BOBBY ALDRIDGE

"Our Boy's Room"

"There's a room in our house,
That's as still as a mouse,
And everything's neat as a pin.
It's pretty, all right
But it don't seem quite right,
When you think what a mess it's been in.

'Twas the home of a lad,
Who gave all that he had,
Just to help keep America free;
But now it's a shrine
To that dear boy of mine
'Til he's back with his mother and me.

Everything's put away
And there it will stay,
Each thing in it's own little box.
His shirts in his drawer,
And not on the floor,
The same with his ties and his socks.

There's his hat and his ball,
And the things on the wall,
There's the stuff he's been saving for years;
There's an old busted clock,
And an odd-colored rock,
And the stuff that drives mother to tears.

Everything that you see
Is right where it should be,
All his books and his papers and pen;
But I'll like it lots more
When there's things on the floor,
And his rooms topsy-turvy again."

ENLISTED MAN'S TEMPORARY PASS

Aldridge, Robert C. S/Sgt 39149847
(Name) (Grade) (Army serial No.)

LUX GARDEN

Thursday Morning 8:30 A.M. June 13, 1946.

Good morning, Son:

Today is Sonny's last day of school. I think he is rather a freak as he hates to have vacation come. Can you top that - or can you.

How does it seem to be a Staff Sergeant. Pretty good, I'll betcha.

8:50 - Few minutes later. Here I am down in front of the Post Office finishing this letter to you. Sonny missed the bus so I had to take him to town. Chuck's car sure comes in handy. It would be rather tough if he missed his exams.

Chuck was very sweet about his car. He left no restrictions on his car nor orders - just told me to be sure and use it and have a good time. He must have had a change of heart. He's been very kind and jovial. I've got a nice letter from him yesterday. He's left for Three Peaks.

I can't think of much to write about Son so guess I'll quit all this idle chatter and bla-bla and post my letter. Skip is sitting here in the back seat playing with one of Colina's kittens and shaking the car.

Skippy wants me to ask you if he can use the "paraphenalia" for printing pictures. He's not interested in the developing outfit as yet but just the things for making prints. If you would rather he not do so, don't hesitate to say so as it's perfectly O.K. I know how you feel. If you decide to let him do so, I will see that he takes extra good care of it for you.

All our love. God bless you, Honey.

Lovingly - Mom.

(over)

ENLISTED MAN'S TEMPORARY PASS

Aldridge, Robert C. (Name) S/Sgt (Grade) 39149347 (Army serial No.)

RPD, Hq, AFWESPAC (Organization) APO 707 (Station)

is authorized to be absent—

From 0800 24 June 46 To 0800 27 June 46

To visit Luzon Area

Signed Harold W Condra

HAROLD W. CONDRA *Commanding Officer.*

1st Lt., FA

*W. D., A. G. O. Form No. 7
26 June 1943

(OVER)

* This form supersedes W. D., A. G. O. Form No. 7, 8 September 1942, which may be used until existing stocks are exhausted.

LUX GARDEN

Cover Charge

Nº 1314 ₱ 1.00

CLASS A PASS

Robert C. Aldridge T/5 39149347
(Name) (Grade) (ASN)

GOOD FOR ONE DRINK
at 97th FA EM Club
(Not good if detached)

CLASS A PASS

Robert C. Aldridge (Name) T/5 (Grade) 39149347 (ASN)

Hq & Hq Btry 97th FA Bn (Organization) APO 932 (Station)

Destination Within 5 Miles of 97th FA Bn

Expires 2300 Hours

This pass is valid only on off duty periods and on Sundays and Holidays

Signed MILFORD J LIEBERT, 1st Lt FA
(Commanding Officer)

GOOD FOR ONE DRINK
at 97th FA EM Club
(Not good if detached)

ENLISTED MAN'S PASS

Aldridge, R.C. Tf 39149347
(Name) (Grade) (Army serial No.)

is authorized to be absent from his post Hq. Co. Gfmesha Camp #2

From 1000, 13 Jan 46

To 2300, 13 Jan 46

To visit Gladwin

Signed William R. Cruce
Company commander

(OVER)

Capt Inf AUS

T.S. SLIP

WD AGO FORM SOL

Your trials and tribulations have broken my heart. They are indeed unique. I have never heard anything like them before. As proof of my deep and honest sympathy I give you one (1) hour of condolence with the Chaplain. - - - - -

U.R. Outaluck

Chaplain's office
MERcy 00-00-0

RANK NAME A.S.N

U.R. OUTALUCK
CAPT. T.S. DETAIL

used until existing stocks are exhausted.

Dear Mr. Anderson:

I am an American mother, writing you in behalf of our boys overseas. We have had numerous pleas from our Soldier Boys, asking if there isn't something that can possibly be done to speed their home-coming.

As you know, these boys have done their job and done it well. Uncle Sam didn't hesitate to take them from their families and send them across into the firing lines with very little training.

We mothers felt very bitter about having our eighteen year old sons, taken out of schools, and sent overseas to fight, with only four months training. We knew that our Country had to be defended, so we reconciled ourselves to it - some of us never seeing our boys again.

Now that the war is ended, can't you Congressmen possibly do something to help get our boys back here in a hurry.

The boys in the Pacific are very, very bitter and their latest slogan is "No Boats - No Votes".

We can't blame them for feeling the way they do about it. We have had numerous letters from boys in the Philippines, my nineteen year old son included, saying that they are being kept there for no purpose at all. Some of the men have been sitting in Replacement Depots for weeks, awaiting transportation home.

(over)

How's that? Think it will carry any weight? We, being a very good friend of your friends may help some too.

I should think if all you boys wrote to your respective Congressmen, it would help considerably. Just "lay your cards on the table" and tell them how you feel but don't be mean about it. They all work together and if they get enough "gripes" from you fellows over there, they really will buck a down. That's what Representatives are for - to hear the pleas of the community they represent. Yours would be Jack Anderson.

I'm going to promote as many letter of requests from Watsonville as possible. Got several lined up already.

Will do all we can here to speed the homecoming of you boys over there. God bless you all. Remember - don't put all the burden on your own shoulders. Take it to God in prayer.

As always,

Your loving

"Mother dear."

Our California Congressman's address from our district is

Representative John J. Anderson,
House Office Building,
Washington - D.C.

The only difference in the address of other boys from the State, would be the name of their Congressman.

Try and get as many boys to write to their Representative as you can, telling him that you want to come home. It will do some good.

ENLISTED MAN'S TEMPORARY PASS

ROBERT ALDRIDGE (Name) PFC (Grade) 39149347 (Army serial No.)

HQ. BTRY 97 FA BN (Organization) APO 432 (Station)

is authorized to be absent—

From 1830 23 SEPT To 2245 23 SEPT.

To visit TARAGONA

Signed _____ *Commanding officer.*

*W. D., A. G. O. Form No. 7
26 June 1943 (OVER)

*This form supersedes W. D., A. G. O. Form No. 7, 8 September 1942, which may be used until existing stocks are exhausted.

T/4 ALDRICH

Roland P. Harris
1/Sgt. C-97

Dear Mr. Anderson:

I am an American mother writing you in behalf of our boys overseas. We have had numerous pleas from our Soldier Boys, asking if there isn't something that can possibly be done to speed their home-coming.

As you know, these boys have done their job and done it well. Uncle Sam didn't hesitate to take them from their families and send them across into the firing lines with very little training.

ENLISTED MAN'S PASS—AR 615-275

LAST NAME—FIRST NAME—MIDDLE INITIAL	ARMY SERIAL No.	GRADE
Aldridge, Robert E.	39149347	S/Sgt

ORGANIZATION	STATION
TTH	ORB.

No.	DEPART DATE	DEPART TIME	RETURN DATE	RETURN TIME	AUTHORIZING OFFICER'S SIGNATURE AND GRADE
1	AUG 12 1945		0200		W.C. Beach 1st Lt
2					
3					
4					

FOLD HERE

5					
6					
7					
8					
9					

16—46389-1

Robert E. Aldridge

HEADQUARTERS SPECIAL TROOPS
AFWESPAC APO 707
Class "A" Pass.

The bearer, whose signature appears below, is authorized to be absent from his station while not on duty, from 1730 until 2300.

AG RPD

ROBERT C. ALDRIDGE T/4 39149347
(Name) (Rank) (ASN) (Org)

25 January 1946
(Date)

By order of the Commanding Officer

Robert B. Slack
Adjutant

6846

Robert C. Aldridge
Signature of Bearer

B	B					B	B			B		B	B	B
S						S								S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15

HOLDER'S SIGNATURE: S/Sgt. Robert C. Aldridge
ARMY SERIAL NO. 39149347

16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
S	S	S	S	S	S	S	S	S	S	S	S	S	S	S
D	D	D	D	D	D	D	D	D	D	D	D	D	D	D
		B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	

ATCHD UNASGD

Aldridge, Robt. C. - S/Sgt - 39149347
(NAME) (RANK) (ASN)
IS AUTHORIZED TO BE ABSENT FROM
HIS POST
FROM 0800 hrs
TO 2300 hrs 24 JUL 1946
TO VISIT MANILA

SIGNED Robert E. Aldridge
Platoon Commander
3rd Platoon "C" Btry

S/Sgt

ARROW POINTS TO YOUR WEIGHT
ITS ACCURATE
UNIVERSAL SCALE CO. CHICAGO
Printed in U. S. A.

Ancient Order of the Deep ...

Aboard the U.S.S. FOND DU LAC
To All Jovial Sailors of the Seven Seas
Greetings and Know Ye That
Robert Creston Aldridge
Has been duly initiated this 20th day of Jan., 1945 into the mysteries of the deep in keeping with the venerable Traditions of the realm on an official mission southward in west longitude-latitude 00°00'00".
Given under my hand and seal this date:

His Majesty's Scribe. Davy Jones
Ruler of the Raging Main. Neptunus Rex

MOTOR VEHICLE OPERATOR'S

PERMIT

Valid { with / without } glasses

39149347
(OPERATOR'S A. S. N.)

MOTOR VEHICLE OPERATOR'S

PERMIT

Valid { with / without } glasses

39149347
(OPERATOR'S A. S. N.)

(9)

MOTOR VEHICLE OPERATOR'S

PERMIT

Valid { ~~with~~ / without } glasses

39149347
(OPERATOR'S A. S. N.)

AGPrintingPlant

NOTES

1. To be issued only after strict and practical examination.
2. Permit will be authenticated by commissioned officer immediately after test for each type of vehicle concerned.
3. Where testing facilities do not permit cross-country driving, permit will be marked "limited" after each type of vehicle concerned.
4. List accidents below. If more than three are charged to the permit holder, his driving ability and mental attitude should be investigated before issuance of new permit.

RECORD OF ACCIDENTS

(List all in which permit holder is involved)

Date _____ (1)
Responsibility and cause _____
Estimated cost of damages _____
Officer's initials _____

Date _____ (2)
Responsibility and cause _____
Estimated cost of damages _____
Officer's initials _____

Date _____ (3)
Responsibility and cause _____
Estimated cost of damages _____
Officer's initials _____

MOTOR VEHICLE OPERATOR'S

PERMIT

Valid { with / without } glasses

39149347

(OPERATOR'S A. S. N.)

NOTES

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2. Permit will be authenticated by commissioned officer immediately after test for each type of vehicle concerned.
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Estimated cost of damages _____
Officer's initials _____

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Responsibility and cause _____
Estimated cost of damages _____
Officer's initials _____

Date _____ (3)
Responsibility and cause _____
Estimated cost of damages _____

MOTOR VEHICLE OPERATOR'S

PERMIT

Valid { with / without } glasses

39149347

(OPERATOR'S A. S. N.)

(9)

NOTES

1. To be issued only after strict and practical examination.
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RECORD OF ACCIDENTS

(List all in which permit holder is involved)

Date _____ (1)
Responsibility and cause _____
Estimated cost of damages _____
Officer's initials _____

Date _____ (2)
Responsibility and cause _____
Estimated cost of damages _____
Officer's initials _____

Date _____ (3)
Responsibility and cause _____
Estimated cost of damages _____
Officer's initials _____

MOTOR VEHICLE OPERATOR'S

PERMIT

Valid { ~~with~~ / without } glasses

39149347

(OPERATOR'S A. S. N.)

O. O. Form No. 7360
(Approved Dec. 7, 1942)
(Old Q. M. C. Form No. 228)

26 October, 1944
(Date of issue)

Robert C. Aldridge
(Operator's signature)

I CERTIFY THAT Robert C. Aldridge
(Name and rank)

has demonstrated proficiency in driving ~~(par. 16, A/R 850-15)~~ TM 21-300
the types of vehicles listed below as per signed authentication.

TYPE VEHICLE	AUTHENTICATION (Signed by a commissioned officer)
~~Car, halftrack~~	REB
Car, passenger	R E Burt 1st Lt TC
~~Motorcycle~~	REB
~~Tank, heavy~~	REB
~~Tank, light~~	REB
~~Tank, medium~~	REB
~~Tractor~~	REB
~~Truck-tractor (semitrailer)~~	REB
Trucks, cargo, ¼–¾-ton	R E Burt 1st Lt TC
Trucks, cargo, 1½–2½-ton	R E Burt 1st Lt TC
~~Trucks, cargo, 4-ton and larger~~	REB
~~Trucks, amphibian (all)~~	REB
~~Vehicle, wheeled, combat~~	REB
~~Special~~	REB

16—22236-1

O. O. Form No. 7360
(Approved Dec. 7, 1942)
(Old Q.M.C. Form No. 228)

23 October, 1945
(Date of issue)

Robert C. Aldridge
(Operator's signature)

I CERTIFY THAT T/5 ROBERT C. ALDRIDGE
(Name and rank)

has demonstrated proficiency in driving (par. 16, A/R 850-15)
the types of vehicles listed below as per signed authentication.

TYPE VEHICLE	AUTHENTICATION (Signed by a commissioned officer)
Car, half-track	
Car, passenger	
Motorcycle	
Tank, heavy	
Tank, light	
Tank, medium	
Tractor	
Truck-tractor (semitrailer)	
Trucks, cargo, ¼–¾-ton	James S Brosius 1st Lt FA
Trucks, cargo, 1½–2½-ton	
Trucks, cargo, 4-ton and larger	
Trucks, amphibian (all)	
Vehicle, wheeled, combat	
Special	

O. O. Form No. 7360
(Approved Dec. 7, 1942)
(Old Q. M. C. Form No. 228)

13th Feb., 19[illegible]
(Date of issue)

Robert C. Aldridge
(Operator's signature)

I CERTIFY THAT T/4 Robert C. Aldri[illegible]
(Name and rank)

has demonstrated proficiency in driving (par. 16, A/R 850-1
the types of vehicles listed below as per signed authentica

TYPE VEHICLE	AUTHENTICATION (Signed by a commissioned office
~~Car, halftrack~~	
Car, passenger	J W Fernan
~~Motorcycle~~	
~~Tank, heavy~~	
~~Tank, light~~	
~~Tank, medium~~	
~~Tractor~~	
~~Truck-tractor (semitrailer)~~	
Trucks, cargo, ¼–¾-ton	J W Fernan
Trucks, cargo, 1½–2½-ton	J W Fernan
~~Trucks, cargo, 4-ton and larger~~	
~~Trucks, amphibian (all)~~	
~~Vehicle, wheeled, combat~~	
~~Special~~	

Ancient Order of the Deep ...

Aboard the U.S.S. FOND DU LAC

To All Loyal Sailors of the Seven Seas ... Greetings and Know Ye That

Robert Creston Aldridge

Has been duly initiated this 20th day of Jan., 1945 into the mysteries of the deep in keeping with the venerable Traditions of the realm on an official mission southward in west longitude-latitude 00°00'00".

Given under my hand and seal this date:

Davy Jones, His Majesty's Scribe.

Neptunus Rex, Ruler of the Raging Main.

67591

Extension 38

Motor Pool

PHILIPPINE ARMY

A MOTHER'S PRAYER FOR HER SOLDIER SON

As Thou didst walk in the land of Galilee,
So, loving Saviour, walk with him for me,
For, since the years have passed and he is grown,
I cannot follow—he must walk alone.
Be Thou my feet, that I have had to stay,
For Thou canst comrade him in every way.
Be Thou my voice when sinful things allure,
Pleading with him to choose those that endure.
Be Thou my hand that would keep his in mine,
All, all things else that mother must resign.
When he was little I could walk and guide,
But now I pray that Thou be at his side.
And as Thy blessed mother folded Thee,
So, kind and loving Saviour, guard my son for me.

—*The Australian War Cry.*

ENLISTED MAN'S TEMPORARY PASS

Bob Aldrige Pfc 39149347
(Name) (Grade) (Army serial No.)

Hq. Btry 97th F.A. Bn APO 248
(Organization) (Station)

is authorized to be absent—

From 1830 21 Aug 45 To 2330 21 Aug 45

To visit Mayo.

Signed [illegible]
Commanding officer.

*W. D., A. G. O. Form No. 7
26 June 1943 (OVER)

*This form supersedes W. D., A. G. O. Form No. 7, 8 September 1942 which may be used until existing stocks are exhausted.

Form 59C
THE AMERICAN NATIONAL RED CROSS No. 94932

CLUB SYMBOL

CASH RECEIPT 15 Feb 1946

Received from Robert Aldridge

the sum of Thirty Pesos — Pounds — Shillings — Pence

for Loan VIII - in full APO 75

£ 30:00:

American National Red Cross,
by John E Duffey

1945 Certificate of Membership

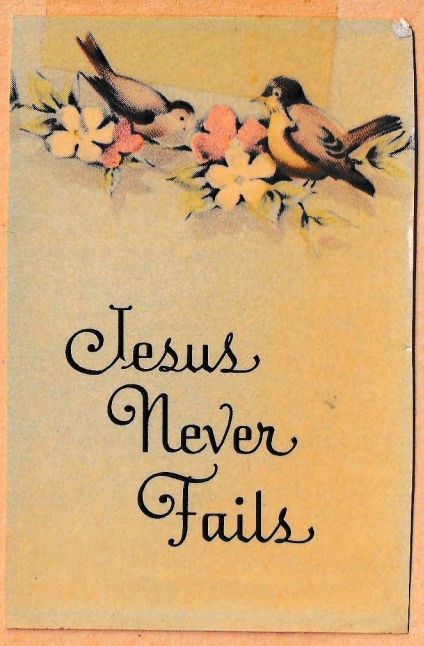
Pvt. Robert C. Aldridge

THE AMERICAN NATIONAL RED CROSS

War Fund Contribution $15.00 or more

B. Spencer
Red Cross Representative

Chairman



ALDRIDGE, ROBERT C 39149347 S SGT
AGF W M 5-17 20 165
RT 1 BX 188
WATSONVILLE, SANTA CRUZ CO CAL

IDENTIFICATION DISCHARGEE CERTIFICATE

Certificate of Army, Navy, Marine Corps or Coast Guard Officer

THE HOLDER

is traveling at own expense and is entitled to SPECIAL COACH FARE authorized account;

(*a*) Discharge, or
(*b*) Retirement or release from active duty and not entitled to travel on transportation requests,

if presented within 30 days from date of discharge, retirement or release.

ASF - NSC Separation Center

From Camp Beale, Calif.
(*Place of discharge, retirement or release*)

To Watsonville, Calif.
(*Home or place of enlistment or induction, or place of employment*)

16 Aug. 1946
(*Date of discharge, retirement or release*)

Margaret Kimpton
(*Signature of certifying officer.*)

MARGARET KIMPTON, 1ST LT, WAC
(*Rank and organization on account of which issued.*)

Ticket Agent will take up this Certificate, noting thereon form and number of ticket issued, and forward with ticket report to Auditor, stamping back hereof with regular ticket dater.

Form..... No.....
(*Description of ticket.*)

This certificate must be presented to ticket agent to obtain reduced fare ticket.

When this certificate is properly executed and presented with officially executed discharge, retirement or release papers, it becomes a specific request of the United States Government that the holder when traveling at own expense, be authorized to purchase a one-way coach ticket at the special reduced fare authorized, account discharge or retirement or release.

The United States Government will not be responsible for the payment of fare for ticket issued in accordance with this certificate.

7375 HNSC FORT DOUGLAS 9-18-45 50M

Aldridge

My Prayer

Dear God, please take good care of
him,
Wherever he may be;
Watch over him and comfort him.
And keep him safe for me.

Please give him strength and cour-
age, God,
To bear the aching pain
That he must feel for all things
here
He longs to see again.

Thank You, dear God, for love like
ours,
That reaches o'er the sea;
And thank You, God, for keeping
us
Together, spiritually.

Please keep him trusting, loving
me,
Until we meet again;
And tell him every night how much
I love him, God. Amen.

Pacific Greyhound Lines
IDENTIFICATION CHECK
Not Good for Passage
Destination **Fort Ord**
Baggage Liability Limited to $25.00
Void if detached Form 24
1147
Bag'ge Punch Here

PACIFIC GREYHOUND LINES
Good for One Continuous Trip
FROM WATSONVILLE
TO FORT ORD
RETURN
Used within 30 Days from date of sale
Subject to tariff regulations
Baggage liability limited to $25.00
Tax Exempt - Sold to Military Personnel
Form 24
1147
Bag'ge Punch Here

PACIFIC GREYHOUND LINES
Good for One Continuous Trip
FROM FORT ORD
TO WATSONVILLE
GOING
Subject to tariff regulations
Baggage liability limited to $25.00
— TAX EXEMPT —
SOLD TO MILITARY PERSONNEL
Form 24
1147
Bag'ge Punch Here

A 9347

Q. M. C. Form No. 374 (Old No. 297)
(Revised Aug. 8, 1942)

Bundle No. 22 Mark or Pin No. A-9347

Date 12 July, 1946

QUARTERMASTER LAUNDRY

Name Aldridge, Robt. C.

Co. Hq. Org. Afwespac Bldg. B-9

Camp, Post, or Station Rec. Pers. Div.

2	Shirts, cotton, khaki.		Hats or caps, work.
	Shirts, flannel, O. D.		Jackets or coats, work.
	Undershirts, cotton.		Trousers, work.
	Undershirts, wool.		Suits, one-piece, work.
	Drawers, cotton.		Breeches, cotton, khaki.
	Drawers, wool.	2	Trousers, cotton, khaki.
	Union suits.		Cloths, wash.
	Sweaters.		Towels, face.
	Neckties.		Towels, bath.
	Handkerchiefs.		Belts, web.
2	Socks (pair).		Gloves (pair).
	Pajamas.	1	Barrack bags.
	Leggings, canvas (pair).		
	Caps, garrison, field.		
	Jackets, field.		

Lister

Marker

Claims for shortages must be made to organization laundry officer *within 48 hours*, accompanied by this laundry list. "Methods of adjustment of claims for loss or damage apply only to such articles as are issued to enlisted men." AR–30–2135.

Checker

Bundler

16—29803–1

Q. M. C. Form No. 374 (Old No. 297)
(Revised Aug. 8, 1942)

Bundle No. ____ Mark or Pin No. A-9347

Date 12 July, 1946

QUARTERMASTER LAUNDRY

Name Aldridge, Robt. C.

Co. Hq. Org. Afwespac Bldg. B-9

Camp, Post, or Station Rec. Pers Div

2	Shirts, cotton, khaki.		Hats or caps, work.
	Shirts, flannel, O. D.		Jackets or coats, work.
	Undershirts, cotton.		Trousers, work.
	Undershirts, wool.		Suits, one-piece, work.
	Drawers, cotton.		Breeches, cotton, khaki.
	Drawers, wool.	2	Trousers, cotton, khaki.
	Union suits.		Cloths, wash.
	Sweaters.		Towels, face.
	Neckties.		Towels, bath.
	Handkerchiefs.		Belts, web.
2	Socks (pair).	1	Gloves (pair).
	Pajamas.	1	Barrack bags.
	Leggings, canvas (pair).		
	Caps, garrison, field.		
	Jackets, field.		

12 PAID

Lister

Marker

Claims for shortages must be made to organization laundry officer *within 48 hours*, accompanied by this laundry list. "Methods of adjustment of claims for loss or damage apply only to such articles as are issued to enlisted men." AR–30–2135.

Checker

Bundler

16—29803–1

Vera Mankinen

Captain
Women's Army Corps

Dear Bob —
Mr Sabin & I appreciate your kind wishes and thank you for the wedding gifts —
It has been a real pleasure to work with you & I'm so glad that you soon will be going home — Do you think you'll know how to be a civilian again?
Bless you & the best wishes always
Says
Capt Vera

PVT. ROBERT C ALDRIDGE

39149134

FT SILL, OKLA

AGF - PRD #2

FT ORD - CALIF

INDIVIDUAL CLOTHING ISSUE

13 Aug 1946

Issue the articles enumerated below to Aldridge, Robert C. ASN 39149347
(Last Name) (1st Name) (In'l)

QUANTITY	SIZE	ARTICLES
X		BAG, BARRACKS
1		SHIRTS, WOOL O.D.
1	15½ 32	SHIRTS, COTTON KHAKI
1	30-31	TROUSERS, COTTON KHAKI
X		TROUSERS, WOOL O.D.
1	37R	COAT, WOOL SERGE ([redacted])
X		NECKTIE, COTTON MOHAIR
US & VF		INSIGNA, COLLAR (U.S. OR BR. OF SERV.
S/Sgt	RANK	CHEVRONS
1 pr	MONTHS	OVERSEAS STRIPES
X	YEAR	HASHMARKS
1	Arrowhead 25th Div	SHOULDER PATCHES
X		DRAWERS, COTTON
X		UNDERSHIRTS, COTTON
X		SOCKS, LIGHT WOOL
1		SHOES, SERVICE OR COMBAT BTS.
1	7¾	CAP, GARRISON, COTTON KHAKI
X		CAP, GARRISON, WOOL O.D.
X		BELT, WEB WAIST
X		PONCHO
X		TOWEL, BATH
X		HANDKERCHIEFS
X		OVERCOAT, WOOL

I acknowledge that I have received the articles enumerated in the column headed "QUANTITY"

Robert C. Aldridge
(Signature of Enlisted Man

39149347
ASN

H L Lobsmith Maj GSC
(APPROVED) King

Bob Aldridge

AFWESPAC

₱5.00

ENLISTED MEN'S CLUB

VOID IF DETACHED

No. 25987

AFWESPAC

₱5.00

ENLISTED MEN'S CLUB

VOID IF DETACHED

No. 25991

AFWESPAC

₱5.00

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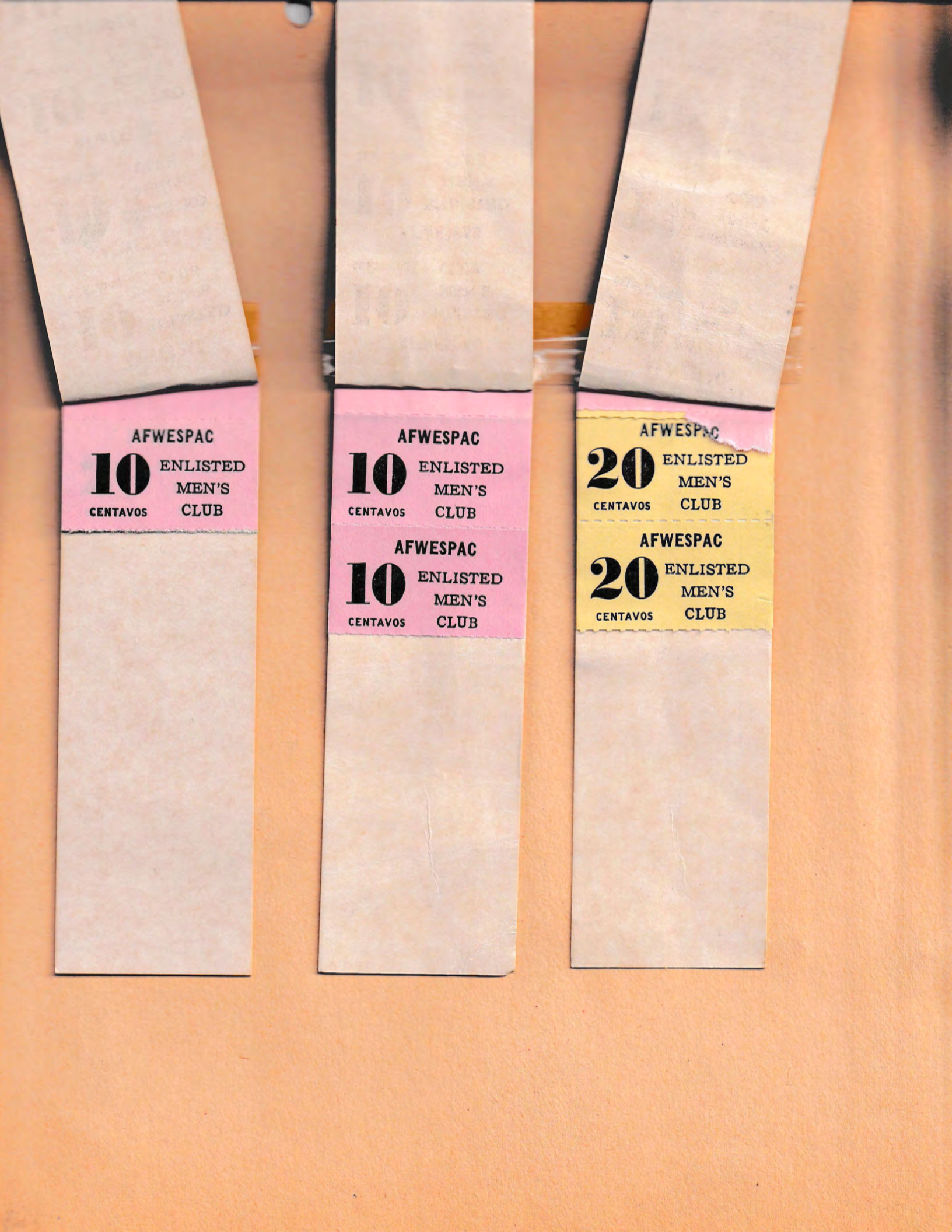
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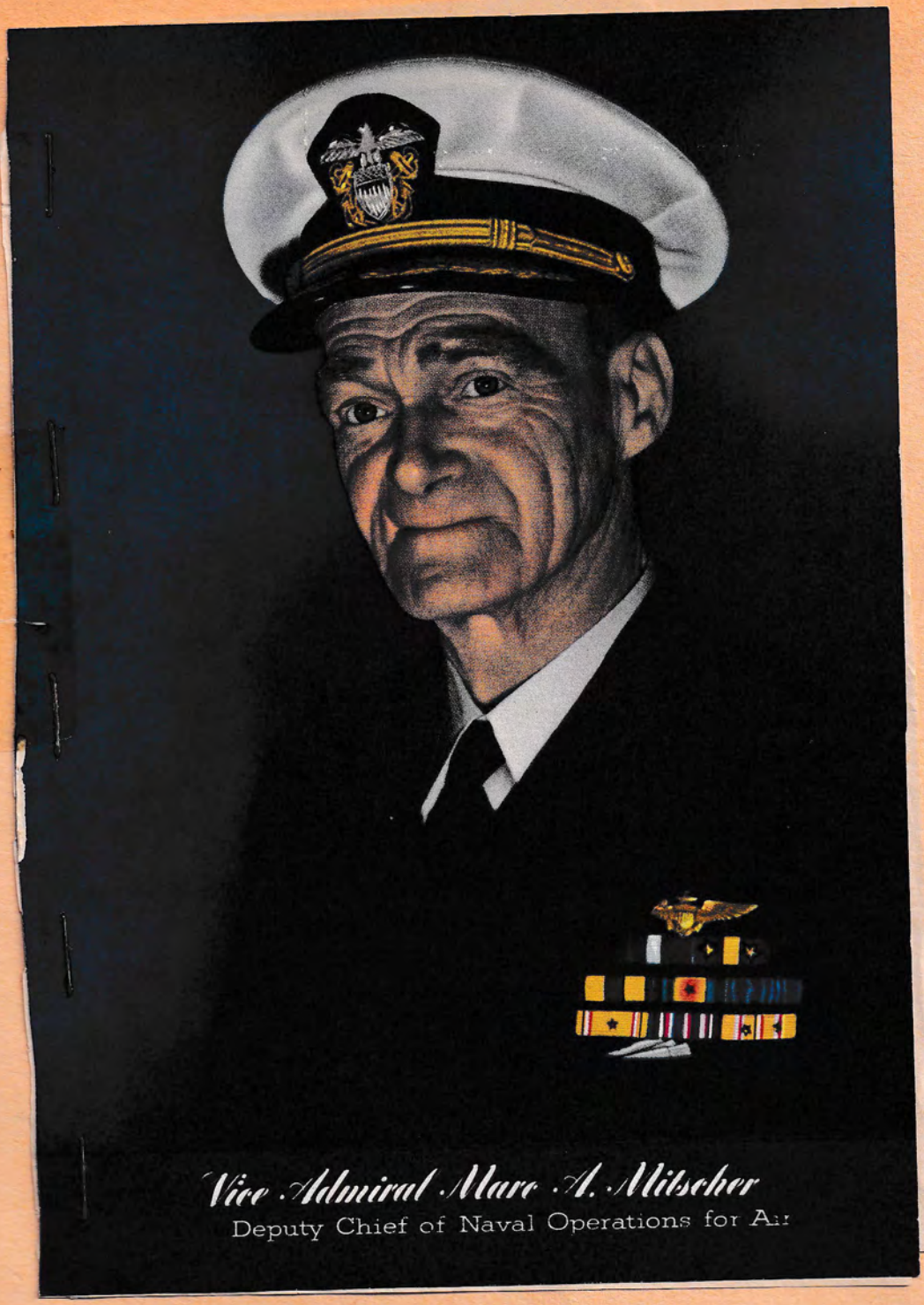
Merry Christmas


And a
Happy
New
Year

YOU
ARE CORDIALLY
INVITED TO OUR
CHRISTMAS
EVE PARTY
PLEASE COME

MUSIC - TWO ORCHESTRAS
BEER — FREE
DANCING - PLENTY
EATS - GALORE
TWO ORCHESTRAS
TWO BUILDINGS
CHRISTMAS EVE PARTY
PLACE 77 FABIAN



Vice Admiral Marc A. Mitscher

Deputy Chief of Naval Operations for Air

Baguio Trail

When Baguio became a battleground Igorots on Luzon led thousands of refugees through the jungle to safety

by SIDNEY CARROLL

I MET SERGEANT James Patrick Lindquist in a small Filipino village. You had to see that village to believe it. It was a church, and a few houses, and a village square.

An incredible collection of people walked the so-called streets. The people were white, and yellow, and brown, all the coffee colors and some of the tea tones. They walked up and down the dirt roads of the town aimlessly, as if they didn't belong there, as if they were waiting to move on. The place had the impermanent air of a summer resort, or of a railroad station.

Not twenty miles from us in the hills above this village a great battle was going on for a city named Baguio. All these people had been taken out of the hills and out of Baguio, and they were resting temporarily in this village before being shifted to other parts of the island of Luzon.

They had been evacuated over a tortuous and terrible mountain route known as the Baguio Trail. They had been evacuated largely through the efforts of Sergeant Lindquist. He is a tall fellow with long, thin legs and extremely broad shoulders. We sat in one of the village buildings and talked. The Sergeant is not a voluble man; you had to plague him with questions. But the answers you would get were extremely worthwhile, and after a while it would dawn on you that this tall, thin non-com, the major domo of the Baguio Trail, was doing one of the amazing jobs of the war.

BUT BEFORE you can be impressed by the Sergeant's activities you have to know a little about the city of Baguio.

Any Filipino will tell you that Manila was a beautiful city before the war. But he will tell you, with pride in his eyes, that Baguio was once the most beautiful city in the whole world. For Manila, the Filipinos say, "Manila was beautiful." But for Baguio they say, "Baguio —ah Baguio!"

It must have been something. It lies approximately in the center of the island of Luzon, 150 miles or so above Manila. Before the war, in the summer, when the heat and the humidity around Manila would become too much for the *politicos* to bear, Baguio would become the summer capital of the Philippine government. It was a white city, beautifully laid out, with great gardens and sports stadiums and buildings of Grecian line. It was in the hills, sheltered from the heat, always just warm enough by day, always cool at night.

To this city in the summer flocked the fantastic international gentry of Manila—Russians, Spaniards, Americans, Germans, Chinese, Japanese, Portuguese, Swedes, Egyptians, Swiss, and Filipinos. They would go up there for the baths, the sports, and the politics. I've seen architectural plans of the city of Baguio, and I've seen aerial photographs of it taken before we started blasting it off the map. It must have been beautiful.

But then again, in the month of April, while the great battle for Baguio was in progress, I saw the city itself from an adjoining hill which the 33rd Division had just taken. I saw it through a pair of captured Jap binoculars. It looked like the Acropolis, like a hunk of broken birthday cake scattered over the hillside. The once lovely city of Baguio—ah Baguio!—was in ruins.

For weeks our artillery had been pounding the city on the hill until it was nothing more than rubble. We were pounding it for the best of reasons: it was full of Japs.

And yet, all the time that battle was going on, in the midst of all the air and artillery fire, at the very moment I was looking at the ghost city through the binoculars, an unbelievable thing was going on. All day long and all night we were taking civilians out of Baguio, right through the Jap lines and under the Jap noses, right through the fire from both sides and safe into our own lines. Somewhere in that dense jungle on the hillsides which

ILLUSTRATED BY MELBOURNE BRINDLE

I could see through the glasses was the Baguio Trail, and at the end of it the village, the domain of Sergeant James Patrick Lindquist.

In the village the most conspicuous people of all were groups of strange little natives—brown, dark, husky, always smiling. "Igorots," Lindquist told me, "You can't miss 'em." The Igorots are the elusive little people of the hills, the equivalent of our own hillbillies. The women wear gaily-colored skirts and the men nothing but hats and g-strings. The Japs had been particularly tough on them, had taken away their food, their pigs and chickens, and had butchered whole families.

We had liberated them when we started the Baguio campaign. They had been brought down from the embattled hills, hundreds of them, down to this village where the Americans were feeding them and giving them shelter.

They are a good people. "Funniest thing about this whole business," Lindquist told me, "of all the people we've taken out of the hills—and I guess we could form a League of Nations with what we've taken out—the only ones who've expressed any gratitude at all are these Igorots."

They are the ones who acquainted us with the Baguio Trail in the first place. When the battle in the hills of Luzon started, after we moved in from the Lingayen Gulf, the town of Baguio was still full of the summer civilian crowd from Manila. Many of them had gone up there as soon as we invaded Luzon from the south, figuring that there wouldn't be much fighting in the hills. It was too bad that so many of them picked Baguio because it turned out to be one of the worst battlefields of the campaign. When we trained our guns on it we knew just how many civilians were in the way, but Baguio had to be taken. When the Igorots told us about the trail we saw there was a chance of getting those civilians out of the place. Lindquist was one of the men put on the detail, and it wasn't long before we had a system working.

EACH DAY in Baguio certain groups of these civilians would stray to the edge of the town. They would carry light provisions with them, as unobtrusively as possible. They would approach the Jap sentries at the outskirts of town, and they would bribe their way out. A Jap sentry is usually a great one for bribes. For a piece of jewelry he will forget his holy allegiance to the Emperor. One Spanish woman who had come out of Baguio told me she had given a Jap sentry her wristwatch. "He rolled up his uniform sleeve to strap it on," she said, "and I could see that his whole arm was covered with wrist watches." Sometimes the sentries would not place so high a price on the business of looking the other way. Sometimes they would listen to reason for a few *camotes*, those Filipino sweet potatoes which the Japs love.

The civilians who got by the sentries would make for an appointed spot in the hills. There were actually five paths leading from the edges of town to the main trail. They could take any one of these paths. Once they got to the main trail they would find Igorot guides waiting for them, ready to lead them over the long, main trail to the American lines and liberation. The trip would have been impossible without the Igorots.

In the first place, it was their trail. They had been using it for the length of time that makes legends. It is not the sort of trail that you or I could see in the dark. It is something like an old Indian trail, but the jungles of the Philippines are filled with all sorts of natural death-dealing devices; even the foliage goes in for manslaughter. There are vines like snakes, enormous shapes that block the path, and insects, and peculiar pestilences. There are sudden precipices along the trail, hidden by dense giant leaves, and if you don't have an Igorot to steer you along the edge you will step on what looks like solid ground and fall a thousand feet. The trail goes up and down hills that are 2,500 feet high, and practically perpendicular.

IT TAKES anywhere from three to seven days to come over the trail, depending on your health, your age, your agility, and your spirit. Have you ever climbed jungle hills for seven days and seven nights? If you have you know how much the spirit counts.

Sometimes a woman would give birth on the trail, and Lindquist would play midwife. He told me about a Filipino woman who had a child on the trail at four o'clock in the morning. That night she had the baby on her back and she was on her way.

Several people died on the trail, young ones from disease and old ones from exhaustion. Several fell off the cliffs; the only thing ever heard from them was the echo of the breakage down below. Several met up with outlying sentries, and for them the end of the trail was a Jap bullet or a Jap knife in the neck. But most incredible of all is the fact that some of these refugees were carried all the way over the trail. Pound for pound, the Igorot is one of the strongest people in the world. An Igorot woman (average weight, ninety pounds) can carry her own weight up and over those hills. When it became necessary, those tiny people would rig up a litter and carry a sick person up and down the trail for seven days and nights.

Five-year-old children are known to have walked all the way over the trail. In the little village of liberation I met an American woman who had come over the trail with her two young children, a suitcase full of *camotes*, and a a Pekingese dog.

In April, when I met Lindquist, he had supervised the evacuation of seven thousand civilians from the city of Baguio. The end of the trail, the Promised Land, was this little village, and every day new refugees were coming in. Tired, dirty, emaciated, they always asked for the same things—cigarettes, white bread, milk.

You had to see that town in order to believe it. There were Asiatics and Europeans, every denomination, every breed. There were Irish nuns, dressed in white, still tending the children they had carried over the trail. There were American missionaries. And Jap prisoners. And Germans. Most of

the so-called "whites" were being held under lock and key, for there was a lot of work to be done in the matter of determining just which of the civilians of Baguio had collaborated with the Japs when they were up there, and had left simply because the bombing got too hot.

Of all the people interned in that village, only the Igorots seemed to be taking it easy. The others, the Europeans and Americans and the city-bred Filipinos from Baguio, were restless and impatient. The trail was a nightmare they wanted to forget. They were obviously bored with the little village, and waiting only for the signal that would send them down to Manila, to something that looked like civilization. But the Igorots were quiet because they were actually a little dazzled. To them, this little village was a metropolis. They were simply waiting for the day when they could get out of the big city, back on their beloved Baguio Trail and home into the hills.

The Marital Maze

THE BRIDEGROOM came home one evening to find his bride in tears.

"Your mother insulted me," she wept.

"But, darling," protested the young man. "How could she? She isn't even in town."

"I know," said his wife, "but she wrote you a letter. And the very last thing she said was: 'P. S. Mary, don't forget to show this letter to John.'"

—JOHN NEWTON BAKER

THE WOMAN stood on a downtown street corner. At last she became impatient and exclaimed to a passing friend, "Isn't it terrible to wait for your husband! I've been standing here since five o'clock!"

"When were you supposed to meet him?" asked the friend.

"Four o'clock!" replied the other disgustedly. —PHILIP BEATON

"JACK, DARLING," said the Hollywood bride, entering her new home with her new hubby, "this house certainly looks familiar. Are you sure we haven't been married before?"

—*Typo Graphic*

LIKE ALL two-fisted newspaper men, Horace Greeley was a target for mudslingers. When one detractor howled that Greeley was influenced by powerful interests—a low blow still popular—Greeley replied: "Yes, I'm influenced by powerful interests, but keep my wife's name out of this."

—*Spaulding Times*

WHILE HONEYMOONING with his former secretary, a wealthy manufacturer began making plans for his return to business.

"Well, dear," he told his bride, "I suppose I'll have to get someone to take your place in the office."

"I've been thinking of that," she replied. "My cousin is leaving school."

"What's her name?" the husband asked.

"John Joseph Jones," the bride replied sweetly.—RANDOLPH MACFARLAN

Howitzer Firing

—With Kentucky Windage

By Cpl. Raymond Carlson, FA*

A view of the battleground after the battle shows Jap tanks smoldering on the highway.

The Setting

At 1100 hours on 7 February 1945, the 6th Infantry Division captured the little town of Munoz, in the Province of Nueva Ecija, Luzon, P. I., thereby ending a bitter seven-day attack against one of the toughest Japanese strongholds encountered by American forces on Luzon up to that time. Subsequent events in the Luzon campaign, which on 9 January 1945 began to reclaim the largest of the Philippine Islands, showed Munoz to be one of the most difficult obstacles to overcome.

Munoz was strategically important as a bastion of defense for Japanese lines of supply and communication on Highway 5 leading to San Jose and mountain regions to the north, and a safeguard on the escape route on the San Jose—Rizal Highway between Manila and the Cagayan Valley. With the thoroughness that characterizes him, the enemy transformed a sleepy barrio 1,200 yards in length and 500 in width into a defiant fortress, employing adroit defensive tactics and installations. Tanks with 37-mm and 47-mm turret guns, motor-drawn 47-mm AT and 75-mm and 105-mm guns were dug in and camouflaged to defy both ground and air observation, and were placed to give maximum effective fire and mutual support in defense of the stronghold. Utilizing the cover and the flat terrain, which was all to his advantage, the enemy installed machine guns and automatic weapons in such a way as to lay a blazing front of fire on attacking parties coming upon the town from any direction. With the stubbornness that also characterizes his actions, the enemy held firm for over a week despite the air, artillery, and mortar bombardment hurled upon him, and despite the constant infantry assault waves which attacked him. His losses in manpower and material were appalling.

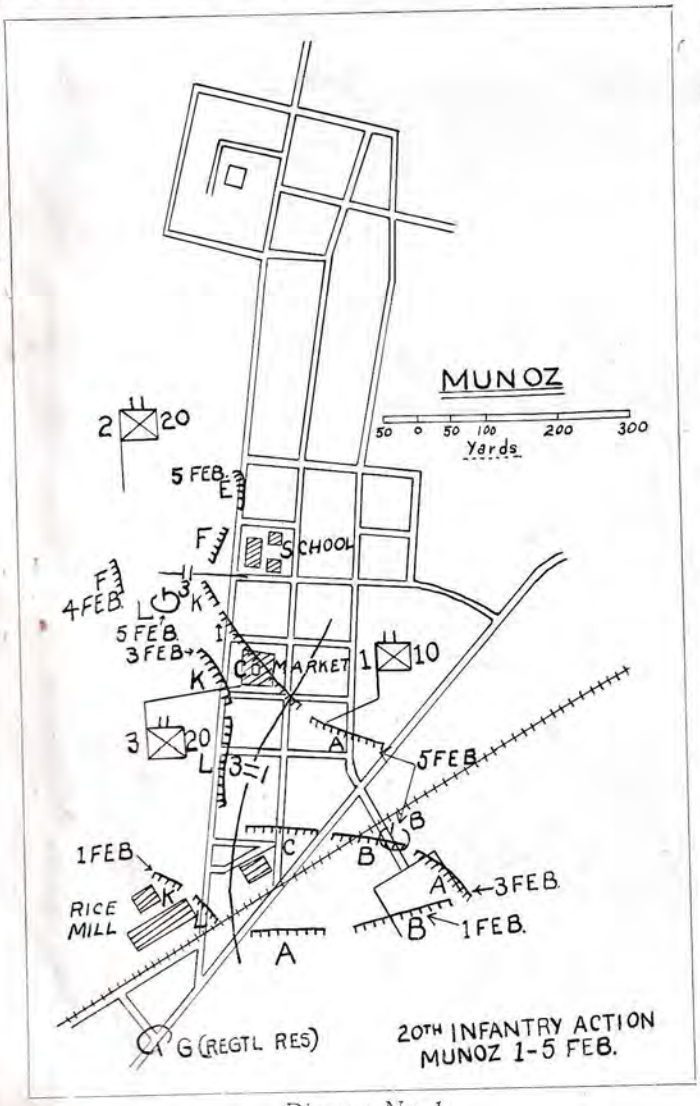


Diagram No. 1

For the defense of Munoz the enemy had committed the 365th Independent Infantry Battalion, 103d Division; 8th Battery, 2nd Mobile Artillery; Anti-Tank Battalion, 2nd Armored Division; 6th Tank Regiment (less 2nd Company); and one platoon, 2nd Armored Engineers. The seven-day battle of Munoz, with the spectacular artillery-tank battle on the Munoz—San Jose highway, resulted in 1,527 enemy dead of the 1,935 committed, and in the complete destruction of the following: 48 medium tanks (with either 37-mm or 47-mm guns), 4 light tanks, 4 armored cars, 2 tracked prime movers, 41 trucks, 1 American half-track, 15 sedans, 1 station wagon, 4 105-mm howitzers, and 16 47-mm AT guns.

The battle began at 0730 31 January when Company "E," 20th Infantry, after a brief artillery preparation, attacked northeast from a position astride the railroad (see Diagram No. 1) and moved forward 200 yards without opposition. There the advance was halted by blazing fire from automatic weapons. Other units of the 20th Infantry were committed 1 February. The deployment of these units during the next six days is shown in Diagram No. 1.

*Headquarters, Division Artillery, 6th Infantry Division.

While the 20th Infantry was moving against Munoz, elements of the 1st Infantry and the 63d Infantry were securing Highway 5 between Munoz and San Jose, their mission being the eventual seizure of San Jose.

The 51st Field Artillery Battalion (105-mm howitzer) was in direct support of the 20th Infantry at Munoz. The 53d Field Artillery Battalion (105-mm howitzer) was in direct support of the 63d Infantry. The 80th Field Artillery Battalion (155-mm howitzer) was in general support. The 191st Field Artillery Group was assigned by I Corps the mission of reinforcing the 6th Infantry Division, in operations against Munoz and San Jose.

The terrific pounding administered by the infantry, artillery, and mortar units on the enemy at Munoz gradually wore down his resistance. In an attempt to salvage what he could, he began a retreat at 0330 7 February on Highway 5 in the direction of San Jose.

After the tanks were repulsed, the artillerymen proceeded to destroy the attacking column.

The Japanese survivors of Munoz, in the next five hours after they began their retreat, were destroyed. Daybreak that morning saw the fleeing tank and armored column blown to shapeless smoking debris, littering Highway 5 for several miles between Munoz and San Jose. The battle that morning between the enemy tank column and two tractor-drawn field artillery battalions is a story in itself, and a fitting climax to the battle of Munoz.

Details

When the enemy column withdrew from Munoz the 53d Field Artillery Battalion (105-mm tractor-drawn) and the 80th Field Artillery Battalion (155-mm tractor-drawn) were in position 3.5 miles from Munoz on Highway 5. These two battalions, in direct and general support of the 63d Infantry, had taken these positions in a flanking movement on 3 February to by-pass Munoz and attack San Jose. During this movement the field artillery battalions, following the infantry, had to push their way by bulldozer through most difficult terrain, including rice paddies, irrigation ditches, and swamps. Throughout the movement the battalions were frequently under enemy machine gun, mortar, and artillery fire, and were at all times subject to tank attack. In position, and continuing their missions, they continually fought off *kirikomi tai* (suicide penetration unit) attacks by Japanese infantry.

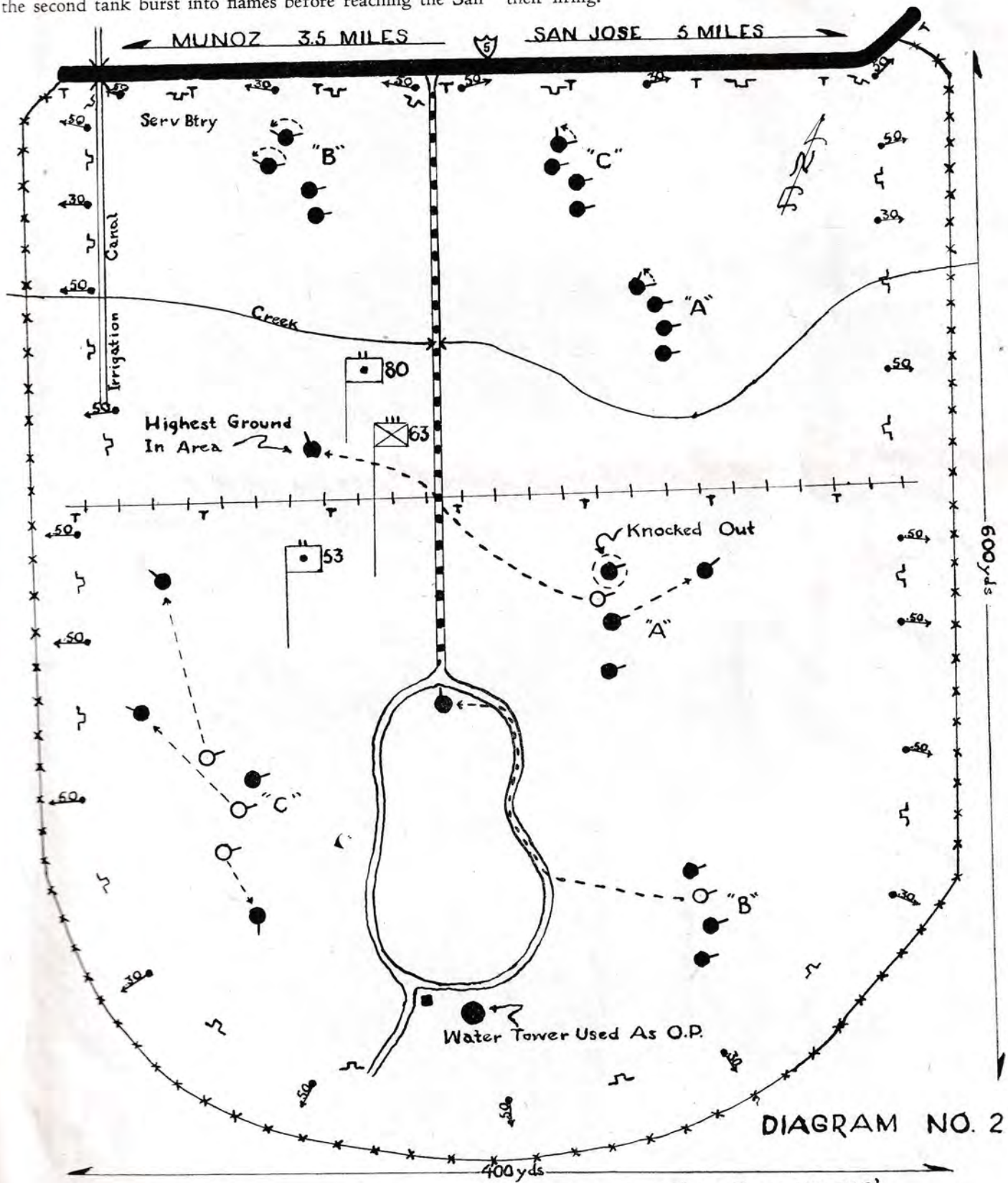
The 80th occupied a 400-yard front adjoining Highway 5; the battalion area extended approximately 200 yards in depth. Diagram No. 2 shows battery positions and machine guns on the perimeter. Service Battery of the 80th bordered the highway on the Munoz side. Batteries "B" and "C" were also in position along the highway, with "A" in position behind "C." The howitzers of the 80th were laid in the direction of San Jose. Directly behind the 80th Field Artillery Battalion the 53d Field Artillery Battalion was in position between the barrio of Asta and Highway 5.

Both the 53d and the 80th Field Artillery Battalions maintained alert and aggressive perimeter defenses, adequately armed with .50-cal. machine guns, light machine guns, grenades, bazookas, and automatic weapons. Japanese infiltration patrols had since the beginning of the Luzon campaign been a constant threat to the security of the field artillery battalions of the 6th Infantry Division. Each battalion commander set up his own perimeter defense, maintaining adequate security of his unit behind his own weapons manned by artillery personnel. Night attacks by small Japanese raiding parties were an old story to these battalions. The Maffin Bay and Sansapor campaigns in New Guinea, as well as the Luzon campaign, had demonstrated the need of each battalion to maintain its own security and be ready at all times for any eventuality. During the training period at Sansapor prior to the Luzon landings, Brig. Gen. C. E. Hurdis (then Commanding General, 6th Division Artillery and now Maj. Gen. Hurdis, Commanding General, 6th Infantry Division) had inaugurated an intensive program to train all personnel from cooks to computers to be able to man machine guns, bazookas, grenades, and automatic weapons against these organized suicide attacks by the Nips. This program, carried out in meticulous detail by the battalion commanders, paid off in dividends many times during the Luzon campaign and particularly in the tank-artillery battle following the enemy's evacuation of Munoz.

At 070400 the perimeter of Battery "C," 53d Field, reported 20 Japs in the vicinity but out of firing range. This was probably a reconnaissance party which had left Munoz before the exodus of tanks and armored vehicles. A few minutes thereafter a field artillery observer with an infantry unit between Asta and Munoz notified the battalion of the approach of the tank column. The battalion was alerted.

While the 53d was being alerted, the perimeter of the 80th Field Artillery Battalion notified the battalion of the approach of unidentified tanks. This battalion was alerted. A few minutes later the leading tanks of the fleeing tank column passed the first perimeter posts on Highway 5. The first two tanks passed unmolested because identification was not certain. By the time the first two tanks reached

the Asta—Highway 5 intersection they were taken under fire by the perimeter posts operating .50-cal. MGs. The first tank cleared the battalion position, only to be destroyed further down the road by an infantry road block. So intense was the MG fire from the perimeter posts that the second tank burst into flames before reaching the San Jose side of the perimeter. Destruction of this tank caused a road block, forcing following tanks to scurry for safety off and beside the road. One .50-cal. machine gun position was overrun by a tank and destroyed, but the crew dodged the tank, reoccupied their position, and continued their firing.



Enemy infantrymen who had been riding on the accompanying personnel carriers and on tanks dismounted and attacked the positions of the artillery battalions. These attacks were conducted vigorously and with determination. The enemy used machine guns, grenades, and small arms in concerted efforts to pierce the perimeter. Fire from these weapons swept the battalion positions, presenting a constant and hazardous threat to the lives and safety of the personnel and to the security of the howitzers. Neither the enemy's fire power nor his *banzai* attacks prevailed. The artillerymen, protecting their positions, drove the enemy back, nullified his fire power, and assumed the offensive by sending bazooka teams by infiltration to attack the enemy tanks. These bazooka teams scored direct hits on two tanks.

Another view of the cluttered road.

It became apparent to the commanders of the artillery battalions that when daylight heightened visibility, the firing power on the perimeter would not be strong enough to cope with the 47-mm turret guns and the 47-mm and 37-mm antitank guns that could be brought to bear on their positions. Accordingly, they ordered a shifting of their howitzers to be in position at daybreak to bring direct fire on the hostile armored units.

The 53d Field Artillery Battalion (see Diagram No. 2) moved one howitzer from Battery "A" across the battalion area to a position within the area of Headquarters Battery, 80th Field. This howitzer was pointed to fire on tanks along Highway 5 west of the 80th's position. Howitzers of Battery "C," 53d Field, originally laid to fire on San Jose, were turned to fire on the road west toward Munoz. This maneuver was designed to put direct howitzer fire on any tanks which might leave the highway and try encircling movements on the west side of the battalions. A howitzer from Battery "B," 53d Field, was moved to a position near the intersection of the railroad and the Asta—Highway 5 road, adjoining the CP of the 63d Infantry Regiment. This howitzer would protect the road, should the enemy tank column turn down it, and also would be in position to fire on the main highway. No. 2 howitzer of Battery "A," 53d Field, was moved to fire on the road on the eastern boundaries of the 80th Field. The howitzer of the 53d which was moved into the 80th Field's position was so placed to take advantage of a slightly elevated mound, permitting it to fire over the positions.

While the 53d Field was moving howitzers to more advantageous positions, the 80th Field was doing the same. Two howitzers of Battery "B" were moved to fire on Highway 5 in the direction of Munoz, while one howitzer of Battery "A" was aimed directly at the highway east of the battalion position. Howitzers of Battery "C" did not have to be changed.

An OP was established in a water tower behind the 53d Field. From this vantage point the observer would be in position to observe everything that might happen on the main highway and on the flanks of the battalions.

Such, in brief, were the howitzer locations of the 53d and 80th Field Artillery Battalions just before daylight 7 February. The howitzers were manned and ready for any eventuality. Tense crews stood by waiting for the darkness to lift and daylight to bring sufficient visibility for the location of the enemy. Movement of the howitzers of the two field artillery battalions was accomplished speedily, efficiently, and without mishap, in spite of the continuous small arms and machine gun fire being directed by the enemy into the battalion positions from outside the perimeter.

At first light of day the tanks opened fire on the battalion positions at point-blank ranges of 50 to 200 yards, with machine guns and turret-mounted 37-mm's and 47-mm's. This fire was intense and sustained. Shells and shell fragments screamed through the battalion positions, wrecking materiel, ripping tents, and causing several deaths and casualties. One howitzer of the 53d Field received a direct hit which resulted in the death of one man and the wounding of the entire gun crew as well as of the battery executive. Four others in the 53d Field were wounded by another shell burst.

Gun crews and personnel responsible for the protection and operation of the howitzers had little or no protection. Yet with courage and coolness, those who manned the howitzers of the two artillery battalions functioned efficiently and smoothly. Point-blank fire was met with point-blank fire. Bazookas, machine guns, and howitzers returned the force of the enemy fire, with the firing range less than 300 yards. At such short range it was necessary for the 80th Field to fire unfuzed projectiles. One of these clipped the turret off an enemy tank at a range of approximately 250 yards; the turret was hurled far off the highway into an adjoining rice paddy.

This was not howitzer firing with the sharp computing methods of a fire direction center. This was not howitzer firing with Cub liaison observation. This was not howitzer firing with forward observers reporting carefully and accurately the effect of each round fired.

This was howitzer firing fast, furious, and point-blank. This was howitzer firing at targets that required rapid and effective engagement because the targets themselves were dangerous armored fighting machines hurling broadsides of fire into the artillery positions. This was howitzer firing at targets that were powerful and well-protected instruments for inflicting death, damage and destruction. This was howitzer firing with Kentucky windage.

The battle lasted approximately an hour, during which there was neither faltering nor hesitation on the part of the men and officers of the two artillery battalions engaged in such close and mortal combat with the enemy. A battery commander of the 80th Field and four enlisted men were killed, while nine enlisted men were wounded. The 53d Field suffered one officer killed in action and seven enlisted men wounded.

When the last enemy gun was silenced it was found that the 53d and 80th Field Artillery Battalions had destroyed six enemy medium tanks, five light tanks, ten personnel carriers, and two towed 105-mm howitzers, with prime movers. 119 enemy dead were counted around the tanks, and an additional 120 who had been killed by rifle or machine gun fire from the perimeters or by patrols cleaning up survivors around the battalion positions. Not a single tank escaped. This abortive attack and its repulsion by the two artillery battalions and other elements of the division eliminated the Japanese 2nd Armored Division as an effective fighting unit.

The loss to the enemy was incalculable. The loss of this part of the 2nd Japanese Armored Division at Munoz and in the tank-artillery battle the morning of 7 February was perhaps the greatest single loss he has suffered in men and materiel in so short a period in the Philippine Campaign. The loss of this strongly reinforced armored division greatly reduced his aggressiveness and practically ended his ability to protect the vital supply and communication lines between Manila and strong garrisons in northern Luzon.

Before noon, 7 February, while the tanks and vehicles of the vanquished enemy armored column were still smoldering by the wayside, the 53d and 80th Field Artillery Battalions were packed, bag and baggage, for displacement to vicinity of Rizal to continue their mission in direct and general support of advancing and attacking infantry elements of the 6th Infantry Division.

"NOW THEY CAN BE TOLD"

Maj. Edward A. Raymond has identified for us a number of units whose work has been recounted in earlier JOURNALS. These are all in addition to those published at page 431 of our issue for July, 1944.

Under Fire (page 891, December, 1943) dealt with the 58th Armored Field Artillery Battalion (Lt. Col. McBride), the 62nd Armored Field Artillery Battalion (Lt. Col. R. E. Conder), and the 65th Armored Field Artillery Battalion.

Some Battle Lessons (page 104, February, 1944) were learned by the 175th Field Artillery Battalion, commanded by Lt. Col. J. E. Kelly and a part of the 34th Infantry Division.

There were three phases to *As Skirmishers* (page 507, August, 1944). At Borjtoum, Battery A of the 175th Field Artillery Battalion was involved. The 58th Armored Field Artillery Battalion's work at Brolo was described. In the Sele-Calore phase the 158th Field Artillery Battalion (105s commanded by Lt. Col. R. D. Funk) was engaged, as well as the previously-identified 155s of the 189th.

Under Lt. Col. W. E. Tardy the 601st Tank Destroyer Battalion kept busy *Brassing Off Kraut* (page 694, October, 1944).

T.N.T. Wholesale was delivered by the 83d Chemical Battalion under Lt. Col. W. S. Hutchinson, Jr. (page 781, November, 1944).

The 158th Field Artillery Battalion fought in the *Caves of Anzio* (page 851, December, 1944).

A *Combination Mount for Dual .50s* (page 110, February, 1945) was developed by the 189th Field Artillery Battalion.

Both the 158th and 189th Field Artillery Battalions participated in *A Fight* (page 156, March, 1945).

Lt. Col. R. T. Nicholls and the 15th Field Artillery Observation Battalion performed admirably *With Carbine and Transit* (page 290, May, 1945).

DUAL-PURPOSE RANGES

In requesting approval of certain areas as firing ranges for his unit, a battalion commander in Germany recently wrote his DivArty commander:

"It is planned to practice Battery Test I on Range 'A' with the battery position west of the river. This involves firing over the village of Fleck but it is deemed that such firing will be conducive to maintaining the present satisfactory discipline of the German civilians. Also, my C.P. is in Fleck, so short rounds will be viewed with great disfavor."

To Get Your JOURNAL, *Be Sure We Know Your Latest Address*

Artillery Cubs in Mountain Operations

33d Inf Div in Northern Luzon

By Col. Ralph MacDonald, FA*

COMMANDING GENERAL
Headquarters
APO 33, Care Postmaster
San Francisco, Cal.

The Artillery liaison planes did such a fine job for the 33d Infantry Division during the operations which resulted in the capture of Baguio that I asked Colonel Ralph MacDonald, Division Artillery Executive, to write up a brief account of services that the Artillery Air Section performed for the Division.

I personally cannot praise the Artillery pilots too highly. They have flown me a good many hours over Jap-held territory on reconnaissance and I have the greatest confidence in them.

P. W. CLARKSON,
Major General, U. S. Army, Commanding.

Everyone knows of the Field Artillery Liaison Pilots, how they adjust artillery fire, and their value in general to the Field Artillery, but not enough has been told about the many other services they render, now accepted as routine in the 33d Division, entirely aside from the strictly field artillery duties which make them indispensable to an infantry division.

The air section is made up of eleven pilots and one rated observer, supplemented by a ground crew of sixteen enlisted men. Its equipment consists of ten L-4 (Piper Cub) liaison planes, two K-20 cameras, and an assortment of necessary spare parts and improvised gadgets.

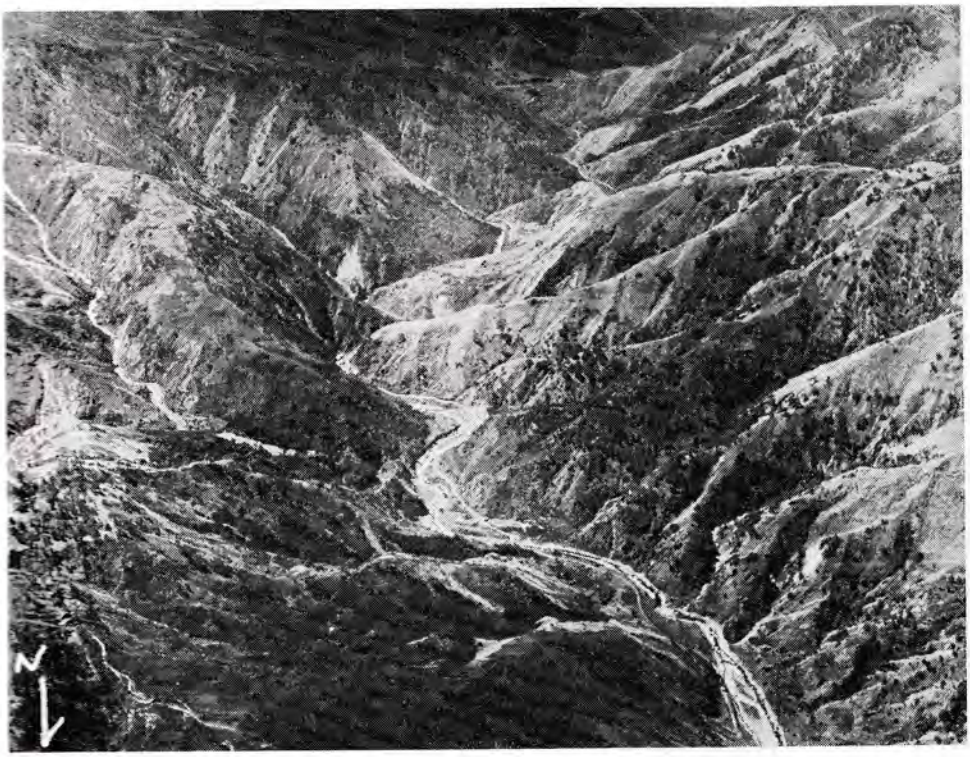
Training with the present equipment began when ten new planes were delivered in June, 1944, at Finschhafen, New Guinea; it continued until December 1944. During this period there was intensive training with take-offs, landings, flying over the rugged, mountainous jungle terrain of New Guinea with additional time spent on hasty field landings, night flying, and of course the inevitable ferrying. Firing missions were flown and experience gained in photographic capabilities, limitations, and interpretation. Organization of the photo section was elaborated with the addition of more equipment and supplies, and training in photographic processes under exceptional conditions. Approximately 3,000 hours of training were accumulated by the pilots under tropical conditions.

Combat experience began when two pilots and planes of one field artillery battalion were engaged in extensive flying in the Wakde-Sarmi area of Dutch New Guinea in support of patrols. One plane was lost through a forced landing as a result of enemy action, but both pilot and observer were rescued.

On 19 December 1944 the division moved to Morotai, Netherlands East Indies, where it was in combat until the middle of January 1945, when preparations were made to move to Luzon, Philippine Islands. During operations on Northern Luzon, ending 30 June 1945, over 4,500 hours have been flown with the loss of only one plane caught in the treacherous air currents in the mountainous area of Baguio, but without

Loacan air strip, Baguio; elevation: 4,000 feet. Captured by the 123d Infantry, it was immediately placed in operation for artillery Cubs to use.

*Executive, 33d Division Artillery.



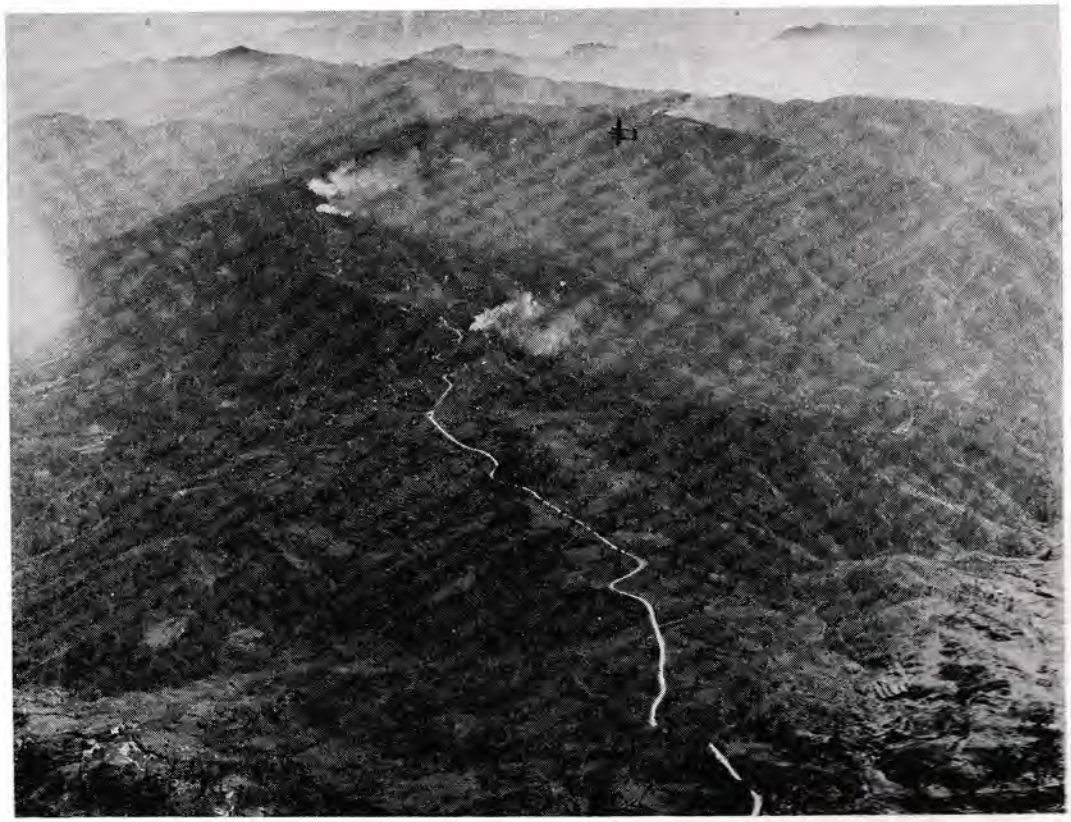
Kennon Road approach to Baguio. Only artillery fire, adjusted by Cub planes, made the advance possible.

injury to the pilot. The air strip during this phase was located in the mountains at an altitude of 4,000 feet; the accompanying illustrations suggest, at least, what we are pleased to call "rugged terrain."

Although supplies were often critical, all planes were continually in flying condition—a deadlined plane was a rare exception. It may be noted that of the divisions in the Luzon campaign, the total hours flown by this air section have not been exceeded by other division air sections in the Sixth Army. In the ten planes of this division there has never been an engine failure, which speaks eminently for the character of servicing and maintenance. Seven of the ten planes are still operating, although their engines required replacement during the month of June, having exceeded their ordinary life by more than 150 hours. Tribute must be paid to the ground crews for their unceasing effort which made the above record possible.

A photographic section, not T/O, was organized from personnel borrowed from artillery batteries and equipped by begging, borrowing, and improvising. Two units have been constructed for enlarging prints when desired, and a projector is now in use to throw a picture on a screen where several persons can study it together. Making positives from negatives for this purpose has been quite successful. The section has been responsible for securing, developing, printing, and often enlarging over 8,500 prints taken on 69 photo missions in the Luzon operation. The value of these vertical and oblique pictures was reflected in the increasing requests by infantry regiments, battalions, and companies; and by engineers, division staff, patrols, and reconnaissance parties. That the photo section has justified itself is indicated by the recommendation of the Sixth Army Artillery Officer that other divisions organize a similar unit in their own sections.

Due to the mountainous terrain over which the division was operating, air strikes (with possible bombing and strafing accidents to our own troops) were a source of



An air strike by P-38s on Mountain Trail north of Baguio is led in by an artillery Cub.

Kennon Road approach to Baguio, where high-angle fire was the rule and Cub observation hazardous but essential.

growing concern until the expedient was tried of having a liaison pilot lead in the attacking planes. The liaison pilot knew the ground well, marked the target with smoke grenades, and his passenger (an air officer) directed the attack formation. This procedure insured control of the bombing flight and safety for the ground troops, thus greatly increasing the effectiveness of the air strikes. Since there has been no accident in over 40 air strikes guided in by our pilots, confidence has been assured. An air school, under the direction of the Air Corps liaison officer, is being established to present these methods and experiences to other divisions.

Our liaison planes have successfully carried out emergency air drops to small, isolated forces, and in spite of the limited capacity of a Cub many necessary supplies from hand grenades to rations have been provided.

Even with the use of thousands of Igorot carriers (mostly women, by the way) it was often impossible to supply ground troops who had advanced through the mountains many miles beyond road heads. C-47s were the answer, but it was extremely difficult for them to find the ground troops and the treacherous mountain air currents and tricky approaches to dropping grounds made it a hazardous task. The Cubs again solved the problem by leading in the C47s to the dropping grounds and indicating the safest approach and get-away.

In the dense jungle on Morotai it was impossible for a patrol to locate itself on the ground or map. The Cubs solved this problem by flying over the general area, contacting the patrol by radio, and when the patrol reported that the Cub was directly overhead the pilot would give the patrol leader his location. This system was also used in the mountains of Northern Luzon.

Cubs have also been used for emergency evacuation of casualties from air strips well up in the mountains, built by Igorot women and children for the use of guerrilla forces.

The following statements from enemy sources are of interest:

"Pray, do they let the enemy planes fly this sky at their will? Even the artillery observation plane flies like a butterfly as if mocking us. Yet, I must remain here and fulfil my duty as a soldier of the Imperial Army. . . ."

"U. S. artillery liaison planes were a great nuisance because they constantly observed our troop movements."

"We were under constant artillery and aerial bombardment. Air strikes caused the majority of the casualties. Artillery is effective only when a liaison plane is present to direct fire."

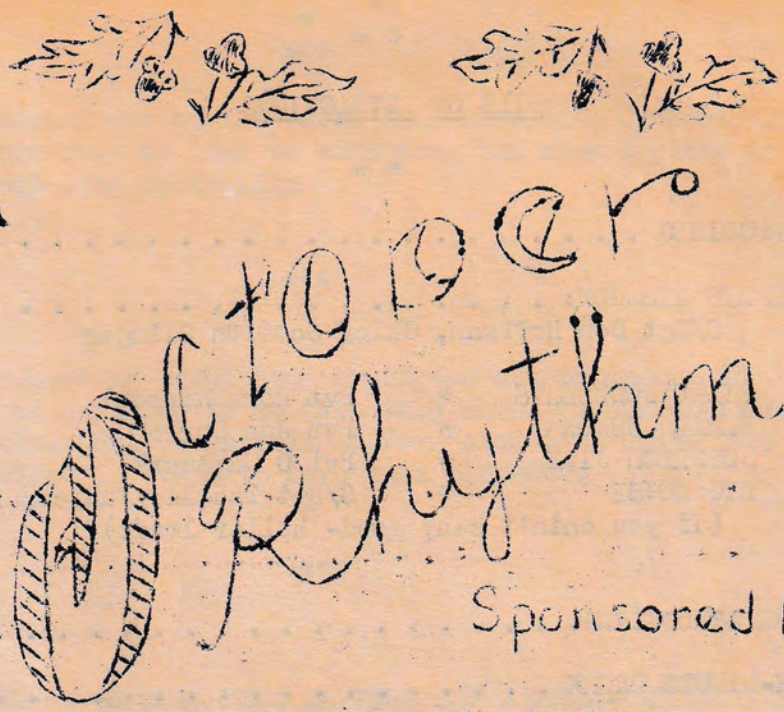
"My unit feared U. S. observation planes because they often found our position."

"While my unit was engaged in road building a U. S. artillery liaison plane flew over and enemy artillery fire was received soon afterward. Several ammunition dumps were hit."

NOTICE OF ANNUAL MEETING, U. S. FIELD ARTILLERY ASSOCIATION

In compliance with Article VII, Section 1, of the Constitution, notice is hereby given that the Executive Council has fixed 5:30 P. M. Monday, December 17, 1945, as the time of the annual meeting of the Association to be held at the Army and Navy Club, 1627 Eye St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

The business to be disposed of will be the election of six members of the Executive Council (three Regular Army, two National Guard, and one Organized Reserve), and the transaction of such other business as may properly come before the meeting. Nominations may be made by proxy, or from the floor of the meeting.



Rhythm

Sponsored By

Hq. Btry. & Med. Det.

ENLISTED MENS CLUB

97th F.A. BN.

THURSDAY

OCT. 25, 1945

2000 to 2400

TARRAGONA BEACH

ADMISSION ON U.S. P.I.

LEYTE

*
* *

BILL OF ATTRACTIONS

* *

1. STRUGGLING 2000-2030

2. THE BIG SESSION: 2030-2100
C/Sgt Don Hoffman, Chief Session Slinger

PIANO DOWNBEATS	*	Pvt Norm Hirschl
HARLE HUMOR	*	Pvt Joe Berke
DOGPATCH JIVE	*	Pvt G Magouyrk
BIG NOISE	*	S/Sgt Thellie Faulconer

(If you cain't sing good- holler loud!)

3. MORE STRUGGLING. 2100-2200

4. TEN-MINUTE BREAK 2200-2210

(Chow will be handed out , if we can get holt of some)

5. STRUGGLING AGAIN 2210-2330

* *

TIME TO "HIT THE OLD SACK".

* *
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*
***

Jive dished out by the 710th Tank Battalion Orchestra, who have been so kind to come down the road a piece to give out with their all.

***

All members of committees or anyone stupid enough to have had anything to do with this shindig, can consider themselves duly much obliged for "sacktime" which they sacrificed in order to have this blow-Out.

***

THE MEN OF HEADQUARTERS BATTERY AND MEDICAL DETACHMENT 97th FIELD ARTILLERY BATTALION, EXPRESS THEIR THANKS AND APPRECIATION TO THE YOUNG LADIES WHO HAVE SO GRACIOUSLY ACCEPTED OUR INVITATION AND TO THE MAYOR AND CHIEF OF POLICE OF ABUYOG FOR THEIR COOPERATION.

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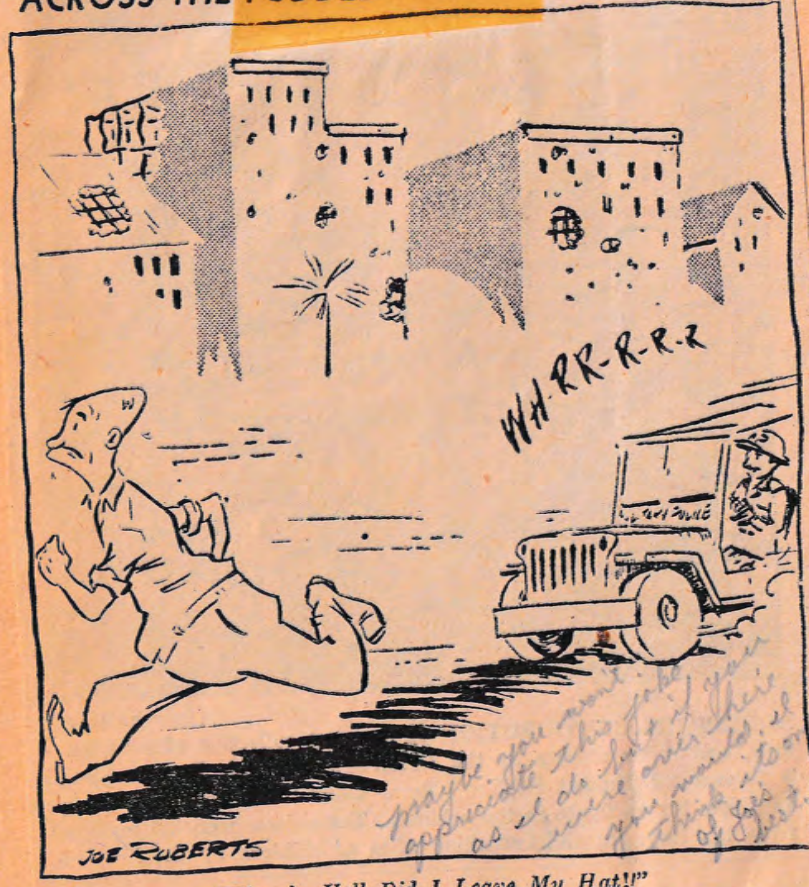
*

ACROSS THE PUDDLE

With Roberts



"Where'n Hell Did I Leave My Hat!"

". . . Prepare your face with steaming hot towels, work up a warm, rich, creamy lather, run hot water over your razor and enjoy an effortless, velvet-smooth, feather-like shave . . . smoother than you've ever dreamed shaving could be."

—T-5 John W. Heck

Mon. Nov. 12, 1945

Unsigned letters ignored
Unit designation required

MAIL BAG

Stick to one subject
Keep 'em under 200 words

'American Way'

Editor:

I am greatly amused at complaints about discrimination, segregation, and undemocratic ideas meted out to men who are eligible to go home and who have never experienced the excruciating pains of discrimination, disfranchisement, and many other absurd inflictions tolerated by the American Way of democracy. I am aware that many Americans have and are having their first taste of the unfairness suffered by so many natural born citizens of the United States.

There can be no doubt that these men who are eligible to go home are most indignant about their plight. I am too. But what can I do? One thing is that I can take it because of thirty-four years of previous experience. Another is, have the hundreds of thousands of the world's best men been sacrificed for the perpetuation of the "The American Way"?

Will you who have suffered these unjust acts return to vote in eradicating these deplorable ideas and customs, or are you returning to your former place with those who are responsible for such absurd acts? This war will not have been won until every human being who obeys the laws of God, man, and nature is permitted to live and enjoy The Four Freedoms.

Are there any rebuttals?

George W. Parker, Jr.
Co. F., 1314th Eng.

Two Bits

Editor:

We have been reading your column for the past few weeks, and would like to add our two bits worth, in order that other men in this theater will know in more detail what is going on in the Sunset Project. This is the plan that is returning bombers to the States manned by combat crews.

At this APO we are preparing B-24s for that trip Stateside. These planes are only carrying 8-man crews... period, B-24s were used to transport our liberated prisoners from Japan to this base. Each B-24 carried 25 passengers with what baggage they had. B-24s were flown to this theater from the States with full crews, their baggage, and completely equipped with turrets, guns and the like. The planes of the Sunset Project are stripped of whatever excess equipment can safely be removed. This includes one ball turret, guns, ammunition racks, etc.

In view of all these facts the question stands out. Why are these planes being returned home with *no passengers?* Even a few in each ship would make a difference, if only to raise morale by showing the men that every means is being used to get men home.

S/Sgt. Ben J. Case, Jr. and 11 others
7th Airdrome Sq.

Curran

Editor:

Sensational statements by union officials, such as that by Joseph Curran, president of the National Maritime Union, that his union will refuse to man other than troopships, constitute an attempt to distract attention from the ways in which strikes interfere with the return of troops.

Curran's statement that the use of American ships to transport Chinese troops in order to facilitate the reoccupation of former Japanese-held territory, involves our country "in a dangerous intervention in China's internal affairs," is a reflection of that unionist's sympathies with the Communists. Non-intervention by the United States and England in the civil war in Spain resulted in a fascist type dictatorship there. Disregard of civil war in China could easily result in an equally repugnant dictatorship by the Communists. Unionist Curran suddenly becomes an isolationist when the assertion of American responsibility to keep the peace and to aid a member of the United Nations conflicts with the world wide ambitions of the Communists.

T/Sgt. Carl W. McGuire,
Hq., 37 Inf. Div.

Thanks

Editor:

I want to express my appreciation and thanks to the many Negro truck drivers who make it a point always to pick up a walking GI here in Manila. They are doing a hard, tiresome job and their thoughtfulness deserves commendation.

Pfc. Chauncey Alexander,
2820 Eng. Base Repro. Co.

Nerve

Editor:

With true sympathy we read the piece in your Nov. 5 edition about the rough treatment given the battleship *Missouri* at the hands of the wicked civilians from New York during the Navy Day celebrations. Now isn't that just too, too bad! If they had had the thing where it should have been—out here in the Pacific transporting troops back home—instead of clear around the other side of America taking part in one of the silliest and most useless affairs ever held, that might not have happened.

How can the navy have the nerve to show off like that, when they are doing just as much as, if not more than anybody else, to foul up the transportation problem in the far east? If they haven't any more use for the *Missouri* than to leave it in New York harbor to be torn apart by the civilians, we can't see that it would make any difference if the souvenir-hunters went right ahead and sank the doggone thing.

T/Sgt. Wilson Stone and 28 others,
H and S Co., 1281 Eng. (c) Bn

Quotes

Editor:

I would like to make three quotations, the first from a leadership booklet distributed by Maj. Gen., Plank to all officers of this command on 29 Aug. 1945, the second from a letter in *Mail Bag*, Nov. 4 1945, written by Pfc. George A. Lehner, and the third from a letter in *Mail Bag*, Nov. 5 1945, written by S/Sgt. W.B. Johnson.

First quotation, from "Leadership" booklet: "You (Officers) must see that they (EM) have shelter, food and clothing, the best that your utmost efforts can provide. You must be far more solicitous of their comfort than of your own. You must see that they have food to eat before you think of your own: that they have each as good a bed as can be provided before you consider where you will sleep."

Second quotation, from Pfc. Lehner's letter: "Tell them (the reading public) that all the hotels are taken over by the officers, and those places are off limits to enlisted men. Don't try to tell us how we live, we know! And believe me, it is miserable enough."

Third quotation, from S/Sgt. Johnson's back to the buffalo wallows. ... Why? The letter: "Today we were ordered to move ...officers' club desires to extend its golf course."

Just another example of army ballyhoo and the actual facts.

Cpl. R. F. Compton,
3911 Hq. and Hq. Co.

Precedent

Editor:

Despite wartime price controls, the most important consumer needs, food and clothing, rose 50 percent and 47 percent respectively. The overall rise in the cost of living as reported by independent economists was 42-1/2 per cent.

Averaging all industries the hourly wage rose only 12-1/2 per cent. The differential between income and the cost of living was met by overtime pay. Now, with a 40 hour week there is a 30 per cent deficit in the family budget.

Industry can easily afford to meet this because of huge wartime profits and tremendous capital reserves built up through cost plus contracts and 100 per cent production schedule of past years.

Six out of every seven soldiers will be wage earners when they assume civilian status, and if the auto workers get their 30 per cent increase, the precedent will be set for wage increases for everybody, including Federal employees and white collar workers not in unions. The farmers will profit by the resulting prosperous market.

There may be a slight increase in prices, but this should not exceed between 3 per cent and 5 per cent. The major part of the wage increase will come from technological improvements, improved worker efficiency, and from the profits of business which are wholly out of proportion with the income received by workers and farmers.

S/Sgt. Seymour Kuntz,
DMD 51 Gen. Hosp.

Birds

Editor:

Here is a new angle to the serious problem confronting us "eligibles." Did anybody ever realize that we are the proud possessors of 1,500 military and 160 civilian pigeons? Naturally the civilian birds are operating under Civil Service regulations and will automatically revert to civilian status now that they are surplus. However, it is not so easy in the case of those poor military birds.

After closely checking their respective service records and 201 files, we discover that 500 have rendered meritorious service above and beyond the call of duty and will therefore be returned immediately to the United States in order to propagate more of their kind. But what about the poor birds that just did a good job and are now anxiously awaiting return to their homeland? Will they be diverted to some slumburner's stew pot or will they just be neglected and forgotten as so many other poor "birds" in this theater?

S/Sgt. Howard Deford
Signal Supply Division,
Hq. AFWESPAC

SECOND ANNIVERSARY ISSUE — —

1942 1944

FORT SILL Replacement Center

RECORDER

Published by the Military Personnel of the Field Artillery Replacement Training Center at Fort Sill

VOL. III | FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1944 | Number 1

She Returns Thanks

Mrs. Tsatoke, mother of Pfc. John T. Tsatoke, who received his basic training in B-27 in 1942, very easily could combine Thanksgiving and Armistice Days when she attended ceremonies honoring Indian mothers Saturday. The Comanches, Kiowas and Apaches, in this area long before the first Thanksgiving was celebrated, now are happy to be serving under the American flag.

6th War Loan Drive Starts In Center Monday

General Ben Lear, AGF Commander, Inspects Center

Lt. Gen. Ben Lear, commanding general of the Army Ground Forces, arrived yesterday for a short visit to Fort Sill, his first since he was named head of the AGF.

Accompanying General Lear were 29 other officers, several of whom arrived Wednesday.

Record Review Conducted

In the largest review ever staged at Fort Sill, the entire personnel of the Replacement Center and Field Artillery School troops passed in joint review at the New Post Parade Grounds late yesterday.

General Lear addressed the massed troops, speaking on morale and training and their importance in making an Army successful.

Brig. Gen. Raymond E. Lee, assistant to the commanding general of the Center, commanded the troops at the review.

Reviewing the troops were General Lear; General Pennell, and Brig Gen. George H. Pain, 31st Brigade commander, and Brig. Gen. C. L. Hyssong, AGF G-1; Col. G. B. Rogers, AGF G-2; Brig. Gen. Leo Donovan, AGF G-3; Brig. Gen. L. M. Haynes, AGF G-4.

Shortly after he arrived by plane, General Lear toured the Center and FAS on a lightning inspection trip. He was greeted at Post Field by Maj. Gen. Ralph McT. Pennell, commanding general of the Center and FAS.

Staff Tours Installations

Members of the party that arrived Wednesday, including several of General Lear's staff members, inspected the installations Thursday morning.

General Lear was named commanding general of the AGF a few months ago, when the late Lt. Gen. Lesley J. McNair was relieved of the command for an overseas assignment. It was shortly after this that General McNair was fatally wounded during an inspection tour of the French fighting front.

Anniversary Greetings

As the Replacement Center RECORDER starts its third year, I wish to express my appreciation of the valuable contribution it makes each week to the life of the Center and to extend my congratulations and best wishes.

The purpose of THE RECORDER is to serve as an esprit and morale vehicle for the entire Center. This mission it has served well. Its news and editorial content and its photographic features, enlightening but at the same time entertaining, reflect great credit upon the staff.

Certainly the enjoyment derived by me is shared by all the personnel of the Center, as well as by the families who receive copies from the men stationed here.

Therefore, on this second anniversary of THE RECORDER, we all may say: "Good job, well done." I am happy to commend all who have contributed to the success of THE RECORDER these past two years. I am sure that during the coming weeks and months they will strive constantly to surpass the high standards previously reached.

RALPH McT. PENNELL
Major General, U. S. Army
Commanding

6th Regiment

The officers and enlisted men of the 6th Regiment extend congratulations to THE RECORDER on its second anniversary.

Through its breezy coverage of all phases of life in the Replacement Training Center, THE RECORDER is giving our new soldiers a sense of pride in their branch of the service, their post and their separate units.

Also, it gives them a chance to laugh at their troubles and difficulties, which is important.

The 6th Regiment compliments THE RECORDER and wishes it continued success in the future.

T. R. MILLER,
Colonel, F. A.,
Commanding

7th Regiment

THE RECORDER is today celebrating its second birthday which means, in reality, that it is actually starting out on its third year from a publication standpoint. For two full and hectic years it has carried on the precepts and ideas of its founders. It has never varied in its devotion to the maintenance of morale in this Center, in its interesting portrayal of our local news and while editors and contributors have come and gone THE RECORDER still goes on, a living testimonial to the hundreds of contributors who received their training in this outstanding Field Artillery Replacement Center.

It now is an institution, tried and proven, valuable as a news dispenser of all of our activities, of our problems, our successes and at times, our tribulations.

The officers and the enlisted men of the 7th Regiment congratulate this lusty baby on the occasion of its second birthday and offer our best wishes for its future success.

GEORGE S. MIDDLETON, JR.,
Colonel, F. A.,
Commanding

8th Regiment

On the occasion of the second anniversary of THE RECORDER and on behalf of the officers and men of the Eighth Regiment, I extend heartiest congratulations.

Judging from the interest shown and the comments regarding it, THE RECORDER is doing an excellent job in keeping us well informed and helping to build morale. Many of our officers and men who have gone to other assignments look forward to receiving THE RECORDER regularly and keep in touch with events in the Training Center through its columns.

We of the Eighth Regiment wish to express our appreciation and to wish THE RECORDER continued success.

HAROLD F. MATTHYS,
Lt. Col., F. A.,
Commanding

Super Bond Rally To Be Presented At Theater No. 3

The Sixth War Loan drive opens officially in the Replacement Center Monday, although war bond sales this week indicated the drive already is off to a running start.

The drive will continue through Dec. 16, coincident with the national drive which has a goal of 14 billion dollars. No quota has been set for the Center, although every man here will be asked to invest in as many bonds as he can.

Super Bond Rally Planned

Bond drive officers pointed out many communities are setting civilian quotas as high as $45 per working individual.

A super bond rally is being planned by the Center Special Service Office, to be held in Theater No. 3 on Wednesday, Nov. 29. A $10 bond will be awarded during the performance.

Next Wednesday all three regiments will present bond skits at their regimental shows. Bond selling booths also will be erected at the rallies.

Bond Officers Are Named

Capt. Albert F. H. Gutzman, newly-appointed Special Service Officer, will be in charge of the Center bond drive.

Regimental bond officers were announced yesterday. They are Lt. Donald W. Pollard, 6th; Lt. Col. Edward A. Banning, 7th, and Lt. Lewis D. Todd, 8th. Lt. Lester W. Ellis will be bond officer for Headquarters battery.

Several batteries already are making plans for friendly competition among themselves, while regiments and battalions will conduct similar stunts.

Plenty of Turkey Thursday's Order

Six-hundred and seven turkeys—according to Rations section they're descendants of the turkeys that marked the first American Thanksgiving dinners in 1621—are going to pass in review Thursday.

More than 8,500 pounds of turkey are marked for mess halls in the Replacement Center. Rations section said yesterday that there was enough of the traditional Thanksgiving Day piece de resistance to assure every soldier here an extra large helping, not to mention the full menu that will accompany the turkeys.

The following menu will be followed in all mess halls:

Roast Turkey Giblet Gravy
Cranberry Sauce, Nut dressing
Snowflake Potatoes Candied Sweets
Fresh Corn, Buttered Asparagus
Sweet Mixed Pickles
Stuffed Celery, Sliced Tomatoes
Pumpkin Pie, White Cake
Ice Cream
Assorted Fruits, Mixed Candy
Hot Rolls, Butter
Coffee, Lemonade

The Thanksgiving dinner will be served as the evening meal. There will be no change in the training schedule for the day.

Highlighting the evening will be a special Thanksgiving formal dance at Service Club No. 6. The dance will start at 8:30 p. m.

ABC's Run True to Form In 30th; D May be Next

The 30th Battalion is on a record-breaking spree.

Batteries A and B recently set a new high in the physical fitness test—scoring a firing battery high of 95.9 per cent. Along came C-30 this week to raise the mark to a battery average of 96.3 per cent.

Hold everything! D-30 hasn't been heard from yet.

Dear Betty:

From what I read, I guess you kinda wish you were going to have Thanksgiving dinner with me here. The papers say that just about all the available turkeys are going to the armed forces this year.

I'll think of you when I tie into a nice, brown drum-stick—or the neck. (No connection between you and neck, exactly.) The menu sounds like a whopper, maybe I'd better quit eating about now so as to build up my appetite.

Sure bet Uncle Jud was unhappy because they had no Armistice Day parade this year. Tell him to just wait until we can celebrate "V" day.

Love,
JOE

Ted Fio Rita Band To Entertain Here

For the first time in longer than most folks around here can remember, a "name" band is coming to Fort Sill. Friday, Nov. 24 is the date.

Ted Fio Rita, old-timer at orchestra leading, and his band will broadcast a 30-minute national network program from Theater No. 1—but that's only a third of the big free show. Before the broadcast, there will be a special 30-minute program for the "studio" audience, also in the theater.

And at 9:30 p. m. the orchestra will play for a dance in Dan T. Moore, continuing until 11 p. m. All three features will be open to all personnel without charge. Three hundred girls will be invited to attend the dance.

IT'S 13 DAYS TO PAYDAY

Have You Applied For Your National Service Life Insurance Yet?

— — AND MAY THERE NEVER BE ANOTHER

FORT SILL Replacement Center RECORDER

An official camp newspaper, the Recorder is published by and for the military personnel of the Field Artillery Replacement Training Center, Fort Sill, Okla., Maj. Gen. Ralph McT. Pennell, commanding.

The Recorder is winner of the 1943 Certificate of Achievement, an award presented by Camp Newspaper Service in an Army-wide newspaper contest.

The Recorder receives material supplied by Camp Newspaper Service, 205 East 42nd Street, N. Y. C. Credited material may not be republished without permission from Camp Newspaper Service.

Communications should be addressed to the Public Relations Office, Replacement Training Center, Fort Sill, Telephone 3212.

INDIVIDUAL TRAINING OF A HIGHER ORDER THAN ANY ATTAINED HERETOFORE

—And May There Never Be Another

THE RECORDER is one of the few newspapers, weekly or daily, in the United States that doesn't care to increase its circulation lists nor win for itself a place in posterity.

As it embarks on its third year, it has no ambitions of earning a "hash mark." Even the Army's five per cent longevity pay increase doesn't interest it.

What pleases it most is the fact that perhaps it has made life at least a little more pleasant for the hundreds of thousands of men who have passed through the Replacement Center since Volume 1, Number 1 appeared Nov. 20, 1942. If those men found a laugh, if they learned to have more pride in their outfit, if they discovered something they didn't know before, if they just found reading THE RECORDER made the going a little easier or if they found a place to air their views—the first two years of the Center's official camp newspaper have been well spent.

But, if this were to be the last issue of THE RECORDER, few would mourn its passing. It could succumb knowing that it had served its purpose. It would hope its epitaph would read something like: "A short, full life, well lived."

However, if needs so dictate, THE RECORDER will be happy to serve a third or a fourth year, or even more until the task of helping men who are defending our many rights is finished victoriously. The staff will be happy to continue working just as hard and just as long hours, and even harder and longer days and nights if necessary, if fate destines a longer tour of duty for THE RECORDER.

The first three issues of this Center's own newspaper were called the "Times" until a contest resulted in the official name—"The Recorder." The initial, "common name" was adopted so as to not invade the field to be covered by the contest.

First full-fledged editor of THE RECORDER was Sgt. William A. Lyons, who later became the guiding hand of 'The Bayonet," official camp newspaper at Fort Blanding, Fla., and whose whereabouts at the moment are not known. He was succeeded by Sgt. Clarence C. Smith, now at Camp Hood, Tex. To them go much of the credit for establishing many of the features that still appear weekly in the paper.

Whether THE RECORDER ever has another anniversary or not is forgotten with the promise that every effort will be made to improve with each issue. Your help is invited.

This Is Thanksgiving, 1944

Rather alarming is the thoughtless remark heard these days that "there doesn't seem to be much to be thankful for this year, unless you get sentimentally trite."

One who passes off Thanksgiving Day, 1944, so casually is missing the significance of the holiday. True, we have come to think of the fourth Thursday in November (set by congress now, first fixed by Abraham Lincoln) as a cheery holiday with humming mothers peering into ovens at big, brown turkeys, chattering daughters delighting at setting the table and husky sons arguing the merits of the opponents in the day's football games with their proud father. When weighed against this picture of Thanksgiving Day, this year it may seem more dismal.

But we might well think back to 1621 when the Pilgrims rose for the first Thanksgiving Day. They raised their faces heavenward and gave thanks for their will and strength to survive and to be free. They never thought the day would become a tradition for feasting, family gatherings and good-humored football arguments.

Sentimentally trite? Possibly so, but sound.

* * * *

Cornering the Editor

Our sincere thanks to those who have wished THE RECORDER well on its second anniversary, as well as to all those who have helped earn those congratulations and best wishes the past two years.

And a word of gratitude to Cartoonist Dave Gerard, regular contributor to Esquire, Colliers, Saturday Evening Post and This Week magazines—to mention a few, and Comic Strippers Allen Saunders and Elmer Woggen, creators of "Chief Wahoo" for their contributions, and to our Fort Sill Army News colleagues for their birthday card.

Lines of Sight

By S-SGT. GILBERT L. PALEN
Hq. Btry.

JUST FOR YOU

Lonesome, soldier?
take my hand
and I will give you
company and peace . . . .

I come with pale white face
and dress of simple black
befitting my companionship with
one engaged in your grim task. .

give me leave to stay with you
by day, by night
then, if you will, send me to
another lonesome as yourself
needing what I can give . . .

for many months have I been
with men like you
here but a little while
men who use me and pass on . . .

and if it is the same with you
I ask no more . . . . .

and who am I?
I am your Recorder
now entering my third year
and published by the
military personnel . . . .
at the Field Artillery
Replacement Training Center . .
at Fort Sill.

ACTING JACKS NAMED

The following this week earned the blue arm brassard of acting corporal: Pvts Staten S. Hope, jr., Battery E, 34th Battalion; Bernard O. Harris, Roscoe N. Heishman, Guy C. Fargo, jr., Gardner M. Robertson, jr., Harvey G. Weber and B. R. Wright, C-33; Frank N. Brumbaugh and J. C. E. Luke, A-33; Joseph P. Furshay, Theo W. Jorgenson, Doyle J. Kerr, Michael Motily and Samuel W. Rowan, B-33; George A. Custeau, Fred A. Eshak, John W. Hallem, Charles H. Claus, sr., James C. Paige and Arthur O. Thompson, D-33.

Soldier of the Week

Jugoslav Draft Boards, Army Chow And Turkey Dinners Termed Different

A Jugoslav draft board does things differently, says Pvt. Andreja Kotevich, Battery B, 28th Battalion. And he should know, because he spent 18 months in the Jugoslavian Army back in 1935 and '36.

How many months you spend in the peacetime army over there depends on how good a provider your old man is, Private Kotevich says. Also which brother you are. His oldest brother who now resides in Gary, Ind., spent nine months in the Jugoslav army, his next brother served 18 months.

PVT. ANDREJA KOTEVICH
. . appreciates America and turkey

Former Radio Operator

Private Kotevich says: "I was a radio operator in the Jugoslav signal corps and would like to get back to clicking the keys again—of course my English is not so good, and I wish I had a chance to brush it up more."

"There is no such thing as Thanksgiving in Jugoslavia. Around this time of year in their army we might have had chicken but it doesn't compare with American turkey. The army food over there stands no comparison with American Army chow. The same goes for weapons."

"In the Jugoslav Army," Private Kotevich continued, "if you so much as twitch an eyebrow while standing at attention, you are really punished, and I mean really punished."

Grateful to Marshal Tito

Private Kotevich says he was so thankful to be an American that he took out citizenship papers in a hurry. He now is 34 years old and followed the trade of tailor for 17 years both in Yugoslavia and Gary, where he made his home after coming to the United States.

Private Kotevich has one great hope for this Thanksgiving. His home town over there has been in enemy hands. On Nov. 5th, Marshal Tito and his Partisans liberated the town. "And my Thanksgiving wish is to hear that my friends are safe."

Redlegs Look to Hmm of Meal at Home

Thanksgiving Day has a way of conjuring visions of home, firesides and mountains of home-cooked viands which send off aromas great enough to permeate from one end of the world to the other. No matter where Redlegs are stationed on the world's far-flung fighting fronts—Iceland or the seasonless heat of the tropics, home means a U. S. home, with the best of everything. For this week's question of the week, The Recorder's Inquiring Reporter asked "For what are you most thankful this Thanksgiving?" The theme is Home (with a capital H.)

Pvt. Warren Danniel, A-29—"I'm thankful that the war in the Pacific looks like it might be shortened due to the grand welcome given our forces by the Filipinos. I am especially thankful I can be with my wife on this Thanksgiving Day."

Pvt. Ray T. Reska, B-32—"This is my last day of training here so I think I'll be able to see my girl friends in Detroit this Thanksgiving. I'm thankful for that and also of course for being home for those ten days."

Pvt. James C. White, C-33—"I expect to be home as I'm shipping soon. That good old delay in route will look mighty good to me. And Atlanta, Georgia, will look mighty good to me."

Pvt. Robert L. Blessing, E-34—"I'm glad I'll have a chance to be home in Michigan for this Thanksgiving—mostly to see my folks."

Pfc. Walter C. Dillingham, D-26—"I'm thankful to be alive this Thanksgiving. Last Thanksgiving I was down in the islands and I wasn't so sure about it."

S-Sgt. Reed M. Johnson, A-30—"I've got four brothers overseas, two in combat zones. I'm thankful that so far they are all right."

Tec. 5 Arden B. Slygh, D-26—"I'm thankful to be back in the United States away from the hot climate."

Pvt. Roger Bauwin, E-34—"I'm thankful I've got a good home to go to, and have something to look forward to—when the war is over."

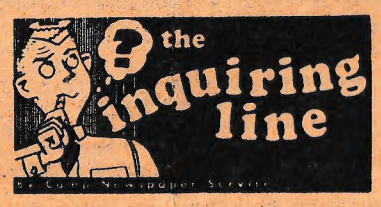
Pvt. Christopher C. Romero, A-29—"I'm thankful to all the officers and cadremen who trained me in this cycle and hope to remember what they taught when I get where I can use the learning. Good training is something to be thankful for, I think. Am going to the paratroopers, so I'll get some more training there."

Pvt. Frederick A. Pearn, D-27—"I'm thankful that my wife and three boys are well and okay. You see I lost one son some time ago. My first consideration is for my immediate family; they are my Thanksgiving."

Pvt. Walter J. Sakowicz, C-33—"Some of the home-cooked Thanksgiving food is going to look good to me. I expect to be home in Massachusetts this year."

Old lady: "I suppose you and your husband worry a lot because you don't have any children after three years of married life?"

Young Matron: "Oh, yes, we've spent many sleepless nights because of it."



Q. I was in Hawaii at the time of the Battle of Midway. Am I entitled to wear a battle star on my Asiatic-Pacific ribbon because I was held in reserve for that battle?

A. No. However, if you were in a plane based at Hawaii and actually flew to the battle scene you would be entitled to display a battle star.

Q. My wife and I were divorced after I entered the Army. She gets no alimony, but the court ordered me to pay $20 a month for the support of our child. Why does the Office of Dependency Benefits deduct $22 per month from my pay?

A. Under the Servicemen's Dependents Allowance Act, the minimum amount a child can receive in circumstances such as you describe is $42 per month. For that reason, the Office of Dependency Benefits deducts $22 from your pay and adds $20 of government funds. For the extra $2, your child receives $20 more.

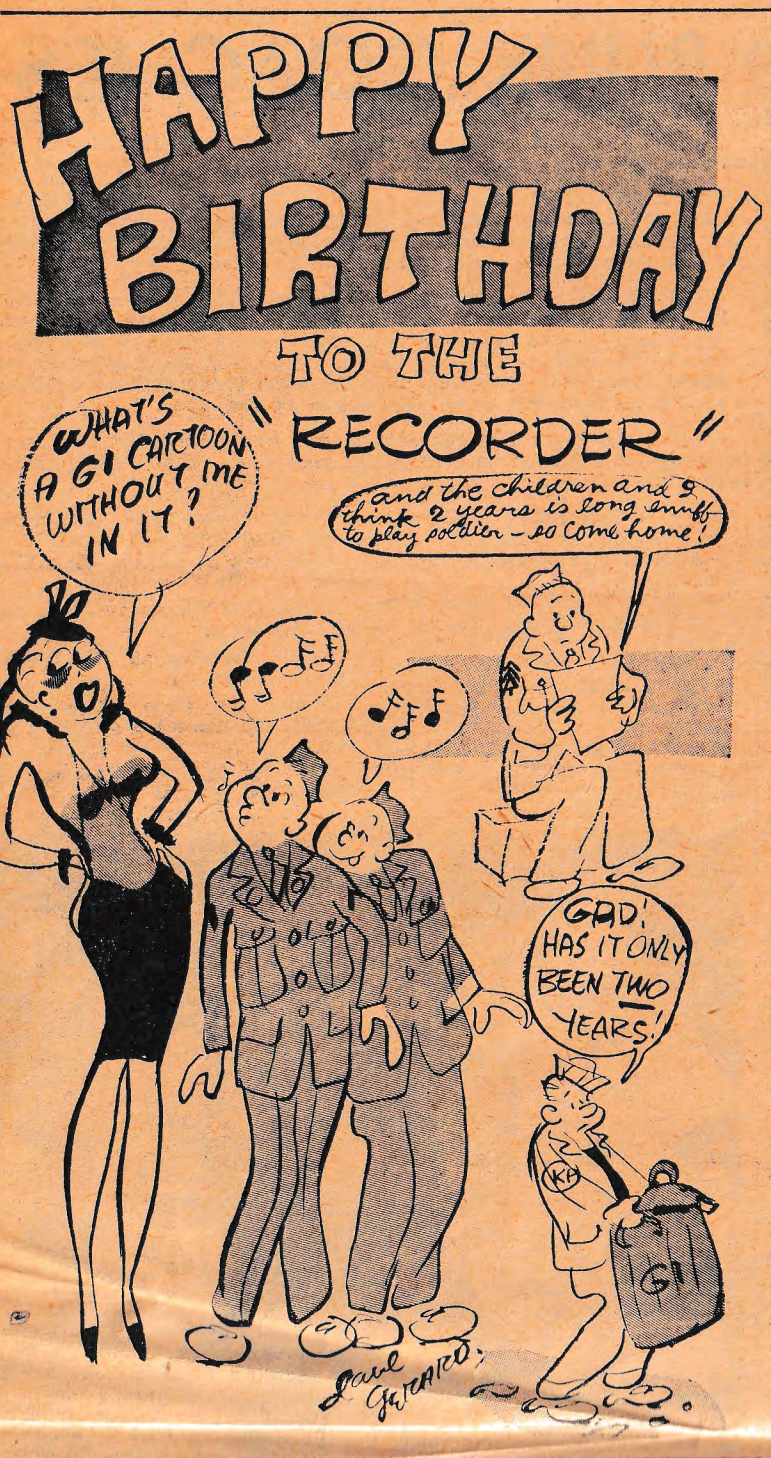
LOVE STORY. . . .WITH BANG

"Oh, dear, she exclaimed, "I've missed you so much."

Then she raised the revolver and fired again.

The Wolf by Sansone

"How do you know she's not your type?"



90 Ply Specialties In Four Courses At FA School

Ninety Centermen are enrolled in four Classes in the Field Artillery School, Fort Sill, for a continuation of GI education.

The following men reported Saturday for air mechanics' course Class No. 118: Pvts. Edward B. Grundman, jr., Peter Musto, Verdell F. Norton, all Battery A. 29th Battalion. B-29 sent: Pvts. Belvin L. Brigham, Everett B. Denney, Alfred L. LaCom. C-29 sent: Pvts. Roger C. Addams, James E. Best, Andrew W. Croft, Meyer I. Feldman, James R. Mogel, Donald F. Nichols, Milton C. Prokupek, Harry W. Stine, Joseph G. Traut. D-29 sent Pvts. John D. Mansfield and William R. Stetler. A-32 sent: Pvt. Charles P. Bradley, jr.; and C-33 had six men: Pvts. Howard R. Baker, Charles F. Buder, Jerome W. Golcomb, Edward T. Kowalski, Irvin A. Lavine, Alfred C. McElhaney; and Rex W. Wood, C-34.

Will Learn About Full-Tracks

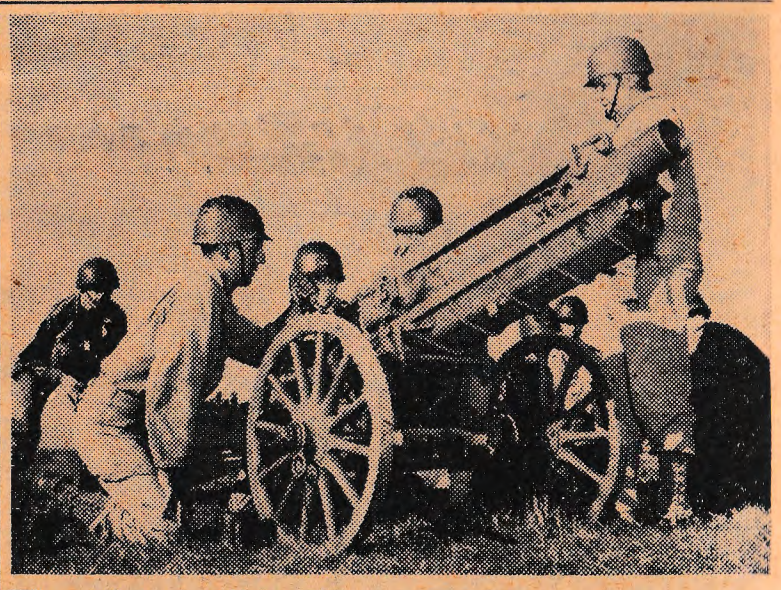
Pvts. James A. Braswell, jr., Norbert G. Gravelle, LeRoy C. Marin, Willis H. Riggenbach, Charles W. Meyers and Dale E. Savey, all of C-33, will report tomorrow for full-track vehicle course Class No. 61.

Communications course Class No. 65 will absorb the following: Pvts. Gordon F. Breen, Lilburn M. Cox, William S. Emery, James J. Gautreau, Oliver Z. Hackler, Clyde P. Hyatt, Clyde T. Hankey, Warren E. Kirchoff, Ray E. Kugler, Leonard A. Moline, Howard S. Wolf and Arthur E. Zimmerman, A-32.

To the same class B-32 will send Pvts. William N. Bradley, Glenn E. Elliott, Joseph F. Feeney, Robert L. Gumm, Russell W. Keller, Thomas M. Little and John G. Sankey. C-32 men are Pvts. Robert A. Cavalier, James S. Goodrich, Emiel A. Michalczak, Cecil C. Morton, Angus W. Pait, Richard E. Perkins, Lawrence F. Solosky and John J. Hutnik. D-32 sends Pvts. James L. Atteberry, William F. Crichton, William A. Dorricott, Arthur A. Escudero, Robert J. Peters, Felix A. Garubbi, John F. Smith, Guy Taylor, jr., and Warren R. Wheat.

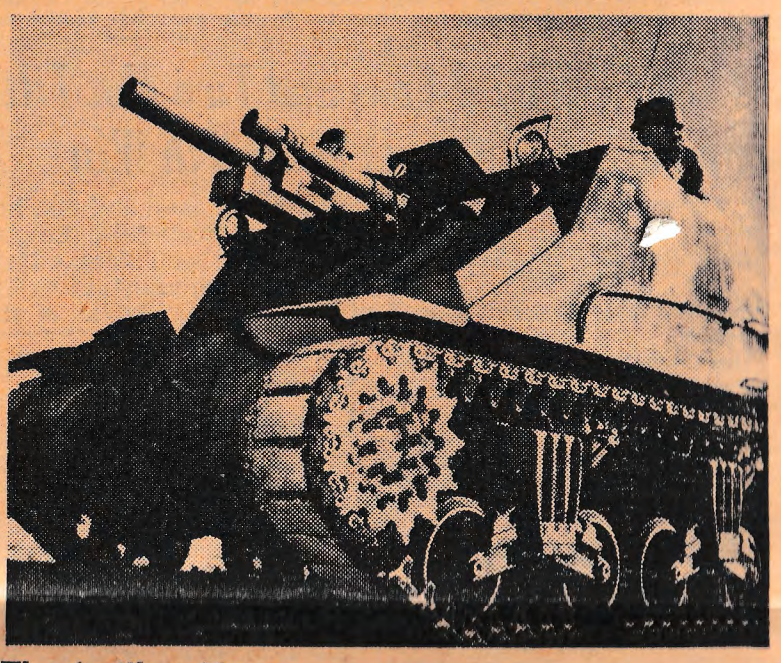
23 to Attend Mechanics Class

Twenty-three men from D-33 will attend mechanics' course Class No. 54. They are Pvts. Eugene E. Clapper, Billie T. Creasey, Guy N. Fletcher, Guy H. Garrett, Glessner W. Gueman, Charles L. Harris, William I. Hughes, Robert M. Kennedy, Leonard F. Kuchek, Frank L. Malay, Colbert R. McKinley, jr., William J. McNally, Charles N. Munch, jr., Harold E. Peters, Santo M. Repage, Richard T. Rice, Harold M. Rifkin, John F. Stagon, Winfred Stevens, Robert L. Stover, Duane E. Thrugstad, Ollie V. Zajac and Clarence A. Ziebarth.



These Are Artillery Weapons, Also

"The Artillery Team" has many different weapons from those usually associated with the Field Artillery. For example, the mule pack uses the 75-mm. howitzer, shown above. It can be broken down easily, and is transported on the mules' backs. Left to right, are Pvts. Davis Sutherland,. Michael Mocciaro, Thomas Lancaster, Titus Spencer, Walter Hodges, Richard Price and James Rourke and Sgt. Richard Tribelhorn, all of Battery E, 26th Battalion. Below, Pvts. Andrew Biro and Kenneth Griggs (head only visible) and Sgt. Francis Moots, all of D-26, are manning the M7, or self-propelled 105-mm. howitzer.



The Artillery Team

Library Receives Variety of Books

More than 200 new books are on the shelves of the library in Service Club No. 6, with several of the latest titles among them.

"One Damn Thing Atfer Another" by Tom Treanor is a war book "with a difference." The young correspondent of the Los Angeles Times has been off to the wars again and covered a lot of territory.

In his own words: "Alice never saw more different things in Wonderland than I've seen since June 13. 1942. I've rung the changes from Chungking to Anzio and have written 1,000 words a day about it."

A newcomer that doesn't pretend to be anything but sheer entertainment is Peter Arno's cartoon book. "Man in the Shower. Even after a hard day on the drill field, this book will perk up those drooping spirits.

Recent press song and dance about various Hollywood characters shirking their duties in entertainment in the tough battlefronts when the going got rough, is answered in Your Kids and Mine by Joe E. Brown, the comedian.

Joe's own son Don is among the war dead and the father traveled 150,000 miles through Alaska, China, Italy and New Guinea.

Among the new mysteries is "Bullets for the Bridegroom" by David Dodge, author of Death and Taxes and Shear the Black Sheep. This is described as a real "shoot-'em up detective."

There are also several new Books of the Month. Young 'Un by Herbert Best, is an early settler's yarn.

Some of the difficulties of the present Chinese government are more explainable after perusing "People On Our Side" by the well-known Edgar Snow, author of Red Star Over China.

A fool argues about whether a woman has brains or not—A wise man busies himself with the things they have.

Get The Chevron Polish

THIS WEEK'S PROMOTIONS

To Staff Sergeant

Ben E. Palmer

To Seregant

Orville R. Lingler
Jerome Slass
Albert L. Yates

To Technician 4th Grade

Frank D. Nalepinski

To Corporal

Thomas W. Cooper, Franklin F. Alexander, William H. Pryor, Herschel I. Wheeler, William P. Kline, Joseph S. Donda, William R. Rasmussen, Thomas J. DeFazio and John W. O'Neal.

To Technician 5th Grade

Robert W. Currier, Michael C. Bilski, Russell B. Hughes, and Angelo J. Fabrizio.

To Private First Class

Thomas C. Ramsay.

8th Regiment Plans Star-Spangled Show

Wednesday will bring to the "Jamboree At Eight" in the 8th Regiment Rec Hall a new musical comedy show titled "Star-Spangled Rhythm." The show is produced and directed by Pvt. Jack Brembeck, Battery D, 34th Battalion.

The show's stars include: Mary Jo Botkin, actress; Pvts. Lee Crosley and Donald LeMay, D-34; Pvt. Martin Huyck, A-34 actor; the Six Glamour Lovelies straight from Carl Carrol's; Jerry Woody, songstress; Pvt. John Healy, D-34 baritone; Cpl. Henry Landram, A-31 king of the banjo players; Cpl. Marion Goswick—8th Regiment Champion fire baton twirler, and music by the Charlie 34 Serenaders.

RUG CUTTING CHANGED

Centermen who have been attending the regular Thursday dances at the 420 C Avenue USO in Lawton now must trip the light fantastic on Wednesday nights. Wednesday night dances will not be in conflict with so many other events, it was explained.

USO's to Conduct Wrapping Center

Lawton's USO club have opened a central Christmas wrapping center located at Emerson school, 4th and B streets, in downtown Lawton, USO officials announced yesterday. The wrapping service is inaugurated each year for the convenience of all post personnel.

Wrapping service will be available each week day from 5 to 9 p. m., Saturdays from 4 to 10 p. m. and Sundays from 3 to 5 p. m. from now through Dec. 24. All services are free of charge to military personnel.

Wrapping at the central point at Emerson school will be conducted each week by a different Lawton USO club and their staffs of volunteer workers. There will be no wrapping service at individual clubs this season.

B-28 Holds First Place In Information League

The 28th Battalion Information and Education League is going strong, according to reports. After the first two sessions Battery B is out in front with C. D. and A, bunched together in that order.

A definite trend has been noticed. In the first session, 35 per cent of the questions were answered correctly, in the second session, the percentage rose to 70. Digging into newspapers, news magazines and listening to newscasts is a popular pastime in the 28th Battalion now, says the officer in charge of the league.

Mule-Packers Don't Ride Mules; Play Important Role With Special Weapons

(Last Of A Series)

The special weapons of the Artillery Team" consist of those which require units of special troops to handle them and those which now are part of every Field Artilleryman's repertoire—mostly small arms equipment such as carbines, rocket launchers, M-1 rifle, grenades etc.

Special troops, however, are a necessity in the case of the self-propelled Artillery and the mule-pack, which are used to buttress the team's basic howitzers.

To break up vigorous mobile armored attack, to move in on a fast retreating enemy while the main team comes up, is the duty of the self-propelled service arm.

Special Training Required

It's obvious that the artillery piece mounted on an armored track-type vehicle requires special training in armored maneuver.

The same is true of the pack artillery. Here, the job is to penetrate into terrain too rugged for large scale action.

To tear down and pack an artillery piece on a mule isn't a job that can be learned in a brief spell. As the unit may be forced to function totally independent of the main team, it must maintain, and carry by muleback, ammunition and food supply for long periods.

The task calls for men with exceptional strength, experience and supreme stamina. An infantryman who was asked if he wanted to transfer to the mulepack artillery replied. "Nope. I don't mind walkin' but by————I don't want to drag a mule around every place I do walk!"

Incidentally, a mule's back is to carry equipment, not the soldier.

Reports from the recent New Guinea fracas indicate the Artillery suffered casualties from enemy bayonet wounds.

So the team trains all members in the use of the carbine for quick work at reasonable ranges such as the jungle. Island jungles, surprisingly enough, often have long grassy open spaces and clear beaches where the M-1 rifle. with its long range and superb fire power, comes in handy. Both of these specialized semi-automatic weapons never have been equaled in any army.

The famous rocket launcher, or "bazooka," is a lightweight, two-man weapon that has broken the back of many a vicious armored thrust against the Artillery Team. There also is the double threat 50-caliber machinegun. Mounted on Artillery vehicles, it is the staccato answer to low strafing or bombing by enemy planes. Mounted on a tree or ground mount, near the firing battery itself or the command post brain, it breaks up infiltration attempts effectively.

To keep all the artillery weapons firing takes cooks, clerks, mechanics, communications men, computers, "metro men," fire direction experts and special troops. They make up the artillery team. They also know how to handle all the weapons.

In a Legal Jam? Here's Answer

Centermen who are in legal "dutch" with the mother-in-law or need other legal advice may obtain cost-free service through the newly-established Legal Assistance office in building T-841. Lt. Col. Louis B. Reed has been appointed legal assistance officer. Full notary pubic service is available in Building T-842.

Headquarters urges both officers and enlisted personnel in the Center to feel free to consult the legal assistance office.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1944

Anyone Doubt That These H'yar Parts Are Injun Country?

While Indians may seem commonplace about these h'yar pages, that's not uncommon, for they were here long before Oklahoma, Fort Sill or the eldest old-settler—and there still are many members of the Comanche and Kiowa tribes living in this vicinity. Monday night a group of youthful Indians gave several Indian dances in a highly-popular Variety Show at Service Club No. 6. At right, Miss Ava Fawbash sings "Pale Moon" in sign-language, the word being "night" at the moment the shutter shut. The dancers and singers are from the nearby Fort Sill Indian school.

BUNK COACHES

The 8th Regiment ganged up on the Bunk Coaches Saturday to spoil an otherwise nice, windy afternoon.

S-SGT. DEWEY R. COUTTS and CPL. RALPH W. REBMAN, both of Hq. 8th Regiment, outpicked the Coaches, missing only one game—and the same game at that. Yes, for SERGEANT COUTTS it makes six straight weeks he has bested the Bunk Coaches.

But SERGEANT COUTTS and everyone else that reads THE RECORDER is invited to try and beat the "experts" again next week. Winners get their names in large type as members of the Bunk Coaches Association and may have a pin-up Hollywood queen as an added attraction. Selections must be in the Public Relations Office by 2 p. m. Saturday, or be postmarked by that time.

Oh yes, the Bunk Coaches only missed two games, but they're not bragging—at least not until the outcome of these "sure shots" is known tomorrow:

Army at Pennsylvania—Have to have one right, so ARMY.

Purdue at Navy—NAVY, for the same reason.

University of Southern California at California—Grudge battle to USC.

Northwestern at Notre Dame—NOTRE DAME must come back.

Pittsburgh at Indiana—INDIANA should.

Wisconsin at Michigan—Should be as easy as MICHIGAN'S 27-0 win last year.

Minnesota at Iowa—Win money with MINNESOTA.

Oklahoma at Kansas—OKLAHOMA!

Colgate at Syracuse—We're sure of COLGATE.

South Carolina at Duke — We guess with DUKE.

Illinois at Ohio State—OHIO STATE by more than 1943's three points.

Texas at TCU—TEXAS comparatively easy.

Music, Official Toss and Two Hot Tilts Open Cage League; 26th, 27th Win

Opening with music by the 260th Army band and two hot cage clashes the Replacement Center Basketball League broke the season wide open Wednesday at Dan T. Moore Hall.

At 7 o'clock Brig. Gen. Raymond E. Lee, assistant to the commanding general, tipped off the opening battle of the season — a contest between the 28th Battalion, 7th Regiment, and the 26th Battalion, 6th Regiment.

A large crowd of fans was present to witness the opener, and it was evident that supporters from the battalions playing used the offer of GI transportation for the games.

The game between the 28th and 26th ended with the 26th winner, 29 to 22. At the half, however, the 26th was well ahead, 18 to 8.

In the 8 o'clock tussle, the 27th won, 33 to 20. The 31st gave a good account of itself though, and at the half, the score was only 11 to 8, in favor of the final winners.

Play was held up for a short time when a high shot hit one of the light bulbs and necessitated a thorough cleaning of the court. The game was of the rough and tumble variety with 33 personal fouls called against both sides.

At Dan T. Moore hall Wednesday, the 27th and 32nd Battalions play at 7 p. m. At 8 p. m. the 26th plays the 33rd. An hour later the 28th and 31st will clash.

Up In Brass--

To Captain
Richard G. Schmidt, jr
Thomas T. Buffington
George E. Fisher
Newton B. Jackson
Jacob C. Finer
Alex L. Semegen
Jack W. McKnight

To 1st Lieutenant
Rollin B. Ayres
Charles J. Vronan, III

A girl may be fit as a fiddle, but it takes the right beau to make her play.

Unbeaten A-32 Leads 8th Regt.

Undefeated Battery A, 32nd Battalion, cagers hung up two more victories in the 8th Regiment basketball league to keep atop the circuit standings with four straight wins.

On Tuesday night, A-32 swamped D-34, 54 to 10. At the half the winners led, 24 to 0. Pfc. Denver Cook topped the scoring with 10 field goals.

In other Tuesday night games, B-33 dropped A-34, 31 to 10, and B-34 nosed out E-34, 19 to 16. In the latter game, Pvt. Elmer Frimuth hung up two fielders in the final minutes of play to provide the winning margin.

Last Thursday A-32 defeated C-34, 46 to 21, and B-34 bested D-32, 27 to 20, in a see-saw game.

The league standings follow:

	Won	Lost	Pct.
A-32	4	0	1.000
B-33	3	1	.750
B-34	2	1	.667
C-34	2	1	.667
E-34	2	2	.500
D-32	1	2	.333
D-34	0	3	.000
B-32	0	2	.000
A-34	0	2	.000

12 HEAD FOR OCS

Twelve Centermen were named this week to attend Infantry OCS. They are Sgt. Edward B. Rich and Pvt. John W. Leathers, Battery A, 29th Battalion; Pvts. Thomas J. Reynolds, Jr., Oscar O. Wilkerson, B-29; Robert M. Eaton, C-29; Robert C. Caldwell, Stanley L. Cooper, D-29; John E. Shouse, B-33; Anthony Petta, B-34; Richard A. Henry, C-34; Marlin D. Reed, and Edward P. Steuben, E-34.

30th Battalion Ties B-34 Grid Machine

Giving Battery B, 34th Battalion, tough grid champs of the 8th Regiment, a "bad time" on the firebreak Friday night, a 30th Battalion team, composed mostly of C-30 players, fought their sporting enemy to a 7-all tie.

B-34 has battled its way to the top in the 8th Regiment over a series of rough, tough opponents and some close scores. A win would have given B-34 top claim to the Center title.

The 30th Battalion team was formed after the unit completed the physical fitness test at 5 o'clock in the afternoon. Included in the test was the four-mile speed march, completed in 45 minutes. This new team claims only 30 minutes practice before the hard-fought grid battle Friday night. The game was called at seven o'clock.

At present the 30th men have gone to the field for two week's of field problems. On their return they hope to find time to organize a steamroller that will battle all comers in their final week of training.

At any rate that loud roar you hear is B-34 yelping for 6th Regiment blood. They want plenty of it, they say!

Friday night, to add insult to injury, late in the game the 30th team ran through to a touchdown which was called back.

Counter Intelligence Open to Cadremen

Enlisted cadremen in the Center now have the opportunity of making application for transfer to the Counter Intelligence Corps, providing they have the necessary qualifications, a Headquarters memorandum stated this week.

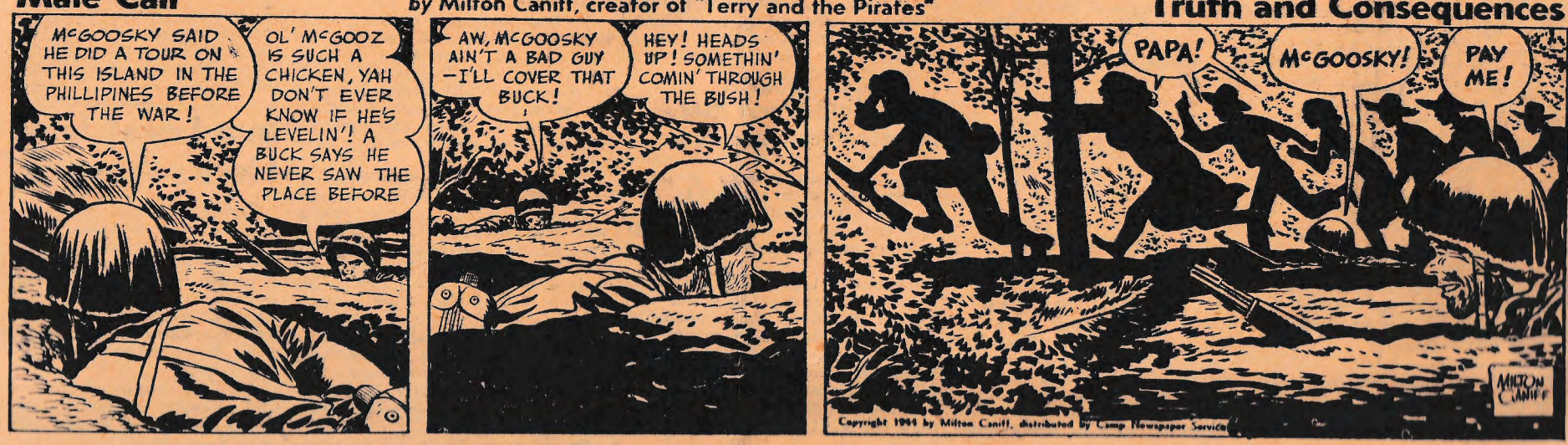
Men must be from 24 to 38 years old, physically fit for full overseas duty and have an Army general classification test score of at least 110. Fluency in one or more languages is desired.

Here's First Issue of Center's Newspaper

There have been 101 copies of THE RECORDER and three copies of THE TIMES, predecessor of the Center's official camp newspaper, published previous to today's edition which marks the start of the third year for THE RECORDER. At upper left is the first edition, and from there around in a clockwise pattern are several later issues. Finding THE RECORDERS "rather comforting" is —just in case anyone thought she was forgotten—Miss Jerry Woody of the Department of Air Transport, FAS.

Male Call

by Milton Caniff, creator of "Terry and the Pirates"



Truth and Consequences

FORT SILL ARMY NEWS

VOL. 5 — FORT SILL, OKLAHOMA, SATURDAY, NOV. 18, 1944 — NO. 9

Ted Fio Rito And Band Coming To Post Nov 24

Ted Fio Rito and his band will broadcast the "Spotlight Band" program over a national radio hookup from Fort Sill Friday, Nov. 24. The program will be heard over the Blue network from 8:30 p. m. to 8:55 p. m. (CWT).

A free show, preceding the broadcast, and a free dance after the program will be held for military personnel, the Post Special Services Office said. The program is sponsored by the Coca Cola Co.

The program will go on the air from Theater No. 1, in the New Post Area, at 8:30 p. m., and will be preceded by a half-hour's show, which will start at 8 p. m. Admission to the program and to the half-hour broadcast will be free, to all personnel.

The free dance will be at Dan T. Moore hall, 9:30 p.m. to 11 p.m. Admission to the dance, music for which will be provided by Ted Fio Rito and his 25-piece band, will be for enlisted personnel only!

(Continued on Page 5)

Thanksgiving Chapel Services

Thanksgiving Day will be observed at Fort Sill next week with special services in practically every Post Chapel. Post Chaplain Morris U. Lively (Major) announced this week.

Protestant chaplains are planning a Thanksgiving service in nearly all the chapels either Wednesday night or Thursday, with the schedule to be announced locally on the chapel bulletin boards.

Catholics at Fort Sill will attend a service in New Post Chapel at 7 p. m. Thursday, when Chaplain Anthony G. J. van Beersum, Post Catholic Chaplain, will offer the Mass of Thanksgiving followed by benediction.

Thanksgiving will be the theme of a Jewish Reform service in New Post Chapel at 8:30 p. m. Tuesday and of the Jewish Orthodox service in Chapel No. 4 at 8 p. m. Friday, according to Chaplain Herschel Lymon, Post Jewish Chaplain.

The principal Post Protestant

(Continued on Page 6)

Two Battalions Join FAS Troops

Two battalions have joined the 31st Brigade of the Field Artillery School troops, the 624th Observation Bn arriving from Fort Leonard Wood, Mo., and the 394th Field Artillery battalion from Fort Riley, Kans.

The 624th battalion is commanded by Maj. Jesse R. Mattocks, a former instructor in the Officers' Advanced Course, Observation Section, FAS. Maj. Hugh P. Osborne, executive officer, was also with the OAC Observation Section as was Capt. Herbert S. Jewson, battalion S-4.

The battalion was activated at Fort Leonard Wood in October 1944.

A 105mm howitzer battalion, the 394th is commanded by Lt. Col. Leslie B. Downing. Colonel Downing was a student at the Field Artillery School, attending the New Unit Officers' Course No. 5 and the Field Officers' Course No. 3. He also attended the Officers' Basic Course in 1921 shortly after graduating with the 1920 class at the United States Military Academy.

The 394th battalion was activated at Fort Riley in April 1944.

Headquarters for the 394th is in building CC-57, west of the Field Artillery bowl and the 624th battalion headquarters is in building CC-24 on Craig and Austin roads.

War Chest $3000 Short Of Goal

Fort Sill's contributions to the Comanche County War Chest, a member of the National War Fund, now totals $6,439.49, Maj. A. E. Davidson, fund custodian, said. A final drive report will be made next week.

Breakdowns of the figures show that units of the Field Artillery School have donated $2,832.69 while personnel of the Field Ar-

(Continued on Page 5)

Army Ground Chief Here To Inspect FAS-Center Units

Maj. Gen. Ralph McT. Pennell, Commandant of the Field Artillery School, pins the Medal of Honor on the Widow of 2nd Lt. Thomas Weldon Fowler at a review held last Saturday on the New Post parade grounds. Lieutenant Fowler, Cavalryman of Wichita Falls, Tex., was awarded America's highest decoration for action on May 23, 1944, near Carano, Italy. He later was killed in the drive on Rome.—(U. S. Army Photo, FAS).

Lt. Gen. Ben Lear, Commanding General, Army Ground Forces, spent Thursday afternoon and yesterday morning at Fort Sill for an inspection of the Field Artillery School and the Field Artillery Replacement Training Center.

This was the general's first visit to Fort Sill since his appointment as Chief of the Army Ground Forces last July.

General Lear arrived by plane at Post Field at 1:15 o'clock Thursday afternoon where he was welcomed by Maj. Gen. Ralph McT. Pennell, Commanding General of the Field Artillery School and the Training Center, and other high ranking officers of the post. General Lear began his inspection immediately after his arrival.

Accompanying General Lear were members of his staff including Brig. Gen. C. L. Hyssong, G-1; Brig. Gen. Leo Donovan, G-3; Brig. Gen. L. M. Haynes, G-4, and Col. G. B. Rogers, G-2 and 18 other officers who assisted in the inspection.

At 4:30 o'clock Thursday afternoon a review was held on the New Post parade grounds in honor of Gen. Lear with troops from the Field Artillery School and the Replacement Training Center taking part. Officers on the reviewing stand with General Lear included General Pennell, members of General Lear's staff, Brigadier General George H. Paine, command-

(Continued on Page 3)

Plenty Of 'And'

There is plenty of the "and" for ham or bacon and eggs in the post cafeterias but the meat is lacking frequently, Lt. Col. John S. Moran, Post Exchange Officer, said.

The lack of ham and bacon, Colonel Moran said, is due to an increasing scarcity of these items of meat, large supplies of which are going overseas. Fresh pork is more readily available but the cured variety is harder to obtain.

Army Chaplains Meet Monday

A convocation of Army Chaplains from Fort Sill and other installations in this part of the state at 1:30 p. m. Monday in New Post Chapel will be one of the important events in connection with the current visit here of Chaplain Joseph O. Ensrud (Colonel), Office of the Chief of Chaplains, Washington.

Chaplain Ensrud, who arrived Friday for a five day visit at Fort Sill, is to address the chaplains on common problems.

Army Chaplains from Oklahoma City Air Service Command and Tinker Field, Oklahoma City; Altus Army Air Field, Altus, and

(Continued on Page 6)

Turkey Dinner Guests Pay 75c

Fort Sill officers, enlisted personnel, and civilian personnel subsisting regularly at military messes, may bring one guest to the Army's Thanksgiving Day dinner.

The authorization is subject to limitations as may be deemed necessary by commanding officers based on the availability of mess facilities.

Each officer, enlisted man or eligible civilians, will be charged 75 cents per guest for the turkey dinner.

Sixth War Loan Opens Monday, Will Continue Until Dec 31

Fort Sill's part in the nation-wide Sixth War Loan will begin Monday, concurrently with the opening of the national phase of the campaign.

Maj. Albert Davidson, Post War Bond Officer, revealed that plans for the major war finance campaign had been formulated here some months ago and these plans are now in operation to assure as much success as is possible in the forthcoming drive.

The military phase of the Sixth Loan will continue until Dec. 31. All personnel will be asked to initiate or increase Class B allotments and to purchase as many bonds as possible for cash. While Fort Sill has not been assigned a quota for the Sixth War Loan Drive, it is desired to exceed the total for the previous drive which netted $900,911.

A definite quota has been set by

(Continued on Page 6)

Electrical Items Open To Bids

Serviceable electrical supplies declared surplus by the Army are being placed on sale at Fort Sill, the Post Salvage Office announced today. Bids are invited from individuals and corporations and will be accepted until Nov. 23.

All awards of the sale, which lists 282 items of electrical supplies, will be made by competitive bidding. Persons interested in the sale may obtain applications for invitations from the Post Salvage Office at Fort Sill.

Applications being mailed contains an itemized list of all electrical supplies to be sold, the number and description of each. Interested parties are being urged to inspect any of the surplus items,

(Continued on Page 3)

Christmas Stocks Small, Shop Early

GIs should do their Christmas shopping early to be sure of obtaining the gifts they want, Lt. Col. John S. Moran, Post Exchange Officer, said.

Stocks of Christmas merchandise at the Exchanges are limited because of shortages of production and materials, Colonel Moran said. The Army "general stores" are getting their share of the gift goods, but there will not be any large supplies of presents in any store, military or civilian.

Holiday greeting cards are also limited this year because of the need for paper in war production, Colonel Moran said, advising an early purchase of Christmas wishes.

Field Hospital Arrives At Post

A new Field Hospital unit, activated at Camp Barkeley, Tex., arrived at Fort Sill this week and is quartered in the area between Cantonment Section of Station Hospital and Post Field.

The new unit is to take parallel training in Fort Sill's Station Hospital while here. Among the personnel are three officers and three enlisted men who have seen previous overseas service.

Maj. Paul A. Reed, MC, Iowa City, Ia., is Commanding Officer of the unit. Capt. William L. Nicholds, MAC, Dexter, Mo., is the adjutant. Captain Nicholds was an enlisted man in the Regular Army Medical Corps prior to receiving his commission.

This Field Hospital unit is similar in organization and function to one that departed from Fort Sill a month ago. The Field Hospital is

(Continued on Page 3)

Slow Down, There's Plenty

Thanksgiving Day menus for the armed forces include turkey—plenty of it. S/Sgt. Willie F. Holmes, at the Fort Sill cold storage plant displays a soldier's enthusiasm, perhaps a little premature for this bird is raw. Stacked behind him are boxes containing thousands of pounds of gobblers awaiting issue to Fort Sill's mess halls.—(Signal Corps Photo).

Fort Sill Thanksgiving Menu

23 November 1944

Roast Turkey

Giblet Gravy — Nut Dressing

Fresh Corn, Sweet Pickles, Pumpkin Pie — Ice Cream, Candied Sweets, Fruit - Candy

Cranberry Sauce — Snowflake Potatoes

Buttered Asparagus — Stuffed Celery — White Cake

Sliced Tomatoes — Hot Rolls — Butter

Coffee — Lemonade

U. S. Occupied Germany Becomes Laboratory For Military Rule

The occupied territory of Germany over which Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower now rules begins on a flat, windmill-dotted plain northeast of the little Dutch Town of Sittard and extends southward beyond ruined Aachen.

This occupied Germany had 250,000 population before the Nazis begun evacuating it. Probably fewer than 50,000 are left. Its predominant population today is the American Army, which doesn't regard itself at the moment as an army of occupation, but as an army poised for further invasion.

That fact conditions the character of the military government. Its temporary regime is in the area of active military movement. It is under German shellfire by day; German bombs fall on it at night. Tanks and anti-tank guns are dug into potato fields. Important artillery emplacements may be camouflaged in sugar beet fields.

German civilians live in what Lewis Gannett, of the New York Herald Tribune, a front-line correspondent has called a "Teutonic Ghetto." They are not permitted to stand and talk in the streets. Throughout most of the region, they are permitted in the streets only on certain hours of the day. In one area, for instance, it is between noon and 1300, when housewives do their shopping. Farm workers are permitted to go to the fields at dawn, but must return by 1730. Only the American appointed mayor, doctor, priest and town policemen have cards are still used.

On the whole, there have been few cases of disobedience, and no evidence that any Germans are organizing to implement Himmler's appeal for an anti-American underground. The Germans obey orders and take care of their own local affairs. Uniformly, they express relief at being out of the war.

Offenses for which civilians have been fined or imprisoned are: appearing in the streets during forbidden hours, tresspassing beyond specified limits, and, in one case, going outdoors at night with a lighted cigarette. The officer who tried the case doubts the latter offense was deliberate.—(CNS).

permits good at any daylight hour.

Each house bears on its door a placard listing the inhabitants, their occupations and ages.

In each of the 20-odd towns in the territory, American authorities, after careful checking, have named temporary burgameisters, who are responsible for order and food distribution. None is paid, but some towns already are installing tax systems. Food distribution, except in a few cases where whole villages were evacuated to camps in the rear, is left entirely to German officials and varies from village to village. In Cangelt, each resident is allotted 300 pounds of potatoes to carry him until the next harvest. This same ration was accorded under German rule, and the old ration

"Morning, men—any excitement while I was on leave?"

WD Policy On Air Priorities

Military personnel may be granted priority for air transportation on commercial airlines within the limits of the United States while on leave or furlough, under certain circumstances the War Department revealed recently.

Men alerted for overseas duty and on leave or furlough in what may be construed to be their last leave of absence are eligible.

Personnel entering the United States from foreign duty, and pursuant to orders then issued, will immediately return to overseas service upon expiration of leave or furlough, may gain priority.

Armed forces members granted an emergency leave or furlough under exceptional circumstances may apply for air travel priority. Personnel eligible for air travel priority should secure a certificate of their eligibility from their commanding officer, according to War Department circular 372, 1944.

The War Department further said that persons who falsify their reasons for travel or the urgency thereof in order to obtain priority for air transportation are liable under the law to a fine of $10,000, imprisonment for a maximum of 10 years, or both.

The Priorities and Traffic Division of the Air Transport Command, which is charged with the responsibility for receiving, evaluating, and taking appropriate action on requests for priorities for air travel transportation, has for some time been improving its procedures for checking the validity of requests. These new procedures, plus the penalties which may be imposed for false certification, lessen the possibilities for violation of priorities.

In a few instances, air travelers have secured priorities by falsely certifying to the nature, importance, or urgency of their mission. Government agencies, commercial airlines, and industries, however, are cooperating with the War Department in eliminating abuse of the priority system.

Exams Slated For Medical Non Coms

All promotions to the first three enlisted grades in the Medical Section, 1864th Army Service Forces Unit, which mans Fort Sill's Station Hospital, will be made henceforth from an eligibility list compiled as the result of an examination.

In making this announcement 2nd Lt. Paul M. Calmes, MAC, Commanding Officer of the Section, said that normally the first three grades comprise about 13 percent of the medical section's total strength.

The examination will be both written and oral. All questions will be taken from the Medical Department Soldiers Handbook, while the military leadership test will include handling a squad of men on the drill field.

Besides military bearing and leadership abilities, the candidates will be tested on such subjects as nursing, pharmacy, registration of sick and wounded, mess management, first aid and minor surgery, hygiene and sanitation, company administration, property accounting, materia medica, army regulations and similar subjects.

Museum Visiting Hours Changed

A new schedule of hours has been adopted by the Field Artillery Museum for the winter months, Lt. Col. Ralph R. Bush, Museum Officer of the Field Artillery School, said.

The museum will be open to military personnel and to the public daily, including Sundays and holidays, from 10 a. m. until 6 p. m. The Museum has undergone a complete renovation, and many new exhibits have been added, Colonel Bush said.

...BARRACKS BANTER...

While home on furlough, Pvt. Snafu said he was walking his dog, Mike, down the street and saw a sign reading wet paint and darned if it didn't.

Use Lumpo Soap—Doesn't lather, doesn't clean ,doesn't bubble. Just company in the tub.

A couple blessed with their first child, didn't get to the hospital quickly enough and the baby was born on the hospital lawn. The itemized bill finally came, and the careful husband objected strenuously to the item: "Delivery room, $25." He returned the bill for revision. In due time it was returned with the item revised to read: "Green Fees, $25."

There was a young lady named Carol,
Who loved to play stud for apparel,
Her opponent's straight flush
Brought a maidenly blush
And a quick journey home in a barrel.

"Where did you get that southern accent?"

"Honey chile, I'se been drinking out of a Dixie cup."

During a recent inspection of a kitchen, the officer turned to the Mess Sergeant and said: "Everything seems to be in good shape except there are too many flies around."

Replied the Sergeant: "Yes sir, and how many flies am I allowed?"

Soldier Dad: (to son): "It's none of your business how I met your mother, but I can tell you one thing—it certainly cured me of whistling."

No wonder the sergeant talks so much, his father was a tobacco auctioneer and his mother was a woman.

If a girl expects to win a husband she ought to exhibit a generous nature, or else how generous nature has been to her.

Diddle-diddle, dumplin,
My son John
Went to bed with his stockings on.
One shoe off and one shoe on.
Boy was that kid plastered.

"Oh dear, I've missed you so much."

Then she raised the revolver and fired again.

Hear ye, the laughing Hyena, eats but once a month and mates but once a year. A reserved seat for anyone telling me why he is so happy.

Alimony—The high cost of leaving.

And then there's the GI who entered the bar optimistically and left misty optically.

Then there was the little moron who was going along on his bicycle and saw a sign saying, "No peddlers allowed," so he got off and walked.

USO Girl: "I'm Aloha, the hula-hula dancer."

Pfc. "Shake."

Two rabbits got lost in the woods and had a hare raising experience.

She's been on more laps than a napkin.

Drunk (after bumping into the same tree three times) "Losht, losht in an impenetrable forest."

A blushing young woman handed the telegraph clerk a message to a soldier containing only his name, military address and one word, "Yes."

"You can send five more words for the same price, you know," said the helpful clerk.

"I know I can, but don't you think I'd look too eager if I said it six times?"

Good Neighbor Policy: "Did you hear about the girl south of the border?"

"No."

"She came across."

"Who is that man over there snapping his fingers?"

"That's a deaf mute with the hiccoughs."

He kissed her in the garden
The moon was shinging bright;
She was a marble statue,
But he was tight that night.

A shavetail putting a unit thru calisthenics gave his order: "Hips on shoulders—place." Then after a bit of deliberation, he shouted: "As you were, men. That can't be done. Hips down."

A Vermont resident recently won an amateur contest in a local theater by playing "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling" on his wife's head with a spoon.

Don't get too close to the fan with your wig on, grandma. You're too old to be blowing your top.

It's all right to sow a crop of wild oats, so long as you don't have to thrash it out in court.

Inquiring Line

Questions about the Army, your legal affairs, or other problems that bother you will be answered by members of the Post Judge Advocate's staff. Post Headquarters Annex No. 2 Phone 2423.

Q. It was my understanding that wives and children of enlisted men were entitled to care at Army hispitals in posts where the EM were stationed. I can't get my wife into our camp hospital. What's the rule on this? Please give authority.

A. Wives and children of enlisted men are entitled to care at Army hospitals only "when accomodations for care are available." The Post Commander is the final authority in each [illegible] are available. (AR40-590).

Q. My mother, who was dependent upon me, is living in occupied Poland. More than a year ago, I took out a family allowance for her. Each month $22 has been deducted from my pay. What I want to know is, what's happening to my money? I know my mother isn't getting it.

A. The ODB has been sending the checks for your mother's allotment to the U. S. Treasury Department, where they are being held for her. As soon as Poland is liberated, she will receive a sum covering all of the accumulated payments.

Q. What's the difference between a CDD and a Medical Discharge?

A. None at all. A CDD (Certificate of Disability Discharge) is the official name for a Medical Discharge and refers to all discharges granted for physical reasons.

Q. I'm attending Cooks and Baker's School but, at heart, I'm really a fighting man. I want to transfer to the Rangers. How can I do this?

A. Right now, you're out of luck. The Rangers do not exist as a TO part of the Army. They were formed from men taken from other units in Africa and England. Thus far, no Ranger units have been formed in the U. S.

she empties them.

Preaching Mission Closed Last Night

The Fort Sill Protestant Preaching Mission ,an annual institution of this historic Post, was concluded Friday night with a service in New Post Chapel by Dr. Stephen J. England, mission speaker.

Dr. England, dean of the College of Bible at Phillips University addressed all sessions of the mission which were held nightly during the past week. The Tuesday session was held in conjunction with the Reform Jewish service. Dr. England also addressed a joint meeting of Fort Sill Army Chaplains and Lawton ministers Monday.

Swing Shift For C & E Shops

A swing shift will start work Monday in the Clothing and Equipment repair shops of the Area Combined Maintenance Shops of the Army Service Forces at Fort Sill, Maj. Walker Brents, Control Officer, said.

The night crew will work from 5 p. m. until 1:30 a. m. six days a week, Maj. Brents said.

The Clothing and Equipment shops repair all clothing, including shoes, and all equipment except weapons and vehicles.

Director Secured For WAC Choir

The services of Thelma C. Young have been secured to train and direct the WAC Choir which is to sing the Christmas Midnight Mass at Fort Sill, it was announced this week by Chaplain Anthony G. J. van Beersum, Post Catholic Chaplain.

The choir, composed of Fort Sill Wacs, is to sing the "Centennial Mass" of William J. Marsh. Rehearsals are held every Monday night in New Post Chapel.

Mrs. Young is the wife of Capt. W. W. Young, OCS Combined Arms, who formerly was assistant controller of Princeton University.

She studied under Frederick Bristol in New York and under Sylvan Levin, driector of the Philadelphia Opera Company. Since her husband has been in the Army she has sung in churches in Natchez, Miss., and more recently in the Centennial Methodist Church, in Lawton.

General Lear—

(Continued from Page 1)

ing general of the 31st Brigade and Colonel Charles W. Gallaher, post commander.

Brigadier General Raymond E. Lee, assistant commanding general, Replacement Training Center, was commander of troops.

Following the review officers and noncommissioned officers of troops returned to the field to hear an address by General Lear.

On Thursday evening at 8:15 o'clock General Lear and other visitors were the guests of General Pennell at a dinner in the Fort Sill Officers' Mess. Also attending the dinner were officers from the Field Artillery School, Training Center and the post.

General Lear's visit came to a close Friday morning with a conference attended by officers from the Field Artillery School and the Training Center. General Lear left Friday morning at 11 o'clock.

Electrical Sale—

(Continued from Page 1)

the salvage officer said.

Electrical proucts listed on the surplus sale are new supplies classed as overages of what the Army requires for its present needs.

Some Of Items

Some of the items listed on the official bid form include adapters, receptacle bases, switch boxes, switches of all kinds, brackets, circuit breakers, bushings, buzzers and bells, insulators, clamps and cleats, reducers, staples, sockets, insulating tape, unilets, copper wire, conduits and other articles.

Completed bids forms must reach the Post Salvage Officer, Headquarters, Fort Sill, Okla., by 5 p. m. Nov. 23. Sealed bids will be opened a few days afterward, and successful participants will be notified soon thereafter.

Field Hospital—

(Continued from Page 1)

completely mobile and can be assembled or disassembled within a short time.

The Field Hospital unit now here was used in a demonstration of the echelons of medical service at the Fifth Training Conference at Camp Barkeley, where all branches of the service participated.

WAC Winter Dress

Pfc. Frances Westlake
(Signal Corps Photo)

Pfs. Frances Westlake models one of the new off-duty winter dress uniforms now being issued to members of the WAC Det, 1864th Army Service Forces Unit. The uniform, designed similarly to the summer off-duty dress, is of "horizon tan" woolen fabric and is worn with matched accessories.

8 Post Officers Change Jobs

Changes have been made in the assignments of eight officers of the Station Complement.

Capt. Charles P. Spangler is now Acting Post Inspector General. He has been a detachment officer of the 1864th Unit, Army Service Forces.

1st Lt. Idwo W. Stevens has been named Post Records Administrator. He has been Post Military Personnel Officer.

1st Lt. James W. Ivy Jr., has been assigned as Trial Judge Advocate. He has been a detachment officer of the 1864th Unit.

Capt. Sophia U. Whiting has been named Post Billeting Officer. She has been commanding officer, WAC Det, 1864th Unit.

1st Lt. Eleanor J. Botkin is now Commanding Officer, WAC Det. 1864th Unit. She has been detachment officer of the WAC Section.

1st Lt. Roy A. Schaumloeffel has been assigned as Assistant Post Judge Advocate. He has been a detachment officer, 1864th Unit.

1st Lt. Weldon C. Girard has been assigned as a detachment officer, 1864th Unit, He has been Assistant Director, Post Training Division.

WOJG Julian L. Anderson has been named Post Military Personnel Officer.

Air Depot Employes Believe In Bonds

For the past year the civilian employes of the 041st Air Depot, stationed at Post Field, Fort Sill, have maintained a record for 100 percent participation and more than 10 per cent of total pay roll for war bond purchases.

Charles Zumwalt, chief clerk of the depot, said that 13.2 per cent of the total pay roll of the group during the past year has been used for the purchase of bonds. Highest figure was the 16 per cent mark set in March and April. In October the amount was 13 per cent.

Capt. B. G. Gordinier is Commanding Officer of the Depot.

Antiaircraft Headquarters of the Army Ground Forces moved last week from Richmond, Va., to Fort Bliss, Texas.

Be Polite To PX Employes

Courtesy is required of all Post Exchange employes and soldiers are asked to be polite and considerate of the workers in the military stores, Lt. Col. John S. Moran, Post Exchange Officer, said.

The Post Exchanges, which have more than 500 employes, are faced with the same employment problems as are civilian enterprises during the war period. A constant training program is maintained for the instruction of new employes.

A majority of the employes of the Post Exchange are wives of soldiers who have gone to work for the exchange in order to be near their husbands, Colonel Moran pointed out.

Because of the constant shifting of troops there is a like shifting of the personnel of the exchanges. This results in a high rate of turnover and a large number of untrained employes.

List Precautions For Wildlife Roads

There will be artillery firing Tuesday, November 21 and Thursday, November 23, from the Dogrun Hollow area into the Fort Sill Military Reservation from 9 a. m. to 6:30 p. m. and on Wednesday, November 22, from the Quanah Parker Area between 10 a. m. and 5:30 p. m.

Roads in the vicinity will not be closed to civilian traffic as in the past. However, certain precautions will be taken. On Tuesday and Thursday civilian traffic will be permitted on the Cache-Meers roads between the Cache entrance to the Wildlife Area and the Quanah Parker 'Y'. Drivers will be informed there is firing overhead and they will drive at their own risk. Under these conditions it is considered there is very little danger to traffic passing on the road through this zone, Field Artillery School officials said.

On Wednesday no traffic will be permitted on the Cache-Meers road between Lake Jed Johnson and the Quanah Parker 'Y' during actual firing. However, civilian traffic will be permitted to pass over the road between times of actual firing. Traffic must stay on the road and drive directly on to the Meers 'Y'. Guards will be posted to permit passing of vehicles at the proper times.

Services Honor War Dead

Some of the relatives and friends of World War II casualties from the Fort Sill area are shown leaving New Post Chapel Sunday afternoon following the public Memorial service. Post Chaplain Morris U. Lively spoke on "The Immortal Soldier."—(Signal Corps Photo).

Like Farming? New War Department Book Gives Complete Information

Editor's Note: This is the third of a series of six articles dealing with personal problems of military personnel. For answer to your problem visit the Post Personal Affairs Office, Post Hq Annex No. 2.

Many a city soldier looks with longing eyes to the farm after he leaves this Army and no doubt many will turn to farming.

But before making up your mind on the place, the cost, the kind of farming, and all the hundred and one questions that go into farming, get a copy of *"Shall I Be a Farmer?"* published by the *Department of Agriculture, Washington 25, D. C., and give it careful* study. It is a little book crammed full of useful information and written in a most interesting style. It gives a little picture of the truck farm, the poultry farm ,the dairy farm, the stock farm, the cotton farm, the diversified farm, etc. It tells you where to farm and how to get started. It helps after you get started,—as a farm laborer, a share-cropper, a renter. It gives advice on where to get the money how much you may have left after you have paid all the expenses, what kind of farming the disabled veteran may take up—in short, about everything you can think of before engaging in a useful but difficult undertaking.

In every agricultural county (usually at the county seat) is the county agent who can tell you all about conditions in that area and a Cooperative Agricultural Service, representing both the Federal and State agencies, ready to help you.

If you wish further information, visit, write or phone the Post Personal Affairs Officer in Post Headquarters, Annex No. 2.

Assistants Assigned In Station Hospital

Two second lieutenants—one of whom had served here as an enlisted man—reported for duty at Fort Sill's Station Hospital this week from the Medical Administrative Corps OCS at Camp Barkeley, Tex.

They are 2nd Lt. Leroy Lumpkins, Oklahoma City, assigned as Assistant Hospital Mess Officer, and 2nd Lt. Roy John Peterson, Lemay, Mo., assigned as Assistant Medical Supply Officer.

Lieutenant Lumpkin had served in the permanent personnel of Company A at the old Fort Sill Reception Center from December 1943 until leaving for OCS.

Let's Go for the Knock-Out Blow. Buy Bonds Now.

Draft Boards Are Different Here Says Ex Yugoslavian Army Private

Private Andreja Kotevich
(U. S. Armp Photo, FARTC)

A Yugoslavian draft board does things differently, says Pvt. Andreja Kotevich, Btry B, 28th Bn, FARTC. He should know because he spent 18 months in the Yugoslavian Army back in 1935 and '36.

How many months you spend in the peacetime army over there depends on how good a provider your father is, Private Kotevich says Also which brother you are.

Private Kotevich says: "I am a radio operator in the Yugaslavian signal corps and would like to get back to clicking the keys again —of course my English is not so good and I wish I had a chance to brush it up more."

"In the Yugoslavian Army, Private Kotevich continued, "if you so much as twitch an eyebrow while standing at attention, you are really punished, and I mean really punished."

Pvt. Kotevich says he was so thankful to be an American that he took out citizenship papers in a hurry. He is 34 years old.

American PWs Will Get Turkey

The American Red Cross early in October took steps to assure that American servicemen held as prisoners of war in enemy countries would get Thanksgiving turkey.

Processed turkey, packed in 12 ounce cans, is being shipped to prisoners of war in Germany and Japan.

Conduct Medals Given

Two hundred fifty-nine men in the Third Bn, 166th Inf at the Field Artillery School were awarded the Good Conduct Medal last week. Lt. Col. Oliver H. Gibson is Commanding Officer.

1st-2nd Non-Com Clubs Combine

Noncommissioned officers' clubs of the First and Second battalions, FAS Det, combined last week to reorganize and form one unit. At the same time new officers for the combined group were elected and a new building was occupied as headquarters for the club.

M/Sgt. Charles Fowler was elected president and M/Sgt. Samuel Hames, vice president. Other officers named were Tec 5 William G. Williams, secretary; S/Sgt. William G. Cookus, treasurer; S/Sgt. Travis Williams, parliamentarian; S/Sgt. James Horne, sergeant-at-arms, and Tec 5 Arthur T. James, corresponding secretary.

The club's new quarters is in Building T-423 on Randolph Road opposite the First Battalion bus stop. One of the features of the club will be regular Saturday night dances.

FORT SILL ARMY NEWS

Winner of second place in printed division of the 1944 University of Missouri School of Journalism national contest for service periodicals.

Official camp newspaper of Fort Sill, Okla., edited and published under Army Service Forces approved periodical number APN 8-20-M by the Post Public Relations Office, Headquarters, Fort Sill, Okla., and distributed free to post military personnel.

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(Post Public Relations Office—Phone 6129)

No Pushover In The Pacific

Some of the arm-chair strategists still maintain that Japan will fold up like a punch-drunk pugilist when we turn our full power on her after the fall of Germany.

But servicemen returning from the Pacific tell a far different story.

Far from being the comical, buck-toothed, near-sighted little man of movie and cartoon fame, the Japanese soldier is a dangerous, aggressive opponent. And the Japanese civilian, by and large, is as willing to die for his country as his uniformed counterpart.

Japan and the Japanese are small only physically. The country is one of great cities with a great capacity for production and sacrifice. Japan's five largest cities—Tokyo, Oska, Nagoya, Kyoto and Kobe—roughly are comparable to the five biggest cities in the United States. Before the war Tokyo had a population 95 per cent that of New York, and the other four compared similarly with our top five. Yokohama, Japan's sixth largest city, is even larger than Cleveland, America's sixth. Japan has many other large cities plus those she controls in Korea, Manchuria and China.

Don't discount Japan's production. Though little is known about her actual production record, several factors are clearly evident. Jap civilians work far longer hours than Americans and live at a level of existence which demands far few hours of work to support their daily lives. Add to the 80,000,000 Japs in the country proper the conquered peoples of Manchuria, China, Indo-China, Burma, the Netherlands Indies and the Philippines and you have three or four times as many people as we do in the United States. Most of them work for Japan, willingly or not.

Pushover? Hardly!

Protect Your Interests

When beverage bottles from the Post Exchange are broken or not returned, soldiers, as PX stockholders, lose in at least two ways.

In the first place, broken bottles must be paid for. Discounting the obvious loss to the purchaser, the Post Exchange itself must pay the beverage distributor an average of two cents for each bottle. Two cents isn't much, but when it is multiplied by the hundreds of bottles broken a day, it mounts to a tidy sum.

That money cuts into PX profits. Under Army Regulations, profits of the Post Exchange are used for the benefit of enlisted men. Thus the cost of broken bottles may reduce the PX dividends that are allotted to your organization for athletic equipment, dayroom furniture and a lot of other extras.

You also lose because the supply of beverages is reduced when bottles are broken. Glass bottles are among the critical items and are difficult to replace. Because of this, distributors, bottlers and brewers are demanding an empty bottle for each full container.

Protect your interests as a PX stockholder and preserve the neat appearance of your post by handling bottles carefully and returning them to your exchange.

What's Cookin'

Cleanliness is next to godliness. It is a matter of common courtesy. In the Army mess, it is the "welcome" sign on the doorstep, the logical means of telling your men that you hope they enjoy their food, a MUST that can't be overemphasized. It's just plain common sense.

quently, dirty trays, greasy silverware, sticky tables and benches

* * *

and strong competition with flys and roaches doesn't encourage the consumption of the food so carefully and laboriously prepared no more than does the service of this food by cooks unshaven, halfdressed, or otherwise untidy in appearance.

* * *

Odorous, messy, garbage cans and racks and stinking puddles of wash water under and around the mess hall oftimes change our outlook on an enjoyable meal.

* * *

Kitchen utensile, especially meat tools, must be kept clean and free from grase or dirt. Soap and water is the best solution, with the exception of the meat block which is cleaned with a scraper and wire brush only. Each man should be responsible for the condition and proper storage of his own tools.

* * *

Dishes and silverware must be washed in three waters, the first hot, soapy, the ltst one at 180 degrees for 20 seconds, removed and allowed to air dry.

Many live to eat, but all must eat to live. This same nutritious and well prepared food that we eat, however, can harbor millions of minute "invisible bullets" or hungry microbes that are over anxious to make a last meal on our own tissue.

* * *

They are cold-blooded little rascals, however, and by cleanliness and proper refrigeration we can keep them out of our food and prevent their rapid increase in numbers. That's why all perishable foods, and especially meat, milk or eggs, or any dish containing meat, milk, or eggs, must be handled with great care to prevent food poisoning.

* * *

Sandwiches unless made for immediate consumption must be made of jams or jellies, or if meats or cheese spreads are used, both sides must be covered with sliced pickles or a pickle relish without mayonnaise.

Ex-4F, Hero In Italy Gets Medal Of Honor

Fort Meade, Fla.—Once Pvt. James H. Mills was classified 4-F by his draft board. Today, he wears the Congressional Medal of Honor for heroism in fighting the Germans in Italy.

Dispatches from Rome said he was awarded the nation's highest military honor for knocking out 2 German machine-gun nests, killing 4 Germans, capturing 7 more and playing decoy target while his platoon surrounded and captured 22 Nazis without a casualty.-CNS.

BOOKS Old and New

Boston Adventure by Jean Stafford

Talent is its own advertisement. No recounting of its product can give the precise sensation induced by the work of talent itself. "Boston Adventure" is the work of a talented novelist and that is why I hesitate in the statement of certain reservations as I am apt to overstress what seem the imperfections in a nonetheless precious fabric. What displeases me in Miss Stafford's book is a curious disparity between her keen ear for dialogue and the intricate, overburdened style of her narrative. There is an explanation. The story is told in the first person and it may be argued logically that the particular character would tell the story in just that way. Still the involved sentence structure seemed to me often to stand between the novelist and the reader, and to dim the clarity of her thought.

"Boston Adventure" is withal perhaps the most incisive and absorbing portrait of present-day Boston yet written, both more objective and more searching than any of the novels of J. P. Marquand. Here the outsider begins to have some understanding of the Brahmin consciousness, to appreciate its wit, its charm, its strength —and to understand the nature of its inflexibility. It is with this inflexibility that the author most concerns her reader showing him how even the finest set pattern for living must change with the times, that in refusing to change it departs from moral goodness and becomes the tool of bigotry, prejudice and self-immolation. For the Boston consciousness which raises a fortress between itself and the crude world saves its most harrowing tortures not for those who break it but for those who try to break out.

My War With the United States by Ludwig Bemelmans

The ambiguous title of this charming book has been responsible for a great deal of misapprehension as to its contents. The preparation "with" is used in its opposed meaning to against. What an evidence of the power of words Here the different stress on a single preposition marks the difference between treason and cooperation.

It is a pity really that so many people should be kept away by a misunderstood title for no more amiable book has been written of our country's small foibles in wartime. This book is a tonic against our small exasperations which in lugubrious moments we are liable to blow up in our minds out of all proportion to the truth. "Oh, that's all very well to remark," you say, "But nobody has had the same bad luck that I have had. You just don't know all the things that have happened to me!" And then you open this diary kept by a 16-year-old Bavarian immigrant soldier fighting in our army in an earlier war and find that all the same things happened to him, and best of all you see that they are funny.

Bemelmans writes with great sanity even of insanity. Even in this translation of his boyhood diary there is ample evidence of that unique and highly polished style that has enabled him to write with perfect candor of subjects that would cause the books of a less accomplished stylist to be banned in Boston.

(These books and the following are available at Service Club Libraries):

Fiction

Night Unto Night by Philip Wylie.

Vile Bodies by Evelyn Waugh.

Non-Fiction

Home Front Memo by Carl Sandburg.

A New Anthology of Modern Poetry by Seldon Rodman.

Since the war, there have been manufactured in the United States more than 240,000 airplanes and 70,000 tanks, announces J. A. Krug chairman of the War Production Board. He stated that 25,000 of the planes were four-engined bombers.

Chapel Services

Chaplain Morris U. Livery
Old Post Chapel—10 a. m.

New Post Chapel
Chaplain Armour Evans
10 a. m.
Chaplain Morris U. Lively—11 a. m.

Chapain Armour H. Evans
Chapel No. 4—11 a. m.

Chaplain Jens C. Kjaer
Chapel No. 6—9:30 a. m.

Chaplain Charles G. Pritchett
Chapel No. 8—10 a. m.
Chapel No. 5—11 a. m.

Chaplain Curry M. Spidel
Chapel No. 7—10 a. m.

Chaplain H. H. Stahnke—9:30 a. m.
Chapel No. 6.
Chaplain Lawrence C. Upton—10:30 a. m

Chaplain W. Figg
Chapel No. 3—9:30 a. m.

Chaplain L. C. Upton
Chapel No. 6—10:30 a. m

Chaplain James H. Cranford
Cantonment Hospital—10 a. m.
Gunnery Hill—11 a. m.

Chaplain Donald Chappel
417th FA Group Area—10 a. m.

Catholic Masses

New Post Chapel—8 and 9 a. m
Chapel No. 3, on the Hill—11 a. m.
Theater No. 5—10 a. m.
Chapel No. 4, OCS Area—8 and 10 a. m.
Theater No. 3, FARTC Area—9 and 10 a. m.
Cantonment Hospital Chapel—11 a. m.
417th FA Group Chapel—9 a.m.
Weekday Masses at New Post Chapel, Monday through Saturday, 7 p. m. Novena Benediction, Wednesday and Friday

Mormon Services

South Wing—New Post Chapel—11 a. m.
Chapel No. 6—6 p. m.

Jewish Services

Reform—8:30 p. m.,Tuesday.
New Post Chapel.
Orthodox—8:30 p. m., Friday—Chapel No. 4.

Christian Science Services

Thursday Evening—8 p.m.
Chapel No. 5—Sheridan Road.

Contributions to the 1944 National War Fund Campaign aid all USOs in addition to numerous other agencies. Contribute now.

We were looking through a stack of magazines the other day and ran across one of those magazines on the beautiful home. The policy of the magazine was to help all of us plan the new home we will build after the war. It said so in the front. Being no less susceptible to the merits of attractive housing than the next man we leafed through the lyrical outbursts on plumbing and indirect lighting and found that what the editors had to say was not much. In the first place they claimed to have interviewed servicemen as to the kind of homes they would like to build, and there followed a series of what they presented as reconstructions of the servicemen's ideas. We looked at those illustrations and could only conclude that if those were honest reconstructions there had been some leg-pulling by GI's of some amazingly naive magazine editors. We wanted to say to those editors, "Please, sirs, let's keep our feet on the ground. You are not seriously presenting these as practical suggestions to the returning soldier? Why, sirs, not even a first three grader could afford all that chrome! Solid glass doors and barbecue cubicle and automatic air filters are all very well in a dream castle but we would appreciate at least a few pictures of the kind of home that we might conceivably own before we are too old to enjoy it."

Auxiliary Lags In Surgical Foldings

Fort Sill Auxiliary, American Red Cross, has a total of 22,000 surgical dressings to finish before Dec. 31 if the 1944 quota is to be met, Mrs. J. J. Donahue, Production chairman, said today.

A greater amount of dressings must be folded by an increased number of workers to complete the quota and meet the deadline set by Red Cross National Headquarters in Washington.

Possibility of closing the production rooms during the holidays hinges on filling the 1944 quota, Mrs. Donahue stated. Group chairmen are asked to redouble their efforts in order to close the year successfully, she said.

Mrs. Donahue offered the reminder that surgical dressings are made daily, 9 to 11:30 and 1:30 to 4 at the Officers' Club and at CC-40. On Saturday mornings from 9:30 to 11:30 the young people of Fort Sill volunteer their time to making dressings under the supervision of Mrs. T. W. McCaw, assisted by Mrs. R. P. Sledge.

The Wolf by Sansone

"How do you know she's not your type?"

Male Call

by Milton Caniff, creator of "Terry and the Pirates"

Truth and Consequences

USO Highlights For Next Week

Ted Fio Rito And Band Coming

Ted Fio Rito, veteran maestro, and his band will appear at Fort Sill Nov. 24 in "Spotlight Band" broadcast from Theater No. 1.

(Continued from Page 1)

The Post Special Services Office has arranged for the attendance at the dance of 300 girls from cities and towns in this section of the state.

Fio Rito has climbed from the piano of a neighborhood movie house in Newark, N. J., to a high rank among the nation's music makers. He has been interested in music from childhood.

At 16 he went to work, pounding the keys of the piano in the Newark Nickelodeon. After a year he had graduated from this task to a higher ranking in the world of music, had already sold two songs and was a member of the American Society of Composers and Publishers.

Fio Rito's band which will make the Fort Sill broadcast will include, in addition to the dance orchestra, instrumental and vocal soloists.

War Chest—

(Continued from Page 1)

tillery Replacement Training Center have contributed $2,400. Station Complement organizations and civilian personnel of Fort Sill have given $1,206.80.

Comanche County's War Chest contributions now total approximately $3,000 short of the $40,000 county goal. War Fund workers revealed, however, that many of the returns from nearby county areas have not been reported yet. It is believed that the county goal will be reacned.

The National War Fund Drive closed at Fort Sill Wednesday.

Aid the worthy cause of the 1944 National War Chest Campaign.

If you get in hot water—be nonchalant; take a bath.

YMCA & JWB USO
4th and B St.

Bingo: Thurs. night.
Jam Session and Amateur Contest: Tuesday night.
Dancing: Sat., Tues., Thurs., and Fri.
Novelty Nite: Sunday 8 p. m.

YWCA USO
612 D Street

Dancing: Thursday and Saturday nights.
Classical Music: Mon., Wed., and Sunday.
Art Classes: Tues., Thurs., and Fri.

SALVATION ARMY
520 D Street
315 C Street

Movie: Tues., 8 p. m.
Bingo: Friday.
Math Class: Mon., Fri., 7:30 p.m.
Spanish Class: Friday, 7:30 p. m.

NCCS
420 C Street

Movie: Sunday
Bingo: Mon. Nov. 20
Dancing: Wed. and Sat.

DOUGLAS USO
Larrance and Arlington

Movie: Sat. and Tues.
Bingo: Friday night.
Amateur Nite: Wed. Nov. 22.
Dancing: Sat. 9 p. m.

Superior Rating Given Air Depot

The 041st Aid Depot Detachment stationed at Post Field, Fort Sill received a superior rating for the October inspection, Charles Zumwalt, Chief Clerk, said. Capt. B. Gordinier is Commanding Officer.

The rating, the highest possible, was given on a technical ,administrative and command inspection. The 041st Aid Depot is a unit of the Oklahoma City Air Service Command.

Don't fail to contribute to the 1944 National War Fund Cam-

TRAINING FILM LIBRARY Preview News

Combat Bulletin No. 24 "Channel Coast Activities," will be previewed at the Signal Corps Training Film Library Tuesday morning.

Most of the activity shown in this film takes place in the European Theater of operations. Allied aircraft are seen combating Nazi naval units in enemy water supply routes.

Along the northern French coast then held by the Germans, enemy troop and supply trains are heavily bombarded by air arms.

Repair depots of the Armored forces are seen, as well as activities of the huge airborne force in the fight against the Nazi enemy.

At Toulon Harbor, installations of French naval guns are shown. Combat Bulletin No. 24 ends with scenes of the Palau Island invasion in the Pacific.

"German Wood and Concrete Mines," a technical training film, will also be shown on preview day. In the fight against the Nazi, Allied soldiers have probably run across the greatest variety of all types of mines in the history of warfare.

This film is a complete review of the many types of German mines, how to detect them and how to safely disarm them.

Dance Night Changed By 420 C St. USO

The dances regularly scheduled for Thursday nights at the USO Club at 420 C Street, Lawton, will be held on Wednesday nights beginning Nov. 22.

Arthur J. Hughes, director of the club which is operated by the National Catholic Community Service, reports the Thursday night schedule conflicted with other events.

Three Super Pictures Scheduled For Post Theaters Next Week

Winsome Jane Wyatt appears opposite Cary Grant inRKORadio's "None But the Lonely Heart," coming to Post Theaters. She portrays Aggie Hunner, lovely celloist whose love for Grant provides one of the two romantic threads in the drama of London slums.

Yank, the Army weekly, features a full page of sketches this week on life in the Aleutian Islands during the early days of the campaign in January, 1943, drawn by Private First Class Robert F. Maxfield who was formerly stationed at Fort Sill with the 209th Field Artillery Battalion. Private Maxfield has since been transferred to Camp Chaffee, Ark.

"Frenchman's Creek" is the lush technicolor adaptation of Daphne du Maurier's novel about the young English matron of an earlier century who leaves her family to go off with the pirates. Joan Fontaine is the young matron; Arturo de Cordova is the chief pirate. Miss Fontaine is good to look at in a red wig. Cordova is properly dashing.

* * *

"Thirty Seconds Over Tokio" is the story of the Doolittle raid and the best picture of its kind since "Air Force." Spencer Tracy appears briefly as General Doolittle. The chief role in the picture is that of Capt. (now Major) Ted Lawson whose leg was amputated on his return to the United States. It is played with fine effectiveness by Van Johnson. This is a picture you will not want to miss.

* * *

"None But the Lonely Heart" brings Ethel Barrymore to the screen for the first time since "Rasputin and the Empress." Her performance fulfills all the expectations of those who waited for it. By the same author as "How Green Was My Valley," this is the story of Ernie Mott (Cary Grant) a London slum boy who felt himself beaten at the start. Miss Barrymore is cast in the role of Ernie's mother who unable to guide him in life achieves for him a measure of reformation by her death. The film is beautifully acted throughout, sensitively directed by Clifford Odets.

ASSIGNMENTS

Assignments of officers to the staff and faculty of the Field Artillery School last week follow: Capt. Mark W. Niemann, Department of Gunnery and 2nd Lt. Riley F. Foote, FAS Det.

MOVIE MENU FOR NOV. 18 to NOV. 24

(CLIP THIS OUT FOR REFERENCE)

Theater Phone Numbers—No. 1—2234; No. 2—5230; No. 3—7238; No. 4—7241; No. 5—4241; No. 7—4232; Office—6212

Star	Showing	(Theater Numbers In Squares) Sat.	Sun.	Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thur	Fri.
"Laura"	Gene Tierney Dana Andrews	1—4	2	2	5—7	5—7	3—6	3—6
"Frenchman's Creek" (Technicolor)	Joan Fontaine Arturo de Cordova		1—4	1—4	2	2	5—7	5—7
"Reckless Age" (Double Feature)	Gloria Jean				1—4		2	
"The Unwritten Code"	Tom Neal					1—4	1—4	2
"Thirty Seconds Over Tokio"	Spencer Tracy Van Johnson Robert Walker							1—4
"None But the Lonely Heart"	Cary Grant Ethel Barrymore Jane Wyatt							
"The Doughgirls"	Ann Sheridan Alexis Smith Jack Carson	2	5—7	5—7	3—6	3—6		
"The Princess and the Pirate" (Technicolor)	Bob Hope Victor McLaglen Virginia Mayo	3—6	3—6					
"Brazil"	Virginia Bruce Tito Guizar	5—7		3—6				

Free Xmas Wrapping Service

Christmas wrapping service for Fort Sill's soldiers is available now at the Emerson School, 4th and B Streets, Lawton, under the auspicies of the combined USO clubs of the nearby city. Left to Right, Mrs. Iris Murphy, Mrs. Mack Lewis and Mrs. Daniel Harmon, volunteer USO workers, assist post personnel in their holiday wrapping. The service is free to all in uniform.—(Signal Corps Photo).

130 Enlisted Promotions Received By Members Of FAS Detachments

Promotions of 130 enlisted men and women as noncommissioned officers in the Field Artillery School Detachments have been announced. Fourteen promotions of the first three grades were given.

Sixth Bn led with 62 and Second Bn had 53 promotions within its organization. The FAS WAC Det had 11.

The recipients of the new ratings follow:

Technical Sergeants: Glenn W. Craven and James R. Gentry.

Staff Sergeant: Irving W. Henderson, James A. Houghton, Michael Shalaida, Milton B. Brooks, Homer J. Dixon, Clarence H. Hansen, Lattie R. Ledford, Thomas B. Livingston, Ollie C. Nixon, Robert O. Stewart, Henry A. Stroman and Margaret S. Hoye.

Sergeant: Alvin W. Atwood, Leland W. Brown, William A. Furrow, James W. Johnson, Ashley F. McCollar, Max B. Ostler, Ethridge R. Sox, William A. Sheffield, Howard O. Thompson, Andrew L. Umberger, Orville W. Bauer, Paul R. Bowyer, Kenneth N. Cottingham, Neil E. Durham, John W. Hartman, Herbert K. Hochstetler, James R. Howard, Lourdes F. Nuese, Joseph M. Smith, Harold R. Williams and Letitia G. Hart.

Technician Fourth Grade: William E. McQueen, Bruce C. Granholm, Willis D. Anderson, Irving A. Bovee, Verlen H. Brown, Maurice W. Carpenter, William L. Dangler, Stepnen A. Dombroske, Vernon R. Howe, George B. Jackson, Benjamin F. Kline, Albert N. Knutson, Everett R. Logan, Harry J. Mahoney, Nicholas G. Martore, Burton C. Mead, Matt H. Padgett, Erwin H. Holf, Jens C. Staal, James G. Stafos, Clarence L. Teter, Joseph C. Thomas, Donald J. Fererro, Leighton L. Hainline, Gordon R. Wade, Jay Waalkes, Raymond F. Geerer and Helen P. Walsh.

Corporal: Lawrence P. Marquis, John R. Trumble, Robert J. Adams, Wert A. Akers, Albert J. Ambrulewec, Peter T. Anderson, Francis G. Anglin, Douglas E. Ayers, John J. Brunelle, Arthur Colvill, Sidney W. Cox, Thomas H. Cross, Edward A. Davis, Joseph DeBoer, John F. Grubb, Henry Hanson, Lloyd E. Herrington, Arnold R. Johnston, Eugene R. Kerby, Willard G. Leikam, Herbert J. Lemon, Raymond V. Lorberter, Howard V. Lorenz, Raymond A. McCartney, Harvey D. McCoy, John G. Mellema, William L. Ost, Howard W. Payne, Clarence H. Peterson, William E. Pritchard, Fred Shinn, Mario M. Spalla, Lester W. Stame, Sam Stein, Warren J. Studt, Edward W. Turner, Benjamin L. Winter, Willis S. Wright Jr, John T. Bolly, Delbert W. Bowers, Walter Bruckner, Joseph A. Capaci, Herman Davis, James L. Moore, Jack L. Nagel, Raymond W. Paanan, Gordon K. Pierce, Martin Samolsky, Thomas N. Smith, James M. Vail, Alvin E. Wheeler, Willett W. Wood, Thelma M. Pope, Adeline K. Berrigan, Dagmar T. Osbakken, Maria J. Howley, Alice M. Campbell, Elizabeth L. Wallace and Florence E. Suhm.

Technician Fifth Grade: James Bell, Van B. Cade, Thomas B. Doyle, Robert R. Cohoon, Urho M. Nopola, Leonard Rotnofsky and Jane E. Gould.

Thanksgiving—

(Continued from Page 1)

service is to be held in Old Post Chapel at 8 p. m. Wednesday with Chaplain Armour H. Evans, 166th Inf preaching on "The Reward of True Thankfulness."

Chaplain Lively is to open this service. Mrs. Morris U. Lively will sing, and Mrs. John P. Haley will be at the organ.

Area Shops Have Enviable Record

The remarkable record of less than two per cent return of vehicles repaired for shipment to combat theaters has been made by the automotive shops of the Area Combined Maintenance Shop at Fort Sill.

The Area Combined Maintenance Shops are an Army Service Forces installation.

The shops have repaired 1,650 vehicles for shipment to combat theaters, Maj. Walker Brents, control officer, said. Of this number only 26 have been found to have deficiencies, all minor, when undergoing the rigid inspection at embarkation points.

The work done on the vehicles include complete overhaul, painting, upholstering and equipping with complete sets of tools for use in combat areas.

The work of inspecting the vehicles, both when they arrive here and after repaired and ready for shipment, is under the direction of Capt. Nathan Campbell, Inspection Officer of the Area Combined Maintenance Shops.

FORT SILL'S
NEW BABIES

Station Hospital announces the following births:

A girl to 1st Lt. and Mrs. Charles R. Perry (Camp Chaffee, Ark.) Nov. 10.

A girl to 1st Lt. and Mrs. Paul Haupt (FAS Dept of Motors) on Nov. 10.

A girl to Capt. and Mrs. Edward L. Stuart (McCloskey General Hospital, Temple, Tex.) Nov. 11.

A girl to 1st. Lt. and Mrs. Clarence F. Wolfe (B-30-FARTC) on Nov. 11.

A boy to Pvt. and Mrs. John Triarchis (FAS 2nd Bn) Nov. 11.

A boy to 2nd Lt. and Mrs. Max M. Pappe (FAS FTVC No. 57) on Nov. 13.

A girl to 1st Lt. and Mrs. Clifford L. Gates (Camp Shelby, Miss) Nov. 14.

A boy to Capt. and Mrs. William Thomas Merz (Office Post Director of Supply) Nov. 15.

The only time some girls draw the line is when they use an eyebrow pencil.

BETTY G. I.

Soldiers May Prepare Now For Better Post-War Jobs

Prepare now—while you're still in uniform.

"Only about 30 percent of New York City's discharged servicemen are returning to their former jobs," Maj. Millea, who has talked with more than 7000 World War II veterans about their re-employment problems, said.

"Most of them want something better, and, on the basis of their service, training and experience, we are succeeding in placing a great many advantageously.

"But a considerable number lack the necessary skills knowledge and training to improve their economic position, and these must take additional training or educational courses after they have been discharged to qualify for the jobs they are seeking.

Head Start For Top Jobs

"It should be obvious that the man who prepares himself while still in uniform will have a head start toward the better job which is the goal of every ambitious American, in and out of uniform. Even servicemen who intend to go back to school to complete their education can make substantial progress while still in the services."

"The U. S. Armed Forces Institute offers an unparalleled opportunity to the serviceman to continue his education, to acquire new skills and training which will help him to a better job after his discharge and to increase his usefulness as a citizen and his appreciation of life through greater knowledge.

"We, in Selective Service, are determined to fight for the right of every honorably discharged veteran to return to his old job if he wants it and, is entitled to it under the law, and to help him to a better job if he can qualify for it. But we need the help of the serviceman. He should lose no time in preparing himself.

"It is unfortunately true that the least skilled are the first to feel the pinch of unemployment and lay-offs."

The Armed Forces Institute, with headquarters at Madison, Wis., and branches in nine major theaters of war, offers hundreds of educational courses in nearly every field of study.

80 Colleges Offer Courses

In addition more than 80 leading American colleges and universities are cooperating with USAFI to offer a wide variety of courses by mail.

More than 900,000 servicemen and women in every part of the world are busily studying courses of their own choosing on their off-duty time. Every day 1000 more ask for courses.

To date, more than 1700 servicemen whose high school terms were cut short by war have won diplomas through credits they earned while in uniform. Some 200 others have already received graduate college degrees, from such front-rank institutions as Ohio State University, the Universities of Michigan, Minnesota and California and Tufts College.

Most popular courses with GIs are arithmetic, algebra and bookkeeping and accounting. Technical subjects such as auto mechanics and blue-print reading also rank high.

Information about USAFI (pronounced "Yew-SAFF-ee") can be obtained from the Information and Education Officer in any unit of the Army or from the Educational Services Officer in the Navy. These officers also will be able to offer advice and guidance on courses and will supply official enrollment blanks and catalogs. Enrollment fee is $2 which entitles a serviceman to take as many courses as he can complete. One half the cost of college courses which are available through cooperating colleges is borne by the government up to a maximum of $20 per course.

The Armed Forces Institute offers an opportunity for those who plan to continue their education after the war to advance their scholastic standing while in the Army.—(CNS).

New Dental Head

Col. Lester C. Ogg, DC, is now established as Chief of the Dental Branch of Fort Sill's Station Hospital. He came here from Letterman General Hospital, San Francisco, to succeed Col. Frederick R. Wunderlich, transferred.—(Signal Corps Photo).

Six Promoted In 1864th Unit

Six members of the 1864th Unit, Army Service Forces, have been advanced in rank. Two were promoted to sergeant, two to corporal and two to technician fifth grade.

Advanced to the rank of sergeant were Cpl. Russell P. Holdridge and Tec 5 John L. Abernathy Jr. Promoted to corporal were Pfc Halden G. Tolbert and Pfc Salvatore Carey. Pfc Michael P. Costello and Pfc Monroe T. Lewis were advanced to Tec 5.

Army Chaplains—

(Continued from Page 1)

Borden General Hospital, Chickasha, already have indicated they will be present. Chaplains from all other installations in the area also have been advised of the meeting.

The visiting representative of the Chief of Chaplains Office and Dr. Stephen J. England, who conducted the Protestant Mission here during the past week, are to be heard on the regular "Religion at Fort Sill" radio broadcast over Station KSWO in Lawton at 8:45 a. m. this morning. Dr. England is dean of the College of Bible, Phillips University. The radio broadcast is presented by the Post Public Relations Office.

Chaplain Ensrud is observing all phases of the Army Chaplains' work at Fort Sill, including that involving the Prisoner of War Camp, the Post Stockade and Post Prison. He is to address a number of meetings on the Post.

A conference with individual chaplains is scheduled following the general convocation Monday afternoon. Monday at 7:30 p. m. Chaplain Ensrud is to address troops here as the guest of Chaplain Charles G. Pritchett, Truck Reg, FAS, according to Post Chaplain Morris U. Lively.

Sixth War Loan—

(Continued from Page 1)

the War Department of 35 percent of the September 1944 gross payroll for War Department civilian employes. Military installations will ask that civilians increase enrollment under Class A pay reservations to a minimum of 12 percent of gross payroll by at least 95 percent of personnel.

Cash purchases of War Bonds may be made at Fort Sill at the Post Finance Office, Post Special Services Office, all banks, Main Post Exchange, all post offices and bond officers set up in the Field Artillery School and the Replacement Training Center area.

It is much better to have loved and lost—much better.

Bonds Bomb the Bums.

Sports

"Night" Indian Sign-Language

Popular singer of Service Club 6 Variety Show, Miss Ava Fawbash, Fort Sill Indian School, sings "Pale Moon" in sign-language. the word being "night" at the moment the shutter closed.—(U. S. Army Photo, FARTC).

Nine Men Have Won Medal Of Honor Twice, Created In 1861

Above and beyond the call of duty.

Those words aptly express the deeds of soldiers who receive Army awards.

The 10 high decorations awarded by the War Department are the Medal of Honor, Distinguished Service Cross, Distinguished Service Medal, Legion of Merit, Silver Star, Distinguished Flying Cross, Soldier's Medal, Bronze Star, Air Medal and Purple Heart.

Four of these, the Medal of Honor, Distinguished Service Cross, Silver Star and Bronze Star, are awarded only for gallantry and heroism in action. The Distinguished Service Medal, Legion of Merit, Distinguished Flying Cross, Soldier's Medal and Air Medal may be awarded for service not involving actual combat. The Purple Heart is presented to a soldier suffering injury as a result of enemy action.

Our top medal, often called the Congressional Medal of Honor, because it is presented by the President "in the name of Congress," is ranked, with the Victoria Cross of Great Britain, as the highest military award in the world.

Sixty-eight of these Medals of Honor have been presented to soldiers in this conflict while the Navy has awarded almost as many. During World War I there were 105 Medals of Honor presented, and only 3,449 of the decorations have been awarded in the history of the United States.

On Borrowed Time

A large percentage of the awards have been posthumously. In fact, a soldier saying has it that any man who performs a deed worthy of the Medal of Honor and who survives is "living on borrowed time."

Only nine men have won the Medal of Honor twice and only three, among them Gen. Smedley Butler, former commandant of the Marine Corps, and 1st Sgt. Daniel Daly, Marine Corps, have won the Medal of Honor twice and the Distinguished Service Cross.

General Butler won the Medal of Honor while serving as a junior officer. Sergeant Daly won the Medal of Honor in combat and added the Distinguished Service Cross at Chateau Thiery.

The Unknown Soldier also wears both the Medal of Honor and the Distinguished Service Cross. The decorations were buried with the unknown American fighter of World War I in Arlington Cemetery.

Created In 1861

The Medal of Honor was created on Dec. 21, 1861, when President Lincoln signed the act of Congress creating the award. At that time each man winning the medal received a bonus of $100 and the advancement of one grade.

There were few changes until July 9, 1918, when the present stringent rules for winning the medal were adopted and approved by President Wilson. Under these regulations anyone winning the Medal of Honor may, at the age of 65, receive $10 a month for the remainder of his life.

The medal may be awarded years after the deed. Rear Admiral Richard P. Hobson, for instance, was awarded the Medal of Honor in 1933 for his feat of sinking the collier Merrimac in the entrance to Santiago harbor in 1898, bottling up the Spanish fleet and making possible a great American naval victory.

DSC Ranks Second

The Distinguished Service Cross, which ranks next to the Medal of Honor, is awarded for "extraordinary heroism in connection with military operations against an armed enemy." It may be awarded to anyone serving with the Army in any capacity while the Medal of Honor may go only to an officer or enlisted man. There have been 2,157 Distinguished Service Crosses awarded in this war.

The Distinguished Service Medal, 320 of which have been awarded in this war, is given to any person, serving with the Army in any capacity for " exceptionally meritorious service to the government in a duty of great responsibility."

The Legion of Merit, which has been awarded 4,057 times in this conflict, may be presented to members of the U.S. and Phillipine armed forces for "exceptionally meritorious conduct in the performance of outstanding services."

The Silver Star is given to any person serving with the Army in any capacity for "gallantry in action not warranting a Medal of Honor or Distinguished Service Cross. There have been 16,368 Silver Stars awarded during the present war.

The Distinguished Flying Cross, which has been awarded 37,243 times in World War II, is given to members of the Air Force for "heroism or extraordinary achievement while participating in aerial flight."

The Soldier's Medal, which has been awarded 4,268 times since Dec. 7, 1941, is given for "heroism not involving actual conflict with the enemy." It is given to members of the armed forces only.

The Bronze Star is awarded for "heroic or meritorious achievement or service not involving participation in aerial flight, in connection with military operations against the enemy ,on or after Dec. 7, 1941. This medal has been presented 12,638 times.

The Air Medal is awarded for "meritorious achievement while participating in aerial flight," and has been awarded to 375,769 men in World War II. It may be given to anyone serving with the Army in any capacity.

A-32 Leads In 8th Reg Loop

Battery A, 32nd Battalion, retained the lead in the 8th Regiment basketball league by smothering D-34 by a 54-10 score Tuesday. The Field Artillery Replacement Training Center loop games were played in the Post Gym.

The league leaders held a 24-0 margin at half-time and came coasting home without serious trouble. Pfc Denver Cook of the winning team scored a total of 20 points.

B-33 strengthened its hold on second place by taking a 31-10 victory over A-34. The score at the half was 18-8 in favor of the winning team.

Closest game of the night was the 19-15 victory scored by B-34. The winning team held a 7-6 lead at the intermission but the lead changed hands several times during the last half of the game.

Fort Sill Medics Hold Lead In District Volleyball Tourney

Med Section Wins Volleyball Laurels

The Medical Section volleyball team won the right to represent Fort Sill in the 2nd District Army Service Forces volleyball tournament by defeating the Station Complement in a playoff series for the Post laurels.

The Medics won the first game by a 15-7 score and took the second contest, 15-4, to end the series.

Members of the Medical Corps team are Warrenburg, Morrell, Sprouse, Alberts, Prokop and Sibert.

Never dig in too close to an ammunition dump even if it is well camouflaged. It's very dangerous ground.

The Fort Sill Medical Det held the lead with two victories at presstime in the Second District Army Service Forces volleyball championship.

Matches were forced indoors and played in the Post Gym yesterday as result of inclement weather. Finals in the tournament will be played today with the winner qualifying for the Eighth Service Command championship tournament at McCloskey General Hospital, Temple, Tex., next week.

Today's schedule matches Tonkawa vs Alva at 2 p. m.; Borden vs McAlester at 2:20 p. m.; Tonkawa vs Camp Chaffee at 2:40 p. m.; Alva vs Fort Sill at 3 p. m., and Tonkawa vs McAlester at 3:20 p. m. Games will be played outdoors, weather permitting.

Fort Sill defeated McAlester, 15-4 ,in its opening match Thursday and then nosed out Borden General Hospital, 16-14. In other first-day contests, Alva trimmed Camp Chaffee, 15-13; Borden nosed Tonkawa, 15-6 and Camp Chaffee trounced McAlester, 15-5.

News Oracle Batting 800, May Build Home On Limb After V-Day

After correctly forecasting the result of 12 of the 15 games on last week's list, the Army News Football Oracle wants to know who was this guy, Nostradamus, and what did he ever do to be considered great.

The Oracle hung up a batting average of .800 for the games of last week and has been doing a great deal of pointing with pride since the scores came ticking in. Of course the three games the Oracle missed are classed as football's greatest upsets, since the days of the flying wedge.

The Oracle, using another new system which involves intricate long mathematical formula, came up this week with these "perfect" predictions:

OKLAHOMA. to beat Kansas The feathers of the Jayhawks are plucked.

OHIO STATE to beat Illinois. Riding with the Buckeyes 'till they get bucked off.

TEXAS to beat Texas Christian. The Longhorns on the rebound from the Oklahoma Aggies.

TEXAS AGGIES to trim Rice. The Farmer Boys to harvest a fine crop in this one.

MINNESOTA to take Iowa. The tall corn boys are chopped down once more.

NOTRE DAME to wallop Northwestern. The Irish have to start winning again some time, and conditions are favorable.

MICHIGAN to trounce Wisconsin. The Badgers' claws have been clipped into the quick.

INDIANA to take Pittsburgh. The Hoosier Hot-Shots by a wide margin.

IOWA STATE to drub Drake. The Cyclones will need only a light breeze for this one.

IOWA SEAHAWKS to bounce Missouri. The Seahawks beat Tulsa, Tulsa beat Texas, Texas beat Oklahoma and Roosevelt carried 35 states.

ARMY to quell the Pennsylvania Quakers. After last week this one is obvious.

GEORGIA TECH to trounce Louisiana State. Still riding with Alexander's Ragtime Band.

DARTMOUTH to scalp Cornell. Just because the Indians are home team.

PRINCETON to beat Swarthmore. This one is strictly on the house.

MISSISSIPPI STATE to nose out Alabama. State has everything at stake on this game and will shoot the works.

26th-27th Bns Win First Games

The 26th and 27th battalions won the opening games of the Field Artillery Replacement Training Center basketball league at Dan T. Moore hall Wednesday night.

The 26th Battalion defeated the 28th Battalion in the opening game of the schedule by a 29-22 score. The winning team held an 18-8 lead at the half and was in front throughout the game.

In the second game the 27th Battalion staged a second half scoring spree to mark up a 33-20 victory over the 31st Battalion. The 27th was ahead at the half 11-8.

The 260th Army Band provided music for the opening games.

Hospital Lists 13 Promotions

Thirteen promotions to technician fifth grade or higher were made this week in the Medical Section, 1864th Army Service Forces Unit, which mans Station Hospital and its installations.

Promoted to sergeant was Tec 5 Royce R. Taylor, Reconditioning Service, and to technician fourth grade was Tec 5 Paul L. Johnson, Dispensary C.

Privates first class promoted to technician fifth grade were: Eugene G. Warrenburg, Edwin V. Belski, Kamell Cohlmia, Robert C. Crolius, Robert S. Davenport, Lawless Girard, Nolan E. Meister, Wesley C. Reincke, Louis Salmina, Douglas R. Town and Ed Waterman.

Nine Officer Teams Practice

Nine teams are running through nightly practice sessions in preparation for the opening of the Field Artillery Officers' basketball league Dec. 4.

The circuit promises to be one of the strongest at Fort Sill in recent years with several outstanding college players on the squads. Games will be played two nights weekly, one at Dan T. Moore Hall and the other at the Post gym.

Included in the present roster are teams from the Dept. of Motors, Survey, Dept. of Communication, FAS Det, 6th and 8th Regiments, FARTC, 31st Brigade, 664th FA Bn and 166th Inf. A tune-up game this week resulted in a 33-30 overtime victory for the FAS Det wit hthe 31st Brigade on the short end.

In 26 months the American Red Cross made 1,230,000 loans and grants to servicemen and women, amounting to $37,000,000.

10,490 draft cases ended in conviction, with sentences totaling more than 26,780 years.

Co M Top Ten Pin Knockers

S/Sgt. John Heigel, Co I, led all other bowlers in the 166th Inf Bn league this week with a 177.3 average in six games. His high mark enabled his team to hold second place in the league with four victories in six games.

Though individual bowlers from Co M hold none of the top positions, the team is leading the eight-team circuit with five victories in six games.

Company M holds the high team score for the season with an 808 record in one game and an aggregate of 2348 for a three-game series.

Center Touch Teams Tie 7-7

Battery B, 34th Battalion, touch football champions of the 8th Reg of the Field Artillery Replacement Training Center, and Battery C, 30 Battalion, 6th Reg battled to a 7-7 tie in a Friday game.

A return game between the two teams may be played within the next two weeks.

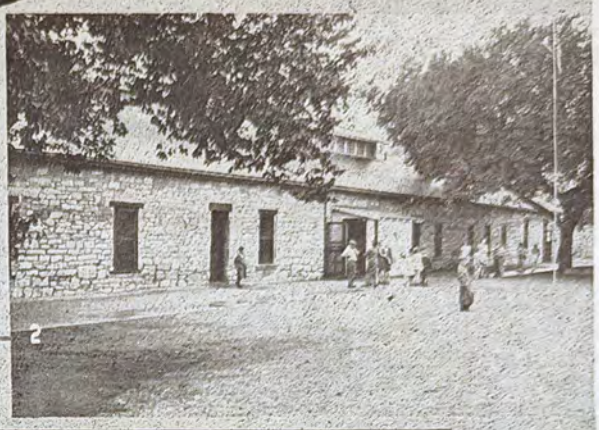
Special Maintenance School Held By FAS

A school for the maintenance of Dodge military vehicles was conducted at the Department of Motors of the Field Artillery School Monday through Friday last week. The classes, attended by instructors of the department, were in charge of D. H. Schlachter, factory representative.

PROMOTED

1st Lt. Harold Nelson Parker, Department of Communication, FAS, has been promoted to captain.

POST CHILDREN'S School



The Post Children's School, operated by the Post Special Services Office and the Lawton School system, is one of the interesting and historic activities of the fort. The Post Children's School was established here in 1870, one year after Gen. Phil Sheridan selected this site as a military base of operations against hostile Indians. The original grade school of Fort Sill was located in the present Old Post Chapel. It was also housed in quarters in the New Post Area, near present Enlisted Men's Service Club No. 1, some years later. During the early years of the school, officers' wives conducted the classes. In 1918, it became a public school of the State of Oklahoma.

1—Mrs. E. R. Alston, principal of the Post Children's School, has been teaching and supervising here 12 years. 2—The present Fort Sill grade school is located in this building, one of the original stone structures of the post. In the 1880's, this building was the Officers' Club and military Chapel. Later it was a motion picture theater and for many years was the site of the Armys Infantry School, which moved to Fort Benning, Ga., in the early 1920's. Afterward it became the school for children of Army personnel stationed here. 3—Mr. Bascum C. Swinney, superintendent of Lawton City Schools, meets with Girl Scouts and Cub Scouts who attend the post school. 4—Mrs. Wallace Foster, second grade teacher, conducts an arithmetic class. 5—Youngsters of the first grade, taught by Mrs. Pearl Talley, have morning calisthenics. 6—Mrs. W. J. Becker, fourth grade teacher, administers first aid to a pupil. 7—Miss Bernice Smith, English and music teacher, leads children in the "Donkey Song". 8—Baseball is a favorite recess time game. 9—Children of the fourth grade "dress up" for a school play. Miss Evelyn Craine is third grade teacher of the Post Children's School.—(Signal Corps Photo, Art Work, Visual Aids, FAS).

COMMONWEALTH OF THE PHILIPPINES
DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WORKS AND COMMUNICATIONS
Bureau of Posts

A SOUVENIR
WITH A BRIEF HISTORY OF PHILIPPINE POSTAGE STAMPS DEDICATED TO THE UNITED STATES AND HER ALLIED FORCES OF LIBERATION IN FREEING THE PHILIPPINES AND THE REST OF THE WORLD FROM THE COMMON ENEMY

T o: Bob Aldridge
Whom issued

From: Simeriano F. Dagatan
Postmaster

MAYON VOLCANO, at Legaspi, southern Luzon. This is one of the most beautiful volcanoes in the world. In fact, it is the most perfect cone-shaped volcano.

picture depicting Agriculture in the Philippines

Dr. JOSE RIZAL, Filipino hero and martyr. He is considered the greatest Malayan that ever lived. Rizal is the Father of his country, just as George Washington is of his own. He was executed by the Spaniards at the Luneta, Manila, on Dec. 30, 1896, and a monument in his honor stands on the very spot where he fell.

BARASOAIN CHURCH, Malolos, Bulacan. Seat of the First Philippine Congress and where the Constitution of the 1st Philippine Republic was drafted in 1898.

JUAN DE LA CRUZ. This is the symbol of the Filipino people and Government, as Uncle Sam is to the United States.

PEARL-FISHING in the Sulu Archipelago. P e a r l, a precious stone and famous the world over, is found here and is obtained from Mothers-of-Pearl which the Moros dive deep into the bottom of the sea.

SALT SPRINGS, at Salinas, Nueva Vizcaya, Luzon. Salt is obtained from this spring by the natives.

COAT OF ARMS of the Commonwealth of the Philippines (in two colors and denominations).

MAGELLAN'S LANDING in the tiny island of Limasawa, in the southern part of Leyte. First Catholic Mass in the Philippines was celebrated here in 1521.

Picture of a typical Filipino woman.

FORT SANTIAGO, Manila, where Dr. Jose Rizal was incarcerated before he was executed. Here, on the eve of his execution, he wrote his immortal poem: "My Last Farewell," which every cultured man loves to read.

THE BLOOD COMPACT. This was an act of friendship between the Spaniards and Filipinos executed by Legaspi, Spanish Governor General in the Philippines, and Sikatuna, a Filipino Chieftain in the island of Bohol, in 1565. The name was gotten from the fact that each signer got from his veins a drop of blood poured into a glass of wine which both have drunk.

HERE'S FOR AN EARLY V-J DAY

e

Essay on men.

Men are what women marry. They have two hands, two feet, and sometimes two wives, but never more than one dollar or one idea at a time.

Like Turkish cigarettes, all made of the same material, the only difference being that some are a little better disguised than others.

Generally speaking, they may be divided into three classes; Husbands, Bachelors and Widowers.

An eligible bachelor is a mass of muscle entirely surrounded by suspicions; Husbands are of three varieties; prices, surprises and consolation prizes.

Making a husband out of a man is one of the highest plastic arts known to civilization. It requires science, sculpture, and common sense, faith, hope, and charity --especially charity.

It's a psychological marvel that a soft, fluffy, tender, violet-scented, sweet little thing like a woman should enjoy knowing a big awkward, stubb-chinned, tobacco and rum scented thing like a man.

If you flatter a man, it scares him to death and if you don't, it bores him to death. If you permitt him to make love to you, he gets tired of you in the end, if you don't he gets tired of you in the beginning.

If you agree with him in everything, you cease to interest him, and if you argue with him in anything, you soon cease to charm him. If you believe in all he tells you, then he thinks you are a fool and if you don't he thinks you are cynic.

If you wear gay colors, lipstick, and a startling hat, he hesitates to take you out and if you wear a little brown beret and tailor made suit, he takes you out and stares at other women in gay colors and startling hats.

If you join him in his gaities and approve of his smoking and drinking he swears you are sending him to the devil, and if you don't and disapprove, you drive him crazy.

If you are the clinging vine type, he doubts you have a brain and if you are modern and independent, he doubts whether you have a heart. If you are silly, he longs for a bright mate and if you're brilliant, He longs for a playmate. If you're popular with other men, he's jealous and if you're not, he wonders what is wrong with you!

(DAMN MEN ANYWAY!)

block after block. He nearly threw a fit. There were no side streets. All he could do was creep after me while behind him a fleet of trucks piled up like for an invasion.

The tactics was perfect. But not the strategy. I had forgot that the road went past a police station.

It added up to thirty days in the crier. Twenty for reckless driving and blocking traffic. Ten for standing in the way of the war effort. Only I could get such a bum break. The trucks which I tied up were carrying Army pup tents.

Sitting in the pokey wasn't too bad. Since I was there the last time they got a new cook and radios in every room. Also sitting with me was two accountants, who played pinochle according to the law of averages. With a deck of cards that I knew by heart I repealed the law and won fifty bucks.

But my luck and my sentence ran out together. I still needed fifty dollars more for the third payment which was due that day on Mike Schnitzer.

"Mike, old pal," I said, handing him the wad, "on the rest you must give me an extension. For old time's sake."

It was pure butter, but he refused to slip. "For old time's sake I can give you only bills for damages."

"So what do you want from me, an arm and a leg?"

"Jackass meat I can't use," he said. "Just hand over the cab."

I could see now he wanted my hack even more than he wanted his cash. "Nuts to you, Shylock," I told him. "I am removing two tires and selling them. And tomorrow you will get your fifty."

Mike's chin fell in his overalls. "Sell tires off my . . . I mean this cab. For fifty bucks! I'll give you seventy myself."

"Give," I said.

When the deal was over I had twenty dollars in cash and a receipt for the hundred-dollar installment. Mike had the two back tires and a weaselish expression. "How'll you ride now?" he asked.

"Nothing to it," I told him. "I'll sell my other two good tires, and with the money buy four not so good ones."

"Don't be a sucker," he said. "I got two spares you could have cheap. Twenty bucks."

It was cheap. For twenty bucks I couldn't even buy tires for a bicycle. But the heel wasn't being bighearted for nothing. He figured there was a good chance he would foreclose on my cab one of these days. But he wanted it with the super de luxe rubber Uncle Sam put on it.

CUT up in little slices and mixed with peppermint, these tires Mike sold me might have been all right as chewing gum. But riding on them was like riding on land mines. Five, six times a week I would get blowouts. And mostly when I also had passengers.

"Ma," I said, "this Schnitzer has me coming and going. And even standing still."

She shook her head disappointed. "The trouble, Harry, is you have been making spongecake without first beating up the eggs."

"Meaning what, Ma?"

"Meaning you should have steady riders, Harry. When you beat up the eggs, the cake grows. And when you have steady riders, the profit grows. But still you use the same eggs and the same tires. No extra."

"You think you got an idiot in the family?" I asked her. "I tried to get steadies. But people who want to go to the same place at the same time I can't find."

"That's because you didn't look in Apartment 2-A," said my mother. Towing me down the hall, she rang the bell and marched in. A girl in slacks and a sweater bounced out of the living room. "Meet Mary Fogarty," said my mother. One look and I forgot all about business. She was a dream. Black hair, blue eyes, and a shape like a guitar.

"I'm delighted to meet you," said Mary with a voice that was music.

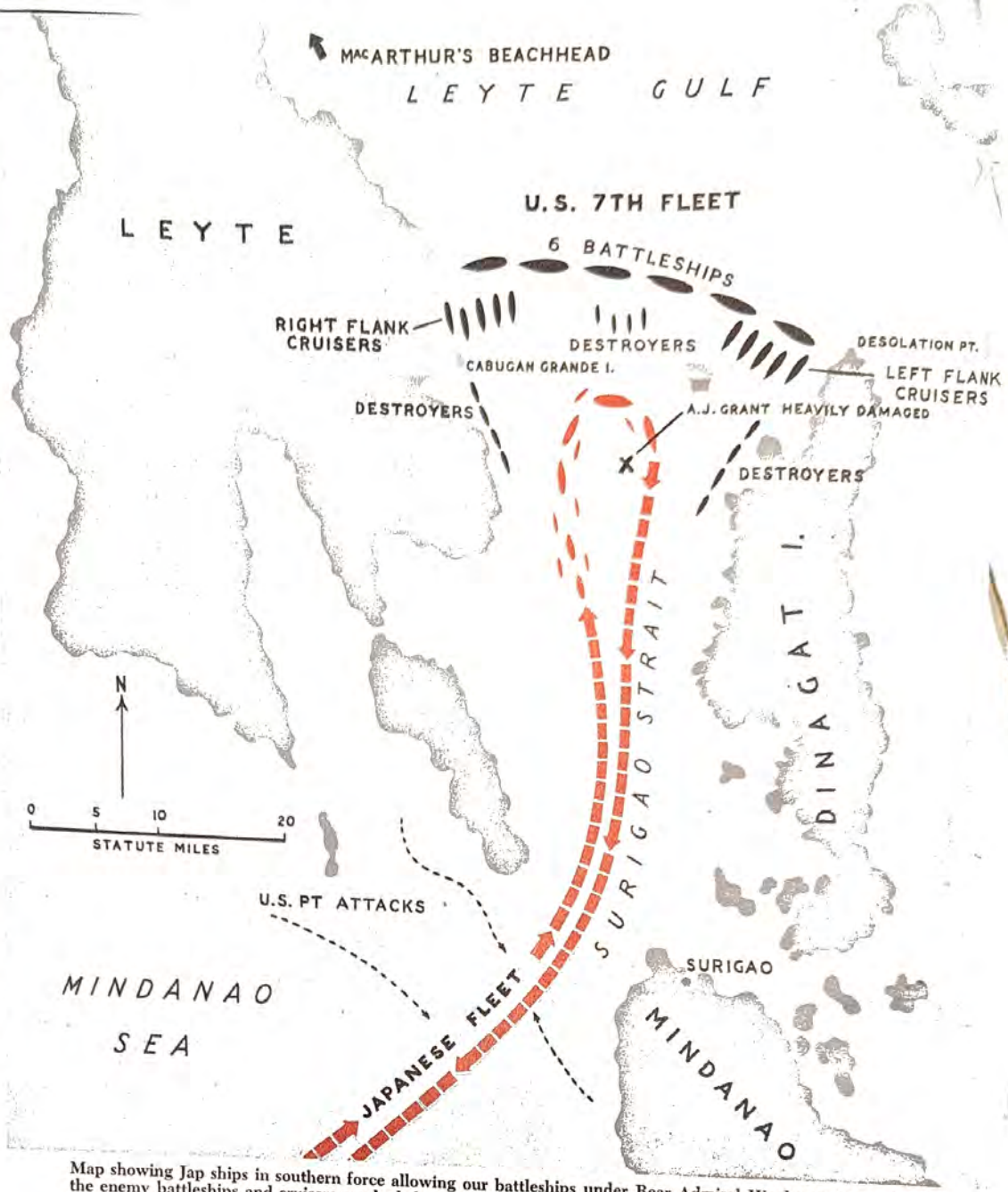
"Ditto," I said. "What are you doing tomorrow?"

(Continued on page 29)

There was no time for arguments. I pushed the gas down as far as it would go. I turned on the radio. The girls sang and the motor hummed. Passing boats whistled at us. I Bronx-cheered them with the horn

Rear Admiral C. L. Weyler, commander of our battleship force which "crossed the T" on the Jap southern force in a night action

Commander Terrell A. Nisewaner, skipper of the destroyer A. J. Grant, who saved his ... from almost certain doom that night



Map showing Jap ships in southern force allowing our battleships under Rear Admiral Weyler to "cross the T." As the enemy battleships and cruisers reached the northern end of Surigao Strait in two columns, the lead ships in each reversed course, presenting a perfect broadside target for the heavy guns of our battlewagons, veterans of Pearl Harbor

MERICA'S GREATEST VAL BATTLE

...TIN REYNOLDS
...h the Pacific Fleet

...ORGE E. JONES
...with Admiral Mitscher

RALPH TEATSORTH
with Admiral Kinkaid

FRANK D. MORRIS
at Washington

The Story:

The Japanese Navy, shamed out of hiding by our invasion of the Philippines, moved in three groups against our Leyte beachhead, hoping to cut off and destroy MACARTHUR'S army. The U. S. THIRD FLEET under ADMIRAL WILLIAM F. "BULL" HALSEY and the SEVENTH FLEET under REAR ADMIRAL THOMAS C. KINKAID awaited the enemy. It was like a three-ring naval circus. In Ring One, south of Leyte, American planes and submarines harried the Japs' southern naval force moving toward Surigao Strait, and our beachhead. In Ring Two, north of Leyte, VICE-ADMIRAL MARC A. MITSCHER'S planes had pounded a second Jap force, which on October 24th was reported turning back from San Bernardino Strait. In Ring Three, far to the north, HALSEY was leading most of the THIRD FLEET away from the beachhead to meet a third force, moving down from Japan or Formosa. This left San Bernardino Strait guarded only by escort carriers and destroyers.

OFFICIAL U.S. NAVY PHOTOGRAPHS • MAP BY LIEUT. COMM. ROLF KLEP, U.S.N.R.

OUR gallant ghost ships—rebuilt from twisted wreckage raised off the bottom of Pearl Harbor—were poised for revenge on the Japanese in the early morning blackness of October 25th, when the Second Battle of the Philippines reached its first big climax. The final day of the three-day naval action was one of sweet anticipation for thousands of men who still rankled under the personal humiliation of Japan's 1941 attack on the Hawaiian naval base. But it was also a day of infinite peril, a day on which Japanese craftiness again thrust us close to disaster.

The battle had fallen naturally into three sectors and it was in Ring One, south of Leyte, that action began on October 25th. At 2:49 A.M. there was only darkness and silence and the tenseness of vast but unseen danger over Surigao Strait, a bottleneck ten miles wide and thirty-five miles long, through which the Jap southern force had to pass to get at our Leyte beachhead. The moon had set, and on Rear Admiral Jesse B. Oldendorf's flagship the men could not see even a star in the sky. They could not see the men at battle stations on their own ship; nor could they see the giant ghosts of prewar American naval power waiting close by in the blackness. But they were there; the proud ships that had exploded in clouds of fire and oil that desperate morning at Pearl Harbor.

Morris-Reporting

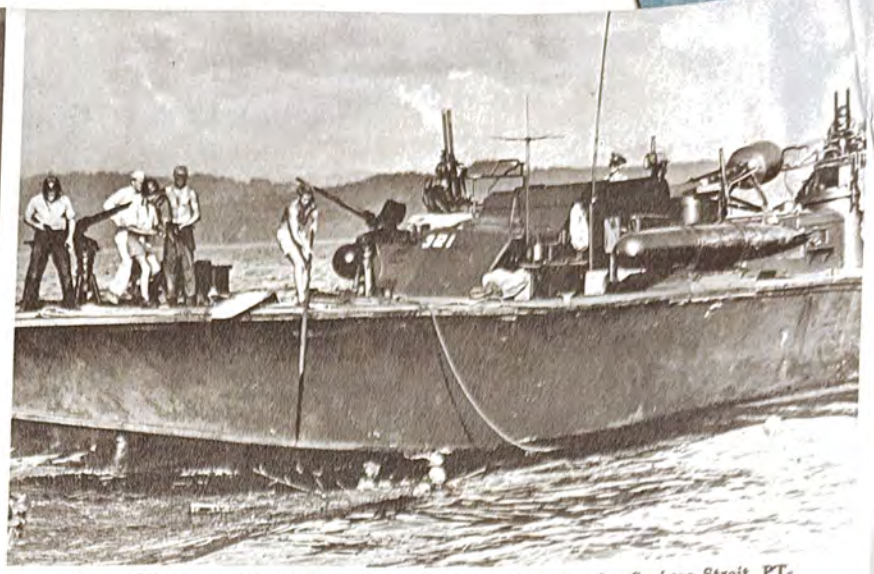
You could call the honor roll of ghosts that morning in Surigao Strait. There was the California, now a quarter of a century old, which, on Sunday morning, December 7, 1941, was hit by bombs and torpedoes, and sank at her berth in Battleship Row off Ford Island. Six months later—to the day—she was floated out of drydock and, after refitting, rejoined the Fleet.

Teatsorth Reporting

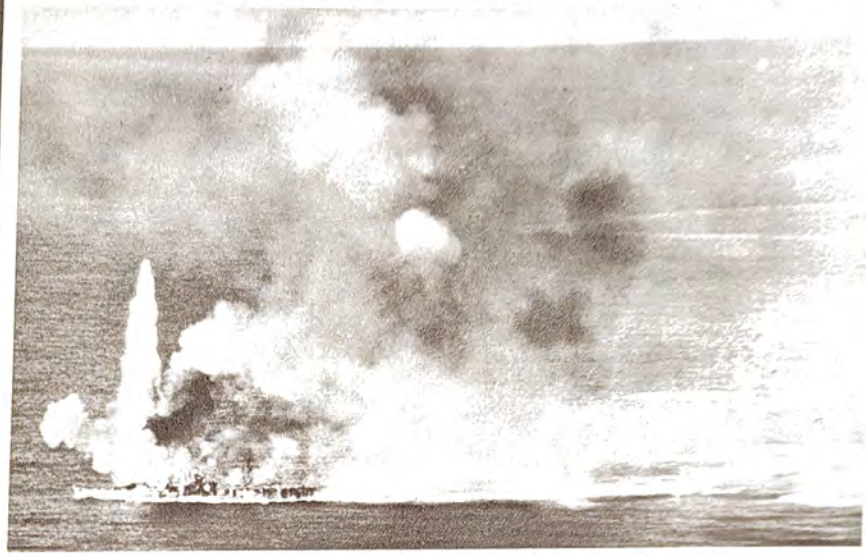
There was the Pennsylvania, which, immobile in a floating drydock at Pearl Harbor, had been bombed, but whose crew fought off waves of Jap planes. There were the Maryland and the Tennessee, each hit by a pair of bombs, but returned to active duty several months later.

And there was the West Virginia. Six torpedoes and two bombs plowed into the West Virginia on December 7th and, a mass of flames and billowing black smoke, she listed badly to port. That day her skipper, Captain Mervyn S. Bennion, was mortally wounded. Fighting to save the "Weevie," 104 more of the ship's complement gave their lives. They were trapped in a compartment when the ship sank, and their bodies were not re-

The Japs don't think it's so funny, but Admiral W. F. (Bull) Halsey, commander of the famous Third Fleet, chuckles over the prospect of drawing the Jap fleet out of hiding



After making successful night torpedo runs on enemy ships entering Surigao Strait, PT-boat crews pick up Jap survivors from debris-filled waters after the battle. Some of the Japs resisted rescue and our PT men were ordered to haul them out with boat hooks



Ise-class Jap battleship zigzags in vain effort to escape furious attack by our carrier-based planes. Direct hits have set the ship afire, and near-misses send geysers high into the air as our Helldiver dive bombers and Hellcat fighters punish the crippled vessel

ered until months later, but it was discovered, from a record they had kept in chalk, that they had managed to stay alive until Christmas Eve.

Those were the ghost ships come to life and waiting for the Japs in Surigao Strait. And the men of Pearl Harbor were there, too, ready to close the trap that Oldendorf had set for the enemy.

Oldendorf had formed a steel gantlet in the darkness of Surigao Strait. First, he had lined up five destroyers on one side and behind them he placed five cruisers, parallel to the eastern shore of the strait. On the western side of the strait, he had more cruisers, preceded by four destroyers. Then he drew a line on his chart from Desolation Point, on Dinagat Island, to the island of Cabugan Grande, and ordered his battleships to take station in column just north of that line. They closed the northern end of the gantlet.

Reynolds-Reporting

And now the Jap force of two battleships, the Fuso and Yamashiro, two cruisers and four destroyers, with a second group of cruisers and destroyers four miles astern, was steaming in twin columns into the trap, into the steel gantlet. There were about fifteen Japanese ships in all, moving at eighteen knots.

About 3 A.M., Oldendorf gave the order, "Commence firing." Our destroyers raced in toward the enemy ships, swung around and launched torpedoes. There was no more darkness that night in Surigao Strait. There were blinding flashes as the torpedoes struck, and then everything happened at once—especially to the Japanese.

Morris-Reporting

The torpedo attack was a signal for cruisers on both sides of the trap to direct a blistering cross fire against the enemy ships. At first the Japs thought it was a mistake, that they were being fired upon by their own guns. Their warships flashed colored recognition lights, which was proof that they were completely surprised and bewildered, and these lights furnished an excellent point of aim for our gunners. Then the Jap ships laid down a protective smoke screen. As they did so, our destroyers—except for one which was hit—withdrew through their own smoke screen and opened up with their five-inch batteries.

On one of the destroyers of Captain Kenmore M. McManes, a U.S. squadron commander, there was a gunner with good eyes. He saw the door of a Jap admiral's flag cabin fly open after a salvo struck one of the enemy battleships. A bright light flashed out. McManes' report on the incident concluded with: "We closed the door with our next salvo."

This was superbly planned slaughter, and real revenge for the veterans of Pearl Harbor. Oldendorf, from his cruiser flagship, saw the Japs squirm and twist and fight back in blind desperation, and he began to hope for still greater success—the classical tactic of crossing the T, an opportunity for which every naval commander hopes but which few realize.

The Jap columns plunged up the strait, firing sporadically and, for the most part, inaccurately. Their shells fell short sometimes, and again they overshot. Then, when they got the range right, they were usually off in deflection. Even the star shells that they sent soaring into the darkness to light up our ships were falling in front of the targets instead of behind them, as was required if they were to silhouette our ships. But Oldendorf was looking for something else and finally he found it.

This story was too big for one war correspondent to see or cover, so Collier's asked four veterans to report various phases of the battle. Jones (United Press) was aboard Vice-Admiral Mitscher's flagship and Teatsorth (United Press) was with Vice-Admiral Kinkaid. Reynolds covered the over-all story at Pacific Fleet headquarters, and Morris did the roundup of information at Washington. All four reports blend together, but, in a general way, the work of each reporter is indicated by marginal labels.

The lead ship of one Jap column, reaching a certain narrow point in the strait, reversed course. The lead ship in the other enemy column followed suit later and so did the second ship in each column—at the same point. It was the opportunity of a lifetime for Oldendorf. If the Jap ships had turned simultaneously, they might have escaped the worst punishment, but they didn't. And Oldendorf crossed the T.

Reynolds-Reporting

As each enemy ship came to the turning point, it presented a perfect target, at constant range (twenty thousand yards—about twelve miles), to broadsides from the big rifles of our six battleships, deployed across the mouth of the strait under command of Rear Admiral George Weyler. It was almost too

(Continued on page 67)

Fightin' Irish

BY JIM MARSHALL

Ever since she was five, June Haver has been battling her way upward to film stardom. At eighteen, she's almost made it

DON'T ask June Haver that. Everybody asks her that, first off. Mostly old-timers. "June," they ask, "you any relation to Phyllis Haver?"

She gives them the big Irish smile and the big blue eyes, but you can see her heart isn't in it. "Everybody asks me that," she'll say. "The first time was in Cincinnati when I was seven years old."

That would be the time she took her first screen test on the stage of the old Albee Theater, having been made up in the lobby before a critical throng composed mainly of other child devastators and their mothers. Anyway, she won the test and got an offer from Metro, which was looking for a triple-threat brat to oppose Shirley Temple. Her mother said, "No, by golly! June's going to have a normal childhood," and nixed the bid.

This was tough on June, because she'd been managing her own career for two years, having started at five by contracting for piano lessons, taking a few on credit and coming home to play her mother into paying for them. Mother bought the deal.

Her dad had been a composer who had played with Sousa and during the first World War had conducted his own band in the Navy. Her mother had been a stock actress all through the Middle West, so she was in show business from the start. Her mother was Marie Hansen; her father, Fred Stovenour.

When she was ten, and a whiz at school festivals, singing contests and piano orgies, the family moved back to Rock Island, where she had been born June 10, 1926. By that time she had won a medal from Eugene Goossens, copped first prize in Cincinnati from a flock of Hamilton County, Ohio, speaking contests, learned five styles of dancing and was doing a smidgin of composing music in her spare time away from the Frances Willard School.

Life seemed to be slipping away pretty fast with not much accomplished, so she took foot in hand and sold the manager of Station WHBF on a show she had organized with some other kids. It was a combination quiz, singing, music and wise-sayings-of-children affair and she quickly sold it to an ice-cream company for $2 cash and four quarts of ice cream, vanilla or strawberry, depending which the concern had a surplus of.

"Not much, but no ten per cent out for an agent," June says practically. She's got herself all the jobs she's had up to now and still wonders what agents are for, a by no means rare wonderment in Hollywood.

A few months later she entered a singing and impersonations contest conducted by the Glendora Coal Company of Waterloo, Iowa, a patron of the drama, and won over sixteen hundred other kids. The prize was $200 and a trip to New York. After that she kept on earning money by managing herself, making $5 and $10 a night being mistress of ceremonies for cultural uproars staged by the Elks, Eagles, American Legion and a church or two.

Every time an orchestra would come to Rock Island, June would be down selling the maestro on the publicity value of having a local name as soloist. People like Freddie Martin, Dick Jurgens and Ted Fio Rito were impressed and hired her. She got her picture on page one of the newspapers: "Local girl to sing with famed band."

Just what had become of Mother's "normal childhood" plan, no one knows. Anyway, Fio Rito offered her a song spot and she and her mother toured with the band. At Dallas, Texas, in a moment of exhilaration, they wired Dad up in Rock Island to sell everything and come a-running. Dad sold his automobile agency, his home and whatever was loose, packed a few grips and June's sisters, Dorothy and Evelyn, into the car and burned the roads to Dallas.

"Well," he asked briskly, upon arrival, "where do we go from here?"

"Hollywood," said Mother, who had been prompted.

This was in the fall of 1941 and for some weeks the 15-year-old June sang at the Trianon and other places, going to Beverly Hills High School late in the year. A week after Pearl Harbor she produced a thousand-word oration upon the subject, titled: "Don't Weep, America!" It was declaimed with great dramatic effect at the high school.

Talent Scouts Make a Discovery

Early in 1942 she appeared in a school production of Ever Since Eve and got offers from talent scouts from Metro and Fox. She was undecided, but Mother was mindful of the precarious nature of show business and chose Fox.

"It's nearer the house," she explained. If the family fortune disappeared, June could walk to work.

Mother was right—or almost. Fox inked her to a contract in the spring and fired her in the fall. This was a bit unfair, because she never had appeared in anything, and was apparently blamed for doing nothing. It was just before Christmas, she hadn't any money, and life blacked up. She went to Lew Schreiber, the casting director, and said: "Look, why?"

He said: "You're too young."

She cried.

He said: "Now, don't go and commit suicide."

She said: "I might at that—d'you know any good ways?"

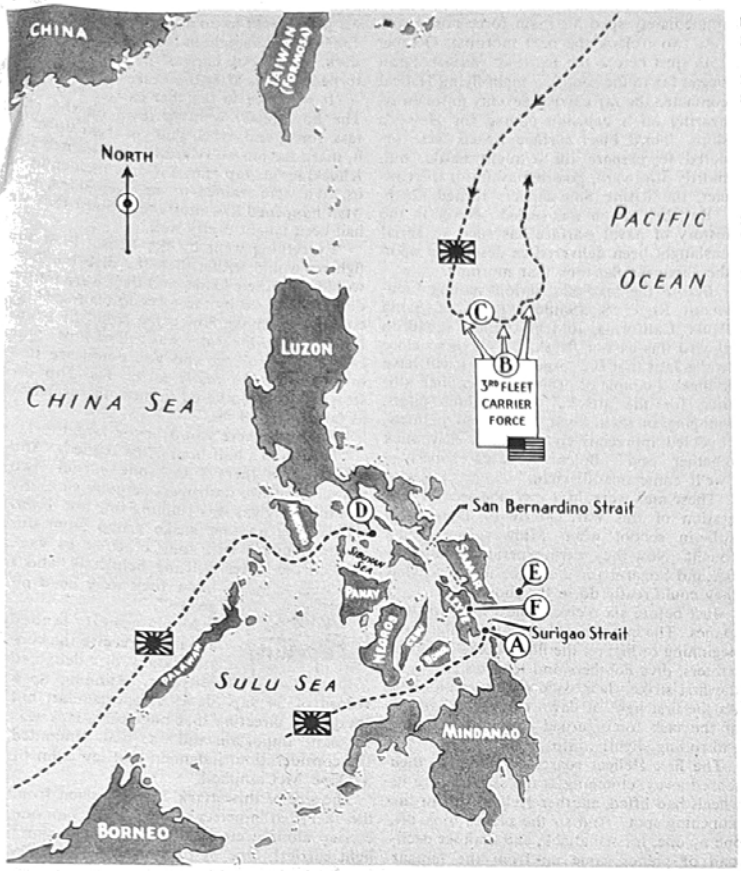
He didn't. So she went home and, being a spunky little mick, she fought back. Her sister Dorothy lent her $150 to buy a slinky white evening dress. She wrote herself a test scene, got hold of a piano player she knew and asked him for help. He said okay, the way piano players do, and they showed up at Fox and demanded a new test. Mother had lent her a diamond ring—a notable sparkler—and June casually flashed this around for morale-building purposes. So they gave her a new test.

In this one June gave her all. Her hair and heels were up and, having fixed the set with black velvet drapes and posed the piano player, she became the Empress of Stormy Emotion, in her new white gown, with the key-pounder hardly visible. She sang How Deep is the Ocean? and without waiting for computation ended up on the piano player's lap, saying "Goodby" with all stops out—tremolo, grand diapason, vox humana—everything. Since nobody could see the black-clad piano player against the black drapes, it looked as if she were sitting on a moonbeam or something and considerably puzzled directors who looked at the test. There was a palm tree on the set, too.

"It helped make things more exotic and sophisticated," says June. "It aged me a little."

Mr. Schreiber was one of those who saw the test and it so impressed him that he gave her a $50-a-week pay boost and forgot all about her again. This was in February; in June she was still doing nothing. This time she fired herself, or tried to. They said: "No, go ahead and take a little vacation, but stay on the pay roll. Any year now . . ."

So she went out and got herself a job on the stage in Meet the People, singing, dancing and acting, bringing home two checks every week. It was *(Continued on page 71)*



Map of Philippines area showing location of various phases of battle. (A) Southern Jap force caught in trap and demolished. (B) Mitscher's carriers attacking Japs to north. (C) Course of Jap force. (D) Air attack on Jap central force. (E) Our escort carriers giving air cover to troops on Leyte. (F) MacArthur's beachhead

America's Greatest Naval Battle

Continued from page 19

easy for the ghost ships. The first salvos smashed directly on the enemy's leading units around four o'clock.

The range was so short that it was difficult to miss, but the Jap warships, because they were approaching head-on, could bring only their forward turrets to bear against our battleships. The enemy nevertheless kept coming doggedly up to the same point—as precisely as trained animals—to make the turn and, now slowed to twelve knots, each ship received the same punishing dose of steel. It took Weyler only fifteen minutes to do a good job. Then he gave the order for the battleships to cease firing.

The reason for that order, however, was partly due to the fact that one of our de- the Albert J. Grant, had been hit heavily damaged during her torpedo run. she was dead in the water and drifting toward the enemy ships—within range big guns. Also, the retiring enemy were getting out of point-blank range, the crippled Jap ships were not to be further torture, for our cruisers and immediately took over from the pounding away at the fleeing en-

grim satisfaction, Oldendorf stalked cornered prey. He saw two Jap ships early in the engagement; then a obviously in trouble after being shelled, started to blaze. Next he another big ship, probably a Jap cruiser, go into its death throes. There to be no end to the one-sided car- A large enemy destroyer, with its stern ablaze loomed up, and Oldendorf his ships to finish it off. In the ad- 's words, "Our ships started firing at the There was a destroyer there when they suddenly there was nothing."

Of the estimated fifteen Jap ships that had ventured into Surigao Strait that night, not one returned to its Singapore base. At dawn, Oldendorf could see eight columns of thick black smoke rising from as many enemy ships, one of them a battleship.

"I sent planes out to get pictures of that one," he complained later, "but the damned thing sank before they could get there."

The two Japanese admirals commanding the force opposing Oldendorf might have questioned the validity of that complaint, but they had gone down with their flagships.

During that entire action, men aboard the American ships were too busy most of the time to worry about themselves. And, considering the death blow we dealt the enemy, our casualties were surprisingly light—one destroyer damaged. This was the Grant and she was in trouble—plenty of trouble. A salvo from a Jap cruiser had caught her just after she had launched five torpedoes. A series of explosions all but lifted the Grant out of the water. A direct hit in the engine room severed steam lines, severely burning everyone in the vicinity. Many fires were started as ammunition blew up, and the screams of the wounded and dying could be heard all over the ship.

Morris-Reporting

The ship's doctor, Lieutenant (j.g.) Charles A. Mathieu of Portland, Oregon, was killed, and his place was taken by a young pharmacist's mate, W. H. Swain, Jr., of Thomasville, North Carolina, the only medical man aboard who was still alive. While the battle was still raging, Swain ministered to dozens of wounded and saved many lives. The Grant's skipper, Commander T. A. Nisewaner of Boise, Idaho, a determined young man, was following to the letter Lawrence's famous order: "Don't give up the ship."

Captain McManes, the squadron commander, watched the Grant's skipper fight to save his ship, and McManes was full of pride.

"He kept her afloat until daylight, when they could get another destroyer alongside to give assistance," McManes said. "Her freeboard, when I first saw her, was not more than twelve inches, and her guns were so low over the water she looked like the old Monitor—you know, a cheesebox on a raft."

The task force commander feared the Grant was doomed and would have to be abandoned. Since one of the other destroyers had burned out a radio transmitter, the Grant was ordered to make hers available as a replacement. Back came the answer from Nisewaner: "My ship has been seriously damaged, but, speaking for myself and my officers and men, we intend to keep her afloat and we *will* do so. I protest most vigorously and request reconsideration of your order."

Shortly afterward, another destroyer turned up with a spare transmitter, and the intrepid Grant's skipper was allowed to keep his intact. He kept his ship, too, and the crippled Grant later weathered a typhoon before getting back to a repair base. She will soon be ready to take on more Japs. Nisewaner is a determined guy.

There was considerable mopping-up to be done by our forces in Surigao. Planes knocked off the remnants of the Jap surface force, and PT-boats ranged through the waters of the strait, filled with debris and dead Japs, picking up survivors. Some of the Nips protested at being taken prisoner, but Oldendorf ordered his men to haul them out with boat hooks.

There was plenty of discussion over the coffee cups later that morning. The big question, of course, was: Why had the Japs allowed themselves to fall into Oldendorf's trap? There were several possible answers. Apparently their plane reconnaissance had not been good or it would have reported our true strength in Surigao Strait. Again, they may have expected our ships would be busy defending the Leyte beachhead from attacks by either the central Jap force or by their carrier force approaching from the Formosa area.

Teatsorth-Reporting

This Jap carrier force may have been dispatched from the north for that very purpose, but now, on this morning of October 25th, their plans were being altered by two men named Halsey and Mitscher. To understand how this came about, we must go back to the previous afternoon, October 24th, when a boy from New Jersey, flying high over the Pacific, let out a yell of wild delight. It was just before 4 P.M., and Lieutenant (j.g.) Stuart Crapser of Springfield, Massachusetts, a rangy, blue-eyed Helldiver pilot, was cruising his search plane back toward his carrier after a fruitless search of the Pacific area to the north. Suddenly his gunner, Aviation Radioman J. F. Burns, of Garwood, New Jersey, gave off with his triumphant yell.

Jones-Reporting

Thousands of feet below the broken clouds lay four enemy flat-tops and their escort, less than one hundred and fifty miles north of our own force! It was a two-way discovery; the enemy spotted the search plane at the same time and dispatched fighters. Frantically, the usually reticent Lieutenant Crapser radioed five messages back to Admiral Mitscher's flagship announcing his unexpected find.

Meantime, another search plane, piloted by Lieutenant (j.g.) Herb Walters of Tyler, Texas, spotted—not far away—two Ise-class battleships with flight decks on their stern, and turned in his report. All told, the enemy force consisted of seventeen ships, somewhat fewer than the total reported earlier that day by a land-based patrol plane. There was one light carrier of the Shokaku class; three light carriers of the Chitose and Zuiho classes; two battleship carriers; a heavy cruiser of the Mogami class; four other cruisers; and six destroyers. The next move was up to Halsey, and the Third Fleet commander reacted with characteristic vigor. He

immediately sped his main force northward.

At two o'clock the next morning, October 25th (just before the battle of Surigao Strait began far to the south), a night-flying Hellcat contacted the Jap carriers seventy miles away, bearing on a collision course for Halsey's ships. Third Fleet surface vessels were ordered to prepare for a night battle, but, shortly afterward, possibly aware of the contact, the Rising Sun carriers turned north.

But their doom was sealed. Never in the history of naval warfare has such an aerial onslaught been delivered as descended upon the Japanese flat-tops that morning.

Before the take-offs, serious young Lieutenant Roger S. (Smiley) Boles of Santa Paula, California, told his fighter squadron aboard this carrier flagship: "We're so close to the Japs that the torpedo planes will have to make a couple of orbits to get enough altitude for the attack." The fighter pilots, lounging in their flight jumps and helmets, chuckled appreciatively. "Take it easy, stick together and"—Boles hesitated soberly—"we'll come out all right."

These men were, in a way, the second generation of this war. Many of them were still in school when Midway was being fought. Now they were experienced in combat and hopeful for a chance to show what they could really do in the showdown.

Just before six o'clock, they went to their planes. The impenetrable gloom of night was beginning to lift; on the flight decks were the fighters, dive bombers and torpedo planes of the first strike, their dark shapes motionless. As the first light of dawn came, the carriers of the task force turned eastward, pitching and rolling slightly, into the wind.

The first Hellcat roared off, dipped, then soared away, clutching at the sky. Before its wheels had lifted, another Hellcat was in the launching spot. And so the planes took off, one by one, for the attack, and another deck-load of planes came up from the hangar deck in readiness for the second wave.

In Flag Plot, task force headquarters aboard his carrier, Admiral Mitscher awaited word from search planes as to the enemy's exact location this morning. At 7:40 A.M., the words came: "Many surface gadgets, course 015, distance 150 miles." That meant the enemy was heading in a northeasterly direction, while Mitscher's carriers and battleships were coursing due north. Mitscher put on more speed.

To Commander David McCampbell, the Navy's leading ace with thirty-four Nips shot down, Mitscher assigned the direction of the first strike against the enemy. McCampbell is not only a terrific fighter pilot but a cool leader. Only the day before, he had knocked down nine Jap planes to set a world's record for kills in one day. But it was McCampbell's brain rather than his trigger finger that Mitscher wanted to use today. We'll let Dave himself tell this part of the story.

Reynolds Reporting

"We took off at dawn," McCampbell said, "and orbited (that is, circled and waited for orders) about fifty miles north of our fleet. I had with me a large force of fighters, torpedo planes and dive bombers. The ship had previously sent two scout planes ahead to locate the Jap fleet. They found it sixty miles north of us, and we were then directed to attack."

"How was the weather?" he was asked.

"Just made for us," he grinned. "We spotted the fleet thirty miles away. There was a great sight. What a mass of stuff down there—seventeen warships in formation! To my surprise, only a few planes came up to intercept, about twelve Oscars—carrier-based Zekes. We paid no attention to them but went in after the ships. They sent up the damnedest AA I'd ever seen, bursting all around us in every color of the rainbow. They put up phosphorous shells which exploded and fell in streamers. There was even a thing that looked like a pinwheel. The sky was full of it.

"I gave the boys assignments, and they went to work. The fighters strafed the outer screen of destroyers, hoping to divert their fire so the bombers and torpedo planes could make their runs and pull out safely. It worked pretty well. The bombers from my air group went in on a carrier and laid seven 1,000-pounders right in the middle of its flight deck. That took care of her, so I sent the torpedo planes after the nearest battlewagon.

"It was nice to see that carrier roll over. The boys really went to town on that Jap task force, and, when you get right down to it, that's the job we've really been trained for. Knocking out Jap planes is only incidental to us. We were trained to go after ships, and what happened that morning showed that we had been taught pretty well.

"Everything went by the book. First the fighters would strafe; then the dive bombers would drop their loads, and they were immediately followed by the torpedo planes. Huge columns of smoke now came from the burning ships, and the water was full of Japs. One carrier was sinking, and you could see that other ships were really hurt. The Nip destroyers never bothered to pick up survivors, as far as I could see."

"How long were you over the target?"

"Three and a half hours," he replied. "And while I was there I saw one carrier, two cruisers and two destroyers actually sink. By this time, my gas was running low and I was relieved by another strike group from our force. When I left, four other ships were dead in the water, drifting helplessly, and I knew they were dead pigeons."

Jones Reporting

McCampbell landed aboard to receive the congratulations of a delighted Mitscher. Running up a record of 34 Jap planes is spectacular, but the job of directing that huge air attack was far more important and one that demanded the consideration, judgment and icy calm of a Dave McCampbell.

The size of this attack can be judged from the fact that nineteen Helldivers from one carrier alone were assigned to one enemy light carrier! One by one, the orbiting dive bombers reached the step-off point, eleven thousand feet above the doomed warship, and peeled off at two- and three-second intervals. They scored at least seven hits. Lieutenant (j.g.) George Peck—a blond, burly youngster who once played a tough game of quarterback for San Diego State College—was the third or fourth Helldiver to descend on the carrier.

"Somebody had got some hits ahead of me, because she was smoking," said Peck. "Still, she had enough speed to turn a bit as we came down. Not that it did any good. There were just too many of us. Why, I saw two dive bombers diving side by side on the same target. My bomb went smack into her flight deck, and just as I pulled up, I saw a torpedo heading into her."

Japanese warships, by reason of their small compartments and miserable living quarters, maintain a high standard of damage control. But nothing could save this carrier, lunging about as seven bombs and three torpedoes ripped at her vitals. She came to a dead stop; explosion after explosion racked her frame, and she was shrouded in smoke.

One torpedo-plane pilot, Lieutenant Joseph C. Black of Knoxville, Tennessee, made his run on her, saw her condition, and simply swerved behind the carrier's blazing fantail. He resumed his course and launched a torpedo against a near-by battleship, scoring a hit which sent up a white column more than a thousand feet into the air.

What kind of defense can be made against such an assault? It is hard for us to say, because no American seagoing force has ever been subjected to a comparable attack. Two enemy light carriers were hit in that first attack; one blew up very shortly, while the other hung on grimly above the water line until late that afternoon. Several other ships in the formation were hit, some beyond escape.

Still, the enemy was not defenseless. He maneuvered. One carrier turned so fast in a nearly full circle that she completed her turn within two minutes after Helldivers began dropping on her. The Japanese launched an estimated twenty fighter planes as the first strike came in, but this was a very leaky umbrella.

Halsey could assume later that in the previous day's aerial attacks against this task force, the enemy carriers had intended to

pick up their aircraft in the morning, after permitting the planes to remain overnight on Luzon airfields. In any event, the few intercepting planes were destroyed or dispersed by Hellcat fighters.

A young Navy pilot, Lieutenant John R. Strane of Duluth, Minnesota, was caught by seven Zeros, and bailed out of his burning Hellcat. Strane watched the rest of the attack that day from his life raft, ten miles outside the Jap screen, until a destroyer picked him up.

The badgered enemy also resorted to anti-aircraft fire of volcanic proportions. Fourteen-inch armament sprayed the attacking planes; and the skies, as on the previous day in the Sibuyan Sea, were daubed with purple, green and yellow bursts. Low-flying torpedo planes rocked viciously, and it was a disconcerting discovery for a pilot to feel a freight train whizzing past and to look back on a distant explosion. It now seems that those main-battery bursts exercised an effect chiefly psychological.

As usual, the most accurate, therefore the most deadly, weapon in the enemy arsenal consisted of his five-inch and forty-millimeter bursts, which can be fired quickly and at quite long ranges. Aircraft returned to American carriers with huge flak holes a foot or more in diameter, exposing the structural framework. Their windshields were covered with oil, testimony to the enemy's savage defense. Said one pilot: "Walk on that AA? Hell, I just put my plane on it and skidded in!"

Many pilots could hardly believe that they lived through that barrage, and more than a few didn't survive. But they pressed home the attack, and some airmen attacked twice if their release mechanism did not function on the first run. Young Ensign Fred Schuler of Athens, Ohio, came out of a run with the torpedo still in the belly of his plane. Spotting two cruisers on his way back, he went in alone and put his fish into a light cruiser which already was making only five knots and leaving a trail of oil.

Reynolds Reporting

Or consider another eager ensign, Wallace F. Leeker of St. Louis. His torpedo plane sustained a hit which set a wing afire while he was still six thousand yards from his target, a light carrier of the Zuiho class. He steadied his flaming aircraft on its course and closed in to one thousand yards, where he launched his torpedo. It plowed into the carrier, and Wally Leeker, wearing a satisfied grin all the way back to his carrier, sped away. Miraculously, the fire on his Avenger died out ten miles from the scene of action.

Meanwhile one hundred miles south of this scene, Jap planes had been attacking our carrier force. Mitscher stood on the bridge of his flagship, his wizened face expressionless. Twelve Jap planes came in, and ack-ack fire from our destroyers began to dot the cloudless sky. A Jap plane careened down crazily.

"What destroyer got that one?" Mitscher barked.

"The Sullivans, sir," his flag lieutenant reported.

Mitscher grunted with satisfaction.

Three minutes later, the Sullivans (so named in honor of the five Sullivan brothers lost in the cruiser Juneau) brought down another torpedo plane. The Sullivans were fighters again this day.

Land-based planes came out from Luzon, but the naval fliers were waiting. Some twenty-one Nip planes had gone hurtling into the sea. Mitscher's fleet escaped almost unscathed. One Jap plane flew into a flurry of flak directly above a carrier and crashed on the deck, killing the ten men of the gun crew which had shot it down. They were ten Negro messboys who had volunteered to man the 20-millimeter guns. They had saved their ship from damage.

By noon, Halsey had the satisfaction of knowing that his fleet had sunk seven warships: four carriers, two cruisers and a destroyer. Two battleships had been badly damaged and were crawling away, while three stricken cruisers and four destroyers looked for rain squalls to hide in.

Here was a glorious chance for Halsey to wade in now with his carriers and fast battleships to wipe out the fleeing, damaged Jap ships. But, strangely enough, at this hour, a large part of his carrier force was steaming south at high speed. At one moment we had been on the brink of an annihilating victory; the next moment we appeared to be retreating. What had happened?

Jones Reporting

The answer had already been given with startling effect aboard Mitscher's flagship. Mitscher's Flag Plot was crowded with officers listening to reports from the scenes of action. The communications officer brought in a dispatch and handed it to the admiral. Adjusting his horn-rimmed glasses, Mitscher read it silently, then handed it to Thirty-one Knot Burke, his chief of staff, saying quietly, "What do you think of this?"

Burke read the dispatch. It was a plain-language message from Rear Admiral Sprague, in command of our comparatively helpless escort carriers which were supporting MacArthur's beachhead on Leyte Island, far to the south. Radio Tokyo later in the day described this message as "frantic." Actually, it was about as urgent and pointed as the Navy's rules of procedure permit. Sprague hadn't even taken time to have it encoded because he was in a hell of a hurry. He said, in effect: "Am being engaged by enemy battleships. Urgently request support."

A look of grave concern crossed Burke's face as he replied: "I think it's bad, sir."

The final chapter of America's Greatest Naval Battle will appear next week.

ANSWERS TO THE ERA OF "THERAPIES"
(Page 66)

1. **Microbes**
2. **Drugs**
3. **Certain lights**
4. **Water**
5. **Milk**
6. **Sun**
7. **Natural methods**
8. **Sterilized pus**
9. **Cold**
10. **X-rays**
11. **Heat**
12. **Electricity**
13. **Baths**
14. **Hormones**
15. **Animal blood**
16. **Synthetic chemicals**
17. **Radium**
18. **Mental suggestion**
19. **Special climatic environment**
20. **Patient himself**

Russia's First Buffer State

Continued from page 25

been assigned to Finland. With their tan greatcoats, rows of medals and profusion of gold braid, Red Army officers add a brilliant spot of color to the gray Helsinki street scene, as do Russian naval officers in their natty blue uniforms. This correct attitude of the Russians comes as a sort of anticlimax to most Finns, who were panic-stricken at the news of the armistice and in some cases fled to Sweden, taking as much as possible of their movable property along.

Up to now, the Russian Control Commission has been a source of both bad and good news for the Finns. The Moscow armistice agreement was worded so as to give the Russians wide latitude in interpretation—something about which the Finns felt (and still feel) very uneasy. In the reparations clause, they got their first bitter taste of this loose wording. The $600,000,000 originally asked for by the Russians was reduced in the treaty to $300,000,000, which pleased the Finns no end. But there was a catch in it.

Reparations are to be paid not in cash but in kind, and the Russians have decided they will credit Finnish deliveries against reparations only at prices obtaining in 1938. Since these are vastly lower than today's, Moscow's action means in reality that the Finns will have to deliver products worth $700,000,000 at today's prices! The Finnish delegates were elated over the fifty per cent cut that it never occurred to them, incredible as it may sound, to ask what would be the basis for evaluation.

On the other hand, the Russians have produced some agreeable surprises. The principal one was the decision to permit Finnish steamer traffic along the north shore of the Gulf of Finland, to which the fifty-year lease to the Russians, under armistice terms, of the Cape Porkkala district due south of Helsinki seemed to deal a mortal blow. This route is vitally important to Finland because of the low cost of sea transportation.

The Russians have now agreed to let Finnish vessels navigate Porkkala waters. More than that, the Russians are favorably considering the Finnish request to be allowed to use the important coast railroad between Helsinki and Turku which runs through the Porkkala concession, thus saving the lengthy detour which has been necessary since the Russians took over.

Minions of the Kremlin

When viewing the activities and actions of the Russian Control Commission installed at Helsinki, one must keep in mind the fact that they are merely hired men, committed to blind obedience of Moscow's orders. Any leeway in application must be very slight, even for the head of the commission, Colonel General Andrei Alexandrovitch Zhdanov, rumored as Stalin's heir apparent. Zhdanov's frequent trips to Moscow prove he has to run to obtain directives for every new little thing that comes up.

Zhdanov has, I believe, been a sore disappointment to Finnish Communists. Despite their best efforts at bootlicking, the Soviet high commissioner has steadfastly refused to receive the Communist delegations that have come to see him to obtain this or that or just to flatter him. He receives the Finns—but only government officials—on government business. Why doesn't Zhdanov see his Finn fellow Communists? Probably on instructions from Moscow. In the Soviet capital they don't want to commit themselves as to which Finnish Communists they eventually will support.

Meanwhile it is not opportune—in fact it is embarrassing—to have a visible link between Finnish Communists and Moscow representatives. The Russians don't want to be blamed for Finnish Communists' actions at this time, preferring to have these take the blame themselves.

Then, too, it's just possible that the Russians might regard Finnish Communists as a bit outdated; they have been so long isolated from spiritual leaders in Moscow that the Russians may want to keep them on probation before admission to the fold. Meanwhile they are being used only as errand boys.

To prove that their hearts are in the right place, Finnish Communists are a particularly active lot. Legalized after having been outlawed for so long, they're making up for lost time. One isn't far wrong in assuming that their various demands have at least the tacit approval of Moscow, even though that capital doesn't want to be committed. Finnish Communists have started a sort of nerve war against the Paasikivi cabinet; everything the government does is wrong. Labor Minister Eeri Vuori, trades-union head and the man who fought Tanner and consistently worked for Russo-Finnish peace, they derisively call a "Fascist lackey." "Betrayer of the working class" is another epithet hurled at him. Of

course it is part of the Communist program that all Social Democrats are bad.

The following are briefly the demands of Finnish Communists on the government just now:

(1) Measures to remove all elements called Fascist from the administration, and from communal institutions and key posts generally; (2) an immediate investigation regarding war criminals and establishment of people's tribunals to try them; (3) expulsion from parliament of representatives of the nationalist People's Party; (4) amnesty for military deserters and for all persons sentenced by the so-called Fascist regime, even in cases where the offense was only partly political; (5) expropriation of estates belonging to corporations and big landowners.

It is not inconceivable that, as matters now stand in Finland, this Communist nagging of the Paasikivi cabinet may end its existence well before the general elections. The leader of the Communists is a young medical student, Mauri Ryoemae, just out of jail after serving eight years of a 17-year sentence for pro-Russian activities. Ryoemae told me he was subjected to the harshest treatment in prison, and his appearance seemed to confirm this. He exudes a burning hatred for men of the old regime. It is characteristic of the Finnish atmosphere today that most Finns still regard Ryoemae and his companions in confinement as traitors.

However, while the strength of the Communist Party is unknown and although admitting it is bound to grow considerably, the Social Democrats must still be regarded as the foremost Finnish party. Since the elimination of Tanner, who was the strong man of Finnish politics until he fell in November, it is Vuori who leads the party. He has had an adventurous career. In the Finnish Civil War of 1918 he fought on the Red side, subsequently becoming a political prisoner for years. Mannerheim, once his sworn enemy, now trusts him and has on several occasions during the past difficult years summoned him to headquarters for consultation.

Vuori faces the seemingly hopeless task of adjusting the labor market to peacetime conditions. All men now being demobilized demand jobs. Women who have taken men's places must be readapted to normal existence. Many women, having lost their husbands, need jobs themselves, as do evacuees from territories ceded to Russia.

And Manpower Doesn't Help

Finland is indeed in a tight spot. One would think that this sudden abundance of manpower, in a country where yesterday it was so scarce, would be a godsend. It isn't, though, because industry cannot just start up producing without fuel and raw materials, both of which the country lacks. Whatever production Finland can attain at this moment must go to Russian reparations. Any ideas Finland has of sending exports elsewhere must cease; the bulk of her merchant marine is being transferred to the Russians. Import of what few raw materials Sweden can spare is rendered most difficult by the German naval blockade and the scarcity of land communications. There is only a single-track railroad connecting Sweden with Finland, and in their retreat toward Norway, the Germans blew up all bridges and viaducts for more than sixty miles on the Finnish side.

The entire Finnish industry and all transport are now using wood as fuel, and it looks as though they will have to continue to do so for years to come. Finland has no lack of timber, but people who are not lumberjacks by trade don't like to tackle a tree-felling job in winter. This particular work requires warm, robust clothing and good heavy shoes, neither of which can be found in Finland today—especially boots and shoes.

Demobilized soldiers who have lived in the forests practically five years on end are fed up with that sort of existence; they want to stay close to home now that they have finally got back there. It is beginning to look as if the problem will have to be solved by compulsory draft, for the great Finnish woodpulp and paper industries also need timber.

The Finns had hoped the Russians would accept most of the reparations in timber and lumber products but that has been another disappointment. Only one sixth is wanted in these goods—lumber for the reconstruction of Leningrad and Petrosavodsk, and a certain amount of paper, but that's all, even though Russia actually is suffering from an acute shortage of paper. The balance of the reparations is going to be exacted in machinery, locomotives, freight cars, ships and metal-industry products.

A prominent Finnish industrialist said to me: "We told the Russians we had no means of producing these, but they replied that that was no concern of theirs and it was our business to acquire the means. In order to deliver, we must import raw materials—for instance, steel plate of various kinds. However, to import, we need credits, and credits of that size can be raised only in England or the United States. That's our only hope for solving the problem."

Look for Finland to make a major "touch" on Uncle Sam as soon as possible.

The Finnish people are starving, but one can buy everything in Finland on the black market for a price: $50 for a pound of coffee; $7.50 for a pack of twenty imitation American cigarettes; $6 a pound for butter or sugar; 50 cents a pound for potatoes; $20 for a pint of raw liquor; and whisky at $120 per bottle! Restaurants serve uneatable meals at a regulation price of 50 cents, but à la carte, the sky is the price limit. A thin slice of beef is $2.40, a couple of dried eggs $1.60, etc.

Whence Come Black Market Goods?

The mystery is where all these things come from in a country scraped to the bone like Finland. Their late comrades in arms, the Germans, have always proved past masters at the art of organizing black markets, however, and the perfect organization here may be theirs. If so, that is the only trace left of the Germans in southern Finland except that about six hundred German residents—some with wives, most of whom were Finnish—were interned when they refused to return to the Reich after the German-Finnish break on the ground that they had spent most of their lives in Finland and considered themselves Finns. They preferred a Finn internment camp to liberty in the Nazi homeland. Handfuls of German prisoners taken by the Finns in the Lapland fighting only pass through southern Finland en route to Russian prisoner-of-war camps.

I had a good look at the Lapland war—in reality a series of patrol skirmishes. Nevertheless, men died or suffered all the hardships of a major-scale war; so it was war all right. To get to Lapland from Helsinki nowadays is a combination of acrobatic and endurance feats. The rail trip to Oulu, for example: Ordinarily an overnight trip in comfortable *wagons-lits*, extra roomy because of the "Russian" broad-gauge Finnish railroads, today it takes twenty or more hours in overcrowded day coaches. Finn sleepers now are being used for Red Cross transport.

I actually spent twenty-two hours on this trip sitting upright in a coach so jammed with travelers that you had to make up your mind beforehand whether to keep your arms down or up, because, once inside, it was too late to change your mind. It was something like a New York subway rush, only worse. Long before leaving Helsinki the train was so full that latecomers, in order to get on, had to climb in through the windows.

During the trip, all ingress and exit was by way of the windows. Every available inch of space was occupied, including the toilets and baggage racks. At the end of that nightmare trip, during which it had been impossible to get the least bit of food or drink, and took a feat of strength to move one inch either way, my legs felt like jelly and my body as if it had received a severe beating, plus torturing to boot. The journey from Oulu northward, over a muddy cowpath called a highway and necessitating many detours because of the blasted bridges, was almost easy compared with the train.

Northern Finland presents a picture of never-ending wilds, mud, dirt and smoke-blackened ruins, poverty and infinite sadness. On the Arctic highway toward Petsamo the road is better but the spectacle is the same—only the rubble and mud were beginning to

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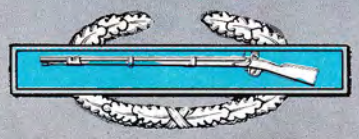

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Since our last report $811.81 came in. This brings the grand total of all donations since the Fund was set up in April 1943 to $129,998.07.

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THE NONCOM

THREE and a half years of war ought to be enough time for every officer in the Army to learn to back up his Noncoms—help them become better leaders by giving them full responsibility, and preserve their self-confidence and authority in the dozen ways this must be done. But many have still to learn how to develop first-rate noncommissioned leaders in training and combat.

Yet every platoon or company commander must expect any noncom in his outfit to take over life-and-death responsibility in combat, when the platoon or company commander is killed or wounded in action.

Putting stripes on a man's sleeve doesn't by itself make him a leader with assurance. The promoted private may have given signs before you made him of having the stuff a Noncom needs. But you, as the leader from whom he has received his authority, are still the man he must look to for his backing and for specific instances of the way to lead men. And some company or platoon commanders never seem to learn that their own faults of leadership are usually reflected in those of their assistants, though many Noncoms do rise above ineffectual or uncertain leadership.

When a Noncom first sews on his stripes, the chances are that he's going to need extra help for a while until he gets hold of his job. Unless the new Noncom has had a considerable amount of experience in a real exercise of authority as an acting Noncom, he is likely to feel somewhat uncertain. This will often show in the fact that he acts too tough—or too easy—or too tough one time and too easy the next. He will be an unusual man if he pitches in with an apparently complete confidence and without making some awkward mistakes.

A LOT will depend on how you have handled your other Noncoms. If you have always stood behind them and preserved their dignity and authority, every new Noncom will know from the start that you will do the same for him. But if you haven't, you can expect a new corporal or sergeant to be mighty unsure of himself. Fortunately, every new Noncom has several officers and older Noncoms in his outfit to pattern his actions after. If you happen to be a poor or mediocre leader, he doesn't have to pattern after you, but it is likely that he will if you're his commander.

A new Noncom needs some words of encouragement and advice from you—and he shouldn't have to seek them. As his leader it's your proper job to keep an extra close eye on him for a while after he is made—and more for the purpose of finding things to explain and praise than to blame. This doesn't mean for you to weaken his authority by standing over him whenever possible and giving his orders yourself, or explaining at length to him in front of his men just what you want and how you want it done. You should never have recommended him for a Noncom's rating in the first place if you didn't think you could give him a clear order with reasonable expectation of his carrying it out OK, without continual supervision on your part.

The way to help him most by praise is to give him that praise within the hearing of his men. No matter how much he may flounder on his new job, as long as he wears stripes try to find something to encourage him about. Nothing helps an uncertain leader more than a clearly spoken expression of appreciation. Many seemingly poor choices have finally grown to be able Noncoms through gathering confidence from sympathetic understanding and encouragement.

Encouragement must not, of course, be overdone, or the Noncom will never learn to stand on his own feet. But you can't expect him to know he is doing all right unless you say so, and it will help him all the more if you say so out loud, so his own men can hear it.

But advice, containing criticism if it is needed, should invariably be given in private—never in front of other enlisted men or officers. Criticism and blame of a noncommissioned officer before others is never justified unless his mistake is so serious in its effect on other men that you are going to bust the Noncom on the spot.

It only takes one mild criticism of a Noncom by you in front of his own men to ruin their respect for him, to make them feel that you do not have faith in his ability or character and begin to feel the same way themselves.

Such complete lack of leadership on an officer's part can easily result in loss of life in combat. If you show that you don't have faith in a Noncom—show it plainly to his men—how can you expect *them* to have any faith in him when things get tough.

You're not fit to wear bars if that's your idea of dealing with one of your Noncoms.

It has practically as bad an effect to jump on a Noncom in the presence of others who do not happen to be his own men. It is bound to embarrass him seriously and start his inward stock on a downward rush from which it isn't at all likely to recover.

Not even in a battle emergency can open criticism of a Noncom in front of others be justified. Even there, in the interest of your own outfit and your own leadership of that outfit, you should never in any circumstances bawl out a Noncom—unless you are going to take all his authority away from him then and there and put someone in his place. There, more than anywhere, you need to help your leaders through the tough situations. Even in battle, when you have to correct a Noncom, get close enough to his ear for what you say to be private. Don't even let yourself *look* as if you were jumping on him when others can see you.

How you say in private what you have to say to a Noncom when you correct him is a matter of your leadership in general. You have to be fair even if you think you have to be hard. And many a first-rate leader —many of the very best—have never in all their careers found it necessary to form the habit of being tough in manner toward their subordinates.

You will be a far better leader if you can always come close to showing firmness, understanding, and sympathy in the right mixture. You can show the utmost firmness without getting tough. And if you can do that, you salvage the maximum of human morale even when you have to give a severe punishment.

NOT all leaders, apparently, can live up to this most effective manner of leading men. If you are weak enough to have to get tough, you've got to be, at the same time, fair and just.

If you aim for such conduct toward your Noncoms, if you try continually to strengthen their standing in the unit, you will have a first-rate, fighting outfit.

But you may even be a superb leader of men yourself, with an outfit that thinks you could hardly be beat, and still not handle your Noncoms to the best advantage of the whole unit. For when the leadership is strongly centered in one man, no matter how fine and able and self-possessed in combat—if that man goes, his outfit is all too likely to go to pieces.

So you have to build up your junior leaders, your Noncoms, in every way you can. If you drop out, you want the outfit to go ahead as well as if you were there. You must never get to believing it can't. You want it to fight on ahead kept up by your tradition—and (mainly) by your good work in helping your Noncoms find themselves from the first day they put on their stripes, and become effective combat leaders.

If you think you have some faults in the way you handle your Noncoms, you can change yourself. It takes thought, awareness, and practice. But you can do it if you're worth the bars you wear.

If you can't, you'd better turn them in.

THE TANK-INFA

By Major General Orlando Ward

UPON READING THE MOST RECENT FIELD MANUALS ON the tank battalion and the armored infantry battalion, it seems to me that these publications do not present all a junior officer and noncommissioned officer of armored infantry or tanks wants to know. The questions I would want answered are just how do I, as an infantry soldier, cooperate with a tank; just how does my tank coöperate and work with the infantry soldier? Most of the diagrams show a group of infantry in one block in a tank formation or a group of tanks in one spot in an infantry formation. I am afraid the texts tend to over-emphasize "high-level tactics" and under-emphasize the detailed minor tactics and application of techniques essential to successful tank-infantry battle.

I then read FM 17-36, *Employment of Tanks with Infantry*, and found some of my questions answered but still the operation of the individual tank and the infantry soldier is not covered adequately. I am of the opinion that the war has progressed faster than we can write our texts and adjust our organization to meet its needs. Let us organize tank-infantry battalions for use in the Pacific, with a basic section consisting of a tank and an infantry squad in a full or half-track. We should build our minor tactics around such a section and write our text so that there will be little doubt in the minds of its members as to how they will work together. Time is wasting—the battle is ahead.

Mines, panzerfausts, antitank guns, Molotov cocktails have, for the time being at least, largely eliminated independent tank action. Tank battalions or companies that went into action without immediate and closely supporting infantry sacrificed unnecessarily many tanks which otherwise would have participated effectively in another battle. Infantry action without tanks is costly. The time has come to give junior officers a reasonable solution to this problem in minor tactics, together with an appropriate organization. We cannot continue to leave it to battlefield inspiration and before-battle improvisation.

There are two schools of thought. One is that tanks should be trained as tanks and infantry as infantry, following which the two are trained together for concerted action under their own commanders. The other thought is that tanks and infantry of the future will be so necessary to each other on the battlefield that tank-infantry battalions, down to include tank-infantry sections, are essential for real battlefield efficiency.

Armored divisions in Europe attempted to solve this problem in various ways. Some went so far as to "marry up" infantry and tank companies and battalions. Others put infantry companies in tank battalions and tank companies in infantry battalions. Still others took the regulations and tables of organization as written and attempted to throw the two together on the battlefield. You might term this a temporary love affair. Some succeeded and others failed. Success has been predominant but not necessarily because of a proper solution to the problem.

NTRY SECTION

The time has come to work out the small-unit tactics of the Infantry-Armor combination and to integrate the team into Tank-Infantry battalions with the basic unit being a section composed of one tank and one squad of Infantrymen

We now find ourselves with battalions of armored infantry and battalions of tanks fairly well trained according to current standards. When these battalions are thrown together on the battlefield they operate more or less effectively, depending on the ingenuity of the commanders, both high and low; but there is not enough training in minor tactics implanted in the lower echelons and practiced by them to insure efficient coöperation in battle. Much is left to inspiration.

The backfield and the line work together for two or three times prior to the home-coming game and then bet their lives on the result. Incidentally, with tanks and infantry it is not known ahead of time whether the backfield will be the line or the line the backfield. In other words, at one time one will lead and another time the other, or still a third time the line and the backfield must be thoroughly mixed to obtain proper results.

We face the final battles of the war with trained tank battalions and trained armored infantry battalions. We can count on the enemy ordinarily being able to cope effectively with our tanks if they are not well supported by our infantry. We can count on him stopping our infantry if they are not well supported by tanks. We, I am afraid, are leaving to happenstance the necessary team play on the battlefield between the infantry and the armor. We certainly must put in our text clear-cut means and methods for this coöperation. On the other hand, even with it in the text, we should practice it incessantly, not just on special occasions as is now the case.

It appears essential, in the light of the type of opposition encountered in the Asiatic Theater, that two things should be done. First, that a clear-cut, definite and detailed basis of minor tactics coöperation between tanks and infantry on the battlefield be published under some title as "Minor Infantry-Tank Tactics on the Field of Battle," starting with the single tank and the squad of infantry fighting together for a common cause as a tank-infantry section. Second, in order to be thoroughly trained, indoctrinated and familiar, one with the other, tank-infantry battalions should be formed. These should be composed of tank-infantry companies, tank-infantry platoons and tank-infantry sections.

We should not further avoid the issue. Too often the weapon and not the mission determines the arm. Cooperation does not work on the battlefield; someone must be in charge. The quicker this is done, the less the cost of final victory.

THE NORTHERN HALF OF IWO JIMA, BEYOND THE JAPS' cross-island defenses, was a desolate, broken area of smoking sulphuric sand and barren, jagged ridges. The tall masses of rock sprawled and tumbled without pattern, where a series of earthquakes had once pushed up millions of tons of volcanic stone and left them lying in craggy heights and bare, sharp-edged spines several hundred yards long.

The looming rocks and narrow chasms added new terrors to the advancing Marines. It was like going through a miniature Grand Canyon, with Japs hidden in hundreds of caves and pillboxes among the rocks and boulders. Moreover, the ridges which often rose to the height of three-story houses were undermined and laced like other parts of the island with interconnecting tunnels in which the Japs could hide. The rocks could be painfully and methodically cleared of Japs again and again, but always the enemy managed to reappear from inner caverns and recesses to harass our rear.

The fighting from approximately D plus 16 to D plus 25, around one such ridge that lay in the 3d Division's zone of action near the third airfield, was typical of the struggles waged for all of them—struggles characterized not only by close-in, bitter combat, but by a seemingly endless series of tragic episodes and unexpected deaths.

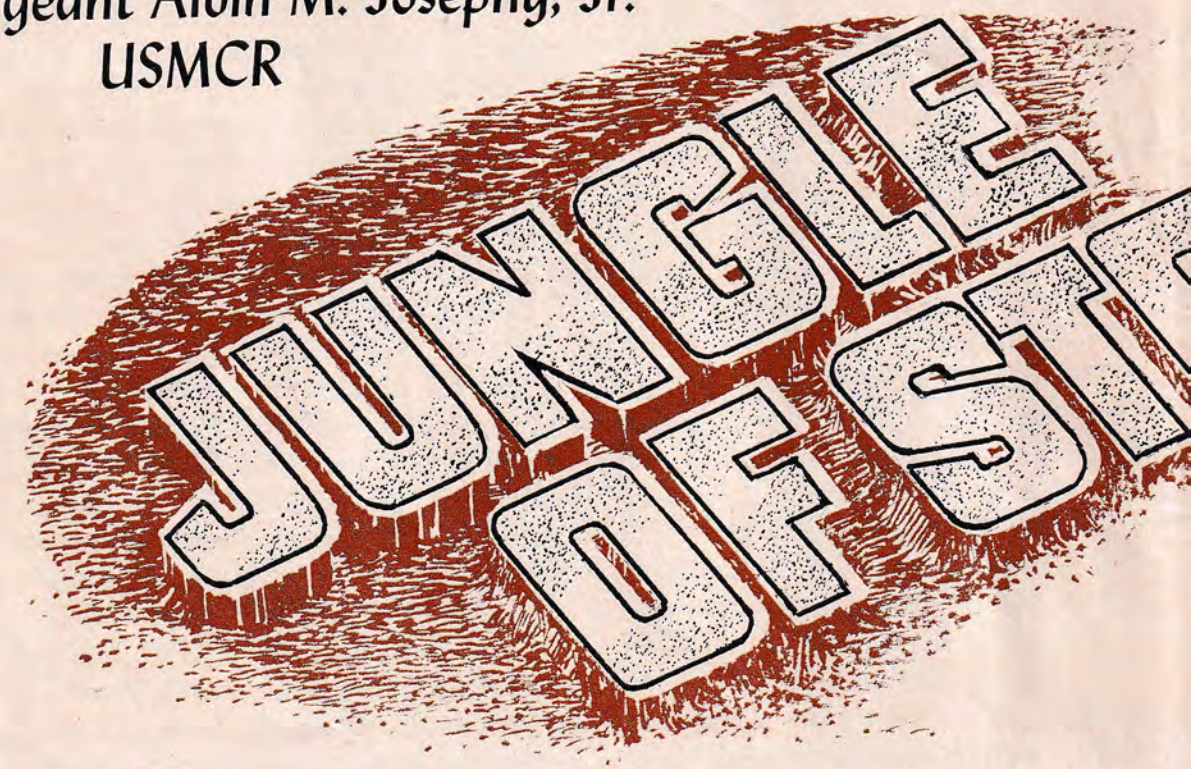
We first saw this particular ridge during one of the many battles that had flamed among its peaks and gullies. Its tall, twisting mass—running almost ten city blocks in length—looked as if it had been hit by many heavy explosions. The rocks and boulders had tumbled down the ridge's slopes in chaotic landslides. You had to look closely to distinguish the black mouths of cave entrances and the carefully camouflaged pillbox positions that lay among the debris.

White clouds from American smoke grenades made the scene unearthly. It blew like steam across the ridge's stone walls. Three American tanks lay fifty yards away, firing their 75s point-blank at a concrete pillbox perched near the ridge's summit. The Marines attacking the ridge crawled among the stones and sandy shell holes, peering through the smoke for enemy movements.

A flame-throwing team, guarded by two automatic riflemen, worked its way cautiously up to an already-blackened hole. The air was filled with the noise of exploding grenades and with the smell of cordite and dead bodies.

The smoke blew away from one section of the rocks. The exposed stones and caves looked like an ogre's face, showing broken black and brown teeth, ready to snap at the Marines attacking it. From behind one of the "teeth"—a black hole in the wall—a Nambu machine gun chattered. A Marine rifleman, caught upright, scrambled toward the protection of a boulder. He stopped abruptly, reached for his throat and fell to his knees. The machine gun kept chattering. The Marine screamed and slowly dropped to his full length.

By
Technical Sergeant Alvin M. Josephy, Jr.
USMCR



It was ironic that at the time this ridge of death was almost a mile behind our front lines. Elements of the 9th and 21st Marines had first seized it several days before and, thinking it secured, had gone on. When we had passed it earlier in the morning, on our way toward the front, it had still been peaceful and quiet. A radio jeep had been parked in the open, its driver unconcernedly eating a can of rations. The only other Marines in sight had been a group of engineers, probing on their hands and knees for mines and joking about the hot sand burning through the knees of their pants.

None of us suspected that there were still Japs in the

desert-like area. The ridge had had its day already, and we assumed that its story was over. The Marines who had originally taken it on D plus 16 had clambered across it, first knocking out its gun positions with mortars, bazookas and tank fire, in the usual way, and then poking into every hole for surviving enemy. Some of the holes needed treatment with hand grenades and flame throwers, while others were sealed with demolitions. But there had been little trouble, and soon the ridge had become quiet. The lines had gone on. Platoons had moved ahead, fighting through the lost world of the sulphur area, up to the third airfield. Support elements had followed, pausing near the ridge, then flowing on toward the northern end of the island. Finally an aid station had arrived and set up among the tumbled boulders. And that was when the fireworks, which we were now witnessing, had begun.

The ridge, like all the others on Iwo, had been thoroughly integrated into the Jap scheme of defenses. Fifteen-centimeter guns had sat on top of the humps commanding the view in all directions. They had been shattered by our naval and aerial bombardments. From the ridge's sides, anti-tank guns, mortars and machine guns had poked out at the dreary landscape. Their scores of hiding places ranged from small concrete pillboxes, set into the rock, to narrow cave entranceways, camouflaged with stones, sand and sticks. The entrances led into the network of tunnels and caverns.

They ran all through the ridge and allowed the defenders to dart its length, from hole to hole, without being seen.

The Marine aid station had set up in a small amphitheater formed by the rocks at one end of the ridge. A smashed Jap antiaircraft gun loomed overhead, its long pocked barrel pointing into the sky.

The corpsmen had been too busy to notice the rocks. A battle was in progress 1,500 yards ahead, and the stretcher bearers were bringing back a stream of wounded. They set the litters down tenderly and went back for more wounded. The doctors and corpsmen worked silently over the torn and bleeding men.

A heavy Jap machine gun had suddenly rattled from the side of the ridge, just as a man carrying a crate of ammunition was passing by. He dropped his load of mortar shells, looked startled, and crumpled in a heap in the sand. A group of Marines, idling across the open space, hit the dirt and wriggled behind rocks. Two automatic riflemen, attached to a rifle company in reserve, peeked over the lip of a shell hole in which they had been resting. They tried to see where the bullets were coming from. They spotted an opening in the rocks and fired at it. The Jap machine gun ceased rattling. The two Marines cautiously clambered out of the shell hole and crawled toward the ridge. Other Marines, sensing a fight, waved to each other and began to close in. They covered each other with carbines and rifles and edged slowly toward the rocky hole.

A Blaze of Fire

A blaze of enemy small-arms fire came from at least five different parts of the ridge. Three Marines toppled over and the others dove for cover. The bullets whistled past the men in the aid station. The corpsmen looked up bewilderedly, then dropped to their hands and knees and went on working over the wounded.

The Marines in front of the ridge huddled behind rocks and waited. A step into the open meant death or injury. They studied the wounded men lying out in the open and tried to figure how to pull them to shelter. Finally a little corporal from New York licked his lips and handed his rifle to the man next to him.

"Here goes," he said. He crawled out to the wounded man lying nearest to him.

He had almost reached him when there was another burst of fire and he stiffened. The injured man was also hit. His body jerked and quivered. Blood flowed from underneath the corporal's head. Both men had been instantly killed.

One of the corpsmen, a lanky fellow from Texas, left the aid station and came around the ridge to see what all the shooting was about.

"Get down," a Marine yelled at him. The corpsman dropped behind a rock and pushed his helmet back on his head. His eyes were bloodshot and glassy from lack of sleep.

"Hey," he called, "knock it off. This here's a hospital."

The Marines didn't appreciate the humor. They pointed down the road behind him. The corpsman turned. There were four stretcher bearers stumbling along the road with a wounded man, hurrying to the aid station.

The corpsman cupped his hands over his mouth to try to warn the stretcher bearers. There was too much noise. They couldn't hear him. The Japs began to fire at them. They ran faster. The corpsman wanted to run out and knock them flat, but something held him spellbound.

A bullet hit one of the stretcher bearers in the leg. He looked around wildly and crashed to the ground. The stretcher spilled on top of him. The men in front tripped as they tried to hold onto the stretcher. The Japs kept shooting into the group. The bullets peppered the sand around them. The wounded stretcher bearer jumped up again and grabbed his end of the litter. He started to drag the stretcher along, but dropped it. The man on the stretcher hung half over it. His head and shoulders dragged along the ground.

The other men half-crawled and half-ran with the stretcher until they reached the rocks. The wounded stretcher bearer loped after them. When he reached the shelter, he fell again. It was a miracle that he had been able to stay on his feet. The bullet had laid open his calf as if it had been hit by a meat cleaver. The man on the stretcher was stone dead. One of the bullets from the ridge hit him in the skull.

No one knew how many Japs were in the ridge or where they had come from, or when. A supply captain, coming up from the rear, saw what was going on and radioed for tanks and demolitions men. More Marines from neighboring units gathered. They inspected the ridge from safety points behind some rocks.

Step By Step

When the tanks arrived, the Marines had started the step-by-step job of again cleaning out the ridge. The dangerous and tedious work that had originally been done on D plus 16 by the front-line troops had to be repeated. The Marines threw smoke bombs and phosphorus grenades against the rocks and moved in with bazookas and automatic weapons. When the smoke drifted away, they had to shoot fast, or a Jap would catch them from one of the many holes. The tanks hurled their 75s at every position their gunners could locate. Engineers tried to fling dynamite charges into the caves.

Despite their preponderance of weapons, the Marines found that there were too many holes. They would attack one only to be shot at from another a half a dozen feet away. Moreover, the ridge was not a straight wall but, in many places, curved like an S. Entranceways protected each other, so that Marines would be hit in the back from holes guarding the one they were assaulting. The inter-connecting tunnels inside the ridge also allowed the Japs to play deadly tag with the Marines. They would shoot out of one hole. By the time Marines got close enough to that hole, the Japs had left it and were shooting from another one twenty yards away and higher up in the wall. The Marines had to post guards at every hole they could see in order to attack any one of them. The tunnels also curved and twisted inside the ridge. The Japs could escape the straight trajectory weapons and grenades thrown into the cave entrances merely by running back into the interior.

Finally flame throwers were called. They threw long jets of flaming liquid into the holes and along the curving walls of the tunnels. The roaring flames did the trick. The

Blasts from satchel charges raise a cloud of powdery dust over the jungle of stone. Note the Marine on the rock at left.

Marines heard the Japs howling. A few rushed out of the caves on fire. The Marines shot them or knocked them down and beat out the flames and took them prisoners. When the Marines began to hear muffled explosions inside the caves, they guessed that some of the Japs were blowing themselves up with hand grenades.

The scene became wild and terrible. More Japs rushed screaming from the caves. They tumbled over the rocks, their clothes and bodies burning fiercely. Soon the flame throwers paused. A Marine lifted himself cautiously into view. There were no shots from the caves. A Jap with his clothes in rags hunched himself out of one hole, his arms upraised. The Marines stood up behind the rocks and waved to him to come out. The Jap indicated that there were more who would like to surrender. The Marines motioned him to tell them to come out.

Almost forty scared and beaten men emerged from different holes. Some of them had round pudding faces. They grinned nervously and said they were Koreans. They had been forced by the Japs to stay in the caves. They said that everyone else in the caves had either been burned to death or had committed suicide.

The Marines sent them to the rear. Then they groped cautiously among the rocks from hole to hole, examining each entranceway. Dead bodies, some hit by bullets and grenade fragments, some burned into frightful black lumps, lay in the holes. The smell was overwhelming and men turned away in disgust.

The battle of the ridge seemed over. An officer made a note to bring up demolition crews as soon as they could be spared by the front-line companies. They would seal up the holes in this troublesome ridge. The Marines gathered their casualties and drifted away. The tanks shifted into reverse and backed out. Peacefulness settled once more over the area.

But it was not for long. The sudden death which we had come on was to strike again from the ridge, this time bitterly close.

That same day, several hours later, Sergeant Reid Chamberlain came up to the aid station. He was on his way to a front-line company. Chamberlain was a prominent figure in the Marine Corps. He had served with General MacArthur on Bataan and Corregidor early in the war. He had escaped from Corregidor to help organize Filipino guerrilla bands. He had stayed in the Philippines a year and a half and had been commissioned a lieutenant in the U. S. Army. Finally he had returned to America and been awarded the Distinguished Service Cross. Then he had resigned his commission, re-enlisted as a sergeant in the Marines, and had come overseas again. He was now a battalion runner with the 21st Regiment. He was short and handsome and wore a brown mustache. Despite the publicity that had

been given to his exploits as a guerrilla leader in the Philippines, he had stayed modest and unassuming and was one of the most popular men in the outfit.

A small group of us accompanied Reid to the front-line company. We began to cross the clearing which we thought had been ridded of Jap sniper fire. To escape occasional mortar shells that were dropping in the open, we clung perhaps too closely to the rocky walls of the ridge. We were picking our way among the stones and the burned Jap bodies when three shots rang out from the hillside. We scattered and tried to run behind some boulders. Reid drew his pistol and looked frantically around. There was another shot. We heard a thud. We thought the bullet had struck the curving side of the ridge.

When we reached safe spots, we paused and looked back. Our hearts beat wildly. Reid was nowhere in sight. An ambulance driver and an automatic rifleman were crouched behind near-by rocks, their teeth clenched, their hands gripping their weapons. They were trying to find the hole from which the shots had come. We called Reid but received no answer. Slowly we tried to edge back. Rifle shots cracked at us from several holes, and we ducked again.

Alive With Japs

The long, rocky ridge was once more alive with enemy. Again Marines began to gather, coming up cautiously to help us. They dashed from rock to rock and slid among the boulders, trying to seek cover from the many caves that looked out at us. We told them about Reid, lying somewhere among the rocks. We formed a team quickly and began crawling forward. When the Japs fired at us again, the men covering us saw where the shots were coming from. They sent a stream of automatic fire at the holes and "buttoned up" the Japs. One burly sergeant stood straight up without a helmet on and, gritting his teeth, fired his carbine from his hip, moving directly at a hole as he fired. The jeep ambulance driver finally reached Reid's body and lifted his head. A trickle of blood flowed from behind his ear. His eyes were open, but he was dead.

There is nothing you can say or do when a good friend is suddenly killed in battle. You feel stunned, angry, sad and somewhat frustrated. We could have fired point-blank the rest of the day at those holes. The Japs would only have laughed at us. In an instant they had claimed one of our best men. Reid's wonderful war record had ended abruptly. After so many heroic deeds, it seemed an added tragedy that he was killed while doing nothing but walking. There was nothing anybody could do about it.

We crawled back and sent for flame throwers, only to find that we couldn't get any more that day. They were all busy up front. Meanwhile, an outfit of the 9th Marines was moving up and pitching its bivouac on top of the ridge, which had become silent again. We hunted up the commanding officer and told him there were still Japs inside the hill. We related to him all that had happened at the ridge that day. He listened concernedly but decided it was too late in the afternoon to try to root out the Japs still in the caves. He posted guards behind the rocks facing the ridges and gave them orders to keep all straggling Marines away from the holes.

Another combat correspondent, Technical Sergeant Francis Barr, had come up with the new outfit and was digging in for the night. What happened that night was later revealed by Barr.

According to him, as soon as it got dark the Japs tried to come out of their holes. The Marine guards saw them slithering out among the rocks and opened fire, killing some and driving the others back in. The Japs screamed and cursed when they realized they were trapped. Some of them committed suicide inside their holes.

Corporal H. E. Duke heard the muffled sounds of hand grenades exploding underneath him in the ridge. He had been sitting in a blackout tent, making out some operational reports on a typewriter. He looked at his watch. It was just before midnight.

Suddenly there was a terrific explosion that rocked the whole hill. A huge boulder flew through the tent and smashed Duke's typewriter into smithereens. Outside, Corporal Vincent M. Langa was blown out of his foxhole twenty feet into the air. Corporal John F. Muralt a chaplain's assistant, was buried, as the explosion sent slides of hot sand into his hole.

A flash of flame shot into the air and there was a series of rumbles and more explosions. The ridge quivered and shook. Rocks, dirt and hunks of concrete showered among the dug-in Marines. Platoon Sergeant Rudolph Rott thought the whole ridge was on fire.

By the light of the flames, the men dug each other out and scrambled down the ridge to safety. Stones cascaded after them in landslides that sealed up half the holes in the ridge's wall. The men took up positions behind the rocks and waited for the Japs to come out. Platoon Sergeant Waldo D. Humphrey saw two of them sitting among the stones in a dazed condition. They were carrying antipersonnel mines around their waists. He killed them as they tried to get up. Another man struggling down the slope saw other Japs trying to rush out from the holes, only to be buried in landslides. Their arms and legs protruded from the dirt and rocks. A group of five Japs, running along the wall of the ridge, were spotted by the light of the flames, and instantly killed.

Devils from Hell

"They looked like little devils running through hell," a corporal said later on. "All they needed were pitchforks."

Slowly the Marines realized what had happened. The Japs had blown themselves up and, with them, the whole ridge. When the dawn came, the Marines discovered that they had suffered only one serious casualty. Many men, like Corporal Muralt, had been completely buried by the rocks and sulphuric ash, but companions had dug them out before they had smothered. Scouts who poked into some of the remaining holes found that the Japs had used land mines and 125-pound aerial bombs to blow up the hill. They also discovered empty canteens on some of the torn Japanese bodies, indicating that the men who had tried to come out earlier in the night had probably been after water.

It was almost impossible and certainly foolhardy to try to trace the winding tunnels to their sources. The Marines instead decided to blow all the holes still unsealed and trap whatever Japs might still be alive in the ridge's inner recesses.

Marine riflemen cover a flamethrower moving in toward a cave opening in the jungle of stone.

Suicide Run—the Marines called it. The Japs had an AT gun hidden somewhere in the jungle of stone and vehicles passing up and down the road were its targets. Finally a tank came up to blast it out and riflemen took care of Jap survivors.

It was a long and tedious job. The demolitions men worked all day, placing charges in the mouths of more than forty caves. When they were blown, it was almost impossible to know whether tiny holes and cracks had not been left among the jumbled rocks through which hiding Japs could still fire. By nightfall everyone felt a sense of frustration and further trouble. An officer in charge of a group of the engineers shook his head and said, "We ought to put up a sign here, 'Pass at your own risk.'"

The sign was not put up. If it had been, it would have made some of the men laugh. But the terrible ridge was still nothing to laugh at. It was still "hot." A supply unit for a 3d Division regiment was the next outfit to run into the death that lurked among its rocks.

When the supply unit moved up, the area again looked secure. The unit pitched tents and galleys, built ration piles, parked jeeps and trailers and nonchalantly went about its business of shuttling hot food, ammunition and water to the battalions ahead.

Someone told the new arrivals about the ridge. But they looked at its silent, strewn rocks and shrugged. The fighting was now more than a mile ahead. A sniper or two this far back couldn't cause trouble.

But this time it wasn't a sniper.

A jeep and trailer, setting off one afternoon with hot coffee and doughnuts for the front lines, was fired at. The driver didn't wait to find out what kind of weapon was shooting at him. He knew it was something big. He stepped on the gas and raced out of the area. On the way back he was shot at again. Jeep ambulance drivers and other supply men reported similar attacks on them. Finally a tank, lumbering over the road, was hit. The crew jumped out and hid behind some rocks.

After a while, they came back and reported that an antitank gun was somewhere among the debris of the ridge. Some of the members of the supply unit armed themselves with rifles and carbines and went to have a look. A shower of small-arms bullets from the ridge drove them back.

They sent for help to an engineering outfit, but were told that demolitions men could not be spared at the moment. The drivers who had to take that road, moving back and forth to the front, called the route "Suicide Run." Every time they approached the rocks they stepped hard on the gas and raced past them as fast as they coud go. The antitank gun hurled shells at them each time, but fortunately there were no hits. Finally a tank was sent up. It waited behind some rocks till the Jap gun fired and showed its position. Then the tank blasted at it with its 75. In a few moments the Jap position was a pile of smoking rubble. Automatic riflemen who moved in to catch enemy survivors found the troublesome weapon to be a 47mm. antitank gun. The Japs had kept it concealed during all the previous fighting around the ridge.

It would seem as if that might have ended the story of the ridge. But it didn't. As the battle for Iwo reached its conclusion in the northern cliffs, Jap riflemen and machine gunners continued to hang on inside the tunnels back here and fire out at passers-by whenever a good shot was presented. The area soon became full of Marines. Rear camps were pitched among the rocky heights dotting the landscape. And with the concentration of men to shoot at, the Japs meted out sudden death and injury to scores of unsuspecting Americans.

A wireman, stringing a line between rear CPs, was shot through the head. Two cooks were winged in the arms. A whole mortar platoon was pinned down in its holes by a Jap machine gunner. A barber and an officer who was hav-

Whenever the Marines could spot exact positions from vhich Japs were firing, they attempted to knock them out. Vith automatic rifles and bazookas, they crept among the ocks and blasted at the small holes. Then they threw dyna- nite charges into the slits and hoped they would do the rick.

It was an almost hopeless task. The Marines soon ealized that there was only one way to eliminate the Japs. That was to wait until they came out. And come out they eventually did, for food and water. One night near the end of the campaign five enemy emerged and crept up to a regi- mental headquarters unit. Automatic riflemen, in a circle of foxholes around the bivouac area, saw the Japs in the moonlight and opened fire. They killed all five.

In the same way, other Japanese stragglers were elimi- nated, one by one, group by group. But on D plus 25, the day the Marines overran the last bit of Iwo Jima and the island was declared secured, death was still coming from the ridge. A Jap sniper that day shot a passing corps- man through the ear.

We never knew just how many Japs were in that ridge or where they kept coming from. Some thought that the Japs moved around at night from one part of the island to the other, looking for water, and that at dawn they disap- peared into the nearest ridges. Other men thought the Japs moved from ridge to ridge through underground tunnels. Only if we were some day to tear away from the sides of the ridges the tumbling rocks and debris which now cover the many holes would we ever be able to trace to their sources the tunnels that fill their dreadful interiors.

A model of a cross section of a typical Jap ridge defense like the jungle of stone. A labyrinth of tunnels undermined the island's high ground, opening in caves and protected gun positions.

HEADS UP!

By Lieutenant
Thomas L. Dalrymple

No term is so misused by infantrymen as "pinned down." When heavy enemy small-arms fire opens up the tendency is to hit the ground and get "pinned down." Units as large as platoons, and even companies, sometimes describe themselves as "pinned down." But it is difficult for a platoon, and almost impossible for a company, to be "pinned down" in a truly physical sense.

When a unit (or an individual) cannot move without being exposed to enemy fire, it cannot permit itself to be "pinned down." A running man is a difficult target, even for automatic weapons. A unit can often work out of these situations by application of fire and movement or movement through concealment. A soldier cannot be "pinned down" without cover in the open. He moves to cover or dies. Hitting the ground when fired upon in such terrain is only a temporary expedient before making a dash for cover. Lives have been lost through a deeply ingrained, but false conception of what being "pinned down" really means.

If our activities are restricted and hampered by enemy fire, the enemy certainly derives no secret pleasures from the hail of our lead. We can decrease considerably his ability to hurt us by keeping him under a constant rain of bullets and high explosives. The more nearly we keep the enemy "pinned down," the fewer American lives we shall lose. To do this, we must use our fire power aggressively. There must be no reluctance to use ammunition, except when supply difficulties force us to conserve it. This will to shoot is especially important for crew-served supporting weapons. We hear too much talk among some such crews of, "We can't shoot; for if we do the enemy will zero-in on us and knock us out." Of course the enemy will shoot back if he gets the chance. We must shoot so much that he can't shoot back accurately and we must change the positions of our supporting weapons often enough to keep the enemy guessing.

Our emphasis upon all-around security and avoiding line defenses has not eliminated the tendency to place the overwhelming strength of a unit in the supposed direction of the enemy in a defensive position. Too often companies have been counterattacked from a flank or rear and found themselves unprepared to employ an effective fraction of their fighting strength in the direction of the attack. The unadulterated truth is that a company (or smaller unit, if separated from its company) should set up an oblong closed-perimeter defense. The more nearly that closed perimeter approximates a circle, the better the defensive position is. Security in all directions is not sufficient; there must be fighting strength in all directions.

Many soldiers, replacements and veterans alike, seem to have fatal misconceptions about the use of the foxhole in a defensive position. When accurate enemy artillery is falling upon such a position, the intelligent thing to do is duck down into the foxhole until the shell, or shells, have exploded and then raise your head to find out if enemy infantry is moving in. However, in a small-arms fight, it is foolhardy not to keep your head up enough to observe and to shoot. Those who employ the ostrich technique in a small-arms fight not only vastly increase their own chances of dying, but also place their comrades in danger of being shot down from the rear by infiltrating enemy.

Some men who supply front-line troops seem to think that only those in strictly front-line assignments are expected to endanger their lives. They do not seem to consider it their job to get supplies forward regardless of danger. Since supplies are usually most urgently needed on the line during times of danger, front-line troops sometimes go without needed supplies or essential strength on the line is depleted to send troops back to get what is needed. Battle-weary front-line Doughboys should have to do no more than a bare minimum of supply carrying.

Individual soldiers and units cannot be physically "pinned down" in many situations; fire power must be used aggressively; all-around defense in strength must be stressed; heads must be kept up in small-arms fights; supplies must be moved forward to front-line troops in the face of all dangers; we must have heads-up efficiency as we prepare for the complete military destruction of Japan.

ASSAULT DETACHMENT

By Lieutenant Terry O'Regan

As the battalion commander's special weapon the assault detachment can handle those jobs of bunker busting for which the average garden-variety rifle platoon, tough as it is, does not have the proper equipment. The detachment gets special training, going into action as ordered by the battalion commander.

FOR THE AVERAGE RIFLE PLATOON, AN ATTACK ON A JAP cave is a serious problem. You can't just throw in a couple of hand grenades, move in and mop up. That costs good American lives.

The neutralization of these underground fortifications requires special training. And yet it doesn't seem possible to isolate rifle platoons from their normal drill schedule to teach all the principles of "cave cracking."

I believe we have found the answer in the battalion assault detachment. At the present this consists of twenty-one men and one officer, all volunteers.

The team is broken down as follows:

Leader (carbine)
Assistant leader, staff sergeant (rifle)
Two ten-man sections of:
- Two scouts (rifle)
- Flame thrower (pistol)
- Assistant flame thrower (tommy gun)
- One light machine gun (pistol)
- Assistant light machine gunner (rifle)
- One bazooka (carbine)
- One assistant bazooka (rifle)
- One demolitions (carbine)
- One BAR

Pride in the outfit and teamwork are the first points stressed. Physical training and blackboard tactics come second. Third is the actual building and the destruction of pillboxes and caves.

Here are some of the tactics, principles and stratagems used when the assault detachment goes into action.

The team is not to be called upon until all measures at the platoon leader's command are exhausted—heavy weapons, tanks, and so on. There is no sense in calling for the detachment every time an obstacle is encountered. That would soon eliminate the team.

Let's build up a situation. The 1st Platoon of Company B is pinned down by a cave one hundred yards to its front. Direct fire hasn't produced any results. The assault team, held in reserve, is called for. The battalion commander, who controls the team which is his special weapon, looks things over. He decides that the detachment can be used.

Meanwhile the platoon leader has reconnoitered the flanks of the enemy cave or pillbox. He checks for the best route of approach, possible sniper positions and other mutually supporting emplacements. When the detachment leader arrives he double checks the area. Perhaps it is necessary to split the team. Each section, if necessary, can operate independently. To keep the train of thought simple, let us figure the entire team will attack from one flank. Notice, I said flank. Frontal attacks are suicidal.

The rifle platoon should have a firing line built up. This is necessary to pin down enemy activity. If possible a section of heavy machine guns should be firing into the cave or pillbox opening. Final "cease fire" or "lift fire" signals are reviewed, the route of approach is defined and away we go.

Scouts out, leader next, assistant machine gunner, machine gunner, assistant flame thrower, flame thrower, bazooka, assistant bazooka, demolitions and the BAR last, for rear protection.

Our main worry now is snipers. We cover half the distance and suddenly come under machine-gun fire from our exposed flank. Shall we knock out this new cave or pillbox first with our flame thrower or demolitions? Hell no, brother, our mission has not changed. Well, what have we got that we can use? "OK, BAR, pin them down." "Bazooka, throw a couple that way." That ought to keep them quiet. Replacements from the second section moves up to take their place in the first section. We're off again.

We are fairly close now. Let's place our own light machine gun in position and fire into that port. Now the bazooka man has two jobs, one to fire in the hole and two, to check the approach of tanks. When these two weapons are in position we can signal to the firing line to lift fire. The scouts take up positions to watch for snipers. White phosphorus grenades are thrown in or near the position. They burn and conceal. The flame thrower gives a 90-degree-angle burst of two or three seconds, moves to a 45-degree angle. That will surely move any Jap from the entrance.

Finally he takes up a position directly in front and keeps his finger on the juice, moving in as close as possible, until the weapon gasps, indicating the fuel tanks are empty. As he is coming back the demolition man is going up. The engineer satchel charges of 24 pounds are very handy.

That goes into the entrance. Ten seconds is a nice time on those charges. Boom! Now let's get those automatic weapons up. Fire as you approach, move right in. Any Japs inside are punch drunk. You've got to occupy and hold right away or else you may have to rehash the whole show. The rifle platoon should be up here now. That explosion is the signal for them to come forward.

There briefly is one situation. Many may arise. Blackboards and sandtables are indispensable for dry run problems.

In summing up, let me again check these points:

▶1) The team cannot operate without teamwork and confidence in every man.

▶2) It is not a toy to be played with. The detachment is the battalion commanding officer's special weapon and is to be used at his discretion.

▶3) In training, outside interference will diminish confidence in the detachment leader.

▶4) The rifle platoon must build up a firing line to pin down the enemy. Members of the detachment carry heavy equipment and cannot advance by fire and movement. Theirs must be a slow steady advance.

▶5) Avoid frontal attacks.

▶6) Carry plenty of white phosphorus grenades.

▶7) Move in and occupy immediately after the demolitions explode.

▶8) The rifle platoon must follow up the breach you have made.

Perhaps there are many more points but from here on the leader will have to solve his own problems.

In conclusion, let me say this will work and pay off. My team is proving it in the Philippines.

No Flash, No Smoke, No Noise

By Captain Melvin M. Johnson, USMCR, Inactive

NO DOUBT SOME DAY THERE WILL COME A NEW WEAPON, with neither flash, smoke, nor noise. It will replace the one weapon that answer these specifications today—the bow and arrow.

Early in the Pacific war reports came back that Jap snipers were armed with a mysterious weapon having no flash, no smoke. Credit for this startling achievement was attributed to a secret powder developed by the Nips.

As with most alleged arms innovations, this one received a terrific build-up. The more 'twas told, the more the story grew. In contrast to the Jap weapon, our own was found to have considerable flash. Mutterings and rumblings were heard. Questions were asked. What about our powder? Why don't we have flashless, smokeless small arms?

Added to this, many Infantrymen yearned for silencers. No flash, no smoke, no noise.

The facts are simple.

The Japs have two basic rifles, the old Arisaka 1905 caliber .256 or 6.5mm., and the new Arisaka 1939 caliber .303 or 7.7mm. This last is more commonly used today. In 1942 most Jap riflemen carried the 6.5mm. Many still do. The 1905 barrel is 31.4 inches long. The 1939 barrel is 25.7 inches long. Another 7.7mm. model, the long 1939 rifle, has a 31.4-inch barrel.

The barrels of U. S. rifles, caliber .30, M1903, M1903A1, A3, A4, BAR M1918A2, are all 24 inches long. So are the barrels of the caliber .30 machine guns. The barrel of the M1 Garand is 23.5 inches long.

Flash is caused by powder burning at the muzzle. It is well known that a short barrel gives more flash than a long one. The longer the barrel in proportion to the bullet diameter, the less powder will burn at the muzzle. Powders, of course, vary. Slow-burning powder gives more flash than fast-burning powder, but also gives more velocity. Most modern rifle powders are slow-burning.

The Japanese .256 rifle with 31.4-inch barrel offers practically no flash and little smoke because powder burning is substantially completed before the bullet reaches the muzzle.

Artillerymen speak of a gun as of such a bore, so many calibers long, which means that the length of the tube or barrel is so many times the bore diameter. Accordingly, the .256 Jap rifle has a barrel of 122.46 calibers, or roughly a length of barrel 120 times the bore. The 7.7mm. or .303 Jap long rifle has a barrel about 93 calibers long. The standard rifle, caliber 7.7mm. has a barrel about 78 calibers long.

In comparison, U. S. rifles with 24-inch barrels are 72 calibers long.

Suppose we wanted to duplicate the characteristics of the Jap .256 rifle in U. S. caliber .30. This would mean 120 calibers or 120 times .30 equals 36 inches. Thus, 12 inches added to the standard 24-inch barrel would equal the Jap 1905 Arisaka.

The over-all length of the 1905 rifle is 51 inches. A corresponding U. S. caliber .30 rifle would come to 43 inches plus 12 inches, or 55 inches. This would render the weapon quite unwieldy. Moreover, you still have to add the bayonet —16 inches for the 1905 model and 10 inches for the M1 job.

Suppose a 36-inch barrel were used in a U. S. weapon, caliber .30? Personally conducted and observed tests indicate that with barrels 36 inches and 40 inches long, firing standard U. S. .30 M2 ball ammunition, there is absolutely no flash and very little smoke firing at a slow, average rifleman's rate.

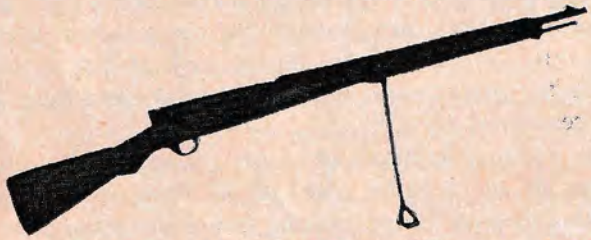
Other tests of U. S. powder in the Jap weapons versus Jap powder in the U. S. weapons showed no appreciable difference in flash and smoke.

A 30-inch Jap. .303 barrel gives more flash than a 36-

Battle Facts for Your Outfit

M1905, 6.5mm., Arisaka Rifle

Type 96, 6.5mm., LMG



New Arisaka 7.7mm. Rifle

M1922, 6.5mm., Nambu LMG

inch in caliber .30, but less than a 24-inch barrel. The problem is simply one of barrel length in calibers. The longer barrel, of course, increases muzzle velocity considerably, or roughly twenty to thirty foot seconds per inch or over three hundred foot seconds increase in a 36-inch barrel.

Machine guns present an added problem. When a 36-40 inch barrel in a U. S. machine gun was fired for five 20-shot bursts, the flash which was zero in a cold gun built up appreciably. A hot gun increases flash. Even a 40-inch barrel will not cure that.

Accordingly, Japanese machine guns are found with the following barrel lengths:

Name	*Caliber*	*Barrel length*	*Flash hider*
Model 1922	.256 in.	19 in.	No
Type 96 (1936)	.256 in.	19 in.	No
Type 99 (1939)	.303 in.	21.5 in.	Yes
Type 92 (1932)	.303 in.	29 in.	Yes

The flash hider, cone type, is integral with the Type 99 barrel, detachable with the Type 92 barrel. All Jap machine guns show some flash and smoke.

The Japs have gone to caliber .303 from .256 to get more stopping power and penetration. Their latest model rifle and LMG therefore show quite as much flash as our weapons in proportion to their barrel length.

Ever since 1885 cone flash hiders have been used to some extent on machine guns. The average cone hider has a 12- to 18-degree included angle, a length of three to six inches. A cone hider was used on the pre-1900 Austrian Schwarzlose machine gun, and on the German M1908 Maxim.

A cone hider is now issued for the U. S. M1 rifle. The same type of cone on an M1917 Browning machine gun reduces its flash almost entirely. However, by their very nature flash hiders snuff out the flame, hence they slightly increase smoke. Accordingly, they are not quite so useful in broad daylight as in the dark.

Machine guns which employ a muzzle cap to boost barrel recoil, such as the M1919A4, A5, and A6, build up additional muzzle flash. Thus, the M1919A4 gives much more muzzle flash than the M1917 gun. Therefore, a flash hider suitable for the M1917 gun is not nearly as efficient on the M1919A4.

To reduce the flash of M1919A4 and A6 guns to that of the basic M1917 would necessitate merely a slight alteration of the barrel muzzle, or the use of an M1917 barrel. A cone hider could then be added with excellent results.

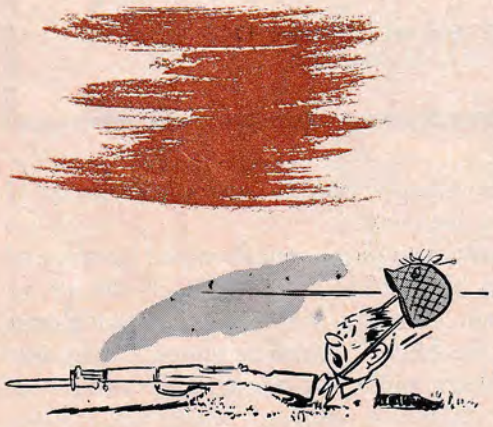
The tremendous build-up of flame at the muzzle of a machine gun, especially of the M1919A4 type, is indeed a vexing problem, far more difficult than would appear. Troops do not want a five-pound ashcan tied to the gun. The cone hider, thought not an eliminator of flash, is highly efficient, light, and compact. The M1 rifle with the new standard hider is as flashless as the Arisaka.

Next comes the problem of noise. How about a silencer? This can be answered very briefly. No silencer is effective in a weapon having a muzzle velocity above that of sound, or roughly 1,100 foot seconds. The bullet makes an unmistakable noise in spite of the silencer. Silencers eliminate the *bang* of the powder gases coming out of the muzzle by slowing down those gases. The bullet crack as it hits the air cannot be controlled.

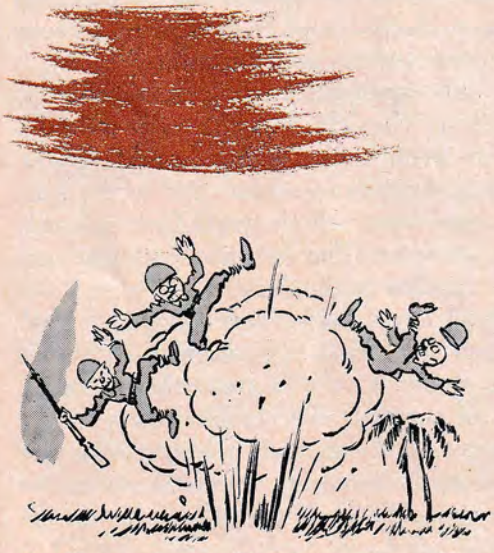
A silencer would be effective on a .45 submachine gun because the muzzle velocity is only 820 foot seconds, or below that of sound. But, at best, silencers are clumsy and easily put out of order. They require exact alinement with the bore and a tight bullet passage. If knocked out of line even slightly the bullet will hit the silencer, causing serious inaccuracy or blowing off the silencer.

FACTS FROM

The Jap is hard to see



The Jap has a good rifle



You'll get plenty of help from the artillery

YOU'RE GOING TO FIND THE JAP A STRANGE GUY, I THINK. YOU'RE GOING to think he's crazy—but he isn't. He acts differently from us and I guess from the Germans and pulls stunts that seem awfully stupid, but that's because he was brought up and taught under a civilization and standards that are entirely different from ours. Everything has a reason that seems good—by his standards. Veterans in the Pacific look at him realistically. They find out what he's good at and what he's bad at—and they drop all prejudices and preconceived ideas.

He's a crack shot. He may be small and wear glasses, but he can shoot. We found that out in every battle. And all of them aren't "snipers." They're riflemen who are excellent at making use of the terrain to conceal themselves. In combat against them you've got to have sharp eyes and use them all the time. Americans, by and large, are better shots than the Japs, but in the past, most of the time, the Japs have been shooting from concealment and we've been shooting from more exposed positions. That's because we're attacking, and they're defending. A lot of times you won't even see the Japs. Some of our men have gone through whole campaigns as riflemen and never saw a live Jap. They saw where the Japs were firing from—from small cave entrances, camouflaged dugouts and pillboxes, etc. They fired at those places and sometimes managed to silence the enemy position. But the way the Japs dig in, there were usually other men hiding inside who pretended not to be there until our guys turned their attention elsewhere. Then they opened fire again. Flame throwers and demolitions usually had to finish off the Jap position for good. That means burning the position and then sealing its openings, particularly if they are caves.

Incidentally, don't needlessly explore caves or go souvenir hunting around former Jap positions. Live Japs always seem to lurk behind—sometimes even well after a campaign is over. Their only idea is to stay alive undetected. When they think you have found them, they strike back—and you, who really haven't found them, are a dead duck.

The Jap infantryman has good weapons. Some of our guys heard that the Japs use a caliber .25 rifle that doesn't often kill. Forget it. They're using a .303, and it's a modern, high-grade weapon. Then they have a couple of things we don't have. Maybe we don't need them, with our BAR and other weapons, but the Jap can really use a Nambu and a so-called "knee mortar." The former is a deadly light machine gun that he can carry around with one hand from hole to hole without any trouble. The latter is a portable and highly potent grenade discharger that he can shoot out of cave mouths and wherever he chooses to hide. These are both good weapons, so don't under-estimate the Japs on that score. They have a lot of little things that are good for close-in fighting, and they work!

Another thing, we know that in Europe our artillery and air force did a lot of damage to German fortifications and gave you Doughfeet lots of help. Well, you'll get lots of help from the same sources in the Pacific, but maybe on all occasions the results won't be as good. In fact, prepare for tougher infantry fighting—for taking Jap fortifications by assault after the artillery and air force have failed to blast the Japs out of your way. The Japs, I think you'll discover, know how to dig in like nobody's business. They live in caves not because they like to, but because it's darn good protection against our superiority in fire power. On Peleliu, Guam, Iwo Jima,

A FOXHOLE

By Sergeant Boondocks

Okinawa and a few other places, our fellows discovered that we could blast all we wanted to at the Jap forts. In the end, our infantrymen had to go in with grenades, bazookas, automatic rifles, smoke, flame throwers, bayonets and demolitions. On every island it was almost a mystery how the Japs lived through our bombardments—and they were big—and kept right on firing back at us when we tried to advance. So don't be too optimistic about our overwhelming fire power. It often doesn't overwhelm the Japs.

Perhaps the Jap "spirit" has something to do with it. They live through hell—as you'll admit our bombardments are—and keep on plugging. That's where you might think they're crazy. I don't intend to go into the Bushido and Kamikaze spirits and love of Emperor. You can read about that elsewhere. But the Jap honestly believes—and it's like his religion—that if he lives and dies honorably (without surrendering), he goes immediately to a beautiful paradise where he again meets his family and friends. So he's not afraid of dying. And if he is (as a handful are—such as those who have had contact with Western ideas), why then he has been taught and thoroughly believes that Americans torture and kill all prisoners. So he is afraid to surrender. That, in brief, is why you should not look forward to any "mass surrenders" in the Pacific. And, incidentally, since the Jap who wants to commit suicide believes he is more honorable if he takes an American or two with him, be careful of any of them who want to surrender. Make them keep their distance till you know they're not dangerous. Look out for tricks.

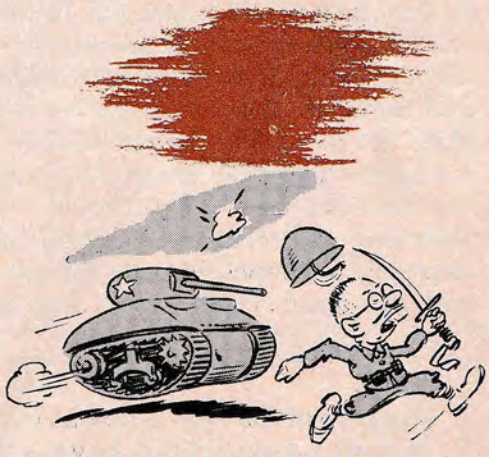
My guess also is that you'll have a lot more close-in fighting with the Japs. They come to you. Especially at night. They infiltrate very well. Constant security is needed for every outfit within range of the Japs, and that goes for the artillery and air force. At night, when you are in your foxhole, don't shoot at noises. We used a lot of illumination. When you see a guy moving and he gets close, let him have it. If you shoot at noises, you may only be giving away your position. They like that. One fellow calls in English, you answer or shoot at him, and another Jap comes in from the side or the rear. Many of our men rely on knives or, when really necessary, pistols. It keeps them from getting trigger happy and scaring all the other guys around them. By the way, many Japs have been taught English phrases to holler. And, when you're digging in at night, they listen and pick up names of men in your outfit to call out to at night.

Lots of them can pronounce the letter "l."

Don't worry if some of them get by you at night. Don't get out of your hole to go after them. Let the fellows behind you get them. But be alert in your hole fore and aft. We used mostly two-man double-prone holes, with one man awake for an hour or two and then the other. If trouble starts, both men stay awake, facing in opposite directions. Have plenty of grenades and ammunition available at night, just in case of a banzai charge. A banzai, which the Japs seem to be abandoning as senseless, is a rush by a mass of them, usually at one tiny segment in our line. When you have enough ammunition available, it's usually a break for us as you can mow them down in the open and don't have to go digging them out of caves. If you run out of ammo, they might go over you. Don't get up and run and leave a break in your line. Stay in your hole and use your knife on anybody who falls in. The guys in the 21st Marines killed eight hundred Japs in

He'd like to take you with him

You will enjoy their banzai charge



You'll see lots of tanks

two hours one night on Guam and, although two thousand live Japs went over them, they held a line so we could counterattack in the morning. The two thousand enemy were wiped out by rear elements. Good security details in the rear were really important that time.

Thorough security at night is of great importance just as security is at any time, even in our own night attacks.

Some men say the Japs are good with the bayonet, some say they aren't. Good or not, we're better. Our physical size and our training both give us an advantage. The Jap has a hook on his bayonet supposedly for grabbing an opponent's sleeve. From the experiences of the men I knew, I would say that the hook was wishful thinking on the part of the Jap designer. I never heard of a man being caught by it.

One more thing, don't sell Jap big equipment short. We've got more of it and better stuff. But that doesn't mean that their stuff isn't modern and fine, and it doesn't mean that they're low on quantity. Imitative or not, it works. And it doesn't matter if you're pinned down by a German 88 or a Jap 320mm. mortar. They both can kill. Also, our tankmen have learned that the Japs can hurt our tanks. On Iwo it was no secret that they did plenty of damage to our General Shermans. You'll use the tanks a lot against Jap caves and pillboxes. But, again, don't put all your faith in them. Lots of times you'll have to do the work yourself—on foot with the infantryman's tools.

All in all, you'll find that before you meet the Japs it will be easy to underestimate them. After you've met them you'll want to kick the guy who glibly tells you they're a pushover. We've been beating them, and so will you. But that's because we know their strong points as well as their weak ones.

The A&P Platoon in Combat

By Sergeant Harold Burger

THE AMMUNITION AND PIONEER PLATOON OF HEADquarters Company, 2d Battalion, 321st Infantry, first saw action on Angaur and Peleliu Islands in the Palaus. On D-day it consisted of one officer and twenty enlisted men. The reduction from the T/O strength of 26 enlisted men was caused in part by the loss of some men to the regimental and battalion CP defense platoons. We needed those men after the operation got under way. The A&P has few enough men as it is and to be under strength is a distinct handicap.

The job of the battalion A&P platoon is the supply of ammunition to the battalion, elementary field engineering tasks (pioneer work) and the elimination of obstacles, including antitank and antipersonnel mines. Combat experience, however, demonstrated that in many operations the ammunition supply function is its primary concern. The front-line companies continually need large quantities of ammunition. The extent of pioneer work performed depends on the nature of the terrain and on whether engineers are available to do the bulk of the pioneer work.

Both at Angaur and Peleliu, the A&P did little pioneer work during the fighting (it did a lot of it when the combat phase was over). The islands are coral and have no rivers and only a few small streams. Angaur is about one and one-half miles wide and two miles long. Peleliu is approximately three times larger and conditions were not auspicious for heavy Jap road mining. Booby traps were numerous but they were handled by the defense platoons and line companies themselves. In future operations our A&P outfit will probably be called upon to remove mines and other obstacles. On Angaur and Peleliu supply was our main worry.

The jobs of the A&P platoons in the Pacific are varied and many times have to be done under disagreeable circumstances. But the basic principles and jobs remain as always— ammunition supply, obstacle removing, and pioneering.

On D-Day at Angaur the A&P platoon landed with the eighth wave approximately 35 minutes after the first assault wave had reached the beach. No fire was received at the beach and the platoon took up an extended position some fifty yards inland. The platoon, initially attached to the shore party, was almost immediately released and joined its battalion. The ammunition dump was set up about 25 yards to the rear of the battalion CP, which was almost on the front line. The battalion area was scarcely three hundred yards wide, and we had to violate one of the A&P's primary tenets: "Don't concentrate ammo! Spread the dump out!" One dump was maintained with both ammunition and explosives stored in it. A hit would certainly have caused heavy damage. The limited area was not the only reason we concentrated the dump. The A&P had other tasks besides ammunition supply and had neither the time nor the personnel to establish another dump.

There was the job of supplying the front lines with rations and water. A comparatively easy job if vehicle transportation had been feasible, but we had to hand-carry most of the way. In groups of three, carbines slung across their backs, the men carried individual loads weighing from 80 to 125 pounds for five hundred yards and then immediately returned for another load. As night approached, another job came our way. The ground along the front lines was rock and coral with little dirt or sand. The A&P had to fill sandbags on the beach and carry them up to the riflemen for defensive positions. We also furnished rolls of barbed wire for defense perimeters. For this heavy work, which lasted throughout the entire operation, the A&P needed three 12-man squads, as in a rifle platoon. The T/O of three 8-man squads would have been inadequate even if we had been up to full strength.

Before night came, the ammunition dump was moved four times to keep up with the advancing line units. We tagged along behind the front as closely as we could. The platoon's original plan was to maintain a minimum of supply in the interests of mobility, and to depend upon the shore party for quick replenishment. It didn't work that way. Moving the dump continually exhausted the men and exposed the dump and the men to enemy fire. Depending upon shore party or regiment for quick supply was dangerous. At times they did not get the ammunition up when it was needed and the line companies ran short.

The dilemma of the dumps was finally worked out to combine quick supply and safety features. The A&P created two dumps—forward and rear. The forward dump kept two units of small-arms ammunition, four units of fire for automatic weapons, fifty cases of hand grenades, and enough illuminating flares for one night on hand all the time. It was set up as close to the front lines as was consistent with minimum safety. The rear dump was the main distribution point for the battalion; it supplied the forward dump, stored rations and water, and when necessary supplied near-by companies of other battalions. It was set up well behind the forward lines and was comparatively stationary, moving only when supply to the forward dump became difficult because of the extended line. Thus we combined mobility and safety.

Enemy air activity was absent during the operation, so we traded our caliber .50 machine gun for two caliber .30 lights, which were easier to carry and superior to the .50 for perimeter defense.

Stretcher Bearing

As the operation progressed, the A&P saw still more varied duties. Stretcher-bearing details had highest priority when the wounded were too numerous for the Medics to handle. When the 321st was called off Angaur to relieve Marine units on adjacent Peleliu, the platoon sent some of its men to reinforce the front-line rifle companies. On Peleliu, the A&P suffered three casualties in the first days and two others required hospitalization, bringing our strength down to one officer and 15 men. Most of the 321st's fighting on Peleliu took place along the "Five Brothers"—five coral cliffs of various heights. The Japs were firmly entrenched in caves in these cliffs and blasting them out or getting to them was a long tedious job. Supply meant carrying ammunition, food, water, sandbags, and barbed wire through valleys, over irregular paths, and up coral hillsides. The work was fatiguing. However, after we were reinforced by Headquarters and Service Company men, bucket brigades were formed and the supplies arrived in proper quantity and in good time.

During the earlier phases of the operation, the platoon was so pressed for men and time that the proper dispersion of ammunition in the dump was impossible. Consequently, there was always danger of an explosion. A large part of the dump consisted of white phosphorus ammunition—which is extremely sensitive to heat and sometimes detonates under the rays of a hot sun. More than once, 81mm. mortar white phosphorus shells exploded in the early afternoon, fortunately after they had already left the dump. It was not unusual for phosphorus grenades to explode in a soldier's foxhole if he placed them on the ground, unprotected from the sun. In setting up a dump, white phosphorus ammo should be kept covered and separated from other ammunition, especially HE.

Know Your Ammunition

When on maneuvers in the States, ammunition supply usually had been simulated by sandbags. As a result, few members of the A&P actually knew the different types of ammunition they had to handle in combat. Requests would come down for offensive grenades and some men unknowingly would bring fragmentation. They had never seen an offensive (concussion) grenade. There was confusion too in identifying 75mm. gun shells and 75mm howitzer shells. The different types of 81mm. mortar fuzes were not appreciated. It took time before the men knew their ammunition. A&P training should have less simulation and more of the real thing. The time for men to learn about the ammunition they're supposed to handle is during their preparation for combat, not when they're under fire.

During an operation and regardless of how difficult combat conditions are, written reports and inventories should be made and forwarded daily. We required a daily report from each line company as to the quantity of ammunition on hand and amount expended since the last report. This had to be in by early afternoon, so we would have enough time before nightfall to bring up necessary supplies for the night. In turn, the A&P submitted its report of battalion expenditures and stock to S-4 by 0800 each morning.

After the operation, the A&P was called upon to perform its pioneer function. The heavy naval gunfire and aerial bombardment that had blasted Peleliu prior to the invasion, left many duds on the island. Then, there were huge quantities of abandoned Jap ammunition and explosives, which could easily have been mined. Together with Marine and Army bomb disposal squads, the A&P located and removed unexploded bombs, shells, torpedoes, and land and water mines. It was in this phase of A&P work that it was found that more training would have been helpful. While the men had received some excellent instruction in the techniques of disarming and removing American mines and booby traps, it had had no training in handling aerial and naval explosives and very little with Jap mines and explosives. In the Pacific area, the A&P can always expect bomb and mine removal jobs.

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The Toughest Service

The most rigorous service which a soldier is called upon to perform is the duty of a ground combat soldier. He is the man who must wade in the mud, endure heat and cold, and sleep on the ground. That is the toughest kind of service.—*Senator Albert B. Chandler, in the Senate of the United States, April 19, 1945.*

DIG, DRAIN,

When a man comes bustin' in the front door of the CP yelling that parachutists are dropping by the hundreds on your right flank, you can be pretty sure, nine times out of ten, that the roads are out, and someone is being supplied by air. Air-drop is picturesque, surprisingly efficient, and extremely wearing on the switchboard man who has to route all the "flash" calls on parachutists. One doubts, however, whether the parachute will ever replace the six-by-six.

Now, the Infantry—"Foot-folk" the Germans call it—is not primarily dependent upon road conditions. The foot-soldier can and does sneer at conditions of weather and terrain which confound even the mighty bulldozer. But the same conditions that contribute to the mobility of the Infantryman limit him to a short radius of independent action. He is magnificently correct in his belief that if the Infantry can't get to any given place on foot, then there's no one there and no point in going there. There are factors, though—specifically, two factors—which can limit the independent travels of the foot-folk. One is an empty clip and the other is an empty belly. The Doughboy is not himself road-bound. But he is ultimately dependent on a supply line which leans heavily on the 2½-ton six-by-six and the agile jeep and they require roads of a sort at least.

And that brings me to the burden of my complaint: No-one takes care of roads in wet weather. I've seen roads in Belgium and Germany that would make a Tennessee pike look like the Merritt Parkway and ninety per cent of the damage and the difficulties could have been prevented.

Neither God nor Fort Belvoir ever made enough engineers to take care of every road in an army area, and it follows that either the engineers get a little help or you will find yourself out on a limb in some forward area—with the limb propped, perhaps, by air-drop—weather and terrain permitting.

The first and simplest steps anyone can do. The primary requirement of wet-weather road maintenance is *keep the road dry*. If you have a shovel and a little spare time, you can go in for ditching and draining in a big way. If you haven't, get a stick. A good stick and the heel of a boot will do a lot for a road. If you see a rut full of water, kick a hole in the low side and let it drain off. Or if you see a hatful of debris jamming a culvert, get your stick and pry it out of the way. If a ditch is flooded, punch a run-off for it into some farmer's field. His crops are less important than your ammunition.

It doesn't sound like much but in a spirit of pure science I tried it over a couple of hundred yards of road that I had to traverse to get chow. Three times a day for a week I did what I could with a stick and my shoes to keep that stretch of road from inundation. At the end of the week it wasn't good, exactly, but it was a hell of a lot better than the soupy stream that started where my amateur drainage project left off.

The second procedure is no harder. If you see a hole starting in a road, kick a rock or some gravel into it. Little holes automatically grow into big ones. When a truck slams down into a little hole, the springs snap it back up again, and in the natural course of events the whole weight of load and chassis pounds down on the road again a few inches

Push the mud and water off the road

Go in for amateur drainage in a big way

DITCH

By Master Sergeant Jim Connell

Watch your drive wheels and keep 'em in line

Drive on the ridges; not in the ruts

farther on. On a heavily travelled road, it's only a matter of days before a pretty fair road becomes a washboard. Obviously, the thing to do is to stop the first bounce—and that's exactly what you do when you kick a rock into the beginning of the trouble.

A note of restraint is in order, though. Don't try to corduroy mud holes unless you really know what you're doing. The only fit punishment for a man who tries to navigate a swamp by paving it with pine trees is a permanent detail extricating saplings which have one end wedged in the underpinnings of a six-by-six and the other driven fourteen inches into the ground under hub-deep mud.

The other part of the program applies to drivers. The cardinal rule for everyone from the jeep jockey to the dignitary who bulls a 240 how around in awesome state is drive on the ridges, not in the ruts. You can't always do it. Occasionally, sluggish driving on the part of your predecessors will hack the ruts deep enough to make the heights dangerous. But if everybody stays on the ridges, you'll have a flat, compact roadbed instead of a hog wallow.

Another point in this time and temper saving program is *watch your drive wheels.* A truck wheel isn't the most efficient excavator in the world but I've seen a truck driver of the fire-and-frenzy school do more damage in five minutes turning his truck around on a dirt road than ten men and three yards of gravel could repair satisfactorily.

If you don't know whether you can navigate a stretch of road, get out and look it over. If you think you're going to have to winch your way through it, make arrangements *before* you wind up hub-deep and helpless. Don't try to "rock" yourself out of a mistake in judgment. Chances are you can't do it and even if you succeed you've dug a pit for the next unfortunate who comes along.

Finally, use your eyes and your head to keep from aggravating flaws already in the road. Keep as near the center line as possible. The edges of a road are its most vulnerable parts. They crumble easily under a load and the break begins to gnaw its way across the whole roadbed until you have a semitank trap and a mile or two of traffic backed up waiting to cross it at two miles per hour. Or you churn up a couple of four-inch ruts in the soft shoulder of a road. They dam up water, the supporting layers under the surface of the road are softened, every succeeding vehicle beats up the roadbed a little more, and stirs up the mud hole you left. Pretty soon there's one-way traffic, MPs all over the place, and some pore Engineers who shoulda stood in bed are turned out to fix something you could have prevented.

So—regardless of theater, season, or MOS—if you, personally, will do what you can to keep the roads dry; keep the holes filled; keep the roads flat; and avoid making the roads worse, the supply problem will be cut in half, at least. You'll be making the war easier for everyone involved, and maybe a little shorter for yourself.

Aid Station in Town-to-Town Combat

By Captain Douglas Lindsey

All the principles of the battalion surgeon's medical plan are in the field manual. The story is in how he puts them to use when the Doughboys go into action.

THE SEASON IS SPRING. THE TIME IS 2200 "BRITISH Double Summer Time"; not long after sundown but a long time since sunrise. A long time and four thousand yards from the line of departure at 0700.

The town has been taken. The defense has been organized and manned. The snipers and cellars have been cleaned out. The PWs have gone back and some of the civilians with them. The rest of the civilians are herded together in the church. The last litter case went back early in the afternoon. The "duty" cases have been patched up and sent back to their units.

Almost everybody has been sacking up some rest for several hours but I sit on one end of the couch in the now bare cellar that is the battalion CP miserably trying to figure out which is the least uncomfortable: trying to sleep there or trying to stay awake. The S-2, on the other end of the couch, is snoring—I envy him. The Exec sits in the white light of the gasoline lantern and looks bright-eyed. I wonder irritably why he doesn't get tired too? The CO and the S-3 are back at regiment drawing goose-eggs on their maps for tomorrow.

"Look, brother," some reader breaks in. "Who in the hell are you—writer of the unit journal?"

"No, sir, I am the battalion surgeon."

"Well, why don't you go home and go to bed, Doc, nobody's hurt over here."

"No, sir, but somebody's liable to be hurt tomorrow."

I'm waiting for the battalion CO and the S-3 to get back from regiment. As soon as they do there will be a meeting of the company commanders and the staff. And brother, I'm a member of the staff—not a civilian under contract or a technical observer.

The CO comes back. The company commanders come in. We get the order. I mark my map like the rest: the LD, the battalion boundaries, the company boundaries, the phase lines. The objective is another little town, about the size of this one, and about three and a half grid squares up on the 1:25,000 map.

As I mark, I make an estimate of the situation. I take a close look at the layout of the town, paying particular attention to the churches (good landmarks) and even more to the sectors of the town assigned to each company. As I make the estimate, the medical plan forms automatically. As soon as I have found out what I need to know I take off to the aid station. I wake up the assistant surgeon (First Lieutenant, MAC) and the section leader and give them the plan. They mark their maps and roll over. I hit the sack.

At 0500 the telephone rings and we start putting the plan into effect. Here's how it works:

A four-man litter squad is attached to each assault rifle company. They join the company in the assembly area and stick with the company rear CP group. When an aid man needs a litter he only has to go as far as his platoon leader's SCR-536 to get it. Each litter squad carries two litters, with blankets folded inside. Two men in each squad carry a unit of plasma apiece. The cans containing the plasma are removed from the cardboard boxes and are carried in an extra medical pouch. These men know how to use it.

The surgeon comes up to the assembly area some time before the reserve rifle company pulls out. With the surgeon is another litter squad, a surgical technician (carrying a partial splint set), and a radio operator (carrying a SCR-300). Yes, I know there's no radio on the T/E, but if you can prove you can save lives with it you will get one. The surgeon carries a packboard of medical supplies. These make up the advance aid station group.

The radio operator sticks right by the surgeon's shoulder. We do a lot of listening, but no talking. We keep in immediate touch with the situation.

The advance aid station group moves forward as close to the rifle companies as the situation permits. Usually we follow immediately behind the reserve rifle company but occasionally we are in front of it.

Casualties are usually light until the outskirts of the town are reached. Any casualties occurring during the advance are brought to the advance aid station group. We treat them on the spot: plasma, splints, dressings. They are put on litters near the axis of the advance where they are picked up by the rear aid station group.

Plasma, splints, and dressings are about the extent of the work of a battalion medical section—". . . treatment limited to that necessary to save life or limb and to prepare patients for evacuation for short distances." [FM 8-10, par. 31c (3)].

As soon as the companies have entered the town we come in right behind them. We find some shelter and set up a station. Casualties are heavy now and litters are a critical shortage. But that does not stop our work. The wounded come in on litters. We take them off and put them on the floor or on mattresses or tables and go to work while the litters go back for more.

As soon as the town is secured and the roads are cleared the rear aid station group moves up with the jeeps and other supplies. By the time the rear group arrives the casualties have been dressed, splinted, and have received plasma if necessary. They can be evacuated immediately.

I know this aggressive employment of the surgeon and

Battle Facts for Your Outfit

the medical section will be considered as plain heresy by many battalion surgeons and battalion commanders. "You can't do your work out there, Doc."

Who says I can't? I've been doing pretty well at it so far. All I need to give plasma is a bayoneted rifle stuck in the ground or an upraised arm plus cover from aimed small-arms fire.

"Why don't you wait until they take the town and then move up?"

Picking up the wounded *after* the battle is pre-Civil War stuff.

The principles of this medical plan are listed below. They are not radical. They are not even new. They are clearly stated in the field manuals.

▶1) The aid station is not established initially. It does not wait until the objective is secured to move forward but maintains the closest possible contact with the attacking elements. [FM 8-10, par. 87*a*(7) (a)].

▶2) "During such periods as there is no aid station established, litter squads carry litter wounded and direct walking wounded to the designated axis of advance of the aid station group, where they are treated, made comfortable, and left in a protected location for the supporting medical echelon to evacuate." [FM 8-10, par. 87*a* (7) (b)].

▶3) The surgeon works up front. The assistant surgeon (MAC) works in the rear. The surgeon is in command of the medical section and in charge of administering treatment and *preparing* casualties for evacuation. The assistant surgeon is his executive officer. He brings up the rear echelon and is in charge of *evacuating* casualties.

Fighting Tanks Isn't Easy

By Captain H. James Fagan

The 57mm. AT gun is a potent weapon when manned by men with guts and savvy. Here are a few hints on how to manhandle the 57's 2,750 pounds, and how to use it to get results —meaning enemy tanks and field fortifications.

FIGHTING TANKS IS A TOUGH JOB FOR MANY REASONS, THE weight of the gun, for example, and the difficulty of moving it quickly; the size of the gun which makes camouflage a problem, and many other factors. Here are a few miscellaneous tips which may help you. Tips gathered from several years' experience with the antitankers.

First of all, let's consider the physical effort involved in getting an AT gun in place. A 57mm. gun is heavy and takes a lot of brute strength to move it into position. However, this weight can be used to good advantage. Let the gun do the work. Let's assume that we have a gun placed on the side of a hill. The right wheel is on the downward slope. The order is given to reverse the gun. Fifty per cent of the men will immediately start swinging the trails uphill and try to push 2,750 pounds of gun up the hill. Instead, by picking up the trails and swinging them downhill two men can do the job because the weight of the gun and the downhill slope will automatically cause it to roll around with little effort on the part of the men. This idea applies to any weapon, 37mm., 57mm., or cannon. *Let the gun do the work.* Don't try to push it uphill when you can roll it down and get the same result.

You can also use the leverage gained from the barrel and the trails. The wheels of the gun can be used as a fulcrum. Suppose a wheel sinks into a hole. Twenty men couldn't push it out. Let the gun pry itself out. First, look at the hole. Decide which side would be the easiest to get out of. Let two-thirds of your men swing so that the bogged wheel will go up the easiest slope. Put the remaining men on the barrel pushing in the opposite direction. It'll roll out of the hole with no trouble. Using the same principle, five men can work a gun up a steep slope when it would take ten men to push it up. Lock one wheel. Swing the gun. You'll gain only a yard on the deal but then lock the uphill wheel and swing the gun in the opposite direction. Repeat the process until you reach your position. Tough? Yes. But if your orders are to get a gun in such a position you do it. If ten men aren't enough, use your whole platoon if necessary.

Know the most vulnerable parts of a tank and hold your fire until you get a good shot. Ninety per cent of an AT gun's effectiveness is the gunner. A good gunner with a 37mm. can knock out a medium tank while a poor gunner with a 57mm. will fail. Your men must know not only *how* to shoot, but *when*. The penetration of a projectile depends not only on the weight and velocity but also on the angle at which it strikes the armor. The maximum power of the projectile is attained at right angles. Consequently, a gunner who waits for a right-angle shot has the best chance of making a penetration. Because of the terrain, a tank sooner or later must present a good target. One well aimed shot then is better than a dozen by a scatterbrain gunner.

Sometimes it's necessary to cover a road. If your own tanks are operating out to the front recognition of vehicles at night presents a problem. Although tanks usually stay quiet at night they can and have made night attacks. So the gunner must have some means of knowing if an oncoming vehicle is friendly.

We placed one gun to fire down the road. We put the remaining guns in the platoon about three or four hundred yards from the road to obtain flanking fire on it. About eight

ANTITANKERS ON LEYTE

On Leyte our outfit saw combat—met the Jap on his own ground and beat the hell out of him. The infamous Japanese 16th Division, which had massacred our men on Bataan and shared in the Rape of Nanking, was wiped out in that campaign.

A good many of our experiences and errors may help other antitankers. Here are the most important items for any antitankers who face the Japanese.

▶ 1) The value of the 37mm. antitank gun should not be underestimated. It is more suitable than the 57mm. in terrain where antitankers have to manhandle their weapons. The mobility and low silhouette are of prime importance.

▶ 2) A regimental antitank company should be trained to handle many kinds of assignments, such as bridge building, road construction, establishing mountain supply routes, and destroying pillboxes and machine-gun emplacements which often hold up advances. Ordinarily the regimental guns are used in depth and as antitank protection for the regiment.

▶ 3) On Leyte, our guns were used with front-line troops and became one of the most important parts of our perimeter defense. We learned that canister ammunition from 37mm. guns, effectively placed in a perimeter, can be a substitute for the fire of several automatic weapons.

▶ 4) AT guns, used in this way, often prove to be the main target of attacking Japanese. Therefore, they should always be given rifle and automatic weapon protection on the flanks. It is not advisable to set up a gun squad at the corners of a perimeter.

▶ 5) Most company commanders employing the 37mm. antitank gun made it a practice to provide each gun squad with at least one automatic weapon. Light .30s or BARS are best suited for the job.

▶ 6) Another lesson we learned was to dig interlocking foxholes immediately to the rear of the guns. This gives the best all-around protection to the gun crew and eliminates the danger of being caught in friendly rifle fire while manning the gun. The importance of a parados for protection from our own fire at night should be emphasized.

▶ 7) In beach landings it is important to see that vehicles and guns stay together if possible.

▶ 8) The Japanese land mines were mostly of the pancake variety, although they often used buried mortar shells based on boards. Most of the detonators jutted out of the ground and were clearly visible. Some times we found them bound together in groups of four or five. The enemy had the habit, fortunately, of keeping the safety pins in all but one or two of the shells; many failed to explode because of misfires.

▶ 9) Heavy Japanese mortar fire came at road junctions and sharp turns along supply routes.

▶ 10) The use of barbed wire, booby traps, and antipersonnel mines is important in the perimeter defense. A concertina of wire should be carried on each prime mover. Unit leaders should give their troops enough time to dig in at night and string wire. The Japanese are clever at cutting wire, so trip wires, mines, and flares should be set up to detect this infiltration. Japs usually throw their grenades when they hit the wire thinking they are on your main defense position. Distance of wire should thus be more than grenade distance from the guns.—*Men of the AT Company, 382d Infantry.*

hundred yards in front of the gun covering the road we established a two-man outpost. Sound-powered telephones gave communication between the outpost and the gun.

The outpost consisted of a challenger and a man armed with a BAR located in a slit trench twenty yards away to cover the challenger. On the approach of any vehicle at night, the gun crew would be alerted. All men would man their positions, the gun would be loaded and the night sight would be turned on. The crew would then stand by. When the unidentified vehicles neared the outpost, the challenger would halt them. If the strange vehicle, tank or otherwise, turned out to be friendly, the gun crew would be notified that so many medium tanks were coming through. The crew remained on the alert till the friendly vehicles passed the gun. The other guns maintained watches with one man on duty. If the number one gun opened fire they were to do likewise.

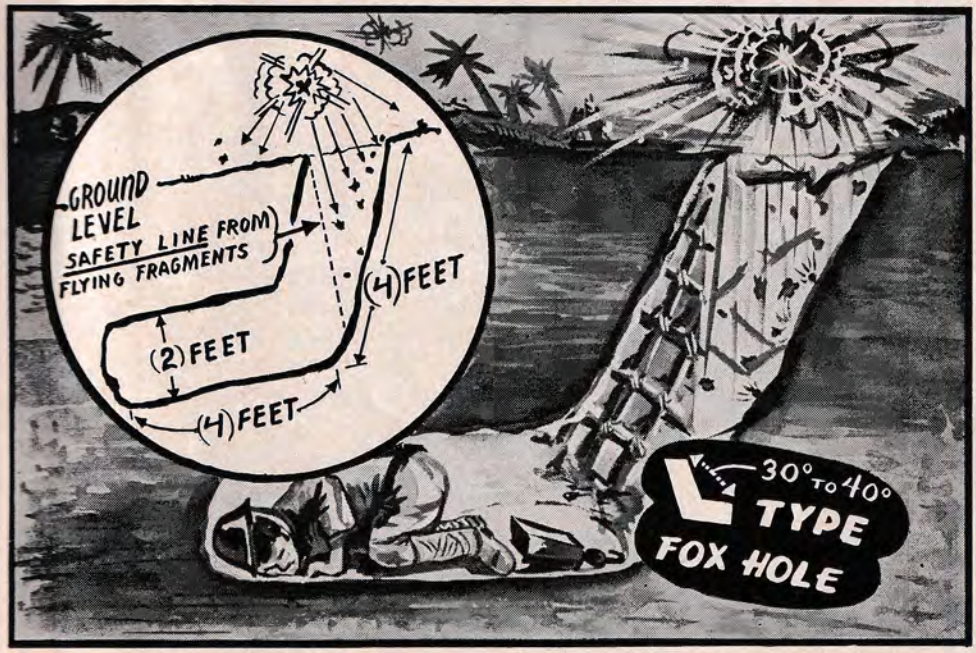
After the experience of a near-by unit we were careful to check the *number* of vehicles in a column. This unit had several tanks out on patrol which came back to the lines around dusk. Four German tanks fell in at the tail of the column and moved right into the bivouac area where they promptly started to shoot things up. They did a lot of damage before being driven off. After that, we always counted to make sure that no infiltration was going on.

We usually tried to cover roads with flanking fire. The disadvantage in putting a gun on the road shoulder to fire down it are obvious. In the first place you're shooting into the most heavily armored part of the tank, the front. Another factor is that the crew of the tank is looking for guns in obvious places. Lastly, an AT crew has little protection. For these reasons we generally placed several guns out to the side of the road where they could get flanking fire into the hulls. Any natural obstacles in the way of ditches, streams, etc., were used to protect the crew.

Carry a few smoke grenades or pots with the gun at all times. Attach them to the shield so they are never forgotten or lost. You may carry them for months and never need them. When you do though, you need them badly. The Germans gave us a very good example of the effectiveness of an AT gun fired at close range and a smooth withdrawal under cover of smoke. We had taken a hill in a night attack. Just at daylight an AT gun which we had missed in the darkness opened up with HE at close range, hardly more than a hundred yards. We were under the direct fire for about ten minutes. Shells were hitting so close that the explosion of the gun and the shell sounded together. Only a slight defilade formed by the hill saved us. Two men who tried to bring fire on the crew, which was in plain sight, were killed immediately. An entire platoon on the left flank was wiped out. When the fire shifted to another area, we tried to locate the gun but the Jerries had put out smoke grenades. Under cover of the smoke, they were able to move away without loss. We had forty men killed. Keep that smoke with the gun at all times. You may have an opportunity like that some day.

One other thing about the AT gun. Properly used, it is one of our most potent and versatile weapons. Manned by resolute men with guts it is invaluable but no weapon is any better than the man behind it. It's up to you to see that it's handled right.

THE JAP DIGS IN

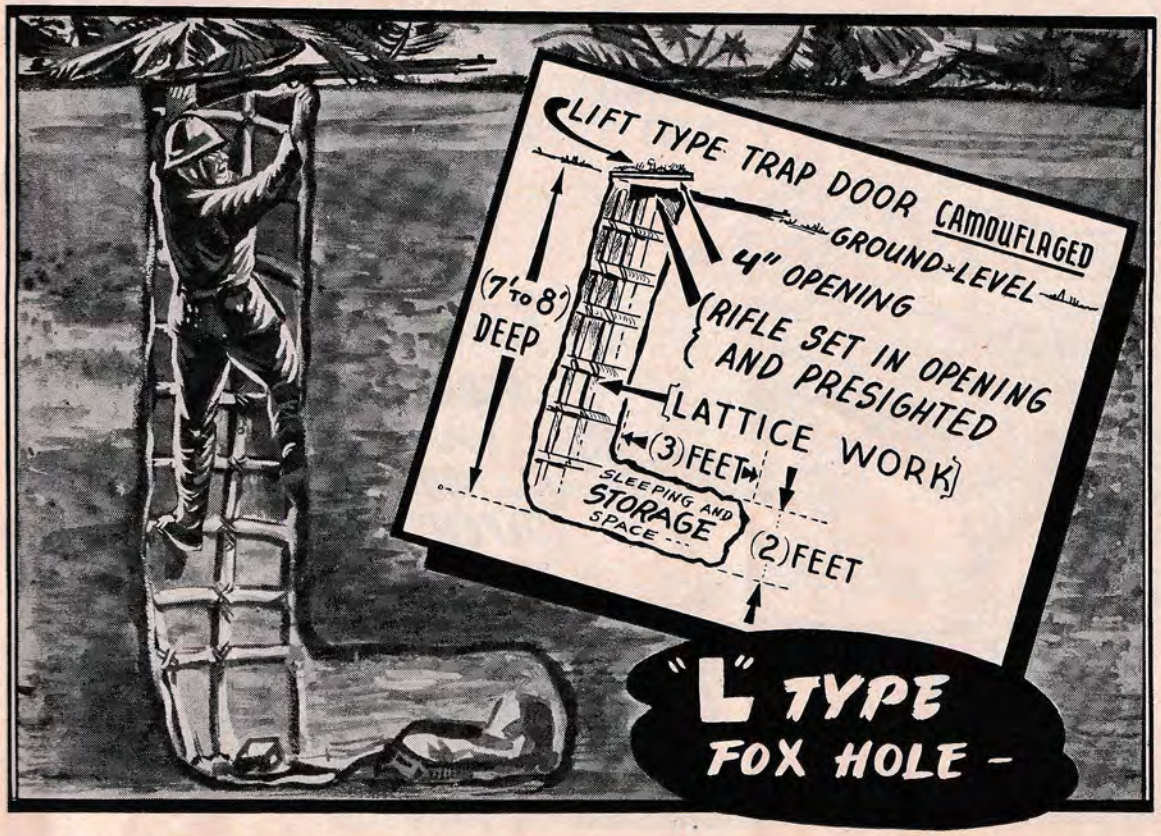


This modification of the L-type foxhole afforded the Jap additional protection from fragments coming from above. It is interesting to note that in nine cases out of ten the Nip removed all spoil from his position, preferring a hole with no parapet, flush with the ground level. Rifles were often presighted on a narrow lane.

The drawings on this page and the two pages following are taken from Japanese defensive positions encountered during the 77th Infantry Division's drive up the Ormoc Valley on Leyte. They are elaborations of rough sketches submitted to the INFANTRY JOURNAL by Lieutenant Donald H. Jillson of the 307th Infantry regiment.

Following the 77th Division's landing south of Ormoc the Jap fought a bitter, hole-to-hole defensive battle. Many new and unusual enemy strong points were encountered. The Jap plan was to delay the division as much as possible and inflict heavy casualties on our forces. He defended to the death along highways, road junctions and rivers.

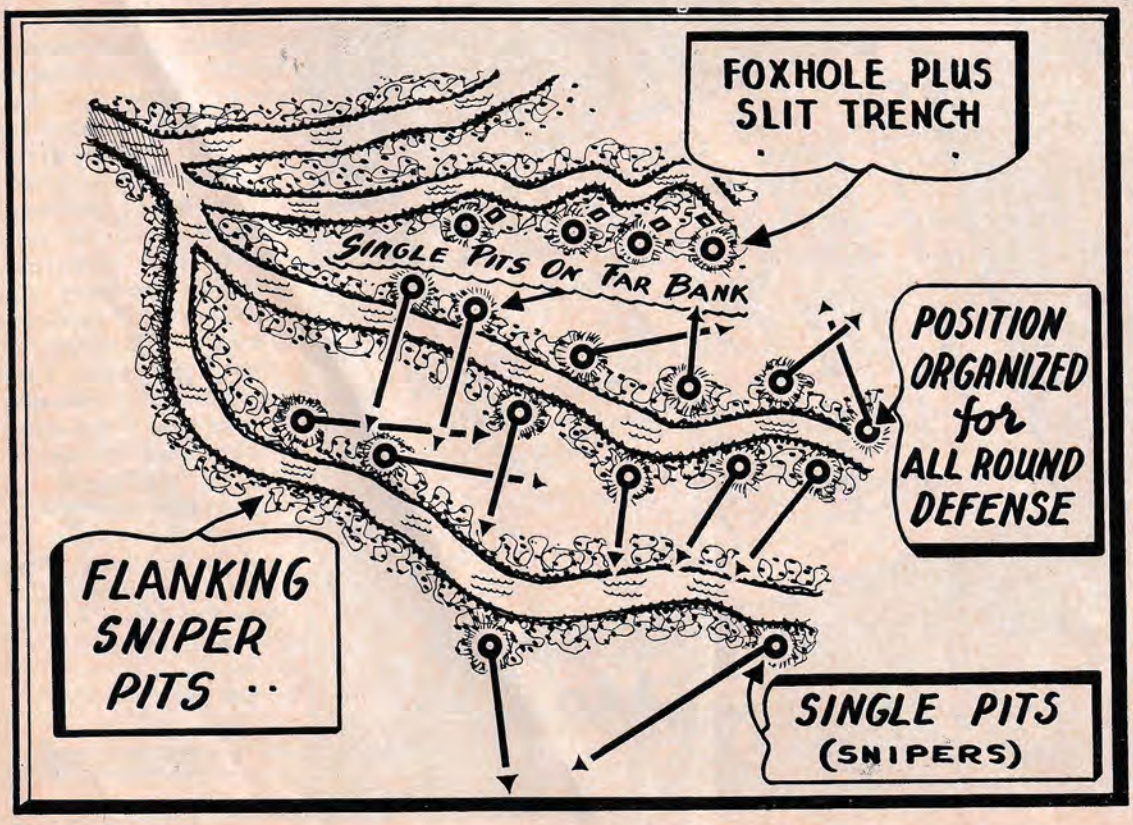
The Jap's patience, toughness and ingenuity are well illustrated in these sketches and they form an indication of the enormity of the task which our troops faced in the Pacific.



Many of the Jap foxholes in previously prepared positions were dug in the shape of the letter L, designed to give overhead protection from timed artillery fire. The top of the hole was covered with a trap door, so well camouflaged as to be invisible from a few feet away. The interior of the hole always was lined with some sort of revetment, designed to give the diminutive Jap a fire step well up in the hole. The Jap almost invariably sacrificed field of fire to gain concealment.

MORE

The Jap "porcupine" defense, as encountered in the Ormoc Valley. A platoon of Nips had dug in at the bases of the trees in a coconut grove. With crisscrossing fields of fire echeloned in depth, the "porcupine" was cracked only by the guts of the individual infantryman, who dug each Jap out of his hole at the point of the bayonet.



Often, on Leyte, the Jap would defend on low ground. In a wide, flat valley, cut-up by numerous winding streams, he used these small gullies as positions for sniper activity, delaying actions and even in modified types of reverse slope defense. Affording almost continuous routes of withdrawal with excellent cover and concealment, these streams assured him of freedom of movement both laterally and in depth. The Jap would dig a circular three-foot foxhole at the edge of either or both banks. Individual foxholes were spaced ten to fifteen yards apart. If a long stay was contemplated a larger, cubical slit trench was dug in defilade below the bank.

LOOKING AHEAD

The man with the rifle has had more able and voluble advocates in this war than in any war in history. The best of all of them was, of course, Ernie Pyle. And Ernie, while he stuck pretty close to the Infantryman who has to take it from the enemy, the weather and sometimes—so it seems to him—from the higher brass, was big and broad enough to recognize the tremendous problems that face the leaders of the riflemen. Of all his stories, the one about Captain Waskow sticks closest to the memory and seems destined to live the longest. Indeed, it is already in at least one anthology.

But outside of Ernie we can think of few of those writers who excite the fancy of the great masses of readers, who have seen and given credit to the leaders of the lower echelons—the platoon, company and battalion commanders. It almost seems as if popular fancy dictates that the subject of interest must either be Private Joe Doakes or Lieutenant General Hard-as-Nails.

Those lower-echelon leaders deserve a better break, and for the magazine-feature writer looking for new and fertile fields to plow here's a bet he shouldn't miss. And to get him oriented we have just the thing coming up. It's a short and snappy memo with the title "Leadership is Mostly Guts." It gives a couple of examples of battalion leadership under adverse conditions which are as stirring as any we have ever read. It's for other leaders especially, but we don't think any of them will mind if a magazine writer or two looks over their shoulders and reads. Look for "Leadership is Mostly Guts" in the October issue.

* * *

In "Sweeping," Major Irving Heymont tells us how the Infantry and the Armor handled the job of pursuing a disorganized enemy across Germany and Austria at the end of the war, and of the problems involved in such an operation. As Major Heymont explains it, the Armor would usually swing down the roads, by-passing local resistance which the following Infantry would sweep up in its advance. An Infantry commander never knew "whether he would be escorted into the next town by the Burgomeister or whether he would have to fight his way in." Altogether it is an engrossing account of an unusual pursuit operation.

(Continued on reverse side)

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Colonel Oldtimer, who served in the Philippines during the halcyon days of peace, has a soft spot, so we are told, for Fort William McKinley and the area around the Laguna de Bay. For him, as well as for others then, we have the story of the 11th Airborne Division's raid on the Los Baños prison camp and the freeing of some 2,100 prisoners without the loss of a man. The area over which the operation was performed is what will send Colonel Oldtimer off into reminiscences, but he and other readers will find as great an interest in the efficient execution of a bold and imaginative military plan. Lieutenant Colonel Louis A. Walsh, Infantry, who took part in the operation, tells the story.

During the Battle of the Bulge last winter the 26th Infantry Regiment found itself in a defensive position near Bütgenbach on the north side of the bulge. First the Germans probed at the regiment's lines, and then it began the first of a number of all-out attacks with armor and infantry. Mostly it was a job for the AT platoons of the regiment and especially for the crews of the 57mm. guns. Captain Donald E. Rivette, who commanded the regiment's AT Company, tells the story which is the fullest account we have ever had on the use of 57s in battle. Look for "The Hot Corner at Bütgenbach" in an early issue.

You have heard some about the organized guerrilla regiments of Filipinos who helped the Sixth and Eighth Armies liberate the Philippines, but there hasn't been much written about their organized military operations. Lieutenant Colonel E. M. Postlethwait has made an effort to rectify this omission by telling us what the 95th Guerrilla Regiment and local guerrilla forces on the northern peninsula of Leyte did last December in bottling up some 4,000 Japs until the 34th Infantry Regiment could get organized for the kill. It's a short piece but it ably tells the story. You can expect to find it in the October issue.

Other October features will include more from Colonel Frederick Bernays Wiener's "Three Stars and Up," and the conclusion of Colonel John M. Finn's story of the battle of the Infantry and Artillery on "Shoestring Ridge" south of Ormoc on Leyte.

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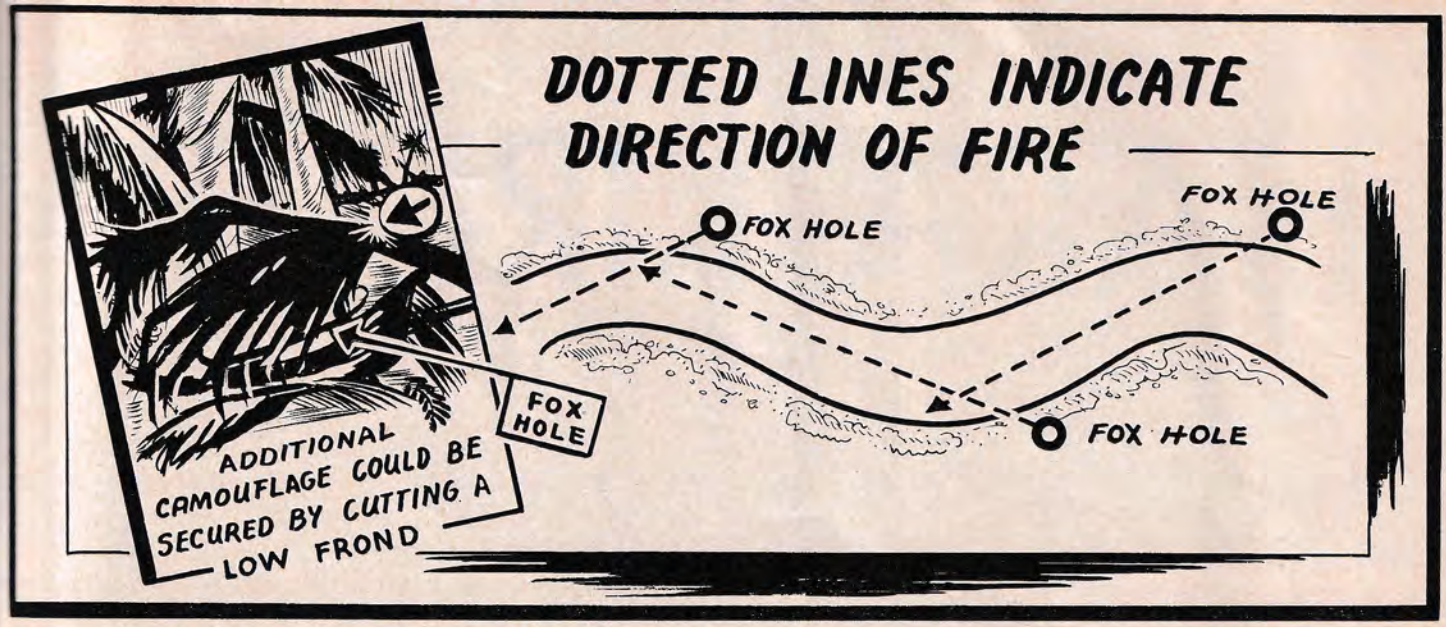
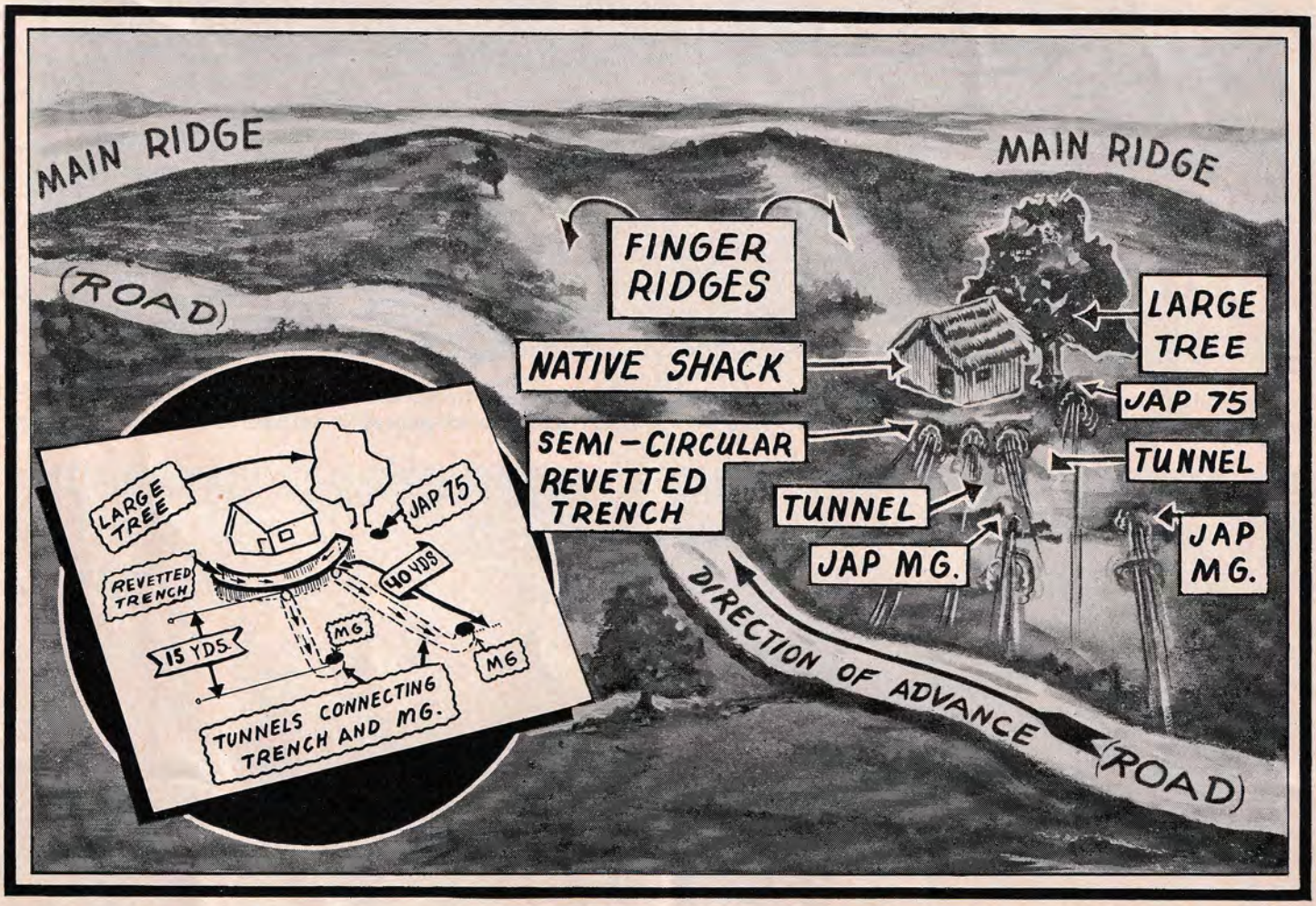
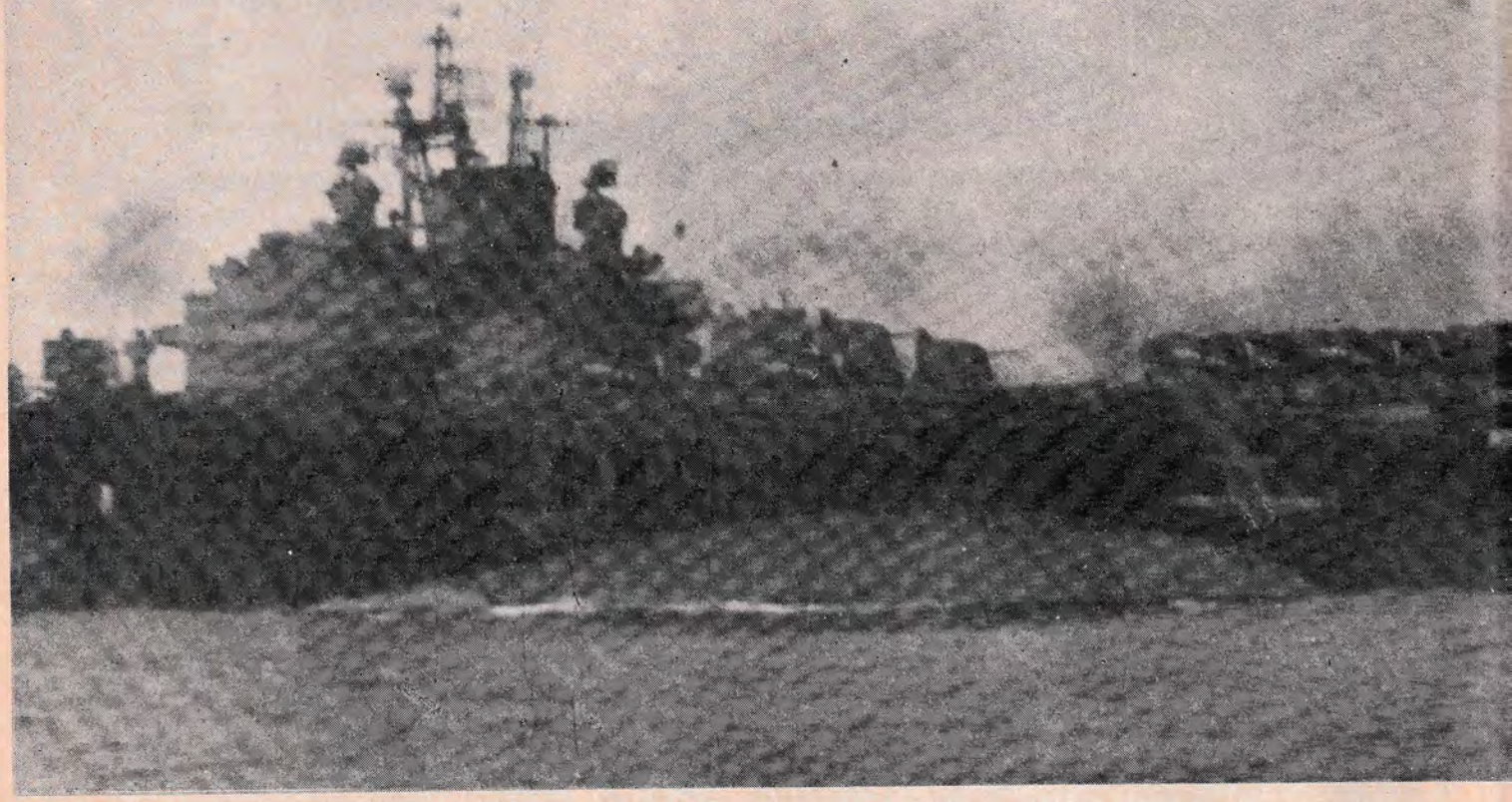


At one point where a road snaked around some low-lying hills, the Jap dug foxholes at every bend, giving the individual rifleman a maximum field of fire down the road. These holes were well camouflaged and usually dug at the base of a coconut tree. Additional camouflage was secured by cutting a low frond just enough to cause it to fracture and hang over the hole. This one little trick afforded excellent concealment. This technique was largely used in delaying actions.

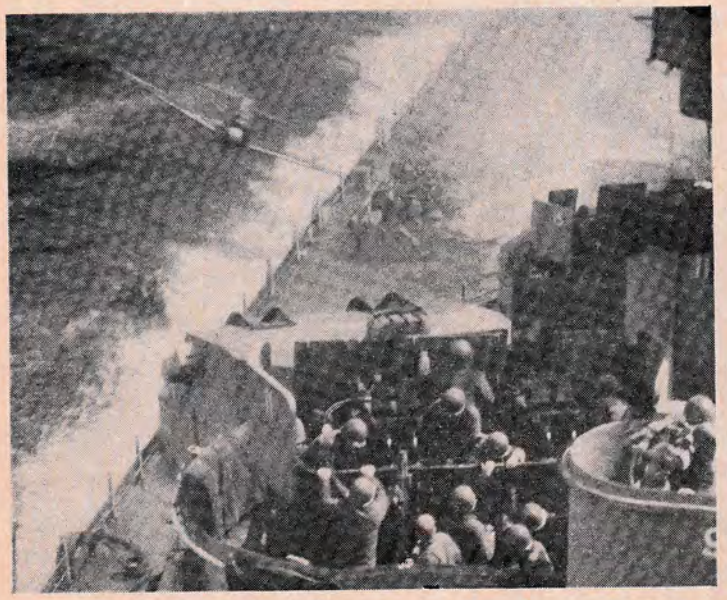


This strong point proved a hard nut to crack. When we advanced down the road the 75 opened fire at long range. When troops moved out to silence it, the HMGs, which had not fired previously, poured fire on us. The MG on the right would fire first. When it quit the other opened up. When we called for artillery the Japs withdrew to the trench in the rear, via the tunnels, until our fire lifted. Deep swamps on either side of the finger ridges ruled out flanking movements. It finally took one hundred rounds of 105mm. artiilery plus four hundred rounds of 4.2 mortar fire to knock out this nest.

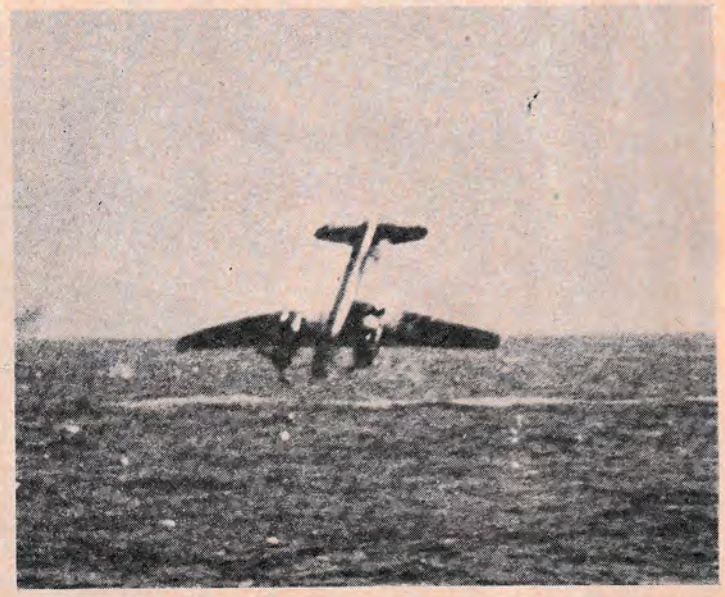
HARA-KIRI ON



Smoke trails from a Jap suicide plane as it overshoots its target, an Essex-class carrier, by less than twenty feet and dives into the Pacific. The Japanese Air Force has expended large numbers of planes in suicidal crashes on our ships,

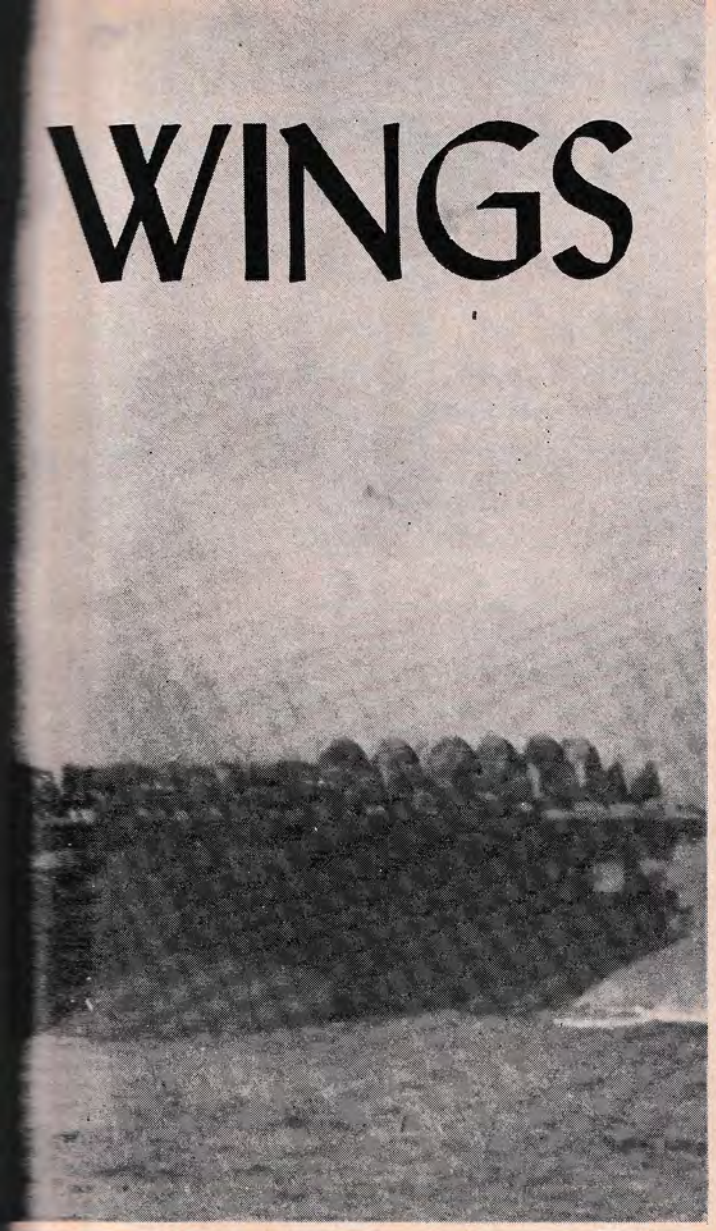


This pilot tried to crash his crippled plane on the deck of a U. S. warship, but he missed and plunged into the sea.



Both engines were burning as this Jap bomber nose dived into the sea. A carrier's antiaircraft guns brought her down.

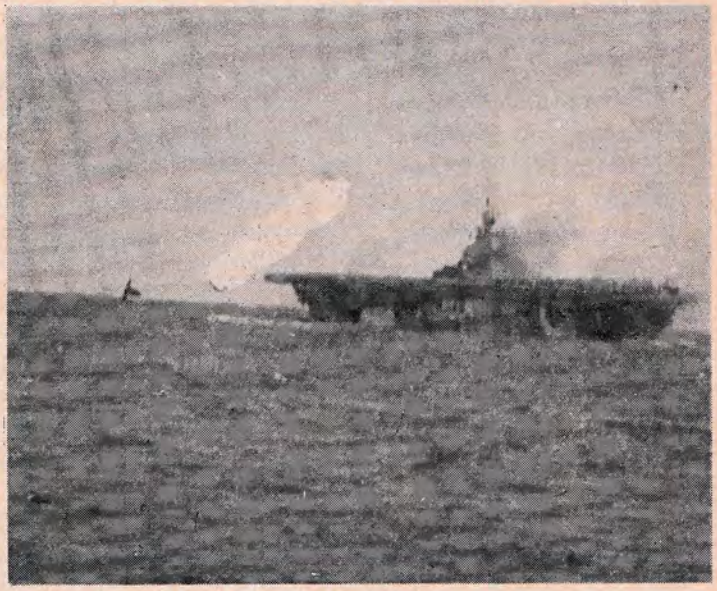
WINGS



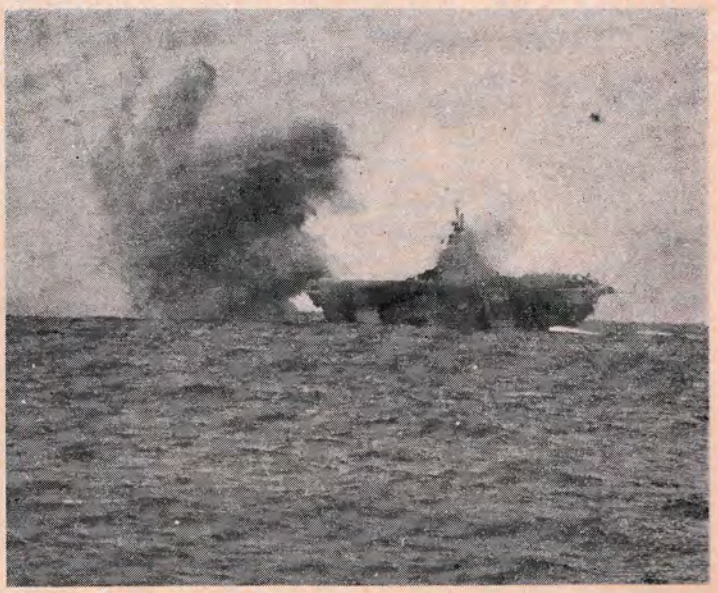
but they have never seriously impeded operations. They almost always successfully commit hara-kiri.

Her wings and engines ablaze from Navy AA gunners, this Jap bomber missed its target and was lost.

1 An Essex-class carrier turns its AA gunfire on a Jap suicide plane attacking from the upper right corner.



2 Still ablaze the Jap continues his dive, swooping like a comet over the carrier and into the sea.



3 The plane and its load of bombs blow up in the water. The carrier, a part of Task Force 58, sails on.

BUSHIDO

By Major Homer J. Colman

THE MAINSPRING OF THE JAPANESE SOLDIER'S MENTAL and moral mechanism is a queer philosophy called "Bushido," the Way of the Warrior. In Western eyes, Bushido is strictly a one-way ticket to gross barbarianism.

As set forth in an endless succession of "Imperial Rescripts," Bushido exhorts the son of the Son of Heaven into a state of mind, which, for Japanese purposes, is the acme of philosophical numbness. The soldier goes into battle sure that Bushido will smooth his path into the Nirvana that awaits all good soldiers who die for their Emperor.

Bushido teaches that the Japanese soldier must, above all, be brave. It teaches instant obedience to orders as the prime requisite of the fighting man. It says that orders from officers and noncommissioned officers must be regarded by the poor "heitai" as coming from the Emperor-God himself. It teaches the creed of self-destruction rather than surrender or capture. It says that the highest pinnacle of glory that the Japanese can attain is death on the battlefield, fighting for the Emperor and Dai Nippon. Does not the Emperor himself worship in his Shinto fashion at Yasukuni shrine, where the ashes of the fallen are sent in little white boxes? It says that the soldier or sailor must be gentlemanly and polite and tender in his dealings with those who are not fortunate enough to wear the faded tunic and frayed leggins of the Imperial Japanese Army and Navy.

The entire conception of Bushido may be summed up in the song that the Jap soldiers love to chant as they march —"Umi yukaba mizuku kabane" which says, among other things, "At sea let my body be water-soaked. On land, let it be with grass overgrown. I will follow my Emperor. I will not turn back." But then, the Japanese is a very morbid person, and undoubtedly this sort of pessimistic caterwauling satisfies some deep-seated craving for which the Western world has neither words nor necessity.

This, then, is the basis for Japanese discipline. In my estimation it is the strictest discipline existing in any army in the world today. The commanding officer of the Japanese soldier has absolute power of life or death over the man, with no recourse permitted. I have seen a Japanese private beaten into unconsciousness, carried a few yards from the drill field and unceremoniously dumped on the sand where he died. His offense consisted of being unable to grasp the importance of learning to left-face. After repeated instruction, he persisted in performing the maneuver improperly. His sergeant failed to find any consolation in the fact that he tried. The result—death, ignominious death at the hands of the sergeant, who was commended by his officer for his zeal.

The mildest form of disciplinary punishment for the Japanese soldier is a stinging slap in the face. All one needs to administer this chastisement is one more star or one more stripe than the slappee. And woe unto him who shows the slightest resentment, or who attempts to dodge the slap.

Bushido helps the Jap to acclimatize himself to his lot. Undoubtedly, he find much comfort in comparing himself to the ancient Samurai, to whom Bushido was more than a code. It was a fervent religion.

But now let us look at this proposition with an American open mind and Occidental vision. It is true that the spirit and frame of mind which is induced in the Japanese soldier by this tailor-made philosophy is just the right sort of stuff to give the troops. It turns a five-day-a-week farmer into a seven-day-with-no-overtime-for-Sunday world conqueror. Don't fool yourself. That is exactly what the Jap considers himself. He thinks of himself as the man to enlighten the world and to bring it under the benevolent guidance of the Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere. He is the chosen of the world's peoples. His Emperor has told him so—and then forbidden him to listen to anyone else. His officers tell him that he is invincible. They tell him that the American and British and Chinese soldier cannot possibly prevail. Why? Because they do not have the advantages of Bushido, the conquering spirit, that his indomitable will, fostered by Bushido, will protect him from the bombs and shells and bullets of the enemy. Then they give him a little piece of metal with a few engraved Kanzi characters to prove it.

The Japs have conveniently interpreted one phase of Bushido to suit themselves. In reading a translation of the entire code, I was astounded to read in one paragraph, "Be polite and gentle and understanding with those who are your fellow soldiers, with those who depend on you, and with those who are weak and helpless." For all practical purposes, the Japs have deleted all words in this sentence that follow "fellow soldiers." For Bushido does not work both ways. In its broad concept, it was probably meant to do so—but that was before Japan got ideas. There is no meaner, crueler, more sadistic combination in the world than two Japanese soldiers. I say two or more, because once in a great while, one may encounter a solitary Japanese soldier who has something of the kind and good and gentle about him. But put him with a fellow soldier, and the glaze comes back into his eye and the scale of civilization as we know it falls off him. For they trust not their fellow, neither do they turn their back on him. Retribution for the wayward is swift and not pleasant.

In their treatment of civilians of conquered lands, noncombatants, and prisoners of war, the Japs that I knew had no conception of decency and kindness. There is no room in their philosophy for anything but the conqueror's selfish pride.

Three Stars And Up

PART THREE

1900-1909: The Spanish War Crop

"THE WAR WITH SPAIN," SAID CHAIRMAN HULL OF THE Military Affairs Committee in 1906, "has made more generals than all the other wars that the Republ engaged in." There were six, all told, many of them remembered even in Army circles: Nelson A. Samuel B. M. Young, Adna R. Chaffee, John C. Henry C. Corbin, and Arthur MacArthur.

To understand why the office was again revived, and why once more abolished, requires more than chronological recital; it involves inquiry into the military atmosphere of the times, into the problems which the Army faced during its transformation into a modern military force, and, incidentally, into some phases of the General Staff struggle. On General Schofield's retirement, the senior major general, Nelson A. Miles, was assigned to command the Army. He was a veteran of the Civil War, in which he had risen from captain to major general, and in the thirty years which followed Appomattox he had become perhaps the greatest Indian fighter of them all. But then came the Spanish War, over which we will draw a decent veil, remembering only that it still stands as an object lesson of what not to do.

There was no planning and conditions were and remained chaotic.

From the moment that it became apparent that a volunteer army was to be raised, and that there was to be an increase in the Regular Army, the offices of the Secretary of War and The Adjutant General and Assistant Adjutants General, and the corridors of the War Department were uncomfortably crowded with applicants for appointments or with Members of Congress presenting the claims of constituents for appointment to office. The Secretary of War and The Adjutant General could only attend to the proper functions of their offices in guiding organization, equipment, and mobilization of the great volunteer army, then being put in the field, by secreting themselves for a few moments at a time, or during the night, when most of the real business of the department had to be conducted, to avoid the pressure from office seekers.

Among the crowds which filled the rooms and corridors was a host of newspaper reporters who listened to the business which was carried on between The Adjutant General and his assistants. It was next to impossible to keep anything from the press under those conditions. Almost all the orders given appeared in the newspapers about the time or before they were received by those for whom they were intended.

Such organizational work as was done was performed by The Adjutant General. The Commanding General of the Army commanded, in fact, only the expedition that took Puerto Rico. The staff bureaus, which were not under the command of the Commanding General at all and never had

By Colonel Frederick Bernays Wiener

been, but only under the Secretary of War—here let us be gentle again—were not able to prevent the typhoid and the embalmed beef scandals. The latter blazed into open flame when the Commissary-General of Subsistence said of the Commanding General, language for which he was of course promptly tried:

> If and when [he] charges that it [meaning tinned fresh beef] was furnished as a "pretense of experiment," he lies in his throat, he lies in his heart, he lies in every hair of his head and every pore of his body; he lies wilfully, deliberately, intentionally, and maliciously. . . . In denouncing [him] as a liar, when he makes this statement, I wish to make it as emphatic and as coarse as the statement itself. I wish to force the lie back into his throat covered with the contents of a camp latrine.

(For those whose interests lie in that direction, there is more of the same in the general court-martial order, G.O. 24 of 1899.)

Coalesce Is a Polite Word

Up to this point, despite bills which had been kicking about in Congress since March 1897, the Commanding General of the Army was still a major general. General Miles' situation was not a particularly happy one. He was largely ignored by the Secretary of War—for cause, according to Mr. Root's biographer—and his relations with The Adjutant General, Brigadier General Corbin, were purely official. Yet these two officers—or their friends—managed to act in concert. When the Military Academy Appropriation Act was reported out of the Senate Committee in 1900, it carried one amendment providing that the senior major general of the army should be a lieutenant general, and another that The Adjutant General should be a major general during the tenure of the present incumbent, after which the office would revert to one-star rank. Some years later Champ Clark of Missouri mentioned these amendments in a revealing reminiscence:

> It as a matter of common notoriety that General Miles, ranking major-general of the line, had been wanting to have his rank increased to lieutenant-general for some years, and he never could do it. At last General Corbin, being on the staff, and his friends were ambitious to have his rank raised to major-general; and by a coalescence of the friends of the two—coalesce is a polite word to use in that connection—both things were accomplished by one motion.

But not until there had been a real struggle, with attacks on both aspects of the proposal. Some of the arguments have a familiar, threadbare, "This-is-where-I-came-in" sound to them.

"There is no necessity to make the Commanding General of the Army a Lieutenant-General." Perhaps there is, said another, "but not after Hancock and Meade and Thomas had gone to their graves as Major Generals." "Republics are today too grateful," argued a third. "Washington, Scott, and Grant, a trio of the world's greatest military chieftains; Sherman, Sheridan, and Schofield, a trio of the world's bravest fighters and tacticians"; but not every senior major general—this legislation is an outrage.

Champ Clark of Missouri wanted to make the grade lapse after Miles' death, and produced perhaps the clearest statement of the traditional view:

> I believe that the rank of lieutenant-general is an extraordinary rank, an office of extraordinary importance, and always is or is always intended as an extraordinary service. . . . It should not be conferred by seniority only. . . . I am in favor of restricting it to the soldiers of the class who have won it before, and there is no other sensible view to take of it either.

Others turned their fire on the Corbin promotion. The New York *Times* was prepared to promote Miles, because the Army had expanded much beyond the limits of a major general's command, which is a division. But the proposal to step up the incumbent Adjutant General, and only the incumbent, prompted the editor to call the thing "A Scandalous Amendment." This was the signal to let fly at Corbin. He was a mere bureau officer. If promoted he would outrank Generals Schwan and Merriam, both Medal of Honor men. Why depart from history? asked one Congressman; we never had a two-star Adjutant General when two million men were in the field. One ghoul even exhumed the record of Corbin's court-martial in 1864-65, where the court's finding did "most honorably acquit" the accused.

Corbin's defenders were stirred to wrath. "I will not sit by and hear this man called an office beggar without rebuke." He was the organizer of victory in the war with Spain—and victories are not accomplished in the field alone. He had declined a commission as Major General of Volunteers, not because of gangplank fever (or whatever that was called in 1900), but because commissions were limited and he wished them to go to the troops. When The Adjutant General was first made a brigadier general, in 1861, most other staff department heads were colonels. Now they are all generals, and since he issues the orders, he should be senior.

A final and conclusive argument proved that both contenders were honest bugaloos, free from the stigma of professionalism. "Both were volunteer soldiers who won their way up from the ranks as private soldiers." [This was not quite true of Miles, who started as a captain, nor of Corbin, who began as a second lieutenant, but it would serve.] "They have both been promoted for gallant conduct on the field of battle." No, these were neither bureau officers, nor graduates of the Military Academy. The motion to disagree to the lieutenant generalcy was lost 117-143; that to knock out The Adjutant General's promotion failed by 60-107.

The Seventh Lieutenant General

So, on June 6, 1900, Nelson Miles became the seventh lieutenant general in the U. S. Army, and in the following year he was reappointed and once more confirmed by the Senate under the provision for a permanent lieutenant general in the Army Reorganization Act of 1901.

As soon as that measure was law, Secretary Root moved on to his next improvement, the General Staff Bill. He sent it to the Senate in March of 1902 and appeared before the Military Affairs Committee in its support. Eight days later Lieutenant General Miles, Commanding United States Army, appeared before the same committee in opposition to the bill.

The proposed plan, he said is but an effort to adopt and

foster in a republican form of government such as ours, a system peculiarly adapted to monarchies having immense standing armies. . . . The adoption of such a system would be fraught with great danger to the Republic. . . . It seems to me you are throwing the door wide open for a future autocrat or a military despot. It is not, in my judgment, in accordance with the principle and theory of democratic government, and for the best interests of the Army, which has existed more than a hundred years and fulfilled all your requirements, to adopt such a scheme.

At this point General Schofield, who happened to be in Washington, appeared before the Committee at the Secretary's request, throwing his wholehearted support behind the General Staff proposal. His testimony makes impressive reading even today. And, while discussing the theoretical aspects of the problem, General Schofield let a very large cat out of the bag. After pointing out that he had acted as Chief of Staff to Presidents Cleveland and Harrison, he was asked why the Lieutenant General and the President could not confer under the existing arrangement. Because, replied General Schofield, "They are not on speaking terms."

"Not on speaking terms?" asked the Senator.

"No, sir." And General Schofield added, "What is the use of a great general as the nominal head of the Army if the President will not even talk to him, except to criticize him, or if the Secretary of War and he do not even see each other?"

Mr. Root did not see General Miles because he had lost confidence in him. The details are in Volume I of Mr. Jessup's *Elihu Root;* they do not make pleasant reading. But despite the opposition of the Commanding General, and despite the opposition of the Inspector General—who promptly trudged up Capitol Hill to oppose the Secretary on the section of the bill which would have abolished the Inspector General's Department—the General Staff bill became law, effective August 15, 1903.

The Last of the Politicians

General Miles retired for age on August 8, a week earlier. In his farewell order he took a sharp dig at the new scheme of things: "Marked changes at different times have occurred in the strength and organization of the Army, resulting from diverse influences, and various experiments have been tried. Time has rectified errors in the past, and will do so in the future." It could hardly be surprising, therefore, that the Presidential commendation which had sent Generals Scott, Sherman, and Schofield out to pasture did not accompany the retirement of General Miles. "He was," says Mr. Jessup, after a careful review of the facts, "the last of the powerful military politicians."

Last Commanding General of the Army was Lieutenant General S. B. M. Young, who relinquished command a week after taking office and became the first Chief of Staff. His term in the latter position lasted from August 1903 to January 1904, and his first two successors were Lieutenant General Chaffee, who retired in January 1906, and Lieutenant General Bates, who in turn retired in April 1906. And this brought on a complicating factor. The general staff bill as proposed by the War Department had provided that the Chief of Staff should have the rank, pay, and allowances of a lieutenant general; this dropped out in the struggle, and with General Bates' retirement imminent, it appeared that the next Chief of Staff would not be chosen by seniority. (In fact, the officer selected was Brigadier General J. Franklin Bell, who had been a mere captain of Regulars when he got his first star in 1901; he would have to sweat out seven months as Chief of Staff before he got his second.)

Accordingly, Chairman Hull of the House Military Affairs Committee proposed in 1906 to abolish the grade of lieutenant general. Not only had the Spanish War made more lieutenant generals than any other, it had loaded up the retired list with so many generals of every grade that there were now more retired brigadier generals than there were retired colonels. Of the retired brigadiers, 62 had served only one day. Let us therefore, Hull said, abolish the three-star rank, and let us permit no more voluntary retirements of general officers until they have served at least a year.

(To digress for a moment: Secretary Root found the Army confronted with a Civil War hump of old officers of about the same age who were blocking promotion—the result of the twenty-year lieutenants. In 1903, it was said, he offered a star to any senior officer who would agree to apply for immediate retirement. In 1904 he discussed the problem very frankly with the House Committee:

> When a vacancy in a general office is to be filled, there are always two entirely different considerations that come up. One is a desire to reward long and faithful and meritorious service; the other is the duty of securing men for the position most competent to do the work that has to be done. These two do not always coincide. . . . When they do not coincide, my idea has been, and President McKinley and President Roosevelt have both agreed with it, that there should be a fair and reasonable division, and that a reasonable part of the promotion to general office should be made primarily with the idea of reward and that a reasonable part should be made primarily with reference to the performance of duty. . . . The great majority of men who have been made general officers during the time that I have been here have been men who were approaching the end of their careers.)

The proposal to crack down on quickie retirements was adopted and is law today, but the plan to abolish the lieutenant general ran into an insuperable obstacle. It was a rebuke to two very great soldiers. It would take away from Generals Corbin and MacArthur, who on General Bates' retirement might be expected by seniority to succeed to the lieutenant generalcy, what had been extended to Generals Young, Chaffee and Bates. And while Champ Clark could say, "I am more convinced now than I was in 1900 that we have no use for a lieutenant general in the United States in time of peace," the House was in no mood to deprive two distinguished veterans of the Civil War of their due. Consequently, when the anti-lieutenant-general proviso to the appropriation bill went out on a point of order—on account there is a rule that legislation shall not be tacked on such a bill—the House passed a legislative bill to keep the office from being once more filled after the two officers in question had been provided for.

That bill did not become law. Meanwhile, on April 15, 1906, General Corbin got his third star, and when he re-

tired, exactly five months later, it passed to General Arthur MacArthur. (While all this was going on, Brigadier General Bell was Chief of Staff.) When 1907 rolled around, the opponents of the lieutenant generalcy returned to the attack, and brought in a proviso to abolish the grade on the active list when it should become vacant. "This now," said Chairman Hull, "takes care of every officer who served in the Civil War who could ever hope or expect to be lieutenant general. The present officer, General MacArthur, holds it until . . . 1909. It does not disturb his tenure, but when he shall be placed on the retired list it does provide that it shall not thereafter be filled." However, once again the proposal fell afoul of a point of order; it was legislation on an appropriation bill.

What to do? Well, the House of Representatives had adequate machinery for dealing with parliamentary obstructionists, and when, as here, there is plenty of steam behind a project which does not quite fit within the rules, the lads simply change the rules. Next day, therefore, Mr. Hull reoffered the rejected proviso as an amendment—and the Rules Committee brought in a special resolution declaring the amendment to be in order. Said the gentleman in support of the special rule:

> I believe that there is an opinion prevailing that it was a mistake to create the office of lieutenant general for any officer after the death of General Sheridan; that the distinction should have been confined to Generals Grant, Sherman and Sheridan. But as often as one officer after another of the Civil War attained to the position where he would be entitled to this place, if it was to be created, Congress felt it would be unfair to deprive him of what his predecessors had had. The reason that existed for giving this distinction to these officers has now ceased to exist. All the officers of the Civil War who would be entitled by reason of their seniority to become lieutenant generals have been provided for, and if the office is to continue it will be conferred hereafter upon those who have had no connection with the Civil War.

Or, as Champ Clark expressed it some years later with his usual pungency, "The machinery for continuing the lieutenant general was put in the bill, and we had four or five lieutenant generals in succession, and then they ran out of generals who had won any particular distinction anywhere. If you can use the term 'gravitating up,' they had 'gravitated up' to be commanders of the Army."

The special rule was adopted on a voice vote and the amendment abolishing the three-star grade came up for a vote. Eighty-four members were for it, and not a single one opposed. Otherwise stated, there was not a single vote to retain the grade of lieutenant general on the active list of the United States Army. The date: January 10, 1907.

(To Be Continued)

Live and Learn

Group of Armies of the East
Headquarters, 8 November 1918
38th Landsturm Regiment (48th Landwehr Division)
Report from Epinal

* * *

Treatment of Prisoners

The Americans treat us in a ridiculous way. If they knew how their countrymen were treated in Germany they would not give us toast at 8:00 o'clock in the morning with our coffee. Those people are like big children and do everything they can to please us.

Three times a day, hot meal—Tomato sauce, roast bacon, etc. . . . It is ridiculous and we hope that on another footing the Americans will break the lance in our favor. . . . — *From a document captured after the Armistice of 1918.*

HELP FROM THE AIR

By Captain James B. L. Rush

CAN THE FRONT-LINE INFANTRYMAN GET HELP FROM the air? Experience says yes—if he doesn't ask for and expect miracles.

On April 5, 1945, the 398th Infantry of the 100th Division, with the mission of crossing the Jagst River and pushing ten thousand yards to the south to envelop the city of Heilbronn, was held up at Jagstfeld by fire from three German pillboxes and from enemy infantry intrenched in the woods to the northeast. The portion of the regiment south of the Neckar River was only three hundred yards from the pillboxes, which had a field of fire from 180 through 360 degrees. All of the division artillery was in support of the rest of the division engaged in a frontal assault on Heilbronn.

Air attack, the only quick solution available, was requested and within fifteen minutes a flight of P-47 fighter-bombers was overhead. The planes first bombed the pillboxes and effectively neutralized them, making their runs from west to east to insure the safety of our own troops. The planes then switched their attention to the enemy emplaced along the road and woods northwest of the Jagst River. Each plane strafed individually to insure maximum accuracy. This enemy position was neutralized and the advance of the 398th across the river and to the south continued.

The rapid and effective coöperation between ground and air cited above has not always been the rule, but since early in the Italian campaign the ground and the air have been a team, just as much as the Infantry and the Artillery are a team. But while the Infantry-Artillery team begins at the regimental-battalion level, the air-ground team begins at a much higher one—the Army-Tactical Air Command level.

Before explaining the mechanics of how an infantry unit can request and obtain air attack in a matter of minutes, it would be well to look at the make up of both the ground and air elements of the team and their missions.

Basically, the mission of an Army is to close with and destroy the enemy ground forces. Its tools are its corps and divisions and associated units. The Tactical Air Command has three missions: air defense of the battle area; reconnaissance, both visual and photographic for itself and its coöperating Army; and thirdly, attack. The attack mission is divided into three priorities: to gain and maintain aerial superiority; to isolate the battlefield; and last, to participate in the coördinated effort of the air and ground forces in the battle area. To fulfill these missions, the TAC is allotted two basic types of planes, fighter and reconnaissance. For air attack in support of infantry, we are interested in the fighter (or fighter-bomber) type only.

Current doctrine and revised tables of organization (Training Circular No. 17, 1945) provide the harness which insures the air-ground team. An Air-Ground Liaison Section (AGLS) is provided for every division, corps and army headquarters. The division and corps sections are charged with the maintenance of close liaison and personal contact with their respective G-2s and G-3s and with the Army section; receiving, recording and distributing current air-ground information; transmitting current bomb safety line information; and the consolidation and forwarding to army information center of that information required to formulate air requests. These sections likewise keep the appropriate ground commanders informed as to the action upon their requests for air missions. They were formerly called G-3 Air or Air Support Control Sections.

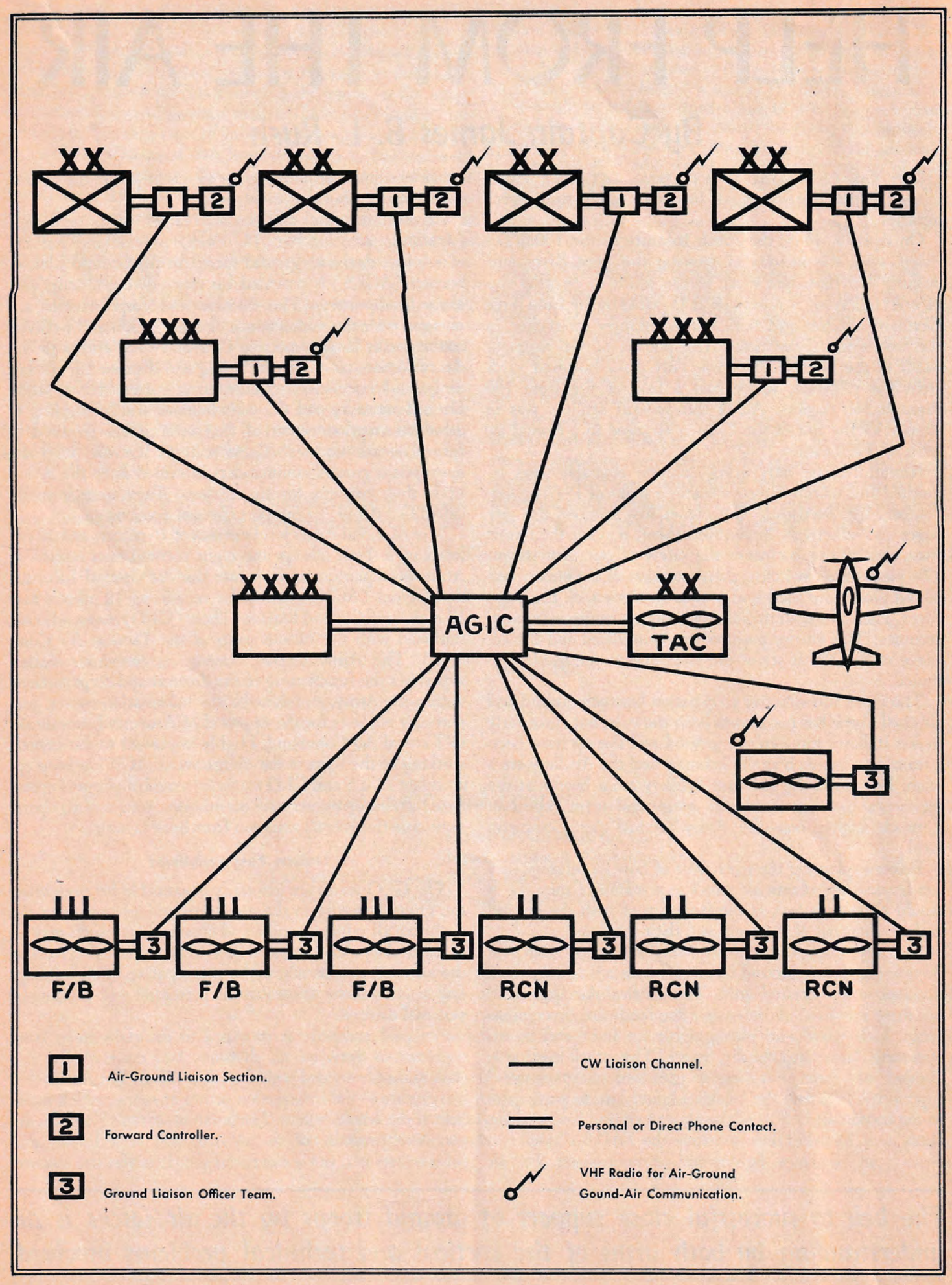
The AGLS at Army level consists of 16 officers and 20 enlisted men. Four officers and eight enlisted men remain at Army headquarters and operate the Air-Ground Information Center (AGIC), while the remaining 12 officers and 12 men form Ground Liaison Officer (GLO) teams who are stationed with the various units of the Tactical Air Command. The Army section, among its numerous duties, supervises the functioning of the division and corps sections within the Army, and through the information center, prepares air requests for the approval of Army and submission to Tactical Air Command. Highly important to the smooth working of the team is the obligation of AGIC to keep appropriate AGLS and GLO teams informed of planned operations, actions on requests for air missions, results of air operations, and the over-all situation from hour to hour.

Liaison Responsibilities

The GLO teams are primarily responsible for presenting the ground picture to the air forces and getting from the air forces all mission results and observations which may be of use to the ground forces. The GLOs who live and work at the air units do this mainly by participating in all briefings and interrogations of combat air personnel and continuous personal contact.

A signal company is provided to maintain radio communications between all divisions and corps AGIS and each air unit provided with the GLO teams. The net control stations are at the information center at Army, which is the hub of the whole system. The communications system is the exclusive property of the AGLS, and is a liaison and information net, not a command net. It is also the channel

The key to successful close support of ground troops by the air forces is an understanding by both arms of the tactical and technical problems involved.


XX
1
2
XXX
XXXX
AGIC
TAC
3
F/B
F/B
F/B
RCN
RCN
RCN
1 Air-Ground Liaison Section.
2 Forward Controller.
3 Ground Liaison Officer Team.
CW Liaison Channel.
Personal or Direct Phone Contact.
VHF Radio for Air-Ground
Gound-Air Communication.

which requests for air attack can come from divisions and corps to army.

In addition to this liaison net, there are the usual command channels from army to corps to divisions and from TAC to its attack and reconnaissance units. Army and TAC headquarters are usually adjoining. Of great importance to the air-ground team is the control channel. The control channel consists of a tactical control center, which controls all aircraft in flight by means of radar and VHF radio. Tentacles from the tactical control center are also sent forward to each corps and division and are known by various names. The generally accepted designation is "forward controller," which most aptly explains their function. The forward controllers (usually experienced combat pilots) are equipped with VHF radio and are able to brief pilots in the air and talk them onto targets. Controllers are normally provided on the basis of one per corps, one per infantry division and one per combat command of an armored division.

When smaller units are given special missions and closely coördinated air attacks are desirable, forward controllers are attached to them. The controllers locate themselves wherever they can best control the aircraft assigned to them for ground attack: at the corps or division CP; in a forward OP; in a lead vehicle or tank of a fast-moving armored column. They are usually in telephone contact with artillery, who smoke targets, and with OPs who can observe the air strikes if the controller himself cannot see the target.

Thus, the air-ground team is knit together by a liaison net over which continuous information is passed between air and ground units, and a control net, by which air force units can be directed onto targets requested by the ground forces. (See Sketch.)

"Planned," "Call" or "Air Alert"

The air-ground team is now ready for action and the infantry has found a target suitable for air attack. The target can be hit by a "planned" mission, a "call" mission, or an "air alert" mission. Actually, all the missions are identical. Only the timing is different.

First, the planned mission. Let us suppose there is no hurry because the target is not immediately threatening and will still be a good target tomorrow. From the OP discovering the target, the information goes by telephone to the division AGLO (Air-Ground Liaison Officer) and G-3. The request for the air attack is then sent to the corps AGLS, which consolidates all such requests from its divisions, and passes them on to the Army AGIC, where requests from all corps are consolidated, presented to G-3 for approval, and finally turned over to the A-3 at the regular evening conference where missions are planned for the following day.

The TAC has the final word as to whether the target will be hit. If approved, it will be included in the field order and one of the air units will be directed to attack it at a definite time with a specified number of planes each carrying the required number, weight and type of bombs to neutralize or destroy the target as desired. This is fairly simple but the elapsed time between the sighting of the target and target attacked is measured in hours.

In the event the target constitutes an immediate threat to our front-line infantrymen—for instance, a group of medium tanks in a woods one thousand yards to our front—it must be attacked immediately. There are no planes immediately available in the air. This results in a "call" mission, the steps in which are generally as follows:

1) Regimental OP discovers ten enemy tanks in a woods and reports to the regimental CP.

2) Regimental S-3 gets CO's okay, phones request to division AGLS.

3) Division AGLO confers with G-3, and if request is approved, it is radioed direct to army AGIC.

4) Corps AGLS, which is on the same radio net, monitors the call, and if corps remains silent, approval is indicated. (Corps can cut in and disapprove the request, and there it stops.)

5) Duty officer at AGIC receives the request, gets G-3's approval, presents request to TAC for approval and action. AGIC, meanwhile, has alerted all the GLOs at the fighter units that a mission is coming up.

6) A-3, having approved the mission, orders one of the air units, through regular command channels, to make the attack.

7) AGIC notifies the division AGLO that the attack is approved and gives the estimated time of the attack, and its weight.

8) The GLO at the fighter group designated to make the attack, already alerted and ready, aids in briefing the units by giving the ground picture, then sends to AGIC the exact time of the attack. The GLOs at the other units hear this message and know their unit is not to be used on the mission.

9) AGIC forwards the message to division.

10) The attack is made. The air unit will usually contact the division forward controller who may have the artillery mark the target with colored smoke to aid the pilots in pin-point identification.

11) The air unit returns to base for interrogation.

12) The Division AGLO sends to Army, if possible, ground observation of the result of the attack. Army sends it to air unit concerned.

13) After interrogation, the GLO sends the pilots' story of the attack to AGIC, who, in turn, sends it down to the division.

The elapsed time between original request and the aircraft's time over target is thus reduced to one and a half to two hours' time, assuming the airfield is about thirty miles to the rear of the front lines. Even this is too long in some cases.

"Air Alert" Most Efficient

The most efficient type of closely coördinated mission from the standpoint of elapsed time is the "air alert." In its simplest terms, an air alert mission is one in which aircraft are given no pre-briefed primary targets but are told to report in by VHF radio to a division or corps forward controller to be used on any target the ground forces wish attacked. The number of planes, bomb loadings and times of reporting in are usually decided upon at the air-ground planning conference on the previous afternoon or evening, using the requests from corps and division as the basis for deciding whether a new flight of aircraft will report hourly, four times a day, or as often as desired.

Generally, in fairly static warfare, the aircraft will be

ordered to report in to the corps controller, who will in turn pass them on to the controller of the division which has requested air attack. In the event two divisions of the corps have targets, the decision as to the more important target will be made by the corps AGLO and G-3. When air alert is used, it is possible for a regiment to find a target and get air attack on it within a few minutes, as did the 398th.

This method is expensive in planes, and will probably only be used at its maximum (a fresh flight reporting in to the ground controller every half hour) during a critical situation: withdrawal or breakthrough by our own forces. Usually the aircraft reporting to the ground controller for air-briefed primary targets will have pre-briefed secondary targets and pre-planned armed reconnaissance routes in the event the ground has no targets.

In some cases, aircraft will be ordered to report directly to division forward controllers for use as desired by the division. A notable example of this was the VIII Corps attack on the city of Brest last August. Each of the three infantry divisions and one task force, which comprised the corps, was allotted four planes per hour during daylight hours to be used as desired. Divisions normally set aside one artillery piece for the sole purpose of smoking targets.

Armored column cover became famous during its most successful early use—the Third Army's dash across Northern France. From four to eight bomb-loaded fighter-bombers were directed to report to the forward controller (usually in a leading vehicle or tank) of each column hourly to be used either against German strong points holding up the column or to fly 30 to 40 miles reconnaissance in front of the columns. In this manner, emplaced enemy antitank guns which ordinarily might have held the columns up for hours were knocked out in minutes by 500-pound bombs.

Capabilities and Limitations

We have seen that an air attack can be quickly made at the request of the ground commanders. A mere knowledge of the system used, however, is not sufficient. A request for air attack implies a knowledge of air power on the part of the requester. It implies a realization that the air attack requested is the best way of getting desired results. Nor should the requester expect air attack to lay down a plush carpet on which the infantryman can walk to an easy victory.

Stripped to its essentials, air power used in conjunction with ground action, represents added fire power. Like every other weapon, the ground attack fighter plane, or fighter-bomber, has certain capabilities and limitations.

Briefly, the capabilities of the fighter-bomber are:

▶1) Range: the aircraft can make an attack up to three hundred miles or more from its base.

▶2) Ability to mass: because aircraft are kept under a centralized control, it is possible within a short time to concentrate hundreds of planes over one point or area.

▶3) Heavy projectile: today the fighter-bomber can carry two 1,000-pound bombs—to say nothing of eight caliber .50 machine guns and ten rockets. The attack power of a single P-47, for instance, is tremendous.

▶4) Shock effect: PW interrogation in Europe has shown that even greater than the material destruction wrought by aircraft is the morale effect on the enemy. Germans have been known to walk around utterly dazed and lost after a particularly heavy attack. Strangely enough, as the enemy's morale goes down under air attack, the morale of our own troops goes up as they watch the enemy being plastered. Demoralization, unfortunately, lasts only a short time, thus our ground troops must get to the scene of the attack quickly in order to take advantage of the enemy's confused state.

But there are limitations, too, to air attack:

▶1) Relative inaccuracy: the fighter-bomber pilot has one chance to drop his bombs, and if he misses, he cannot correct his error. His bombs are gone. While this is cut to a minimum by experienced pilots it rules out really close-in attacks (three hundred yards from our own troops is just about the irreducible minimum). It also rules out tiny objectives such as single machine-gun nests, although the strafing of an area in which the machine gun is located may bring results.

▶2) Inability to sustain fire: the number of fighter-bombers generally used in close coöperation (four to 16) lasts only a few minutes before the planes must return to base for more bombs, rockets, ammunition and gas.

▶3) Weather: this is sometimes rather hard for the infantryman to comprehend, mainly because he can and does fight in all kinds. Certain weather conditions must exist, however, before aircraft can get off the ground, find the target and hit it. Moreover, the weather has to be good in three places: at the airfield (or the plane cannot take off); en route to the target (or the planes may not be able to navigate or to form up in attack formation); in the target area (or the pilot will not be able to find the target). There will be sunny days in the front lines when no friendly planes will be overhead. No, the pilots are not back at the base cooling coffee. Likely as not the ceiling is zero and the fliers are just as anxious to get off as the Doughboy is anxious to see them. A ground commander should never make the success of an operation depend on an air attack unless he is willing to delay the attack indefinitely until weather permits.

The targets picked by the ground forces, then, should emphasize the aircraft's range, ability to mass, its heavy projectile and its shock effect.

Ground Force Duties

The ground forces must describe fully the target to be hit—on pre-briefed targets. Not only must its exact location be given everything about the target must be described. The reason is simple. The air force must decide the number of planes which will be used; the type of bombs which will best accomplish the mission; the type of fuze for the bombs; and the method of attack. In addition, the ground forces should tell what results they desire: harassment, neutralization or destruction.

Second, the ground forces should give briefly the reason for requesting the attack and how it will aid them. This gives significance to the attack it would not otherwise have.

Third, the ground forces should do everything in their power to send back to the air force the results of the air action as seen from the ground. From the pilot's point of view a close coöperation mission is most uninteresting. Locomotives go boom when strafed and bombed but from the pilot's seat nothing much happens when he bombs and

an enemy defensive position. The best way to get pilot interested in these targets is to tell him from the ground standpoint just what he accomplished or did not accomplish.

Fourth, the target must be worth an air attack and other means (such as artillery) should be used first if possible. The fact that the target is within range, however, does not make it out as suitable for air attack. Air attack, in short, must not be used indiscriminately. Large as they are, the air forces are not big enough to hit every available target.

Lastly, the divisions should remember that all requests will not be honored. Unless specifically allotted a certain number of missions, all division requests must be approved by corps and army. Both headquarters are in a position of the over-all situation from hour to hour and may feel that some other division should be given the air missions available. While Tactical Air Command always has final say on attack requests, it is seldom that final refusal is made by the air. If the aircraft are available, and sometimes they are not, TAC generally honors the request. Those who request air attack in the battle area should always remember that such missions are third on the priority of attack. Aerial superiority always has first priority, isolation of the battlefield, second.

Air power, intelligently applied in the immediate battle area, is the chocolate frosting on the cake. The cake is speedy victory.

To a K Ration

K ration, I salute you.
Yours is genius.

More than canned pale pork loaf,
More than hard crackers,
Yellow powdered lemonade;
Yes, more than hard round balls of candy.
Four cigarettes of unfamiliar brand
And one lone stick of gum
Are hidden
In your brown waxen coat.

For there within you
Lies much of art,
And some of mystery.
There ghosts the skills,
The dreams, the passions
Of dietetic researchists
Whose sterile gowns
Rosed back the flicker
Of the Bunsen burner
Through unnumbered tedious
And unrelenting hours.

Staunch, single-purposed men,
And women, too,
Haunting their test tubes
And dim-lit restaurants
To crowd together in you here
This symphony
Of calories and proteins,
Whose every unit has been
Carefully weighed and measured;
Whose very soul has been surveyed
To sustain the flagging soldier,
"Traveling on his stomach,"
As great Napoleon said.

So, small brown package,
I salute you.
I have eaten you now
For many days,
For lo, these many days.
Yes, I salute you,
But I cannot eat you anymore,
And
I
Throw
You
Into
A
Deep
Black
Hole.

—Capt. Earl J. Wilson, USMC.

We Never Think of Failure

By a Battalion Commander

WHO EVER HEARD OF LOW MORALE AMONG AMERICANS? You hear it "pooh-poohed" all over the Army. But Americans, thank God, are mortal men subject to heights of enthusiasm and, at times, real despair. Thank the Lord, I didn't have to worry about the lowest extreme, but my morale problem, small as it was, was tough enough.

I first realized that the fighting efficiency of my outfit was lower than it had been when, after two months of combat, my leaders said for the first time, "Sir, that position can't be taken. I don't know how. Can't we get —— to help us?" But after all possible help had been given, they would have some other reason for not being able to do the job. Their final word would be: "We'll go, but we don't guarantee the results."

This was new. I had never needed a guarantee. It had been SOP to succeed, and failure was not even thought of—until now. What were the causes for the change?

I decided that the reasons were these:

▶1) Some sixty days of driving and fighting without a break.

▶2) Two weeks of town fighting with companies at reduced strength, requiring everyone, subconsciously, to be on the alert and tense all of the time. The rifle companies were attacking every day, and it was impossible to place security far enough away to give the "secured" troops a feeling of safety. We fought in the daytime and brought up rations and ammunition at night. We "slept" with one ear cocked for Jerry's nightly foray from across the street.

▶3) The loss of leaders. I stripped battalion headquarters down to one seasoned officer in order to give officers to rifle companies, but continued losses left the rifle companies with but one officer each.

▶4) The loss of our men and no replacements. The fact that the ranks were continually being reduced and not refilled seemed to point out to each soldier that his turn was coming. "He could be next." The ever present questions in his mind were "Will it be today, when I jump across the street? Will it be the next time I stand by a window? Will the next *panzerfaust* get me?"

▶5) After a hard day's action, the nightly carrying parties across marshy wet ground in the cold and under artillery, mortar and machine-gun fire.

These, then, were the main causes for the decrease in our fighting efficiency. I knew how the men felt for I had the same drained feeling in the arms and legs. Subconsciously, and even consciously, I had begun to count my own narrow escapes "That sniper missed me today—will he tomorrow?" "That wall that fell on me saved me from that 150mm. shell—will I be passing a wall tomorrow?"

What were the cures for this new disease? This is what I did.

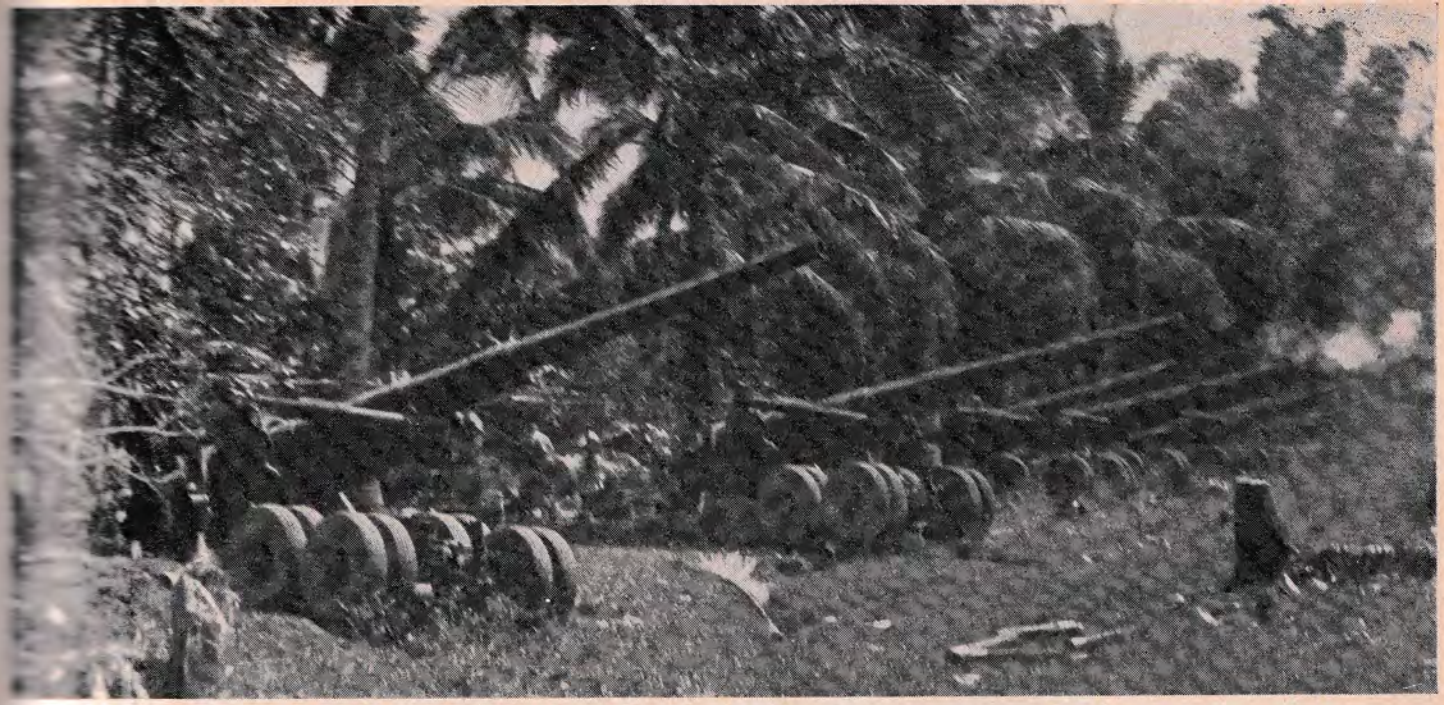
First, I never let a unit quit on a task it had been given. I knew it had the strength to do the job or I would not have given it to them to do. But to make sure that this feeling of possible failure was wiped out, I gave every attacking unit, from squad to company, all possible fire support from the battalion. Thus no attack was unsuccessful. Their achievements gave back to the men a large share of their confidence and raised their morale. They licked some jobs they had thought impossible.

Second, I could see that I had to give my troops some rest. So I put one-third of my command on security in the farthermost extremity of our area. This was not enough to keep the Germans from infiltrating (but neither was my entire battalion strong enough to stop them.) The second third would rest in a "rest area" for twenty-four hours (this "rest area" was two or three blocks back of where the fighting was going on). The last one-third, having rested the day before, carried on the daily attack. Of course, this "rest" was far from real rest because there was no place where any man could feel completely secure. But it helped.

Third, I took up the problem of the loss of leaders and the loss of men without replacements with higher echelons and received prompt assistance in the assignment of additional officers.

Fourth, we tackled the burden of the carrying parties. My staff and I continued to study this problem carefully and to personally supervise carrying parties every night. This paid off because we were able to cut down the time of round trips to 45 minutes and less. It probably helped the morale of the troops some to see the "Old Man" out there at night trying to speed things up. Regiment also helped by getting barges and vehicles across to us the last few days.

Maybe these "cures" were merely coincidental, but before we were pulled out, there was no job assigned to us that the men felt was impossible for us to accomplish. We could lick anything.



SHOESTRING RIDGE

By Colonel John M. Finn

PART ONE

WE CALLED IT THE BATTLE OF SHOESTRING RIDGE, NOT because of any peculiarities of terrain, but because of the methods we had to use to hold a vitally important piece of ground. From one crucial moment to the next we were able to gather together only the bare necessities of supplies and men to repulse the fanatical attacks of a numerically superior enemy. We operated on a shoestring. So did the Jap, but luckily we managed to keep ours just a trifle longer. The old slogan, "Too little and too late" became "just enough and just in time" for us.

To appreciate the actual battle it is best to know a little of the events leading up to it and also of the terrain. After the bulk of the Jap resistance in the Leyte Valley was broken and the remnants of the Japanese 16th Division were fighting in the mountains to the west, the general plan of the American forces took the form of giant pincers. The X Corps, forming one jaw of the pincers, was to swing west and then south and drive against Ormoc, the center of all Jap activity on the west coast. The XXIV Corps was to form the lower jaw by advancing across the mountains between Abuyog and Baybay and thence up the coast to Ormoc. As both forces were still composed of only the assault divisions, only part of the troops could be released for this new mission. The bulk of the troops were still needed to guard and mop up the captured territory on the east side of the island.

The 32d Infantry, reinforced, but less its 1st Battalion, was given the mission of leading the parade to Ormoc from the south *(Map 1)*. Its specific mission was to secure Abuyog on the east coast and Baybay on the west coast, and then move troops north to secure a future main supply road for the division. The 13th Engineer Battalion was to build or repair the necessary bridges and roads. The regiment had to guard the long supply road from both land and sea attacks and therefore had only a small force to push forward to grab new territory from the Japs.

Luckily, the Japs had pulled out and until November 13 our troubles were destroyed bridges, washed-out roads, swollen rivers, continual rains and an occasional Jap air raid. The Nips had landed huge reinforcements at Ormoc and vicinity and were branching out both to the north and to the south. We had had many reports from the guerrillas and natives that the Japs were moving toward us but until

They operated on just a shoestring of supplies on the west coast of Leyte, but the Doughboys and the Redlegs came through five nights of tough battle together

November 13 no contact had been made. After several patrol clashes, we began building up a defensive position on the ridge between the Palanas and the Bucan rivers (*Map 2*). The Japs, in turn, were building up a strong offensive force on the north side of the Palanas River.

DUKWs Were a godsend

During the entire operation we were plagued by a shortage of supplies. In addition, it was a man-sized struggle to get the supplies to the front lines. As the regiment was the largest unit on the west side of Leyte, all units in that area were attached to us and it was a heavy strain on our meager transportation. With twelve 2½-ton trucks we hauled supplies for nearly six thousand troops. Five DUKWs furnished us by Division on November 18 were a godsend. The MSR from Baybay to Damulaan met its first obstacle on the outskirts of Baybay in the form of a river which altered with the tides and the continual rainstorms. At low tide we could ford the stream with all vehicles but at high tide only Weasels (M29C cargo carriers) could cross. When it rained more than ten minutes everything stopped dead. Company B, 13th Engineer Battalion built a ferry using assault boats, but the first storm deposited it high on the bank, three hundred yards downstream. They then resurrected an old civilian ferry and on good days were able to carry a 1½-ton truck or two jeeps. On bad days, anything could happen. The ferry was christened the SS *Maybe,* and it lived up to its name. Regardless of the difficulties, the engineers kept traffic moving and had it not been for them the entire operation would have been impossible.

After surmounting the first river obstacle, the MSR followed a fairly good, but narrow, civilian road, for about three and a half miles. The engineers rebuilt eight burned bridges in this stretch and hauled countless tons of gravel to keep the road from disappearing into the bottomless rice paddies that separated the mountains from the Camotes Sea. After three and a half miles, the MSR was routed along the rocky beach where it crossed fifty-one more streams before reaching Damulaan, sixteen miles north of Baybay. Many of these rivers were unfordable at high tide and during storms. Native labor was pressed into service to build fords but the heavy rains washed them out faster than they could be built.

Natives "Help"

We then hired native *bancas* to haul supplies. These boats could haul four to six tons but their capacity varied according to the weather and the amount of corn they carried in the hold. If the weather were fair they could manage a round trip each day. If it were stormy the crew went ashore to win or lose a few pesos with their fighting cocks. The assistance they gave was slight.

Our dispositions in the Damulaan area were not according to the book, but there were reasons. As part of our mission was to establish a jumping-off point for an attack by the 7th Infantry Division we moved our field artillery batteries close to the front-line infantry for two reasons: (1) To place artillery fire as far to the front as possible to minimize displacement necessary to support the contemplated attack; (2) To enable the depleted infantry to provide maximum protection to the artillery. Battery B, 11th Marine Gun Battalion, moved into the Damulaan area to place long-range fire on enemy installations near Ormoc and to stop any and all enemy ships from entering Ormoc Bay. The artillery was dropping repeated concentrations on congregations of Nipponese soldiers. As the artillery was the main thorn in the Jap side, we assumed he would go after the big guns, no matter where they were placed. As we had the best defensive terrain for several miles south, we had to pull everything in close and get ready to hold, Jap desires to the contrary.

Let us look at our defensive lines as they existed on November 23, 1944 (*Map 2*). The great distance involved did not allow one end of the line to be anchored on the sea and the other on the rugged mountains. Some avenues of approach had to be left open to the Japs but we could at least make these avenues the longest and most difficult. Therefore, our main defenses were astride the road and on that part of the ridge which overlooked our artillery and CP installations. The remainder of the ridge stretching up to Hill 918 was outposted. With Company F and Company G occupying 1,500 yards of terrain, the line was stretched very thin.

The artillerymen realized they were liable for more than supporting missions. They didn't like it, but they accepted it and formed strong perimeters guarding our back door. They worked like beavers building revetments for the guns and individual shelters for the men. The infantry was proud of the redlegs and there were many good-natured cracks about Combat Infantry Badges and the accompanying ten bucks a month. This Infantry-Artillery team had fought together through two previous campaigns and respected each other. The artillerymen might end up charging with the bayonet and the infantry might have to pass the ammunition, but the job would get done.

Japs Open Up

On the night of November 23-24, the Japs showed their intentions and also their potential strength. At about 1830, their artillery opened up for the first time. The first rounds were smoke and fell near Battery A, but the remaining forty rounds of half HE and half smoke were so scattered that their targets could not be determined. The artillery fire was accompanied by heavy mortar fire concentrated on the front-line positions. Counterbattery action was started immediately. The enemy guns would remain silent for a while and then open up again. A few rounds from our batteries would silence them and the whole process would start all over again. At about 2000, the Japs placed artillery and mortar barrages on our entire line, commencing with Company F near the beach and swinging east until Company E was included.

At 2010, Company E's wire line was broken by artillery fire and communication was maintained by SCR-300 radio. Because Company E's radio had to keep off high ground, messages were relayed to battalion headquarters. At about the same time, all wire communications between the 2d Battalion and regimental headquarters at Baybay were disrupted. The SCR-284 radio net failed and regiment was completely in the dark. Communications were reëstablished in a roundabout way but on the whole, regimental headquarters remained in the dark and sweated it out.

0, strong enemy forces had built up in front of E's positions. Mortar barrages failed to halt the nd at 2100 the Japs attacked. The ground offered avenues of approach to the terrain-wise enemy. no wild Banzai charge, but a cleverly conceived, ördinated attack by superior numbers. Daylight n had located Company E's positions and ad- vas taken of the widely dispersed platoons. Each as attacked frontally by fire and movement, while es pushed into the gaps in an effort to isolate the

Attack Begins

illery barrage opened the attack and was soon machine guns and knee mortars. The Japs moved and grenades soon added to the clamor. Company d with everything it had, but the Japs maintained rol and moved sizable forces to within a few yards itions. Instead of attempting to overrun the po- y were content to whittle our forces down with and small arms before occupying our positions. who moved into the gaps did not attempt to sur- platoons but rather seized portions of the ridges digging defensive positions. Evidently, when the occupied all of their initial objectives, they ntinue the attack.

ny E's commander, following orders, ordered his o withdraw to a previously designated company area. All wire communications had been broken silence had to be maintained so control was exer- he use of foot messengers. The company com- eported that approximately two Jap companies nst him. (A sketch captured later showed the ttack and designated two reinforced rifle com- the 13th Independent Infantry Regiment as the force.)

der to withdraw was difficult to follow. The n withdrew slowly and built up a line fifty yards , only to find Japs digging in twenty yards behind line. The Nips were discovered first and caught The Jap force was driven off but the route of l to the south was blocked so the platoon with- e west. Casualties slowed it down but it went into bout midnight on the ridge overlooking Damu- mained in position and was joined by a HMG ithout its guns. At daylight, it contacted bat- dquarters and rejoined its company.

Platoon was hit hard by about two platoons em- xcellent coördination between heavy fire and movement. Expecting a Banzai attack, the men ised by the Japs' quiet efficiency. One man said, Those bastards must have graduated from Ben- e platoon line was thin and its fighting strength eriously when a grenade killed two of a HMG wounded the squad leader. The other HMG was olished by a direct hit from a knee mortar, which led two men and killed one. The section sergeant he bolt and butt plate from the operating gun rew his section. He became separated from the nd withdrew alone into the draw behind the po- followed the draw until he contacted the 2d Pla- e ridge overlooking Damulaan. The Japs then

Map 1

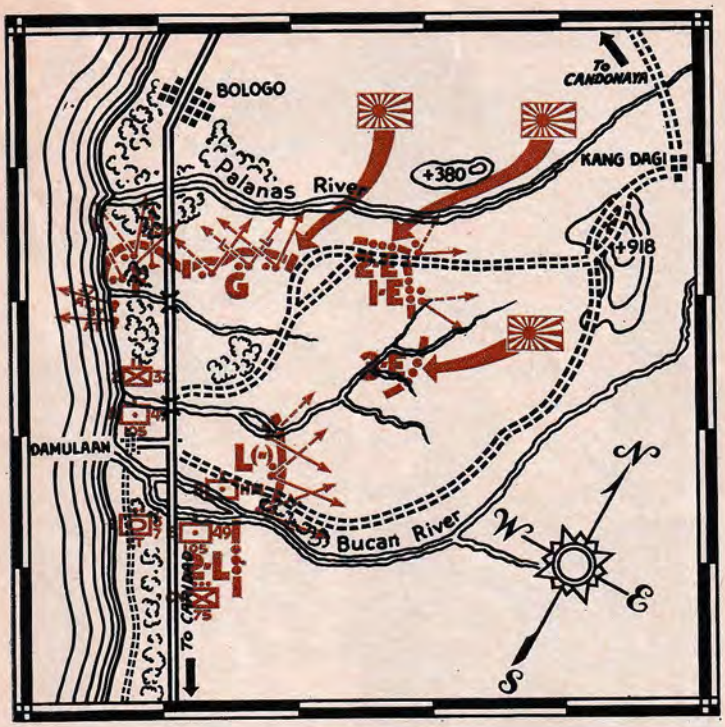
broke through the weakened middle of the rifle platoon's line. One squad was cut off so the platoon leader formed the other two squads into a semicircle and continued the fight. He then received withdrawal orders which he followed immediately. He moved to the company assembly area where he found his lost squad.

The 3d Platoon with the LMG section was not attacked until after it had started its withdrawal. Planning to move down the draw to the assembly area, the platoon leader had to abandon that route when the Japs hit his left in force. The platoon opened fire and moved across the ridge and down a trail on the other side. Again it ran into Japs and had to leave the trail and move around them, to the company assembly area.

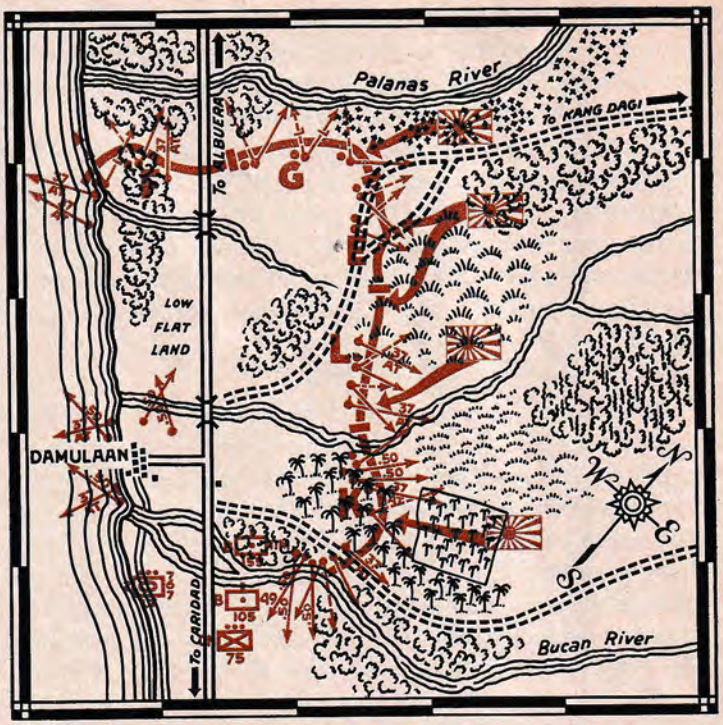
Only Six Missing

Company E's commander waited an hour for the 2d Platoon and the HMG section but finally started toward Damulaan without them. Reaching the lines of Company L, the company commander received orders to take up a perimeter defense behind Company L and remain there until daylight. At daylight, the 2d Platoon was located and a few stragglers came in. By 0700, a check showed six men were missing. Considering everything, it is remarkable that the company was collected so soon and so completely.

A word of criticism can be made about the disposition of Company E on outpost. Spread thinly, it could only give



Map 2



Map 3

warning and withdraw when attacked by a large force. Had it been kept together in a company defensive position with listening posts out, it would have been a hard force to whip. Admittedly, all the terrain would not have been covered, but the Jap could not afford to by-pass such a potent force, because at daylight we would have been able to crush him between two attacking forces. We don't intend to make that mistake again.

While Company E was being so roughly handled, the other forces were not idle. Company F reported driving off many small patrols which probed its lines during the night. Company L was not molested but Company G was not so fortunate. Its entire front was hit by patrols of approximately 15 Japs each, except on the right flank where approximately fifty attacked the right squad. At 2130, the Japs began exerting pressure on Company G. At about 2200, Company G was notified that Company E had been driven out of their positions and was to withdraw in behind Company L. This left the right flank of Company G completely exposed. The company commander ordered his right platoon leader to pull his right back from in front of the ridge to a position on the ridge facing east, thus refusing his flank. This necessitated the moving of the right two squads.

Playing Possum

The right squad received the order to withdraw to the ridge and began preparations to move. The BAR team on the right placed their belts and weapons against a tree five feet from their foxhole and began rolling their packs. Suddenly the Japs opened up with rifles, LMGs, and knee mortars and began moving in. The BAR man grabbed for his weapon but someone had knocked it down. He picked it up and dived into his foxhole with his M1-armed assistant. He raised his BAR to fire, but the magazine had fallen out and he was helpless. The belt holding reserve magazines was out of his reach and the Japs were not ten yards away, firing like mad. The two men huddled in their hole and hardly breathed. The Japs moved in and set up ten knee mortars and ten LMGs and placed fire on the ridge above, to which the remainder of the BAR team's squad had withdrawn. The Nips would fire a few rounds and then move ten to fifteen yards and fire again. Then American mortar fire began falling like rain. The Nips were not dug in and the area was a mass of torn and bleeding bodies, intermingled with wrecked equipment and weapons. At least fifty per cent of the Japs were casualties. But they did not withdraw. Instead, reinforcements arrived and aided in placing more fire on the ridge.

After three hours of waiting things quieted down somewhat and as the two men whispered plans for an escape, a Jap soldier walked over their hole and screeched as he discovered them. His scream died in his throat as the assistant BAR man sent a bullet crashing through his chest. Pushing the dying Nip out of the way, the two men jumped out of the hole and started running. The startled Japs began firing in all directions. The assistant BAR man disappeared into the dark foliage apparently still in good running order. The BAR man was not so fortunate. His cramped position in the foxhole had caused his legs to go to sleep and ten yards from his hole his sleepy legs gave way and he sprawled in the grass just as a Jap machine gun zeroed in on him. He crawled about ten feet and tried again, but the Jap machine gun was on his track. Chagrined at the futility of it all, he remained in the grass until daylight. Thirty Japs passed within eight feet of him and an LMG set up ten feet from him and fired intermittently, directly over him, for two and a half hours. More of his own mortar fire landed all around him. But the BAR man couldn't even get the Purple Heart, and at daylight, alternately crawling and running, he made his way to his own lines.

His squad in the meantime had made a rapid but successful withdrawal and had taken up the position on the

ridge facing east. A section of MGs was in the line with them and during the night they repulsed repeated attacks by about thirty Japs. One Jap who managed to work his way to within twenty feet of one of the HMGs, stood straight up, yelled "Me Firipino" and started scrambling up the hill. He never made it. To illustrate the persistency of the Nips, a Jap officer and four men armed with four LMGs were killed eight feet from the front lines at daylight. They were still trying to take the position.

At dawn steps were immediately taken to regain some of the lost ground, to find and evacuate our dead and to police up the battle ground in general. Company E's commander regrouped his forces and prepared to attack toward his old positions. Company F patrolled out to the Palanas River and found the area clear. At 0800, Companies G, E and L, in that order from left to right, attacked to the east toward Hill 918 and pushed the Japs back to the Palanas River on the north and Hill 918 on the east. Company G counted 45 Japs killed by mortar and artillery fire. The wounded and many dead had evidently been evacuated so the score was undoubtedly much higher. All three companies killed many stragglers during the advance.

At 1400, on November 24, 1944, the 2d Battalion commander ordered his troops to return to positions shown on Map 3. The regimental commander had moved Company K from Caridad to Damulaan to be attached to the 2d Battalion. By 1800, all troops were in position and all supporting weapons registered. The artillery had spent the day firing at Jap troop concentrations and possible OP and gun positions, as far as the shortage of ammunition allowed. A spotter plane was wrecked attempting to take off so our fire had to be directed by ground observation. One battery of the 57th Field Artillery Battalion arrived in the Damulaan perimeter and was put in position south of the Bucan River on Battery B's left flank across highway No. 2. It had taken the battery nearly four days to come fifty miles from East Leyte.

Artillery Conscious

By now we were Jap-artillery conscious and the dirt began to fly. Underground shelters for aid stations, CPs, and communication centers were established. All men not in the front lines had overhead shelters on their foxholes. The front-line troops refused to use overhead cover; they wanted elbow room for close-in fighting.

The entire day was a mad scramble for the service elements as they slaved to move sufficient ammunition to the front lines to last through a night of hard fighting. Emphasis was placed on two critical items—105mm. and 81mm. ammunition—and by dark we had 1,400 rounds of 105mm. and 1,600 rounds of 81mm. HE light. We hoped it would be enough.

The night of the 24th proved to be another hectic, touch-and-go affair. The Japs had forced us into a compact defensive position and they were ready for the annihilation, as a Jap attack order which we captured the next day so brazenly put it. An almost-full moon brightened the battle ground but the Nips paid no attention to the moonlight and opened up with the heaviest artillery barrage we had yet experienced. The first rounds landed on the front lines but when it seemed the Japs were ready to fire for effect, their fire shifted to the rear area and centered on Battery A and the infantry and artillery CPs all in Damulaan. However, heavy 81mm. fire continued to pound the front-line positions of Companies G, E, L, and K. More guns were soon added to the enemy barrage and the greater bulk of the fire shifted to Battery B. But the cannoneers stayed at their guns and continued to fire.

Three-Pronged Push

After thirty minutes of preparatory fire the Jap ground forces began a determined push against our front lines from the east. The attacks were concentrated against three points: the right flank of Company G; the draw between Companies L and K; and the center of Company K. The Nip strength was estimated as a reinforced battalion against Companies L and K and one reinforced company against Company G. The Japs also sent strong combat patrols against Companies F and G from the north which were easily repulsed. Apparently a general attack was in progress, so the battalion commander ordered all supporting weapons to fire their normal barrages. The artillery fired all three batteries at maximum rate for seven minutes and all mortars opened up with all they had. From captured documents we learned the effect of this fire. The artillery did not hit the assault forces but did cut them off and wreaked havoc among the reserves and command groups. The general coördination of the Jap attack was broken and each force had to attack alone without hope of reinforcement or general artillery support. A captured diary remarked that the mortars fell like rain and inflicted great casualties and the artillery kept them from getting away from the mortar fire. This forced them to keep butting against the infantry. The initial attack in the Company G area was repulsed by shifting individuals from place to place during the fighting. Before the Japs could reorganize and launch a second attack the battalion A&P platoon and one squad of Company B, 13th Engineers, were placed in previously prepared positions between Companies G and E. This enabled Company G to thicken its line at the main pressure point and throw back the repeated assaults.

The attack against Companies L and K was the heaviest and most persistent of the night. Due to heavy patrolling during the day and the necessity of switching artillery observers to take care of the defensive fires there was no artillery observer with Company L; nor had a normal artillery barrage been registered in front of it. At about 1900 the Japs began building up a sizable force on the ridge in front of Company L's right flank. There was a great deal of jabbering and shouting of orders. The company commander placed 60mm. mortar fire on the ridge but kept his MGs silent in order not to give away their locations. The mortar fire only increased the fuss and furor the enemy was putting up.

A shower of grenades and knee mortar shells announced the presence of about fifty Japs within thirty yards of Company L's right platoon. Simultaneously with this attack, the Japs attacked the Company K platoon in the draw to the right. The Japs had built up a strong base of fire on the ridge and were placing devastating cross fire on Company K, at the same time lacing Company L's positions with heavy grazing fire. Twelve LMGs were employed as a base

of fire in addition to many more carried by the assaulting troops. Company L, using all available weapons, managed to repulse the Japs and drove them back to the ridge with heavy losses.

Infantry-Marine Teamwork

Company K was not so fortunate. Previous casualties had reduced our companies to slightly over half strength, and the platoon guarding the draw had only 19 men for duty. As the Nips, under the protection of deadly machine-gun and knee-mortar fire, closed against the platoon, a band of machine-gun fire was moved in behind the platoon, cutting off their route of withdrawal. The battle was approaching hand-to-hand combat and the platoon was about to be overwhelmed when help arrived from an unexpected source. The Marine battery of Long Toms was in position behind Company K and had placed one caliber .50 AA gun in Company K's front lines to be used as both an AA and a ground gun. The gun was on the edge of the high ground to the south of the draw where the platoon was fighting for existence. The fight had reached the stage where several Japs had been bayoneted as they leaped for American defenders when the Marine gunner, a big raw-boned lad of 19 went into action. He zeroed in on the two Jap guns on the left of the platoon and gave them two long bursts. Swinging his gun to the right he centered on two more Jap guns and wrecked their plans with two deadly bursts. Getting into the swing of things, the Marine swung his weapon toward the ridge across the draw and raked the Jap gunners from one end of the ridge to the other and didn't stop until the Nips had enough and quit firing. With the flanking fire removed, the platoon in the draw stopped the Nips. Leaving the position littered with dead Japs, the platoon executed an orderly withdrawal to the foot of the ridge to their right rear where they had prepared positions to cover the draw by fire. The platoon leader, a technical sergeant, insisted that the Marine gunner either transfer to the Army or he would have to transfer to the Marines, as he couldn't get along without him.

When Company L repulsed the fifty-man attack on their right flank the Japs withdrew to the ridge and commenced preparations for further assaults. Company L did not have an artillery observer as yet but one was on the way up. However, they did have a lieutenant who had been trained in the regimental cannon company and understood artillery procedure. Taking a reel of wire and a sound-powered phone he and two men crawled fifty yards in front of the four-strand wire fence to a small nose which allowed direct observation of the draw in which the Japs assembled to launch their attacks. By the time he reached the nose, the artillery observer had arrived and had his radio set up. The lieutenant's orders were sent by sound power to the radio and relayed to the guns. He soon had a barrage registered on the draw. The Japs made three attempts to launch attacks against Company L's right flank but the artillery took deadly toll each time and only a few had to be killed by grenades along the wire. Thwarted in this area, the Japs moved to their right and attempted to break the line on Company L's left flank. The men heard them coming and those Japs that managed to survive the 60mm. fire ran into two 37mm. guns firing canister. Outside of a few persistent infiltrators, the Company L front remained comparatively quiet the rest of the night.

Besides the attack against Company K's left platoon the Japs launched at least a company against the center of Company K's line. This was a definite mistake, as the cornfields there offered no cover at all. Artillery, mortars, MGs, rifles, and grenades took such toll that the Japs never again tried to attack there. However, the Japs did keep probing at the left flank of Company K and kept MG and mortar fire along the entire line the remainder of the night.

While the front lines were busy fighting off the ground forces the artillery and headquarters personnel were subjected to an extensive enemy artillery barrage. The forward observer parties, operating right in the front lines and oftentimes fighting as individual riflemen, were lucky enough to pick up the flash of the enemy guns. Our artillery landed right on the target but the enemy continued firing from the same area and several pieces joined in from farther in the hills to the east. The Jap was after our artillery and he poured in everything he had. When our guns were not answering calls for normal barrage fires they were firing counterbattery. Slowly but surely the Japs began falling behind and front-line troops reported that the Japs were using trucks to move their pieces to new firing positions. Many located positions were silent and we thought that several of the guns had been knocked out of action. But they continued to paste our artillery and the CP area in Damulaan. All wire communications were broken and could not be repaired. Communications were handled entirely by radio. At 0100, the Japs increased their tempo and concentrated on Battery B to such an extent that all four guns were put out of action. (By resorting to cannibalization, one gun was back in action by dawn.)

Headquarters Busy Too

Shortly after this heavy barrage, about 25 Japs were discovered on the west side of the road just south of Damulaan. They had set up two machine guns and proceeded to spray the area. They were about fifty yards from the CP perimeter which was manned by CP personnel, medics, and two squads of engineers. The medics were the closest group and they opened up with sufficient effect to drive the Nips out. Where they came from and where they went we never knew. The threat of enemy behind our lines and the difficulty of holding the gap between Companies K and L added up to the conclusion that we needed more troops. The long coastline, with the definite threat from Jap barge landings, forced us to keep troops along the beach. About midnight, the regimental commander was notified by Division that more troops would be made available to handle the task north of Baybay. Consequently, five engineer trucks were dispatched to Company I, bivouacked six and a half miles north of Baybay, at 0030, November 25, to take it to Damulaan. It arrived at about 0330 and was held in reserve on the beach.

The enemy artillery continued harassing fire until about 0400. The battle on the front lines abated at about the same time. The enemy apparently intended to clear the area before our daylight patrols could ferret him out.

(To be concluded next month)

Infantry Scout Dogs

By Colonel Frank J. Sackton

When scout dog Friskie alerted on an enemy position while on patrol with a unit from Company I, 136th Infantry in Luzon, the patrol started moving around the position for a flank attack. As the patrol moved into position Friskie alerted on another group of Japs and saved the patrol from ambush. The artillery was notified and plastered the area with fire. Thirty-three Japs were killed or wounded.

Friskie and other scout dogs in the 39th Infantry Scout Dog Platoon participated in more than eighty combat missions with 33d Division foot soldiers on Luzon from March 7 to May 1. On forty of the missions contact was made with the enemy. Altogether 97 Japs were killed by these patrols while our losses were one killed and one wounded.

When scout dog teams were first sent out with patrols there were some skeptics among the foot soldiers, but as experience proved the work of the dogs helpful, demands for them increased. As one regimental S-3 put it, "Scout dogs have been used on patrols by three of our rifle companies. Patrol leaders and the men report that the dogs give the patrol a distinct advantage. On several occasions the dogs warned patrols in time for them to escape enemy fire." Another S-3 said, "We want to continue using scout dogs on patrol. We think another scout dog platoon should be attached to the division."

Cases where scout dogs saved a patrol from ambush are not uncommon. Men operating on patrols in enemy territory know that they can seldom get in the first shot; the Jap rifleman concealed in his position can wait until the patrol gets within his sights. But a good scout dog can reduce the odds. The work of Pal, another dog in the 39th Scout Dog Platoon, is an example. While on patrol with the I&R Platoon, 136th Infantry, Pal alerted a number of times and the six-man reconnaissance patrol each time was able to avoid the enemy and complete its mission. Butch, another dog in the platoon, while on perimeter guard with an AT company, alerted on three Japs approaching from the rear. The dog's handler killed one Jap. The other two fled.

A scout dog is trained to alert when he senses the presence of human beings other than those in his party. His handler is trained to interpret that alert and explain it to the group commander. On patrols the dog and his handler form the point. Through their training and long association together, the handler is able to interpret his dog's reaction and determine the hiding place of the enemy. Scouts then investigate the area the handler points out.

During a patrol a handler's full attention is given to his dog. Most of the time the handler has to stand to do his work and he and his dog make a good target for enemy riflemen. At times when a patrol has difficulty locating the enemy after a dog has alerted it is necessary for the handler to work forward with his dog. The case of Danny and his handler is an example of what a well trained scout dog team can do.

A combat patrol from the 123d Infantry accompanied by Danny and his handler was sent out to locate and destroy an enemy machine-gun position which menaced the regiment's supply route. Danny alerted on the enemy but the patrol could not locate them. The handler and the dog worked forward until the handler located the position. The Japs opened fire and killed the handler as he signalled the location of the position. Then the patrol killed three Japs and destroyed the gun.

Dogs alert on all human beings, not the enemy alone. They will also alert on an area recently vacated by the enemy, but they will not alert on a dead body, even though it has been dead only a few hours.

Like men, scout dogs need rest and rehabilitation and should be withdrawn every two months or so. Like Doughboys they have no great love for field rations. It takes a diet of fresh meat to restore a dog's vitality.

The sensitivity of his ears make a dog unable to withstand the concussion of heavy artillery, 4.2-inch mortar fire and bombings. One dog in the 39th Platoon was so shell-shocked by the explosion of a bomb in a bivouac area that he is no longer of value as a scout dog.

The practice of the 33d Division was to assign dog teams (dog and handler) to the front-line units most actively engaged in patrolling. If dog teams work regularly with the same units, patrols become more efficient because the teams and the patrols learn to work together and understand one another.

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THE INFANTRY JOURNAL

(INCORPORATED)

Established in 1904

The Infantry Association's Magazine for Fighting Men

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Report of Changes

Old and new friends of The INFANTRY JOURNAL, especially those who have visited the editorial offices and learned to know him well, will be interested to learn that Lieutenant Colonel John R. Ulmer has left the staff and is presently on duty as assistant to Brigadier General Paul W. Thompson, Information and Education Officer of UFET. Colonel Ulmer came to The JOURNAL in 1936 as associate editor and continued in the same position until he left in May for duty in Europe. The JOURNAL owes much to Colonel Ulmer's sound editing and first-rate sense of what makes good reading for the fighting Infantryman.

To assist the editor in the additional work growing out of The JOURNAL's wartime expansion, Major Daniel J. Herr has joined the staff as an assistant to the editor. Major Herr began his Army career in 1941 as a selectee in the 9th Infantry Division. He transferred to the 32d Infantry Division and went to Australia with it in the spring of 1942. He was wounded in the Buna campaign in which he served as an aide to Major General E. F. Harding, who was formerly editor of The JOURNAL. Later Major Herr accompanied General Harding to Panama and to the Antilles Department. In civilian life Major Herr was on the staff of the New York *Daily News*.

The Atomic World

The world of the atomic bomb—and of atomic power for peace or war—is a different world, a vastly different world from the one we have known. The new fact is so tremendous and immediate in meaning for us all, military man and civilian, that facing it becomes our first duty.

That a few years, or many, may pass before we can know the whole import of atomic power cannot become an excuse for saying "Let's wait and see what we really have. Let's not think too much about it now until we have all the facts for good and evil that the controlling authorities decide can be released."

The first bomb and the official statements that followed its dropping were enough—especially since we were told that a release of explosive power perhaps as great again in magnitude appears to be in sight.

It may be true that armies and powerhouses will not change overnight—that our present sources of energy for peace and war will have continuing usefulness until we know much more about the capabilities and limitations of the new power. But from the day of Hiroshima on we could not afford to wait. From that day on we had to try our utmost to see what atomic energy could mean. And in the armed forces, as in all the other activities of life, our minds must be opened wide to the great actual fact, and to the further probable and possible developments to come from that fact.

Our armed forces in World War II were able to take some seemingly huge jumps forward in military thought and action. But the war ends with a leap of such vast length that it will take the full resources of our minds to gather ourselves and follow those men of science who first made the leap.

We must, all of us, try to make that mental leap, try to face the great fact. The soldier must say to himself: "The fact changes the whole world. I shall undoubtedly have

many drastic changes in my own military world. only fit into that world by trying to see now what of those changes may be, the better to understand and accept them and contribute further toward them they come."

That is the main thought for all of us, as we go on with difficult and lengthy military job of helping to settle world down, helping to control the enemy countries.

We won the race to find the new power. And we know that every soldier who fought and every fighter who was in that race—that there was no way of being certain the enemy whose scientific ability was of a high order not coming speedily closer to the same destructive power. Yes, every man and woman in uniform was in that —and every man and woman who was helping back at home. We know now what our winning of that desperate did mean for all mankind. The fact that we won it gives far greater meaning to every sacrifice made, every well done, in the whole long war.

Yes, we won the race, and with a great leap at the end. leap that begins a new trial so full of meaning for the future of the world, the nation, and the armed forces that the vigor of mind and spirit of World War II is needed right on into the future.

✓ ✓ ✓

Military Digest

The INFANTRY JOURNAL, with the *Field Artillery Journal*, *Coast Artillery Journal*, and *Cavalry Journal*, will issue beginning with October a monthly military digest to be known as *The Armed Forces Digest* which will be distributed to all units of the Army by the Army Library Service of the Special Services Division, Army Service Forces.

The Armed Forces Digest will be issued on a non-profit basis and will not be distributed otherwise than through the monthly magazine kits of the Library Service. It will contain selected materials from all the magazines issued by and for the Army which are not in a classified status. It will also contain selections from other magazines and newspapers throughout the United States and overseas which seem appropriate for such a digest, and its coverage will include material of interest to the Army about the Navy and the Marines as well as the air and ground units of the Army.

It should also be said that the contents of *The Armed Forces Digest* are not to be technical in nature but will be selected on the basis of general reader interest for the entire Army.

The Infantry Journal is proud to have a part in *The Armed Forces Digest*.

✓ ✓ ✓

Maybe We Ought to Have an Infantry Day

"President Truman certainly started something," writes David Lawrence (Washington *Star*, July 25), "when he agreed to proclaim August 1 as Army Air Forces Day and called on the Governors of the several States to issue proclamations calling for the observance of the day.

"Other branches of the armed services now feel a day should be set aside for each of them. Thus there should certainly be an Infantry Day to give recognition to the fact that, although the Army Air Forces did a magnificent job in destroying strategic targets in industrial Germany, it was the foot soldier who had to land on the coast of Normandy and fight for nearly a whole year to bring about the unconditional surrender of Germany.

"Likewise, there should be a Tank Corps Day . . ."

Infantry Day was celebrated on June 15, 1944, and again in 1945. The day was picked by the U. S. Infantry Association. It was on June 15, 1775 that General George Washington took command of the Continental Armies, which were composed almost entirely of Infantry.

The U. S. Infantry Association and The INFANTRY JOURNAL most assuredly believe, with Infantrymen everywhere, that an Air Forces Day is also most appropriate for celebration, and that similar ways of honoring the other branches of the Armed Services are equally so.

Honor from the American people to the fighting men the nation has sent out to war is always appropriate.

✓ ✓ ✓

The Honor Roll

On the Honor Roll this month nineteen units complete another year as one hundred per cent subscribers, and move up under new stars. At the top of the list is the 130th Infantry which claims its tenth star. The 38th Infantry and 150th Infantry move up under eight stars while the 57th Infantry (PS) joins the seven-star ranks. Promoted to the four-star group are the 58th Infantry Training Battalion, 1st Missouri Infantry (RMF) and the 134th Infantry. Five units advance to three stars: the 27th Infantry Training Battalion, 1st Battalion, 47th Infantry, 354th Infantry, 378th Infantry and 903d Air Base Security Battalion. Claiming their second stars this month are the following five units: 5th Infantry Division, 738th Tank Battalion, 790th Military Police Battalion, 983d Air Base Security Battalion and Headquarters, Roswell Internment Camp. To complete the promotion list two units—the 103d Infantry Division and the 409th Infantry—this month move up under their first stars.

PICTURE CREDITS

Infantry Journal: 21; Signal Corps: 26, 27, 47, 53; U. S. Marine Corps: 11, 13, 15, 16, 17; U. S. Navy: 34, 35.

HONOR ROLL

It is chiefly through the support of the loyal 100% member units that the Infantry Association is able to maintain the high standards of The INFANTRY JOURNAL as a magazine for fighting men. Each star represents one completed year of all-out membership in the Association by every Infantry officer and unit within the organizations listed below.

DIVISIONS

★★★81st Infantry Division
★★94th Infantry Division
★★2d Infantry Division
★★98th Infantry Division
★★5th Infantry Division
★30th Infantry Division
★103d Infantry Division

★★★★★★★★★★
26th Infantry
201st Infantry
34th Infantry
3d Infantry
130th Infantry

★★★★★★★★★
35th Infantry
124th Infantry
11th Infantry
22d Infantry
10th Infantry
161st Infantry
2d Infantry
30th Infantry

★★★★★★★★
33d Infantry
182d Infantry
7th Infantry
132d Infantry
14th Infantry
29th Infantry
165th Infantry
131st Infantry
150th Infantry
38th Infantry

★★★★★★★
12th Infantry
145th Infantry
4th Infantry
9th Infantry
25th Infantry
129th Infantry
57th Infantry (PS)

★★★★★★
28th Infantry
135th Infantry
31st Infantry
1st Infantry
27th Infantry
168th Infantry
140th Infantry
General Service School Philippine Army
163d Infantry

★★★★
149th Infantry
13th Infantry
367th Infantry
112th Infantry
36th Infantry Training Bn.
60th Infantry Training Bn.
79th Infantry Training Bn.
6th Armored Infantry Bn.
3d Bn., 156th Infantry
80th Infantry Training Bn.
58th Infantry Training Bn.
134th Infantry
1st Missouri Infantry (RMF)

★★★
39th Infantry
111th Infantry
8th Infantry
71st Infantry
756th Tank Bn.
35th Infantry Training Bn.
366th Infantry
88th Glider Infantry
137th Infantry
16th Infantry Training Regiment (76th, 77th, 78th, and 79th Battalions)
16th Infantry
83d Infantry Training Bn.
23d Infantry
2d Bn., 156th Infantry
IRTC, Camp Roberts, Calif.
28th Infantry Training Bn.
2d Bn., Texas State Guard
503d Parachute Infantry
359th Infantry
176th Infantry
321st Infantry
323d Infantry
322d Infantry
903d Air Base Security Bn.
27th Infantry Training Bn.
378th Infantry
354th Infantry
1st Bn., 47th Infantry

★★
3d Bn., 382d Infantry
507th Parachute Infantry
3d Bn., 311th Infantry
391st Infantry
60th Infantry
389th Infantry
Hq., Texas State Guard
795th M.P. Battalion
385th Infantry
302d Infantry
406th Infantry
309th Infantry
117th Infantry
376th Infantry
301st Infantry
114th Infantry
926th Air Base Security Bn.
36th Bn., Texas State Guard
397th Infantry
337th Infantry
508th Parachute Infantry
37th Infantry
370th Infantry
3d Bn., 167th Infantry
IRTC, Camp Wheeler, Ga.
410th Infantry
417th Infantry
Hq., First Service Command Tactical School
103d Infantry
325th Glider Infantry
365th Infantry
390th Infantry
411th Infantry
2d Bn., 311th Infantry
120th Infantry
119th Infantry
306th Medical Bn.
9400th TSU, STC
1st Bn., 1st Regt., Hawaii Rifles
49th Bn., Texas State Guard
174th Infantry
56th Armored Infantry Bn.
2d Bn., 271st Infantry
3d Bn., 271st Infantry
109th Infantry
324th Infantry
393d Infantry
423d Infantry
5th Bn., 11th Inf., NJSG
790th MP Battalion
738th Tank Battalion
983d Air Base Security Bn.
Headquarters, Roswell Internment Camp

★
5th Infantry
515th Parachute Infantry
12th Infantry, NYG
1880th Engr. Aviation Bn.
3d Bn., 306th Infantry
2d Regt., Hawaii Rifles
51st Armored Infantry Bn.
1st Bn., 152d Infantry
1st Bn., 259th Infantry
3d Bn., 102d Infantry
37th Infantry Training Bn.
661st Tank Destroyer Bn.
54th Armored Infantry Bn.
74th Regiment, NYG
18th Infantry
Nome Unit, Alaska Ter. Gd.
92d Infantry Training Bn.
61st Infantry Training Bn.
726th MP Battalion
Special Troops, 103d Div.
62d Armored Infantry Bn.
143d Infantry
148th Infantry (Rifle)
409th Infantry
3d Bn., 347th Infantry
135th Field Artillery Bn.
331st Infantry
125th Infantry
Hq. 2d Infantry Brigade, Tennessee State Guard
3d Bn., 147th Infantry
317th Infantry

To the Editors

★ ★

Tribute

To the Editors of The INFANTRY JOURNAL:

Allow me to pay tribute to the United States Infantry. I am an English repatriated POW, liberated by the 76th Division of General Patton's Third Army; and boy what an outfit! Being in captivity over four years, I had never previously had the pleasure of meeting an American soldier until they "come and got me." Kindness was restored to me after an absence of four years by those GIs whom I immediately recognized as grim determined fellows with fighting ability second to none.

I have never before in my life witnessed such organization as was displayed by those fellows on "taking the town over." Inside twenty-four hours of the town's capitulation (after five hours' shelling) the local cinema was opened and one of the latest movies shown, added comfort being provided by a troop of American Red Cross girls, complete with coffee, doughnuts and apparatus which enabled us all to hear some of the best gramophone records. I shall never forget how, upon hearing the voice of Frank Sinatra, jeep drivers passing by the cinema on patrol were "swooning in their seats" much to the consternation of the bewildered German civilians who stood with their mouths open.

Yes sir, those Infantry boys know their stuff. I had interesting talks with some of them and was fortunate enough to secure a copy of The INFANTRY JOURNAL.

GUNNER S. STEPHENSON.

Edgware, Middlesex, England.

✓ ✓ ✓

Battalion Surgeon

To the Editors of The INFANTRY JOURNAL:

This letter is for your column. I hope I do not appear overly critical of Captain Amos Cahan and his conclusions regarding battalion medical service as expounded in "Battalion Surgeon, Infantry," in the May 1945 number. His conclusions are in many cases diametrically opposed to mine, and I realize they differ because of different experience.

He states that the only time the medical section can jump off with the Infantry is in relieving other troops on a stable front. I say the only time the medical section, or a large part of it (which should include the surgeon), should *not* jump off with the Infantry is when a unit no larger than a platoon has an objective not over five hundred yards forward of the aid station. Why? Because not to do so would leave wounded men unattended during the two hours or so that the aid station and litter bearers are moving up.

Also, many surgeons seem to believe that they are guilty of criminal neglect if their aid stations don't resemble an operating room of Walter Reed Hospital. The prime consideration is prompt evacuation, and the only function of an aid station is to prepare the wounded for evacuation. Of course, Bastogne was an exception, but if battalion surgeons there were forced to give definite treatment they were running improvised hospitals, a special situation.

An aid man deserves more attention. He should give the morphine and he should be capable of administering plasma in severe shock before the litter team arrives. His job is also to encourage massaging of feet in trench-foot weather and powdering feet in athlete's-foot weather. He should be an important man in the platoon, but Captain Cahan neglects him.

You should have more articles like this. The information given out fills a large gap left by all field manuals. The differences in opinion which will result are largely differences in types of unit and in types of experience.

CAPT. B. H. SULLIVAN, MC.,
517th Prcht Inf.

✓ ✓ ✓

Rations

To the Editors of The INFANTRY JOURNAL:

Just read the article "Chow Talk" in the April issue. Your comments have prompted me, finally, to write the things I have wanted to say for a long time. First, I will agree with the private's letter quoted. As a battery commander I have observed that my men will not drink the synthetic juice powders, which is a great pity because of the ascorbic acid [vitamin C] content. Personally, I can't drink it when my stomach is very empty because it will cause indigestion and cramping. I found that many of my men had the same reaction. Quite often, during combat, we wouldn't have sufficient water to dilute the envelope of powder properly. I wonder if the acidity of this drink couldn't be reduced and perhaps thereby make it more tolerable?

The whole-wheat biscuits in both Ks and Ten-in-Ones are about as palatable as dog biscuits. A man in combat will "burn out" on these things very quickly. Under fighting conditions the appetite is none too good anyway. Many times I'd have gladly given ten bucks for the equivalent in good old salted crackers. The dextrose tablets are strictly a washout. I've never yet run across any man who got hungry enough to eat those things. I've been in combat from the Normandy Beachhead to the finish here in Germany and I'll promise you the whole route is paved with cast-off lemon powder, dextrose tablets and whole-wheat biscuits.

The Ten-in-Ones aren't bad. A little time for preparation and a group of men can fix a satisfying and palatable meal. The addition of such delicacies as the pork and applesauce, date,

plum and fig puddings, spaghetti and meatballs, and salted peanuts were a highly welcomed change.

I don't know how the researchers check their menus, but I think the only practicable way would be on a group of men who are worked hard, go through nervous strain, do without sleep, and live in the field for a couple of weeks. If these men under these conditions can eat a test menu, like it, and find it agreeable, then that menu is OK for the fighting men.

CAPT. WILLIAM P. MORRIS,
174th FA Bn.

✓ ✓ ✓

The Chinese Doughboy

To the Editors of The INFANTRY JOURNAL:

I am not usually one of the ardents who write the Editor on every occasion, nor do I believe in tilting lances against those of higher rank. But the article by Colonel Bellah in the March 1944 JOURNAL causes me to holler for recognition of the Chinese infantryman of the line.

Colonel Bellah's encomiums of the New First Army (the Chinese army is equal to our corps, and is usually designated as we designate corps) are deserved. The three divisions that comprise the corps are good divisions—they should be. The 38th, commanded by Sun-Li-jen, a graduate of our own VMI, is the famous division that covered the retreat of the battered British XIV Corps out of Burma; the division that detached one regiment to break the Jap encirclement of XIV Corps N of Yenanyaung; and it has the best and latest arms. The 30th Division is good. Its commander is no novice. The 22d Division is good; its commander is a graduate of St. Cyr. And these outfits are fully armed and equipped. The work done at the Ramgarh Training Center is good. But how about the Chinese soldiers of the line, the ragged, starved Doughboys fighting the good fight on the east of the Hump?

Before I was evacuated to the States I was a staff officer with Y Force. The troops we had were good infantry. They could march, they could dig, and after the standards of the continental armies, they could shoot. These, I learned in some two years of fighting Tojo, are the three essentials of the infantry soldier. But they were not glamorous. Nobody in the States seems to have heard of them, nor of their comrades in arms, Z Force.

I realize that the New First Army is something new in the world. So, for that matter, is the creation of a CEF—so new that few of us who have lived out in China all our lives ever really expected to hear of it; and to this day when we mention it we pinch ourselves. The creation of a Chinese Army that can fight—sounds good. The only trouble with that picture is that the Chinese Army always could fight.

The morale of all but a few units of the Chinese Army I have known is high. It is Doughboy morale, and *lao ping* (the Chinese equivalent of our "dogface") can fight. The Japanese learned that at Shanghai, Taierchwang and a thousand other places. I disagree with Colonel Bellah's thought that there was a need to instill the offensive in *lao ping*. It is something he has always had. The reason for the present success of the New First Army is that for the first time in the history of the Sino-Japanese war *lao ping* has had the tools with which he could do the job.

I can recall the long years in which the Chinese Army held off the Nips, and even managed to have a few local successes from time to time. But there is a limit to what the unsupported Dough can do. The Gissimo rifle and the bayonet were no match for artillery and tanks. Not that *lao ping* is too worried about tanks—he knows that the armored force is no match for Doughs, if the Dough will concentrate on the oncoming infantry, which *lao ping* does. But the artillery—there you have the whole story. There is nothing more terrible to the Doughboy than the hail of artillery that keeps him in his foxhole and lets the enemy advance. The Chinese Dough learned this the hard way. He learned it on the field of battle. He died that the lesson of the infantillery team might be fully understood by the world. And on the other side of the Hump he is still sadly without artillery.

There is no virtue in prizing the offensive spirit merely for itself. So great a leader as Genghis Khan said that more years ago than I can count at the moment. The offensive spirit plus the correct arms is the answer. The generals to whom China has entrusted her defense are aware of this; as are the officers of the U. S. mission. There is, of course, the necessary mission work to be done in training the Chinese Dough in the use of the new weapons—and that is being done; in teaching him and his officers the new methods of communication and the ideas of staff work—and that is being done.

The Chinese Army has its usual quota of officers and like our own they vary in their ability. . . . The ability to take instruction is one thing that *lao ping* has above all else. That such instruction has, of necessity, to be couched in simpler terms than we employed at Benning, Sill and Leavenworth is something that is due to the difficulties of the Chinese language. It is not, as so frequently is said, due to the stupidity of the Chinese *lao ping*.

My good friend, Liu Lien-chang (Company Commander Liu, in the Chinese Army way of addressing officers) is a case in point. I met Captain Liu on a problem. It was a simple problem. March through jungle terrain with contact imminent. The sort of thing that the American Dough does every day in training. Liu's unit was an infantry rifle company. Me—I was the guy sent there to see that all was done according to the book. I found that Liu couldn't read the excellent one-quarter inch map that he had—because it was printed in English, a minor point that someone had overlooked; but he could read the photo I happened to have. He could read it so much better than I could that I was ashamed and promptly became much more studious. The problem pointed out to me the fact that *lao ping* could march—at the average pace of five miles per hour; could find his way in strange country; could set out point and flank as well as the best Benning graduate that ever lived. Since the enemy was represented (by another rifle company) I soon found that Liu's outfit could do those things that needed to be done as fast and as well as any other outfit of Doughs in the world. And they could dig!

Liu had been fighting Japs for twelve years. He had started as a high private in the ranks of Marshal Chang Hsueh-liang's army in the days when the Young Marshal was having himself kicked out of Manchuria. For twelve years Liu had been retreating and yet his offensive spirit was unimpaired. When it came to maneuvers which do show the spirit of troops, Liu was on top of the situation at all times. I had then just come to the land of my birth from fighting Tojo in the South Pacific. I found that Liu was a good officer, a good company commander. He taught me as much as I hope I taught him. I haven't seen him since he and his outfit swung off to join their division.

Perhaps the thing I resented most of all in Colonel Bellah's article was something of the tone of the instructor who comes to China to teach the dumb Chinks. It is a tone that isn't good for the troops. I would like to read a series of articles in The JOURNAL on the Chinese Army. I would be only too glad to contribute what I know to the author for such an article. For I believe if the Infantry officer of this army knew what his

opposite number in the Chinese Army has had to undergo, he would feel closer and he would be better able to stand alongside *lao ping* in the great battle that will sooner or later wipe the Jap from the face of the earth.

But such articles must stress that the Chinese Dough is a full-fledged member of the proudest fraternity on earth—the Infantry. He has carried the honor of China on his bayonets for seven long years, and though he has had to retreat, yet in his retreats he has always carried a sting in his tail. He has suffered terribly, the Chinese have no decent medical service as yet; he has starved; he has marched; he has known, as his grey clad prototypes in this country knew, the terrible thought that there was no help; that there were no replacements. But he has fought. In a hundred small actions, too insignificant to be included in any communiqué, he has met the Jap, and he has defeated him. Remember Changteh? The Jap never really took that town, though he tried awfully hard. As the relief marched in, three tattered riflemen—the survivors of the 57th Division—met them. Honors? The Chinese Dough is heavy with them.

As you may have gathered from this letter, I like the Chinese. Even after spending more than twenty years with them, in fact, I like them more now than ever I did before. You see, I've fought alongside them.

CAPTAIN,
Infantry.

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"Battle Facts" Bulletin

To the Editors of The INFANTRY JOURNAL:

"Battle Facts" are excellent for soldiers in training to read and know but how many soldiers have a chance to read them? A large percentage of the men want to know more about their enemy and the way he fights.

On one side of our company orderly room I placed a large bulletin board about eight feet long and five feet high. On this bulletin board were placed articles, pictures and items from The INFANTRY JOURNAL, *Intelligence Bulletins* and *Combat Lessons*. The items were glued to cardboard and on top of the display were the large letters "Battle Facts."

The board has been read by practically every man in the company and these men have been in the Army a little less than three weeks. During breaks I have seen as many as ten men standing around reading the board.

The idea I want to convey is this. If the average soldier wants to know "Battle Facts" why not give them to him? Platoon discussions have been given and the men enjoy them as well as learning a few tips that may save their lives in combat.

Additions are made when the new magazines come out and by placing them on cardboard they can be changed around each month.

LIEUT. JOHN D. STRANSKY,
85th Inf. Tng. Bn.

✓ ✓ ✓

"Why Not Tanks?"

To the Editors of The INFANTRY JOURNAL:

This morning I received my March issue of the JOURNAL and commenced reading it with my usual interest. Then I read the article "Why Not Tanks?" written by Lieutenant Colonels Moore and Bernard. I can't say that I agree with them wholeheartedly and wish to make a few comments on the same subject. The company I am in, Cannon Company, 161st Infantry, is in its 125th straight day of combat in the Philippines and we are still going strong.

I will admit that tanks would be much better than what we have now for some work, but normally the M7 is far superior. I will admit that it would be nice to have one platoon of M4 assault guns (105mm. howitzers) and two platoons of M7s.

The 161st Infantry attacked the town of San Manuel, Luzon, P. I., and had a company of M4s attached. In the initial phase, the M7s were in reserve while the M4s lost two or three of their tanks. When the assault started, by some queer turn of fate, the tanks remained in reserve and the six M7s supported the attacking riflemen by following them at 15 yards. We ran into a network of Japanese pillboxes, dug-in tanks and emplacements, and in a period of twenty-four hours, Cannon Company destroyed twenty enemy tanks and several field pieces. We lost two M7s. For our action here, the company was awarded battle honors.

However, from here we moved into the hills. We fired several thousand rounds of direct fire on enemy positions from hills the manual says an M7 won't climb. When there were no direct-fire targets available, we set up indirect fire positions and were not tied in with any artillery battalion. We did all the firing ourselves using our own forward observers.

So we are amateur artillerymen. Let me go down for record and say that our battery will fire as fast and as accurately as almost any of the Field Artillery batteries around. Any time a Doughboy isn't as smart as anyone else, I'll eat my helmet liner, complete with headband, M1.

Mind you, I understand that the artillery can fire enough to give our troops support and that they probably have good reason for not being able to fire missions like these. I respect the artillery for the wonderful work they have done, especially the 89th Field Artillery Battalion, part of Regimental Combat Team 161!

Summing it all up, there is no perfect solution to one type of weapon, but four M7s and two M4s might be better than six M7s. The M4s should have 105s as the 105 packs a much bigger punch than the 75.

There was one instance where two M7s fired 2,100 rounds of 105 into a strongpoint that held up our troops for fourteen consecutive days. The artillery battalion commander observed this fire and highly complimented us on its work.

This cannon company is not unique in its type of work, as almost all cannon companies have had the same type of training and the Doughboy in his "amateur" way can learn as fast as the artillery.

IRVING J. FELDMAN,
Cannon Co, 161st Inf.

✓ ✓ ✓

Who Won The War?

To the Editors of The INFANTRY JOURNAL:

I've been reading and enjoying The INFANTRY JOURNAL but I don't go for all this propaganda about the dangers and poor living conditions that our Infantrymen undergo. You've been harping on that subject since the war began, and it's getting stale. We all know and appreciate their hardships. Now you say you want to make a bazookaman as romantic a character as a fighter pilot. The public and, yes, the services aren't as romantically inclined as when the war began. We all know our branch and our job isn't glamorous. It's all dirty work whether it's in the air or on the ground.

Then you talk about air support. Yes, there was air support and plenty of it for troops in Germany. But air power is an offensive weapon as much as the Infantry. Heavy bombers are on the attack more as a war effort support arm than ground support. The war in the air reached tremendous heights in battles

at times. Airmen were over Hannover, Bielfeld, Frankfurt and Leipzig before many Infantrymen ever knew there were such cities. In the first phase of the air war, flyers had less than a fifty-fifty chance of completing a tour, which consists of 175-245 hours of actual total combat. Infantrymen had better odds than that on the Normandy Beachhead.

Marshal von Rundstedt claimed that a great part of the success of the Continental invasion was directly due to air power. We wrecked his roads, bombed his railroad yards and pinned him down from the air. He also stated that the four decisive factors of the war were aircraft, oil, production and transportation. We knocked that oil out, harassed their production, and halted their transportation, all at no small cost to us. Those hundreds of vehicles our ground troops saw on the sides of the *Autobahnen* couldn't move for lack of oil and due to fighter activity. Big German cities didn't put up as tough a battle as the Russians did for towns. Those German people were demoralized from living in shelters for days. They wanted relief from bombardment. The Infantry should give a hand to air power, but we saved Infantry lives by the thousands in the ETO. The Russians backed up that statement when they took Berlin. Our ground commanders have backed it up.

Infantrymen deserve combat pay but not more than airmen. Twenty-two thousand men were casualties in training alone, and we can't yell "Medic" when we're hit or hit the dirt when we're going against antiaircraft fire or fighters. No matter how thick the fire gets we've got to literally stand up and move forward. There are plenty of discomforts in high altitude combat, but they are over in six or seven hours. We appreciate the Infantry, so how about The JOURNAL giving the Air Forces a pat on the back for once!

EX-INFANTRY LIEUTENANT,
Bombardment Group.

▶ As far as The INFANTRY JOURNAL is concerned this letter opens and closes the debate on who won the war in Europe. Furthermore, Ex-Infantry Lieutenant loses the debate. Infantry no more won the war than did his own Air Forces. Several million Americans, Britons, Russians, Frenchmen, and other nationalities, trained in we don't know how many specialties, won the war. Despite the fact that it is the magazine of the Infantry, The INFANTRY JOURNAL has published far more articles on the uses of air power than all the aviation magazines combined have ever published on ground fighting. We also think that Air and Ground Forces alike will read the following figures and give honor and credit where honor and credit are due: Air Forces casualties in the European Theater of Operations—9.36 per cent; Infantry casualties—75 per cent.

Infantry represents some 30 per cent of all troops in the Army; Air Forces, perhaps a little higher proportion.

Corps Is On The Job

To the Editors of The INFANTRY JOURNAL:

The statement in the June INFANTRY JOURNAL of "Captain, 3d Division, USMC," that "anything above division is usually left to the Army" has not been true in this war.

To date the Captain's own 3d Marine Division has fought in three campaigns, Bougainville, Guam and Iwo Jima, and in each case the corps command was Marine. (In the first named campaign the I MAC was later relieved by the Army XIV Corps). The corps command on Saipan and Tinian, including two Marine and one Army divisions, was Marine Corps. Not only the corps command on Guam, Saipan, Tinian, Iwo Jima was Marine, but so was the highest echelon of ground command, equivalent to an Army. On Okinawa the two Marine divisions, 1st and 6th, are commanded by the III Marine Amphibious Corps, a part of the Tenth Army. I understand the Corps command on Peleliu (one Marine and one Army division), was also Marine. During the Guadalcanal campaign, before the Army XIV Corps took over in December, 1942, the CG 1st Marine Division commanded not only the 1st Marine Division (Reinforcements), but also two reinforced regiments of the 2d Marine Division and the Army Americal Division.

MAJOR HAROLD J. NOBLE,
University of Oregon.

Front-Wheel Drive

To the Editors of The INFANTRY JOURNAL:

No, I don't exactly have a gripe, for how could a guy who has a cot or the cab of a truck to sleep in have a worry in the world; and I haven't got any good fighting material to offer. But I have a suggestion for the Infantry truck drivers—learn to use that *front-wheel drive* on those 6-by-6s, and learn when *not* to use it.

During the past few months I have witnessed several hundred LSTs and LCTs being unloaded on the beaches, and I can safely say that at least half of those driven by Infantry drivers leave the ship with the front-wheel drive disengaged. Almost without exception this will bog a truck in the sand and then it's a job for the bulldozer. It's easy to make the sand when all wheels are pushing. But when you have bogged down it's too late.

It wouldn't be a big job for an officer to check each truck aboard the ship before hitting the beach, but when they start off, it's too late to check. Be kind to those 6-by's—they can be a very good friend at times.

CAPTAIN EMMET L. BARLOW,
Hq, 190th QM Bn.

Trust In God

To the Editors of The INFANTRY JOURNAL:

I am a member of the 26th Infantry Division and have been throughout its entire campaign here in Europe. As a rifleman I have had many close calls and have received the Purple Heart twice for minor wounds.

The INFANTRY JOURNAL has always been one of my favorite magazines. Since I am an infantryman your articles covering the Infantry hold my attention, and as a infantryman I'd like to compliment you for a job well done.

Your coverings of the infantryman's feelings are quite accurate but I feel that you leave out, in too many cases, one of the most important assets to the soldier in the foxhole. This is his thoughts toward God and the feeling of comfort which you get, even though you are in a seemingly impossible position, in knowing that God can pull you through if it be His will. Indeed I am thoroughly convinced that he who trusts in God is a better soldier since many unpleasant burdens are lifted from his brain leaving the soldier calm, collected, and in a better condition for making correct decisions.

In seven months of combat I feel that my greatest gain was a constantly growing trust in God. It is my belief that all men should be reminded of God more often. They should be told time and again that there is always our God watching over us and that to trust in Him brings piece of mind.

S/SGT. FRED R. KARNS,
Co A, 101st Inf.

CEREBRATIONS

Our literate cocktail-hour tacticians stand to receive as much as $10.00 for their contributions to this department. However, the price for those "dashed off" with scant consideration for the rules of composition and rhetoric will continue to hover around the $3.00 minimum. Cerebrations should be held to four or five hundred words and should be submitted double-spaced. They will not be acknowledged or returned. If accepted, you will hear from the paymaster in due course. Inquiries as to the fate of those not published within six months should be addressed to the janitor.

Pass the Ammunition

I've heard that there are enough softballs in the ETO for an average of six per company or unit of similar size in the theater. I've also heard that various characters are roaming the hinterlands threatening to turn out the greatest football teams of all times and drumming up all sorts of military Olympics which will give anywhere from two to twenty-two men a chance to exercise simultaneously and some thousands a chance to watch them.

That's all right for them that likes it.

I can take an afternoon off to go to a ball game and I have to take off two hours a week to listen to some character tell me all about the week's events. But officially I can't get out and fire a few rounds of ammo just to keep my hand in. And I like to shoot.

Does anyone know of one good reason why servicemen shouldn't be permitted—not to say encouraged—to organize rifle teams? I know more than a few who are a hell of a lot more interested in the idea than in the number of ping-pong balls allotted to an Infantry division. And if a failing memory hasn't slipped past all recovery the U. S. has manufactured small-arms ammunition in the proportion of ten or fifteen thousand rounds to every enemy soldier. Even if ammunition isn't an item of issue by the Special Service Officer, there should be some set-up by which a soldier could get it—buying it for himself if necessary—and indulge in a little competitive marksmanship. Even if no other facilities were available we could set up a thousand-inch range in some burgomeister's backyard and arrange shooting matches on the same basis that softball schedules are set up now.

This would not only give us soldiers a chance to polish off a few of the fine points of our trade but it could be stretched to cover a lot of healthy instruction. I'd like to work out on the LMG myself—I haven't fired it since the happy days when I was in the Cavalry (gas-operated) and I along with several million other soldiers, are aching to get a crack at some long-range work with the scope-mounted '03 or the new M1 with scope.

Why not?

MASTER SERGEANT SHARPSHOOTER,
106th Infantry Division.

✓ ✓ ✓

Heavy MGs In Action

After spending three and one-half years in a heavy weapons company I finally went overseas. I was crammed full of FM 23-55. Just wait till my squad hit those Krauts—we'd make 'em wish that the heavy .30 had never been invented! Yes, sir, six good men and a squad leader who knew the book!

Months have passed. We have met the Krauts and beaten them. The eager squad leader is now platoon leader and it is time for him to stop and take stock. After putting to actual use what he had learned, what does he think of "the book" now?

Were the machine guns handled properly?

Were the T/O&E adequate?

After a few late evenings, some asking around, and much thought he has decided that:

▶1) The book is sound. Almost always the field manual, if adapted to the terrain and situation, offered the best solution. True, much of the technical data (such as indirect firing) never was tested by my particular unit because the opportunity never presented itself, but reports he has seen assure him that good results were obtained by other outfits. Our troubles were in applying the teachings, not the theory!

▶2) The machine guns in most cases were handled incorrectly. Their primary mission is the close support of the attacking rifle troops. When they go along with the riflemen or follow 15 to 25 yards behind them they can give *very* close support, but even a recruit can see this fallacy. Should the riflemen be pinned down how can the heavies help them when they too are pinned down? This mistake usually occurred when we were attached to a rifle company, because most rifle company commanders do not know how to use our guns. How many times have HW men tried to explain and reason the problem out with them only to be told that, since our platoons were attached to them, the guns would be used as they saw fit! The result is that the rifle unit doesn't get the support it should and could have. Rifle company commanders and heavy machine-gun platoon leaders should find out what the other wants, decide on the best method, and go ahead. Coöperation is the only answer.

In training we learned that the battalion defense is built around the heavy machine guns. We were also taught that the correct way to organize a defensive position was on the forward slope or military crest of a hill. In that way we would have our final protective lines set so that the enemy would be forced to attack uphill, and we would