BLACK BULLETS FOR HITLER

BY ROARK BRADFORD

Out in the Arizona desert, Negroes from all over the country are learning the grim trade of war. They are a credit to their people and on their shoulders rests part of the future of the human race.

YOU'LL hear a lot more about the Ninety-third Division before this man's war is over.

Just in case an enemy agent is listening, the Ninety-third is a full-strength fighting outfit of Negro troops gathered from all parts of the country. Equipped with the best tools of war, it is in process of training in up-to-the-minute science of combat. Its regiments include some of the oldest Negro units in the American Army—units that have a long tradition of effective gallantry in battle—and some brand-new units determined to out-tradition the old-timers.

Fort Huachuca, Arizona, is the training ground.

A place of beauty, Fort Huachuca is a mile above sea level and, like everything else in the great Southwest, it has lots of space around it. The fort was built originally in the '80's as a cavalry post to provide protection against warring Apaches. A lot of frontier history has been made in and about its reservation. But as far as the Ninety-third is concerned, the place offers a healthful climate, lots of room and some fast-disappearing headaches for the commanding officers.

Obviously, a training center in a mountain canyon seventy miles across desert to the nearest town has its drawbacks.

Isolation? There are probably not 50,000 civilians of all races within a hundred-mile radius of the fort.

Housing? A regimental post of 19th-century vintage had to be transformed into a modern divisional encampment.

Race problems? Thousands of Negro troops moved into a sparsely populated area peopled by whites, Indians and Mexicans.

Morale? That was dusted off for me by the public relations officer, shortly after I arrived at the fort. He was a young lieutenant, one of the few white junior officers at the post, who expected to be transferred as soon as his place could be taken by a Negro officer. "Morale?" he said.

(Continued on page 79)
ores Uke Captuin Allen (above, looking through
oscope) are the pride and joy of this division

"When de Japs start shootin', I'll jest blindfold
my eyes, take de gun down and put her back agin."

Master Sergeant Jackson Benjamin has a desk job. He's
Sergeant Major of the 25th Infantry, from Longview, Tex.

"When de gun-tar playin' starts gettin' hot, you say
to her, 'Let I and you stomp dis fire out, baby!'"

Capt. John DeVries of the African Methodist Church
is Senior Chaplain. Here he is with his three children
Sprinted, Ild. N. Y. C. THE SAFE WAY TO CARRY
------~--------_.----~~

New distinguished "Twint-Eighte," Key-Tainer safeguards and organizes up to 25 keys—yet
it's unbelievably compact!

This NEW Super-Key-Tainer is the really safe way to carry up to 25 keys!

Take the patented, safety key loop.
Notice, it's not a hook—it's an unbroken loop. When both ends are locked,
the USO can't, in co-operation with a small military unit, arranged for a dance by
the enlisted men of the camp. The
USO, naturally, provides the bulk of off-
post recreation.

At Fort Huachuca one learns quickly
the difference between recreation and
fun. Recreation is some form of amuse-
ment that is planned for you. Fun is
something you make for yourself. When
the USO, in co-operation with a small
military unit, arranged for a dance by
bringing out from Tucson sixty young
Negro and Mexican dancers—was
that recreation.

By the way, the girls had pillows to
sleep on that night—that was fun. The
Ninety-third is still laughing.

Just Leave It to the Sergeant

The arrangements were made in the
usual manner. An approved list of girls
from the prosperous Tucson Negro col-
ony was made out and the girls were
brought in busses to the fort. Due to
the great distance involved the USO pre-
pared to keep the girls overnight. Cots
and bedding were borrowed from the
Army.

The girls were chic and jolly, the
boys were trim and manly, the band was
perfect and sixty young soldiers had a
time. At midnight dancing stopped and
the ballroom became a dormitory for the
girls. Each soldier put up a cot, unrolled
a mattress and tucked in sheets and
coverlets in proper military manner.

"Don't soldiers ever use pillows?" de-
manded one of the Tucson boys.

"No pillows!" the soldier replied.

The supply officer had sent everything the USO had asked for
but the USO had failed to include pil-
loows. Handling emergencies, however,

Black Bullets for Hitler

Continued from page 66

repeated. That's a big French word.
We're all Americans, out here, and so
far we've found our own language big
eight. Call it what you like, we've got
our own..." She paused and went on.

In addition to the usual difficulties of
transforming citizens, Major General
Charles P. Hall, commanding the Ninety-
third, and Col. Edward N. Hardy,
commanding officer of the fort, have the
problem of handling thousands of Negroes in a thinly settled community
of not too enthusiastic whites. These
two officers, Southerners by birth and
West Pointers by training, know better
than anybody else that they are not going
to "solve the race problem." But by
their common-sense application of
diplomacy and pressure, they are making
it possible for the largest Negro fighting
unit in the world to train with dignity
and pride and with no more than the nor-
mal amount of friction with the civil
population.

The USO Lends a Hand

Housing projects have been built or
are being built for the families of officers
and noncommissioned officers. Tucson,
the desert metropolis, which had been
destroyed in World War I by floods and
the desert winds, is now a thriving city.
It has a population of over 50,000 and
a table in the USO headquarters,
where the Negro soldiers are housed.

In the USO headquarters, which is
everything the USO had asked for
but the USO had failed to include pil-
loows.

"Twint-Eighte" (in finest alligator)
$1000

TWIN-UX
Key-Tainer sizes. What
choose from!

THAI-
 Locks
without
identity
at any point
the latch itself!
...but ready for

TWIN-U80
Eight loops!
bottom! Less
bottom row—

THE MAN
WHO MADE
THE SAFE WAY TO CARRY

BUXTON Key-Shellers
THE SAFE WAY TO CARRY

For the man who mu-

A LOT OF

New Good News FOR THE MAN WHO MUST KNOW

"Twint-Eighte" (in finest alligator)
$1000

Thousands of lost Key-Tainers
returned FREE!

Here's how: Two cards each with same
number come with standard Key-
Tainers. Jot your name and address on
one. Send it to Buxton. Other card is
without your identity but with Buxton's
address. This stays in Key-Tainer and
tells finder Buxton will reward him if
he sends Key-Tainer to Buxton for
return to you.

Read this Guarantee!

If any Snap-RuUon Key-Tayer given
out at any point before the leather itself
wears out, it will be repaired or replaced
free of charge.

Most good dealers stock Buxton
Key-Tainers. Buy one today!

BUXTON Key-Shellers
THE SAFE WAY TO CARRY

"Twint-Eigh7e" (finest alligator)
$1000

New distinguished "Twint-Eighte"
Key-Tainer safeguards and
organizes up to 25 keys—yet
it's unbelievably compact!

This NEW Super-Key-Tainer is the really
safe way to carry up to 25 keys!

Take the patented, safety key loop.
Notice, it's not a hook—it's an un-
broken loop. When both ends are locked,
the USO can't, in co-operation with a small
military unit, arranged for a dance by
the enlisted men of the camp. The
USO, naturally, provides the bulk of off-
post recreation.

At Fort Huachuca one learns quickly
the difference between recreation and
fun. Recreation is some form of amuse-
ment that is planned for you. Fun is
something you make for yourself. When
the USO, in co-operation with a small
military unit, arranged for a dance by
bringing out from Tucson sixty young
Negro and Mexican dancers—was
that recreation.

By the way, the girls had pillows to
sleep on that night—that was fun. The
Ninety-third is still laughing.

Just Leave It to the Sergeant

The arrangements were made in the
usual manner. An approved list of girls
from the prosperous Tucson Negro col-
ony was made out and the girls were
brought in busses to the fort. Due to
the great distance involved the USO pre-
pared to keep the girls overnight. Cots
and bedding were borrowed from the
Army.

The girls were chic and jolly, the
boys were trim and manly, the band was
perfect and sixty young soldiers had a
time. At midnight dancing stopped and
the ballroom became a dormitory for the
girls. Each soldier put up a cot, unrolled
a mattress and tucked in sheets and
coverlets in proper military manner.

"Don't soldiers ever use pillows?" de-
manded one of the Tucson boys.

"No pillows!" the soldier replied.

The supply officer had sent everything the USO had asked for
but the USO had failed to include pil-
loows. Handling emergencies, however,

Black Bullets for Hitler

Continued from page 66

repeated. That's a big French word.
We're all Americans, out here, and so
far we've found our own language big
eight. Call it what you like, we've got
our own..." She paused and went on.

In addition to the usual difficulties of
transforming citizens, Major General
Charles P. Hall, commanding the Ninety-
third, and Col. Edward N. Hardy,
commanding officer of the fort, have the
problem of handling thousands of Negroes in a thinly settled community
of not too enthusiastic whites. These
two officers, Southerners by birth and
West Pointers by training, know better
than anybody else that they are not going
to "solve the race problem." But by
their common-sense application of
diplomacy and pressure, they are making
it possible for the largest Negro fighting
unit in the world to train with dignity
and pride and with no more than the nor-
mal amount of friction with the civil
population.

The USO Lends a Hand

Housing projects have been built or
are being built for the families of officers
and noncommissioned officers. Tucson,
the desert metropolis, which had been
destroyed in World War I by floods and
the desert winds, is now a thriving city.
It has a population of over 50,000 and
a table in the USO headquarters,
where the Negro soldiers are housed.

In the USO headquarters, which is
everything the USO had asked for
but the USO had failed to include pil-
loows.

"Twint-Eighte" (in finest alligator)
$1000

Thousands of lost Key-Tainers
returned FREE!

Here's how: Two cards each with same
number come with standard Key-
Tainers. Jot your name and address on
one. Send it to Buxton. Other card is
without your identity but with Buxton's
address. This stays in Key-Tainer and
tells finder Buxton will reward him if
he sends Key-Tainer to Buxton for
return to you.

Read this Guarantee!

If any Snap-RuUon Key-Tayer given
out at any point before the leather itself
wears out, it will be repaired or replaced
free of charge.

Most good dealers stock Buxton
Key-Tainers. Buy one today!

BUXTON Key-Shellers
THE SAFE WAY TO CARRY

"Twint-Eigh7e" (finest alligator)
$1000

New distinguished "Twint-Eighte"
Key-Tainer safeguards and
organizes up to 25 keys—yet
it's unbelievably compact!

This NEW Super-Key-Tainer is the really
safe way to carry up to 25 keys!

Take the patented, safety key loop.
Notice, it's not a hook—it's an un-
broken loop. When both ends are locked,
the USO can't, in co-operation with a small
military unit, arranged for a dance by
the enlisted men of the camp. The
USO, naturally, provides the bulk of off-
post recreation.

At Fort Huachuca one learns quickly
the difference between recreation and
fun. Recreation is some form of amuse-
ment that is planned for you. Fun is
something you make for yourself. When
the USO, in co-operation with a small
military unit, arranged for a dance by
bringing out from Tucson sixty young
Negro and Mexican dancers—was
that recreation.

By the way, the girls had pillows to
sleep on that night—that was fun. The
Ninety-third is still laughing.

Just Leave It to the Sergeant

The arrangements were made in the
usual manner. An approved list of girls
from the prosperous Tucson Negro col-
ony was made out and the girls were
brought in busses to the fort. Due to
the great distance involved the USO pre-
pared to keep the girls overnight. Cots
and bedding were borrowed from the
Army.

The girls were chic and jolly, the
boys were trim and manly, the band was
perfect and sixty young soldiers had a
time. At midnight dancing stopped and
the ballroom became a dormitory for the
girls. Each soldier put up a cot, unrolled
a mattress and tucked in sheets and
coverlets in proper military manner.

"Don't soldiers ever use pillows?" de-
manded one of the Tucson boys.

"No pillows!" the soldier replied.

The supply officer had sent everything the USO had asked for
but the USO had failed to include pil-
loows. Handling emergencies, however,
is part of a sergeant's training. A snappy sergeant rose to the occasion.

"Get your automobile, Miss G."

The sergeant said. Most members of the colored YWCA is on duty at Huachuca's USO. She and the sergeant drove past the M.P. at the gate and up to the third floor of one of the big old barracks buildings, deep up the canyon. Miss G. began to have qualms.

"You don't mean to take away all the pillows from under the heads of those sleeping men, do you? They've been working all day and they're tired."

"Come to think of it, they're going to hand me their pillows, gladly,"

the sergeant promised.

"Just as bad,"

Miss G. said.

"No private will argue with a sergeant."

"I'm not going to rush my rank on him either. They won't even know I'm a second lieutenant."

The sergeant went into a squadron and woke up a soldier.

"Be quiet, boy,"

he whispered. "I'm going to do you a big favor. If you say the word, I'll put a good-looking little brown-skinned head right on your pillow—tonight!"

The sleepy soldier wanted to know how come and the sergeant, removing the pillow, explained that the brown-skinned head of a child had certainly rested upon the pillow—at the USO building four miles away. The first victim thought the joke so good that he helped the sergeant collect sixty pillows by the same ruse.

There is a great deal more to the Ninety-third than fun, recreation and girls. A great many of the boys of the border fort, Huachuca are deeply religious and very studious. But that does not prevent them from getting a laugh out of their enemies; for instance—machine guns require a special knowledge. A quarter of a dozen young guns were required to become so familiar with the machine that they could dismantle and reassemble it blindfolded. This requirement still exists in some units.

The Doctors Make a Hit

The pride and joy of the division, from a racial standpoint, is their medical staff. There are, of course, the usual facilities for the care of all the children of all the troops in training and in battle. The bulk of the doctors and nurses are Negroes. And a great many of the commissioned officers and administrative officers are Negroes, too, but medical officers appear to have the inside track in the pride of the soldiers at this stage of their training. They like their line officers and are proud of them, but in a discussion with an enlisted man about the situation, the talk veers to the medical staff.

There is Dr. X, who had been a bone expert at Mayo's; Dr. Y made a name for himself at Johns Hopkins; Dr. Z gave up a big surgical practice in Detroit to become a first lieutenant in the Ninety-third.

I talked with an old sergeant about it. A veteran of nearly thirty years in the Regulars with several wars under his belt, this war is just one more for him.

"They're fine boys, all of them, sir," he told me. Naturally the doctors make a better showing to begin with. The doctors are already familiar with their tools and have got confidence in themselves.

"But you take a black combat officer, now. He just came out of the classroom or maybe out of an office—a lawyer or something like that. He is put through a stiff course of schooling that teaches him how to do his work but the first few times he has to set up a machine gun defense, or discipline a rowdy soldier—well, he knows how it's done all right, but he hasn't had the experience doing his work as the doctors have had in their business. But they'll get that experience right here, right now. It's a pleasure to see them come out."

A young lieutenant in a shiny new uniform was back at the sergeant that he might have disjointed a weaker elbow.

"See what I mean?" the sergeant said.

The officers are learning rapidly. Aside from their schooling and practice, which is a pretty strenuous schedule, they hold almost nightly bull sessions. Those who are married bring their wives to these meetings which are, in fact, intended to be relaxation from the day's work.

The wives are soon off in a corner alone and the young officers are attacking problems of war. Sometimes these are as local as the proper way to discipline an unruly soldier. Other problems embrace strategy of world-wide proportions.

I attended one of these bull sessions myself, where a group of students was discussing what might be the result of the bombing of Japan by General Doolittle. A scrappy first lieutenant of infantry thought the emperor's palace should have been blown up. "They think Hirohito is God," he explained, "and if you kill a man's God, you've got that man's mind for yourself.

Immediately the arguments flew. Ethics, Army regulations, the Geneva Convention and national psychology were used to demonstrate that bombing the emperor would not have been the right thing to do. "Maybe not," the lieutenant observed, "but Hirohito's face and Japs and Hirohito is not only a Jap but he's the head Jap. I'd have bombed him." Southern Arizona is a sparsely populated place and people are scarce. Tucson, seventy-five miles away, has about 35,000 people. Of this number, there is a small but prosperous oil region of Negroes. Within a radius of fifty miles of the fort there are probably not a hundred civilians—men, women and children of any race. Tucson has a small colored unit of the USO, and in Nogales part of old Camp Little has been made into a recreation center which includes, among other things, the outside of the old military swimming pool. But Tucson's USO and the center in Nogales offer practically nothing but recreation. Fun is hard to find. One way or another, soldiers of all races and nationalities have managed to have fun. Their chief fun, now as in days of Caesar's legions, is looking for girls.

Just across the border from Nogales, Arizona, in Sonora, is Ciudad Nogales. This is a thriving importing-exporting metropolis of nearly thirty thousand people. It has, according to estimates of border officials, one of the best municipalities governments along the boundary, and is efficiently policed both in matters of conduct and health. Moreover, a large number of Ciudad Nogales citizens form friendships on bases of character instead of color. A soldier may be conveyed from Fort Huachuca to Camp Little and get plenty of recreation. And after that, he can walk a mile and a half to Ciudad Nogales and have fun!

Spanish in One Easy Lesson

A great number of the young officers and the more studious enlisted men are attending classes in Spanish. A lot of them are taking Spanish in the old-fashioned manner.

"I had me a buddy," a veteran Huachuca soldier told me, "dat could hablar de foo oon dat Spanish. Now, me? I never could hablar much, but I know enough to pig along."

"Well, hit's like dis, suh," he said.

"You goes into a cantina and you feels like you wants 'riss' up a little hell. So you goes over to de boy in charge er de guit-tar players and you slips him a little piece er change. Two-bits, four-bits, much as you likes. Den you tell him like dis, you say: 'Mas musica, mas baile, Le's go!'

"Dat means, 'Git dem hombre started with some music.'"

"Den, when de guita-player starts gittin' hot and you feels like you wants to step about a little, you walks up to a senorita and you say like dis: 'Baila con migo, Chiquita?' Dat means, 'Le's I and you stomp dis fire out, baby.'"

"And what does the senorita say to that?"

I asked.

The soldier grinned. He just rolls the de complete great big globe eyes at you and say, 'Ho-ha, keed!'"

"He's got his mind set on that particular hat, but it's too small!"

Collier's for December 12, 1942

The END

"He's got his mind set on that particular hat, but it's too small!"

HAYDEN MOUNTAIN PENS 

HAND WRITING INSTRUMENTS 

Cat. No. 1 FILL LEADS 

Apartment Stores, 

Men's Stores, 

Drug Stores and 

Chain Stores 

TODAY'S LUXE 

HAYDEN MOUNTAIN PENS 

Since 1896