

Thursday, July 13, 1944

1055 Hrs: Contact Established!

This Cryptic Entry in Log on D-Day Opened Dramatic Record of a Communications Triumph

By Ralph Harwood
Warweek Staff Writer

AT 1055 hours the morning of June 6, 1944, it was at last possible to make this brief entry in the daily log of the 1st Infantry, the famous First Division outfit that has since been awarded the War Department Distinguished Unit Citation for its achievements:

1st and 2nd Bns. get contact with the regimental CP and are moving forward slowly, hitting very heavy resistance.

Contact! Thank God! Command may well have breathed a little easier. You can only go so far with an operation of this kind on previously laid plans—even when everything goes according to the book. Under the most favorable battle conditions, communications are the nerve system of a fighting force.

When anything goes haywire with the original assault plan, and on-the-spot alterations have to be made to meet the immediate situation, then contact between the various units taking part in an action becomes a matter of life and death.

That's the way it was with the 1st Infantry D-Day morning. This is the regiment that ran head-on into the murderous fire of German fortifications overlooking the beach—fortifications that, according to plan, should have been taken out by the preliminary Allied bombardment.

Role of Communications

The magnificent story is already known throughout the Allied fighting world of how this regiment, terribly hurt in men and material, and pinned down at the water's edge, pulled itself together in the face of a seemingly hopeless position to buck and slash on through to the interior.

To what extent signal communications backed up and supplemented sheer fighting courage in effecting this amazing recovery it would be hard to say. Certainly, Signal Corps and signal-trained men were among the first ashore. Those who made it through the mine-infested waters and managed to weather the hot-steel reception on the sand lived to make battle history with their radios and wire.

Nothing could show as dramatically as D-Day excerpts from the 1st's journal the terrific job that was accomplished in establishing and maintaining communications in the early hours of the operation.

Most of the entries are in the form of actual messages exchanged between the regimental CP and the battalions.

Here are some of them, exactly as logged in battle.

1115—CO to CO 2nd Bn.: 2nd Bn. is to hold up at point 38. Do not move further forward until you hear from us.

1120—S-3 to S-3 1st Bn.: Hold up at 38. Right, and we have contact with 2nd Bn. Enemy troops reported to be located at Surrain.

1145—S-3 to EX 1st Bn.: 2nd Bn., has landed. They will go in on your right. They will take your objective. You dig in and prepare for a counter-attack. OK. A is on the right, C on the left, with B Co. following. We are still advancing slowly.

1145—S-3 to CO 2nd Bn.: I talked to Capt. Jones about the other outfit. How soon can you move the rear part of your CP here by us up forward? We have someone on the way back now to pick them up and guide them forward.

1205—Ex 1st Bn. to CO: Can we get any tanks up to Colleville-sur-Mer?

Answer: No, none of them are up here yet. They are not off the beach. However, as soon as we can possibly get



is at 681884, moving very slowly. Capt. Mathews, Co. B, said he lost about 12 men from pillboxes firing on them. He could not get contact with the battalion. Maj. Marshall said he wanted him over on the right. Maj. Marshall to S-3: We are 100 yards NW of 20. We are still pushing.

1255—In with 3rd Bn. by wire.

1301—Out by wire with 2nd Bn.

1318—Maj. Lawrence to 1st Bn.: Lt. Colt is trying to find your CP and will follow the wire line up.

1326—S-3 to 2nd Bn. Fwd.: Where are you?

Answer: CP is now moving forward. We are not in contact with them just now. They took a radio with them to keep in contact with us.

Situation Tense

1327—S-3 to 1st Bn.: Are you in with Maj. Marshall now?

Answer: No. He is at the forward CP, and we cannot contact him now. However, I can give you the dope. A Co. is pinned down by a strong point just at the head of the draw there at E-2, over by 20, west of Colleville. B Co. is going along, sending a couple of sections over to help out C Co. C Co. is 100 yards NW of Point 20. The Naval Shore Fire Control Party is out with Maj. Marshall now. The 2nd Bn. is held down. We are in buildings S and E of 20. There is stuff all around. S-3: Artillery fire is coming in on the beach now.

Answer: I cannot see where it is coming from up here.

1355—White out by wire.

1425—Msg. 2nd Bn. to CO: Co. I held up at Point 8. Co. I unable to assemble forces to advance and has enemy infiltrating his position. Co. L same situation as Co. I. Cos. I and L are just beyond Point 9. Tanks and reinforcements needed.

1440—1st Bn. to S-2: C Co. the same as before, and B Co. has moved up to the right of them. There is no other change.

1502—S-2 to 2nd Bn.: Have they cleaned out the town yet?



anything up we will shoot it up to you. Keep yelling for it.

1210—CO C Co. to S-3: We must have some tanks or artillery up here soon. Will you see what you can do about it for us?

Answer: OK.

1223—Message to CO, 3rd Bn.: 2nd Bn. has had units in Colleville-sur-Mer for some time. 1st Bn. landed on the left of E-1, and is pushing in to assist the 2nd Bn. in taking its objective.

1232—Ex 1st Bn. to S-2: A Co. is at 678892. Part of B Co. is with them, and the rest is in reserve. We are going over to Point 19 first, and then towards 38. C



Planet Photo
COMMANDING GENERAL gets latest dope on troops' progress over hastily installed field phone.



U.S. Army Signal Corps Photo
SIGNAL CORPS men string wires in shattered French town. They kept lines open under withering fire, played vital role in D-Day operation of famous infantry regiment. (See story above.)



Signal Corps, Planet and OWI Photos.
'CONTACT ESTABLISHED' was first word from handie-talkie men (top left). Further inland pack radio equipment keeps forward units in touch with CPs (top right). Field phone service (above) followed infantry.

Answer: The first report I had a half-hour ago was that they were just on the outskirts of the town. I will check and let you know.

1515—2nd Bn. to S-2: Capt. Jordan started into the town. He had a small counter-attack. He had a couple of sections as far as the church. Wellman is trying to clean up. Messkit is going thru the town. . . . S-3: Halftracks are in. I am sending them up. What is your CP location? Answer: The CP is at 683885. We have contact with the 1st Bn. only by means of passing men. The 2nd Bn., 18th, is passing thru. E Co. is working up on the right. We received information from a civilian that there were about 150 Jerries in Colleville-sur-Mer. We have only about 200 men left; 115 in G, two officers and 40 men in E, and two officers and 12 men in F. There are possible 20 more around.

'What is the Latest . . . ?'

1540—2nd Bn. to S-2: What is the latest from Rosebud? Answer: Not so good. Part of I Co. did not land. Very low on strength.

1540—1st Bn. to S-2: C Co. is moving very slowly. B is on our right, moving slowly because of machine-gun fire. As far as we know, A Co. in same spot.

1640—S-2 to switchboard: Are we in with Chocolate Bar?

Answer: No, sir.

1725—In by wire with Mallard?

1800—Capt. Jones, 1st Bn. to S-2: Maj. Marshall says we need stuff up here to take out these pillboxes. If we can't get it we will be held up. We are leaving this for your consideration.

1935—Cruisers and ships firing heavy counter battery on guns firing on beach.

2045—S-4 to CP: Do you have any ammunition supply?

Answer: We do not have any as yet. . . . S-4: Do you have any transportation in yet?

Answer: No. We are getting some in on DUWKs and as soon as they come in we will send you one of the DUWKs with ammunition. It will come in at E-1. 2048—Helmet line is out.

2100—Capt. Jefferson to Maj. Long: A German prisoner had two maps on him with three spots underlined. Believe

they are strong points. These are 695874, in vicinity of the road; 665874, running along road to the road junction and the road north of it at 666875; and at Surrain, they had underlined around 670859. Very little change.

2215—Div. Sig. to Mr. Farmer: What is your equipment status?

Answer: We are very short on our signal equipment. All the men that were carrying equipment were hit and we had to salvage what we could off the beach. OK. I will try to get you another signal crew and what equipment I can.

2124—Capt. Larkin to S-1: Any improvement on the evacuation of wounded?

Answer: If at all possible we will send them out to the ships tonight. Send them up to us as soon as you can, and we will take care of getting them out.

2140—S-3 Rgt. to S-3: Hamilton is located just north of goose egg on your map. One company at 702872, one at 695873, and one at 788875. They are advancing to the high ground and then will move toward the west. We are holding back out 1st Bn. Do you have anyone in Colleville?

Answer: Not that we know. . . . Is your 2nd Bn. at 682878 and your 1st Bn. at 679878? Answer: Yes, that is right.

2300—Maj. Morrison to Maj. Conrad: We are not able to evacuate any of our people. There are no evacuation facilities at the beach and something must be done.

Answer: We will try and see that this is taken care of at once.

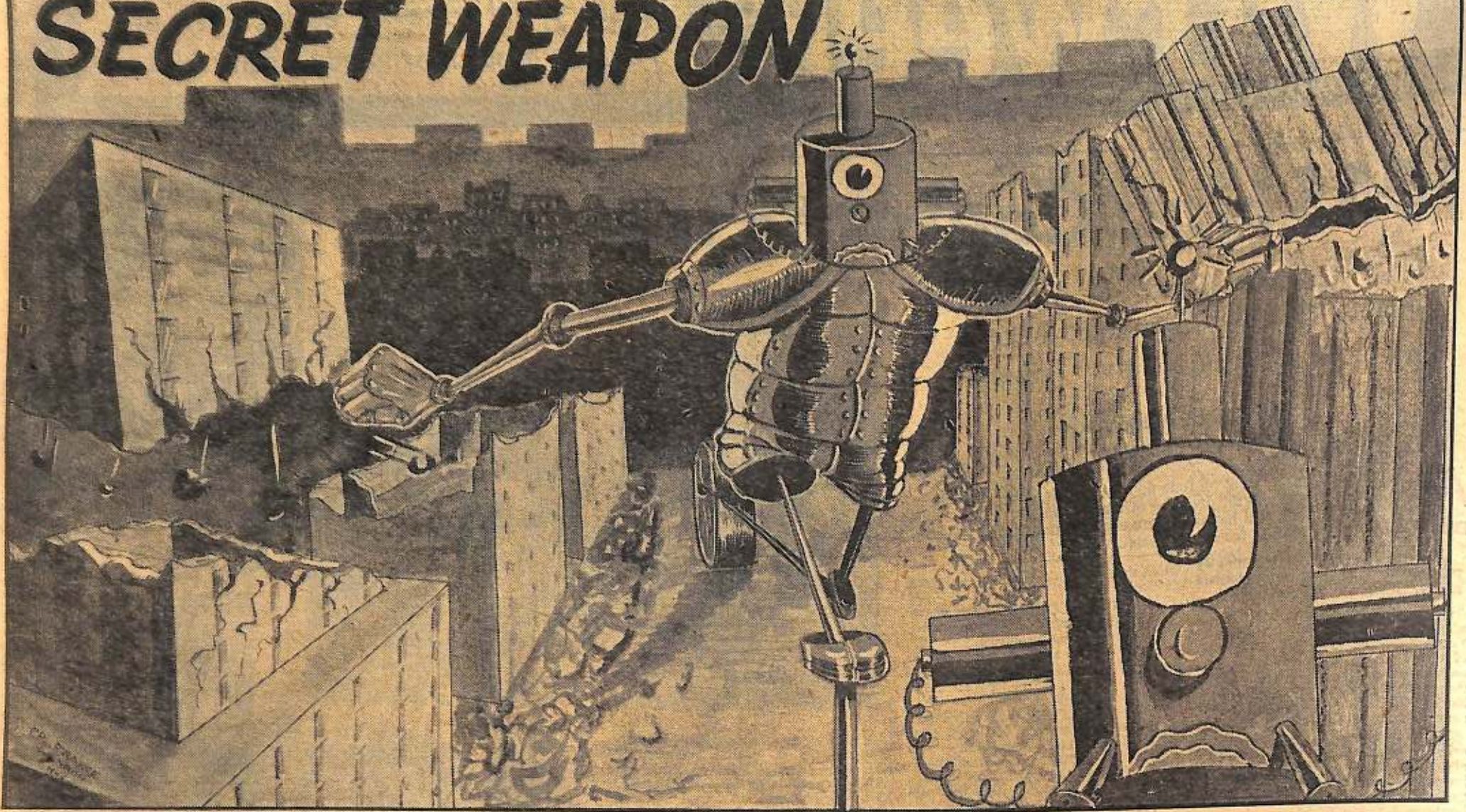
2310—CO 2nd Bn. to S-2: Can you give me any dope?

Answer: Yes. Two battalions are on that hill by you. . . . CO: OK. People are infiltrating. We are digging in and need reorganization, tell the Colonel.

2310—Air raid on ships, beach, and short distance inland.



SECRET WEAPON



BERLIN BUSTER, or Warweek's answer to German buzz bomb, is description of "artist's conception," shown above. Inventor Herron says he dreamed up this Secret Weapon to end all SWs all by himself. Warweek Editors think it came straight off the cover of an old copy of "Amazing True Science Fiction—Only 10 Cents."

HITLER'S kept press has been yelling its head off, these past few weeks, about the paralyzing effect of his newest military rubber check—the "Vergeltungswaffe 1" or "revenge weapon No. 1."

That's what the Nazis call their flying bomb, or pilotless plane or whatever strikes your fancy. It is the latest in the long parade of gadgets with which military leaders have tried to buy victory the cheap way.

Sometimes these so-called "secret" weapons have won a battle, or even a campaign. They have never, in the whole history of military operations, decided the outcome of a war.

There's nothing new about this kind of desperate seeking for some magic trick, some all-powerful thingamabob. Archimedes, a Greek mathematician, and quite an ingenious guy in his time, came up with a couple of them during the defense of the city of Syracuse—in what is now Sicily—more than 2,000 years ago.

Archie's Devices a Flop

He produced a novel job by which long poles suddenly jutted their way out from the walls of the city and then dropped skull-cracking rocks on the Roman attackers below. He also drew two other nifties from the hat, one a sort of giant crane with a hook device to grab the bows of Roman galleys and haul them out of the water—spilling their crews into the sea. Another demon invention consisted of batteries of polished metal mirrors which were supposed to concentrate the sun's rays on the approaching vessels—and touch them off into floating bonfires.

These "secret" weapons created a momentary confusion—but the Romans recovered, used traditional siege methods and wound up capturing and sacking the city. Archimedes was killed in the final assault. His secret weapon had only delayed—but not prevented—the final outcome of the campaign.

When the Germans began hurling "Vergeltungswaffe" at England a torrent of tales poured from Germany describing "mass evacuations from flaming London," and the "uninterrupted pounding of South England port cities," and so forth.

Then Prime Minister Churchill unveiled the secrecy cloak and let the cat out of the bag. Truth was that the number of bombs launched from France were outnumbering the people killed by them. In all cases the "great secret weapon" was assuming the shape of a dodge—strictly a dodge to fog the real issue. Perhaps it never occurred to the average Herman the German to view the situation with anything but a rosy outlook. Otherwise he might've figured that secret weapon or no secret weapon the Germans were being kicked across battered Europe—due to a triple threat stab at Berlin itself.

Those in the know point out that secret weapons are entirely a side issue—and that they never pack a Sunday punch. They claim that the elements of war are so numerous that an attempt to unscramble them up in one-two-or three technical inventions is a lot of hokey. And history backs them up. The British stepped forth in the battle of Crecy with gunpowder and the longbow—both acknowledged as secret weapons. As a result the opposing French knights took it on the lam and a small battle was won. However, it failed to make an appreciable dent in the Hundred Years War, which

limped on into the next century.

Hannibal popped up with elephants—a sort of first armored force—with which he crossed the Alps. This great general of antiquity probably set some sort of precedent (and lost some elephants) but he couldn't put the skids on his lifelong foe, the Romans, who beat him.

Merrimac and Monitor

The South's Merrimac and the North's Monitor clanged away at each other in our own country's history, but these iron-clad secret weapons did nothing more than slug each other to a standstill. Charles Martel introduced a hammer, for the first time, in the battle of Tours. Warriors hammered each other's heads in, but the weapon played no more than a secondary role.

sink everything afloat. But the British retaliated with the DeGaussing belt—a metal strip attached to each ship, which popped off the mines and stopped the secret weapon cold.

Another type was the "crawling mine"—a small, driverless tank filled with high explosive—used by the Germans in Italy. The "crawling mine" crept forth toward our lines on tractor wheels, with a long wire trailing behind it. At an appropriate moment—say when it reached an American barbed wire entanglement—the Huns pulled the wire, detonating the explosion and blowing up the objective.

Here, again, the Nazis achieved a few early successes, but their mystery weapon lent itself well to Doughboy rifle fire and anti-tank guns—and the "crawling mine" crawled into past tense.

This latest boogie monstrosity, the buzz bomb, appears to be a final back-to-the-wall attempt by Hitler to stiffen up his buckling, folding stranglehold on Europe. Not that the robot plane isn't dangerous. Prime Minister Churchill said that more than 2,000 people were killed and 8,000 injured by buzz bomb round-the-clock raids on England.

Nevertheless, it must be posted as a clear cut terror device—one used in an attempt to demoralize civilian morale—but which, thus far, hasn't helped the Hun fighting man on the Continent. And the Nazi Army remains the paramount issue in keeping the Allies out of Berlin.

Just as Orson Welles caused a New Jersey near riot with his "invasion from Mars" radio melodrama, the buzz bomb raised a temporary furor. Welles gained a whale of a lot of publicity, which was his chief aim, but then the public wised up over night and laughed at the shiver they received from his invasion hoax. The

buzz bomb won't be laughed at, but it's due for a severe shellacking.

Let's hope not, but maybe our grandkids will witness some out-of-this-world secret weapons and mysterious inventions in time to come. Future military leaders may press their scientists to concoct such nightmarish items as gigantic robots, made of indestructible steel, controlled by XY2B radio waves—and which crash through solid stone buildings with the ease of walking through cobwebs.

Paging Fearless Fosdick

Another killer-diller would be Buck Rogers' ray disintegrating gun which, when fired at a pillbox, leaves nothing but a wisp of smoke and a pinch of grey powder. Yet another in the line of secret weapons could be the "specially constructed all-steel shoes" worn by Fearless Fosdick. Fosdick beheads opponents with one sharp kick under the chin—to the thrill of all Li'l Abner readers.

But the final outcome will be an ancient one—as old as Archimedes himself, and his battery of polished metal mirrors. They just won't work. They'll have to give way to good old-fashioned guts and brains, plus some sweat and conventional weapons. The army that is best qualified to win is going to win, despite the sneak punches thrown by unknown surprise devices.

In the long run the real secret weapon might be Joe footslogger and his pals from the QM, Air Forces, Signal, etc. They don't know anything about world domination and super races, and they care less. Their sole intent is to get it over with; to lick the Hun and what he stands for, and to get back home on the next boat out—without asking questions.

Instead of relying on ray guns and crawling mines they're doing it with M1 rifles and a batch of grit. Joe's the type that doesn't cater to a kicking around by ex-paper hangers and their Aryan thoroughbreds. Maybe that's why he's doing a good job.

And maybe that's a humdinger of a secret weapon.

The Amazing Story of Fantastic Arms of the Past—Cheap Bids for Victory Which Failed; Buzz Bomb is Latest

By France Herron
Warweek Staff Writer

Along came World War I and likewise came the same old Jerry with his bag of novel nuisances. The submarine made its debut as a secret weapon—but they were piled up in junk heaps at the ocean's bottom while Allied shipping poured men and materials into France. The whole world was astounded when another "secret" weapon—Big Bertha—whistled shells on and near Paris. This temporary bombardment ceased when Big Bertha groaned and died and was written off as another flop.

But Jerry came back again—this time with a Nazi byline. He struck with the magnetic mine in a super-duper effort to



AN AP PHOTOG waited for three days on a roof of a building to snap these unique pictures of Hitler's buzz bomb in flight. This is how the "secret weapon" looks to Yanks stationed in London and south England. First picture shows the bomb coming in, with flame streaming



THE LIGHT DIES, the roar is silenced and the buzz bomb is caused by flying



Foxhole Flats in Normandy are Home to GI Shovel-Architects; Helpful Hints for Soldier Tenants

By Arthur Goodwin
Warweek Staff Writer

HERE'S a real estate boom on in Normandy these days—with one room flats in great demand. These apartments are sort of unlike those in the newer sections of any American city, but they have one great advantage—machine-gun bullets and shell splinters can't come in without knocking.

This unusual and highly desirable GI "homes away from home" are cleverly hidden away beneath the surface of what is sometimes called "Mother Earth." A very direct kind of guy might describe one of these Normandy flats as "this—foxhole"—but that is a very unsympathetic approach, unworthy of the splendid young Americans who are often found defending their country under the direction of a leather-lunged and flint-hearted mess sergeant.

There is another attraction to these self-contained dwellings: they are entirely rent free. That is, they are rent free unless some hours of back-breaking pick and shovel work can be considered as rent. Many well-informed persons are decidedly of the opinion that it can be, and should be, so considered.

Just as an illustration of one of the many ways in which these shovel-chateaux differ from more commodious cabins, it is well to remember this: At home, a man first builds a house, then he plants a garden around it. In Normandy the procedure is reversed. The home-seeker finds a ready-made garden—and then digs his flat into some protected corner of it.



For the benefit of future tenants and householders in Normandy, as well as for the present occupants, here are some tasty little household hints about how to be comfortable in the corner of somebody's cabbage patch:

First, the bedroom. In Normandy the best bet is to dig into the side of one of the innumerable hedge-banks along the roads or dividing the fields. These fields are all small and instead of stringing barbed wire or building stone walls to partition them off, generations of French farmers have built up dikes of earth.

Bushes and small trees grow on the tops of these banks and their roots hold the earth together. These roots also provide a tough, springy cover which makes an almost shellproof roof over any excavation dug into the bank itself.

The scheme favored by most of the GI shovel-architects is to dig into and under one of these banks. If there's a ditch at the bottom and on the "right" side—which means the side facing AWAY from the nearest enemy positions—well, then, so much the better.

The man who can't find a convenient hedge-bank to dig into usually settles for



the base of an apple tree. This isn't as risky as it sounds, because, although a tree or any other feature of the terrain which can be easily seen tends to draw fire, there are so many apple trees in Normandy that no one tree is any more likely to be a target than any other. The exception of course is the unusually high tree, which would explode any 88mm. shell passing through the branches, or one which happens to be in a particularly exposed or inviting spot. Common sense is the best guide.

With a location picked out—and successfully defended from "claim jumpers"—who figure they want to dig there too—

or sand and then wet this down with gasoline. Light up and you'll get enough heat to warm up beans or pork and egg yolk so they are fit to eat. If you do have a GI hot-box, here's a tip on how to make it more effective:

Take that same old C-ration can with holes in it as described in the preceding paragraph, empty out the earth or sand and set the hot-box inside it. This concentrates the heat and makes it last considerably longer. Also it is easier to put out that way.

Your kitchen will be pretty well stocked, but there won't be much variety. Here are a couple of gags which may help to make those GI canned-goods taste a little better:

1. Mix a can of beans, meat and hash together, heat the resulting mixture on the hot-box. It tastes different from any

with the cheese component, mix 'em all in the meat can of the mess kit and then cook slowly until the cheese is thoroughly melted and mixed with the heated ham-egg stuff. This particular dodge was invented by a Normandy farm-woman where some Joes were billeted. After they tried it they all agreed that the French didn't get a reputation for cooking just by knowing how to boil a cabbage.

There's lots of butter in Normandy, despite the war, so there will often be a chance to use it in making field rations taste better. Almost anything fried in butter is good—and chunks melted in with any of the combinations already described will make them taste better.

Now for dessert:
Try whittling your chocolate "D-bar" into a cup partly filled with boiling water,

and shake on plenty of GI foot powder before putting on your socks again.

A helmet substitutes for a lot of fancy plumbing in this foxhole civilization, but it's a poor substitute for a flush toilet. In fact these aids to comfort are a very scarce article in Normandy anyway—even in the best of times. In rear areas the old-fashioned straddle trench is the standard equipment.



It should be dug for a squad and at least 50 yards away from the position. Up nearer the front men dig little "cat holes" and cover them up after using. In both instances be sure that there's no secondhand toilet paper left to blow around the scenery. Cover it up with earth too.

Here are a few more hints on how to enjoy your one-room Normandy flat:

Wrap your wallet or other valuable papers in the cellophane cover of a K-ration. It will keep them dry.

Many Normandy farm-women will be glad of a chance to earn a few francs doing washing for GIs. Provide the soap and such deals are easy to arrange. Just say LAH-VAY—and point to your tattletale gray.

Don't move anywhere without your rifle and bayonet—enemy snipers may turn up at any moment—even in supposedly "safe" territory.

Wear your knife, if you are equipped with one, on your right leg, below the knee. You can get at it easier that way if you are crawling or lying—and that's what you'll be doing when the time comes for that little weapon.

Don't dig in in sand or loose earth. Hard, rocky soil is harder digging—but it won't cave in on you and a hole just big enough to stand in and deep enough to get your head below the surface is



sure fire protection against any enemy tank which might break through and come charging over your position.

If you think the weather and the living conditions are hard on you—and who doesn't—remember they are even harder on your rifle, carbine or BAR. Oil and care is the answer.

When you need those weapons in this war you need 'em awful damn bad.

And that's it—an outline for foxhole living. Maybe some of this stuff will come in handy. Remember it anyway—what can you lose?



the prospective tenant gets to work with an entrenching tool. The idea is to hollow out a trench long enough and wide enough for the man who plans to use it to lie down in comfort.

Any less than that is no good, any more just means extra digging.

The depth is very important and the standard rule is the deeper the better—up to the point of it being so deep that a nearby shell would cave the walls in on top of the occupant. One or two feet deep is skimpy and dangerous—it leaves too much GI anatomy exposed to the chill winds from the Channel and the hot metal from Germany.

Ten feet would be just plain silly, beside being dangerous from the cave-in point of view and a hell of a lot of needless work.

A good four feet is about right, depending on the location and the kind of ground.

Lay a bed of green branches, with the leaves on, in the bottom of the excavation. This to provide insulation between the sleeping soldier and the cold, wet earth. Then, if you can get it, throw in all the grass available. This cushions any small rocks, sharp roots or the butts of the green branches. Pack the excavated earth in a parapet around the top of the trench, sodding it down so it doesn't show. Make this little extra protection about eight inches high.

Some GI architects line the inside of their trenches with cardboard from ration cartons. This is a good trick—if you can lay your hooks on any of this material. Just flatten 'em out and lay them in the bottom of the trench. The stuff will keep out the cold and dampness and helps a man get a night's sleep when he needs it bad.

The Joe who is up at the front with only a raincoat and a blanket will be most comfortable if he spreads the coat over his branches, grass and cardboard and then wraps himself in the blanket. Keep your head inside the blanket—it holds the heat in.

In a reserve or support area it may be a good stunt to "marry" some other guy—and then set up housekeeping together. Dig a trench wide enough for two and make use shelter halves and blankets to make a two-man sleeping bag. Use packs for pillows, but be sure you've removed your mess kit. Don't use the gas mask for a pillow—it may injure it.

Don't sleep too well—things happen fast in a war and it is very embarrassing to start fumbling around, sleepy-eyed, for your M1—only to discover that you don't have a hand to hold it in by the time you're wide awake. Keep one ear and one eye open all the time and when ever you can, grab a few minutes of shut-eye during the day. It's warmer then, and there are a lot of guys around to warn you in case of any quick trouble.

No field flat is complete without its kitchen, the main element of which is the "hot box" on which rations can be warmed up. If you don't have, and can't get, a GI cooker, don't worry about it.

Just take an empty C-ration can—punch a few holes in the sides near the top, fill it about two-thirds full of earth

one of the three alone. Another stunt is to melt bouillon powder in a little water and cook it in with the meat-hash-beans. This is really a good combination.

2. Take the bouillon powder, some lemon crystals or a couple of Chelseas

Why Pay Rent?

YOU TOO CAN OWN A HOME!

Know the pleasure of proud possession, the joy of having your own little place to come home to at the end of the busy day. . . New editions being opened up constantly. . . Unlimited choice of locations.

BUILD NOW!

For details of ownership plan, address
FOXHOLE FINANCE CORP.

to the nearest farmhouse and swap them for an onion or a couple of spuds. (French pronunciation: ohn-YON and pom-de-tair). Cut up the vegetables and cook them with the meat-hash-beans.

Here's another way of using the ham-egg combination:

Cut it into small chunks, do the same

crumble crackers into it, cook out some more of the water and you'll have a pretty fair hot chocolate pudding. Coffee is easy: boiling water, coffee crystals and sugar. The man who fancies a cold dessert can make one with sugar, lemon crystals, water and cracker crumbs.

Next in our self-contained Normandy apartment comes the bathroom. This isn't much of a problem. Practically every Norman farm has a pump in working order and pump water—plus soap, plus a bucket or an upside-down helmet—equals one bath. If there isn't a pump handy, use river water. Streams abound in Normandy.

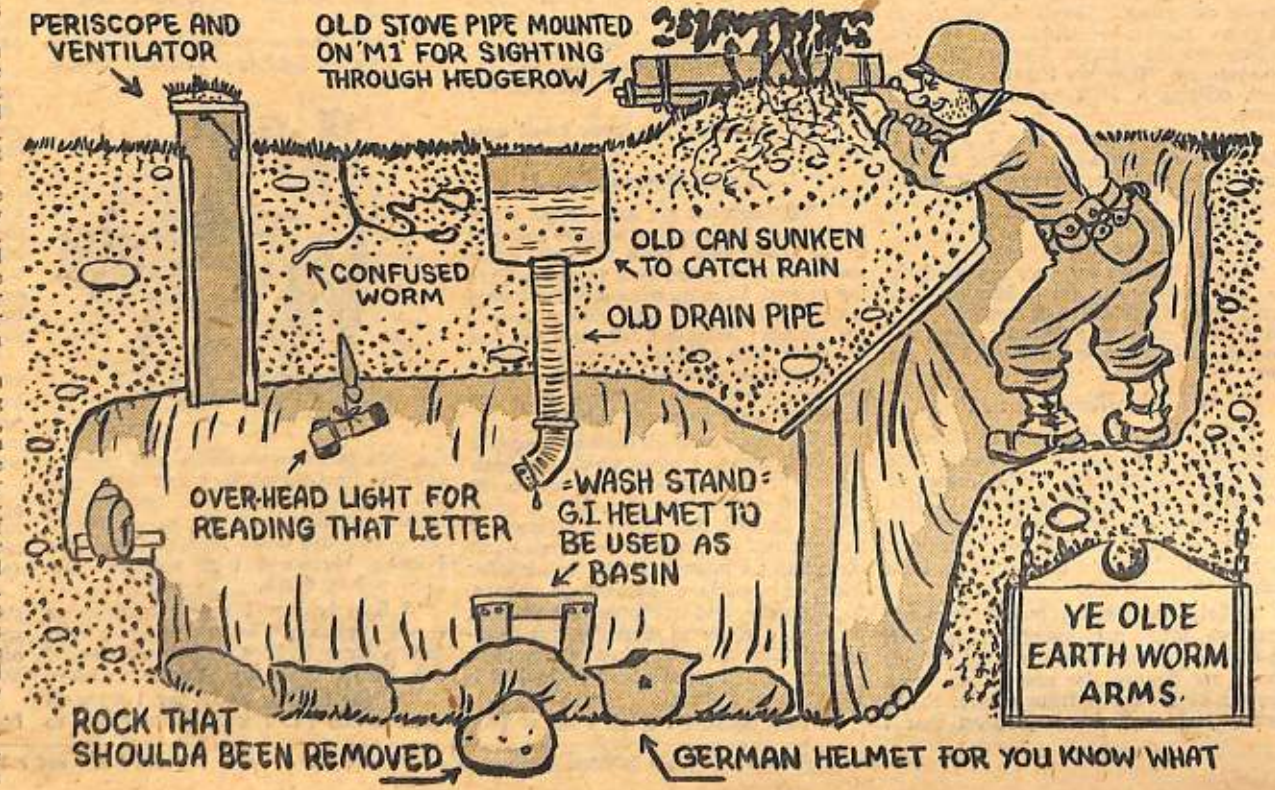
Warning: Don't drink that farm-house pump water, but it's OK for scrubbing the old hide. Hint: For real luxury, try mooching a bucket of hot water, *eau chaude* (oh shode) from some neighbor.

Pvt. Harold Raclin, from Brooklyn, solved the shower problem this way: "Four of us go down to a pump in a field. One guy pumps. Two guys stand guard. The fourth guy stands under the pump and washes. The water is cold—but what the hell, I'm clean and I feel swell."

Pfc John J. Stever, of Reading, Pa., uses a different system.

"I just squat over a helmet full of soapy water and paddle it up around my crotch and armpits. Then wash myself all over with a washrag or a handkerchief."

Lots of men don't go in for quite such extensive bathing, but, instead, confine themselves to their face and feet. One helmetful does for both—face first, then feet. Don't forget to dry your tootsies



GI JERRY

by Lt. Dave Breger

Nazi Guide-Book

Part VII



Lt. Dave Breger
Britain



DAMMIT, LUDWIG
THAT'S ONE HELL OF
A WAY FOR HIM
TO SHOW
HIS
GRATITUDE!

"The opponents of Nazis have no right to criticize, but only the obligation to be grateful that they are still alive."
ALFRED ROSENBERG, JUNE 2, 1935



DO YOU THINK THE FUEHRER
COULD GIVE HIS DECISION
SOON ABOUT SWATTING
THIS MOSQUITO
THAT'S BEEN BITING US
FOR THREE WEEKS?

"One man alone in Germany decides
over life and death: that man
is Adolf Hitler."
HERMANN GOERING, MAR. 27, 1938



YOUR EXCELLENCY,
IT WOULD HELP OUR
MILITARY PLANS GREATLY IF
WE COULD HAVE RAIN TOMORROW,
SUN THE FOLLOWING FOUR DAYS,
THEN FOG FOR TWO DAYS AND
FINALLY CLEAR
FOR NINE DAYS!

"Adolf Hitler's word is God's law, and there-
fore enjoys divine authority in his
orders and laws."
CONFERENCE OF GERMAN CHRISTIANS, APR. 6, 1937



AND IF NOT FOR OUR FUEHRER, LUDWIG,
WOULD WE BE HAVING SUCH A
NICE, EASY,
WELL-FED LIFE
NOW?

"All Germans cry out...: Heil now and in all eternity out fervently
loved Fuehrer who alone has made our lives again
worth living!"
HERMANN GOERING, MAR. 19, 1938



Why Are We Fighting? - GI's Answer

as anybody else; because of what other people have said better than ever I could; 'certain inalienable rights,' 'right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, 'government of the people by the people, and for the people,' 'give me liberty or give me death.'

"I fight because of my memories—the laughter and play of my childhood, the ball games I was in and the better ones I watched, my mother telling me why my father and she came to America at the turn of the century, my sisters marrying, my high school graduation, the first time I saw a cow, the first year we could afford a vacation, the crib at Camp Surprise Lake after the crowded, polluted Coney Island waters, hikers in the fall with the many-colored leaves falling, weenie and marshmallow roasts over a hot fire, the first time I voted, my first date and the slap in the face I got instead of the kiss I attempted, the way the nostrum quack would alternate with political orators on our street corner, seeing the changes for the better in my neighborhood—the El going down, streets being widened to let the sun in, new tenements replacing the old slums—the crowd applauding the time I came through with the hit that won us the borough championship; the memories, which, if people like me do not fight, our children will never have.

Something to Fight For

"I fight because I have something to fight for."
"I fight because of the life I hope to live when the fighting is finished, because

be born into a free world, because my forefathers left me a heritage of freedom which it is my duty to pass on, because if we lost it would be a crime to have children.

"I fight because it is an obligation, because free people must fight to remain free, because when the freedom of one nation or one person is taken away the rights of all nations and all people are threatened, because—through our elected representatives—I had the choice—to fight or not to fight.

... to Remain Free

"I fight not so much because of Pearl Harbor but because of what Pearl Harbor meant. Because, finally after skirmishes with the Ethiopians, the Manchurians, the Chinese, the Austrians, the Czecho-

slovakians, the Danes, the Spaniards, and the Norwegians, Fascism was menacing us as we had never before been menaced, because only the craven will not defend themselves.

"I fight because 'it is better to die than live on one's knees.'

"I fight because only by fighting today will there be peace tomorrow.

"I fight because I am thankful that I am not on the other side; because, but for the Grace of God or an accident of Nature, the brutalized Nazi could have been me.

"I fight in the fervent hope that those that follow me will not have to fight again but in the knowledge that, if they have to, they will not be found wanting in the crisis.

"I fight to remain free."

THIS WEEK'S



Army Talk

Every now and then some guy brings up the question which is as old as war itself: Why Do We Fight? On the face of it, this seems an obvious sort of question, easy to answer. Some people say we are fighting because we were attacked; others say we are fighting to remain free. There are many ways of answering the question.

Yanks in France today have proven that they know why they are fighting. They don't have much time to talk about it—much less to write about it.

However, every now and then some Joe gets a little extra time and the inspiration to put some of his ideas

down on paper. Down in the North African Theater of Operations a few weeks ago the Morale Services Division sponsored a "Why We Fight" essay contest, offering a \$100 war bond as first prize.

Winner of the contest was T/5 Jack J. Zurofsky, of Brooklyn. These are the reasons he gives for fighting. What do you think of them?

"This is why I fight:

"I fight because it is my fight.

"I fight because my eyes are unafraid to look into other eyes; because they have seen happiness and because they have seen suffering; because they are curious and searching; because they are free.

'I Fight Because ...'

"I fight because my ears can listen to both sides of a question; because they can hear the groanings of a tormented people as well as the laughter of free people; because they are a channel for information, not a route for repetition; because, if I hear and do not think, I am deaf.

"I fight because my mouth does not fear to utter my opinions; because, though I am only one, my voice helps forge my destiny; because I can speak from a soap-box, or from a letter to the newspaper, or from a question that I

may ask my representative in Congress; because when my mouth speaks and can only say what everyone is forced to say it is gagged.

"I fight because my knees kneel only to God.

'... and Because ...'

"I fight because my feet can go where they please, because they need no passport to go from New York to New Jersey and back again; because if I want to leave my country I can go without being forced and without bribing and without loss of my savings; because I can plant my feet on farm soil or city concrete without anybody's by your leave; because when my feet walk only the way they are forced to walk they are hobbled.

"I fight because of all these and because I have a mind, a mind which has been trained in a free school to accept or to reject, to ponder and to weigh—a mind which knows the flowing stream of thought, not the stagnant swamp of blind obedience; a mind schooled to think for itself, to be curious, skeptical, to analyze, to formulate, and to express its opinions; a mind capable of digesting the intellectual food it receives from a free press—because if a mind does not think it is the brain of a slave.

"I fight because I think I am as good



that life offers opportunity and security and the freedom to read and write and listen and think and talk, because, as before, my home will be my castle with the drawbridge down only to those that I invite, because if I do not fight, life itself will be death.

"I fight because I believe in progress—not reaction, because—despite our faults, there is hope in our manner of life, because if we lose there is no hope.

"I fight because some day I want to get married and I want my children to

ANOTHER slant on this business of why we fight (see T/5 Jack J. Zurofsky's essay elsewhere on this page) is contained in the July 1 issue of *Le Tomahawk*, mimeographed news bulletin published in Normandy by "Roy D. (News Slanted While U Wait) Craft, Ed." Here is an excerpt from a Craft editorial:

"The following is from an advertisement in the *Saturday Evening Post* for May 27:

"Dearest Mom: So old Bess has pups again! That reminds me of so much. She had her last litter two years ago—just about this time of year—when everything was so fresh and new. That's what I want to get back to, Mom—what all of us are fighting to get back to—the world at home where a fellow can give the sort of welcome he ought to give to a litter of setter pups in the spring. To watch them grow up with all the other new, young things, in a world that's bright and free. . . . Your loving son, Bill."

"We think it's high time the copy-writers learn that this war is being fought by grown men. We are soldiers, and good ones, and we are fighting because our country is at war and for reasons which grown men understand.

"We get pretty fed up with the sticky ads that begin 'Dear Mom' and end 'And that, Mom, is what I am fighting for—the corner drugstore with its double-extra-special-thick chocolate malteds.'

"But since the public seems to think that soldiers are simple asses, drooling slush in the face of machine-gun fire, we offer the following uncopyrighted 'Dear Mom' letters direct from the front . . .

"Dear Mom: Well, here we are in Normandy. I saw a cute little piggy-

wiggly today, Mom, and gracious, was he cute. That's what I'm fighting for, Mom, little piggy-wiggies and little duck-wiggies and little lambie-wambies and oh, just oodles of young, free things to brighten a brave, new world. Your loving son, Joe.

"Dear Mom: We are camped in an orchard not far from Carentan that you've read about, Mom, and there are dairy cows grazing in our orchard and the peasants come right out in their wooden shoes and milk them and, Mom, one of the cows made fertilizer right where I put down my blankets. Golly, Mom, it sure smelt good and reminded me of you and Dad and old Muley. That's what I'm fighting for, Mom, a world in which there won't be no soldiers putting down their blankets right where old Muley wants to make fertilizer. Your loving son, Junior."

"Dear Mom: We are going through some hedgerows toward St. Lo today, Mom, and a German burp-gun got on me and I ducked into a ditch and set off a Tellermine and a Tiger tank ran right over my ditch and a squad of Boche infantry started heaving fragmentation grenades at me and I got to thinking, Mom, of old Bess and her about to have pups again and, Mom, we can't have them pups born into a world that ain't free and bright, can we, even if it's the way you said old Bess got out that night and was bred by that Mongrel next door, so Mom, I got right out of my ditch and fixed that tank good and proper, and also the burp-gun and the Boche infantry, and we will get this here war over, Mom, just as soon as we can for you and Dad and old Bess and a better, brighter world for that little unborn litter. Your loving son, Henry."

