

Dummies Hit Back on Infantry 'Blitz' Course

Reaction Is Tested To Unexpected Attack

By Paul Lange

Stars and Stripes Staff Writer

A U.S. INFANTRY UNIT, England, Jan. 13—You're running like hell with bayonet fixed. An "enemy" jumps at you from behind a tree; you stick him. Another drops down from a tree; stick him, fall down, go on; wade across a stream, jump into a pit and sling a couple of grenades.

Thus a typical assault over this infantry outfit's "blitz" obstacle course where the enemies are dummies but surprise you none the less, and you're a lucky soldier if you get home with rear headquarters dry.

The "blitz" course has been designed to test just how well a soldier will react to attack from unexpected quarters. The course was constructed by an ammunition and pioneer question of a battalion headquarters unit under 2nd Lt. John W. Hirschmann, Milwaukee, Wis.

"We built the course as rugged as possible to enable the boys to get some idea what can confront them when they go into actual combat," Lt. Hirschmann explained.

Difficulties of Course

Throughout the course, the men must wind through thickly wooded paths, up and down slippery, muddy slopes, across streams bridged only by slender logs, over and under barbed wire entanglements and over difficult log barriers.

Dummies, representing machine-guns and snipers, are posted at the most unlooked-for places and the infantryman comes upon his "enemy" before he realizes it. The dummies, operated by remote control, drop from trees, pop out from behind bushes and come at him on pulley wires.

"He's got to use the appropriate weapon almost instinctively," Lt. Hirschmann pointed out. "He just can't stand there in amazement wondering what to do. He must know 'right now' whether the situation demands the use of the rifle, the bayonet or a hand grenade."



U.S. Army Signal Corps Photo

"Dummies representing machine-guns and snipers are placed at the most unlooked-for places and the infantryman (Pfc Paul F. Cooley, Halethrope, Md.) comes on his enemy before he realizes it. The dummies, operated by remote-control, drop from trees, pop out from bushes, and come up from pulley wires."

The grenades the boys carry are minus the powder, but with the fuse still intact. All around the course, the soldier is fired upon with blank ammunition. While on guard for shots from the "enemy" he must also watch out for booby traps and anti-personnel mines which explode if he touches them.

Lt. Hirschmann describes some of the

more difficult situations the GI encounters as he goes through the course: "The soldier's first obstacle is to cross a log over a stream. Half way across he is fired upon. He might want to turn back, but he can't. If he tried to change his course, he would either get a cold bath or literally be a 'dead pigeon.' He must continue over, drop behind the first

cover available and return the fire. "After firing, he runs to the spot he thinks the "enemy" is hidden and finishes him off with his bayonet. Then he proceeds down a wooded path. Before advancing far, he hears a klaxon, telling him he is under machine-gun fire. He drops into a nearby hole, learns where the

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Forts Rip Air Cover Of Rommel

Destroy 20 Nazi Planes On Ground, 14 More In 75-Mile Fight

ALLIED HQ, North Africa, Jan. 13 (AP)—Flying Fortresses ripped a terrific hole in Rommel's slender air cover, upon which he is dependent for a successful retreat into Tunisia, by destroying 34 aircraft in the air and on the ground in a raid on Castel Benito airdrome, 10 miles south of Tripoli.

In all, during the day, the U.S. Army Air Force operating over North Africa accounted for 36 German planes, an official spokesman said.

Flying Fortresses led the attack by knocking out 20 planes on the ground at Castel Benito and then, in a running 75-mile battle in the sub-stratosphere, blasted 14 more German fighters from the sky and damaged another 10.

Air activity dominated both day and night warfare as ground reports indicated only patrolling in the Bou Arada and Goubellat areas.

Hit From Both Sides

Working like the gears of a well-oiled machine, the Allied air forces struck at Rommel from all sides.

In the Middle East the RAF and U.S. Air Forces with the Eighth Army blasted Rommel's transport lines leading to Tripoli. In Tunisia RAF Bisleys launched a guerrilla attack against the Nazi supply line near Sousse, by ranging the highways in the light of the moon and blasting trucks and transports with bombs and machine-gun fire.

The converging air forces from North Africa and the Middle East are now hitting Rommel where he can least afford it by destroying his protecting air cover with raids on airfields and disrupting attempts to withdraw forces by continuous day and night blasting of the narrow coastal roads leading into Tunisia.

Nazis Go After Forts

Apparently instructed to stop the Fortresses at all costs, the Germans attacked the escorting P38s and ran into the concentrated fire of the Fortress formation's guns. All the big American ships returned to their base, although one plane had only two motors and did not show up until two hours after the others had landed.

As RAF and American planes with the Eighth Army blasted Rommel's transport lanes leading to Tripoli, P38s crossed the border of Tunisia into Tripolitania in offensive sweeps in the Ben Gaden area. American fighters, sweeping along close to the ground, encountered a long line of Axis transports carrying troops.

Spread Havoc Among Trucks

The cannons and heavy machine-guns of the speedy fighters ranged up and down the column, leaving a trail of smoke and destruction. The official air force spokesman estimated that at least 50 trucks were damaged and five filled with troops destroyed.

On the way back the P38s shot up a seaplane near Gabes. Me109s intercepted the P38s on their return. In the dog fights which followed the only American loss of the day occurred. One P38 was shot down.

B26s topped off the aerial show by scoring a hit on two bridges, one between Sousse and Sfax.

\$190-a-Month Private Called Costliest Soldier

NEW YORK, Jan. 13 (AP)—Pvt. Anthony Christian, 38, an unemployed housepainter on relief before his induction Nov. 7, was labeled today "one of the costliest soldiers in the world." For his services as a private Uncle Sam would have to pay \$190 a month.

Three weeks after induction he required an appendix operation at an Army hospital, and while he was recuperating at his home in Astoria, L.I., draft officials discovered he had 12 dependents. This would require the Government to pay \$50 a month as his private's pay, plus \$140 dependency allotment to the wife and 11 children.

Draft officials said Christian was registered as unmarried, but he asserted he listed all 12 dependents in his first questionnaire and explained again when registering personally.

Nazis Straining To Save Forces In Oil Fields

Russians Find Resistance Stiffening All Along Caucasus Line

MOSCOW, Jan. 13 (AP)—The harassed German troops in the North Caucasus appeared today to be attempting to make a stand to cover their forces occupying the Maikop oilfields and the Black Sea coast, farther west.

Red Star, the Army newspaper, reported the Germans had put tanks and infantry into counter-attacks supporting them for the first time in some sectors with aviation, in an effort to check the swift Red Army advance.

The battle became more violent, the dispatch said, but the Russians continued to push the enemy back, and occupied several more inhabited points. Simultaneously, they bore down on the right flank of the German forces defending the Sal River line on the Lower Don. The Russians struck south of the Sal River in a westward drive, between Zimovniki and Martinovskoye.

The hardening of the German lines indicated that the Nazis were trying to halt their retreat, or at least slow down the Russian pursuit after they lost a number of key cities around Mineralnye Vodi in the heart of the North Caucasus.

Red Star said the Russians were still executing swift surprise attacks, outflanking enemy positions and forcing the Germans into further flights.

Garrisons which the Germans left behind for rearguard action were reported to have been encircled and exterminated

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Nazis May Try Commando Raids, Defense Head Says

The possibility of a large scale German commando raid on England, with the object of crippling the British war effort, was described yesterday to the Institute of Civil Defense, London region, by the senior regional civil defense officer.

"The invasion of Britain isn't a possibility we can ignore," he said. "Hitler is or soon will be a desperate man. Even if Hitler is unable to launch a full scale invasion he might think it worth while to launch a big commando raid with the object of crippling our war effort."

U.S. Bomber Crew Rescued, Three Days in Stormy Seas

CAIRO, Jan. 13 (AP)—The crew of an American medium bomber arrived in Cairo today for a rest after three days at sea in one of the worst Mediterranean storms known in years.

The first 25 hours they spent in a rubber lifeboat and the remaining two days in an RAF rescue launch which was itself disabled and almost capsized.

Their plane fell into the sea when a motor failed while returning from a raid.

"We plunged right into a wave 15 feet high and got an awful jolt as we struck," 2nd Lt. Monroe P. Schwartz, Philadelphia, said. "We managed to get out, however, and got into a rubber boat. We were tossed around and never thought we could last it out until we were picked up."

That night the air went out of one side of our boat and the valve froze so we could not blow it up again. Then the boat began to leak. Next morning a searching plane spotted us, and dropped us chocolate and a note saying 'help coming.' That afternoon the launch came.

"They pulled us aboard and we fell exhausted on the deck. They wrapped us in blankets. Then the storm got worse and the launch was tossed about almost as bad as our rubber boat. The rudder was torn off and we drifted helplessly. All thought the boat would be overturned, but God was good to us and we finally reached the shore, 200 miles from where we should have put in."

Others in the crew were 1st Lt. John Holmes, Des Moines, pilot; 2nd Lt. John Robbins, Pitman, N.J., copilot; 2nd Lt. Percy B. Watkins, Birmingham, Ala.; Sgt. Harry Deeley Jr., Youngstown, Ohio, ship gunner; and Sgt. Trevor M. Anderson (RCAF), Victoria, B.C., radio operator.

Forts Hit Lille; RAF in Sweep

Flying Fortresses bombed Lille, French industrial town, yesterday, pacing widespread attacks by American, British, Dominion and Allied aerial units on enemy-occupied Europe.

The Forts smashed at war production plants and railway yards at Lille, and observers reported numerous bursts on the targets.

RAF Bostons, escorted by USAAF Spitfires, bombed the airfield at St. Omer, France, and Venturas, with escorts, blasted the airfield at Abbeville, France.

"Many squadrons of RAF, USAAF, Dominion and Allied aircraft carried out covering and supporting operations, in the course of which three enemy fighters were destroyed," a communique said.

Three Fortresses are missing from the Lille raid. There were a number of encounters with enemy aircraft.

Retraining for Civilian Jobs Proposed by Aide to Knox

NEW YORK, Jan. 13 (AP)—Men in the U.S. armed services would be retained in the services after the war for re-training in civilian pursuits, then mustered out at controlled rates, under a plan advocated by Dr. Joseph Barker, special assistant to Col. Frank Knox, Secretary of the Navy.

Declaring that when men were called from civilian life into the services, they were re-educated for duties, he demanded: "When men are to be mustered out and returned to civil pursuits, why shouldn't they be re-trained for those activities in precisely the same way?"

Dr. Barker, quoting President Roosevelt's Congressional message that service men have a right to expect full employment after the war, added "to have the right to expect full employment in industries that have been re-converted to the economics of peace means that men mustered out of the services will have to be re-trained for places in the newer industrial activities.

"It isn't sufficient to say that they can and will return to the jobs they had before their call to service. In many cases, those pre-war jobs may be non-existent," he declared.

U.S. Flying Boat Beats Sub Pack To Save Convoy

Lone Catalina Sinks One, Drives off Five in Three Hours

By Tom Bernard

Stars and Stripes Navy Editor

For more than three hours the crew of a U.S. Navy Catalina flying-boat held a marauding U-boat pack at bay in the North Atlantic and finally sank the sixth it had sighted while a Britain-bound convoy steamed safely by 30 miles away.

This was the story told yesterday in London by the 10-man crew of the PBY under command of Lt. (jg) Lowell L. Davis, USNR, Vina, Ala., who has been awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross.

Davis lifted his heavily laden flying-boat from its base two and a half hours before dawn one day last month and set out in search of a British plane reported crashed in the Atlantic.

Several hours out the Navy plane contacted a convoy headed for a British port. It hovered overhead on the lookout for enemy submarines.

Forty-five minutes later they saw a U-boat, but the raider crash-dived and was too far below the surface to attack when the aircraft reached the scene.

The glare of the morning sun prevented the plane from bombing a second sub, sighted a few minutes later.

In the next two hours three more subs were sighted, but each was too far away, and submerged by the time the flying-boat flew close enough to attack.

Sighting another U-boat on the sur-

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70,000 German Troops In Tunisia, Giraud Says

ALLIED HQ, North Africa, Jan. 13 (delayed) (AP)—Gen. Henri Giraud, in a speech yesterday declared that 70,000 Germans have arrived in Tunisia and now oppose the Allied forces.

He told officials at Niamey, in the desert, that "a well equipped army that fights well is facing the Anglo-American troops and the French army. . . operations might have been more rapid, but the price would have been out of proportion to the results."

THE STARS AND STRIPES

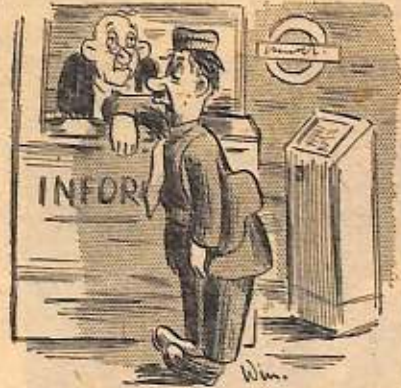
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Hash Marks

French sharpshooters report that Italians do not mind long-range duels, but object to close quarter fighting. They also report finding large quantities of garlic in captured Italian outposts. Garlic being one of the best means of keeping the enemy at long range, we presume.

Some remarkable things happen to check-girls, taxi-drivers, information bureau clerks and others in London



whose contact with soldiers is frequent and, on occasion, beautiful. The GI, for instance, who approached the Travel Inquiry kiosk at Kensington Station might have been considered among the beautiful ones. At any rate he was beautifully lit up, something like a cathedral at Christmas.

Tokio has banned the showing of American movies in Shanghai—only Japanese, German and Italian films may be shown. Next week: that famous Axis production, "Comedy of Errors."

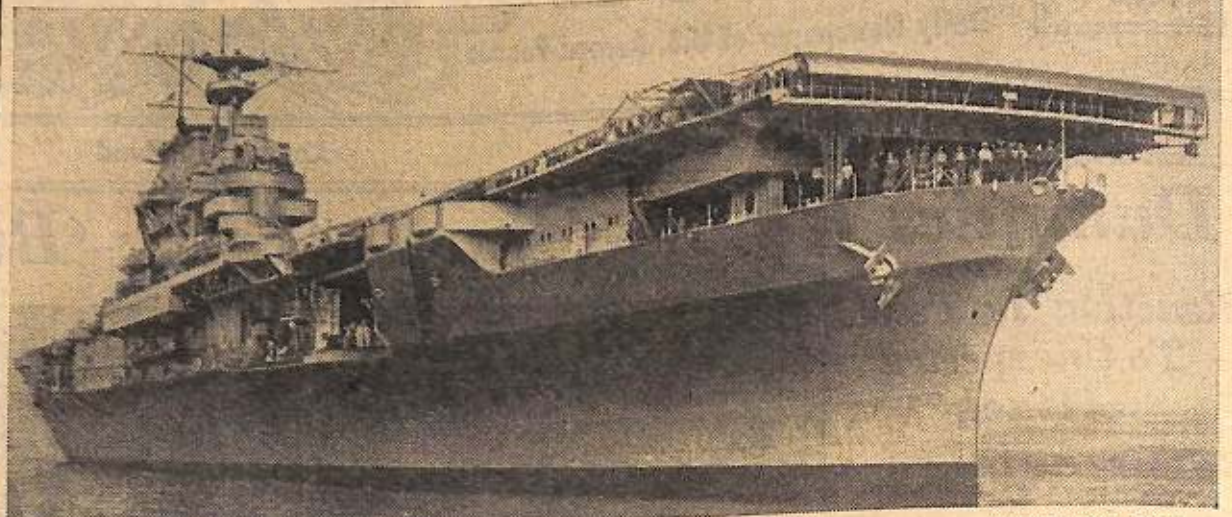
We take no sides in this issue but merely serve to present the facts. The Denver Rocky Mountain News syndi-



cated weekly magazine "Parade" held a poll all its own, with due respect to Dr. Gallup. The poll was on the all-important subject, "What branch of the army produces the most romantic boy friends." Of 100 girls voting in the poll, the following results were tabulated: cavalry, 27; infantry, 19; artillery, 18; paratroops, 15; signal corps, 10; quartermaster, 10; and armored division, 1. Said the girls, "we like the cavalry because we like boots and the smell of horses." The surprisingly low vote raked in by the armored division was partially explained by this remark, "Those boys are always in too damn big a hurry."

J. C. W.

The Hornet Stung Before It Died



Associated Press Photo

This is the U.S. aircraft carrier Hornet, sunk Oct. 26, 1942, by Jap divebombers and torpedo planes off Santa Cruz Island in the Pacific. According to Jane's Fighting Ships, the Hornet was laid down in Sept., 1939, and completed Oct., 1940. Its displacement was about 20,000 tons and it carried a complement of 2,900 including flying personnel. More than 100 aircraft could be launched from its flight deck and catapulted from the hangar deck. The Hornet cost \$45,605,000.

Crew Fought in Vain To Save Carrier As Japs Struck

The aircraft carrier Hornet sank four Japanese transports of 10,000 tons and hit 12 warships and three auxiliaries in the five months before she was sunk, Navy Department announced in Washington yesterday. She also destroyed at least 60 Jap planes. All but 129 of the crew of 2,900 were saved.

Here is the vivid story of the gallant fight to save the Hornet, bombed by Japanese planes north of Santa Cruz in the Southwest Pacific on Oct. 26. The Navy Department announced the loss of the vessel shortly afterward, but did not identify it as the Hornet until this week. Charles McMurtry, Associated Press correspondent who wrote the story, was burned in the attack when a flaming Jap plane plunged into the sea a few feet from him.

By Charles McMurtry

Associated Press War Correspondent

WITH THE U.S. FLEET, Southwest Pacific (delayed)—The Japs had smashed down upon our carrier force north of Santa Cruz in all-out, victory-at-any-cost bombing attack on that October morning. In six minutes of concentrated, vicious assault by torpedo planes and bombers, they had left the ship dead in the water, with six fires raging. Power, lights and radio gone. But we weren't licked yet.

I recall the all-gone feeling that swept me when I realized the carrier was helpless. A stationary target. Unmaneuverable. Couldn't dodge even a minnow. Yet we faced the real danger of a return attack.

On the flight deck fire was raging where a flaming Jap plane had smashed through the deck. There was smoke from other bomb hits. Officers toiled and sweated side by side to form bucket brigades. It looked hopeless. The pumps were not operating. There seemed to be

a thousand men passing thousands and thousands of buckets.

So hopeless it seemed that there came an order: "Prepare to abandon ship."

But almost immediately came wonderful words in brisk, confident tones: "Belay that! Belay that! Fires under control."

A cruiser came alongside and took us in tow.

"Okay, keep a sharp lookout," sang an order on the bridge. "They're coming back."

Never for an instant did the gunnery officer lose sight of the necessity of keeping lookouts vigilant, alert to danger. His terse, incisive "Keep a sharp lookout" seemed forever to be penetrating all noises.

"Right over horizon, right over there." All eyes strained to see whether it was enemy or friendly plane. It was like that for hours. As soon as one plane would be identified as friendly and nerves began to unwind, there would be another shout: "Plane coming, bearing 150."

We became aware of the acrid smell of smoke from the flight deck. A changing breeze was blowing the fumes our way and begriming our clothes. The signal bridge fire seemed to have burned out.

"Boy, what a souvenir," exclaimed a man near me. He held a bomb detonator and thrust his finger through a hole in his lifejacket. The detonator, two and a half inches long and half an inch in diameter, had torn through the heavy pads of his Mae West jacket and had gone through his blue denim shirt. Yet he hadn't even felt it. He just felt a weight in the fold of his shirt and investigated, and found the detonator right over his stomach.

"I've been saved by my girl's picture, by money, and now by this. Boy, am I lucky," he exclaimed.

'Going to Save Her'

Came the order: "Hang onto your ammunition. Stand by your guns to the last, we're going to save her." It was the assistant gunnery officer again. For a time it had appeared that they must jettison ammunition to remove the danger of explosion.

"We're going to save her." Wonderful words!

Overhead was our battle flag, waving in the breeze. About one-third had been burned away. Yet it flew straight out from the mast, its field of 48 stars untouched by fire.

Below, the bucket brigades were making unbelievable progress. Between smoke puffs, the bodies of two Jap fliers were visible. They were suspended horizontally, one above the other, the pilot and the radioman, just as they rode their ship when it hit the deck. The bodies were a few feet below the deck. They appeared to be suspended in space, though actually held there by the wreckage.

"Lookouts, keep sharp lookout." The assistant gunnery officer's voice again. "Straight ahead. There. Straight ahead." The gunnery officer himself spotted a grey shape speeding out of a cloud directly over us. Hiding in the cloud it already was inside the screening ships.

It was 11:09. Just an hour after the first attack.

"Enemy! Enemy! Open fire!" the gunnery officer shouted as his binoculars picked up the rising sun on the plane wings.

As guns opened up, the plane dived almost on the carrier and loosed a bomb. He couldn't miss such a perfect stationary target, but he did. The bomb exploded with a great geyser of water 30 or 40 feet off the bow—almost in the exact spot just vacated by a destroyer. Our guns fired, but the Jap got away.

"Fire on portside!" lookout cries excitedly. "Just over horizon. Aye-aye, fire portside."

The Japs had sent another attack group after another of our carriers. Blobs of black smoke hung in the sky. But the Jap planes and our own ships were out of sight.

We heard a little more firing. Then all was quiet. The other force must have repelled the attack.

"Water, water." That oft-repeated shout brought us back to our own bucket brigade, still active while we watched this newest enemy attack.

It seemed as if someone was always shouting for water as men ceaselessly passed pail after pail along that 400-foot line. The sun was hot but the men dared not shed the hot, bulky lifejackets.

"See those planes. Kind of going in a circle. They may be sneaking up on us."

They came closer. Our own. What a relief! A double relief—to know they were not enemy planes and that 16, count 'em, 16 of our own divebombers got back safely. They signaled that they would land on another carrier and turned away.

"Where have they been?" A sailor asked a question that had been on many minds.

"Engaging the Japs in the clouds when the second wave of Japs swept in from the other side. Our boys did all right," the gunnery officer replied.

"Boilers started. . . Engines turning." The ship throbs. Hope we can get up steam.

"Ask if able to steer." The reply was encouraging: "Rudder jammed but working on it."

"If we can get by until dark we'll be okay. Danger is in an afternoon attack. Hope we don't have to abandon ship."

It is nearly 2 p.m. All fires are out. The most seriously injured are treated and the doctors are rushing to aid the others. The flight deck is being cleaned up.

Ordered to Leave

If the engines function and the rudder is freed, we could get under way. Smoke and steam was coming up from the battered stack. It was a hopeful sign.

Then came the worst personal blow of the day. The communications officer found me, and said: "You are to board that destroyer, aft. Tell whoever's in charge you are to go by boatswain's chair with the wounded."

"What? No. I want to stay."

"Captain's orders." I knew the captain was too busy to argue. Dejectedly, I made my way aft where the destroyer was alongside. I felt disgusted. I wanted to stay aboard until the end—until the carrier made port or went down if that was to be her fate. But I realized the captain's position. As long as there was danger of a new attack, it was his duty to get off the passengers and the wounded.

So I went. Maybe it's better that way. I didn't see the ship go down.



"No. This doesn't mean it's all over, and peace has been declared." "Only Private Homer Smith being awarded the Croix de Guerre."



Inspection

(It happens all the time, damn it.) Whip tension to its highest pitch. Create a background of suspense. Cooperate without a hitch. Build it up till its immense. Get a move on—new broom sweeping. Work and drive your willing men. Wake them early from their sleeping. The job done once—do it again. When it all is scrubbed and clean. Fall the men right into line. Look with pride upon the scene—The hut's agleam—the men look fine. You're ready now for that inspection. Ere things go slack—the normal way. A bulletin—a slight correction—It will take place another day. Pvt. Jack Zurofsky.

Man or Hog

Do you walk into your P.X. After you have drawn your pay And look upon your rations Like a vulture on its prey? Do you always draw your rations And then move out through the door? Or linger at the counter Always waiting there for more? Did you ever stop to figure That those rations that you drew Were the same for all the men With no extras there for you? Man is somewhat like a sausage; Always slick upon the skin; But you never can be sure How much hog there is within. Pfc Don Smith, Engrs.

