airliner off course. But a group of planes like this meant trouble. Someone sang out, "Four at eight o'clock," and they were among them.

There wasn't any chance for identification, nor any need of it. The other planes started shooting while they were still out of range, a fatal mistake. The four Americans turned, undamaged, and let the outsiders have it, with machine guns and rockets. Two enemy planes fell, smoking first and then bursting into flames. The other two turned and started heading northwest as fast as their emergency power would carry them. Three of the American planes gave chase. Able 17 had to drop out and head back towards its base, having used up too much fuel identifying the DC-7. The other three were called off after half an hour, reporting one of the two remaining enemy planes smoking but still keeping up speed.

The photographs confirmed the two planes definitely destroyed. One of the kills gave the base its second ace of this hot-cold Arctic war.

This type of activity and the lack of more normal activities combine to give the far northern Commanders another problem. The men can't be blamed for becoming nervous and tense. They have to put up with

conditions that would make anyone edgy, and in addition, they've been shot at and they've had their friends and comrades shot at, and some of them killed, by an enemy with whom we're not at war.

So the brass has to worry that some of the men may be so "shook" that they'll do what they've threatened—take matters into their own hands and create an incident—bring the Hot-Cold War out into the open by taking off with a bomb and dropping it where it will do the most good, or harm, depending on how you look at it.

And if these conditions hold on our side of the Pole there's always the possibility that they hold on the other side too. So, from Thule AFB to Emendorf, the guns are loaded, the rockets are ready, the bombs primed. Every bogey that shows might be the real thing, might be the spark to set off an all-out war. It's a case of shooting or being shot—and one mistake might be the last.

Of course, we're not doing anything up there except carrying out routine patrol missions. That's all the Defense Department will say is going on. Meanwhile, we keep shooting down planes and losing a few of our men. So far, no matter how hot it gets, it's just a Cold War. But even so, the Arctic is the hottest spot in the world today. ●●●

RUSSIAN VS U.S. SEA POWER

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31)

it seeks to force its enemy to waste his advantage—his highly complex and expensive ships.

American Naval theory is very different. It is based on the classic doctrine that control of the seas must be obtained and held by fighting and destroying the enemy Navy.

American strategic thinking views the Navy as a force in itself, with a major mission of its own in any war. Russian military doctrine places its Navy in the category of a supporting force, with the mission of aiding the land Armies.

Until now Russia never has had a great Navy. The one time when it had a powerful sea force was in the Russo-Japanese war. Then its proud warships were almost totally destroyed, in 1905, by the new Japanese fleet in the battle of Tsushima. Since Peter the Great started the Russian Navy, Russia never has succeeded in building a really formidable fleet—until now.

Today, the submarines of the Red Navy prowl the oceans all over the globe. There is a potent Soviet sea force—under the sea. This is a new kind of Navy, indeed—a Navy of submarines.

Back in 1938 Molotov said "The mighty Soviet power must have a Navy, both on sea and ocean, equal

to its interests and worthy of our great cause." And a very popular recent Russian book is entitled "The U.S.S.R.—A Great Sea Power."

As far as is known, the Soviet has eight or nine cruisers, perhaps ten destroyers, and many minelayers, sweepers, trawlers, gunboats, torpedo craft and other small ships. A good many of these are Lend-Lease equipment which never were returned to the lender—the United States. Some obsolete German and Japanese ships also are still in use. This surface complement, of course, cannot be compared with the American Navy.

But the hundreds of modern Red submarines, many equipped with schnorkel devices, are a formidable force. The Soviet undersea armada already greatly exceeds anything the Germans or Japanese could produce. Many captive German scientists are aiding in this production, some willingly and others because they must. As in the American Navy, submariners receive special pay and other privileges.

Shergin, a leading Russian Naval Commander, said after World War II:

"... Submarines can be extremely effectively used in the struggle against sea communications, and ...

are the type of Naval force that fulfills the main role in the mission of interdicting enemy supply by sea."

And "supply by sea" would be the basic American problem in a war with the Soviets.

Russian Naval doctrine, in the words of Admiral of the Fleet Isaikov, aims at a "war of annihilation." But these bold words contrast forcibly with the battle record of World War II. Not once did the Russians engage the Germans in a sea fight at all comparable to American-Japanese sea battles. In fact the small Red Navy engaged only in diversionary and coast-threatening raids, and a few small landings on its own occupied coasts.

This record is in keeping with the Russian policy of charging the Navy with responsibility for coastal defense, for a distance of 50 miles inland. It follows the Russian concept of the basic mission of its Navy, a concept very different from the American view. Stalin called his Navy "... helper of the Red Army."

The Russian Navy's basic mission is to defend the coastal "flanks" of the Red Army. The Navy is one of the subservient, supporting arms of the Army under this rule. Russia is a land power, fundamentally. For the same reason, Russians view any enemy nation also as an Army with Naval support. Accordingly, the secondary mission of the Soviet Navy is to attack the Naval "flanks" of the enemy.

General Korkodinov, of the Russian General Staff, said as to this, that the Navy should: "... Secure

the flanks of the land Armies from *flanking* by sea, that is, from landings in the rear of the land front . . . ; attack the sea communications of the enemy with the aim of interdicting supply of his Army . . . ; (and last) secure one's own sea communications. . . ."

Similarly, Admiral of the Fleet Isakov said that the primary mission of the Red Navy is "... to protect the strategic flanks of the Red Army extending to the coasts, against enemy landing parties and Naval operations. . . ."

It is significant that the Russian Navy is not a separate department, but is only one of the branches of the Ministry of Defense.

Again and again, the Russia idea is repeated. "Stop any possible Invasion. Prevent the enemy Navy from attacking Russian territory. Prevent the landing of any Invasion force. These are the tasks of the Red Navy." They are very different from the American Navy's task to seize and hold "command of the sea."

In terms of actual operations, the American theory is to group certain forces to accomplish specific missions anywhere in the world. For example, a task force is organized to seize a beachhead, or a fleet is designated to destroy an enemy force.

The Soviets, on the contrary, operate in zones. A fleet is given a "zone of operations," and is responsible for all operations in that zone or area. These zones are changed as the situation requires. In peacetime four zones or fleets are maintained: the Northern (Arctic), the Baltic (Western), the Black Sea (Southern), and the Pacific (Eastern).

As might be expected, the surface ships of the Communists usually are kept mostly in the Baltic and in the Black Sea. They would not last long in the open ocean, against a power like the United States.

Where the submarines are is unknown. They have been sighted in both the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. During the Korean fighting they made no real attempt to challenge the American fleet.

Development of the Arctic sea routes by the Russians is being matched by American development of Arctic air bases and radar stations. The Arctic Ocean offers the Soviets a relatively protected sea route connecting their territories from Archangel to Vladivostok. River routes there lead far inland, up to the Ob, Yenisei, Khatanga, and Kalyma rivers. It also is the shortest route for an attack on North America. Much action in the frigid northern wastes may be expected, if war should break out. In September, 1955, Washington announced that 123 American ships were active in the Alaska area between Point Barrow and Mackenzie Bay.

Use of Navy personnel as Infantry long has been a Russian custom. Limited amphibious operations were carried out by such "Marines" in World War II. As with American Marines, the assault Naval-Infantry usually is withdrawn, once the beachhead is taken. Then Army troops take over. Very often, however, sailors were used by the Russians as Battalions, Regiments and Brigades of Infantry, far inland, in the "Fatherland War" against the Nazis. Naval aircraft and coast artillery units also were so used.

Red ability to make leapfrog amphibious landings, around the flank of a land front, was shown against the Germans. Such diversionary and "second front" landings were made in the Crimea, and elsewhere on the Black Sea coast. They all were on a small scale. Only minor landings were made in the Baltic, late in 1944, and in 1945. Amphibious attacks across lakes, rivers and swamps were more common. The chief purpose of the amphibious at-

tacks was to pin down large forces of the German Armies, behind the lines, along the coasts. They were usually minor actions, on the "sea-flank" of advancing Armies.

The Reds also made amphibious landings, practically unopposed, on Sakhalin Island and in Korea, in 1945, as the Japanese surrendered to the United States.

It clearly can be expected that similar amphibious tactics would be used against any Army engaged in battle with the Communists, in Asia or Europe. The ability of the Reds to invade America by sea, on the other hand, as yet is negligible. They possess almost no landing craft, as far as is known. Recent Soviet experiments with commando-style landing devices and units, and with tank-landing techniques, however, are significant. Suicide raids on the American mainland may be their object, as well as diversionary raids around a battle front.

Soviet Naval aviation, like the Navy itself, is primarily a coast defense force. It is of particular importance in a close-to-shore type of Navy. And without carriers, it is likely to remain shore based. Its chief missions are reconnaissance and coast defense, with offensive operations against an enemy fleet far down on the list.

Bombing tactics are the chief technique of this air force. Bombers, mine-layers, torpedo planes, attack, fighter, and reconnaissance planes all are used; but bombardment, attack and torpedo planes are dominant. Army planes adapted for Naval use are the principal types employed. The popular American opinion that the Russians have few long-range bombers is simply wrong. Naval air fleets are controlled by the Naval zone command.

Use of airborne troops and paratroops, again for diversionary landings, are part of the Soviet combined operations doctrine. But very little use of airborne operations was made during World War II. Considering the popularity of public shows of mass parachute drops in Moscow, this is rather surprising. The experience of the "Fatherland War" showed these attacks to be very hard to control, and even harder to supply. Most of the few attempts made were completely unsuccessful.

Anti-submarine defense, by combined surface and air operations, recently has been emphasized by the Red Fleet. But, being shore-based, it is of limited range and effectiveness.

Development of American atom-powered ships and submarines indicates the American reaction to the threat of the Red undersea fleet. Long range subs, equipped as hunter-killers, will meet the Soviet "pig-boats" far out at sea.

Able to spend months cruising far from home, such submarines as the Nautilus undoubtedly will hunt for enemy subs, rather than for surface ships. Underwater battles, invisible on the surface, will be swift and



deadly. Target-seeking, electronically controlled torpedoes will be used against the marauders.

Carrier planes will sweep the seas, forcing the Reds to stay deep down. Convoys guarded by fleets of carrier-based planes will keep aircraft in the air at almost all times. Wolfpacks waiting for convoys will pay a fearful price when they move in to strike.

The cost of submarine warfare, in human lives, will be a high one for the men in the Kremlin. Most civilized nations value the lives of their citizens too highly to be willing to pay such a price. But it is well-known that a Russian's life is of almost no value, where the Communist "cause" is concerned.

It is to be expected that Russian lives will be spent freely by the Red dictators. If they can barter one cheap submarine and its crew against one complex American sub

and its crew, they will be well satisfied.

Man for man the Russian is no match for the American in sea savvy and sea fighting. On land, the tough Russ is nobody's pushover. But at sea it is another story. It will be necessary for the Americans to destroy several Red subs for every Yank craft lost.

Probably the Americans can make the Soviets pay a terrible price for their bid for supremacy under the seas. As it looks now, the price will be too high even for the ruthless ambitions of the rulers of Moscow.

Navy for Navy, man for man, and ship for ship, the American sea forces clearly are vastly superior. It is to be hoped that the Soviets' masters will not plunge the world into a war which they cannot win.

The result of a Naval war between the Soviets and America is almost certain. It might be a long, slow war

of attrition. Great damage will be suffered by both sides. But the destruction of the Red Navy is only a question of time.

When that is accomplished, the ships of the free world will sail the seas unmolested. Allied troops then can be landed almost anywhere on the Communist coasts. Allied aircraft will range across their cities and factories, from bases close to their heartland. Supplies for the Armies of liberation will flow uninterrupted.

The quietly efficient American Navy, without fanfare, and without boasts or threats, holds the seas. With its brother fleet of Britain, it need fear no challenge.

As long as the Stars and Stripes dominate the sea lanes, without dominating free men and nations, the men in the Kremlin would be mad to begin a war with America. We hope they realize this. ●●●

IT'S IN THE CARDS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29)

Division brought the Cards into existence as a form of defense. A complaint from a GI to a Noncom brought the usual reply of "Go tell it to the Chaplain," or, "You don't see no cross on me, Buster," and then the GI found that he could be excused from duty to consult the Chaplain with his problem. It was better than sick call. No aspirin.

But the Chaplains found themselves swamped by "Godly Goldbrickers," and since there was nothing they could do about cold cuts three times a day and an overabundance of that famed Army dish, "S—t on the shingle" or the temperature in Mississippi, or a trainees lack of sleep, they devised the stock answers for general problems and printed them on slips of paper.

One of the earliest TS Cards was on a mimeographed slip and it read:

Forget your cares, forget your woes,
You poor bedraggled GI Joes.
The posters were false, I must confess,
But we've got you now so it's just TS!

Despite the initial shock of having this message handed over by a Chaplain, most of the GIs got a laugh out of their obvious hopeless predicaments, the slogan "Tough S—t" became a byword of the Services and the fame of the TS Cards spread to every corner of the world.

When the GIs landed in Europe and began slugging their way up through Italy and across France, the problems of the Dogface were increased. Besides facing death every step of the way, he was smothered in tactical boredom and suffered the worst living conditions possible. When he got sick of the sleeping in

mud they dreamed of life in the Air Force and the Navy. And girls. Most of the women he saw were the rugged peasant stock and a small, pretty girl in female attire and a big white bed became fixations for him. Then this card appeared:

A soldier dreams of a girl in France,
But they all wear boots and woolen pants.
And if you gripe that life is hard,

I'll agree and punch your Card.

As was natural for a citizen Army not accustomed to caste systems and forced authority, the GI complained about officers, and the Chaplains in the line listened to tales of "chicken treatment" and pointed complaints concerning the Officer's whiskey ration and the caste system which gave the brass first pick on lodgings and any women who might be available. A new card soon appeared:

The Officers get the whiskey
And the girls they find are frisky
So have this Card when you go,
GI

Saint Peter will punch as you pass on by.

One thing that the GI hated more than waiting, officers or C-ration was the German 88. An artillery barrage of 88's would make a Dogface dig in with his nose, but the Chaplains came through:

I've heard your awful tale of woe.

I don't wanta listen to them no mo',

But get in the way of the eighty-eights

and you'll get a hearing at the Pearly gates.

The girls at home and the cheery letter that they were keeping a stiff

upper lip with Charley so-and-so who wasn't going to war were hot subjects of conversation and complaint. This combined with the bathless GI brought out another TS Card:

That girl at home is mighty true,
To all your friends, but not to you.

So TS, boy, you've gone to hell,
No girl on earth could stand the smell.

Even the Germans got into the act. At Stalag 3, one of the POW compounds in Germany, a former tail gunner was designated by the members of his barracks to carry a protest to the camp Commandant stating that they ought to improve the rations. The soldier was ushered into the office of a German Colonel who listened politely to the protest. When the soldier was finished the Colonel sat thoughtfully for a moment, then he opened his desk drawer and pulled out a card and a punch. He ceremoniously punched the card, handed it to the soldier and signalled that the audience was ended. The soldier returned to the barracks and handed over the card. It was hand-lettered in gothic script—TS!

When the Americans finally fought their way into the German bunkers at Anzio after some of the bitterest fighting of the War, this sign was hung over the battered doorway of a still-intact dugout. In perfect English it was lettered:

Gone to Heaven? Gone to Hell?
The Wermacht will never tell.
But don't you worry, GI Joe,
We'll punch some Cards before we go!

And then the war ended and the mud-caked Dogface came home to his flannel suits and white shirts. He cleaned up his language and found new interests. And he buried in memory, The Gremlins, Kilroy, Sad Sack, Miss Lace and his old standby—the TS Card. ●●●

thing goes. All you want to do is run. Your blankets and overcoat, you throw them away. You don't even think about the North African desert being hot as hell up until about four and then starting to get freezing cold. All you want to do is run so you'll still be alive after dark, cold or not.

After dark I could try to find my way toward the oasis of Sidi-bou-Zid, and if the Krauts were moving in there, try to make it on toward Sbeitla.

The bomb's concussion rolled me over and over and there was some backbone and ribs and the back of a skull with the whole face cleaned out, right there next to me. I ran past the blasted truck with its wheels still spinning. I saw this dough's dirty, sunbaked face straining up at what was left of the sky. A bomb had blasted the earth and this poor slob of a GI was buried clear up above his thighs. I started crawling toward him. Blood was spurting out of his chest. Two big holes. You can't plug up a guy's lungs, I thought, but then it didn't matter because when I touched him he was dead.

There's a voice whispering to everybody that he's next. I couldn't hear a voice like that. I wasn't going to be next. Most guys get it because they're careless. I didn't believe in luck, bad or otherwise. I had listened, and I'd looked, and I'd learned.

I ran past this half-track with some guy trying to crawl out of it, his clothes on fire. The half-track was turning red, like something getting ready to be turned into red-hot slag. Turning cherry red, and then the ammo in it started going off, weird whanging noises as shells tore off into the sky.

I saw these two jeeps about a hundred feet apart, bouncing crazy over the irrigation ditches. The 500 pound bomb lit on the second one and it just disappeared. It made a big hole though. A deep enough hole for me and I made a running dive and hit the bottom of the hot smoking dirt. A red hot fragment of metal burned into my thigh.

I felt these other three doggies hit the bottom of the hole and that was the way I tied up with Sergeant Satch Murphy, and Privates Kennedy and Leonard.

Once in a while we could whisper something to one another. We told one another who we were, what outfits we'd been with. The rest of the time we lay shivering as it got into late evening, and we listened to the Mark IVs grinding past. Once a big tank track dipped down and brushed the top of my head and we were covered over with dirt.

The sound of battle faded a little toward Sidi-bou-Zid, but we didn't move. Finally it got almost pitch

black, and then this Sergeant Satch, who had a nervous clipped way of speaking, said all at once, "Let's go, let's get the hell on down the line."

I twisted my head. The Sergeant was starting to get up. Dirt and rocks falling off him so he looked like a guy somebody had buried too soon.

There were privates Kennedy and Leonard and me, Jon Bestor. Three privates and a sergeant. What the sergeant said was supposed to go. But it wasn't time to move yet. It would get a little darker and then that would be the time to move.

I told Sergeant Satch this.

Satch stared at me with his cold faded eyes. His lips twisted a little. "I said we were moving—*Private!*"

"We ought to wait 'til it's clear dark," I said.

"We're wastin' time," Satch said, squatting on his knees. Kennedy, a lanky southerner, he was getting up. Leonard, a smaller almost fat little dough, with the shakes, he started to get up too. Right then though we all looked pretty much the same. Any difference in size or build, you wouldn't hardly notice it. We were just bearded, sun-baked, shivering piles of dirt moving inside a hole. You sure couldn't have told the difference between a private and a sergeant. If one of us had been a Major-General he wouldn't have looked any different than the rest of us.

"We ought to wait a little longer," I said.

"Guess we really ought to move on now," Kennedy drawled.

"That's right, yardbird," Satch said to me. "We move on now. You want to stay here and get buried, stay here, get buried."

Leonard was all curled up, his hands gripped together. He was a shock case. He had the shakes bad. A couple of wet eyes stared at me out of a mask of dirt. "We ought to move on, hadn't we?" he said.

"After it gets darker," I said. "Even then we'll have to be damn careful. The Krauts'll have patrols out hunting down stragglers."

"Hadn't we ought to hightail't on now?" Kennedy said. Kennedy was older than Leonard, with a mowed head full of dirt, and a weak receding chin.

"We're moving," Satch said. He started to crawl out of the hole. Kennedy and Leonard started to move after him. I dragged Satch back by the leg. The force of the belt he gave me threw me clear across the hole.

I came up and dived across Kennedy who was half sitting up and got Satch in the belly. He sat down, groaning a little.

"You crazy bastard," I said. "We got to wait until it's good and dark."

Satch gagged a little as he glared at me. He didn't care what was the smart thing to do. He figured I was

taking over, me just a private. He figured I had horned in on his little chance of playing the bigshot leader. I didn't give a tinker's damn about being a leader. But I knew what was the smart thing to do right then.

Just about then we heard a whole bevy of Kraut tanks grinding past, on either side of the hole. And after they were gone, Kennedy whispered, "Maybe the private's right now, Satch. Maybe we ought to hunker down here a while yet."

Satch didn't say anything. He just glared at me. I figured right then he hated me a lot worse than he hated Krauts or Eyeties.

"Few more minutes we can head out of here," I said.

Leonard took his hands apart and looked at them. They kept jumping like a spastic's hands. His face was twitching all up and down one side. "Just can't make them stop," he said. "They won't stop. They been doing this ever since this morning."

"You get a good rest later, they'll be okay," I said.

Satch sneered. "They sure oughta' give you a commission, Major," Satch said to me.

"Satch," I said. "You're a sergeant. That's fine. I'm proud of you. You're the leader. Great, be the leader. I don't give a damn about who is called the leader. Rank doesn't mean a damn thing to me. We've got to stay alive, and we've always got to figure out the best way to do it. You guys want to stay alive, stay here until it gets pitch black."

Nobody moved. Satch started to move, but then he seemed to realize maybe Kennedy and Leonard might not follow him. He didn't take the chance. Kennedy and Leonard were the kind that have to follow orders of some kind, in service, in war, or out selling neckties somewhere. They had decided to do what I suggested not because they thought it was smarter, but because they were scared. We were all scared, but a lot of guys have a tendency to do the wrong thing when they get scared under fire. Like with Leonard and Kennedy. They wanted to stay so they wanted to listen to me. They wanted to stay because scared doughs always want to freeze wherever they are. I'd learned that at Oran, and ordinarily it's the worst thing you can do, freeze. At Oran I saw a green dough freeze and just lay in a slit trench while a Kraut came up and shot him in the head.

I WAS leading them through the irrigated field. Satch had started leading them but Satch wasn't the kind that can see in the dark. I could see in the dark a little, enough to lead the others.

That's also part of staying alive. You've got to be able to travel and fight in the dark. You've got to be able to see, develop a kind of cat's sight, night sight. Krauts liable to be anywhere in the dark. You've got to move without making any noise. It's a kind of instinct I guess. Some

GIs have it, some don't. It's part of having to stay alive, if you're the kind that wants to live.

I'd learned plenty in a short time. I'd learned for example that the older experienced soldier kept coming back, he seldom died. The recruits suffered 50 percent casualties. I reasoned then that staying alive wasn't luck. It was experience. Experience and instinct. I'd learned not to freeze or bunch up under fire, but to keep moving in or get into a good hole. I'd learned about Jerry having one gun shooting tracers up high, then other guns shooting grazing fire. I'd learned about Jerry's machine pistol, that it wasn't accurate, that if it didn't get you in the first minute, not to worry, that it was only the first four or six shots that counted. I'd learned to urinate on a rifle when it froze up tight. I'd learned the very special way to lob grenades, that you couldn't throw them like baseballs. I'd learned to keep out of draws because Jerry always had mortars zeroed in on them. I'd learned all I could since Oran, and one thing I'd learned was to see in the dark, and how to pick up my feet and walk on grass and rocks.

Satch might have known these things too, only he didn't give a damn. Kennedy probably knew, but he thought too slowly. Leonard didn't even know. Those kind of guys get killed.

We had another big argument, Satch and I did, over whether we ought to take the jeep. It would still run, but even, the machine gun mounted on the stanchion up front didn't cut any ice with me. The Krauts knew the difference between a jeep motor and the motor of a Volkswagon. Satch had to give in there too, and we hoofed it.

Satch hated my guts all the way through.

It took us almost two hours to walk a mile the way I wanted to walk it. It was a big semi-irrigated desert, like a valley you'd see around Phoenix, Arizona. Almost treeless, patches of wild growth, shoulder high cactus. Some cultivated fields, tiny Arab farm houses. Somewhere in the dark I knew the Arabs in their patched robes were walking carrying bundles of sticks. But they had learned how to see and walk quietly in the dark when they were kids. A week ago you could see them around their fires at nights out where they herded sheep. Now all you could see were the flares and tracers over the hills. Once in a while a flash of flame.

The Americans were too green then, most of them, that was why they got pushed back.

"I sure wish we was in the clear and riding hell bent ninety to nothin' in that little ole' jeep," Kennedy whispered.

"You driving it?" I asked.

"I was."

"Next time keep that windshield folded back. The glare flashes signals to a stuka just like a mirror.

Shouldn't wear those dust goggles either. Same reason."

"Never thought of that," Kennedy said.

"You just listen to Major Bester," Satch sneered. "Listen, Major, how do you know where we're going? Krauts there, Eyeties there. How do you know which way to go?"

"I don't," I said, "except we follow our nose toward Sbeitla. It doesn't matter how long we take getting there. We travel at night. We hole up during the day."

Leonard's voice was shaking even worse now, like he was stuttering badly. "My hands just won't stop. I feel like my legs are going out."

I heard the blow and Satch's curse. "Shut up," he said. "You better stop whining."

"Lay off," I said. I moved toward Satch. In the dark, he was just a thicker shadow but I knew where he was. I knew what he was too. I'd seen them all the way from the grinder on up. The guys who feel good because they have a rank and that makes them feel better than thousands of other guys they can push around.

I told Satch he'd better not do anything like that to Leonard again. I could sense the way he was all bunching up, and the only reason he didn't try to take me then and there was because he was too blind. It was too dark for him.

We kept on walking. Kennedy and Leonard made a lot of noise, stumbling, sliding, kicking rocks, breathing heavy. Satch made noise too, but not quite as much. I figured any minute they'd bring the Krauts in. Maybe it would be better, I thought, to go it on alone. Sometimes it's better to do that if you want to live. But then I thought of Leonard and to a lesser degree, I thought of Kennedy. There's a lot of guys like Leonard and Kennedy. They're the ones that get it. Give them a simple routine job back home where they know pretty well what's going to

happen all the time, and they're okay. They can't make the shift though when they're pushed into a place like this. That's why you ought to try to help a guy like Leonard. Kennedy? Well, Kennedy might be all right later, but he was slow. It might take him too long to learn.

We didn't find any dead doggies, so we just kept walking and getting colder and colder all the time. And then later I could tell by the hedges and chickens squawking that we were nearing some Arab's farm house. We moved closer until I spotted the small white stucco house. Then I saw the flame flickering in the window.

"Kennedy," I said, "let's move up there and take a look."

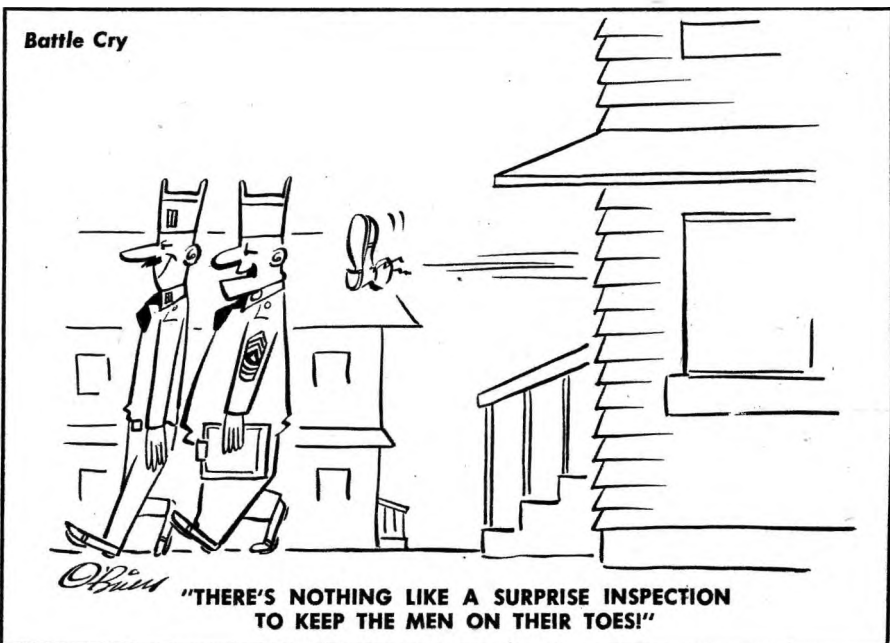
I'd learned to travel in pairs all the time when possible. That way it's safer. One can cover the other. When you've got to sleep, always one to keep watch for the other.

Satch wanted us all to charge in there with our BARs, but I explained how it might be friendly French in there, or even Americans or British.

Then Kennedy and I moved up so we could take a look in the window. That's how we met up with Captain Arthur Norton who had a tank blown out from around him, and some other things he never had time to mention.

It was very quiet all at once. Not a sound anywhere. Even the chickens stopped squawking, or else I just didn't hear them. It was weird, it gave me the creeps just looking in there.

Captain Norton was a gaunt gray shape, his face like a dirty marshmallow. He was in that room hunched over a gasoline flame heating a can of rations. Part of the wall had been blasted out. On the other side of the house, right around the corner, were a couple of wrecked vehicles. I couldn't see what kind. I could smell fuel oil, and the smell of death was thick. The smell came out of the window right in my face.



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Norton's fatigues were covered with dried blood. A dead Kraut, his uniform blasted off, his leg and most of his torso ripped open, lay there not two feet from Norton. Two GIs lay dead on the other side of Norton, one of them had his head blown off, and most of his chest, and the other was split almost in two. The walls, floor, ceiling all splattered with blood and parts of dead men.

And Norton in there heating rations over his small gasoline flame, death and blood all around him, but none of these things meant anything at all to him.

Kennedy started vomiting. He tried to keep from making any noise, but he bent over and fell on one knee. It was enough to gag anybody, but it scared me too much for me to be that sick. I don't know what it was that scared me when I'd seen worse things at Oran. It wasn't all the dead in there, or the blood. I'd seen that before. It was a man living in there, cooking rations. It was a crazy feeling that he shouldn't have been in there unless he was dead too. It wasn't any place for the living.

Norton heard Kennedy and as he turned toward the window he lifted a BAR from where it was leaning against the wall, I caught a front look at his face, pinched and powder burned, with dried blood caked over it.

"Don't shoot," I yelled. "We're Americans."

He stood there looking at the window. His eyes had a dark shine in the gasoline flame. He stood there a long time. I didn't know whether he was going to open up or not. Finally he said, "Show yourself. I've got the door covered."

That was a silly thing for him to say. So he had the door covered. Someone could have ripped him down right through the window.

I gave him the password, then told Kennedy to bring up Leonard and Satch. I went around to the door, opened it, and went in.

I saluted, told him who we were, and what outfits we were from. He didn't move. He didn't say anything. What he'd said already was enough for me to hear anyway. It had a dead flat sound. He stared at me without really seeming to see me out of his abnormally bright eyes. One of his hands gripping the BAR was covered with dried blood.

Kennedy, Leonard and Satch came in.

Satch moved up in front of me and saluted, stiffening his spine and standing at attention. He told Norton everything I'd already told him.

"At ease," Norton said, and then he told us his name, that he'd had a tank shot out from under him, that they'd defended this place against a Kraut patrol. He put the BAR down, returned to heating his can of rations. He didn't offer us any rations. He didn't offer us any clothes, or blankets or anything. Maybe there weren't any of these things anyway.

We never had a chance to find out. Leonard sort of collapsed against the wall. Kennedy just stood there, drooping, staring at the Captain, trying not to get sick any more. Satch still stood there like he was at attention even though he was at ease.

"What are we going to do, Sir?" Satch finally said, and he grinned thinly at me, a triumphant grin. Now he had a leader he could respect. I wasn't the leader now. That was fine with me, I thought, and then I thought about it a little more and decided it wasn't fine. I decided it was bad. I wanted to get the hell out of there. fast.

Satch didn't have any doubts how it was to have himself a real official superior authority to tell him what to do. Someone he figured he could really look up to because somebody had given him a commission and told him he was better.

I've seen a lot of guys like Satch. There are more of them around than you'd ever think. In war, that's where you see them. That's where it comes out. I call them the Sandwich guys, they have to live between two slices of authoritative bread. I don't know why, but they like to feel the squeeze. A guy who likes to pull his rank on lesser fry, also likes to have some bigshot he can be a whipping boy for. It goes all the way to the top. Finally there's Hitler, and he's got his big brass telling him what to do too, his astrology charts and God knows what else.

Satch, he isn't like Kennedy or Leonard. Those guys don't like to push anybody around. They just take orders because they're scared, don't know what to do. Satch, he likes to get whipped, then he likes to find a dog to whip in turn.

You name it, I'd like to shoot it. But I can't name it.

All I know is Satch stood there ramrod straight waiting for orders from a guy I knew already was a psycho case, a guy as nutty as a Christmas fruitcake.

Hitler was nuts too but that didn't matter, not with so many guys like Satch around. Crazy or not, that doesn't matter. If it wears bars, it's better.

Hitler, Himmler, Goebbels, they liked guys like Satch.

Me, I only respect real talent.

Norton dropped the half-emptied ration tin on the floor. Pieces of food dripped off his chin. He stared up at Satch. He sat there, hunched over a little, limp hands hanging between his knees, just looking. Finally he said, without any feeling, like something off a phonograph record.

"At ease, soldier."

There was this feeling of tension, of death, in the air. I kept thinking of the dead men lying there while Norton ate his rations. I wanted to suggest that we get the hell out of there, but I couldn't. I didn't know how to suggest that. Satch wouldn't go along. Kennedy and Leonard

were stuck with having to do what the Captain said. And what Satch said. Whatever I said wouldn't mean anything.

It didn't seem real anyway. Listen, almost all those things that happen during a war, they seem like dreams, or nightmares, later. Telling about them you can hardly remember them. Sometimes you forget the whole thing. It never seems real.

So maybe Kennedy and Leonard and Satch, maybe to them it made as much sense as anything else they'd seen since sailing over from England and landing in North Africa.

All I knew was that Norton was nuts. That open window with the flame burning so any passing Kraut patrol could have seen it. Now I knew why it was warm in here too. I could see the smouldering coals left in the Arab's fireplace. Norton had had a fire going, sparks going up into the dark.

Any minute I expected a Kraut patrol to toss some grenades in the window.

Finally, stiffly, like somebody in a trance, Norton stood up. "Sergeant," he said, pointing. "My coat."

Satch jumped to the table, picked up the bloody overcoat, and held it while Norton pushed himself into it. He picked up a stained scarf and wrapped it around his neck but seemed to forget to tie it and it fluttered around, a nice white spot for some Kraut to see in the dark.

Norton lifted his BAR and stood there with his bright eyes not really seeing any of us.

"Soldiers," he said, "it's good that you came along like this. Very good. It is bad for men to die alone. It's good, it's very good, that you came along."

"Yes, sir," Satch said.

"When we know we can't get out of this pocket alive," Norton said, "then it's good to know that we can give a good account of ourselves. My father always talked about that. Give a good account of yourself he always said, and that's the only thing that really makes any difference when it's over."

"Yes, sir," Satch said.

"Good . . . good account of yourselves," Norton said, staring at the window. Then after a while he said, "There's a German burial patrol over behind a hill near here. I know. I know they're there. I saw them roll in there late this evening. I've been waiting, getting ready to give a good account of myself. They have two tanks, a half-track and I believe two trucks. I don't know how many of them there are, but I should judge maybe twenty-five, thirty men."

"Captain Norton," I said. I had to say something. "Don't you think possibly we could get through the Kraut patrols? It's pitch black out there, and if we travel only at night and hole up during the day. . ."

He didn't even seem to hear me.

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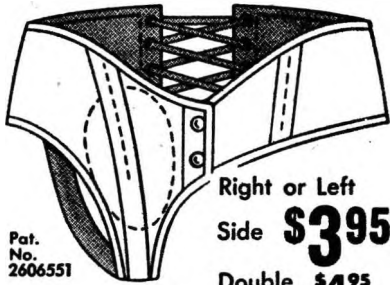
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He started buckling a belt-full of grenades around his waist. He was a tall thin man with delicate hands, only they were covered with dried blood.

He picked up his BAR again.

"As men we really don't have any choice, soldiers," he said. He shifted his feet and his toe touched the dead Kraut, but he didn't move his toe. "It's a question of either getting caught running, sneaking in the dark, or dying . . . giving a good account of ourselves. Is there a real alternative? No, no, soldiers, you must admit, no alternative. What if we were captured, forced into some Italian prison camp? No choice, soldiers, no choice at all."

Let me tell you this, he sounded like a preacher I heard once back in my home town of Trenton, Missouri. This preacher stood up there with his eyes shining and talking all the time about how wonderful, how good death was. Death, this preacher said, was good and beautiful because it was just a gateway into a better life.

Captain Norton sounded the same way.

Maybe the preacher and Norton are right. But the death I saw in that room didn't look good to me. It was a gamble, I figured, whether they were right or not. And in any case, I'd find out eventually no matter what. Meanwhile, to me living was better.

"Let's go, soldiers," Captain Norton said. "Let's move against that German patrol. We'll give a good account of ourselves."

Leonard was staring at his hands. He was really in bad shape now. His face twitching, his hands jerking. "Sir," Leonard said, looking up, "I'm not sure I can do much of anything. Look, sir. It isn't my fault. They been shaking like this ever since this morning. All I been doing is looking at them, I even been talking to them, anything to make them stop shaking. It's getting worse. Something's wrong and I don't think . . ."

Satch jerked Leonard onto his feet and shoved him against the wall. "We're moving out now, soldier," Satch said. He looked at me like I was dirt.

"Captain Norton," I said desperately. "Leonard can't fight. There's only three of us. We only have the rifles, and a few grenades. Against a whole German patrol. Sir, if we—"

Captain Norton was walking toward the door. He didn't even turn around. "Don't be afraid, soldier," he said. "When your time comes, you'll get your bullet. It's all a matter of chance anyway, soldier. If this isn't your time, then it isn't. If it is, then give a good account of yourself."

He went out. Satch shoved Leonard out into the dark. Kennedy stood, hanging loosely in the air, his mouth hanging open.

"He's crazy, Kennedy," I said

quickly. "For God's sake can't you see, he's a psycho!"

Satch shoved Kennedy out the door. Kennedy looked like someone trying to wake up with a fire burning in the building, but too sleepy, too slow.

"Sergeant," I said. "We don't have to follow his orders. Regulations don't say we have to follow a crazy man!"

Satch lifted his BAR. "I could shoot you, Major," he said.

He would too. It wasn't any use talking to them, any of them. I'd known that anyway. All right, I thought, when we got out into the dark, I'd take off. The hell with them.

You don't need a country or a cause to die for, I thought. You can die just because you want to die.

You can find out a lot of things during a campaign. About how to fight, about how to try to stay alive. You find out that war isn't even the same world. You can't write home about it, because nobody knows what you're really trying to say. Sometimes you don't know yourself. But it isn't the same world any more. It's like a dream. You wake up, you don't remember it many times. It doesn't seem to make sense. You kill people in dreams. You don't figure you would when you're awake. Sometimes you kill yourself in a dream. You wake up, it seems silly.

Trying to tell people what it was like from Tunisia to the invasion of Europe is like trying to tell a blind man what a pretty woman looks like.

All I'm saying is it was a different world. The rules were all different. To live in it, you had to be the way you are sometimes in a dream.

You could do things you could never do back home except in a dream. You could kill people and it was all right. You could sleep with corpses and it was all right. You could lie in freezing cold, burrowing into dirt and watch someone you knew get cut to pieces. It was all right. It was normal.

Back home if you wanted to die, it wasn't right.

But here it was the thing to do. You expected it. If you wanted to die, you could do it. Anytime you wanted to die, there was a bullet waiting for you. Just stand up and take it whenever you wanted it.

There are a lot of guys buried over there now who wanted to be buried. And if they hadn't come across they might never have known they wanted to die.

Norton and Satch, they might never have known they wanted to die if they'd stayed home. Maybe they didn't know it even now, but that was what they wanted to do, and they were going to do it. And Kennedy and Leonard and Bester, they were only privates so they were going to die too.

I tried to break away from the patrol as Norton led us through the

night. The moon came out from behind the clouds finally, the way it did the night before, but that didn't matter. We walked behind Norton, and Norton didn't care how bright the moonlight was.

I couldn't run. I don't know why. I wanted to live, but I couldn't leave the patrol. I kept thinking of Leonard and Kennedy. And I couldn't run away. You owe something to guys like them. They weren't following because they really wanted to. They had lost their will and they needed help.

We walked along through the moonlight to die. But it was like we were already dead. It was like a movie I saw once as we walked past this long haystack like you'll see if you ever go to Tunisia. Like that movie where a bunch of zombies walked through the moonlight without any minds of their own. Already dead because of that, even though they walked.

"Right around this hill now," Norton said. "Heads up, soldiers."

Bad as it was, Norton made it worse. We might have come in from four sides firing, and confused the Krauts a little. They might have thought there were a lot more of us than there were. But no, Norton just walked on around the hill and Kennedy, Satch and Leonard followed him.

I heard a yell, a Kraut yell, as I saw the small flickering of a gasoline flame. I heard the 'bzt' sound, like ripping a piece of cloth fast. It was time to hit the dirt, duck.

I yelled at Kennedy and Leonard to hit the dirt, but it was too late.

I lay there with the earth blowing up around me, feeling this swelling inside me, a huge fist of fear socking at my gut, hammering and hammering.

It was all a melee of figures in among the tanks, the half-tracks, the trucks. The grenades exploding, the machine guns rattling and the bullets whining everywhere. Someone had got the half-track. It started going off, its ammo catching. All at once a flame split upward like lightning, and then another explosion in the air. Fire shot in all directions and I could see shapes falling and screaming under the flames.

I was going to try to drag Leonard out of there. The machine gun fire was so thick and close it set my jacket on fire, and I had to beat out the flame against the ground. I saw the Krauts coming for me, five or six of them. I tossed one grenade, then another, and opened up with my BAR.

I was close enough then to Leonard to grab him, but it was too late to help him any more. Blood gushed out of his neck. He tried to speak. He was looking at his hand and it wasn't shaking anymore. "Look," he said.

I grabbed two of his grenades and ran in toward the Volkswagon. I could see the two BARs blazing there. The ground was littered with dead Krauts. I ran, then dived into

a crevice and started crawling. I lobbed in two more grenades. A machine gun over by the truck stopped chattering. The other machine gun behind the other truck still raked the air with fire.

I saw Kennedy. His body was cut all to pieces with machine gun fire.

I was almost to where Norton and Satch were, and I heard Norton say, almost casually, "Charge, soldiers!"

Norton didn't charge though. He just stood up straight and started walking toward the Kraut machine gun. Satch ran, he ran and then he started spinning round and round, and then he fell. His BAR kept on spraying the air.

I got two more grenades into the machine gun, and it stopped. I realized then that Norton hadn't been firing his BAR. He walked up there to the machine gun that lay on its side. Something moved behind it in the shadows. One Kraut at least wasn't dead yet.

Norton stood there and looked down. I covered him with the BAR. Norton dropped his rifle though. He dropped it, and he looked down at whatever was moving and said: "Shoot. I'm out of ammunition. You must shoot now."

I crawled nearer. The Kraut was sitting up against the shattered truck wheel. His hands held an automatic pistol, but he only moved his head back and forth and grinned. He dropped the pistol.

"Shoot, shoot, you Kraut bastard," Norton said.

The German just shook his head. Norton grabbed up the Kraut's pistol and shoved it back into his hand. The Kraut only dropped it again.

Norton dropped down to his knees and began to cry like a woman, sobbing and screaming for the German to shoot him.

I crawled back a ways and finally got around on the other side of the hill. I started running. I heard the shot as the Kraut's automatic pistol went off. But I knew the Kraut hadn't pulled the trigger.

All the way up the Italian boot to Salerno I kept thinking about that night in Tunisia. I still think about it.

We gave a good account of ourselves all right, we were real heroes. And like Captain Norton said, "When your time comes, you'll get your bullet." He was right.

You'll get it even if you have to give it to yourself. ●●●



To The Man With **HERNIA** Who Can Not Submit To Surgery

The man condemned to live with rupture, all too often faces a grim future.

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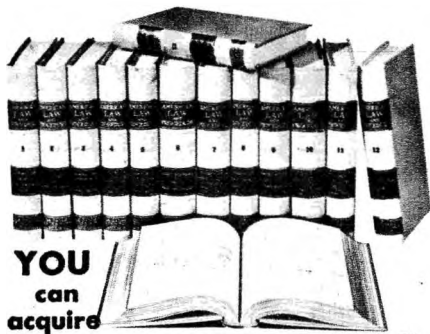
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OFF LIMITS: TIMES SQUARE, N.Y. (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19)

we hit, around the corner from a movie house now featuring semi-draped strippers, the bartender serves a rye on the rocks to a pin-cushiony young doxy who's waiting for the EMs to arrive. The bartender, who is also the owner, doesn't mind talking at all, as long as the name of his establishment isn't mentioned:

"Sure we sell juice to the sailors and soldier boys," he declares. "Their dough's as good as yours, ain't it? If they spend their wad here that's their business. If they get crocked, that's their business, too. What'm I supposed to be, their guardians or somep'm?"

He points a stubby-finger in the direction of the curvaceous chippie, fortifying herself on the rye. "What's she doin' here?" he goes on, almost belligerently. "She's here to pick up a GI, have a couple easy-go'in' belts with him, give 'im a thrill or two, and then find a hotel on Eighth for an hour or so. What's the big crime? We make a buck on drinks, the lady gets paid, and the GI has a little happy time in the hay. So who gets hurt?"

"These military cops," he snorts. "Buttin' in, sendin' me letters, 'suggestin'' I show up at their disciplinary board meeting downtown or they're gonna put my joint Off Limits. Why don't they leave a guy alone? If a GI wants to get lushed and have some jollies, I ain't gonna buck human nature. That Armed Services Police, or whatever the hell fancy name they call themselves, they're just lookin' to put me out of business!"

Actually, the A.S.P.D. isn't looking to put any civilian businessman out of money-earning commission. They know a thing or two about human nature, themselves, but as a military detachment they have one role: to protect military personnel from getting cheated, getting rolled, getting diseased. They don't strong-arm anyone. They'll toss back their sleeves and go to work, but only if they don't get the cooperation they request.

(Within two weeks after our visit, this particular joint was placed Off Limits. The latrine was found to be filthy, the general condition of the place dirty. The female patronage were, for the most part, known or suspected prostitutes—dames certainly never to be confused with Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm. A few complaints were made about the liquor, too: too often a Serviceman would leave the bar for a moment, then return to find his half-filled drink missing; a fresh one would be in its place—and you're expected, naturally, to pay for every drink served you in a bar.

(The bartender-owner, aware that the A.S.P.D. meant business, did show up at the open meeting of The Armed Services Disciplinary Board in the Federal Building of New York's Church Street. He denied each and every charge, categorically, even though proof supported the charges. As of this writing, he may not sell even the right time to a Serviceman. This doesn't mean he's being crucified. As soon as he satisfies the military inspectors that he's rid his place of garbage—both from the floors and from the bar stools—he'll be back On Limits again.

We continue our tour up The Avenue, to see who's out to take whom. It's a little past nine now, a time of night when the sawdusty taverns gradually start to jump.

Business isn't suffering around the mid-Forties, especially at an up-holstered sewer we'll call Slugger's Tavern. EMs in from Okinawa and Bougainville, from Chinju and Heartbreak Ridge, know about Slugger's because buddies have told them to hit there, their first time in The Big City. "The broads wait for you three deep at Slugger's," the claim goes, "and if you have fifteen bucks you'll have a time you won't forget."

"Lucky" Servicemen find Slugger's doors open to them on occasion, at that—between Off Limits postings. Actually, this spot—like several in Times Square—sports a bevy of ladies of the evening, of the most limp-wristed homosexuals, of tips on "safe" hotels; a shameless cesspool of immoral muck and vice, it's managed to flourish since World War II. The New York A.S.P.D. knows of its record but has no authority to close it down. Being Off Limits hurts its business only for a while; once it has conformed to the inspectors' requirements—seeing that its floors, kitchen and latrines are clean, its female and male degenerates cleared out—it peeks around the corner, notes that by law it can throw its door open to any and all, and then does, with a bang. The same "inviting" conditions are back in full force before you can say B-Girl.

We drop into Slugger's at a time when Everything Goes.

A bawdy-colored juke box blares a wild mambo, complete with the obscene grunts. The bluish cigarette smoke is heavy and at the far end of the counter a cluster of mas-caraed homos stand and sit, their heads together, their voices low, waiting patiently to see which GI at the bar might get just crocked enough to be agreeable to an over-ture.

The girls aren't being that passive

—not with Servicemen lining the bar, each with money in his pockets, each looking for "action" or at least the possibility of "action." The girls don't look especially different from the girls you'll see in saloons like Slugger's throughout the country. A fleck less painted, maybe. A little more tired looking, too young, somehow, to look so tired about the eyes. Their bodies are shapely, curved in the form of invitation, and they wear only enough clothes to guarantee you that you won't be wasting your time. The lips look coral and ripe, even though they've been kissed too often, by too many strange mouths.

We stand near enough to see one of them edge up to a lone sailor, wriggle close to him so that the meaning of her dime store but potent perfume is unmistakable, and hear her ask, "Buy a drink, lover?"

His new cash-and-carry date downs her Canadian Club in a half dozen quick gulps, not because she's so thirsty, necessarily, but because if she lags, her sailor will, too—and that isn't going to make the establishment happy. The sailor keeps up with her; within five minutes they've begun their seconds.

She's already started making herself as desirable as possible. Her hand rests through his arm and she leans near enough to him for two purposes: the better to give him a whiff of the perfume, and the better to make his hand accidentally touch her. She whispers some unheard words into his ear, even manages to nibble at his earlobe when she's through whispering. They leave their drinks to dance. When they return, their unfinished drinks are, of course, refilled.

The sailor, a naive kid positive of the fact that he has the equivalent of Monroe next to him, has been with her hardly more than five minutes—and he's already spent six bucks.

Shortly after the tenth buck, the cards get laid on the table. "I feel up to a little sport, doll," she mutters. "You, too?" By now he's *certainly* not ready to return to his base. He nods. "I'm worth twenty clams," she advises.

He balks. "I'm not, though. Don't have that much."

The lady bites her lip, as if wondering whether to drop him for

greener pastures elsewhere, or to see if a little haggling will do the trick.

"I know a hotel on Forty-seventh, between Broadway and Seventh," she confides. "For me, they'll give us a room for five dollars. Let's say you let me have twenty and that'll take care of the room, too."

After another drink, they leave. If he's smart, he'll hold on to his twenty dollars; if she has it ahead of time, she'll run at the next stop light and his Hot Time will have been over. If he's smart, he'll take her to a hotel of his own choosing; in her bailiwick, the odds are good that she has a confederate waiting, to roll the sucker for every cent on him.

If he's *really* smart, of course, he'll turn on his heel and leave.

But he won't be smart. Nor will the other GI who spends a quiet hour in this or a raft of other Times Square saloons which allows all the street scum to congregate—for the sole purpose of milking the Serviceman—and discovers he's gone broke within that hour.

Somebody's got to look out for the welfare of these men. The Armed Services Police Detachment does.

Major John H. Dennin, A.S.P. Operations Officer of the Times Square area, recently told BATTLE CRY: "Whenever there are large numbers of Servicemen in congregation for "off post" recreation, you will often find groups of degenerates and parasites ready to prey upon them.

"The A.S.P.D.'s ferret out these undesirables and the places in which they operate, and bring them to the attention of the proper authority. Certainly the consistent fine work of the New York City Police Department is a most necessary factor for the success of our mission.

"I'm not insinuating that Servicemen are open game; by and large they are fine, decent men. But through ignorance and error when they run into these parasitic characters, trouble can ensue."

And trouble usually *does* ensue after dark, night after night, in one of the country's gaudiest, most souped up and high flamed stretches of land—New York's Times Square.

Visit it some night—and discover to what extent garbage goes to masquerade as glamour. ●●●

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WE GOT KILLED AT KASSERINE

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17)

first of the piecemeal American attempts to stop the Germans began. Under repeated Luftwaffe attacks, one Battalion after another crumpled under the skillful attack of the advancing Nazis.

Combat Command C, of the 1st Armored, advanced in a counter-attack. Led by Lt. James L. Cockrell, Jr. and Lt. James S. Flanders, the American tanks met the Germans head-on. They killed over fifty of the "supermen" before the swarming enemy closed around them. Only four of the outfit's new Shermans got back that night, after running a gauntlet of 88 gun and Tiger tank fire. The accompanying 68th Field Artillery Battalion was cut off, under Lt. Colonel Edwin H. Burba. It assembled in a great circle, and held off the surrounding Huns by point-blank fire all day. When night fell, the Artillerymen pulled out safely when the Nazis backed away to lick their wounds.

To the north of the Kasserine Pass, the Germans bulled their way up the ridges, through 34th Infantry units. Southwest of the pass, 1st Infantry outfits, moving up, also failed to hold the surging Panzers. The tough, experienced Afrika Korps knew its business well.

Despite the advantage of a naturally strong defensive position in the pass, with prepared defenses, and with almost four Divisions to use, the II Corps buckled, and gave way. Erratic, disjointed, inexperienced—the defense failed. And the help of a few British units rushed down from the north was of little avail. The 34th Infantry, and the artillery of the 9th Infantry Division did not stop the advancing Panzers as they came through the pass.

In the plain between Sidi-Bou-Zid and Kasserine, trapped units were butchered or taken prisoner. Ironically, among the captured was Colonel Drake, C.O. of the 168th Infantry, who had been decorated with a Silver Star by General Eisenhower just when the attack had begun. Panicky stampedes of a few inexperienced troops, during night shelling, added to the disorder. On the road from Sbeitla, through Kasserine and back through the pass, a bumper-to-bumper retreat of vehicles was mercifully spared from sheer slaughter, only because the Luftwaffe bombers and fighters were busy elsewhere.

In a fighting withdrawal, the 1st and 2d Battalions of the 13th Armored Regiment prevented the retreat from becoming a rout. Major Henry E. Gardiner of the 1st Battalion, and Major Jacob Shapiro, of the 2d Battalion, each stubbornly held his Command in place, in slow, fighting withdrawal. Losing one tank after

another, but fighting savagely, they made the Germans slow down, and took a heavy toll of German tanks and infantry. Gardiner's tank was finally hit, and he had to run for it, on foot. Of these stubborn units, Rommel later said they fought "cleverly and hard."

With Shapiro's Company C in the rear, the fighting rearguard pulled out only after burning Sbeitla, and leaving nothing but ruins for the victorious Germans. The 1st Armored alone had lost 1,093 casualties by nightfall of the 14th of February.

On the 18th, the Panzers poured through Kasserine Pass, and in a two-pronged attack, headed for Thala to the north and Tebassa to the west.

Two thousand GIs, spread across the mile-wide valley, slowed but did not stop the advance. The British 10th Battalion, Royal Buffs, arriving on the northern shoulder of the pass, backed away on the road to Thala, as the Germans hit them. At the same time, the American 19th Combat Engineer Battalion was pushed west, up the road to Tebassa. Part of the 1st Infantry Division, near the Tebassa road, gave ground slowly.

Up north, at Thala, the British 26th Armoured Brigade braced to hold the Panzer spearhead on that road. With it was the American 9th Infantry Division artillery. Brigadier General Cameron Nicholson, of the British 6th Armoured Division, took command at Thala. There, the tiring Germans were destined to be stopped.

On the southern shoulder of the pass, Major General Terry Allen's reluctance to loan out any of the 1st Infantry units to the other Commanders touched off bitter arguments among the Commanding Generals. The policy of piecemeal defense was proving not only futile in practical effects, but also was causing dissension among the Allied forces.

Eastward, on the Tebassa road the tenacious Major Gardiner was active again, in command of a makeshift jumble of Infantry, Armor, Artillery and plain-straggler outfits.

Enemy air attacks seemed to be endless. The jittery Americans fired on any and all aircraft, despite orders to fire only when attacked. As a result, some American aircraft received damaging fire from their own troops, to add to the bitterness and recriminations.

On the Thala road, Brigadier General Paul M. Robinett, commanding the American 1st Armored units, and British 26th Armoured Units, held off the northern German column. All was going well until the Nazis captured a British Valentine

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KASSERINE PASS (CONTINUED)

tank in good, clean running order.

Led by Krauts in the Valentine, and closely following a retreating British column, a line of Mark IV's and Tiger tanks moved undetected and unopposed into the middle of the Allied position. There they opened fire and cut up the defenders, taking over 700 prisoners. Only the massed fire of the 9th Infantry Division's artillery prevented the loss of Thala, at this point.

On the 22d of February the weather began to clear. For the first time the superior Allied air power could make itself felt. Strafing and bombing of the long thin German lines of communication began at once.

Back at the pass, Rommel himself came up to have a look. Regretfully, he concluded that he lacked the supplies and transport to exploit his victory. His exposed spearhead columns, surrounded by mountains and increasing numbers of Allied troops, were in danger of being cut off. He ordered a general withdrawal back through the pass.

That evening, General Eisenhower told Fredendall that the Germans apparently were through, and that counterattacks now should be begun. It was clear that Rommel was pulling back.

After the war, in his book "Crusade In Europe," Eisenhower admitted that he had tried to do too much, and had over-extended his lines in this battle. The dispersed positions of the Americans, and faulty intelligence had invited the defeat. Greenness among the American Commanders and troops, and lack of unity of planning and command also were glaringly apparent.

The Allied losses in the bad week of Kasserine were 192 killed, 2624 wounded, and almost 7000 prisoners and missing, plus the loss of over 200 tanks, 300 trucks, and quantities of supplies. Not a very proud record.

But the lessons learned were learned well. Never again, in World War II, were the Yanks to do so poorly. Even in the great setback of "the Bulge," the retreating American forces were to punish the enemy severely, and then turn to conquer him. Kasserine was the low point, never to be repeated.

As Rommel's Panzers withdrew to their former lines, the Americans regrouped, and pushed forward again.

Eisenhower relieved Fredendall without any censure, because he thought a new Commander was needed in order to restore confidence and spirit in the troops. In Fredendall's place he put the colorful, much-publicized Patton. Of this, the 1st Armored Division history said: "There was little he (Patton) needed to do about the plans, but he went to work on the problem of

morale with almost theatrical energy. But it is hard today to find anyone who was then in the 1st Armored Division who remembers any substantial boost in spirit as a result of Patton's short exercise of the Corps Command."

On the other hand, Eisenhower said (in "Crusade In Europe") that: "General Patton's buoyant leadership and strict insistence upon discipline rapidly rejuvenated the II Corps and brought it up to fighting pitch." Patton always was a controversial figure. In Europe, the GIs said sarcastically of "Old Blood and Guts"—"Yeah, our blood and his guts!"

Be that as it may, the burning memory of Kasserine was to spur on the men of "Old Ironsides" (the 1st Armored) and of the "Big Red One" (1st Infantry), as well as the men of the 9th and 34th Infantry Divisions. They made the Germans pay a fearful price as they took revenge all across the map of Tunisia and Europe.

Kasserine was the school of war for the Americans. Perhaps, in the long run, it was a blessing in disguise. It taught the green Yanks what they needed to know, in order to meet the Germans in the field, and to conquer them. ●●●

Editor's Note: We invite the comments of the men who were bloodied at Kasserine as to the accuracy of the above report, as well as their feelings as to what happened.

SOUND OFF!

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38)

I don't believe it. Prove it!
M. W.
Ionia, Mich.

Sure would like to be "Bosoom Buddy" with you. Now I know why the Egyptians have forgotten the Pyramids. Got a problem though, my girl is 19 and I was wondering how to go about fixing up her undersized "dust catchers." I'm sure you'll know what to tell her.

AC-1 W. C. Thomson,
R.C.A.F. Station Trenton,
Trenton, Canada

● Looks like Evelyn didn't turn out to be a bust, after all!

That's all for this month's SOUND OFF. Any of you jokers got something to complain about, drop us a line. This is your Gripe Column. Just write to:

SOUND OFF
BATTLE CRY
Suite 2101
261 Fifth Ave.,
New York 16, N.Y.

IT TOOK MORE THAN GUTS . . . IWO JIMA!

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37)

his way over the broken ground, carrying a stretcher with a still, gray-faced man on it.

The shell burst that hit him struck while he was carrying a particularly badly wounded Marine. Flying shrapnel smashed into Mike's face, around his eyes. Blood spurted, cascading into his eyes, and running warmly down his cheek.

Blinking, he peered through the red mist, and wiped the back of one grimy hand across his face. But stubbornly he held onto the stretcher. He would not let the wounded man fall.

Staggering, half-blinded, his face streaming with gore, Mike kept going, until he delivered his wounded charge to the evacuation point. Only then would he think of his own wounds.

Mike would have been surprised and embarrassed to be called a hero.

A man did what he had to do, on Iwo Jima.

Almost every inch of the black, ugly island was torn up by shell bursts. Volcanic grit blew into men's faces, when the rain was not soaking it. Dead bodies littered the barren ground, and drifts of black sand piled up in dunes half-covering them. The dunes blended with the hundreds of slight mounds that dotted the island. Each tiny mound marked one of the hundreds of buried, tunnel-connected fortress pillboxes.

Sergeant Robert P. Fowler, of Washington, D. C., met a Jap, almost fact to face, as both crawled towards each other. The Jap flung a grenade, and then dodged behind a rock as Fowler first ducked under the burst, then fired at the edge of the rock. The Jap slithered back behind another rock.

After him came Fowler, crawling with his carbine cradled in his arms. When he caught a glimpse of the slithering legs or helmet of his enemy, he fired quickly. Around the broken rocks the deadly duel went on. Shot after shot spanged low across the ground.

It was the American who won.

The moment came when the target was visible for a split second. In that moment the American's trigger squeeze was an eyewink surer and quicker, and his bullet snuffed out the life of his enemy.

It was kill or be killed on Iwo. All over the hellish island these murderous little duels swirled and crackled.

P.F.C. John MacElroy, of Williamsport, Pa., had teamed up with another rifleman to smash a pillbox with grenades and satchel charges. Then he scraped a hole in the sand nearby, and slept in it through the night.

At dawn his partner awoke and began to clean his gun. From the shattered pillbox a shot rang out. MacElroy's buddy fell dead. One of the pillbox crew, still alive, was determined to die fighting. He did too, burned to a horrible cinder by a flamethrower in the renewed attack on his broken little fortress.

Insanely tenacious, almost every single one of the island's garrison had to be killed in close combat. Sometimes it seemed that each one had to be killed twice. Repeatedly, areas that were thought to be solidly secured, even in the rear, burst into renewed and venomous life. Through a maze of underground tunnels the defenders filtered back and forth throughout the island.

Second Lieutenant Frank J. Wright, of Pittsburgh, Pa., hit the beach with 60 men in his Platoon. In one and a half hours of fighting, only two men remained able to move with him. They were P.F.C. Remo Bechelli, of Detroit, Mich., and P.F.C. Lee Zuck, of Scranton, Pa. He had been ordered to rush across the narrow neck of the island next to Mt. Suribachi, and isolate the hill, and he did just that. Four of his Company's officers, including his Company Commander, were killed as they followed him. When he reached the other side, Wright was the Company Commander.

"We weren't trying to run a foot race," he said, "but our orders were to get across the island as fast as possible, and that's what we did."

A very matter-of-fact point of view. But that is the Yank's point of view about war. It is just a dirty, nasty job, that has to be done. So he does it as quickly and efficiently as he can—to get it over with.

When Second Lieutenant Norman Brueggman, of Akron, Ohio, leaped to lead a charge of his Platoon up a slope, he put this viewpoint into words. His men were momentarily paralyzed by the smashing, raking fire from above. His exasperation bellowed out: "If you want to win this war you'd better get the hell up here."

Lt. Col. Charles E. Shepard, of La Jolla, California, C.O. of a Battalion of the 28th Marines, put it this way. He explained the mission to his men as a double job: "One, to secure this lousy piece of real estate so we can get the hell off it. Two, to help as many Nips as possible to keep their oath to die for the Emperor."

Equally typical was the American zest for collecting souvenirs. Many a Yank risked his life for a souvenir.

P.F.C. Leo Jez, of Chicago, Ill., collected his trophy, a Samurai sword, the hard way. When a Jap officer came charging out, swinging his sword, Jez leaped forward and

grappled with him. As the sword swung down toward him, Jez stopped the glittering blade with his bare hand. Then he wrenched the weapon out of the Jap's hands, and with one terrific swing, slashed the Jap's head off.

His own hand was split deeply, but Jez had the sword—a perfect souvenir.

Scouts and patrols were useless. The lines of attackers and defenders were locked in close contact from the beginning until the end. For almost four weeks the deadly grenade, flame, gun-butt, and knife fighting went on, under a deluge of crashing, smashing mortar and shell bursts. Surely, no vision of hell could have matched this awful panorama, where thousands of merciless men tore at each other's throats in a landscape like that of a dead planet.

Here and there, on the rocky, scarred ground, squat tanks of the Third Tank Battalion slid and ground slowly forward. Volleys of anti-tank gun fire smashed into them, and from their turrets streams of flame belched out, into cave entrances and pillbox slits. Major Holly H. Evans, of Oil City, Texas, their Commander, admitted grimly, "They knocked the hell out of us for a while." By the second day only 19 of his 46 tanks were still usable.

But the fear and hatred of the Japs for the tanks was very real. Many a Nipponese was roasted alive by their flame-throwers, or buried alive as the big tank guns smashed the caves into sealed tombs.

As the inferno roared, day after day, and night after night, it consumed the units. Cooks and clerks, legal officers and MPs, volunteered, or were sent to fill the gaping holes in the slowly advancing lines. P.F.C. Warren K. Gray, of Ewing, Kentucky, a cook, pleaded for a chance to fight.

"He had to be allowed into the lines when it looked for a while as if there would be no one left to cook for." For two days and nights Gray served as a mortar fire spotter. At least two dozen Japs were seen to fall under the mortar bursts he directed.

Battle madness grew among the men. Things that would have sickened them at home became matters for bellowing laughter here. When they saw a terrified Jap running out of the door of a pillbox, with a Marine thrusting a bayonet at his backside, the roar of laughter was like that of demons. And when another Marine shot the fleeing Nip, thus depriving the pursuer of his game, the black field rang with hysterical laughter.

The same insane kind of humor came from the Japs. When a charging Marine, holding a grenade in his hand, was hit on the edge of a trench, he stood swaying for an instant before he fell. When he fell upon his own grenade, and was blown to pieces, the screaming cackles of the invisible Japs told of their enjoyment of the sight.

In the bedlam, many men lost much of their ordinary sense of caution. First Lieutenant Felix Edico, of the Bronx, N. Y., ran up to a Jap tank and rolled grenades down its gun barrel.

Second Lieutenant Charles Little, of Arcadia, Calif., set up an artillery forward observer post in a shell hole surrounded by dead bodies. But the bodies were not dead and grenades suddenly began to fly into his hole. As fast as they came in, he pitched them out again. For half an hour the weird ball game continued, until all the Japs really were dead bodies.

The journal of Major Frank Garetson, of Seattle, Wash., recorded his Battalion's moves like the play-by-play story of a mad game. Garetson had starred on the Washington University football team, and he wrote as the Companies moved: "We have moved up one touchdown" (100 yards); or "one first down" (10 yards).

Second Lieutenant Richard Reich, of Oklahoma City, Okla., had joined Company E of the 24th Regiment just before it moved out for the Iwo Invasion. After two days of battle he was a Company Commander—all the other officers were dead. Promotion was very quick on Iwo. So was the mortality rate.

Battle fatigue became common as nerves broke under the endless strain. Jitters and uncontrollable shaking seized many men. For no special reason a man would begin to retch and vomit. Diarrhea racked

the men, leaving them weak and sick. By the third week casualties had become appalling. Each man felt that he would be the next. One Company Commander lasted just six minutes before he was killed. Buck Sergeants were in command of what was left of Platoons.

On March 16, 25 days after the first landing, the Americans reached the far end of the island at Kitano Point. It was just in time. They could not have stood much more.

Organized, coordinated resistance was ended. But it was to be several days more before the stubborn pockets of trapped Nipponese were to be finally wiped out.

Methodically, the Marines sealed shut every cave and tunnel entrance, with flame throwers and dynamite. Canyons were flooded with gasoline, and set afire. Bulldozers buried pillboxes. Bitter-end resistance continued from isolated nests and single survivors, who had to be killed one by one. Many an American died in this process, after the island had been officially declared "secure."

In many underground caves, the defeated Japanese blew themselves up, or solemnly committed hari-kari.

Among the exhausted, grim Marines there was no jubilation. They respected the courage of the fighting men whom they had conquered. Besides, it was hard to rejoice when so many friends had fallen in the battle. The dull eyes and lined faces of the survivors told how they felt.

It had been a hard, bitter job.

Thank God, it was done and over.

Only gradually did the realization of what they had done come over the tired men. As they walked about the desolate island, the enormity of its strength became apparent.

In a typical area about 600 by 2000 yards in size, there were 1500 forts, including 225 pillboxes and 268 caves, honeycombed with connecting tunnels. In many places the underground galleries were in three levels, with interlocking tunnels running at all angles from one to another.

The old young men looked at each other in silent wonder. They had conquered this enormous fortress. It was almost incredible.

It began to dawn upon them that they had set a new standard for Americans at war. Beside this, the proud standards of Bunker Hill, Gettysburg, the Argonne, and Normandy became not lower—but surpassed. They had made history. With their blood.

In the days and years to come Americans will always remember Iwo Jima. They will never forget.

Iwo was not in vain. It helped to end the second great World War. But, far more important, it showed what Americans can do, when they have to. ●●●

Editor's note: *There isn't much more that can be said about Iwo Jima. If there is, it will have to be said by the Gyrenes who were there. So let's hear from you.*

UP FROM THE MUD

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11)

pieces by fragments of flying steel that once had been part of the battleship *California*.

U.S.S. Nevada

The first oil-burning battleship in the United States Navy, the *Nevada* was the oldest American battleship afloat during World War II. She had served in World War I.

Fortunately anchored singly, the *Nevada* could get under way within minutes after the attack began. Ensign Joseph K. Taussig, Jr., later destined to become a famous naval historian, was one of the few officers aboard that Sunday morning. He took command of the AA batteries, which shot down three of the attacking planes.

Hit by a torpedo, the *Nevada* limped out into one of the harbor channels, under savage dive-bomber attack. On fire, and with gaping holes in her hull, she was beached by tugs near Ford Island. Her forward part and superstructure were almost totally destroyed.

By February 12, 1942 she was refloated, and steamed to Bremerton for repairs. Early in 1943 she was

at sea again, hunting for revenge.

From May 11th to 18th, 1943, she raked and pounded Jap fortifications on Attu, in the Aleutian Islands. When they were captured, she turned south and headed for England, to aid in preparations for D-Day.

For 12 days and nights, beginning June 6, 1944, she roamed the French coast, supporting the Allied invasion of Normandy. Her big guns pulverized the Nazi "bomb-proof" defenses, and blasted holes in anti-tank sea walls. Directed by aerial spotters, she blasted German gun batteries 9 to 17 miles inland. On June 8th her great cannon wiped out a German concentration in a clump of woods five miles inland, and broke up a Hun counterattack before it could get rolling. Only when her ammunition was exhausted did she rush back to England to replenish her supply. Then she returned at once to the assault. Straddled 27 times by Nazi shore batteries, she was unscratched.

In August, 1944, she was off Marseilles, in the invasion of the south

of France. After pounding the shore defenses at Toulon into rubble, she returned to the United States to have her gun barrels relined. Then she headed west, to the invasion of Iwo Jima.

At ranges of less than 800 yards she blasted the Jap pillboxes and caves on that dark and bloody island. Then on to the bloodiest battle of all—Okinawa, in March, 1945.

Kamikaze planes and shore batteries struck desperately at the proud battlewagon. One death-defying *Val* plane, its wings stripped off by the cool, skillful gunnery of the *Nevada's* crew, plunged down on the main deck aft, alongside a turret. Sixty casualties were suffered, and fires were started.

But the "Ol Maru," as her crew fondly called her, knew well how to "take it." Within hours she was back in the fight, blazing away, successfully, though her spotter planes had burned in the kamikaze's plunge.

In 1946 the old dowager served as a target ship in the atom bomb test at Bikini. Amazingly, she rode through this holocaust too. Then she survived the underwater atom bomb tests. Unsinkable, she was towed out and an explosive charge was set off to sink her. She would not sink.

Destroyers closed in and riddled her. She remained afloat. Guided

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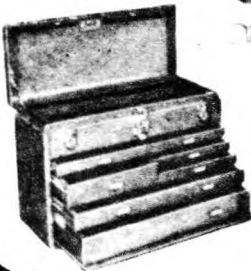
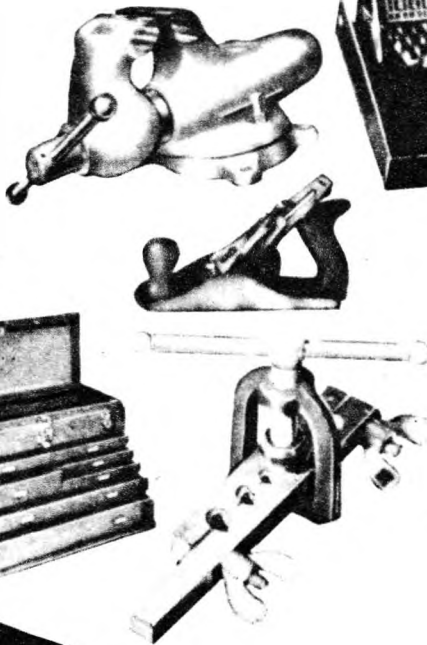


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UP FROM THE MUD

(CONTINUED)

missiles were fired at her—in vain. Rocket planes strafed her. She stayed up. The mighty *Iowa* shelled her; three cruisers, dive-bombers, and torpedo bombers hit her again and again. On July 30, 1946, the stubborn old veteran finally sank.

There was a ship that would not die.

U.S.S. West Virginia

Special target of the Jap onslaught was the battleship *West Virginia*. Stricken by six torpedoes and many bombs, she settled by the stern, fire raging in her fuel bunkers, and her decks awash. Her commander, Captain Mervyn S. Bennion, on the exposed signal bridge, had his abdomen ripped open by a flying bomb splinter, but refused to leave the bridge. When his men tried to move him, he said "I am in complete possession of my faculties and I am still in command of this ship. I will still issue orders for evacuation of wounded. Get to your stations, and carry on." He died soon after.

On May 30, 1942 the *West Virginia* was raised and, patched with a crazy quilt of plates, limped under her own power to Bremerton Navy Yard. On July 4, 1944 she was at sea again, vengeance bound.

The "Weevee," as her men called her, took her first slash at her enemies at Leyte Gulf, in the Philippines, in October, 1944. Flying the same flag she had flown at Pearl Harbor, she poured tons of high explosive shells on the Jap shore defenses, smashing a way for the American landings. Her gunners shot down one after another Jap suicide planes, six in all.

Then she turned out to the Mindanao Sea, with six sister dreadnoughts, to meet and stop a Nipponese relief fleet. At the head of the American battle line, she spearheaded the thundering duel with one-ton, armor piercing shells, and sank an enemy battleship.

Then off to cover the Sulu Sea landings at Mindoro, beating off repeated air attacks and shooting down a Jap bomber and a fighter plane. From there, to Lingayen Gulf, to pound an opening for the invasion of Luzon.

Iwo Jima was next, and she stayed there, hurling her huge shells onto her foes until the last shot in her lockers was gone. And from there, after restocking, she moved to Okinawa, cutting a bloody swathe through the men who had tormented her back in '41. She took a Kamikaze plane in her superstructure, killing and wounding 27 of her men and starting fires aboard, but went on with her revenge. Her shells pounded Shuri Castle, deep inland on Okinawa, and crashed down on

the island of Ie Shina, helping the 77th Infantry landings there.

On August 31, 1945 she was the first of the "old" battlewagons to steam into Tokyo Bay. Two days later, still bearing the scars of Pearl Harbor, she witnessed the signing of the Japanese surrender on the *U.S.S. Missouri*. Her men served as part of the first occupation force.

The war over, she carried many fighting men back home, and received the roaring acclaim of San Diego crowds.

On December 30, 1945 the weary warship steamed to Puget Sound Navy Yard, Bremerton, Washington, to be preserved in inactive status. She had had her revenge.

U.S.S. Shaw

Struck in the same drydock with the *Pennsylvania*, *Cassin*, and *Downes*, the destroyer *Shaw* was hit badly, and set afire. Her ammunition exploded spectacularly, tearing the ship in half.

Raised a few months later, she was given a new bow section. After being used for a while as a training ship, she later was scrapped. Her parts and equipment went to refit other destroyers.

U.S.S. Cassin

In drydock with the *Shaw*, the destroyer *Cassin* was hit by bombs. Her magazines detonated, and her oil ignited, she burned to a total wreck. She was useless for anything but scrap, and was broken up soon after.

U.S.S. Downes

Exactly like her neighbor the *Cassin*, the destroyer *Downes* burned to a total wreck, and had to be scrapped.

U.S.S. Maryland

First of the "ghost ships" to return to sea duty was the battleship *Maryland*. Hit by a bomb on the forecabin, and one that swerved under water into her side, the Japanese radio announced her to have been sunk.

23 days later she was at Bremerton for repairs. In a few weeks she was repaired, refitted, and ranging far at sea. She was kept in reserve as several sea fights flared, to be the final "convincer" when that became necessary. Month after month she menaced the Japs, as a strategic magnet, turning up suddenly at Christmas Island, Pearl Harbor, the Fijis, Samoa, the Solomons, New Hebrides, Espiritu Santo, and Efate Island.

Finally, her big guns opened up at Tarawa in November, 1943. From then on it was a constant series of slugging jobs—Kwajalein, Saipan, Peleliu, Anguar, and Leyte, in that order. Between jobs, "Fighting Mary's" men cleaned up the damage done by enemy bombs, shells and Kamikaze planes, replaced burned out gun tubes, and kept the big ship in fighting shape.

After Leyte, the *Maryland* took part in the great sea fight in Leyte Gulf, at Surigao Strait. Okinawa was her last battle assignment, and there she plastered both sides of the

stubbornly defended stronghold. There too she took, and survived, her second kamikaze crash.

She had just emerged again from the Bremerton Navy Yard, after repairs, when the war ended. Her last job was to help with the "Magic Carpet" return of veterans from the Pacific. Then, on April 3, 1947, she went into mothballs as part of the Pacific Reserve Fleet at Bremerton.

Her revenge had been long and satisfying.

U.S.S. Pennsylvania

Once Admiral Isamu Takeshita and Vice Admiral Masataka Ando, of the Imperial Japanese Navy, had spent a week aboard the battleship *Pennsylvania* as allies. Now the *Pennsylvania* sat helpless in drydock, while Jap planes bombed and strafed her.

One bomb wiped out a gun crew in a casemate, and smashed the boat deck, while explosions from the nearby *Cassin* and *Downes* tore into the big *Penn*.

Two weeks later the *Pennsylvania* stood out to sea for San Francisco. In a matter of a few weeks more she was at sea again, out of 'Frisco, repaired, and her men alert for action—and revenge. But new guns and modernization had to come first.

Score number one was Attu, in the Aleutians, where the long guns spat their first venom at the Japs. Soon after, she duelled with a submarine, off the cold coast. The sub was sunk by escorting destroyers.

More repairs followed two accidental explosions in stowage compartments. Score number two was Kiska, again in the Aleutians. Then came the Gilbert Islands and Makin Atoll, followed by the smashing bombardment of Kwajalein, and then Eniwetok. Rips and tears from enemy counterfire became commonplace, but were quickly patched.

Number three was the Marianas. Saipan was the target, and Tinian. Number four was Guam. On one island after another, shattering revenge was poured by the big *Pennsy*. Thousands of rounds, tons of ammunition, were sent blasting into the Jap defenses.

Number five on the scoreboard was Peleliu. Anguar, nearby, also was plastered, and captured. Number six was Leyte, in the Philippines. Number seven was the big slugfest in Surigao Strait, but there, to the chagrin of the *Pennsy's* crew, the other Yank ships sank the Japs before *Pennsy* could get off a shot. Kamikaze attacks enabled the persistent bruiser's gun crews to add ten *Vals*, *Bettys*, and *Zeros* to her score, with no damage suffered.

Lingayen Gulf followed, and Okinawa was the last item. Enroute to San Francisco for repairs, the men of the *Pennsylvania* heard of the surrender of Japan. They were almost sated with revenge. Their "ghost" had been in every campaign in the Pacific war.

Proudly, the grand old veteran still rides the seas.

U.S.S. Tennessee

Reported by the Japs to have been sunk, the battleship *Tennessee* was very much alive after the sneak attack. Splattered by bombs, her propellers churning to keep away the flames on the oil-covered waters, she was miraculously little hurt. Two gun turrets were hit, and their crews casualties.

Immediately after repairs in Bremerton that same December, she soon was to move out to a career of bloody revenge. Over a dozen amphibious operations, one diversionary bombardment, and the great sea battle at Surigao Strait were to go on her record. Her career was very much like that of the *Pennsylvania*.

On the combat record of the *Tennessee*, after Pearl Harbor, were Coral Sea; Midway; the Solomons; Adak and Kiska; Tarawa; Roi, Namur and Engebi in the Marshalls; Kavieng in New Ireland, as a feint; Saipan; Guam and Tinian; Leyte; Surigao Strait, Iwo Jima; and Okinawa; and finally covering the landing of occupation forces at Wakayama, Japan. It was "the complete works."

Covered with glory and old scars, the *Tennessee* joined the Mothball Fleet at Philadelphia, on December 8, 1945.

To the Japs' gleeful reports of her sinking at Pearl Harbor, the men of the Big T had added a lengthy postscript, written in Jap blood.

U.S.S. Oglala

The old minelayer *Oglala* was capsized by an underwater torpedo explosion. Not worth repairing, she was scrapped.

U.S.S. Utah

Already used only as a target ship, the old *Utah* was due to be scrapped even before the Japs wasted their torpedoes on her battered hulk. Ironically, the Japs thought she was a carrier.

U.S.S. Helena

Set afire by a torpedo at her berth alongside Ford Island, the new light cruiser *Helena* burned fiercely on December 7, 1941. The second ship to bear that name, she was launched in 1938, and seemed to have been destroyed on that black day three years later. But she was not dead yet.

Within a few months she had been practically rebuilt, and was charging west again, seeking her chance to strike back. She found her chance at Cape Esperance on October 11, 1942, where her deadly accurate six inch guns wrought havoc among the Japanese. For two days she raced at nearly 34 knots, phenomenal speed, ripping and tearing at her enemies.

Her commander, Captain A. H. McCollum, had been born in Nagasaki, the son of Baptist missionaries there. He had later learned to speak Japanese as an attache to the American Embassy at Tokyo. Now he spoke to the Japanese in a language they could not mistake, with the sharp voice of cannon.

Then, on November 13 to 15 she took part in the swirling sea battles

at Guadalcanal, among the most furious sea fights in history.

Her last blow was struck in the first great battle of Kula Gulf, off New Georgia Island in the Solomons, early on the morning of July 6, 1943. Two fleets of Japanese vessels, bringing supplies and reinforcements for their troops still in the Solomons, had to be stopped.

Without regard for their own lives, the crew of the gallant *Helena* drove her like a ram into the orderly array of Nipponese ships. All guns blazing, she shattered the ominous ranks, throwing them into confusion. But she paid the price of gallantry, and went down before the surrounding ring of enemies. Yet, a good many of her crewmen survived. How many Japs she took with her to death probably never will be known. She died, true enough, but she died fighting.

Today a third *Helena* plows the seas again, the heiress to the stubborn traditions of her famous namesakes. Among the men in her crew are some who rode the second *Helena* to her magnificently tragic end.

U.S.S. Honolulu

A new light cruiser, the *Honolulu*, took a severe bomb hit at Pearl Harbor. She had been one of the first to open up with AA fire when the planes with the rising sun emblem appeared. A group of dive bombers attacked her, and one bomb exploded under water alongside her. She got one of the attackers, but her oil tanks and magazines were ruptured, and leaks appeared in her hull.

Hastily built shoring kept her afloat, and she limped out to sea despite the bedlam all around. A few days later she returned, and was drydocked for repairs. Two weeks later she was afloat again, and escorting a convoy back to San Francisco. Then there was more convoy duty, to Australia, to New Caledonia, to Samoa, back to Pearl, to San Diego, to Samoa again, and Pearl again.

Then she was off to Kodiak Island,

Alaska, and to Kiska. There her guns spoke for the first time. Adak Island landings were covered next. Then, after brief refitting, she convoyed supply ships to Noumea and Espiritu Santo.

Combat action began at Tassafaronga, near Guadalcanal. Two Jap destroyers went down under her guns, and a third ran when the *Honolulu's* shells began to strike it. By now she was known affectionately as the "Blue Goose," because of her blue color and wide ranging travels.

At Kula Gulf, where the *Helena* was lost, the "Blue Goose" plastered and sank an enemy destroyer. A week later, at the same place, the "Tokyo Express" fleet was met again. A Jap cruiser lost a slugging match with the *Honolulu* then, and another Jap destroyer also sank under her fire. Her score was mounting rapidly.

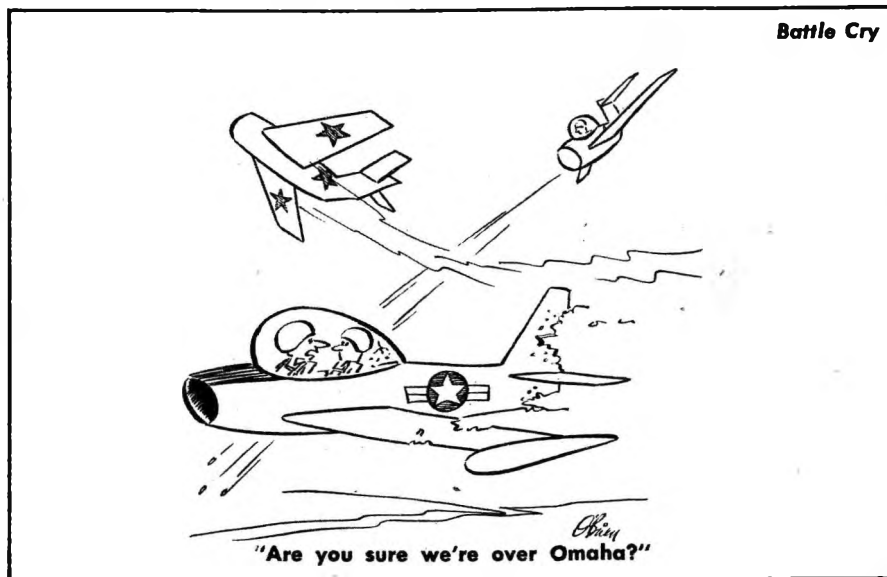
She had taken some damage however, and went back to Pearl Harbor for a complete new bow construction, and to Mare Island, California for overhaul. Then late in 1943 she was off again, to bombard Bougainville, and the enemy supply depot on the Shortland Islands.

At sea off Green Island with her cruiser squadron, in February 1944, an attacking force of six dive bombers was driven off while two planes were downed. Next came the Saipan landings, and soon after, Guam, and in September, Palau. In the Leyte landings, the *Honolulu* bombarded the beaches to open them for the assault troops.

At Leyte a Jap torpedo plane got through, and the "Blue Goose" was hurt badly. Her port side forward was severely damaged, and personnel losses were heavy. Nevertheless, she limped back to Manus Island under her own power, for repairs. Thence she took the long voyage home, to Norfolk, Virginia. She was in that Navy Yard when the war ended.

In August, 1946 she joined the mothball fleet at Philadelphia.

Up from the dead, she had earned



her Hawaiian motto many times over—*Mau Lanakila*—"Always Victorious."

U.S.S. Raleigh

The 19-year-old light cruiser *Raleigh* was hit by a torpedo before any of her men knew that they were being attacked. Afire, and listing heavily, she seemed about to capsize. The Japs deemed her to be "sunk."

While the anti-aircraft gun crews kept their weapons firing steadily, all other men began to jettison all topside weights. Even the two spotter planes were hoisted out by sheer hand power. Stanchions, catapults, torpedoes, anchors, and all, were heaved over the side.

When the first Jap assault quieted down, the *Raleigh* was tied with steel cables to a lighter alongside. The lighter served as an outrigger, and kept the flooded ship from rolling over.

In the next wave of Jap planes one dive bomber hit the crippled cruiser with a bomb that went right through her, to explode on the bottom of the harbor. But meanwhile her AA guns, joining with those of other ships nearby, knocked down five of the sneak attackers.

After the attack, the *Raleigh* was drydocked on January 3, 1942, patched, and sent to Mare Island for repairs. Soon after she was on convoy duty, running from San Francisco to Pearl Harbor, to Pago Pago, to Samoa, and to many other ports. This duty lasted for many months.

Her first combat action, that winter, was in the stormy Alaskan waters, supporting the landings at Kiska, and cutting off reinforcement of Jap positions on other islands. Then she took part in the night bombardment of Paramushiru Island. There, too, she caught and plastered a small Jap freighter. Next, she covered the landings on Amchitka Island, beating off Jap planes meanwhile.

Trouble with her steering gear required a long overhaul at Dutch Harbor and Puget Sound. When she returned to sea it was 1944, and it was with the quiet Southeast Pacific Force, patrolling off the Chilean coast. The war ended quietly, for her.

Her final duty was in Canal Zone patrols, and the Midshipman Training Squadron of the Atlantic Fleet. Late in 1945 she was decommissioned and scrapped.

Americans decided to scrap her, in the end—not enemy bombers. Her career of vengeance had been long, and rather calm, all in all.

U.S.S. Curtiss

A seaplane tender like the *Curtiss* is seldom thought of as a fighting ship. The *Curtiss* was doomed to die under the Pearl Harbor attack, but she went down fighting magnificently, dragging her treacherous murderers down to death with her.

Hit by two bombs, she was burning and sinking, and her commander had been blown into the water. He swam back to his ship, started look-

ing for some way to strike back, and found a target—one of the Jap mid-ger subts that had gotten into the harbor. Depth charges flew, and oil slick bubbled up, marking the grave of that sub.

Curtiss' AA guns fired upward at another dive bomber plunging down on her. They fired only too well. Its wings half shot off, and its pilot dead, the bomber fell right on the unfortunate ship. As she settled in her death throes, the gallant ship's gunners nailed still one more enemy plane, before her guns fell silent.

"Service ship" she may be on the books, but "fighting ship" she was made, by her brave men, as she went down.

Scrapped, after the sneak attack, she left an inspiring memory.

U.S.S. Vestal

Last, but far from the least of the "dead ships" was the repair ship *Vestal*. She had neither the appearance nor the grace of an ocean greyhound, but her crew were "iron men" in the highest tradition of the American Navy.

32 years old, she was moored alongside the doomed *Arizona*, that quiet Sunday morning. When general quarters sounded, her 3-inch deck guns opened up at once. A bomb hit forward, going through four decks, and exploding in her general storeroom. Another hit aft, and went right through her. Blazing throughout, the "Ole Vesta" was sinking.

Her captain, Cassin Young (later destined to die fighting, in command of the heavy cruiser *San Francisco*) was blown overboard as the *Arizona's* forward magazine exploded. He swam back to his ship, in time to hear somebody order "Abandon Ship." Profanely, he countercommanded the order.

The *Vestal* was a tilted mass of flames, but her gun crew was still firing. Captain Young calmly directed his men to cast off. Boiling with fires, the ship was moved clear, and beached to prevent her sinking. Her crew, unassisted, then put out all the fires, and started repair work.

Even while they finished repairing their own ship in seven days, the *Vestal's* repair crews were busy working on the other smashed ships. In fact, on the very evening of December 7th they began work on the stricken *Oklahoma*. Welding parties cut holes in sunken vessels, and saved many trapped men.

Six weeks later the "totally destroyed" *Vestal* (as the Japs reported the ship) was ready for sea again. In August 1942 she was at Tongatabu, doing 963 repair jobs for 58 ships and four shore installations. These repairs ranged from feed pump realignments to underwater hull welding by the *Vestal's* divers.

It would take a volume to list the ports of call, hundreds of ships aided, and thousands of repair jobs of this gallant workhorse. She was everywhere, and sometimes it

seemed that every ship in the navy had been patched up by her tireless men. Every man in the fleet knew her, affectionately, as the "Mighty V," or the "Green Dragon." Time after time, only her smoke generators saved her, in Jap plane attacks. Radio Tokyo twice reported her sunk, but she ploughed merrily along with her work.

When the war ended, the Grand Old Lady of the Pacific Fleet lay sedately at anchor at Okinawa. Afterward she peacefully carried on her repair work on the Japanese and China coasts. In April, 1946 she sailed home, to be disposed of by the War Shipping Commission.

Not only had the battered old veteran risen from the mud and defeat of Pearl Harbor, but she had lifted many another ship out of the mud.

In this old war-workhorse, the indomitable spirit that cannot be killed shone forth brightly. The tougher it became, the harder her men worked. "Quit" was a word they had heard, but never used themselves. This was the spirit that drove the Americans on. Relentless and determined, tired and revolted by the ugly butchery, they did what had to be done. ●●●

On December 7, 1941 the main ships of the American fleet lay "destroyed" and "dead," in the mud of Pearl Harbor. How they rose to life again, and how the "ghost ships" harried their enemies across half the world, is only sketched here.

But in this bare narrative there is the essence of one of the greatest epics in history. Someday perhaps a modern Homer will set to poetry the rolling, thundering drama of the Trojan War of the nineteen forties—The Revenge of The Ghost Ships.

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39)

DEATHS

Mr. & Mrs. J. W. Heritage would like to hear from any of their son's buddies who were with him in Korea. (Sgt 1/C W.F. Heritage, Co. B, 2nd Engr. (C) Bn., APO 248, c/o PM, San Francisco) Thomas Fancher wants to find someone who can tell him what happened to his brother near SOY, BELGIUM on Dec. 23, 1944. (Pvt. Len Fancher, Co. B, 517th Parachute Infantry)

Ron Barglow is trying to locate the parents of a man whom he was friendly with in Korea. He knows they live some place in Detroit, and is sure they would like to hear from him.

(Henry Tansley, Co. K, 3rd Btn., 223 Inf. Reg., 40th Division)

* * *
Anyone knowing of the whereabouts of any of the above please drop a line to BATTLE CRY. We'll see that it gets to the party concerned.

of the 90th, Colonel Philip H. Ginder, CO of the 357th Regiment, marched through the night with his men, and jumped off at dawn on June 10th. It was a sorry mess, from his point of view.

Colonel Philip H. Ginder:

"After studying the Invasion plan for weeks, the 357th was ready to attack north when a sudden change of orders arrived. Loss of buddies and equipment in the troopship sinking, while crossing the Channel, had shaken the men. Even so, they were ready. But engineer equipment was very short.

"In the black of night a new route, west instead of north, had to be picked hurriedly on the map. A long night march through swamps had to be made, and a night crossing of the Merderet River.

"The Battalions moved out, and slogged and floundered west all through the night. At dawn they were in position—tired, wet and muddy, and unable to see each other in the thick hedgerow terrain.

"The advance was all uphill, out of the swampy bottomlands. Artillery and mortar fire began to come in, and grew heavier as the sun rose. No tanks were available to break paths through the thick hedgerows.

"Just beyond the village of Le Motey the leading 2d Battalion ran into strongly entrenched troops of the crack German 1057th Regiment (German 91st Division). One Battalion against a dug-in Regiment is a pretty tough row to hoe.

"The 2nd Battalion fought all morning, and was mauled and hurt. It was relieved in the afternoon by the 1st Battalion. Both had a brutal slugging match with the much stronger German Regiment. 99 Americans were lost that day.

"If the attack had been Regiment against Regiment, the Germans would have been smashed. As it was, the tired single American Battalions pushed the German Regiments back, slowly, but steadily. But with one American Regiment not present, it had to be Battalions against Regiments. That is asking too much. That's giving three to one odds.

"The Companies did not follow the rules of fire and maneuver, as the training manuals say, for one very good reason—they couldn't. Precision mortar and artillery fire met them everywhere, from vastly superior forces. It's easy to sit at headquarters and talk about following 'the book.'

"The fighting at Pont-l'Abbe, Gourbesville and Portbail smashed up whole Regiments of Krauts.

"The other Regiments had it just as tough, yet their Commanders were relieved. To relieve a Regimental Commander, in such a situ-

ation, is to hold him responsible for something over which he had almost no control."

* * *
Line companies tasted the bitter brew of battle, while the "big brass" talked about it. Captain John Parker's view of the fighting was as close up as the overgrown bramble and tree-lined hedges would allow. What would he have said?

Captain Parker:

"My men were near exhaustion when we split up, off the road, into skirmish lines. The Platoons lost sight of each other even before the jump off.

"We had marched all night, through rough, swampy, broken country. Sometimes we followed winding dirt roads. More often it was cross-country, clawing through drainage ditches, and up and down soft hedgerow embankments. We crossed the Merderet River in darkness, and plowed through more swamps. We were dog tired at dawn.

"As we started upslope, at dawn, all hell broke loose. Artillery whacked and roared over us. Time-fire bursts cracked over every hedgerow corner, and over every trail. The Krauts had every spot zeroed in. As soon as we moved into a spot, shell and mortar fire began to drop on us. We never had been under fire before. Don't forget that.

"The Platoons split up into Squads, and inched forward. I could see only part of any one Platoon at one time. Communications were practically zero. It boiled down to small Squad actions right from the beginning.

"They couldn't follow up our own artillery fire, because they couldn't see it most of the time. The next hedgerow, fifty yards away, was full of Nazis, and they were shooting, while our artillery hit four hedgerows beyond that.

"I told the Platoon leaders to work on the first Platoon as the base of fire, while the second and third moved up on its flanks. No good. The Krauts were waiting on the flanks, with machine guns and burp guns.

"You couldn't maneuver, and you couldn't move fast in the little box fields. And each Platoon ran into a Company of Germans, whichever way it went.

"It was a rotten bad set up, any way you looked at it. My men were outnumbered, tired, and unable to work as a unit. No outfit could work as a unit in the hedgerow country.

"We took bad casualties, right from the beginning. But my men were fine. They kept pushing and fighting, though they had to do it on their bellies, inching up under constant fire."

* * *
"Follow me" is the slogan of the

Platoon leader. He is the key man in all combat. He leads, and he takes the first fire of the enemy. How it looked to every Platoon leader can be seen through the eyes of Second Lieutenant Ralph Buffington.

Second Lieutenant Ralph Buffington:

"We were in bad shape, tired and dragging, when we finally got to the line of departure. My Platoon spread out along a ditch, facing west. The next hedgerow was about sixty yards away. What was there, we didn't know. Mortar and shell bursts nearby were searching for us. Once we began to move they would know where we were.

"My map was worthless, because I couldn't see past the next hedgerow. So I sighted on my compass, pointed out which way was west, and told my Squad leaders to spread their Squads out.

"With the BAR men in the left corner of our field, I would move out with one Squad across the field. The other Squads were to advance through the adjoining box fields, on both sides.

"When they had had a few minutes to get set, our artillery began to drop, up ahead. It was way over—no good to us at all.

"I waved my arm and started over the edge of the ditch. My BAR men fired blindly at the opposite hedges. In answer, a blast of machine gun and burp gun fire blazed back at us. I dove to the ground as bullets whipped branches and twigs off all around me.

"Flat on the ground, I looked around cautiously. The men were all down. Near me lay one man with the top of his head missing. His brain was shattered. I looked away quickly. On both sides I could hear gasping and groaning sounds, from other men who had been hit.

"I crawled forward, calling to the men on both sides to come on. Here and there the spang of an M-1 told of shots getting off from our side.

"The fire from the hedge up ahead stopped suddenly. The flanking Squads in the east-west ditches were threatening the Germans. They had simply pulled back to the next hedgerow.

"I rose to my feet and ran forward. One by one the men rose and dashed after me. We dove into the hedgerow ditch, panting hard.

"As we lay still for a minute, heavy shellfire began to roar down on us. Now they knew where we were. I sent runners to both flanks, telling the Squad leaders to move along the connecting hedgerows as much as possible. Advances across the open fields were suicide.

"After a while, a roar of small arms fire on the right told me that Jones and his Squad were moving. I told the men to pass the word to fire in bursts at the next hedgerow.

"We crouched at the edge of the ditch, and tensed ourselves to start another dash. This time I would go along the edge of the connecting row of trees and bushes. On the

left mortar fire kept a steady pace.

"When the shell bursts slackened for a few minutes, I waved my arm, yelled, and started up again.

"So it went, from one little ditch to the next, men falling, cursing and gasping. We moved by yards, firing blindly at the invisible enemy. By mid-morning half the Platoon was gone, dead or wounded. We were pinned down, while the ground crashed and shook with shellfire bursting all around us.

"We had had it."

Lead man of the combat squad is the Buck Sergeant. War, to him, is the single small field, the chatter of machine gun and rifle fire, and the men whom he leads. Each man is well known to him. Out of their strengths and weaknesses he must draw the brotherhood of teamwork in battle. Take Sergeant Royall D. Jones, and his Squad. His point of view was bounded by the hedge lanes from one field to the next.

Sergeant Royall D. Jones:

"When the Lieutenant started up out of his ditch I lost sight of him. From then on I went by the sounds off to the left. When they got louder I knew that he and the Squads there were moving.

"I told Thorsten and Campino to cover us, and started along the edge of the hedgerow, west toward the next ditch. The artillery fire was not too close to use, and I was sure glad of it.

"A burp gun began to rip, b-r-r-r-p, b-r-r-r-p, up ahead. Suddenly one of the men behind me yelled, and then began to cuss in a low steady murmur. It was Weinberg. He had been hit, through the back of one thigh, and was sore as a boil. But he kept inching along, cussing quietly, to himself. I chuckled in spite of my nervousness, and waved the Squad to keep moving.

"As we piled into the next ditch, heavy small arms fire racketed up front and on both sides of us. I put a first aid bandage on Weinberg's leg, right over his clothing, and we got ready to move again. I left him and Corydon as the base of fire, and as soon as Thorsten and Campino came up, we moved out again.

"We were hardly out of the ditch when a blast of flame and black earth lifted and shook us. A shell had struck right next to the Squad. Thorsten and Barker were hit. They were both sprawled out, still and dead. I felt sick. Our first action, and only a few minutes of it at that—and we had lost two men, and had one wounded.

"I sucked in my breath and snapped at the rest of the Squad to come on, keep moving.

"At the next ditch, when we were all together again, I could see the gray shock, horror and anger in their faces. I told them to look for targets and fire at will.

"They spread out and peered ahead. Now and then one fired a burst. Suddenly, after one burst, Ed-

munds let out a yell: 'I got him. I got him. Score one for the squad.'

"That was better. We could kill as well as be killed. I called the Squad together. Now we would move up again; until we were stopped."

All the planning and all the maneuvering lead to one final contest—the close, face to face combat of the GI rifleman with his enemy. How it seems from the "plain soldier's" point of view is how it seemed to P.F.C. Bob Edmunds.

P.F.C. Robert Edmunds:

"I was hungry, wet, and sleepy as we sat in the ditch, under the tangle of brush above us. We had marched all night. My combat boots squished every time I took a step. We had sloshed through swamps half the night.

"By now the crack and spptt of shell explosions nearby was beginning to sound familiar. I was scared, all right. Those puffs of black smoke that whipped overhead could tear a man to shreds. I wondered how Mary was now. It would be evening back in Oklahoma, while it was just first daylight here. Queer, it seemed.

"I checked over my M-1 again, and hitched up my cartridge belt. My left hip felt chafed up the heavy belt. There was time for a few bites from the thick, sandy tasting bar of ration chocolate. The water in my canteen was warm and tasted sour with the halazone tablet taste.

"Sergeant Jones waved his arm, calling us to follow him. I hitched myself up, not feeling too good. My stomach felt empty. 'Wind-up,' I thought. I crawled over the edge of the ditch and followed the man ahead of me. It got real noisy, but I just looked straight ahead, and kept following Jones.

"One of the squad got a flesh wound and started cussing before we got to the next ditch. Then after that a shell hit Barker and Thorsten. Jones said they were dead and yelled at us to keep going.

"It didn't seem right to me just to leave them lying out there, but I did

as I was told and kept crawling ahead. Barker and I had been kind of friends. It would be lonesome without Jess.

"When we got to the next ditch Jones told us to start shooting. I drew a bead on a stretch of hedge up ahead and waited for something to show. The noise and explosions were real loud now.

"After a while I saw something move in the next hedgerow, and looked real close. It was a man all right—a German. I could tell because of the coal scuttle helmet he had on. He was wearing a spotty gray, brown, and tan camouflage suit.

"I sighted on where he was and waited a second to be sure I wasn't just imagining him there. When he moved again, I was sure, and squeezed the trigger. The sound was sudden. It was the first time I ever shot at a man.

"He fell over on his side and I kind of got excited, and yelled 'I got him.' Then I felt like a fool, and shut up.

"Jones called us to move up again, and we started crawling some more. We did that all morning, shooting at anything we saw, or thought we saw. By noon we were real tired, but we hadn't gone very far at that slow pace.

"Finally the fire got just too thick and heavy, and we stayed put in one ditch. Half the Squad was dead or wounded, and we were plain worn out."

For 53 days of combat the T-O Division slugged with the Germans in Normandy, and conquered them. It was the 90th that closed the Falaise pocket, and trapped an Army of Germans. Then it stormed Metz, the Saar, Mainz and the Rhineland. It drove clear across Germany, to the Czechoslovakian border before the war ended.

This was the Division that was said to have "failed" in Normandy. Maybe that was a failure, and maybe it wasn't.

It all depends on the point of view.

ARMY NURSES— SAINTS OR SINNERS?

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27)

cided to cash in on this situation. Her name surely does not matter now. She set up business in a native hut just outside Buna. There, whenever she could get away from the hospital or from the nurses' quarters, she would receive "visitors," at \$35 a "visit"—and they were short visits at that.

The sight of a line-up of twenty or thirty GIs waiting outside the hut soon became common. And it didn't take long for headquarters to hear of it.

When she was picked up, this sterling character had over \$10,000 in ready cash in her duffel bag. She was quietly and quickly returned to the States for dishonorable separation from the Service. But many an American in the South Pacific looked at every Army nurse thereafter with a contemptuous gleam in his eye.

Only one nurse out of fifty, but she had besmirched the reputation of the whole corps of Army nurses.

It was typical of how men's minds

work, that she was talked about more than all the rest of the nurses. The patient, self-sacrificing work of all the others was taken for granted.

When "Washing Machine Charley" came over Buna, every other night, on his regular bombing run, the GIs took cover. The nurses in the exposed hospital tents never did. They stayed with the wounded men, and comforted and soothed them as the bombs fell.

How a woman feels about battle is something that many an Army nurse can tell. When the Japs attacked Pearl Harbor they bombed and strafed the new hospital at Hickam Field. Second Lieutenant Monica E. Conter, like all the nurses there, carried on with her usual duties, while caring for the scores of wounded brought in as the bombs fell. She had been on duty all the night before, and continued to work feverishly all day.

In the roaring bedlam, as bombs smashed in and around the hospital, and as machine gunning Zeros raked the building, she went about her work. "There are parts of that first day that I can hardly account for," she said later. Far into the second night she labored, giving first aid to shattered men, helping with emergency operations, bathing, bandaging and feeding endless streams of bloody, broken bodies. It never occurred to her that she was heroic. "That's our job," she said.

Even though the nurses themselves object to the Serviceman's opinion of them, there are many instances where they didn't help their reputations. As in the case of the group of nurses returning to the States aboard a Dutch ship after duty at Guadalcanal.

The ship, carrying nurses, doctors and troops, stopped at Eniwetok and everyone got off for a picnic on the beach. A Naval officer described the party: "It was the damndest thing I ever saw. All these nurses dressed in khaki bloomers and T-shirts running around the beach with both officers and enlisted men chasing after them. It was a real brawl. Everybody was blind drunk and they sat in a long line in the surf, passing bottles down the line. By night time everybody had paired off and turned the picnic into the drunkenest sex orgy since the fall of Rome. Before midnight the MPs and SPs had to move in and cart everybody back to the ship."

And it doesn't help reputations any when, as happened on Saipan in 1944, after a bombing raid a nurse and patient are both found dead in the same hospital bed.

But on the other hand . . .

In the first Jap attack on the Philippines, First Lieutenant Florence MacDonald was working at Stotsenberg General Hospital. In the midst of the erupting hell of that attack she and the other nurses carried on their work as supplies ran out and they had to improve medical aids. In the midst of the

blood and death, swamped with lines of pale, terribly wounded men, the nurses worked without stopping for food or rest. Their reward was only the inner peace that comes from doing a hard, dirty job, and doing it well. Florence MacDonald spoke for all the gallant women when she said:

"There are days when an Army nurse appreciates her profession. Deep inside her there is a profound sense of satisfaction. She is thankful that she can face her own conscience, and know that she did the best she could."

But perhaps the fierce protective instinct that drives these women was most clearly shown in a strange incident that occurred near Liege, Belgium, early in 1945. There, in the rolling fields, a large field hospital had been set up. On the big hospital tents, great red crosses told that this place was not to be touched by the enemy, under the rules of war among civilized nations.

On one gray January day, three Messerschmitts came roaring over the plainly marked tents, strafing and bombing the helpless hospital. In the tents (crippled, wounded men cursed and writhed in fear and fury, as machine gun bullets ripped and tore through the canvas, and slashed anew at broken men. Again and again the Nazis swooped over the tents in murderous passes.

Second Lieutenant Dorothy Swenson was changing the dressing on a wounded GI's leg when the attack began. A machine gun bullet smashed into the chest of her patient as she gently bandaged his torn limb. He was killed instantaneously.

The GIs who saw what happened next will never forget it. After a moment of stunned silence, she burst into tears. Then, sobbing hysterically, she ran out of the tent and stood on the grass outside, fists clenched and her tear streaked face upturned toward the racing Messerschmitts.

As bullets tore the turf in streams near her, she screamed up into the gray skies. "You murderers. These are wounded men here. This is a hospital. You murderers." By some miracle she was untouched by the streams of bullets.

But then, not far from Liege, at Ninth Army Headquarters near Maastricht, Holland, one night there was a party. Only a few miles behind the fighting line, the officers of the headquarters held a dance. A band played, and liquor flowed. After all, a little entertainment for the tired staff men couldn't hurt anyone. And the ladies—you have guessed it—were nurses from the nearby field hospital, the hospital at Liege.

While the line officers and fighting men lay in the icy mud a few miles away, and ate tasteless rations and dog biscuits in their foxholes, the gay ball went on. Of course, the party was for Headquarters officers (and nurses) only. And if some of



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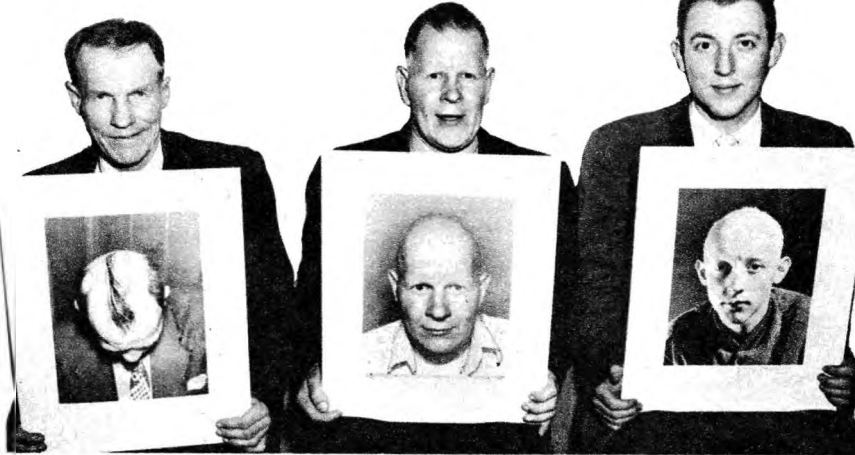
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- ▶ Testimonials may be seen at St. Helens, Oregon, when permission has been given by the writers.
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Drawings Explain Miracle of Hair Regrowth



These drawings were made from photomicrographs of biopsies taken in a medical test to show what happens when hair successfully regrows while using Brandenfels Applications. This is an unproductive hair follicle (root). It is blunted and the opening plugged with sebaceous gum and scaly skin, the doctors diagnosed.



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Now the follicle is producing hair! These sketches were made from actual biopsies on a test group of people who volunteered to participate in this, the world's first sub-dermal research project, conducted by medical doctors and technicians. Here's positive proof hair roots may still be alive in a bald head!

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the couples disappeared from the dance floor, to go to more private rooms, that was their own affair.

A former staff sergeant who served with the famous 27th Division "Wolfhounds" in Europe in World War II said, "The Army nurses had a lot of guts and a GI was damn glad to see them when he got clobbered. Most guys have rotten things to say about them because they wouldn't mess around with enlisted men. All the guys said that they were shackling up with the officers. But I never heard of one pulling rank in a ward and I guess if a babe wants to shack with the brass, that's her business."

Then how do you account for . . .

In the base hospital at Pusan, during the "Police Action" in Korea, the wounded men were just as torn and mangled as if the fighting had been officially called "war." That was where Second Lieutenant Cora Endicott was stationed. She was the red-headed nurse who had a custom of doing at least two hours of work a day more than her duty hours required. Every time her official seven duty hours were over she would read to the men who couldn't see, or who couldn't hold up a book. Or she would write letters for those who couldn't write themselves, or she would just sit and talk with a lonely soldier. Many men of the 7th Infantry Division will long remember her.

But in the same hospital there was also a pretty blonde nurse who would hardly speak to mere enlisted men. That was the one who was gay and cheerful only when she was in charge of wounded officers. And in the same hospital was the nurse who was man crazy. She was the one who pawed the wounded men while she was sponge-bathing them. There were all kinds in the Pusan hospital. Most of them were nice, decent, hard-working girls. But there were a few "stinkers."

At the 10th Station Hospital near London, during World War II, the nurses had a dismal time. Like any normal, healthy young woman, they liked and wanted male companionship and attention. Competition from the English girls was keen, because many of their men had been away for a long time. The Yank soldiers courted the English girls rather than the American nurses, who were left practically unnoticed. And the hospital was a quiet one, far from the fighting fronts.

It would not have been very surprising if many of the American girls had gone bad, under the circumstances. Instead, a curious thing happened. The restless women, almost without a single exception, clamored for transfers. But what they requested were not transfers home, but transfers to field hos-

pitals in combat areas. A curious, and revealing fact.

That was in the real tradition of the Army Nurse Corps. They would rather work and suffer in death-filled battlegrounds, than sit smugly in comfortable quarters. The kind of woman who volunteers to serve as an Army nurse has to be a special kind of person. She chooses dirty, nasty, dangerous work—because that work needs to be done. And she is happiest when doing the work for which she volunteered, nursing and caring for stricken men, where she is most needed—in the battle zone.

A Red Cross recreation worker at Ford Ord, California, who served in Korea during the war, arched an eyebrow when I asked her for an opinion on nurses and then launched into a heated defense.

"They were an inspiration," she said. "All these stories are just a lot of generalizations. The nurses I knew were wonderful and if any woman is a saint, and I doubt that, then these women were. They worked in the hospitals eight and ten hours a day and then at night they would come and help us in the canteens. And if they had a day off many would accompany the Red Cross mobile units into the field just to be doing something for the boys. They were wonderful. But let's face it, they're also human."

During World War II a nurse wrote:—"I suppose the Army Nurse Corps plays a small part, by comparison, in this huge conflict that the world is mixed up in today; but it does have a part and the nurses who are not of this group are missing a great deal more than they shall ever realize.

"The boys are the most grateful, unselfish, uncomplaining patients I've ever had the privilege of taking care of. To them we are not only nurses to look after their ills—but mother, sister and friend. They are far from home, young, sick and hurt and that kind word, cheery smile, and a bit of understanding that a real nurse has ready helps these lads on their way to recovery along with the other nursing care."

For a picture favoring Army nurses, go back to the second week in December, 1941. Sternberg Hospital in the Philippines is being bombed daily by Japanese planes and there is a threat that the island will be overwhelmed. An order comes through to evacuate the hospital to Bataan and Corregidor.

In 30 buses and a strange collection of ambulances, trucks and jeeps, part of the hospital headed overland for Bataan. The rest boarded a harbor boat, The General Hyde, and sailed out of Manila Harbor for Corregidor.

The group traveling overland was

under constant enemy air attack and they took to the cover of the jungle. A nurse said, "When we found a nice shady spot, we converted it into a ward or a place for an operating room."

With 21 nurses they beat their way into Bataan, setting up temporary hospitals wherever they could. They separated the mattresses from the beds, put some patients on the mattresses, others on the springs and some hung in hammocks made from sheets. Instruments were sterilized in buckets of boiling water. There was no purified water and Bacillary and amoebic dysentery was rampant. They ran out of quinine and fought off hordes of malaria mosquitoes every night. For 292 patients there were only six medicine glasses and fifteen thermometers. They ran out of sulfa drugs and gangrene was stopped by exposure of wounds to the night air.

The only foods were fish caught during the night and carabao shot by hunting parties. The "caraburger" became a daily delicacy and even a pet monkey found his way into a stew. Cases of beriberi and scurvy broke out among the patients.

Finally set up in a temporary hospital at Little Baguio, they became the target for Japanese bombers. During an amputation at Little Baguio, a raid hit and doctors and nurses had to drop to the floor several times and then come back to their work. The operation was a success, but one doctor's hair turned completely white within an hour.

The unit was finally moved to Corregidor where they were under constant bombardment. When "The Rock" fell, sixty-six nurses fell into the hands of the Japanese and spent the remaining years of the war nursing Americans in the prison camp at Mindanao.

These nurses were all decorated—not as saints, but as heroes.

Actually, what it all boils down to is stated by a nurse at the Fort Ord Army Hospital.

"The Nurse Corps has always been criticized," she said. "But men are always ready to condemn a woman and if they can't find basis on any direction they will spread stories about her lack of virtue. Not all the nurses in the Corps are virtuous women, but this has nothing to do with being a nurse or being in the Army. You'll find the same kind of women working as waitresses, stenographers or actresses. They're human beings, and in every group of human beings you will always find a few who are a discredit to the group. On the whole, I think that you'll find the nurses an organization of fine women." ●●●

Editor's Note: You've all heard the stories. Some of you probably have had experiences. What do you think?

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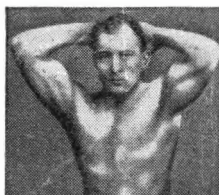
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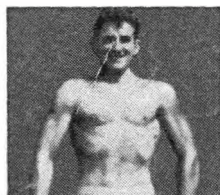
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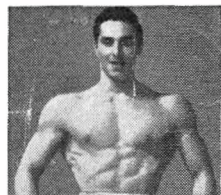
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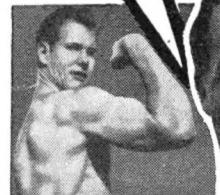
Five inches of new muscle—My arms increased 1 1/2"; chest 2 1/2"; forearm 7/8".—C.S., W. Va.



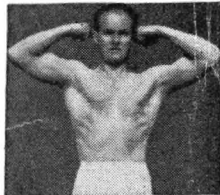
"Gained 2" in neck; 1 1/2" in biceps. Never felt better in my life."—J.S., Calif.



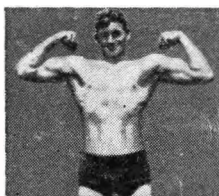
T.M., Atlas Champion Cup Winner. "I'm proud of the natural, easy way you have made me an Atlas Champion."



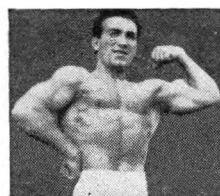
A.H.,—Kans.—Atlas Silver Cup Winner. Most improvement in 3 months' period.



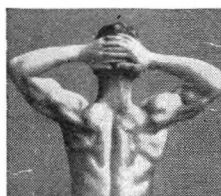
"I surprise my friends by out-lifting them. Your course tops them all."—D.P., Indiana.



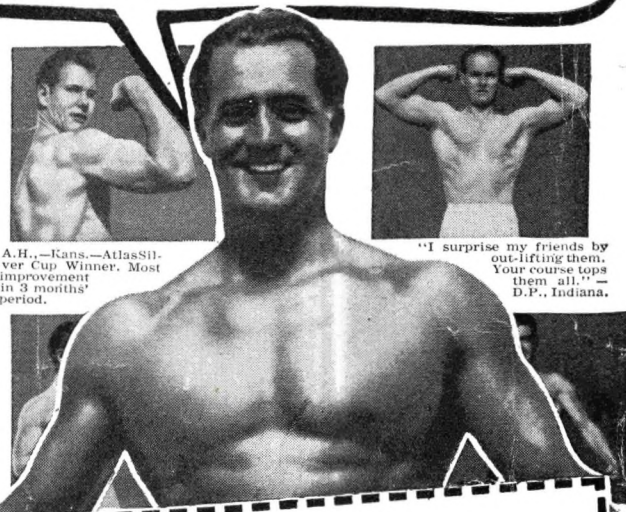
"Gained 29 pounds. When I started your course I weighed only 141. Now weigh 170."—T.K., New York.



"Here's my photo showing just how I look today. I owe it all to you."—W.D., New York.



"What a difference! Have put 3 1/2" on chest (normal) and 2 1/2" expanded."—F.S., N.Y.



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