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By the men . . . for the  
men in the service



**They Walked Into a Surprise Party at Eniwetok**

STORY ON PAGE 3



WHEN WAR CAME TO ENIWETOK ISLAND THESE NATIVES HAD A RINGSIDE SEAT—SO NEAR THAT SOME OF THEM HAVE TAKEN TO A FOXHOLE BECAUSE OF JAP SNIPER FIRE.

*The shores of this last stronghold of the enemy in the Marshalls were so quiet at first that the landing Americans thought it was another Kiska. Then the Japs peered out of their camouflaged foxholes and opened a deadly fire from all sides.*



**W**HILE he was taking the pictures of the Eniwetok invasion shown on these pages, Sgt. John A. Bushemi, YANK staff photographer, was fatally wounded by fire from a Jap knee mortar and died three hours later in the sick bay of a Navy transport.

Before he joined the Army almost three years ago, Johnny Bushemi was a news photographer on his hometown paper, the Gary (Ind.) Post-Tribune. He came to YANK from the Field Artillery at Fort Bragg, N. C., when our editorial staff was first organized in May 1942. The pictures taken by him since he went overseas in October 1942 have been one of YANK's outstanding features. He covered combat assignments in New Georgia, Makin, Tarawa and Kwajalein and shot feature pictures at Guadalcanal, the Fijis, Tulagi, New Caledonia, Hawaii and many other Pacific islands. Cheerful, likable and sincerely devoted to his work, he made lasting friends among GIs wherever he went.

The morning after his death, funeral services for Johnny and a sailor, also killed on the last day of the battle, were held on the deck of the transport off the Eniwetok shore, while Navy destroyers and Avengers were still blasting Jap installations on the island.



By Sgt. MERLE MILLER  
YANK Staff Correspondent

**E**NIWETOK ISLAND, ENIWETOK ATOLL, THE MARSHALLS [By Cable]—Almost everything about the battle for this island had a fantastic and unexpected quality.

The operation began in the usual fashion with an uninterrupted barrage of 16-, 8- and 5-inch shells laid down by U. S. battleships, cruisers and destroyers. From our troopships only a few hundred yards offshore, all of Eniwetok seemed on fire. Red, yellow and black smoke blanketed the island, while a dull gray smoke clung to the shattered trees and bushes. At dawn our destroyers moved closer, almost hugging the beach.

Then Navy Avengers raked the area with a dive-bombing and strafing attack, barely clearing the tops of some of the trees. This aerial bombardment began soon after morning chow, which included fresh eggs because this was the day of battle. By the time our assault boats had gathered in the rendezvous area, coconuts and huge palm fronds were floating out from the beach.

Suddenly the bombardment ceased; for a single, incredible minute there was silence. That silence seemed to underline the question all of us were asking ourselves: where were the Japs?

At no time had the enemy answered the Navy's surface and air bombardments. None of our observers had sighted a single Jap on the island—or any other living thing. Some of the men of the 106th Infantry wondered out loud whether Eniwetok was another Kiska, whether the Japs had fled without a fight.

There was nothing to make the infantrymen change their minds as the first two assault waves piled out of amphibious tractors and threw themselves over the steep fire trench that ran along the entire beach, then stood upright and moved inland. There was still no sign of Japs.

As troops under Lt. Col. Harold I. (Hi) Mizony of Spokane, Wash., moved north, and troops under Lt. Col. Winslow Cornett of White Plains, N. Y., moved south, the guns of the destroyer force shifted their fire ahead of the troops to clear the way north and south.

By this time the fourth wave had hit the beach. Sgt. John A. Bushemi of Gary, Ind., YANK staff photographer, who later was fatally wounded by a shell from a Jap knee mortar, landed in this wave, together with Harold Smith, Chicago Tribune correspondent; CPO D. A. Dean



## Surprise Party at Eniwetok



YANK's photographer, Sgt. John A. Bushemi, killed in action during the Eniwetok battle.



The last picture Bushemi made—Lt. Col. Mizony. Twenty minutes later, Johnny fell.

of Dallas, Tex., master at arms of our transport; 1st Lt. Gerhard Roth of Portland, Oreg., and Sgt. Charles Rosecrans of Honolulu, Central Pacific G-2 photographers, and this correspondent.

There was still no resistance. The only sounds were the sounds of our BAR and rifle fire, spraying every tree that might contain a sniper and every exposed shell crater.

Sgt. Mat Toper of New York, N. Y., lay flat on his back on the fire trench and lit the first of 20 cigars he'd managed to keep dry through the landing operation. Pfc. Albert Lee, a Chinese-American tank gunner from Los Angeles, Calif., grinned and said: "This is the easiest one yet." Lee had made three previous assault landings.

Our rear elements, preceded by tanks, were moving up to the front. At 1010 a cooling rain began to fall, and in a few minutes you couldn't see more than a few feet ahead.

It was then that the Japs decided to let us know they were present and ready to fight. The high-pitched ring of Jap rifle fire sounded on all sides, our first warning that there were nearly as many Japs behind as in front of our own lines. Knee-mortar shells, from positions on both ends of the island, began to sprinkle the landing beach, just short of the incoming boats. A few shells hit the troops south of the beach party, killing six men and wounding eight.

As 1st Lt. John Hetherington of Mt. Vernon, N. Y., transportation officer, headed back for the beach in search of his motor sergeant, Sgt.



IN A SPOT WELL-MARKED BY AMERICAN SHELLS, THESE SOLDIERS BRING THE HANDIE-TALKIE INTO PLAY.



Robert Flynn of Albany, N. Y., he saw some engineers blasting away at what looked like a small pile of mangrove leaves, evidently knocked down from a tree by one of the Navy blasts.

Just ahead were some communications men, cleaning their rifles and sharing a D-ration chocolate bar. As the engineers moved out, Lt. Hetherington saw a Jap rise up from under the leaves, knife in one hand, grenade in the other. The lieutenant fired his carbine once and squeezed the trigger for a second shot. The carbine jammed, but that didn't matter; his first shot had plugged the Jap in the head. Under the palm fronds and dried leaves, Hetherington found a neatly dug square hole, four feet deep. Inside were three other dead Japs.

**H**E saw hundreds of similar holes later on; we all did. Some were spider trenches, connected by carefully covered underground passages, a few with corrugated tin under the fronds and mangrove leaves. Many of the trenches had been built for a single Jap, others for two or three or four men. None of the holes was large enough to accommodate more than six Japs, and almost all of them were so well hidden that it was possible to step over and beyond the holes without seeing them. The Japs had allowed platoon after platoon of American troops to pass through before they opened up.

Sgt. Chris Hagen of Fairmont, Minn., a squad leader, and eight riflemen became separated from their platoon in the landing. Just as they walked over the fire trench, in the area through which almost the whole battalion had passed without encountering resistance, scattered Jap rifle fire came from their rear, barely clearing their heads. They dropped to the ground.

"Underground," shouted Hagen. "The sons of bitches are underground." His squad began throwing grenades into every pile of fronds. Three Japs darted out of one hole and ran for the beach. Hagen fired once and hit the first one before he'd gone 15 yards. He hit the other two a few yards farther on. In the next 20 minutes, Hagen killed 12 Japs by pitching grenades into a dozen holes. Pfc. Joseph Tucker, a rifleman from Live Oak, Fla., accounted for at least nine more, and the entire outfit cleaned out about 50 in some 20 unconnected holes, all dug underground in an



At Eniwetok, Pfc. Albert Lee, Chinese-American, was making his fourth assault landing.

area that was not more than 40 yards square.

As Lt. Col. Mizony, rounding out 22 years in the Army, moved up with 18 of his enlisted men, including battalion CP personnel, Capt. Carl Stoltz of Binghamton, N. Y., commander of a heavy-weapons company, yelled: "Look out, Hi!" The colonel hit the ground, and Stoltz, a former Binghamton cop, got the underground sniper with a carbine. He found four others in a tin- and palm-covered trench on the beach. As he started to walk over it, the captain stopped, looked down and noticed a movement inside. He killed two Japs with the carbine and the other two with grenades. Capt. Stoltz and Sgt. Hagen will be recommended for Silver Stars.

In almost the same area, Pfc. Sam Camerda of Akron, Ohio, and Pfc. William (Mac) Wemyrs of Tennessee, headquarters intelligence men, found three more Japs—two in one hole and one in another. S/Sgt. Delbert (Pop) Markham, former shipyard worker from California, came across a blanket-covered body a few yards inland. He pushed the blanket aside, and a Jap hand, holding an unexploded grenade, twitched. When Markham finished, the hand was still.

Meanwhile the company commanded by Capt. Charles Hallden of Brooklyn, N. Y., was being harassed from the rear and facing heavy and light machine-gun fire a few yards ahead. As they crossed the island in a rapid advance, they came upon two coconut-log pillboxes reinforced

with sand, the kind that had been common in the Gilberts and at Kwajalein but were few and far between here. They cleaned out each box with flame throwers, red flares and demolition charges, followed by grenades and BAR fire.

When the company reached a native village and the smoking ruins of some Jap concrete installations, a young native stuck his head up from a hole and shouted "friend." The advance halted while the native guided 1st Sgt. Louis Pawlinga of Utica, N. Y., and a search party to other holes, where they found 33 natives—four men, 12 women and 17 children—only three injured. They were taken to the beachhead.

Just before noon the troops circled south, although there were some Japs still alive on the western side of the island. As 1st Lt. George Johnson of Sikeston, Mo., moved up with his company, the leader of the second squad, Sgt. Earl Bodiford of Pocahontas, Tenn., fired at a covered foxhole. The muzzle of a rifle moved in the shadows. Bodiford raced forward, grabbed the gun from a dazed Jap and hurled it as far as he could. He killed the Jap and moved on.

By early afternoon we had run up against concentrated underground defenses and were held up by knee-mortar fire. Shells were falling on every side, in and around the CP and ahead and just behind the front lines. Lt. Col. Cornett ordered the line held and called for reinforcements.

The sun was shining again and the atmosphere was overwhelmingly hot and muggy. Black flies covered everything — guns, clothes, faces and hands. Knee-mortar fire was falling throughout the area, no spot was safe from snipers and there was Jap heavy machine-gun fire up ahead. Lt. Col. Mizony called for some Navy Avengers.



Capt. Carl Stoltz, who comes from Binghamton, N. Y., killed five Japanese all by himself.

**J**OHNNY BUSHEMI, Chief Dean, Lt. Roth and Sgt. Rosecrans, the photographers; Smith, the correspondent, and I crouched behind a medium tank to smoke our first cigarettes in several hours and tell one another what had happened since we'd become separated that morning. Just before the Avengers swooped in at 1445, Capt. Waldo Drake, USN, Pacific Fleet PRO, and Hal O'Flaherty of the Chicago *Daily News* joined us. When the short, concentrated aerial strafing was completed, five of us—Johnny, Capt. Drake, Smith, O'Flaherty and I—started forward to take a look at the damage.

Johnny was winding his movie camera a few yards behind the rest of us when we stopped to examine a bullet-riddled chest filled with Marshallese books. We were just beyond the fire trench on the lagoon side of the beach, perhaps 75 yards behind the front lines. That area had been under sporadic knee-mortar fire throughout the morning, but for at least two hours none of the 60-mm grenades had fallen there.

I stayed behind for a minute to pick up a Marshallese Bible, and Smith, O'Flaherty and Capt. Drake, followed by Johnny, had gone not more than 20 paces up the line from the trench when the first shell landed in our midst. I ducked into an exposed hole, just below the chest of books, and the others threw themselves on the open ground. Shells burst all around us, chasing Lt. Roth, Sgt. Rosecrans and Chief Dean as they



raced for the beach and pinning the rest of us in a diminishing circle of fire.

Each explosion kicked up dirt and sand as it landed; we thought each shell would be our last. No one knows how many bursts there were in all—probably five or six—but after two or three interminable minutes the explosions stopped. Johnny was bleeding profusely.

Capt. Drake had a gash above his right eye and Smith had been nicked in the right arm by shrapnel. The three of us ran 300 yards down the beach to get the medics. Capt. Drake, blood pouring from his wound, refused treatment until we had started back with a litter for Johnny.

By the time we reached the shallow crater where O'Flaherty was waiting with Bushemi, Johnny had already lost a tremendous amount of blood from shrapnel wounds in his left cheek and neck and in his left leg. But he was still conscious, and as we returned through the sniper-infested area inland from the lagoon beach, he asked for his two cameras. He carried both of them until we reached the advanced aid station in a demolished coconut-log emplacement. There he was given more sulfanilamide and two plasma applications.

Johnny was conscious, joking with all of us and asking how badly Capt. Drake was hurt, until after he had reached our transport. He died at 1750, a little less than three hours after he was wounded, while Navy surgeons were tying the arteries in his neck. His last words were: "Be sure to get those pictures back to the office."

Meanwhile elements of the 22d Marines had taken an advance position on the northern end of Eniwetok, working toward the seaward side. Pvt. James Syrell of Oswego, N. Y., saw five Japs emerge from the ground not more than five feet away, each carrying a pistol. He threw grenades and got all five. The day before, on Engebi Island in the northern tip of Eniwetok Atoll (captured in six hours, five minutes), Syrell accounted for some 30 others.

During the night the advance continued on Eniwetok, the marines pushing seaward on the eastern end and the soldiers continuing northward. They moved barely 15 yards at a time, tanks leading the way, flanked on each side by infantrymen—BAR men spraying every foot and riflemen throwing grenades into each mound.

There was no organized counterattack, and only two attempts at resistance by more than small handfuls of Japs. At about 2000, an hour after the advance began, a dozen Japs tried to swim through the lagoon to reach the rear. Spotted by a destroyer searchlight, they were wiped out when they reached the beach.

The second attempt came at 0100, when 40 Japs leaped from their holes about 30 yards from the marine lines and raced forward. Brandishing sabers, hurling grenades and screaming "Banzai! The f---ing marines will die!", they leaped into the marine foxholes. There was hand-to-hand combat, jiu-jitsu, knifing and bayonetting. In less than 20 minutes, 40 Japs and 20 marines were killed on a line not more than 30 yards long.

Then the entire battalion was ordered back 300 yards to mop up the southern, lagoon side of the island for the second time. They found almost as many live Japs hiding under their feet this time as during the first advance.

At 0900 Capt. Hallden saw a Jap manning a knee-mortar position behind a well-concealed coconut-log emplacement. The captain fired his carbine and the Jap wilted. This mortarman was believed responsible for Johnny's death.

Every few minutes supplies were moved in over the beachhead. The Engineers were already surveying behind the lines for our installations.

Dead Japs were being piled up on the beach, but many still remained where they had fought and died—underground. At almost any spot on the island there were still some Japs alive, and occasionally rifle fire broke out around the aid station. Several times mop-up squads came back to clean out all the holes they could find. Then, after they had left, the fire would break out again in another spot. A few Japs, not many, were taken prisoner. There had been a steady stream of American casualties flowing back to the aid stations the first day, but our casualties were lighter now.

By late afternoon of the third day, Eniwetok was secured.



In Italy, the gallant T-5 Sal Cannizzo helps French ambulance driver Nanou Calas with her knitting.

## When Going Is Tough, French Ambulance Girls in Italy Dream of Paris Days

By Sgt. RALPH G. MARTIN  
Africa Stars & Stripes Correspondent

**W**ITH THE FIFTH ARMY IN ITALY—The old Italian victrola scratched out some soft music and the pretty French girl with the flowing black hair waltzed around the room with a dreamy look in her eyes and an imaginary sweetheart in her arms.

"Tonight I am not here," she said in a musical accent. "Tonight I am in Paris, wearing a long red evening gown and silk stockings and satin shoes and a flower in my hair."

The scratchy record finished its song and she walked over to start it playing again. It was the only record in the room.

She smiled wistfully. "We are still very feminine girls, yes?" They still were. There were still traces of lipstick and powder on the faces of some of the girls in the room. They still giggled girlishly and—no matter how much their clothes disguised it—some of them were still pretty enough to be pin-ups.

But these 24 French ambulance drivers were far from Paris. They were in a tiny, cramped room in a damp Italian farmhouse where the garlic still hung from the ceiling. And they weren't wearing evening gowns; they wore GI fatigues, leggings and hobnailed boots.

"When we first come here, the soldiers they laugh at us," said Renee. "They say we are girls, and we will wreck our machines and lose our way, and we are not able to stand all this dirty living of war."

"But we stand it. It is hard at first, and we are frightened when we are shelled and when we see soldiers die in our arms, but we stand it. And our ambulances they are clean and we never have accident. Now the soldiers they no longer laugh."

All day and all night there are three ambulances, two girls in each one, making the 20-mile round trip to the front lines, within a kilometer of the actual fighting, to pick up the wounded and bring them back to the collecting station. Other girls in other ambulances take the wounded from the stations back to the field hospitals. And when there is a battle going on

and the casualties are heavy, quite often all 12 ambulances are out on the road.

In the thick blackout, the girls have to guess at the road. They try to bypass the shellholes filled with water, and when the machine starts to slide in the slushy mud, they hold on tight to the wheel. And if they get a flat tire in a pouring rain, they must hurry and fix it because the wounded are waiting.

The two girls in each ambulance take turns, one driving, the other staying back with the patients—giving them cigarettes or water, peeling oranges for them, injecting morphine if they need it, talking to them.

When the first shift's work is done, a new shift goes out and the six girls go "home" for a while. They pull off their heavy GI boots and put them near the fire to dry. They take the itchy leggings off their cold legs and slip out of their coveralls into skirts, home-made from GI pants.

If they are hungry, as they usually are, they have their choice of warmed-up C rations or cold corned beef or sliced Spam.

After chow the girls pull out their knitting and finish some woolen socks for soldiers. Or they write letters to their folks or sweethearts or husbands. Sometimes they play the borrowed victrola's single record. Or, if Josie isn't driving, she takes out her harmonica, and they all sing.

And sometimes they feel a little lonely and empty. When that happens, they sprawl on the floor around the fireplace and talk freely and intimately of their problems and dreams. For more than a year they have been very close.

They spent two dirty months learning all about automobiles and then several spotless months learning all about nursing.

Some of them were nurses in France and North Africa before they became ambulance drivers, but most of them are just typical Frenchwomen, ranging from art students to farm girls. Giselle, the youngest, is 19; Armande is "something more than 35" and the mother of two soldier-sons.

"They ask me why I do this thing," said Armande, "and I tell them simply that I do it to shorten the war so I may be back with my sons."





**WAR IN THEIR FACES.** After 23 days and nights of fighting in the dark jungles of New Britain these marines are going to get a rest. Waiting at Cape Gloucester for all the men of their unit to climb aboard the trucks that will carry them to the rear, they have the marks of front-line fighters bitten deep in their faces.

## Antipersonnel Bombs Drive You Nuts in the Solomon Islands

SOLOMON ISLANDS—Coconut plantations are often used for military encampment in these islands because there is no jungle undergrowth, there is perfect concealment from the air and there are plenty of palm logs to cover foxholes.

Only drawbacks are the coconuts, hanging like the Sword of Damocles over thousands of GI noggins. There are literally millions of coconuts. Winds and heavy rains knock them down; they fall about 50 feet, so that getting hit by a nut is like stopping a golf ball, only more so.

Surprisingly enough, very few men have been in the way when the nuts came thudding down. One exception is Pvt. Eugene K. Lampkin, an MP from Cincinnati, Ohio.

It happened on one of his worst days. Lampkin was directing traffic near the shore of Empress Augusta Bay on Bougainville, and his heart was seething. A passing truckload of marines had just asked the inevitable and unanswerable "why don't you join a good outfit?" It was just this unfortunate moment that the coconuts above him chose to let go.

"One hit me on the shoulder," he fumed, "one made a little circle around me, and the third conked me dead center on the head. It's lucky I had my helmet on."

—Sgt. BARRETT MCGURN  
YANK Staff Correspondent

## Former Valet to Hollywood Stars Greets Them at Middle East Air Base

SOMEWHERE IN THE MIDDLE EAST—"Hi, Budd, how's everything?" said Fredric March to Cpl. Ralph C. Budd of Hollywood, Calif., as the actor arrived here recently.

Budd, a former valet to Fred Astaire and the Alexander Kordas (Lady Korda is Merle Oberon), has run into several stars he knows since he was shipped to the Middle East.

The GI's job is to serve as charge of quarters of a penthouse reception room at an airfield here,

where the commander of the USAFIME theater welcomes notables of the political, military and entertainment world coming through.

Budd says he doesn't mind seeing old friends like March, Nelson Eddy, Jack Benny, Lt. Bruce Cabot and Luise Rainer, but he'd gladly trade the Pyramids for a quick glimpse of Hollywood Boulevard right now.

—Cpl. SAM D. MELSON  
YANK Field Correspondent

## Nothing Like a Little Surprise To Break the New Guinea Monotony

SAIDOR, NEW GUINEA—An Ordnance mechanic's life is supposed to be pretty dull, and generally it is. But three ordnancemen in the American force here have made the discovery that sometimes it isn't.

Sgt. Emil Raninen of Detroit, Mich., who holds the Silver Star for gallantry at Buna, was exploring the area near his jungle hammock, in company with Cpl. Eugene Weinard of West

Bend, Wis. They found a dugout cleverly hidden beneath a huge log.

"That was used by the Japs all right," said Raninen. "It would take a good hit to blast a guy out of there."

Next morning they brought S/Sgt. Charles Allhands of Madison, Wis., to see the dugout. Peeking into the hole, Weinard suddenly noticed some rags that hadn't been there the day before.

Allhands crawled down into the hole to investigate. The rags, he discovered, were the remains of an American shelter half.

"I started to pull it out," he said later, "and the whole thing came alive. I scrambled back out, scared as hell, and then we could hear jabbering from beneath the shelter half."

The men drew their guns and waited. Out crawled a miserable, half-starved Jap, without an ounce of fight left in him.

They took the straggler prisoner and proudly escorted him back through their camp to headquarters.

Now Raninen, Weinard and Allhands are trying to decide who gets the prized souvenir, an official receipt for one Jap prisoner. Meanwhile the dull routine of keeping the trucks rolling goes steadily on.

—Cpl. RALPH BOYCE  
YANK Staff Correspondent

### This Week's Cover

THESE soldiers on the beach of Eniwetok Island in the Marshalls had just been landed and were awaiting the order to attack when they were photographed by YANK'S Sgt. John Bushemi. A little while later these men moved ahead. Among those who fell, mortally wounded, was Sgt. John Bushemi.



PHOTO CREDITS. Cover, 2, 3 & 4—Sgt. John A. Bushemi. 5—Sgt. John Frano. 6—USMC. 7—Sgt. Lou Stoumen. 11—USAAF. 12 & 13—Sgt. George Aarons. 14—INP. 18—Upper left, Camp Beale, Calif.; upper right, CRTC, Fort Riley, Kans.; center left, Signal Corps, Camp Croft, S. C.; center right, AAFTC, Lowry Field, Colo.; lower left, Camp Adair, Oreg.; lower center, INP; lower right, AAFTC, Moore Field, Tex. 19—Upper, Camp Callan, Calif.; center, Acme; lower, AAFTC, Sioux Falls, S. Dak. 20—Hal McAlpin. 23—Upper, PA; lower, INP.

## "Woodman, Spare That Tree": New Version From the Fifth Army

WITH THE FIFTH ARMY IN ITALY—On a tree in Naples, Cpl. Clyde L. Hardin of a Field Artillery outfit found the name and address of Pvt. Judy Brooks of the WAC, carved in deeply by some earlier passer-by.

Like any sensible GI, Hardin jotted it down and wrote her a letter. Judy answered from her station in the States, and the correspondence is hot and heavy now.

Since he found her address, Hardin has moved on with his outfit from Naples into the front lines on the road to Rome. Judy, in turn, has moved from private to sergeant.

—YANK Field Correspondent



# PUERTO RICAN SOLDIER

**Pvt. Fulano de Tal, the typical GI, is proud of his island, fights well and likes rice, beans and the rumba.**

By Sgt. LOU STOUMEN  
YANK Staff Correspondent

**S**AN JUAN, PUERTO RICO—As Jerry machine guns raked the exposed American infantrymen on the Oran hillside, Pvt. Anibal Irizarry sized up the outfit's position. There was only one way to halt that fire. The Puerto Rican soldier worked his way forward until he was almost on top of the gun, silenced it and killed the entire crew with his BAR. As he fired his last burst, Irizarry was seriously wounded by another enemy machine gun.

For that action, and for capturing eight prisoners and wiping out another machine gun with a grenade at 20 yards, also during the North African campaign, the Puerto Rican GI came home from the wars with the Distinguished Service Cross and the Purple Heart.

Many other Puerto Ricans have distinguished themselves in battle. It was at Guadalcanal that Col. Pedro del Valle of the Marines, an Artillery commander, pinned on the star of a brigadier general. 1st Lt. Jesus Maldonado, from his bombardier's seat, scored a direct hit on a Jap cruiser, shot down one Zero and survived two crash landings in the Southwest Pacific.

Another bombardier, 1st Lt. Manuel Vicente, was wounded by ack-ack on a bombing run in the African campaign, but he released his bombs anyway on the assigned targets. In a hospital in Sicily, Ernie Pyle met two Puerto Rican GIs, both wounded. One of them, Pyle wrote, still carried his guitar and strummed on it lightly as he lay on his stretcher.

More than 80 Puerto Ricans have been killed or wounded in action, no small casualty list for an island only 35 by 100 miles in size, especially when you remember that no Puerto Rican outfits, as such, have been officially reported at a fighting front. Men like Irizarry, del Valle and Vicente went into action with U. S. units.

Wartime service for the Puerto Rican outfits has been limited so far to manning guns, lights, listening devices and posts on Puerto Rico itself, in the Panama jungles, on Trinidad, Cuba, the Virgin Islands and Jamaica.

If he is stationed anywhere in the Caribbean, on his own home island or at any other base, the Puerto Rican soldier draws 20 percent extra. But when he is sent overseas to the States to attend OCS or for a tour of duty there, he gets just regular base pay.

The biggest, oldest and best-trained Puerto Rican units, whose organizations date from their part in the last war, include the 65th, the 295th and the 296th Infantry Regiments. They are composed mostly of volunteers, and they are spoiling for a fight. But except for U-boat attacks on shipping, and the shelling of Aruba and Mona Islands, in the early days of the war, the Caribbean has been pretty quiet.

In those early days, the war made its mark on Puerto Rico and her people. Blackouts came often and lasted long. The island was heavily garrisoned and fortified. U-boat successes kept the people hungry; butter, potatoes, milk powder, meat, eggs, even rice and beans were unavailable. Because of shipping shortages, the island could not export its sugar and rum products, its fruits, tobacco and coffee. Economic dislocation was widespread, and still is.

But the people took it. They showed their confidence and their sense of humor by the patriotic names they gave to their businesses: Restaurant *El Segundo Frente* (Second Front Restaurant), Bar *El Union de Todos* (Bar of the Brotherhood of Man), *Colmado de los Aliados* (Allies' Grocery Store), *El Victory Bar*, Laundry *El Buen Soldado* (Good Soldier Laundry).

And Pvt. Fulano de Tal, Puerto Rico's Pvt. John Doe, is a good soldier. He usually stands two or three inches shorter than his *americano*

brother. He is stocky, high-cheeked, muscular, bronzed and hardened by training in the tropical sun. He's a crack shot and handy with the bayonet. He knows his jungle warfare.

Like John Doe, Fulano may have enlisted in the Army—until volunteers were no longer accepted, the island's recruiting offices were thronged with men from the canefields, the coffee and tobacco plantations and the cities who wanted to join up—or he may have been inducted by *El Tio Sam* (Uncle Sam). A working knowledge of the English language is required of each recruit, but he is issued a War Department sex-hygiene pamphlet in Spanish, translated by the San Juan Optimist Club.

Fulano loves his rice and beans, and to the great unhappiness of any *soldado americano* who may mess with him, he eats these staples once or twice a day. He also loves to sing and dance, mostly rumba. One Saturday night, when a mild earthquake shook the Camp Tortuguero Service Club and put out the lights, the music went right

on and the dancers continued their rumba without breaking step. Fulano has been known to draw company punishment for doing the rumba during close-order drill. He takes his guitar on dates, and likes to sing "Juan" and "Mujer de Juan" ("Juan's Woman") the way GIs in the States sing "Pistol Packin' Mama."

The Puerto Rican GI has a real sense of humor but, like all Latins, is proud and touchy about his *honra* (honor) and the *honra* of his beloved island. His blood is of the Spanish *conquistadores*, of the ancient Boriquen Indians and of various European nationalities that have visited his island since its discovery by Columbus in 1493. Spanish is still the language of most Puerto Ricans. But Fulano is a citizen of the U. S. by act of Congress, like all his people, and elects his own legislature. Since the Spanish-American war, Puerto Rico has been a territory of the U. S., and her governor is appointed by the President, but a bill now pending will give Fulano and his people the right to elect their own governor.

Fulano respects American efficiency, education and high standard of living, and he has a hankering to see the States after the war is over, just as the average *soldado americano* down here plans to pay a return visit to *La Isla del Encanto* (the Isle of Enchantment) some day.

"Que pasa?" This much Spanish every *soldado americano* knows. It means "What's cooking?" The answer is that besides a war cooking, besides a Caribbean sea frontier cooked to a well-gunned turn, Fulano is himself cooking. He and his island have grown in maturity and stature by playing their part in this war, by their sacrifices in discomfort, hunger and blood.





# MENTAL BREAKDOWNS IN THE ARMY

By Sgt. MACK MORRISS  
YANK Staff Writer

**What causes psychoneurosis at the front lines? Usually it does not develop in men who have a clear idea of the necessity for the war and understand why they had to get into a GI uniform and do the fighting.**

**A**T mid-afternoon three men came down the trail.

Two of them trembled so it was barely noticeable, but the third held his elbows close to his sides and moved his hands up and down in a rhythmical motion.

The three, with a stretcher party behind them and another in front, went down through the jungle to the water's edge where the Engineers had built a rough landing.

An outboard-motorboat chugged up to the landing and discharged some undirtied, unbearded men who had been wounded slightly or who had had malaria a few weeks before and now were on their way back to join their outfit, 400 yards away, where the Japs were dug in.

As the litter cases were being loaded the two groups—the fresh and the exhausted—got together.

"How is it up there?" asked the clean ones.

"It's murder," replied one of the three.

"What do you mean, murder?"

"Japs. Twenty feet away. We were going to attack and 10 minutes before the jump-off they raised up 20 feet in front of us. We didn't know they were there. It was murder."

The man with the hands in motion looked down at them and said apologetically, "I can't stop them."

An 81-mm mortar squad that had been quiet suddenly went into action 50 yards away. At the sound of the increment charge, a sharp hollow explosion, the other two men jumped violently and crouched among the mangrove roots while the fresh men watched them in embarrassment.

"Take it easy, boys," said the unbearded ones.

While the motorboat was being loaded, a captain came up and took over the fresh infantrymen. He looked at the men who were getting into the boat and shook his head: "I don't understand it. There go three of the most rugged men I've ever had in the company. Now look at them. I don't understand it."

**U**NDERSTANDABLE to the captain or not, his men were casualties as real and as actual as the stretcher cases whose blood seeped through battle compresses slapped over shrapnel and bullet wounds. His three good men were "bomb happy," or, in plain fact, the victims of nervous breakdowns. They were psychoneurotic cases.

From 10 to 20 percent of all casualties developing in combat are nervous breakdowns of one kind or another, and of these about 90 percent come under the heading of psychoneurosis. When recognized and treated properly, from 40 to 60 percent of all the breakdowns are successfully adjusted and the casualties returned to duty.

It is possible for anybody to have a nervous breakdown, according to specialists in the Neuropsychiatric Division of the Surgeon General's Office. Literally thousands of factors in the individual soldier's life may contribute to his ultimate mental illness, and it is certainly true that some men crack for less reason than others; but any normal soldier, under the terrific physical and mental strain of war, can reach his limit. This is

true, not because Americans are mental weaklings, but because the healthiest man alive, if weakened to a certain point and exposed to disease, will get sick.

Psychoneurosis is a nervous or emotional disorder that amounts to an abnormal manner of coping with a situation. It is purely an involuntary means of solving a conflict.

To understand its mechanics it should be realized that fear is the core of neurosis. It is true that not every man who suffers a breakdown has actually scared himself into becoming ill, nor is the genuine psychoneurotic case either a coward or a goldbrick. But fear, or the fear of fear, is always present.

**T**HAT psychoneurosis is the utilization of abnormal ways of coping with resistance is illustrated in the case of Cpl. Jones.

Cpl. Jones has been picked to lead a patrol on reconnaissance. He and his men have to cross an area that is being subjected to heavy artillery. Over and above that, he has been in the line 28 days and is physically worn to a frazzle. He has already been under enough artillery to last him a lifetime, and now he has to face this artillery. Remembering some of the close ones before, he is really and thoroughly scared.

He has two normal alternatives: 1) He can go through the artillery, scared as he is, and accomplish his mission, or 2) he can say the hell with it, I'm not going. He can do it or run away from it. Either would be a normal reaction, revealing

Cpl. Jones to be a very brave guy or a coward.

It happens he is not a coward. The last thing in the world he wants hung on him is cowardice. He starts a personal war within himself, his conscience on one side and his instinct for self-preservation on the other. What the hell, if I go out there I'll get blown to hell; if I don't go out there I'm yellow and the outfit will know it. His physical fatigue carries a lot of weight in the argument. The tug-of-war in his mind gets worse and worse.

Then something greater than Cpl. Jones' will power gets hold of him. He starts trembling so badly he can't hold his rifle. He doesn't want to shake but he does, and that solves his problem. Involuntarily he becomes physically incapable of holding his rifle—and he can't go on patrol.

That "something greater than his will power" has taken over in his mind and made him a psychoneurotic casualty, anxiety type. Properly treated he'll be okay in a few days—when he's had some hot chow, a few good nights of sleep and a chance to get his trouble off his chest. With these things he may be able to regain his self-control, which he so completely lost under stress.

In combat a man runs into things which he probably never would experience in civilian life. But, while there are different factors involved, the fundamental causes of nervous breakdown in war are the same as in peace—essentially the same but highly intensified. For this reason there is actually no such thing as "war neurosis," any more than there is "war malaria" or "war pneumonia."

If a civilian went hungry for 10 days, had to sleep in the rain without shelter and had no chance to change his wet clothes, he'd more than likely get pneumonia.

If our civilian got involved in a riot, was beaten over the head with a piece of gas pipe, saw a friend have an eye torn away by a flying brickbat and experienced the horror of being barely missed by a burst of pistol shots, he might develop a case of the screaming mimis that would incapacitate him for a while. On the other hand, another man in the same melee might laugh it off and sleep like a baby that night.

Comparable situations are found in combat—to a much greater degree—and similar reactions among individuals are experienced. In either case the man who is emotionally disturbed becomes a victim of psychoneurosis.

**T**HE most common neurosis in combat is the anxiety type. Its symptoms are numerous and most of them are the symptoms of fear (or anger). But the main point is that in anxiety neurosis the casualty shows an inappropriate fear. An ordinary man may jump at the sound of an exploding shell, which is dangerous, but the neurotic may jump at the sound of a glass dropping on the floor, which isn't dangerous.

Under certain conditions of mental strain the normal person becomes jumpy. This would indicate that everybody is neurotic.



The causes of psychoneurosis won't bother you if you realize why you have to endure such hardships.



which is true to a certain extent. But everybody is not neurotic to the extent that he exhibits such symptoms in combination as extreme jumpiness, tenseness, trembling, hot and cold sweats, insomnia, loss of appetite, indigestion, diarrhea, frequent urination, rapid heartbeat and shortness of breath. The casualty may have become very irritable, he may worry too much, may be in a state of confusion, may have difficulty in concentrating, may have nightmares, may lose interest in everything going on around him.

**T**HE soldier suffering from anxiety neurosis may have any or all of these symptoms, and the soldier who is trying to goldbrick may be able to fake quite a few of them. It is the job of the medical officer, the psychiatrist, to evaluate the symptoms and determine their genuineness. It is possible that medical officers may confuse genuine neurosis with malingering. The distinction, as described in a medical circular, is this:

Malingering is the conscious, deliberate exaggeration or pretense of an illness for the purpose of escaping duty. Psychoneurosis is an actual illness. By definition, a malingerer lies about his symptoms. A person with psychoneurosis either tells the truth or what he firmly believes is the truth. It may be true that neither wants to return to duty, but the malingerer is aware that he could go back if he chose; whereas, a person with psychoneurosis either is actually unable to return to duty or sincerely believes so.

The malingerer posing before a psychiatrist as a nervous-breakdown case will almost invariably meet with an unpleasant surprise. It is difficult to escape detection for the simple reason that a man cannot fake the dilation of the pupils of his eyes. This dilation, which can't be faked, accompanies the symptom of extreme jumpiness, which sometimes can.

**T**HERE is a second type of psychoneurosis, known as the hysteria type. This is not to be confused with the hysteria of a screaming woman. It is a neurosis that causes a physical part of the body to quit functioning although there is nothing organically wrong with that part of the body.

The hysteria neurotic may become suddenly blind, he may lose his memory, become deaf, lose his voice, be paralyzed in his arm or leg. Medical examination would reveal nothing physically wrong with a paralyzed leg; the trouble is in the casualty's mind. Disciplinary action, abuse or sympathy would have no effect. Psychiatric treatment would probably restore the use of his leg or his sight or his voice within a few days, because the condition is usually temporary. In some instances the man may recover by himself when the immediate stress is over, as in the case of one soldier who could not speak while enemy planes were overhead but whose voice always came back a few hours after a raid was over.

While these dramatic hysteria reactions were common in the last war, they are comparatively rare this time.

Also under the heading of hysteria, and more prevalent than the others, are reactions of stupor, repeated dodging and avoiding movement and the rhythmical reflex tremors such as were manifested by the rugged soldier who couldn't stop his hands trembling in the jungles.

**I**T is true that there are soldiers who are predisposed to nervous breakdowns in combat. There may be underlying causes, having nothing to do with military life, which may gang up on a man and eventually cause him to blow his top. On the other hand, there are soldiers who have lived normal lives and have made the adjustments from civilian to soldier and from untested soldier to battle-trying veteran; yet, through some precipitating cause or causes, they break down.

A precipitating cause is anything that amounts to the proverbial straw that collapsed the camel. When a man's level of tolerance may be reached, one more shell coming in or one more grenade tossed may topple him over as a neurotic casualty. His nervous system, which has been taking things in stride, may be thrown off by "just one thing too many." Contrary to the laws of fiction writing, it has been found in one area that the veteran soldier cracks more often by comparison than does the green replacement who hasn't yet seen much action.

The level of tolerance varies in each individual.



Pvt. Denny does nothing to help himself. In the back of his mind something keeps yelling at him: "What the hell are you doing here? Why isn't somebody else here? Why you?" Which doesn't help.



In men predisposed to neurosis it is low. In the average guy it is higher, depending on his strength of character, his belief in what he is doing, his pride, his ability to adjust himself to unorthodox situations and a number of other things that combine to make up his personality.

**T**o get a graphic picture of the struggle for mental normalcy in combat, imagine a man within a circle. Around the circle forces are closing in, representing the trials to which his nervous system is subjected. If his nervous system is strong he may be able to ward off these forces, and as long as he is stronger than the forces against him he's in good shape. He may get new strength from the effects of such things as a hot meal or a letter from home or the fact that at 400 yards he knocked a Jerry's helmet off. Or a letter from home may take his strength away, as in a case like this:

Pfc. Howard has fought through the Sicilian campaign and won the Silver Star for knocking out a mortar position. He has seen a buddy killed beside him, but it hasn't bothered him more than the sudden death of a close friend would bother anybody. When he arrives in Italy he is a little worn down; everybody in the outfit is worn down, Pfc. Howard no more than any of the rest.

By the time they reach the Volturmo, he and his outfit have undergone a period of physical exhaustion. They've been through constantly lousy weather, they've eaten cold C rations and they've been under rugged artillery and mortar fire. Still, Pfc. Howard can take it.

One day he gets a letter from his girl who says she's terribly sorry to have to tell him but she's met another boy. She hopes he'll understand how it is, because she has become engaged to this other guy; she knows this is sudden, but they can still be good friends, and she wants him to be sure and look her up when he gets home.

Several hours later Pfc. Howard, a perfectly normal soldier of the line, gets caught under a mortar barrage for the seventeenth time since he entered combat. This time Pfc. Howard blows his top.

The straw that breaks him is the letter. But there are other factors. Under different circumstances he might have got mad as hell, gone out and drunk himself silly, flattened a bothersome corporal or done whatever he felt like doing to get the thing off his chest. But now, under fire, he can do nothing but lie there and take it. He is already too exhausted mentally and physically to combat this new, and unexpected, force working against him. It's too much for him.

Pfc. Howard's level of tolerance has been reached and passed, but he can be classified neither as a coward, a goldbrick nor a lunatic. He's an ordinary guy who, temporarily, couldn't swallow such a big dose of spirit-crusher. A certain amount of correct treatment and Pfc. Howard will be able to go back and fight again—when he has recovered his balance and built up his powers of emotional resistance.

**T**HERE are other men who, for reasons having nothing to do with the Army, might never be able to go through as much as Howard did before finally breaking down. These are the men who are predisposed to neurosis, who might conceivably have lost control eventually in the normal existence of a civilian.

Take Sgt. Wilson, a company clerk. When he was 8 his parents were divorced. Being shy he is a little slow on dates with the girls; he's a fellow who doesn't like team sports such as football or basketball but who is good at golf and tennis. In school he makes good grades, but before a big exam he may develop a stomach ache. Out of school he gets a job and does well. Then he is drafted.

At induction the psychiatrist who screens him finds out some of these things but passes him after slight hesitation because of Wilson's sincere desire to get into uniform. Wilson is sure the Army will make a man of him. (And it might have if he had stayed in garrison.)

In the beginning he has very little trouble, except that at first he finds it difficult to sleep. Because his feelings are easily hurt he lives hard under his drill sergeant in basic.

Finally, because of his education, he is put in an outfit as company clerk. Except for an occasional headache he feels fine. He gets a headache before an inspection of records or while sweating out a blind date in town.

His outfit goes over, and the closer they get to combat the more apprehensive Sgt. Wilson be-

comes. His hands tremble more than they should and he gets diarrhea. He recognizes that he is a little frightened, but he refuses to admit it even to himself.

When his outfit goes into combat, the headquarters outfit gets caught in some mild artillery and a little long-range machine-gun fire which, though not too rugged, is a "baptism of fire." Wilson withstands it very well and is immensely relieved. He was afraid of being afraid; now he feels much better about the whole thing.

Then, next day, Stukas find his bivouac. They carry out an intensive bombing, with sirens on the planes and screamers on the bombs. The noise is horrible and the bombs fall right in his pocket. In half an hour he's had all he can take. He may have to be sent back to the States.

**T**HE lack of a moral incentive and the refusal of a man to accept a situation can cause him to crack. Look at Pvt. Denny.

Denny can't figure out why he is in the Army, much less why he is overseas. He thinks the other guys should have gone, but not he. He has a brother in a war plant making good money, and he can't see why one brother should be living at home and making nothing but money out of the war while the other is sweating it out in New Guinea. When the Japs pull a sneak raid one night and bomb his area, he is not as much irked at the Japs as he is at the Marines across the river, who didn't have a close hit during the whole raid.

Finally a sniper pins him for about three hours. During this time Denny realizes that he's in a tough spot, and he gets mad at the whole outfit, collectively and individually, for not coming up to help him out. He gets mad at his brother, wishes to hell his brother was here having this Jap bastard take pot shots at him. Denny is too scared to try to knock off the sniper himself; in fact he has every right to be scared, because to raise his head might mean being hit.

Completely frustrated, Pvt. Denny does nothing to help himself. In the back of his mind something keeps yelling at him: "What the hell are you doing here? Why isn't somebody else here? Why you?" Which doesn't help matters. After about two hours of mental squirming to get out of a physical situation, Denny loses his self-control. He can't figure the thing out for himself, so it passes out of his hands. Involuntarily he has put himself in even greater danger because he has lost the power to exercise full control over himself. When the sniper is finally knocked down, Denny's buddies have to lead him back to battalion aid.

**A** MAN may recognize the importance of being in the Army, and of being overseas. He may recognize the necessity of his being in the Infantry or in the Artillery. But he may not be satisfied with his individual job, and if he is passionately dissatisfied with it he may easily weaken to the point where breakdown will come easily.

T-4s George and Joe are in the same outfit. George was a cook in civilian life; he loves to cook but winds up in an anti-aircraft outfit as an instrument man. Joe, on the other hand, wants to be on a gun crew, but he's a cook who would rather be in hell with his back broke. Joe and George know about each other, and they both brood about their plight.

After a particularly heavy firing run, during which George thought the noise of the gun would drive him nuts, a detail brings up the chow. The chow has been bad lately, but this time it's the lousiest yet. George decided a long time ago that even Spam and vegetable hash could be made to taste good if a cook knew how, and George knows 10 ways to stew up something better than this slop. He sits there looking at the stuff and letting the situation build up in his mind—the bad food that could be good, the cook who wants to be a gunner, the goddam gun, the planes at night, the constant hammering of the goddam gun, the lousy chow. Finally something explodes inside him. He dumps the mess kit to the ground, walks over to his tent and gets in his bunk.

Three hours later when the battery gets another condition red, George doesn't respond. A bomb hits 50 feet away and still he doesn't stir out of his sack. He doesn't stir at all until the medics take him away next day.

In the meantime, Joe has received about 40 gripes from the battery about the food. He gets the idea he hasn't a friend left in the outfit, which is temporarily true. He broods about that

and about the fact that George is on the gun while he, Joe, has to rattle pots and pans. That night a formation of bombers comes in, and, while the whole battery fires, the Japs let fly a cluster of daisy cutters that drops Joe's tent over his foxhole and covers him. They pull him out, bomb happy.

**T**HE stories of Howard, Wilson, Denny, and George and Joe are hypothetical cases that represent four of the fundamental causes for psychoneurosis in combat.

How many of these men could have avoided the underlying and precipitating causes of their breakdowns would be difficult to determine. For instance, take Sgt. Wilson, the company clerk, who was predisposed to neurosis through a string of circumstances covering most of his life. He could hardly go back and live his life over again to make the necessary corrections. But he could have recognized in himself as a soldier the weaknesses that might predispose him to break down in combat; and learning about himself he could have learned in turn how to compensate for those weaknesses. His key mistake was his refusal to admit that he was afraid. Since he was shy and sensitive, it might have relieved the pressure for him to learn that a few more people in his outfit were as frightened as he.

The man who recognizes fear (and almost every soldier experiences it in combat) can often make it work in his favor—because fear is energy. Like anger, fear shifts the body into high. If it is allowed to back up in a man, unspoken and unaired in any way, it can form a clot and create an obstacle to normal action that may easily cause disaster. If the soldier who experiences fear can talk it over with his buddies—kick it around in conversation at the right time—he can at least get it off his chest.

If, in combat, he can concentrate on what he is doing rather than on the emotions, he feels he has come a long way in overcoming fear, even though he may realize later that he was scared silly. Having a job to do, and doing it with everything that's in him, is the soldier's best protection against blowing his top.

Because fear of the unknown is the worst of all, since imagination distorts it out of all proportion, the soldier who understands what he's up against, and who recognizes it for what it is, is better off than the man who lets his imagination, working on half-truths, run away with him. In one Pacific campaign, Jap snipers terrorized troops without inflicting unduly heavy casualties. Before the campaign ended soldiers and marines regarded the sniper with something that approached scorn. They had learned that, weakened by hunger and sleepless nights, the ordinary Jap couldn't shoot straight.

Since fear plays a part in neurosis and since many of the symptoms of neurosis are also those of fear, the soldier who learns about it and who does all he can to deflect it has come a long way in insuring himself against a mental mix-up. But, obviously, there are factors other than fear involved. There are thousands of them, and in the final analysis they center about the business of being a soldier fighting, or working, a war in which many things are distasteful, foreign, and physically and mentally exhausting.

**S**OME of the situations encountered can be altered by a man's initiative and his ability to "get used to anything." Other situations can't. Few men ever really "get used to" being shot at, as in Pvt. Denny's case, although some men accept it much more calmly than others. The man huddled in a foxhole for a night on outpost can't blaze away at every noise in order to give his fear a physical release; neither can the truck driver sprawled in a ditch get up and throw rocks at planes that are sizzling in to strafe the road. The man who hustles clover leaves of ammo up to a mortar squad can't ordinarily swap his drudgery for an office job. There are forces, mental and physical, that can be combatted in only one way:

By the moral fortitude that is built up by the soldier's belief in what he is doing.

The man who knows best why this war is being fought and why he himself is fighting it is the man who will have the inner strength to counter almost any strain.

Psychoneurosis, being an emotional disorder, is probably the only affliction that can be avoided by the normal man at least partly through the strength of an ideal.