

A picture of an American Infantry division during the day and night before it shoulders its weapons and moves up for an attack against the enemy on the Italian front.

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WITH THE FIFTH ARMY IN ITALY [By Cable]
—The division was going to attack in the morning.

Back in G-2, three civilian correspondents sat in the war room and studied a map of the terrain.

"This is the objective," said the G-2 major who had charge of the press. He pointed to a cluster of contour lines. "This ridge here," he said, "will be attacked by a full regiment after one hour of artillery bombardment. Two other battalions will make a flank attack to the south, but the main

movement will be across this valley and directly up the ridge."

"Will you have plane support?" one of the correspondents asked.

"If visibility is good, we may put some air on it," the major said.

"How about tanks?" another correspondent asked.

"We'll use tanks in the valley," the major said.

"How steep is the ridge?"

"You can see by the contour lines." The major indicated the map. "It's pretty steep."

"Do you expect much opposition?" a correspondent asked.

"Yes," the major said.

The correspondents looked at the map, taking notes and studying the gun positions. They were important correspondents, representing newspapers with a combined circulation of more than 2,000,000, and they were covering the war with courage and integrity. They finished taking their notes and rose to go.

"What time is the jump-off, major?"

"Daylight," the major said.

"There won't be too much to see until it gets going," a correspondent said. He turned to the others. "We can get out here by 9 o'clock."

"It takes two hours to get here," one of the others said.

"Well, 9:30," the first one said. "We'll leave right after breakfast." He turned to the major.

"See you then, major."

"Fine," said the major.

When the correspondents were gone, the major called for the sergeant. "Take the jeep and find an observation post where I can put those correspondents tomorrow." He indicated a point on the map. "About here should be good—some place where they can get a good view and be out of the way," the major said.

"Yes sir," the sergeant said. He went out of the room and walked slowly over to the jeep that was parked under some trees. "Put on your helmet."

Before the Attack



he told the driver who was playing solitaire on the hood. "We have to find some grandstand seats for the show tomorrow."

THE lieutenant in charge of the reconnaissance platoon buckled on his belt and prepared to go forward to establish an OP. His squad was already in the jeep, watching him carefully. The lieutenant was new to the regiment. This was his first mission with these men; they'd been through two campaigns already and had proved themselves. Now they were waiting for the lieutenant to prove himself.

"You don't know how good it is to be settled," the lieutenant said. "I've been a casual ever since I got out of OCS. Three months in the States, five months in Africa. It gets you down after a while." He patted his belt and leaned over to adjust his leggings. "You don't know the half of being in one of those replacement centers," he said.

He got into the front seat of the jeep. "How about it?" he asked the driver, a T-5 from California. "Think we'll get some action this trip?"

"Could be," the driver said.

"Well, it can't be any worse than being a casual," the lieutenant said.

The lieutenant in charge of the wire section rode slowly along a cow trail with his driver, checking the route over which the wire would go. The trail ran crookedly along the floor of the valley beside a low series of hills. The valley itself branched sharply to the left when it came to the high ridge that was to be the objective the next day. When the jeep came to this branch, the lieutenant called a halt and got out to investigate on foot.

"There's enemy commanding that valley," the driver said.

"I know," the lieutenant said. He walked out toward the valley and looked up and down. It was late afternoon and the sun was going down slowly behind the mountains. The valley was quiet and very peaceful. The ridge loomed black and forbidding, directly ahead, silhouetted against the light. In the distance were other mountains, their peaks hazy in the clouds. The valley was green and had a river winding pleasantly through the center. Sheep were grazing against the ridge.

The lieutenant moved farther toward the valley and the driver shook his head. "Just my luck. I had to get a guy who likes to investigate. I couldn't get a guy who's careful." He shook his head. "Old Safety Last over there—he doesn't give a damn for anything. People tell him there's enemy up ahead. He has to find it out for himself. He never heard of the word 'careful.'" The driver thought a moment. "Well, he's careful about planes," he said. "With planes he's careful. But anything else—" The driver leaned over and spat. "Phooey," he said.

On the way back there were some half-tracks blocking the road, and the driver got out to argue with them.

"You know," the lieutenant said, "that driver's one of the bravest kids I've ever seen. He'll go anywhere. He's got the Silver Star already and I've got him in for an Oak Leaf Cluster." The lieutenant shook his head. "I sure am lucky to have a driver like that."

ON a grassy bank off the road near the front, the regimental commander was briefing some officers. They were sitting on the grass and the colonel was on his feet talking to them.

"A lot is going to depend on this," the colonel was saying. "You're going to have to jump off on time and all together."

"Beg your pardon, sir," said a young lieutenant, commanding a cannon company. "I'm not exactly sure who I'm supposed to support. I thought I might go over to help the artillery. They said they'd be glad to have me."

"Son," the colonel said in a kindly voice, "I think you'd better stay with us this trip. We'd also be glad to have you."

At one end of the valley, under the shadow of the hill, five artillerymen were surveying the ground so that howitzers could move into position during the night. Two of the men were working with instruments and the other three lay under a tree chewing some grass and looking up at the sky.

One of the men with an instrument stopped working to wipe the sweat from his face and light a cigarette. The other came up to join him and they looked out across the valley toward the ridge.



"Schofield Barracks," the colonel said dreamily. "There was a post. Four lovely years."

"I'm glad I don't have to go up that thing tomorrow," one of the men said.

"You and me both," the second one said. They didn't say anything for a while, and then the second one said, "It looks like a drumlin to me."

"You're crazy," the first man said. "They don't look like that."

"Hell, I'm right," said the second man. "This is a glacial valley, all right, and that ridge is shaped just like a drumlin."

"Oh, drumlin," the first man said. "I thought you said gremlin."

THE regimental chief of staff sat in a cellar that was part of the regimental CP and dictated the battle order to a staff sergeant. The chief of staff was a West Pointer. He was 35 years old and he looked 45. He wore glasses and had tired lines around his eyes.

"Enemy capabilities," he dictated. "Believed occupied by two battalions, estimated strength four to five hundred, with one battalion as immediate reserve."

The chief of staff took off his glasses and wiped them carefully. The staff sergeant blinked his eyes to keep awake. This made his third night without sleep.

"Vehicles will not be moved without first obtaining road priority. Prisoners and captured documents will be moved to the rear through normal channels."

The staff sergeant blinked and wrote it down in neat, accurate shorthand.

"Attacks must be executed with speed and ruthless aggression," the chief of staff said.

Outside it was already dark.

In the field hospital down the road, medics checked their equipment. Ambulance drivers were already asleep in their vehicles. Anesthetizers were checking the supply of ether. Doctors were having a technical discussion about the kinds of cases they might expect on the next day. The ward boys were playing poker in a blacked-out tent. All about the place was a general air of expectancy.

The lieutenant colonel in charge of one of the battalions sat in the regimental war room and waited for the regimental commander to return. The room was lighted with candles that threw crazy shadows on the walls. There were maps on the table and two field telephones in the corner. Also on the table were two bottles of Black & White, traditional gifts of the division commander on the eve of a big attack.

"Schofield Barracks," the colonel said dreamily. "There was a post." He nodded appreciatively. "Schofield Barracks," he said, rolling the words around on his tongue. "That's as close to heaven as I want to get. The weather, the ocean, the people. Everything a man could want." He took a small nip of Scotch. "Four lovely years," he said. "A millionaire without any money." He took another sip of Scotch. "Four lovely years," he said. "Four lovely years."

A guard paced up and down in front of the battalion CP. He was a replacement who had recently come to the division and this was his first guard post. He was only 18 years old and he was determined to make good. The night was very dark, so when the guard heard footsteps, he came quickly to port arms and shouted fiercely. "Halt! Who's there?"

"This is your regimental commander," a voice

came back. "and I don't know the password. What are you going to do about it?"

"Oh," the guard said.

"You recognize me?" the voice said, coming closer. "I can't stand out here all night."

"Well," the guard said unhappily. He couldn't recognize his grandmother on a night like this. Oh, Lord, he thought, whatever I do, I'm a screwed-up sheep. He was extremely unhappy. "How about my voice?" the voice said impatiently. "You recognize my voice?"

The guard brightened. A voice he could recognize. "Yessir," he said, "I recognize your voice all right. Yessir, I certainly do. Pass right in, colonel."

"Thanks," the colonel said. He brushed past the guard into the CP.

The guard took a deep breath and continued to walk with increased vigilance. When his heart finally stopped pounding, he thought to himself that when you came right down to it, he'd carried that off pretty well. By the time the corporal of the guard had relieved him, he was thinking that the least he should get out of it was pfc.

AT midnight the line company moved out of the bivouac and started for the line of departure. The sky was black and rain began to fall before they had gone half a mile, but by this time they were used to anything. The company commander called a halt and each man pulled out the half-blanket he always carried and wrapped it around his head and shoulders. Then they all put their raincoats and helmets on again and resumed the march.

The rain was not heavy but it was constant, and the soft dirt on the road soon turned to mud. The men marched quietly, slopping along in the mud, not talking much and not singing at all. When they did talk, it was in words of one syllable. They marched steadily without pause, passing the division and the regimental CPs, down the cow trail through the field the artillerymen had surveyed and finally up the last hill before the valley.

By now the wind had come up from the mountains and drove the rain into their faces and down their backs. They carried their pieces slung barrels down over their shoulders to keep the water out. Once in a while, climbing up a hill, a man would slip and the column would hustle past him and he would have to hurry to his place after he picked himself up from the ground.

When they came to the assembly point, it was still two hours before daylight and the men were told they could rest. They flopped on the ground where they were, not bothering to take any shelter from the rain. It was too dark to see and there was nothing they particularly wanted to see, anyway.

They slept instantly. They knew what was to come in the morning, and it bothered them no more than the last one had or the next one would. They knew that their objective would be bombed by planes and shelled by artillery; they knew they'd get tank support in the valley. They also knew that they were the ones who would have to climb that ridge and dislodge the enemy with their arms and their blood.

This did not make them either particularly proud or frightened. It did make them a little resentful of every other branch of service, but it was a mild resentment and not important. At the moment they slept and after a while the rain stopped and the sky became light around the edges and finally the sun came up and it was light enough to begin the attack.

SOLDIERS who have seen combat overseas are now authorized to wear bronze battle and campaign stars on their foreign theater ribbons.

Before Oct. 29, when this announcement was made by the Adjutant General, the only combat participation award authorized by the War Department for this war was the bronze star on the Asiatic ribbon which signified that the wearer had served at Bataan. Similar stars can now be worn by soldiers who have served at Guadalcanal, New Guinea, North Africa, Attu and other places where Army troops have seen action.

But that doesn't mean you can drop into a combat zone six months after all active operations against the enemy there have ceased and still expect to pin a star on your ribbon. Each combat zone and its boundaries—and dates of the beginning and the end of combat operations in that zone—are sharply defined in General Orders No. 75, War Department, 1943, which brings up to date the official list of recognized battles and campaigns of the United States Army.

You are entitled to wear a bronze star on your theater ribbon only if you have served in one of the combat zones on that list within the time limitations specified for that zone.

For instance, you are not eligible to wear a star on an Asiatic ribbon if you were stationed on Guadalcanal from June 1943 until September 1943. General Orders No. 75 says a star is not authorized for Guadalcanal unless you were there between Aug. 7, 1942, and Feb. 21, 1943. It also says that you can't wear a star for service in Hawaii unless you were there on Dec. 7, 1941. In other words, you have to tangle with the enemy.

Here are the other combat zones and time limitations which have been added to the Army's list of battles and campaigns and therefore rate a bronze star:

Central Pacific Zone includes the area there west of the 180th meridian, the Gilbert Islands and Nauru from Dec. 7, 1941, to a date not yet announced. Anyone who served on Midway Island from June 3 to June 6, 1942, also rates a star.

Philippine Islands Zone includes those islands and the waters within 50 miles of them from Dec. 7, 1941, to May 10, 1942.

East Indies Zone includes Southwest Pacific area, less the Philippines and less that portion of Australia south of latitude 21 degrees south between Jan. 1, 1942, and July 22, 1942.

Papua Zone covers the Southwest Pacific area, less the Philippines and less that portion of Australia south of latitude 21 degrees south and east of longitude 140 degrees east between July 23, 1942, and Jan. 23, 1943.

New Guinea Zone covers the same area as the Papua Zone but the time limit begins Jan. 24, 1943. The final date, of course, hasn't been announced because the campaign isn't yet over.

Guadalcanal Zone, as mentioned above, includes Solomons, Bismarck Archipelago and adjacent waters from Aug. 7, 1942, to Feb. 21, 1943. The other Solomons, north and west of the Russell Islands are included in a

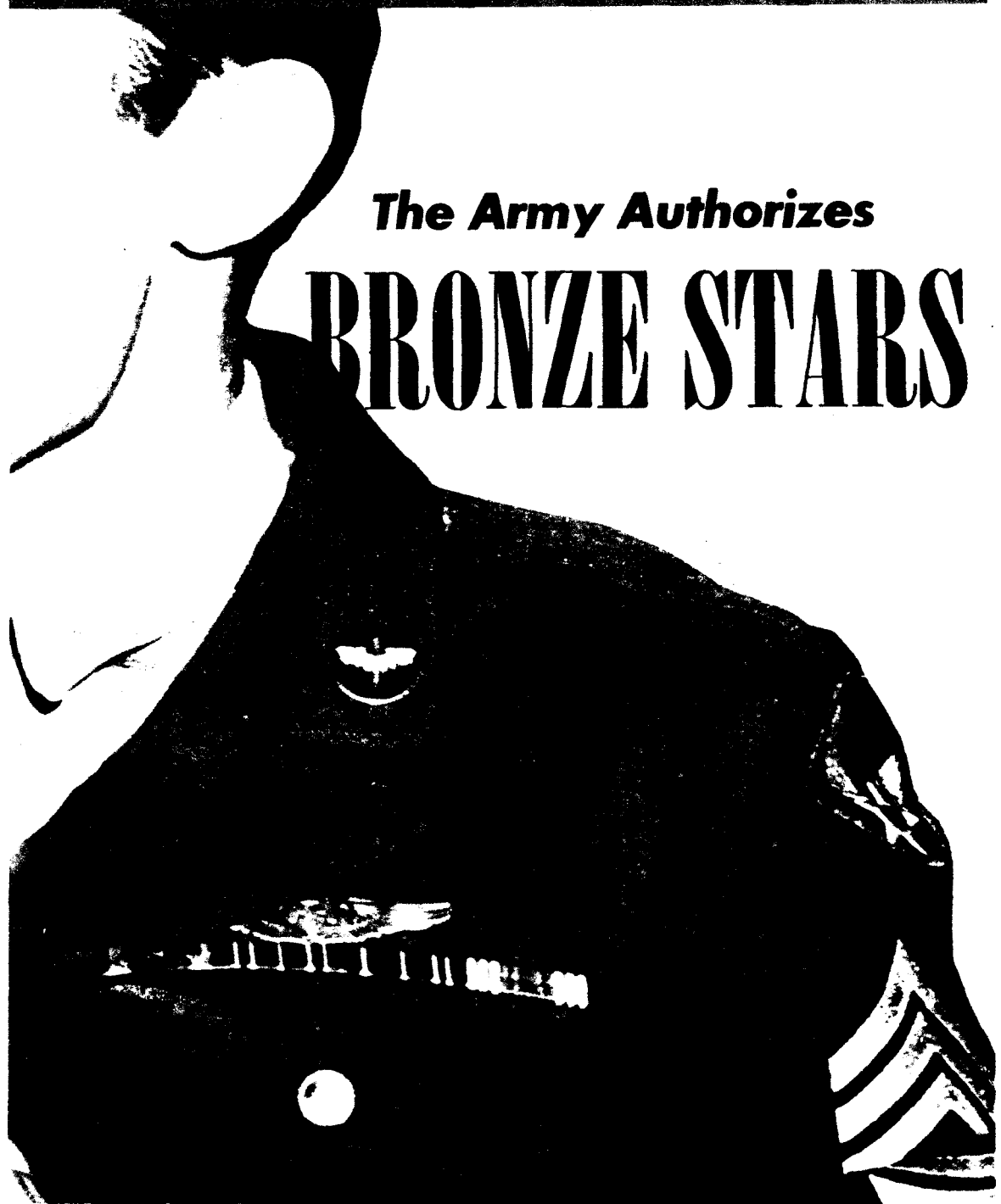
Northern Solomons Zone, with a time limit beginning Feb. 22, 1943. Because operations here—in Bougainville—are still in progress the final date has not been established.

Burma-India Zone is pretty complicated. It is divided into two sections. The first one, from Dec. 7, 1941, to May 26, 1942, includes all of Burma. A second campaign includes the current operations beginning April 2, 1942, in those parts of India, Burma and enemy-held territories lying beyond the following line: The Assam-Thibet border at east longitude 95 degrees, 45 minutes; thence due south to latitude 27 degrees, 32 minutes north; thence due west to Sadiya branch of Sadiya-Dibrugarh Railway (excl.); thence southwest along the railway to Tinsukia (excl.); thence south along Bengal and Assam railway to Namrup (excl.); thence southwestward through Mokeuchung, Kohima, Imphal and Aijal to Chittagong (all incl.) and also the adjacent waters. In fact, a little water would help after pronouncing some of those places.

China Zone includes all of enemy-held China and adjoining countries plus a zone 50 miles wide extending into Allied-held territory, beginning July 4, 1942, with the final date not yet announced.

Aleutian Islands Zone is an area bounded by longitude 165 degrees west and 170 degrees east

You can wear them on foreign theater ribbons if you have served in these overseas combat zones during specified periods of operations against the enemy.



The Army Authorizes BRONZE STARS

This Air Force gunner who saw combat in Tunisia and Sicily will be eligible to wear two bronze stars on his Africa theater ribbon. He also fought in Italy but a star for that campaign has not yet been authorized.

and by latitudes 50 degrees and 55 degrees north. It was considered a combat zone between June 3, 1942, and Aug. 24, 1943.

Europe Air Offensive Zone includes the whole ETO exclusive of the land areas of the United Kingdom and Iceland. Time limit for combat stars in the ETO began July 4, 1942, and, naturally, won't end until Hitler ends.

Egypt-Libya Zone includes those parts of Egypt and Libya west of 30 degrees east longitude, from June 11, 1942, to Nov. 6, 1942, and after that west of 25 degrees east longitude until Feb. 12, 1943. This zone also includes the adjacent waters.

Algeria-French Morocco Zone includes those countries and adjacent waters between Nov. 8 and 11, 1942.

Tunisia Zone includes Tunisia and Algeria east of Constantine and adjacent waters between Nov. 8, 1942, and May 13, 1943, for combat in the air, and between Nov. 17, 1942, and May 13, 1943, for ground combat.

Sicily Zone includes that island and adjacent waters between May 14, 1943, and Aug. 17, 1943, for air combat, and between July 9, 1943, and Aug. 17, 1943, for ground combat.

A letter from the Adjutant General to com-

manding generals of theaters of operations [AG 200.6; 26 Oct. 43] also states that credit will be given for participation in antisubmarine operations which are not a part of one of the above campaigns. The letter sets down the following provisions, for eligibility of individuals to wear bronze stars:

"Provided the individual served honorably in the combat zone as a member of a unit or attached to a unit at some time during the period in which the unit participated in battle and was awarded credit therefor under the provisions of paragraph 12, AR 260-10; or

"In cases of individuals not members of, or attached to units, provided the individual is awarded a combat decoration or served honorably under competent orders in the combat zone at some time between the limiting dates of the battle or campaign as established by War Department orders."

Authority to wear the bronze star will be noted on enlisted men's service records. Credit will be given only once to a unit for participation in any one battle or campaign. You can't get a different star for each day you spent on Attu, for example.