

Coronet

OCTOBER, 1942

Your Role as a Guerrilla Fighter



A veteran of the World War, a fighting man who did post-graduate work in Mexico, Palestine and Spain, tells how to stop the enemy in your own back yard

by BERT "YANK" LEVY

EDITORS' NOTE: *What you are about to read is really a treatise on how to commit murder and mayhem—how to destroy property—quickly and efficiently. It is written by no arm-chair theorist, but by an experienced veteran of many a war in which guerrilla tactics were widely employed. It would not be published at all in ordinary times. Today, however, it is practical knowledge—tomorrow it might even be desperately timely knowledge. As a matter of fact, similar information is currently being short-wave radioed to Denmark—in the hope it is not too late. How much better had the Danes been able to receive such information before Denmark was invaded!*

I **T COULD** happen here just as it has happened across the sweep of the world from Norway to the East Indies. We could be invaded. And if that should happen—then you might be a guerrilla.

Against that possibility, there are some things you should know. Because then your own countryside becomes your battlefield. With the ene-

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my in your back yard you will then have to know how effectively to harass him, to cut his supply lines, to intercept messages and to destroy equipment and supplies.

In the last war, people came to believe that guerrilla warfare was a thing of the past. With armies locked on fixed fronts there was no place in the scheme of things for the guerrilla. Then came the Nazi war machine. Armored columns thrust steel fingers deep into invaded territory, by-passing strong-points, leaving great patches of unconquered territory to be mopped up by the following infantry.

Here was streamlined warfare. Yet, strangely enough, it brought the guerrilla back into the picture. From the outbreak of the Spanish Civil War onward, the guerrilla has become more and more important. In China, millions of soldiers faced the modern armies of the Japs with little or no equipment — guerrilla tactics their only hope. Thus the Chinese worked out a technique of guerrilla warfare — cutting off and annihilating isolated columns, blowing up ammunition dumps and in general making the war a nightmare for the Japs.

The Russians, too, had studied methods of meeting such a challenge. They, too, organized guerrilla warfare on a vast scale. As a result, pressure on the defending Russian armies was eased.

Some day, you in the State of Washington, Maine, Alaska or California may also be a guerrilla. For the sake of explanation, let's pretend you are one—now.

WHAT DO YOU DO? First, you look your countryside over—its roads, railroads and communication lines of all types. For along these routes will flow the invader's columns. Then you choose your hideouts, your spots to cache arms, ammunition and equipment. In addition, you learn what

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the well-dressed guerrilla should wear and some of the tricks he must have up his sleeve.

Your armaments will mostly be silent ones. For the guerrilla is a shadowy fighter. He hits and runs—for he is never in great enough force to make any attempt to hold the enemy at a given point. Somewhere our armies will be massing in strength to meet the invader. Your job is to disrupt as completely as possible his plans for attack and victory.

For clothes, choose something inconspicuous in color, preferably khaki. Remember that you are going to have to operate under the noses of the enemy, and you must not get caught. So make it khaki—soft garments that will not be noisy when twigs and branches scratch against you. Maybe you'll have a tin hat. If so, you will cover it with burlap to hold twigs and leaves for camouflage when you are scouting from the edge of forest cover. Use burnt cork to blacken face and hands—for most of your work will be done at night.

You'll carry a pistol or rifle — or both. There will be times when sniping will be in order. But for the more effective and deadly work you will use silent weapons. A good nine-inch stiletto will come in handy. Or perhaps grandma has some of those old-fashioned hatpins. These make a most effective silent stabbing tool. You'll want a pair of binoculars, a small flashlight with a blue lens. Blue blends with the darkness and is difficult for the enemy to spot, but it is still bright enough for signalling.

Maybe you can pick up a cheese cutter, a length of wire with handles at either end. This makes a very efficient garrote. Most invaluable of all will be 25 or 30 yards of fish line. You will find countless uses for it—from trussing prisoners to springing booby traps.

In the cache with your arms and
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Mr. Levy

ammunition put a rubber sheet and a blanket along with spare woolen socks. Once you become a guerrilla the open country will probably be your home and bed. So, while you hide your equipment, spot a likely place to sleep during the day (preferably a hideout with open country around it to guard against a surprise approach by the enemy). Most important of all, there must be an avenue of escape. Don't hide out in a one-way street.

The enemy has come. You have your stuff cached out. You have studied the countryside and know how to operate and how to keep alive. Naturally there will be others with you. You will have organized your guerrilla unit with your officers and leaders. You will want to meet and make plans, though the nature of your work will keep you working alone or in very small groups, depending on the type of job you have to do.

PERHAPS the rail line will come in for your attention. If the railroad is (as it probably will be) picketed with sentries, spot them and take care of them first. This is where the garrote or the hatpin comes in, for you must be silent. If you have neither, a blow with a hammer between the shoulder

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blades will paralyze a man. If you wish to take him without killing him (a prisoner to be questioned) there are many tricks. Never step in front of him and order him to stick his hands up. He may know plenty of ways to beat you to the punch. Get behind him. Let him feel the point of the knife. Unbutton his coat and jerk it down around his arms. Slash his belt or suspenders and let his trousers drop to hobble him. Truss him with your fishline and get him out of the picture.

While you are at it, look for pens and pencils in his pockets. He may have a tear-gas gun which can be made to resemble a pencil exactly.

Undoubtedly, though, the main flow of the enemy's power will be along the roads. Here will pass his columns of trucks carrying supplies, his motorcycle messengers. The lone motorcyclist, no matter how well armed, is made to order for the guerrilla. Two men watching a road have for equipment a stout wire. One end is attached to a post or tree, three or three and a half feet from the ground; a brick is tied to the other. When you hear the motorcyclist approaching, heave the brick across the road to your companion. He hitches it to a post or tree and the trap is ready.

Be sure, however, not to run the wire squarely across the road. Make it cut diagonally across so that when the motorcyclist hits it his machine will veer off and crash into the ditch where you can jump him while he is dazed. The motorcyclist will be carrying messages. Search him thoroughly. And I mean *thoroughly*. Comb his hair, look between his toes, rip his clothes apart. In your business, you can't afford to miss a trick.

Trucks and truck columns call for a larger guerrilla force. Choose your spot. Perhaps there is a place where trees grow above a road. If so, saw a couple of trees almost through. Then tie a rope to the trees and wait for

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your truck or trucks. When they arrive opposite you, heave—and down comes the tree. Then your party, armed with submachine guns, grenades or rifles, opens fire. The grenades will wreck the trucks. Your rifle and machine gun fire will wipe out troops.

When the damage is done, don't stick around. Your work finished, fade away as silently as possible and live to fight another day.

If there are no trees, there are plenty of other tricks. For night work, get a pair of automobile headlights with a length of wire and a powerful battery. Fix them squarely in the road just around a sharp curve. As the truck rounds the curve, snap on the headlights. The average driver will swerve to avoid a collision. If he is travelling smartly he stands a good chance of landing his truck in the ditch. Again the grenades and usual procedure.

Fake obstacles in the road will often do the trick. A couple of baby carriages covered with sacking, even a row of pie plates upside down will scare the enemy. He will immediately suspect land mines. He will invariably stop and investigate. If your ambush is well-planned you have him.

PAY PARTICULAR attention to automobiles, especially if they have a motorcycle escort. You've got an officer there, probably a high-ranking one. Use your tricks to take him.

While a tank is a formidable machine, it is still vulnerable. A heavy tree across the road, a properly dug pit or a barricade may stop it. Perhaps it is travelling with the turret open. If not, it will open when it stops. Use your hand grenades then, with your snipers picking off anyone who shows his head.

Naturally there will be tank and truck parks. Men have to stop for sleep. If you can do away with a sentry or two and creep into such a park, you can do terrific damage in a

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few minutes. Slash tires. Puncture gas tanks with a skewer. Remember that the modern army feeds on gasoline and oil. Bleed him of that on every occasion. Remove a spark plug and drop a small bolt into the cylinder. When the truck starts the motor will be wrecked. Pour sugar or syrup into the gas tanks. As soon as the sugar gets into the motors they'll freeze up in short order.

Cut telephone wires, chop down poles. Set fires, plant land mines and booby traps everywhere. (You are waging a war of nerves as well as destroying equipment and supplies—you want to work your enemy into a state of jitters.)

Remember that you are now a hunted creature. You live by your wits and powers of observation. Watch the wild beasts and birds. A sudden flight of birds from trees means that something has frightened them. See that you move quietly enough not to give yourself away.

If you think someone is approaching, stick your knife or bayonet into the ground and apply your ear to the handle. The earth is a conductor of sound. By this simple method you can detect approaching feet long before you could hear them by any other method.

Never forget that motion, especially hurried motion, is a dead give-away. If your clothes blend well with the background, as they should, you stand little chance of detection if you stand perfectly still. If, at night, the enemy uses star shells, freeze in whatever position you may be in until the light dies. Do this and the enemy has little chance of spotting you.

There are a thousand things for you to learn if you are to be a good guerrilla. You must, with your companions, work out a system of communication. You must learn to live off the country, how to find shelter and food. You must learn to walk as

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an Indian walks, silently, leaving no traces of your passing. You must develop the patience of the hunter. You may have to spend hours inching on your belly over a short stretch of ground. Your success will depend upon your patience.

You may be a guerrilla one day. It is to be hoped you may not. But, just in case, better begin to study and organize now. And above all, study your countryside. Know every inch of it. Or your town or your city. The outwardly subdued clerk, sticking to his job by day, may be a guerrilla by night. In China, this method is used on a grand scale.

If you are a guerrilla, be a *good guerrilla*. And that means, first of all, a *live one*. Every man you kill, every piece of equipment you immobilize is a blow struck for your country. The wise move is to prepare now to strike such blows should it be necessary.

—*Suggestion for further reading:*

CIVILIAN DEFENSE OF THE UNITED STATES
by Col. R. Ernest Dupuy and
Lt. Hodding Carter \$2.50
Farrar & Rinehart, Inc., New York

This article comes straight from the shoulder-holster of "Yank" Levy, the best practical instructor in Britain today on the art of guerrilla warfare. "Yank" is a man whose life has been punctuated by gunfire. Born in Canada, he was using real guns at an age when most little boys are playing with toy ones. During the last war, he served as a deck-hand in the Merchant Service. Afterward, bored, Bert went off to the Middle East to fight. Next came a little gun-running in Mexico. After that he served with the International Brigade in Spain. Today he's quieted down temporarily, teaching guerrilla tactics to Home Guardsmen.

