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"WHEN IT COMES TO SLAUGHTER....."

B A R -- Killer

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No one has ever taken a fox-hole poll on the subject of "your favorite weapon " and chances are that any young quizzer who crawls into a front-line position to pop this question will be told by an unshaven, hollow-eyed GI, "Try 'em/yourself, buddy, they're all here."

But when combat riflemen start shooting the breeze among themselves about which hand weapon kills furthest and fastest and deadliest, probably the most votes will be cast for a heavy, old-fashioned, cumbersome piece of ordnance that has "Model 1918" stamped on its breech-housing -- the B A R.

The Browning Automatic Rifle, caliber .30, M1918A2, is a military anachronism in this war of radar, rockets, buzz-bombs, jet-propelled planes, and radio-controlled tanks. By all ordinary standards of military progress, it doesn't belong on the same battlefield with bazooka guns, Sten guns, Bren guns, Tommy guns, Spandau 'rattlesnake' machine guns, and Schmeisser machine pistols.

Its closest companions have passed into ~~XXX~~ honorable retirement -- the old, reliable Springfield rifle yielding to the sleek, semi-automatic Garand and the famed Colt .45 to the ^{light} ~~fast~~, fast carbine. But the B A R goes right on, its deliberate, rather slow, bup-bup-bup paving the way for the rifle platoons; paving it with enemy corpses and ~~XXXX~~ smashed machine gun nests.

And that's the answer -- the B A R is a killer; a long-range, hard-hitting, accurate dealer of death. Ask Joe Doughfoot and he'll tell you that the B A R is infinitely more mobile and adaptable to terrain than the light