PRIME MINISTER ATTLEE, PRESIDENT TRUMAN, PREMIER STALIN AND THEIR AIDES, AT POTS DAM (Pages 401, 402)
The World's Great Events

An Indexed History of the World from Earliest Times to the Present Day

ILLUSTRATED

VOLUME TEN
From A.D. 1939 to date

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FROM A.D. 1939 TO DATE

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BRITAIN MUST GO TO WAR
(A.D. 1939)

NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN
(Address made to the House of Commons, September 1, 1939)

I do not propose to say many words tonight. The time has come when action rather than speech is required. Eighteen months ago I prayed that the responsibility would not fall upon me to ask this country to accept the awful arbitrament of war. I fear that I may not be able to avoid that responsibility, but, at any rate, I could not wish that conditions in which such a burden should fall upon me were clearer than they are today.

No man could say that the government could have done more to try and keep open the way for an honorable and equitable settlement for the dispute between Germany and Poland, nor have we neglected any means of making crystal clear to the German Government that if they insisted on using force in the manner in which they have used it in the past, we were resolved to oppose them by force.

Now that all the relevant documents are being made public, we shall stand at the bar of history knowing that

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the responsibility for this terrible catastrophe lies on the shoulders of one man. The German Chancellor has not hesitated to plunge the world into misery in order to serve his own senseless ambitions.

I would like to thank the House for the forbearance they have shown me on two recent occasions in not demanding from me information which they recognize I could not give while these negotiations were still in progress.

All correspondence with the German Government is being published in the form of a White Paper which will be available to Members, coming in relays, while the House is sitting.

I do not think it necessary for me to refer in detail now to these documents, which are already past history. They make it perfectly clear that our object has been to try to bring about discussions about the Polish-German dispute between the two countries themselves, on terms of equality, the settlement to be one which safeguarded the independence of Poland and which secured its due observance by international guarantees. There is just one passage from a recent communication of ours, dated August 30, which I should like to quote, for it shows how easily the final clash might have been avoided if there had been the least desire on the part of the German Government to arrive at a peaceful settlement. In this document we state this:
“This government fully recognizes the need for speed in the initiation of discussions. They share the apprehensions of the Chancellor arising from the proximity of two mobilized armies standing face to face. They accordingly most strongly urge that both governments should undertake that during the negotiations no aggressive military movements will take place. His Majesty's government feels confident that they can obtain such an undertaking from the Polish Government if the German Government would give similar assurances.”

That telegram, which was repeated to Poland, brought an instantaneous reply from the Polish Government, dated August 31, in which they say that the Polish Government are also prepared, on a reciprocal basis, to give a formal guarantee, in the event of negotiations taking place, that Polish troops will not violate the frontier of the German Reich, provided that a corresponding guarantee is given that there would be no violation of Poland by troops of the German Reich.

We never had any reply from the German Government to that suggestion. It was one which, if it had been followed, must have saved the catastrophe which took place this morning. In the German broadcast last night, which recited the sixteen points of the proposals which they had put forward, there occurred this sentence: “In these circumstances, the Reich Government considered its proposals rejected.”
I must examine that statement. I must tell the House what are the circumstances.

To begin with, let me say that these proposals have never been communicated by Germany to Poland at all. On Tuesday, August 29, in replying to a note which we had sent to them the German Government said that they would immediately draw up proposals for a solution, acceptable to themselves, and would, if possible, place them at the disposal of the British Government before the arrival of the Polish negotiators.

It will be seen by an examination of the White Papers that the German Government has stated that they counted on the arrival of a plenipotentiary from Poland in Berlin on the 30th, the following day.

In the meantime, of course, we were awaiting these proposals, but the next thing was that when our Ambassador saw Herr von Ribbentrop, the German Foreign Secretary, he urged upon him that when these proposals were ready—for we had heard no more about them—he should invite the Polish Ambassador to call and should hand him the proposals for transmission to his government.

Thereupon, reports our Ambassador, in the most violent terms Herr von Ribbentrop said he would never ask the Ambassador to visit him. If, he added, the Polish Ambassador asked him for an interview it might be different.

The House will see this was on Wednesday night, which, according to the German statement of last night,
is now claimed to be the final date after which no negotiation with Poland would be possible.

It is plain, therefore, that Germany claims that Poland was in the wrong because she had not on Wednesday entered into negotiation with Germany on proposals which she (Poland) had never heard. Now, what of ourselves? On that Wednesday night, at the interview to which I have just referred, Herr von Ribbentrop produced a lengthy document which he read aloud in German at a rapid speed. Naturally, on this meeting, our Ambassador asked him for a copy of the document.

He replied that it was now too late, as the Polish representative had not arrived at Berlin at midnight and so we never got a copy of those proposals. The first time we heard them was on the broadcast last night. These were the circumstances in which the German Government said they considered their proposals were rejected. It is now clear that their conception of negotiation was that on an almost instantaneous demand the Polish plenipotentiary should go to Berlin, where others have been before him, and should then be confronted with a statement of the demands to be accepted in their entirety or refused.

I am not pronouncing an opinion on the terms themselves, for I do not feel called upon to do so. The proper course, in my view, was that these proposals should have been put before the Poles, who would have been given time to consider them and to say whether in their
opinion they did or did not infringe those vital interests of Poland which Germany had assured us on a previous occasion she intended to respect.

Only last night the Polish Ambassador did see the German Foreign Secretary, Herr von Ribbentrop. Once again he expressed to him what indeed the Polish Government had already said publicly—that they were willing to negotiate with Germany about their disputes on an equal basis.

What was the reply of the German Government?

The reply was that without another word German troops crossed the Polish frontier this morning at dawn and are since reported to be bombing open towns. In these circumstances there is only one course open to us.

His Majesty's Ambassador in Berlin and the French Ambassador have been instructed to hand to the German Government the following document:

"Early this morning the German Chancellor issued a proclamation to the German Army which indicated clearly that he was about to attack Poland. Information which has reached His Majesty's Government in the United Kingdom and the French Government indicates that German troops have crossed the Polish frontier and attacks on Polish towns are proceeding.

In these circumstances it appears to the governments of the United Kingdom and France that by their action the German Government have created conditions—namely, an aggressive act of force against Poland
threatening the independence of Poland—which call for the immediate implementation by the governments of the United Kingdom and France of the undertaking to Poland to come to her assistance.

"I am accordingly to inform Your Excellency that unless the German Government are prepared to give His Majesty's Government an assurance that the German Government have suspended all aggressive action against Poland and are prepared promptly to withdraw their forces from Polish territory, His Majesty's Government in the United Kingdom will, without hesitation, fulfill their obligations to Poland."

If the reply to this last warning is unfavorable, and I do not suggest it is likely to be otherwise, His Majesty's Ambassador is instructed to ask for his passport. In that case we are ready.

Yesterday we took further steps toward the completion of our defense preparations.

This morning we ordered complete mobilization of the whole of the navy, army, and air force. We have also taken a number of measures both at home and abroad which the House perhaps would not expect me to specify in detail.

Briefly, they represent the final steps in accordance with a prearranged plan. These last will be put into force rapidly and are of such a nature that they are deferred until war seems inevitable.
Steps have also been taken under powers conferred by the House last week to safeguard the position in regard to stocks and commodities of various kinds.

The thoughts of many of us must inevitably at this moment be turning back to 1914. In comparison with our position then how do we stand at this time? The answer is that all three services are ready and that the situation in all directions is far more favorable and reassuring than in 1914.

For behind the fighting services we have built up a vast organization of civil defense under the scheme of air-raid precautions.

As regards immediate man power requirements, the navy, the army and the Royal Air Force are now in the fortunate position of having almost as many men as they can conveniently handle at this moment.

There are, however, certain categories of service in which men are required immediately both for military and civil defenses. These will be announced in detail through the press and the British Broadcasting Corporation. It is most satisfactory to observe that there is today no need to appeal in a general way for recruits, such as was issued by Lord Kitchener twenty-five years ago. That appeal has been anticipated by many months, and men are already available.

So much for the immediate present.

Now we must look for the future. It is essential in face of the tremendous task which confronts us, more espe-
cially in view of our past experience in this matter, to organize our man power this time upon as methodical, equitable and economical a basis as possible. We therefore propose immediately to introduce legislation directed to that end, and a bill will be laid before you which, for all practical purposes, will amount to an expansion of the military training act.

Under its operation all fit men between 18 and 41 will be rendered liable to military service if and when called upon. It is not intended at the outset that any considerable number of men, other than those already liable, will be called up, and steps will be taken to insulate that men essentially required by industry will not be taken away.

One other allusion before the close of my speech, and that is to record my satisfaction and the satisfaction of His Majesty’s Government throughout these days of crisis to Signor Mussolini, who has been doing his best to reach a peaceful solution.

It only remains to set our teeth and enter upon this struggle, which we so earnestly endeavored to avoid, with a determination to see it through to the end.

We shall enter it with a clear conscience and with the support of the Dominions and the British Empire and the moral approval of the greater part of the world. We have no quarrel with the German people except that they allowed themselves to be governed by a Nazi government. As long as that government pursues the
method which it has so persistently followed during the last two years there will be no peace in Europe.

We should merely pass from one crisis to another and see one country attacked by another by methods which have now become familiar to us with their sickening technique. We are resolved that these methods must come to an end, and if, after the struggle, we can re-establish in the world the rules of good faith and the renunciation of force, then even the sacrifices entailed upon us will find their fullest justification.
EUROPE COMPLETES A CYCLE
(A.D. 1939)

Ludwig Lore

TRACING the war to its diplomatic origins is not an easy task. It is, however, an important one because it helps us to determine, at least approximately, who was responsible for the outburst.

Where to begin? How far back to go? The bitterness between Germany and Poland which culminated in the present war is not of recent date. It has been there ever since the Germans took a large part of Poland after the Napoleonic wars and made common cause with the Czarist Russia to keep their Polish subjects in subjection.

At the outbreak of the World War the German Imperial Government promised the Poles to restore their ancient kingdom—and made Poland the no-man's land of the war in the East. Then the Versailles Treaty created a new Polish State, but, in the process, hacked Germany in two, creating a situation that precluded a lasting German-Polish peace.

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Thus, when Hitler came to power, he inherited a situation already tense with antagonism, largely, to be sure, of his own making. Hitler's accession threw the Poles into a panic, and they were profoundly relieved when, instead of invading their country, Hitler and the Polish ambassador made the astounding announcement that their two countries had come to an understanding, when in January, 1934, Germany and Poland signed a ten year non-aggression pact.

Poland's desertion of her old ally, France, which had nursed her through the difficult years of her early statehood, had a pronounced effect on European diplomatic relationships. For France, fearing an undue strengthening of Germany's power, turned to the Soviet Union, concluded her famous non-aggression pact with Moscow, and helped Litvinoff perfect a chain of peace treaties with the small countries along Russia's western frontier—a move which in turn made Poland press even more frantically into Hitler's embrace.

After the death of Marshal Pilsudski, Polish dictator, who had been dominated completely by his pro-German Foreign Minister Col. Beck, his successor General Smigly-Rydz made new overtures to England and France, without, however, breaking off relations with Germany. It was his idea that Poland could best safeguard her own and European peace by observing strict neutrality between the contending forces. Nor did he
overlook the fact that France and England were in a position to give financial aid which Poland badly needed.

So Poland balanced precariously until Germany's Anschluss with Austria wakened all her old fears anew. Thereupon she held several discussions with Moscow and Rumania, which ended in a Polish-Rumanian Treaty, the terms of which were never clearly defined. Whether or not Rumania forgot her resentment over Moscow's refusal to give up Bessarabia, and agreed to let Russia march troops through her territory in case of war, has never been established. In the present war Rumania, so far, has observed painstaking neutrality.

That was how matters stood when Germany marched into Czechoslovakia last year and set up the stage for the worst of Poland's many diplomatic blunders. Poland's relations with Czechoslovakia had always suffered from the fact that the post-war peace treaties left unsolved frontier problems. In a peace treaty she signed with Czechoslovakia in the early 20's Poland had promised to drop her claim on portions of Slovakia, while Czechoslovakia had agreed to do likewise in regard to parts of Eastern Galicia. In 1934 there had been a new and serious flare-up of hostilities as a direct result of Poland's pact with Berlin. Most of the controversy centered around the district of Teschen in the south-east corner of Silesia, and feeling was still tense in the fall of 1938 when the Czechoslovakian crisis forced by Hitler shook Europe to its foundation. Poland at once announced her-
self in on any division of Czechoslovakia. Hungary presented similar claims and Czechoslovakia, crushed by the Munich tragedy, yielded to both.

To understand Poland's strange foreign policy, one must appreciate how powerfully it was influenced at all times by her fear of her Russian neighbor, which was every bit as great as her dread of German invasion. That this fear was well grounded is all too grimly evidenced in the thoroughness with which an opportunistic Russia invaded her country a few weeks ago and snuffed out whatever remaining chances she may have had against Germany.

The bad blood engendered by the Soviet-Polish war in 1921, when the Red Army almost smashed the young Polish Republic after Marshal Pilsudski's invasion of the Ukraine, left an indelible stain on Russo-Polish relations. Poland professed to live, and probably did live, in constant apprehension, though nothing was further from Moscow's thoughts in the early years of the Soviet Revolution than a war of territorial acquisition. In fact, the Soviets themselves lived in constant fear of invasion by the western powers. These two fears, instead of neutralizing each other, intensified distrust and hysteria.

As the years passed Poland lost some of her terror of Russian invasion, but her resentment at Communist propaganda grew in the same measures. Worst of all, however, was her knowledge that, in any war between Russia and capitalistic Europe, Poland would inevitably
become the battleground. It was this that made the life of the Polish Foreign Minister an endless endeavor to play Moscow against Berlin and Berlin against Moscow, to keep either from becoming too powerful for safety.

In 1932, Poland engineered a non-aggression pact with Russia. This was before the coming of Hitler, and the agreement was received by the German press with little, if any, disapproval. In September, 1933, the news that Moscow had sent a personal gift to Marshal Pilsudski, together with an invitation to come to Moscow to participate in a Red Army's celebration, gave rise to the report that the two countries had concluded a military alliance, though Moscow vigorously denied it.

One can imagine Moscow's feelings in January, 1934, when it learned of the Polish-German 10-year pact. Colonel Beck hastened to the Russian capital with reassurances and a few weeks later two Soviet-Polish protocols were added to Europe's diplomatic documents. But feeling between Moscow and Poland remained tense. When Poland learned that France had proposed a military loan to Moscow in connection with the Franco-Russian Treaty, she demanded that France should permit none of the loan to be used by Russia to build roads and bridges to the Polish borders. Thereafter Warsaw carefully abjured anything but the most formal relations with her Soviet neighbor, in an effort to avoid giving Germany the slightest reason for complaint.
Last year, a new rift threatened Polish-Soviet relations when the Poles entered the Czech situation with their demand for a portion of Ruthenia. Russia stormed and Poland replied by massing most of her army on the Ukrainian border, but her heart was not in it. President Moscicki and Colonel Beck were in favor of facing matters out on the side of the victorious Hitler, but Marshal Smigly-Rydz counselled against it.

While all this was going on, there was a new development on the continent—a growing determination by England and France to create an aggressive front against further Nazi expansion. In Warsaw, too, there the conviction was growing that what happened in Europe would eventually depend on England and France. Wherefore Colonel Beck betook himself to France late last December to talk matters over.

Germany's backing of a Ukrainian nationalist movement was causing Warsaw anxiety. The Nazi Government was pursuing a broad scheme for a Greater Ukraine which would include parts of Poland, Rumania and Russia, along with a section of Czechoslovakia (Ruthenia). The situation seemed to call for a united defense by Russia, Rumania and Poland, with France as the arbiter of such an agreement.

While Poland's old pact with France had never been denounced, it had become almost meaningless. There was a reasonable doubt whether France would feel called upon to defend the Poles against German assault. How-
ever, the outcome of Colonel Beck’s visit to Paris was more favorable than he could have hoped. Late in February Warsaw announced that he would also visit London shortly. On March 21st a British delegation arrived in Warsaw to see Colonel Beck on “matters of general concern;” on March 22nd London reported that Poland had requested a Polish-British military alliance as the price for her signature to a stop-Hitler declaration. It was intimated also that Poland had approached Moscow for a guarantee of help, but that the Soviets had refused to commit themselves without the certain knowledge that Britain and France would combat an active German thrust. Not long afterward Warsaw reported that the road had been paved for closer Polish-British trade relations to stimulate Poland’s new industrialization plan, and a few weeks later, on March 30th, Prime Minister Chamberlain pledged French and British military assistance to Poland in case of attack by Germany, leaving it to Poland to decide whether or not such aid should be sent. It was London’s first official departure from Munich.

In the future history of Europe, the word “Munich” will be synonymous with a foreign policy that seeks to appease an aggressor nation in the hope of getting some small concession in return. On September 30, 1938, the Munich Conference between Chamberlain and Daladier on one side and Mussolini and Hitler on the other ended its negotiations with the following pledge:
"We, the German Fuehrer and Chancellor and the British Prime Minister, have had a further meeting today and are agreed in recognizing that the question of Anglo-German relations is of first importance for the two countries and for Europe.

"We regard the agreement signed last night and the Anglo-German naval agreement as symbolic of the desires of our two peoples never to go to war with one another again.

"We are resolved that the method of consultation shall be the method adopted to deal with any other questions that may concern our two countries, and we are determined to continue our efforts to remove possible sources of difference and thus to contribute to assure the peace of Europe."

To recall the details of the Czechoslovakian deal is surely superfluous. How the Czechs were betrayed into defenses, how Hitler forced them to accept Reich domination—all this is fresh in our minds. There was a storm of indignation in London. When Hitler took Czechoslovakia into his Empire seven months later the Prime Minister explained, ruefully, that this was something no one could have foreseen. Hitler was not stopped. Paris and London were content to register paper protests, and the British Prime Minister delivered a petulant speech. But Czechia remained a German satrap.

There was no excuse for what happened in Munich and after. Hitler’s record was there for everyone to read.
On December 1, 1935, he had joined Prague in a treaty which pledged both parties to submit all differences to a permanent arbitration commission. Yet when President Benes of Czechoslovakia demanded to be heard before the commission in September, 1938, he was informed that it had been abandoned. Furthermore, Hitler had promised Austria, not once, but many times, to respect her sovereignty and independence. He had repudiated his naval agreement with Britain just three months before. Surely there was no valid reason to believe that he would keep his word now.

Chamberlain has been violently attacked for having acted in bad faith. The fact that Hitler's treachery to Czechoslovakia wrought so deep a change in this austere man proves that these charges were groundless. March, 1939, was the turning point in Mr. Chamberlain’s life, aye, and a turning point in British history. England began to arm in earnest. She almost doubled her air fleet in a few short months. New departments were added to her Defense Ministries. There was an upheaval and a wholesale casting off of old ways and methods.

Hand in hand with this internal readjustment there has been a reorientation of British relations with France. On February 6, 1939, Mr. Chamberlain in the House of Commons pledged to France “the immediate co-operation of this country in case of any attack to the vital interests of France, from whatever quarter it might come,”
heading off various rumors that London planned to leave the French to see it through alone. Italy’s demand for Tunis found England so positively on the side of the French that Rome dropped the whole business. France, for her part, was a great deal more positive on the question of German colonies than she had ever been before.

The first opportunity to test the strength of the new Franco-British alliance came when France asked England to break with her age-old tradition of no conscription in peace time. England rose to the test and military conscription was adopted with amazingly little protest—a fine testimonial to the British workers’ sense of social and international solidarity. Another test came when Paris asked London to propose an arms alliance to the Soviet Union as the only chance of preventing another war. England complied, though the thought of approaching Moscow must have been gall and wormwood.

When London sent her first invitation to Moscow last March, the Foreign Commissar responded with gratifying willingness. There had been rumors of negotiations between Moscow and Berlin for a trade agreement as early as last November but the Russians gave no sign of having weakened in their determination to fight Fascism to the last round.

It soon became clear, however, that Moscow had not the slightest intention of entering into an agreement with Britain on London’s terms. She made demand after demand, offered objection after objection. Just what
transpired during these discussions was never officially reported. It was said that she wanted protection against a possible German invasion of the Baltic Republics, and nobody will deny that this demand was justified. Others reported that she wanted the right of protective intervention in these states should they be directly or indirectly menaced by the Reich. Against such an agreement, which would have permitted the Red Army to march into the Baltic area whenever Moscow chose to believe Baltic security threatened, the countries in question raised a loud protest.

At the time it appeared that the real point at issue was mutual distrust between the British and Russian statesmen. There were rumors that London was negotiating an underhand settlement with Hitler, and their persistence seemed to justify apprehension, particularly since Chamberlain stubbornly refused to take either Anthony Eden or Winston Churchill, conservative opponents of appeasement, into his Cabinet.

Later there were reports that Moscow was holding up the agreement with two conditions: 1) that no party to the pact should be allowed to conclude a separate peace without the permission of all the others; 2) that Russia must move into military action simultaneously with Britain in the event of hostilities. In other words the impression was that Moscow wanted to protect herself against another surprise *d la* Munich, in which she might be left holding the bag. Chamberlain, on his side, un-
doubtedly had more than an intimation of the game that Hitler and Stalin were preparing behind the scenes.

Be that as it may. The facts are that Mr. Strang, a prominent member of the British Foreign Office, was sent to Moscow, only to be recalled after many weeks of fruitless dickering; that Moscow finally demanded an Anglo-French military commission to discuss technical military questions with a like Russian commission; that this commission was sent to the Russian capital and was still on the spot when the bomb finally burst.

On August 20th Moscow and Berlin announced the completion of a Russo-German trade pact under which the Soviet Union would take German goods to the amount of 200,000,000 marks and sell to Germany 180,000,000 marks' worth of manganese, oil, wood, ores and other war supplies. The pact was signed at once. Four days later von Ribbentrop arrived in Moscow and concluded a Russo-German non-aggression pact in less than three hours of negotiations with Foreign Commissar Molotoff. Ten days later it was ratified by the Supreme Soviet and by the German Reichstag. It has been argued and is undoubtedly true, that a non-aggression pact need not necessarily have a political significance. Unfortunately the speeches and declarations that accompanied its adoption justified no such conclusion. Moreover the pact in itself is virtually a military alliance, since in it Russia undertakes to supply Germany with raw materials she needs for her army and her war industries. The mili-
tary nature of the alliance was thrown into bold relief when, on September 17th, Soviet Russia marched into the Polish Ukraine, thus directly helping Germany to score the knock-out blow on Poland and enabling the Reich to transfer troops to the West.

What makes the Russo-German agreements so suspicious is the secrecy with which they were engineered. Soviet defenders insist that Moscow in self-defense was driven to act as she did by Chamberlain’s obstinate refusal to come to terms. Yet there is every indication that the Russo-German treaty was already under discussion when Paris and London began their Moscow talks. It was certainly far advanced when Russia asked London to send a military mission. Moscow has found it difficult to explain this double dealing.

But by their fruits ye shall know them, and the fruits of the Russo-German agreement were not long in ripening. On the day of its ratification, Hitler marched his army into Poland, giving the lie to the official Communist Party version that the U.S.S.R. had made this last supreme sacrifice to preserve world peace.

In the light of what has happened since—the sending of a commission of high military officials to Berlin disguised as embassy attachés, and especially the Russian invasion of Poland on the East—one is forced to conclude that Stalin, faced with a choice between greater power for Russia and a possible war on the side of democracies, too weak to take a positive stand, fearing, per-
haps, another Munich appeasement, chose the former, letting the international labor movement and the world revolution take care of themselves as best they can.

When the Russo-German treaty was first announced some observers predicted the collapse of the anti-Comintern Axis, involving Germany, Italy, Japan and minor powers, as one item on the credit side of Moscow's ledger. Immediate events gave some weight to this assumption. Mussolini did not plunge into war when Germany did. In Spain, Franco likewise issued a neutrality declaration, declaring openly that his anti-Communist convictions made it impossible for him to come to terms with Russia. Japan's sharp disapproval of the Russo-German treaty was to be expected in view of her undeclared war with Russia in Outer Mongolia and China and at various other points along the east-Siberian frontier. However, Germany has succeeded in persuading Tokio to settle her quarrel with Moscow. With the aid of Germany and Russia, Japan is now free to pursue her undeclared war in China with much greater chance of success. It is an open secret that the guerrilla wars with which Chiang Kai-shek has been harrying Nippon's armies were largely financed and equipped by the Soviet Union.

It is possible that Stalin intends to turn his back on Europe altogether with the idea of making rich Siberia the center of gravity of Russia's economy. That would leave Germany a free hand to pursue her expansionist aims in eastern Europe, strengthened by the assurance
that Russia no longer would offer resistance at the other end of the line.

Meanwhile, Moscow's defection from England and France and her military action against Poland add tremendously to their burden. The war on the western front may go on for months, perhaps years, without decisive advantages for either side.

However, it is possible, indeed it is more than likely, that a number of the small neutral states will be drawn into the vortex before the war is over. That the German army will have to violate one or more neutral states if the war lasts much longer may be taken for granted. The Oslo states—Sweden, Denmark, Norway, Finland, Belgium, Holland and Luxemburg—have concluded a mutual assistance pact and are expected to denounce all trade relations with the German aggressor if the sovereignty of any of them is violated. That in itself would be an enormous contribution to the allied cause since Russia has no appreciable surplus with which she could feed a blockaded Germany for any length of time.

Berlin still hopes to persuade the Balkan states to come to her assistance, particularly Bulgaria, whose king, a German by descent, has shown sympathy for the Axis Powers. Italy and Germany had been mending their fences in the Danubian and Balkan areas for years, while Britain and France until recently pursued an incredibly short-sighted policy. Their repeated refusals to give financial aid to these financially weak states might easily
have driven them all into the Axis. What kept them out was the fear of becoming German vassals. An effective counter-balance to the Axis Powers in southeastern Europe has been the Turkish Republic, which has taken an unqualified stand with the Allied Powers, even to offering to close the Dardanelles to German shipping.

To what extent the United States will come to the aid of the Allied Powers remains to be seen. On the side of Germany, Italy also is an unknown factor, though this writer has never believed and still does not believe in Rome’s continued neutrality. Mussolini unquestionably is keeping out of the fight for the time being in an understanding with Hitler, for strategic and other reasons. Exhausted as they are, after the African and Spanish campaigns, his troops would not weigh heavily in the balance. As a neutral, on the other hand, he can keep the Allies from moving in on Germany from the south-east and make it almost impossible for Rumania and Yugoslavia to break their neutrality in favor of Poland and her associates.

Out of this welter of cross purposes and seeming confusion there is emerging a clear division between two world ideologies, two schools of political thought. This is no longer a war between nations. When Chamberlain and Eden declared that there could be no peace with Hitler they lifted the conflict to a new plane. Today the peoples of Europe are in a war of democracy against
CHANCELLOR HITLER REVIEWS THE GERMAN VICTORY PARADE IN WARSAW AND GIVES THE NAZI SALUTE TO THE ARTILLERY AS IT PASSES (Page 27)
FROM A WIDE WORLD PHOTOGRAPH
fascism as well as intolerable social and political suppression.

From the diplomatic maze out of which this conflict grew there is arising with startling clearness the fact that, for the first time in modern civilization, governments were forced by public opinion to take up arms against an aggressor nation. The price will be incalculable and the masses of all nations will pay it in blood and terrible suffering. Will it be worth it? That is for the peoples in the democratic countries to determine.

HINDSIGHT we all seem to have. But it is fantastic that none of the things which happened in the week preceding the fatal daybreak of April 9th awakened us to danger. A hundred incidents should have prepared us. Instead we were transfixed, still watching the war in Finland. Early in January the ten-million-dollar loan to Norway for purchase of foodstuffs in America was arranged. In the middle of January, the King opened parliament, calling for a policy of strict neutrality and for greater defense appropriations. Princess Martha went about quietly laying plans for the taking over of men's work by women in case of war.

Even the Altmark incident, with all its political implications, excited us less as a portent that war was already in our own fjords than as some grotesque medieval story of rescue from dragons. Norwegian neutrality had been violated, but by whom? That was the important question. The Nazi ship had come down through Nor-

From Mission to the North, published by J. B. Lippincott Company, Copyright, 1941, by Florence Jaffray Harriman.
wegian territorial waters, its ship's paper having been examined at Bergen, but the ship's hold not having been investigated. But the British had reason to believe that she carried British prisoners from ships sunk in the Atlantic by the Graf Spee. The very name of the British destroyer which discovered and pursued the Altmark up the narrow Jossing Fjord, H.M.S. Cossack, turned the incident into headline and legend. The fighting with cutlasses, the discovering of the prisoners, the rescue itself, of men who had been below hatches for weeks, were so dramatic that the legal consequences were overlooked by ordinary people. And a curious and equally startling incident in the aftermath was entirely unreported in the Press—unreported certainly, hushed up, more likely.

One afternoon in February, a Nazi plane landed, without warning, at Fornbø airport just outside Oslo. Without a by-your-leave, thirty passengers were disgorged who scattered over the field with cameras, taking photographs, making sights and memoranda. Asked for papers, the Pilot officer showed a permit to investigate the Altmark, some forty miles away. The effrontery of the incident was a warning, but the quite sincere, pro-British official of the company operating the field, when questioned by the British Legation, explained that the Germans were planning a commercial airline between Germany and Norway. One of his juniors, however, with no taste for easy explanations, was dining with me that night; he returned again and again to the subject
with foreboding. But not even he had a glimmering that within two months Nazi planes would be landing troops from Denmark on Fornebö Field as regular as any ferry service. Squadrons of ten planes, each with mechanical precision depositing fifty soldiers with equipment, and returning to Silt for more. But I go too fast.

On Friday, April 5th, all the officials of the Norwegian Foreign Office received invitations to see a peace film. The engraved cards from the German Minister indicated an occasion. They read “full dress and orders to be worn.” The invitation arriving at such short notice, the Foreign Minister and the more important personages were previously engaged. But all the Bureau chiefs and a number of minor officials, in white ties and with mild curiosity, accepted and went. What they were treated to was a film, terrifyingly documentary and horrible, of the bombing of Warsaw. The German Minister explained—the entertainment did require explanation—that the pictures were peace propaganda, because they proved to all observers what happened to any country which resisted Nazi attempts to “defend it from England.” The audience was shocked, and—this seems strange now—still puzzled, as to why the film had been shown to them, to Norwegians.

The Foreign Minister and Mrs. Koht did not see the film. They were, as a matter of fact, dining with me. My party was for the new French Minister and Countess de Dampierre. The Foreign Minister, who arrived half
an hour late, explained briefly that the day had been the most nerve-racking of his official life. I had had an interview with him at midday, and he went on to say that after I had left, the German Minister, Dr. Brauer, had visited him, and that the British and French Ministers had occupied him until half past seven. His face was drawn, and I sensed that the day really had been more tense than usual, but for months he had been between these fires, and the evening passed without anyone's awareness that we were on the eve of tragedy.

Early the next day, Dr. Brauer called me personnally on the telephone. Would I dine at his Legation on April 19th? He was inviting also the Foreign Minister and Frau Koht, and the Danish and Swedish Ministers and their wives. He threw in cosily that it would be his own wife's first appearance after her return from the hospital, and would I excuse her if she retired at half past ten. As I think I have said, dinner parties in Oslo used to run on well past midnight in candid talk, sometimes with dancing, and often with cards. Frau Brauer was a great favorite with all the corps. A small, pretty woman, looking far more French than German, she had just borne her first child, after twelve years of marriage. The Minister went on: "The baby's name is to be Dorothea. Do you know what that means?"

"The gift of God."

"Right," he said, perhaps a little surprised at my know-
ing, "and that is why we call her that." I could not help smiling at my end of the phone.

The next day, Sunday the 7th, came the formal engraved invitation for the dinner with "pour memoire" written in the corner. By April 19th no "Aide-memoire" was necessary to remind me of Nazi notions of hospitality. For days and days, by then, I had been dodging their bombs on the outskirts of a good many towns, and finding it hard to get shelter anywhere.

On the morning of April 8th, news came to the Legation that the British had laid bombs at Narvik, the harbor fjord in the north, terminal of the railroad from Sweden and port for the great iron mines of the north. In the course of the morning, a telephone call from the United States Legation in Copenhagen apprised us briefly that a large body of the German fleet was passing through the Great Belt. The call did not tell us how many ships. "A great many. Details will be cabled you." I put on my hat and set off as fast as I could for the Foreign Office. The Minister was at a meeting of the Storting, the Norwegian parliament. I gave my news to Mr. Bull, whose job is like that of our Undersecretary of State. Neither he nor his Government had any definite information to give me as to the Nazi fleet's destination. As I look back, my impression still is that neither Mr. Bull nor his associates considered the likelihood that the destination was the Oslo Fjord, and I cannot recall a single diplomat that day who even suggested that we ourselves were in the
line of the coming battle. Most people surmised that the fleet was on its way to engage the Royal Navy in the North Sea. The British must have based all their plans upon this one expectation of a North Sea battle, because certainly—notwithstanding that they had promised to patrol the mines which they had laid—when the Nazi attack came, all British ships were discovered to have been withdrawn from Norwegian waters.

Just before dinner, a coded cable from Copenhagen came to me, giving the number and classes of the ships which had passed through the Kattegat, and reported great activity all day at Silt, the air field on the coast of Denmark. The message closed "we fear retaliations." This we construed to mean retaliations against England for her mine-laying.

At half past eleven that night, Oslo sounded the air raid alarm, but as the street lights were not turned off for some time, we, at the Legation, did not take it very seriously. Members of the staff telephoned in to ask if I thought they ought to come round and take shelter in our new bomb-proof room in the basement. It had been finished only three days before and we had joked about it, saying, "Now the Finnish War is over, our bomb shelter is finished, too." I told everyone cheerfully that I was going to bed and advised them to do the same. Presently, both house and street lights went off, and we ran around in the dark in search of matches and candles. And still we thought it was just another of the occasional
practice air raid alarms we had been having all through the winter. Only, never before had the city authorities failed to give warning of one beforehand. Ray and Margaret Cox had been dining with an official of the Foreign Office and had kindly stopped in to ask if I were frightened. What did I think it was, they asked. It seems incredible now that not one of us connected that alarm with the proximity of the German ships; the idea of their attacking Norway still seemed so remote a possibility. I have since been told that the Crown Princess, with a woman's intuition, had sensed danger, and had commenced packing Monday afternoon.

After the "all clear" the Coxes went home, and everyone went to bed. It has never been explained why that alarm was given. Perhaps it was that some reconnoitering planes had been sighted.

At 3:00 A.M. the telephone made me jump out of bed. Sir Cecil Dormer asked me if I would take over the British Legation, as German warships were coming up the fjord. Generally, such a thing is not done without permission from Washington. In the emergency it was impossible to delay. The answer was "yes."

I ran downstairs, and put in a call for Dr. Koht at the Foreign Office. He told me ships were approaching, but that the weather was so thick they had not yet been positively identified as German, although, "of course," he added, "we are sure that they are." Twenty minutes later, he telephoned to say there was now no doubt of
their nationality. He would let me know, shortly, the plans of his Government.

In the meantime, Ray Cox and one of the clerks had arrived, and we got off a cable to the Department of State. It was not possible to reach Washington by telephone. We suddenly became aware that the voice of the Oslo telegraph operator, who was saying that perhaps our message would not get through to Washington, was an unfamiliar one. More German, we thought, than Norwegian accent. We put in a call for the United States Legation at Stockholm. Minister Sterling, we knew, might not be there, as he was en route from a short, much-needed rest, after his strenuous duties throughout the Finnish campaign. Mr. Greene, Secretary of Legation, answered the phone, and agreed to forward our message to Washington both by telephone, if possible, and by cable, I could hear him catch his breath, and his tone change, as I dictated our cable and he caught the full significance of the news.

Within the hour, the French Minister made the same request of me as Sir Cecil Dormer, to take over his Legation. We called our consuls and they hurried over, leaving their families to dress, pack and follow them. Commercial Secretary Klath went to seal the French Legation and Vice Consul Kelsey went to the British, and got from the Ministers their requests to me in writing. Again I spoke to Dr. Koht. He said the Court and Government were going by special train to Hamar, and
he hoped that I would accompany them. When, at twenty minutes to seven, the Foreign Office called to say that the train to evacuate us would leave at seven o’clock, twenty minutes was too little time and I could not be ready. Wives and children of the Staff had been arriving so thick and fast that between five and six o’clock twenty-five of us had sat down to breakfast. We made several trips to the bomb-proof room before, during, and after the meal. German bombers whirred overhead, circling the city. We could hear the little Norwegian planes pursuing and the fire of anti-aircraft guns.

It was decided that Margaret Cox, her boy Alan, and the Consulate wives and children should go to Sjusjon, one of the mountain resorts above Lillehammer. My own instructions being to “follow the Government,” I would stop off at Hamar, some few miles nearer Oslo, and join them. It had been planned that, in case of a Russian invasion during the Finnish War, evacuation should take place in the direction of Lillehammer, through the Gudbrandsdal Valley. As it turned out that was quite the worst place we could have gone. But who could foresee that?

By 9:45 we were all in our cars—I was proud of the speed and calm of our mobilization—and joined the procession that was steadily streaming out of town. In my trusty Ford were more suitcases than seemed possible. The chauffeur, one of the clerks, a maid, a typewriter, me, and the code book. As we approached Lilleström,
on the outskirts of Oslo, we could hear the snap, snap, snap of machine-guns overhead. A small Norwegian plane was giving chase to a Heinkel—we craned to watch. Drivers pressed forward not exactly frightened, but we all breathed easier, as we moved out from under those dark outlines in the sky. Only one car, the third ahead of us, was struck by falling shrapnel. No one was hurt, but dents and scraped paint were sharp reminders of how narrow the escapes were.

As I had been in bed only one hour and had had breakfast between five and six, I was beginning to feel the strain. Though all around us was one of those lovely northern spring days which made you feel as if the whole world were young again, I was aware only of the contrasts between the earth itself and the ill will and crimes among men.

As we passed Kjeller airfield—the field from which I had made my flight over the glacier that first summer in Oslo—we saw that it had been bombed and that the hangars were still burning. Stunned and silent groups stood on the street corners of the little settlements we passed, dumb before the rush of events. Men in uniforms and grim lads with muskets, alone, or in small companies of a dozen or so, hurried past us, apparently on their way to answer the order for general mobilization.

Behind us the Nazis had occupied Oslo. From all reports they had simply moved in. Someone, describing it, kept repeating, "They let the Nazis in with smiles on
their faces, frozen smiles." There has been a great deal written about how the easy occupation of Oslo was due to treachery. What we have come to call the "fifth column" had indeed been busy; the Nazis were indefatigable in an infinite variety of ways, from defamation of the British, to a thousand minor tricks and courtesies of propaganda, in an effort to make the Norwegians German-friendly. There was trade acceleration. There was interchange of tourists and students. But not a bit of real evidence has been adduced, aside from Major Quisling and his small group who moved swiftly to obtain possession of telephones, telegraph and radio, that the Norwegian people, for a single moment, welcomed the invasion. Everything in the Norwegian Democracy was opposed to Nazi brutality. If the "frozen smile" was upon the faces of any of those who saw the German troops march in, it was from shock at the Gorgon's visit. As for Quisling, many people had for a long time regarded him as of unsound mind.

The seizure by him and the Germans of the instruments of communication spread havoc. Orders would come through to officers of the Army and Navy to report ready for battle, only to be followed by orders, "Offer no resistance to the Germans." It was a dark day in history. Only the invasion seemed to go as planned.

The unexpected sinking of the battleship Blücher and disabling of the Gneisenau in Oslo Fjord were the Germans' only major set-back and delayed their plans by
a full eight hours. If all had gone as schemed, the King himself and the Government would have been surrounded before there was time to evacuate. Minister Brauer paced the quay expectantly. But Oslo was not taken from the sea. The new warfare from the air made the coup.

A single man, a retired naval officer (I wish I knew his name), is hero of the strange delay. To him, in his house on the mainland near the island on which stands Fort Oscarborg, came news that German ships were bearing up the fjord. He came to the shore. No sign of life in the fort; no sign yet of the oncoming ships. He untied his boat and rowed himself across to where the fort’s two old guns, affectionately treated as museum pieces, turned their muzzles to the sea. One of them, because it had fallen into the water when being hoisted into place back in 1900, had long been known as “Moses,” its fellow, therefore, as Aaron. Inside the fort he rallied the younger officers, gave the orders to them to man the guns. As the Blücher came leisurely within five hundred feet of the fort, old Moses belched, carrying the ship’s bridge and top hamper clean off into the water, and with it, the General in Command of the expeditionary force, the Admiral and high officers of the Gestapo who stood beside them. Then Aaron followed suit. The Blücher and her crew, the German financial experts, laden with plans for a new fiscal system for the country, and Heaven knows what other papers, went down in Oslo Fjord.

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The Germans in that day of their "famous victory" must have lost upwards of twenty thousand men by drowning alone. The British official communiqué for April 10th speaks briefly of troop ships sunk in the North Sea.

The last official version given me is that "the old fort at Oscarborg was really manned and had its commanding officers on the spot. Whether the old guns or the more modern guns did sink the Blücher is not known." But the first story has already settled into legend. It is the one that people tell, and the one I like to believe. Anyway, after the sinking of the Blücher, Nazi officers went to Horten and demanded sketches of her.

The Norwegian officers answered, "We never have had any."

"But you must have, because the Blücher had only one weak spot, and you hit her there."

Meanwhile, the little Norwegian gunboat, the Olaf Tryggvason, who had convoyed the City of Flint in November, was actively defending the naval station of Horten, where she had been reconditioning. She crippled the Emden so badly that she was put out of action. Now the Olaf Tryggvason serves with the Royal Navy in the North Sea. The German cruiser, Karlsruhe, was also sunk outside Kristiansand the same day. When the war is over, there will be many gallant stories to be told of the tiny, outmoded Norwegian Navy manned by seamen second to none; and of the coastal forts, only one of which fell without resistance.
That the citizens of Oslo were petrified in those first days is explicable. The blitzkrieg seemed to be over before it had begun. But there was no such lethargy amongst the country people, far from airports, to whom the rumor came of menace. The peasant youth rallied. They literally sprang to arms, with hunters' guns and tools, faithful to their Norwegian colors. But that is not the right way to express it; they opposed the danger, willing to lay down their lives, but the suddenness of the attack and the breakdown of communications made concerted action in the beginning impossible. Rumors flew about that the British were coming to help.

It took us six hours that lovely April day to make our steady but uncertain way in our heavily laden car to Hamar. The roads were not only crowded, but everybody we met stricken—not afraid, but uncertain as to direction. Nobody could tell what was happening, and when we reached Hamar we found not only every hotel, but every inch of space, under every roof, "full up" with members of the Government, so we trekked on to Hösbjør. Here we found that the family of the Crown Prince and members of the French and British Legations had preceded us. While we were dining, Sir Cecil Dormer came to my table and whispered that he had just heard that the Germans in their armored cars were expected at Hamar in half an hour. The French and he were going on to Elverum, and didn't I think I had better join them. I inquired where the Government in-
British and French troops queue up on the beaches of Dunkirk to await rescue. In the epic evacuation, May 30 to June 4, 1940, some 335,000 trapped men were transported safely to England. (Page 63) From a British Combine photograph.
tended to go, and when I heard they were leaving Hamar at once for Elverum, I, of course, agreed to follow. Just before we had entered the dining room, a member of the Foreign Office, standing outside the hotel in Hösbjör, had looked at the tinderbox of a building and shaking his head at me said, "Yes, the enemy must know the British and French are here. They will surely bomb this place tonight. It will take ten minutes, no more, for it to be destroyed completely." Recalling this cheerful bit of information, it was a pleasure for me, though I was tired, to move along to Elverum.

It was now dark and the scene in front of the inn was a shambles. Everyone, and that includes most of the British Legation staff which, swelling and swelling after Great Britain declared war, was now numbered at forty, scurried to salvage what little luggage they had brought. People were politely but firmly shoved aside; suitcases grazed shins on the crowded staircases. And I think we all must have looked like intent runners in a foot race, stretching for the tape. I don't in the least intend to imply that there was any panic, just that our manners were a little grim. The French, with great agility, were well on their way ahead of all of us. In the blackout, it was risky to leave one's bags and boxes and go back for more, and all the motors looked alike. I carried the code book which I had been warned not to let out of my sight day or night; and someone lugged a typewriter, which in the end we never used. Without analyzing the situa-
tion, I think we all, subconsciously, expected to settle down comfortably, as the Belgian Government had done in 1914, and send out "Dispatches as usual." This was 1940, not 1914. We were not yet ready to imagine that King and Government would be hunted like wild animals. With me was one of the clerks from the Legation to do the typing and coding, and my maid who, being a British subject, would be made prisoner, I had feared, if left behind in Oslo. In the confusion of getting away from Hösbjør, the clerk lost her small trunk and all the new wardrobe she had acquired six weeks before, when she was evacuated from Helsinki. And my maid also had lost a bag.

But there was no way of turning back to look for missing things, if we were to hold our place in the long creeping line of cars winding their way through the night, from the Gudbrandsdal to the Osterdal Valley. Outside Elverum, we came on a squad of ghostly soldiers, in white suits, familiar to us from the Finnish War, preparing to erect a barricade as soon as the King and the Royal Family passed by. They did their work so well that when the pursuers came along, two hundred of the Germans were killed, and their quarry got away. When the news came through that the Nazi air attaché was among the fatalities, it was the only death that afforded any satisfaction. He had been at the German Legation in Oslo, had accepted hospitality and courtesies from the Norwegians, and now he had led the attempt to capture
or kill their King. At Elverum we drew up with a sigh before a commodious hotel. The proprietress shook her head. “There is not one bed in Elverum tonight.” Darkness was black over the town except for the schoolhouse, which was a blaze of light. There the Störting was sitting, a veritable beacon for the Germans, but proof enough of the naïveté of the Government, neutral until then, and unused to stratagems. A hundred years of peace had bred in them kindness, hospitality, and decency. One does not learn suspicion in a day, nor how to meet the wiles of war.

As we stood in the April night wondering which direction to take, His Majesty and the Royal Family passed by in motors, bound, we later learned, for Trysil, some seventy miles further north. Meantime, someone directed both the British delegation and our car to a farm on the fringe of Elverum, and towards this our snake-like cavalcade proceeded. They gave us rooms in a primitive guest house. We were busy allotting the sleeping quarters when the British Minister received word from the police that the Germans had left Hamar on their way to Elverum. We could not know then how effective the barricade the soldiers in white had been building would prove.

At once, Sir Cecil and Lady Mary and their numerous retinue gathered their luggage to go further afield. As a neutral, I felt it unnecessary for me to continue the trek. The fact that I had had only one hour's sleep in the last thirty-eight may have had something to do with my
decision. They all went. Suddenly we found ourselves alone in the house. Then every sound made us jump. Suppose the Germans had traced the British that far and entered to catechize us as to their whereabouts! Fortunately, the barricade had held. We slept until 5:30 A.M. Then the first contingent of German planes came roaring toward Elverum. From then on, there was little cessation for them or us. The war had caught up with us.

The telephone wires in some directions were still unbroken. I was able shortly, that afternoon, to talk to Dr. Koht in Elverum, and to our Minister in Stockholm. It was impossible to connect with Oslo. An air alarm in the evening sent us all scurrying to the wood near the house. The snow lay still, white and deep. Some carried their bags with them, trying to use them to rest on. A crowd of business people had arrived from Oslo that morning, and the "guest house" was a hive of refugees. The lady who owned the farm said firmly that we would have to feed ourselves. So we bought eggs, sardines and biscuits at a little country store. There was a stove of sorts in the basement of our cottage but, as twenty-seven people were trying to use it at the same time, we were lucky to find space to boil an egg apiece.

Next day the Foreign Minister communicated the news that the Government was moving into Nybergsund. There they might remain for two days before going westward, meaning, I supposed, the Gudbrandsdal Val-
ley. He asked if I would come over to see him as soon as possible.

I quickly got my car, but when we tried to take the road, we suddenly realized we were in a trap. Every available road, even the short one into Elverum, was barricaded; and how well! Wooden ship masts were laid criss-cross on each other to a height of eight or ten feet, and fifteen to twenty feet in depth, with barbed wire threaded through them. At one of these barriers a young Captain came forward and told us to go back at once, as ten Nazi armored cars were due at any moment. I gazed in dismay at the twenty-five young country boys with their rifles, and two Red Cross nurses and a doctor, in a sedan, standing quietly by.

“How can such a mere handful of you,” I asked, “hope to defend yourselves against so many Germans?” He took me by the arm. He led me to the edge of the road and said “Look.” There, on the thick wooded hillside, completely concealed from anyone approaching the barrier, I could spot scattered machine-gun nests. By such guerilla warfare alone was the attack made so costly that twenty Germans were killed to every one Norwegian. The Germans getting out of their cars would walk openly up a road from the woods, and a fusillade would come that mowed them down like ninepins. I often wonder what did happen that particular afternoon, and if the charming young Captain is alive today.
There is a code in the Norwegian countryside, that no man may make a blind attack on another, no matter what the feud. The enemy must have warning first. A Captain later told me the story of how his company was drawn up in ambush, ready to open fire on an approaching Nazi detachment, when he heard one of the boys say to the others, "It isn't fair to take them by surprise, we must fire into the air first, then they'll know that we are here." The Captain shivered as he told me the story. "I stopped them just in time, and explained later that in war one dare give no quarter."

Someone else told me that on the first day he had passed two hundred Germans going north and presently he met sixty Norwegian soldiers going south. He stopped to tell them that they were marching into a trap, and must turn back. They assured him that it would be all right, as they were only going to the mobilization post. "We will talk to the Germans and explain everything," they assured him, "and it will be all right." Stupid, of course, and they were all made prisoners as soon as they were met and were less than no use in the defense. These incidents are trivial, but they show how honest, how fair, and how unfitted for a war with Nazis Norway was. Yet after the first shock, though weapons and training were inadequate, and officers few and unprepared for the new tactics, the young Norwegians took their places in the lines and stood firm.
The story of the bus drivers has been told before in America. It has become a modern saga. A group of bus drivers was under orders to convey a detachment of German reinforcements to a given point. They left notes for their families. "If we are forced to make this trip," they wrote, "you will not see us again ever." So much they told and no more. There were three bus loads. They came to a steep hill with a sharp turning at the bottom. Instead of putting on the brakes, prepared to turn gently, as they had so many times before with home folk on the journey, they drove with brakes off headlong into a deep ravine. Three Norwegian patriots and a hundred Germans fought no more.

In the wood where we sought shelter from bombs, on the night of the twelfth, there were strange noises. It seems that the Cadet school at Elverum had turned their horses loose to save them from confiscation, but the next day, being observed, the beasts were machine-gunned from the air. I think of those horses still, comrades in our misery, more frightened perhaps than we at the Heinkels overhead.

At half past three on Friday I was in touch with Dr. Koht again. This time at Nybergsund. A half hour later, the hotel was bombed and the King forced to run to the woods for his life. Dr. Koht still said he thought it a good idea if I could be nearer the Government, and I determined to make one more effort to reach them. There is a certain sort of satisfaction in moving, and it
seemed no more risky than halting for cover, so wayward and unpredictable was the bombing. All day planes had been flying low over our heads in the direction of Elverum. Suddenly the dropping of incendiary bombs was observed, and we could see that the whole town was being enveloped in a thick cloud of yellow smoke. Wicked tongues of fire presently began to lick through the poisonous smoke screen. Someone tried to telephone. The wires were cut. The road north now being absolutely closed, I decided to experiment. I would try going south and detouring. The main road was closed, of course; the snow was impassable on the ways through the forest. Still, there must be some way. Eventually we gave up in despair. Every road was blocked either by stockades or snowdrifts.

We caught sight of a comfortable-looking farmhouse and climbed out to knock. The sweet-faced mistress of the place opened the door and welcomed us. But there was no bedroom for us—besides her own eight children, she was already sheltering several mothers from Oslo and their babies; but the parlor was ours if we wanted to have it. We could still hear the rumble of planes flying low, but they were not overhead. We all relaxed as if we had suddenly come home, so simply did Mrs. Peterson offer us hospitality. Late as it was, and with only a little running water in her kitchen, she made us coffee and gave us cakes and boiled eggs. I shall never forget that Norwegian country parlor, the family portraits that
looked down from the wall, telling I know not what story of better days; the linen sheets and pillowslips with their handmade lace insertion, the many little touches of grace in our welcome. Our beds were narrow sofas, and there were no blankets to spare from the babies; but we slept in our clothes gratefully, while the farmer and the chauffeur discussed roads to take us on our way. The farmer did his best, and before dawn went scouting on his skis through the neighboring forests, but snowdrifts barred every lead. He could, he finally offered, take us beyond the forest in a sledge, if we cared to leave the car behind until the war was over. "But on the other side of the forest, what shall we do without the car?" That was something he could not answer. He went off again in search of a clever neighbor. How to get the car over the forest? The neighbor had an idea. They would both try to get us by the barrier on the road to Elverum. The friend, arriving on his bicycle, took charge. If we hurried, between air raids, the soldiers at the barrier would devise us something. The sink being in use, I was at the pump in the yard, breaking icicles for my tooth brush, when I heard the news.

I called out that we would come at once. Only the clerk saw no hope and crumpled up. She clung to the idea that we ought to get a safe conduct from the Germans. Out of patience, I told her to choose quickly, to come along, or to stay on the farm until the war was over. I confess that I, too, felt that the Germans flying
at low altitude were almost in my hair. The deafening roar was terrifying. But so intent were they on laying waste any town in which the King might be, that it was not until several days later that their shrapnel began to rake the roads.

All in the car at last, with the farmer and his friend clinging to the runningboards, we sped down the road to the barricades. The soldiers saluted warmly and set to work at once. I felt like something from an old picture-book of rescues in the Alps. The blockade and barbed wire ran from the steep hillside on the right to the precipitous bank of the River Glomma. Each of us was passed from one soldier to another and squeezed round the end of the entanglement; while the car itself, held in check by six or eight of the soldiers, was let slide slowly down onto the ice of the river’s rim. “Lucky for you,” spoke up someone, “there’s no sun today to melt the ice on the river edge.” Several more men went down with poles, “to fish out the car if it breaks through.” Five hundred yards further upstream the men found an incline, steep but not impassable, and shouldered the car up onto the dirt road again. There was no way at all to thank our rescuers for letting us out of bondage. We could only give them change to get cigarettes. And this we do: we remember them with gratitude.

Where Elverum had been, but a few hours before, only the church and the Red Cross hospital were still standing. In the hospital were many wounded Germans. We
drove down the principal street which was littered with débris, past the wreck of the very hotel that had been “too full” to receive us less than a week before. The ashes were still steaming. Hardly a house but what had been razed to within four feet of the ground. There had been over three hundred casualties. The car stopped and we gazed around. There is something ghastly in a ruined city. And we who looked about us knew how pleasant and how vital the human life of Elverum had been.

We got out of the car while the chauffeur took off the chains, which had been necessary for the river escapade, and as we stood there, Captain Ibsen, grandson of the great poet, came up to speak to me. He wanted to know if I could get a message through to our Legation and through them to his wife, Lillybel, one of the best known Norwegian actresses. He wanted her to know where he was and that he was still alive. This I was afraid would not be possible until I crossed the border into Sweden. But I would try. Everyone along the way everywhere bombarded me with similar requests. The invasion had been so sudden, the mobilization so instantaneous, that none of the men knew where their families were and could only surmise what was happening in Oslo.

Captain Ibsen gave me warning that the long bridge this side of Nybergsund might be destroyed; he had heard bombings from that direction shortly before. Nothing for us to do, though, but to drive on, a long, cold drive, over the mountain pass with only one stop,
for gas. We had biscuits and chocolate for lunch, and felt lucky to have them! Bus loads of soldiers passed us from time to time, moving probably to the Gudbrandsdal Valley, where we thought fierce fighting was now going on.

As we approached the bridge, we slowed up. We found it intact, but there were very large craters at either end, showing that bombs had been dropped but missed their objective. On the far side, where Nybergsund should have been, there was nothing to be seen but smoking ruins. Not a wall was standing. Wiped out! The only two men left in the whole place were talking disconsolately together in the middle of the road. In spite of the American flag on the roof of our car, they were suspicious of us and avoided telling us anything. No, they "knew nothing" of the whereabouts of the Government, and the only information we could get from them was that there had been only one casualty. A little girl of four had been killed as she ran across the street.

Afterwards, I wondered if I had shown them my passport whether they would have been less reticent. They seemed so stunned.

After considering the matter from every point of view, I came to the conclusion that there was no use searching any further at that time. The members of the Government might have taken any one of three roads. Also, as it had not been possible for several days to communicate with our Minister in Stockholm, it seemed wise to go to
the border where I could telephone him that we were still alive. One road, we were told, was not yet free enough of snow, so we took the other that skirted the River Glomma.

It was comforting to settle back in the car on a route that had so far escaped the Nazi bombers. We drove east and south through the Glomma Valley, the sun at times so bright and the sky so blue, the snow so quiet, that it seemed as if good dreams followed bad dreams. Nothing was real. For all the sun, it was freezing cold, and the way was long, until we reached the border. The young man at the Customs was not one to be lightly taken in. A young man the American Minister to Norway?—No, Madam, he would telephone to Headquarters before he let us pass. My English maid stood nervously about, uncertain what she, too, would have to face, but when my unlikely story had been verified, and I was welcomed across the border and had explained that she was one of my household, all went smoothly, and no one ever asked to look at her passport. Just as well because I had hidden all her papers in the front of my dress when there seemed a chance of encountering German raiders. We had made great plans, too, as to what to do with the code book, far too large for eating, too bulky to be tossed unnoticed into the snow, not easily burnt in a hurry.

Swedish troops, plenty of them, apparently well organized and disciplined, manned the border. We saw artillery and armored cars on either side of the road, and
the dream of the afternoon was gone. War, as yet only potential war, hemmed us round again. My business was clear—to get in touch with Freddie Sterling and be guided by whatever information was (or so I hoped) pouring into Sweden, and my orders from Washington. The ABC of blitzkrieg is the seizure of communications. No one who has not been through it can readily understand what that first week of the Norwegian War was like. And everywhere these blows effect the same phenomena. The whole outside world is shut out, orders are interrupted, falsified, and every hysterical personality tends to float rumors, give frightened orders and multiply the fog. I understand what happened in June in France the better for the period of running and waiting in Norway. For a week, from hour to hour, we did not know what was happening. Everybody I came in contact with behaved well. A certain stolidity in the Norwegian character saved us from panic, but could not prevent a general bewilderment.

I think I never had a clear picture of the many directions from which the attack came until long afterward I saw some graphic maps in the German propaganda magazine (printed in English for distribution in Africa and Latin America) showing how planned and how complete the attack from the air and all along the long coast had been.

My own duty was simply to collect all possible information, whether I could collate what I saw and heard or
THE NAZIS COME

not, to find the Norwegian Government, and to keep in touch with Stockholm.

The Customs officer waved us through, and we were directed to a small pension at Holjes.

End of the journey.
DIGGING a tunnel under the English Channel from Calais to Dover (22 mi.) is a project discussed since Napoleon’s time, repeatedly vetoed by Britain lest it bring an invader from the Continent. Last week both Britain and France might have devoutly thanked God for such a passageway had it been bombproof. After the abrupt surrender of Belgian King Leopold, some 600,000 survivors of the northern Allied armies were locked in a triangular trap between the Lys River, the Artois Hills and the North Sea. As 800,000 Germans on the ground and thousands more in the sky relentlessly pressed the trap’s jaws together, Allied Generalissimo Maxime Weygand with his Armies south of the Somme could do nothing but let General Georges Maurice Jean Blanchard, commanding the condemned forces, fight his way unaided to the tideline, where rescue ships waited.

The result was a scene of carnage and valor more concentrated in space and time than anything modern history ever saw: men by hundreds of thousands retreating.
in a desperation to live, other men by hundreds of thousands pressing forward in a desperation to surround, slaughter, annihilate. To preserve morale on both sides, and because the arithmetic was next to impossible, true figures on the loss of life were glossed over officially. But it could be guessed that not less than 500,000 men were killed, wounded or captured in seven days on a patch of earth about the size of an average U. S. county (970 sq. mi.). Additional casualties among the millions of civilian refugees were incalculable. At least 1,000 airplanes were shot down. Every town and hamlet from Boulogne to Cambrai and north to Bruges was shattered by explosives or leveled by fire. Virtually every acre was pocked by missiles, stained with blood, strewn or piled with corpses.

Perhaps King Leopold surrendered when and as he did because he knew or suspected that the British were about to withdraw, as they had from Norway, with their host's Army covering their rear. Certainly his surrender forced their immediate withdrawal. But it was an orderly withdrawal with the wounded sent first; a courageous, masterful rear-guard action conducted by General Lord ("Tiger") Gort in full cooperation with the French.

When the Belgian surrender fatally exposed their left flank, the British, who were falling back from Arras-Cambrai to Lille, crossed the Lys River to Ypres and formed the east wall of an escape corridor along the Yser Canal to the sea. The flower of their Army, the proud
Guards regiments—Coldstream, Grenadier, Welsh, Irish, Scots—had to let their line fold back from the southeast while artillery and remaining armored units covered the rear.

At the bottom of the fatal pocket, below Lille, were what was left of France’s mechanized divisions, under General René Jacques Adolphe Prioux, 61. The French tanks fought in hollow squares like Xenophon’s Greeks, giving ground only when holes in their ranks forced retreat to close them. Time and again they drove the Germans off the hills around Cassel and Poperinghe. The Germans thrust through between Cassel and Ypres, cutting the Allied pocket in half, but two of General Prioux’s divisions smashed through, continued up the escape corridor’s western wall toward the sea. The Germans reported capturing General Prioux and staff, who stayed behind till the end. German tanks, infantry, artillery crunched ever closer, climbing over heaps of their own dead, toward the port of Dunkirk. Just before getting there, the retreating Allies opened canal floodgates to the east and west. But German aircraft continued to lay down bombs and machine-gun slugs in devastating sheets.

Along the French coast lay a heterogeneous Allied armada under Vice Admiral Jean Marie Charles Abrial, commanding the Dunkirk naval area. French and British warships lay off shore, protecting themselves overhead by flaming curtains of anti-aircraft fire, covering the land
troops' retreat with a flowing dome of projectiles from their heavy guns. Ashore they sent seamen, marines and engineers to construct breastworks and gun emplacements for their soldiers to fall back on, and demolition parties to blow up wharfage and fuel stores. Because the ports of Boulogne and Calais were tightly encircled by German forces, the main rescue embarkation was prepared at Dunkirk, but furious action ensued at Boulogne—point-blank fire between tanks and destroyers—and at Calais, where a British garrison held out stoutly in the citadel although water, food and ammunition had to be parachuted to them by the R. A. F. At sea, three British destroyers went down under dive-bombings and torpedoes—the *Wakeful*, *Grafton* and *Grenada*. The Germans claimed sinking the battleship *Nelson* (the British scoffed).

At Dunkirk, the spectacle was prodigious, appalling. Inside the blazing line of warships lay transports of every description, from big merchantment and passenger steamers to channel ferries, private yachts, fishing smacks, tug-drawn coal barges. Over these craft wheeled swarms of German high bombers, down at them plunged wedge after wedge of dive bombers. Day and night the sea air was filled with screaming gulls and bats of death, including two whole German air corps commanded by Air Generals Grauert and von Richthofen (Wolfram, 44, cousin of World War I's "Red Knight," the late Baron Manfred).
Dunkirk is a man-made harbor cut into a sandy tidal plain, with a mole sticking out to protect a channel leading into a network of seven ship basins. When German bombs blew up the locks which held water in the basins at low tide, Dunkirk's inner loading piers became a muddy, smouldering shambles. Embarkation had to be carried out by shallow-draft ships at the mole or by whale boats, dories, rafts and wreckage bobbing in the surf along the flat shelf of seashore. A calm sea and bright sunshine made the rescue ships perfect bomb targets for two days, and dozens of them were smashed, burned, sunk. Britain admitted loss of 30 warships. Then a blessed fog rolled in for 48 hours, saving countless lives.

When the soldiers reached the sea they hid (one of them said later) "like rabbits among the dunes." They were in smoke-grimed rags and tatters, many shoeless, some still lugging packs and rifles, others empty-handed in their underwear after swimming canals. They were too din-deafened and inured to horror to be fully sensible of the incredible cataclysm that still raged over them. Some clutched souvenirs—a blood soaked doll for a small daughter; a machine gun snatched from a crashed German plane with which one squad of men kept on shooting at new attackers and got two. Ambulatory wounded joined the rest in staggering into the oil-scummed waves, floundering out to reach the rescue craft amid spuming bomb-geysers. Day and night overhead the restless roar of air battle continued as depleted advance units of the
Royal Air Force were reinforced by squadrons of the Coastal Command. To join this action came a game but outmatched auxiliary squadron of British businessmen, week-end fliers.

THE ARMY OF DESPAIR
(A.D. 1940)
QUENTIN REYNOLDS

THERE was no dawn.

This was puzzling at first because it had been a clear night. Now the air was heavy with a smoky fog so thick that you could reach out and grab a piece of it in your hand. When you let it go your hand was full of soot. Then you realized that this was a man-made fog, a smoke screen thrown over Paris to hide the railroad stations from the bombers. But for the first time in its history Paris had no dawn.

The restaurants and the hotels were all closed. For nearly a week there had been no way of hearing from or communicating with the outside world. A reporter without means of communication is a jockey without a horse. No matter what story you wrote now, you would be its only reader. And now the Germans were pounding on the gates of Paris. Already their mechanized forces had encircled the city on three sides. Within a day the thing

that couldn’t happen was inevitably going to happen. They would be in Paris.

It was time to say farewell to Paris. Virtually everyone else had left. The Government had left the cable office, and the wireless had moved south. With the exception of a few newspapermen who had been assigned to the death watch the entire press had left. They had to leave. They had to follow their communications. Hotels were closed. There were no telephones and not a taxicab on the streets. Today Paris was a lonely old lady completely exhausted. The last of the refugees were leaving, some on bicycles, some on foot, pushing overladen handcarts.

I had stayed behind to write the story of the siege of Paris, confident that the army would hold out in the north. Now it developed that there would be no siege of Paris. A lonely old lady was not a military necessity. She was to be reluctantly abandoned. The problem of how to leave Paris was solved by one of those incredible bits of luck that come only to fools who have waited too long. The Grand Boulevard was almost deserted this morning. One middle-aged women was sitting at a table at a sidewalk café, one of the very few where one could still get coffee and bread. She was telling a few bystanders of her plight. She had driven into the city that morning in her small one-seated car. She had the car and two hundred francs, that was all. She would stay in Paris but she needed money. With money one could buy food even
from Germans. She wanted to sell her car. Sell her car? For weeks people had been combing Paris looking for cars. Offering fantastic prices, offering anything for means of leaving when the time came. I bought the car on the spot.

She gave me the key. I gave her five hundred dollars, which left me with five. No signing of papers, no transferring of ownership. I don’t know her name yet but I have her car.

Now I was mobile. Now I, too, could follow the Government, follow the wireless and the cable offices. My car was a Baby Austin, no bigger than a minute. Its tank was full of gasoline, enough to carry me a few hundred miles. There was room in it for a knapsack, a mattress, a typewriter and a steel helmet. And so the tiny car and I said farewell to Paris and headed south.

We didn’t catch up with the great army of refugees until we passed the city limits. From then on we were a member of this army. It is one thing to see thousands of weary refugees in the newsreel; it is something quite different to be one of them. We moved slowly; sometimes we would be held up for as long as three hours without moving. The road stretched from Paris to Bordeaux four hundred miles away and it was packed solid that entire distance. Thousands of these people had come from the north; many had been on the road for two weeks. They had only one thought: move south. Move away from terror that swooped down from the skies.
Move away from the serfdom that would be theirs under German rule. Few had any money. Few knew where they were going.

Some rode in open trucks and large, open wagons drawn by horses. Inevitably the sides of these would be buttressed by mattresses. These were not for sleeping. These were protection against machine-gun bullets. Refugees coming from Belgium and from Holland and refugees who had come from the north had been machine-gunned by Messerschmidts not once or twice but repeatedly. This is not rumor; it is fact.

Thousands in our army of refugees rode bicycles and they made the best time. Often a military convoy came down the road against our tide of traffic. Then we would stop and wait interminably until it passed. Those on bicycles managed to keep going, winding in and out of the massed traffic.

Thousands were walking, many carrying huge packs on their shoulders. This was a quiet, patient army. There was little talk. The hours passed slowly. My uniform and military pass gave me priority. And yet in eight hours I had only covered fifty miles.

It started to rain as night fell. Now we began to be held up by trucks and automobiles that had run out of gasoline. There was no gasoline to be had. Women stood on the roadside crying to us for gasoline as we passed. We could only look ahead and drive on. The rain continued to fall softly and the night grew very dark, which
made us breathe easier. Even German bombers can't see through a pall of blackness.

Individuals would emerge from the mass when we stopped. Here on the roadside was a woman lying asleep, her head pillowed on her bicycle. Here was a farm wagon that had broken down. A man and woman with their three children, the youngest in the mother's arms, looked at the wreck. The rear axle had broken and when the wagon collapsed its weight had completely smashed one wheel. They stood there looking at it, their faces empty of everything but despair. The road was completely jammed now. A man went from car to car asking: "Is my wife there? She has lost her mind. She has lost her mind."

He asked me and I said: "No, she isn't here." And he looked his amazement at hearing his mother tongue. He was English, had owned a bookstore in Paris. We heard a strange laugh and he ran toward it quickly. I followed. He had found his wife. She had left their car and now she had returned to it. She kept laughing.

Their car had run out of gasoline. They had no food. The woman laughed and then cried a little and said, "Help us."

I took the man back to my tiny car. I showed him my gasoline meter. I had less than three gallons left. There was no room in my car for anything. I had no food. I couldn't help. People around us looked on, saying nothing. There was nothing to be said. Thousands were
in the same predicament. But this woman had cried. That was breaking the rule a little bit. No one else was crying.

Our army went on through the night. Hours later a whisper ran back: "Alerte . . . alerte." It had started perhaps miles ahead and had come back to us. The very few cars that had been showing lights snapped them off. Bombers were somewhere overhead in that black, unknown world above us. We were very quiet, thousands of us.

I stepped out of my car. I flashed my light once to see where we were. I was in the middle of a bridge. Not a good place to be with German bombers overhead. But there was no place to go.

We stood on the bridge, kept from going either backward or forward by the press of cars and trucks and wagons and bicycles and people and by the blackness of the night. Far to the right we could see occasional flashes and now and then hear the sound of the guns. Faintly now we heard the hum of a plane. It may have been the drone of fifty planes, flying high. It's hard to tell at night. Then it stopped. It may have been a French plane or fifty French planes.

Our army resumed its weary, tragic march. Now some turned off the road. We were in a beautiful part of France. It was raining too hard to sleep in the fields that bordered the road. I drove as long as I could, but the intense blackness of night strains your eyes as effec-
tively as strong light does and when I had gone off the road twice I gave up.

Occasionally a car crawled by or a silent bicyclist or a few on foot passed. From the thousands and thousands ahead and behind came an overwhelming silence that somehow had the effect of terrific, overpowering noise. This silent symphony of despair never stopped. It was impossible to sleep. We sat in our cars and our wagons and waited for the dawn. It took hours for it to come and when it arrived it was a murky dawn. Without food or drink, we set forth south, always south.

We passed through small towns. Streams of cars half a mile long would be lined up at a gasoline pump that had run dry days before. Now we passed stranded cars every few minutes. Sometimes people pushed their cars, hoping that there would be fuel in the next town. There was no fuel in the next. There was no fuel and there was no food. We were the stragglers in this army. For more than a week it had been passing this road.

At one town we passed a railroad station. A long freight train was just pulling in from Paris. The doors of the freight cars were open and humanity poured out, spilled, overflowed. These were the cars on which the famous sign, "Forty men, eight horses," was scrawled during the past war. Forty men. There were at least one hundred men and women and children in each of these freight cars. At each station the doors were opened for five minutes. This train had been on the road nearly three
days from Paris. Once the train had been machine-gunned. Not one, but everyone I spoke to, told me the same story. It had been machine-gunned by eight German planes. French fighters had come and driven them off. Had anyone been hit? No one knew.

The congestion increased the farther south we went. People looked even wearier. Thousands of them had walked from Paris. We were a hundred and fifty miles from there now. Finally I arrived at Tours.

There was no rest for weary wanderers in Tours. The bombers came, aiming for an airport on the outskirts of the city and for a bridge that led south. The huge square in front of the city hall was packed with tired refugees. They ran when the bombs crashed. When bombs fell close to you, your only thought is to get somewhere else. They ran but their heavy feet rebelled and when they fell they lay where they had fallen, shapeless bundles of apathy and despair. Three times within an hour the Germans came and the horrible, shrill noise of tearing silk that the bombs made as they screamed earthward and the shattering explosions a second later drained whatever small vitality there was left in the pain-racked bodies of these miserable children of ill fortune.

They had to move on. They stumbled on south, bearing the cross of their despair with the same courage and stoicism that another had borne a cross nearly 2,000 years ago. Then we all had to leave. The Government had left and the wireless had moved south to Bordeaux.
Tours became another ghost town. I took back roads to Bordeaux to avoid the packed humanity of the main route. Near Bordeaux I joined the main road and once more became one of this army.

Bordeaux was bulging at the seams. Bordeaux was an overfilled sack of flour tied too tightly around the middle. It was night and thousands were standing in front of restaurants. When they were told that there was no food left they continued to stand there. Wild rumors chased one another along the dark, packed streets. The Cabinet had resigned; Reynaud was out; there was talk of capitulation. Added to the pain and misery stamped, perhaps permanently, on the faces of these homeless, there was now bewilderment. This thing couldn't be. This country their ancestors had built could not die. They and their fathers before them had tilled the soil, had nursed vineyards and had watched green leaves grow into sturdy vines and had seen the wonder of grapes being born and living and growing. Then they had turned the grapes into pure wine. What crime had they committed that they should now lie miserably in fields and in city streets. Had they placed too much faith in their rulers?

I sat in a crowded restaurant. The alerte sounded. Lights were put out and service ended. A trembling voice cried: "Fifty Boche planes are coming over Bordeaux. I heard it. I know it is true. Fifty planes will kill us all." The voice came from the woman who ran the
restaurant. No one moved. No one said anything. We were all a little bit embarrassed for the woman. Then an officer laughed, “Stop talking nonsense, Madame. Go back to your kitchen and find fifty eggs. We are all hungry.” The woman stared ahead for a moment, brushed the hair back from her forehead and turned into the kitchen. The night was soft, trying perhaps to make one forget the helpless misery of three million homeless who were on the streets of Bordeaux. But no one looked up. The magic of the night was ignored. People were too tired. The English journalists hurried to a destroyer that had been sent for them. They had to get out quickly. We Americans were safe enough for the moment. We crawled into loft buildings to sleep. It was easy to sleep on hard floors. The flight from Paris had been a long and tiring one.

In the morning the homeless again started their pathetic trek to the south. Many left cars on the streets. There was no gasoline. Many abandoned broken wagons and cars and smashed bicycles. Where were they going? They didn’t know. Writing this, I can see the street below filled with the pitiful, ragged army of refugees. For days and for weeks they had endured this agony. It is not a pleasant sight to watch, this twentieth-century Gethsemane.

[June 27, 1940. Rumania yields to Russia’s demand for Pessarabia and northern Bukovina. July 1. German
NAZI VICTORS IN THE PLACE VENDOME, PARIS, AFTER THE SURRENDER OF THE UNDEFENDED CITY, JUNE 14, 1940. A CLIMAX IN ONE OF THE GREAT WORLD TRAGEDIES (Page 64)
FROM AN INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTOGRAPH
THE INVASION OF RUSSIA
(a.d. 1941)

Winston Churchill

I HAVE taken occasion to speak to you tonight because we have reached one of the climacterics of the war. In the first of these intense turning points, a year ago, France fell prostrate under the German hammer and we had to face the storm alone.

The second was when the Royal Air Force beat the Hun raiders out of the daylight air and thus warded off the Nazi invasion of our islands while we were still ill-armed and ill-prepared.

The third turning point was when the President and Congress of the United States passed the lease and lend enactment, devoting nearly 2,000,000,000 sterling of the wealth of the New World to help us defend our liberties and their own.

Those were the three climacterics.

The fourth is now upon us.

At four o'clock this morning Hitler attacked and invaded Russia. All his usual formalities of perfidy were

Broadcast from London, June 22, 1941.
observed with scrupulous technique. A non-aggression treaty had been solemnly signed and was in force between the two countries. No complaint had been made by Germany of its non-fulfillment. Under its cloak of false confidence the German armies drew up in immense strength along a line which stretched from the White Sea to the Black Sea and their air fleets and armored divisions slowly and methodically took up their stations.

Then, suddenly, without declaration of war, without even an ultimatum, the German bombs rained down from the sky upon the Russian cities; the German troops violated the Russian frontiers and an hour later the German Ambassador, who till the night before was lavishing his assurances of friendship, almost of alliance, upon the Russians, called upon the Russian Foreign Minister to tell him that a state of war existed between Germany and Russia.

Thus was repeated on a far larger scale the same kind of outrage against every form of signed compact and international faith which we have witnessed in Norway, in Denmark, in Holland, and in Belgium, and which Hitler's accomplice and jackal, Mussolini, so faithfully imitated in the case of Greece.

All this was no surprise to me. In fact I gave clear and precise warnings to Stalin of what was coming. I gave him warnings as I have given warnings to others before. I can only hope that these warnings did not fall unheeded.
All we know at present is that the Russian people are defending their native soil and that their leaders have called upon them to resist to the utmost.

Hitler is a monster of wickedness, insatiable in his lust for blood and plunder. Not content with having all Europe under his heel or else terrorized into various forms of abject submission, he must now carry his work of butchery and desolation among the vast multitudes of Russia and of Asia. The terrible military machine which we and the rest of the civilized world so foolishly, so supinely, so insensately allowed the Nazi gangsters to build up year by year from almost nothing; this machine cannot stand idle, lest it rust or fall to pieces. It must be in continual motion, grinding up human lives and trampling down the homes and the rights of hundreds of millions of men.

Moreover, it must be fed not only with flesh but with oil. So now this bloodthirsty guttersnipe must launch his mechanized armies upon new fields of slaughter, pillage and devastation. Poor as are the Russian peasants, workmen and soldiers, he must steal from them their daily bread. He must devour their harvests. He must rob them of the oil which drives their plows and thus produce a famine without example in human history.

And even the carnage and ruin which his victory, should he gain it—though he's not gained it yet—will bring upon the Russian people, will itself be only a stepping stone to the attempt to plunge the four or five
hundred millions who live in China and the 350,000,000 who live in India into that bottomless pit of human degradation over which the diabolic emblem of the swastika flaunts itself.

It is not too much to say here this pleasant summer evening that the lives and happiness of a thousand million additional human beings are now menaced with brutal Nazi violence. That is enough to make us hold our breath.

But presently I shall show you something else that lies behind and something that touches very nearly the life of Britain and of the United States.

The Nazi regime is indistinguishable from the worst features of communism. It is devoid of all theme and principle except appetite and racial domination. It excels in all forms of human wickedness, in the efficiency of its cruelty and ferocious aggression. No one has been a more consistent opponent of communism than I have for the last twenty-five years. I will unsay no words that I’ve spoken about it. But all this fades away before the spectacle which is now unfolding.

The past, with its crimes, its follies and its tragedies, flashes away. I see the Russian soldiers standing on the threshold of their native land, guarding the fields which their fathers have tilled from time immemorial. I see them guarding their homes, their mothers and wives praying—ah, yes, for there are times when all pray for
the safety of their loved ones—for the return of the breadwinners, of their champions, of their protectors.

I see the 10,000 villages of Russia, where the means of existence was wrung so hardly from the soil, but where there are still primordial human joys, where maidens laugh and children play. I see advancing upon all this, in hideous onslaught, the Nazi war machine, with its clanking, heel-clicking, dandified Prussian officers, its crafty expert agents, fresh from the cowing and tying down of a dozen countries. I see also the dull, drilled, docile, brutish masses of the Hun soldiery, plodding on like a swarm of crawling locusts. I see the German bombers and fighters in the sky, still smarting from many a British whipping, so delighted to find what they believe is an easier and a safer prey. And behind all this glare, behind all this storm, I see that small group of villainous men who planned, organized and launched this cataract of horrors upon mankind.

And then my mind goes back across the years to the days when the Russian armies were our Allies against the same deadly foe, when they fought with so much valor and constancy and helped to gain a victory, from all share in which, alas, they were, through no fault of ours, utterly cut off.

I have lived through all this and you will pardon me if I express my feelings and the stir of old memories. But now I have to declare the decision of His Majesty's Government, and I feel sure it is a decision in which the
great Dominions will, in due course, concur. And that we must speak of now, at once, without a day's delay. I have to make the declaration, but can you doubt what our policy will be?

We have but one aim and one single irrevocable purpose. We are resolved to destroy Hitler and every vestige of the Nazi regime. From this nothing will turn us. Nothing. We will never parley; we will never negotiate with Hitler or any of his gang. We shall fight him by land; we shall fight him by sea; we shall fight him in the air, until, with God's help we have rid the earth of his shadow and liberated its people from his yoke.

Any man or State that fights against Nazism will have our aid. Any man or State that marches with Hitler is our foe. This applies not only to organized States but to all representatives of that vile race of Quislings who make themselves the tools and agents of the Nazi regime against their fellow countrymen and against the lands of their births. These Quislings, like the Nazi leaders themselves, if not disposed of by their fellow-countrymen, which would save trouble, will be delivered by us on the morrow of victory to the justice of the Allied tribunals. That is our policy and that is our declaration.

It follows, therefore, that we shall give whatever help we can to Russia and to the Russian people. We shall appeal to all our friends and Allies in every part of the world to take the same course and pursue it as we shall, faithfully and steadfastly to the end.
We have offered to the Government of Soviet Russia any technical or economic assistance which is in our power and which is likely to be of service to them. We shall bomb Germany by day as well as by night in ever-increasing measure, casting upon them month by month a heavier discharge of bombs and making the German people taste and gulp each month a sharper dose of the miseries they have showered upon mankind.

It is noteworthy that only yesterday the Royal Air Force, striking inland over France, cut down with very small loss to themselves twenty-eight of the Hun fighting machines in the air above the French soil they have invaded, desfiled, and profess to hold.

But this is only a beginning. From now henceforward the main expansion of our air force proceeds with gathering speed. In another six months the weight of the help we are receiving from the United States in war materials of all kinds, especially in heavy bombers, will begin to tell. This is no class war. It is a war in which the whole British Empire and Commonwealth of Nations is engaged without distinction of race, creed or party.

It is not for me to speak of the action of the United States, but this I will say: If Hitler imagines that his attack on Soviet Russia will cause the slightest division of aims or slackening of effort in the great democracies, who are resolved upon his doom, he is woefully mistaken. On the contrary, we shall be fortified and encouraged in our efforts to rescue mankind from his
tyranny. We shall be strengthened and not weakened in our determination and in our resources.

This is no time to moralize upon the follies of countries and governments which have allowed themselves to be struck down one by one when by united action they could so easily have saved themselves and saved the world from this catastrophe.

But, when I spoke a few minutes ago of Hitler's bloodlust and the hateful appetites which have impelled or lured him on his Russian adventure, I said there was one deeper motive behind his outrage. He wishes to destroy the Russian power because he hopes that if he succeeds in this he will be able to bring back the main strength of his army and air force from the east and hurl it upon this island, which he knows he must conquer or suffer the penalty of his crimes.

His invasion of Russia is no more than a prelude to an attempted invasion of the British Isles. He hopes, no doubt, that all this may be accomplished before the winter comes and that he can overwhelm Great Britain before the fleets and air power of the United States will intervene. He hopes that he may once again repeat upon a greater scale than ever before that process of destroying his enemies one by one, by which he has so long thrived and prospered, and that then the scene will be clear for the final act, without which all his conquests would be in vain, namely, the subjugation of the Western Hemisphere to his will and to his system.
The Russian danger is therefore our danger and the danger of the United States just as the cause of any Russian fighting for his hearth and home is the cause of free men and free peoples in every quarter of the globe.

Let us learn the lessons already taught by such cruel experience. Let us redouble our exertions and strike with united strength while life and power remain.

PEARL HARBOR
(A.D. 1941)

GILBERT CANT

Japanese treachery is nothing new. On February 8, 1904, Admiral Togo attacked the Russian Pacific Fleet at Port Arthur without warning and crippled three major units. In this way he laid the basis for the crushing defeat at Tsushima of the Baltic Fleet, combined with the remnant of the force which he had "copenhagened" at Port Arthur. This naval history was well known to all American officers, and especially to those who had had the advantage of serving in Japan. One of the most studious of them, Captain William D. Puleston, wrote in the summer of 1941, "there will be no American Port Arthur." Captain Puleston was a better judge of history than of some of his superior officers.

There were nine American battleships based on Pearl Harbor in late November and early December 1941. There were also three aircraft carriers which had been integrated with the Pacific Fleet, and the necessary supporting cruisers, destroyers, submarines and auxiliaries.

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On November 28 a carrier task force with the Enterprise as flagship left Pearl Harbor to deliver twelve Grumman fighter planes to Wake Island. This operation coincided with the receipt at Pearl Harbor of a warning from the Navy Department that negotiations with Japan were near a breakdown. As a result, Admiral Halsey was ordered to attack and destroy any non-American naval craft which his task force might encounter. In this respect, Admiral Kimmel, Commander-in-Chief of the Pacific Fleet, appears to have gone beyond the instructions he had received to provide for the security of the fleet. He had taken a similar extreme measure in regard to the security of its base, in ordering that any Japanese submarine which appeared within the prohibited defense areas off Pearl Harbor and other naval anchorages should be destroyed without question put.

Since the second carrier task force also was absent on a mission, there was not a single carrier in Pearl Harbor on the morning of December 7. There were, however, eight battleships, seven cruisers, twenty-eight destroyers and five submarines. The battleship Colorado was on the west coast of the United States. The Pennsylvania was in dry dock, and the seven remaining battleships were moored in a double line off Ford Island, in what is known as Battleship Row. Leaving nothing to chance, the Japanese actually sent one of their midget submarines into the sanctum sanctorum to make sure that the heavy American ships were in their assigned pews. There was
a net with which the entrance was supposed to be closed during the hours of darkness, but it had been designed for man-sized submarines. In any case, it was opened at 0458 (4:58 A.M.) to permit the passage of two American minesweepers and was not replaced. How the midget subs, of 45 tons and with a range of only 200 miles, reached the waters off Oahu, has not been officially disclosed, but it seems most likely that they came from large, ocean-going submarines, at first designed to carry seaplanes, but with the hangars converted for the newer and more deadly brood.

Of the twenty-eight destroyers in the base, twenty-five were in the water, and all of these presumably had sonic devices for the express purpose of detecting the approach of submarines. But nobody expected to find Japanese submarines dodging under the sterns of American battleships in Pearl Harbor, and as a matter of fact nobody did for several hours to come.

The Navy and the Army each had one more chance to learn that an attack was imminent. A suspicious object was sighted off Pearl Harbor at 0630 by the U.S.S. Antares, a target repair ship. This object was attacked, as Kimmel had directed, by a Navy patrol plane cooperating with the destroyer Ward. The destroyer had time to fire one shell at the submarine, which had had the gall to surface, but not enough time to identify it positively before it dived. The destroyer commander's position was far from enviable. The rule that any submarine
approaching the base must identify itself, on pain of attack, was clear. But in the uncertain light, there was no assurance that this was not an American submarine which might be having difficulty with its elevator planes. Despite the uneasy fear that he might be killing three score or more of his own comrades, the destroyer commander obeyed his orders and dropped depth charges. He saw enough wreckage to convince him that the sub was destroyed. The depth charges were dropped between 0633 and 0645. Within that period the patrol plane loosed a single bomb.

The Ward's commander reported his action to base, and was told to verify. After some consideration he repeated his report to the watch officer at the base, at 0712. The chief of staff was notified, but no alert warnings were issued. A possible explanation may be found in the attitude of the officer to whom the patrol plane pilot reported his action: "Keep quiet: most likely it's one of our own subs." The Navy's record of efficiency in guarding its main base is not sustained by this incident. The sinking of any non-American submarine was virtually an act of war. The presence of such craft should have been the clearest warning of imminent danger. A gun was fired, a bomb was dropped, depth charges were exploded, men were killed, and yet no alarm was sounded to bring the fleet to action stations.

If there had been better cooperation between the Army and the Navy, the Ward's encounter might have been
properly assessed. The responsibility for operating the warning system to detect warships and aircraft at a distance from the coasts rested with the Army. The vigilance exercised naturally stood in direct ratio to the expectation of attack. In this connection it is best to quote from the Roberts Report:

On November 27, 1941, there was sufficient partially trained personnel available to operate the aircraft warning system throughout twenty-four hours of the day. ... An arc of nearly 360 degrees around Oahu could have been covered. Admiral Kimmel, on and prior to December 7, 1941, assumed that the aircraft warning system was being fully operated by the Army, but made no inquiry ... as to what the fact was with respect to its operation.

Actually the aircraft warning system was being operated from 0400 to 0700, the hours around dawn during which a surprise attack was most to be feared. The War Department states:

Joseph L. Lockard, then a private, was the operator in charge of the detector unit. ... At approximately 7:02 A.M. [0702] a signal was detected on his instruments which, in the opinion of Lockard, signified a large number of airplanes in flight approximately 132 miles distant. ... Lockard promptly contacted the duty officer of the information center and furnished him with complete particulars of the readings.

The Roberts Report supplies the additional point that the unidentified planes were on a bearing slightly east of north of Oahu, and goes on to say that Lockard:
... reported this fact at 7:20 A.M. [0720] to a lieutenant of the Army who was at the central information center, having been detailed there to familiarize himself with the operation of the system. This inexperienced lieutenant, having information that certain United States planes might be in the vicinity at the time, assumed that the planes in question were friendly planes, and took no action with respect to them. The recording of the observation made indicated that these airplanes were tracked toward the island and then lost.

The Japanese planes which were the subject of this report were heading directly for the northeastern part of Oahu. Others approached their targets from a more westerly direction, the Japanese evidently having split their task group into two forces to reduce the likelihood of detection, and to minimize their losses in case one portion should be intercepted. What vessels they used is not yet known with certainty, but the available data point accusingly at the three carriers Hiryu, Soryu and Koryu. Probably they carried an increased complement of fifty planes each, of which 25 per cent would not be expected to return from the first attack for refueling and rearming.

The naval air station at Kaneohe Bay was the first objective. The commandant, Captain H. M. Martin, was at breakfast. Hearing aircraft of which he had had no advance notification, he looked out and saw three flights of three planes each making a right turn into the bay. His instantaneous official reaction, the result of careful training and strict discipline, was anger at the prohibited
right turn. His fifteen-year-old son, David, drew attention to the Rising Sun insignia. It was 0748. The Japanese planes skimmed over the water, no more than fifty feet high, toward the anchored American seaplanes. Crews which were being ferried out to service the seaplanes were the first victims of hostilities in the Pacific. Their small boats were raked with machine gun fire as the Japanese aircraft, now winning the designation "enemy," swept on over the seaplanes. Casualties were heavy among both men and planes. The latter were riddled by incendiary bullets and their gasoline tanks caught fire. The enemy kept on over the ramp on which some seaplanes had been drawn out of the water. These were wrecked. Then the hangar was set afire. As the Japanese turned to execute a figure 8, they were brought under fire—by a single Lewis machine gun on a portable mount which an ordnance man had snatched from the armory and set up atop a large garbage can.

The enemy planes, apparently all fighters, departed unscathed. Twenty minutes later there appeared nine fighters and nine bombers. The latter dropped two bombs each. According to an unofficial investigator, the squadron which had shattered Kaneohe flew on toward the Marine Corps' air base at Ewa. The pattern at Ewa was the same as at Kaneohe. The only opposition came from free machine guns on improvised mounts in exposed positions, and casualties were far heavier among the defenders than among the attackers.
But Kaneohe and Ewa were minor objectives compared with the Army’s big fighter plane base at Wheeler Field, its heavy bomber base at Hickam Field, and the Navy’s field for wheeled planes on Ford Island, in Pearl Harbor. The enemy’s technique was perfectly uniform and uniformly perfect. First the fighters strafed the exposed American fighters, pinning them to the ground, helpless. Then the bombers came to complete the destruction, under an umbrella of fighters which had an incidental offensive value in strafing.

The first phases of these coordinated and simultaneous attacks took less time to execute than they take to describe. The enemy’s task was made infinitely easier by the fact that both Army and Navy authorities in Hawaii had dismissed a surprise air raid on the Territory as impossible, but had been greatly disturbed by fears of sabotage. There were in the islands 157,000 persons of Japanese origin, of whom almost one-fourth were aliens. It was known that there was a potential fifth column among them; how large was not known. However, the authorities overestimated the danger of sabotage at our military installations, and ordered aircraft to be drawn up in lines in the open on the fields, where they could be guarded most efficiently by sentries whose beats and arcs of fire would overlap. This precaution, desirable against sabotage, was fatal when the “impossible” surprise air attack developed. Great numbers of planes were parked wing-tip to wing-tip in neat rows clear of the
trees or other natural cover. The Japanese fliers could have asked for nothing more.

The Army's fighter planes at Wheeler were Curtiss P-40s (Tomahawks if they were models A or B, Kittyhawks if they were models C or D). Sixty-six of these were destroyed. Others, at this and other fields, were temporarily disabled or were unable to take off because the runways were blocked by wrecks or pocked with bomb craters.

For cold-blooded efficiency, the attack on Hickam was the most remarkable. Scarcely a bomb or a bullet was wasted. A sheet metal worker who was rushed first to Wheeler and then to Hickam has described both. Of the former, where the six large buildings included four hangars, he writes: "It was dreadful. Half of it was a mass of smoking embers. Four hangars were gone. Fully forty planes were destroyed, never having left the ground. The rows of tents next the hangars had been machine gunned until they looked like sieves." But he found Hickam "heartrending—worse by far than Wheeler. The barracks were destroyed. The only building left almost untouched was the hospital."

The Navy's field and hangars on Ford Island were given the same treatment as the Army installations. Four squadrons of Catalina flying boats (Consolidated PBYs) were smashed and burned. The Ford Island hangars were bombed and strafed; anything which appeared on the runways was strafed. If it had not been for the day's
delay caused by the bad weather, all the aircraft from Admiral Halsey's task force would have been targets at Ford Island. As it was, only the eighteen units of Scouting Squadron 6, flying ahead of the task force from the Enterprise to Ford Island, became involved in the attack on Pearl Harbor, and as attackers, not as targets. They had been flown off from the carrier at 0700 when 210 miles southwest of Barbers Point and arrived over Oahu at the height of the action. Four were shot down, but not without taking their toll of the enemy. Of those which landed on Ford Island when their gasoline and ammunition were expended, thirteen were serviceable to fly later in the day.

These eighteen planes of VS6 are included in the total of 202 naval aircraft available at Oahu that day. Of these, 150 were disabled in the first few minutes, including eighty which were totally destroyed. Of the fifty-two naval planes not disabled, few were of types suitable for repelling aerial attack. The Army had 273 aircraft on the island; ninety-seven were destroyed at Hickam and Wheeler fields alone before they could leave the ground. How many more were lost in combat and at subsidiary fields is not known, but with the ratio of naval plane losses as a guide, a hundred more must have been permanently or temporarily disabled.

The first warning of the imminent attack on Pearl Harbor itself was given by lookouts atop the Navy Yard signal tower at 0755. No word of the hostilities which
began seven minutes earlier at Kaneohe Bay had been communicated to them, possibly because of severed telephone lines at the outlying station. Ironically enough, the Japanese had to expend their first ammunition against a civilian flivver plane which a Honolulu lawyer named Roy Vitousek was flying, just for fun, but which happened to be in the way as fifteen Zero fighters came in to strafe Ford Island and Hickam. The lookouts heard the machine-gun fire and saw the Japanese insignia, and hoisted visual alarm signals. The response was instantaneous. It must be borne in mind that no advance warning had been received, so no condition of alert was in effect aboard the eighty-six naval vessels of all types then in Pearl Harbor. Only the ready machine guns aboard the larger craft were manned. But—contrary to reports that the bulk of the men were absent on overnight liberty or were recovering from hangovers—the Roberts Report states that 60 per cent of all officers were aboard their ships, with 97 per cent of the enlisted men, when the attack began, and this constituted adequate complements of men fit for duty.

The Japanese pilots had exact instructions not only as to the vessels they were to attack and where they were located—for example, the West Virginia was moored alongside the Tennessee, with the latter inshore—but also as to the portions of the ships which were most vital and most vulnerable. Within a minute or so after the fighters and bombers had begun their assault on the air-
fields, other squadrons swooped on the battleships. Twenty-one torpedo planes were employed in four groups. The Navy says they were "assisted effectively" by dive-bombers, thirty of which appeared in eight waves during this phase of the operation. These two types of planes, expertly teamed, constituted the major threat. At the same time, they were the most vulnerable to a concentrated fire from machine guns and antiaircraft artillery. The Japanese pilots showed great determination in pressing home their attacks, but there is nothing to suggest that the enemy was using suicide squadrons so early in the war.

American naval men, who certainly are not lacking in courage, were amazed by the persistence with which the Jap fliers completed their runs in the face of machine-gun fire which broke out immediately from the battleships, and of artillery which was brought into play within four to five minutes. A senior officer of the Nevada, who was aboard the hospital ship Solace waiting for mass to begin, "saw a flight of torpedo planes flying toward Battleship Row, dropping torpedoes. I even saw one headed for my ship, but it burst into flame and a loud cheer went up." This may have been a defective torpedo, but more likely an alert gunner aboard the Nevada had trained a machine gun upon it and perforated the warhead casing. The officer "couldn't understand why many more of the raiders didn't come down in that blaze of fire from our ships, but they stayed right
on their course.” He underwent a strafing attack on his way to the Nevada, and almost as soon as he stepped aboard, he saw a torpedo hit the Arizona. “It was a dead sound, like a big swish of wind going through foliage.” The Arizona was under simultaneous dive-bombing attack. Japanese pilots up to this moment had been derided as ill-trained, myopic and lacking in a sense of balance, but one of them maneuvered his craft into position for a perfect bullseye, the hit of which every aviator dreams but rarely achieves—directly upon the smokestack. The twenty-six-year-old battleship’s funnel lacked the elaborate precautions built into later vessels to minimize damage from such a hit, and the heavy bomb penetrated the fire rooms. The boilers blew up first. Then the forward magazine, containing 14-inch shells and cordite charges in silk bags, went up. The effects can better be imagined than described.

The officer who had just returned to the Nevada believed that the flames would reach the bow of his ship, since she was anchored on the Arizona’s quarter, and suggested that they get under way. “The engine-room said it would take a half hour, but I said we had better get under way right now. We cast off the lines, backed the engines, and the bow started moving out. We cleared the Arizona and a repair ship [the Vestal] which was also alongside about forty feet away. Our gun crew shielded the ammunition with their own bodies as we
moved past the blazing Arizona. As we squared off
down the channel the Japs began dive-bombing.”

Presumably this officer was Lieutenant Commander
Francis J. Thomas. For Thomas, although a reservist,
was senior surviving officer aboard the Nevada. He took
command, and the Navy says he handled his ship “in an
outstanding manner.” His Navy Cross citation reads:
“Although the Nevada had been torpedoed and bombed,
he displayed excellent judgment in promptly getting
her under way and moving her from the proximity of
another ship which was surrounded by burning oil and
afire from stem to stern.”

The old Nevada was hit by a dive bomber almost as
soon as she started down the narrow, winding channel
for the safety that was believed to lie in the open sea,
where she would have greater maneuverability. Before
first-aid squads could clear the wounded from her decks,
more Japanese planes saw what seemed to be a golden
opportunity—to sink her in the channel and thus bottle
up the entire battle fleet for untold weeks to come.

The first bomb had struck the Nevada’s deck close to
a 5-inch antiaircraft battery. Only one gun stopped
firing. Every other piece of artillery aboard which could
be elevated to a high angle was in action, along with
machine guns. Lieutenant Clarence E. Dickinson of the
Enterprise, who must be regarded as an expert witness
since he had been trained in dive-bombing, estimates that
eighteen to twenty Japanese planes took turns in trying
to sink the *Nevada*. His judgment of their performance is that they were "so eager that bombs fell first on one side of the old battle-wagon, and then on the other." Nevertheless, the *Nevada* was hit several times and as she neared the end of the narrow channel alongside Ford Island she received orders not to leave the harbor. Her engines were reversed and she was run gently aground opposite the hospital. Presumably the decision to keep her inside the harbor was based not only on the danger of her being sunk where she might block the exit, but also on the hazard presented by submarines lying outside.

The *Oklahoma*, sister ship of the *Nevada*, was hit by one or more "tin fish" dropped by the first flight of torpedo bombers. She at once developed a heavy list. The first torpedo struck a few seconds after the quartermaster had announced over the public address system: "All hands to general quarters! This is no ——. The Japs are attacking!" Most of the men whose assigned positions were above decks reached their battle stations and manned the guns as the *Oklahoma* began to heel over. Many kept on firing until they were literally washed from their positions by the rush of water over the decks of the capsizing battleship, and cheered the more fortunate *Nevada* as she passed them. Hundreds were trapped below. Even before the smoke of battle cleared, civilian workers were notified that boat crews passing the overturned hull had heard tappings. They swarmed over the
slimy, exposed bottom of the ship, cut holes in its steel plates, and rescued thirty-two.

The California and West Virginia also were heavily hit. The former was berthed alone and exposed, southwest of other ships in "The Row;" the latter was in the outer line with the Oklahoma. The Nevada, although exposed at the end of the Row, had room to maneuver, while the Tennessee and Maryland were sheltered between the outer line and the island. The three last-named thus escaped torpedoing. The Nevada, as already noted, was hit by bombs and somewhat severely damaged; the Tennessee and Maryland also were struck, but the bombs either were lighter or were poorly aimed, for they did no structural or other military damage such as would incapacitate the vessels. The Pennsylvania, in drydock, was hit more than once, but at least one of the bombs was a dud, and did only physical—as distinct from explosive—damage to the 14-inch forward turret which it struck. Examination of this missile disclosed that it was not a true bomb, but a 15-inch armor-piercing shell which had been modified by the attachment of wooden fins. The explosive charge was found to be forty years old.

The torpedoes also may have been old, but they proved deadly enough. One struck the California directly below the foremast and opened an oil bunker. The fuel spurted upwards and over the decks, and caught fire. Eyewitnesses say the battleship looked like a tanker which had been hit. A sailor, roasting and suffocating even in the
crow's nest, leaped almost a hundred feet into the water, covered as it was with blazing oil. He was forced to swim under water for the greater part of the distance to Ford Island. When he crawled ashore, all the hair had been burned from his head. But he was more fortunate than many of his shipmates. They were among the hundreds who were fatally or seriously wounded by burns during this morning of literally blazing action. Efforts to control the fires aboard the California required the flooding of many compartments which so decreased the ship's buoyancy that she settled slowly in the mud, with a pronounced list.

The West Virginia was the only one of our 16-inch gun "Treaty" battleships to suffer heavily from the Japanese attack. There was no doubt about the Japanese determination to destroy her. She was the target of especially concentrated assaults and was struck by four torpedoes and two heavy bombs. At least one of the torpedoes struck her aft, so that she began to settle by the stern. The damage control officer, realizing that the danger of serious damage on the inshore side of the ship was negligible, ordered the ballast tanks on this side flooded, to counterbalance the increased weight given to the exposed side by water rushing in through the four torpedo holes. In this way the West Virginia was kept on an even keel, whereas she might well have capsized, after the manner of the Oklahoma.
The commanding officer of the *West Virginia* was Captain Mervyn S. Bennion, who went to his station in the conning tower at the first alarm, but moved to the signal bridge, to have a less obstructed view in directing his ship, as soon as he realized that the fleet was under aerial attack. At the moment he stepped on to the exposed bridge the captain was struck by a fragment of the bomb which had ricocheted off the *Tennessee*, and the upper part of his abdomen was laid open. Despite the severity of his wounds, he retained consciousness and he refused to allow himself to be carried from the bridge for greater protection.

One of the outstanding heroes of the entire action was Commander (later Captain) Cassin Young, of the repair ship *Vestal*, which was moored alongside the *Arizona* and near the *Nevada*. Captain Young was to be killed in action eleven months later as commanding officer of the *San Francisco*. The citation accompanying the award of the Congressional Medal of Honor for valor as captain of the *Vestal* at Pearl Harbor reads: “He proceeded to the bridge and later took personal command of the antiaircraft gun. When blown overboard by the blast of the forward magazine explosion of the *Arizona*, to which the *Vestal* was moored, he swam back to his own ship. The entire forward part of the *Arizona* was a blazing inferno with oil afire between the two ships. Despite severe enemy bombing and strafing at the time and his shocking experience of having been
blown overboard, Commander Young with extreme coolness and calmness moved his ship to an anchorage distant from the _Arizona._" 

So much for Battleship Row. The Japanese had set out to break the backbone of American naval power in the Pacific. Of the nine battleships then in that ocean, eight had been at Pearl Harbor; one was damaged in drydock, one was destroyed, one was capsized, one was "sunk at one end," one was "sunk at one side," one was beached; only two were relatively unscathed. With the absent _Colorado_, they made a total of three capital ships capable of taking the seas within a day or two, but they were outnumbered four to one by the enemy's battle line. To that extent, the Japanese attack was, as the Navy officially concedes, "very successful." The fact that our aircraft carriers escaped was, as already mentioned, largely fortuitous. With the carriers, and on sundry other assignments away from the fleet's main base, were the bulk of our cruisers and destroyers. But there were other tempting targets which the enemy did not overlook.

Militarily the least important of these was the gunnery training ship _Utah_, still bearing her old battleship name although long since demilitarized. Because she was lying at a carrier berth, the Japanese swooped in and fired torpedoes at her without taking time to check their identification, and after she capsized there was no way for
them to obtain confirmation. So Tokyo long nursed the illusion that a carrier had been sunk.

The new light cruiser Helena was damaged by a torpedo, and the Honolulu, similar but slightly less modern, suffered a severe bomb hit. A third light cruiser, the 18-year-old Raleigh, of only 7,050 tons, absorbed a torpedo.

In drydock with the Pennsylvania were the destroyers Cassin, Shaw and Downes. The first and last were struck by bombs which detonated their magazines, fired their oil and rendered the vessels valueless except for scrap. The Shaw was hit in the bow and set afire. The flames could not be controlled with the limited water available, and gradually they crept toward the forward magazines. The explosion which resulted when the fire reached the stored ammunition was only less spectacular than that aboard the Arizona. An immense ball of fire ringed by heavy black smoke rose hundreds of feet into the air and then burst with a secondary explosion which knocked down scores of people within a radius of two or three hundred yards.

The Japanese have admitted the loss of the entire force of "special submarines," and have variously described it as numbering five, seven and nine craft. They also conceded the loss of two standard submarines off Pearl Harbor; one of these evidently was the Ward's victim.

By far the greater part of the action described took place between 0755 and 0825. There was then a fifteen-
PEARL HARBOR, DECEMBER 7, 1941. U.S. BATTLESHIPS WEST VIRGINIA, TENNESSEE AND ARIZONA LIE STRICKEN AFTER THE JAPANESE ATTACK. THE ARIZONA, WHICH EXPLODED AND SANK, WAS A TOTAL LOSS (Page 104)

FROM AN OFFICIAL U.S. NAVY PHOTOGRAPH
minute lull, disturbed only by isolated aerial combats between the few defending American planes and stragglers among the Japanese fighters and dive bombers. This relative calm was ended by the appearance of horizontal bombers, which the Navy says "crossed and re-crossed their targets from various directions and caused serious damage." Dive bombers also reappeared within a short time, but dropped few bombs and devoted themselves largely to strafing. The main combat squadrons retired at 0945. Reconnaissance planes and nuisance raiders appeared three times around noon and once in the evening, but there was little more they could accomplish against a base which was now on the alert.

The American fleet had been "copenhagened," or, to take the more modern and precise analogy, "port-arthured." The only immediate, material cost to the Japanese was an undetermined number of aircraft, up to about sixty, and less than a dozen submarines, most of which were little better than expensive toys. But the enemy paid an incalculable price in psychological weapons. Until "this date which will live in infamy," the colossus of the Western Hemisphere had slumbered as long and almost as soundly as Rip Van Winkle. The fury which was aroused in the American people by this treacherous assault was worth more than any battleships. The loss of such antiques as the Arizona and Oklahoma meant far less than the loss of trained personnel, and on this point the cold analysis of the military mind found
ready agreement with the warm emotional reaction of the public. No less than 2,117 officers and men of the Navy and Marine Corps were killed, while 960 listed as missing must be given up for lost, shattered beyond recognition by bombs or torpedoes or entombed in the bowels of their ships.

In the Navy, there was no need for a propaganda campaign to "Remember Pearl Harbor." It was impossible for the men of the fleet to put it out of their minds until they had avenged it, for it was by far the greatest disaster in American naval history.
CONGRESS DECLARES A STATE OF WAR WITH JAPAN

(A.D. 1941)

JOINT RESOLUTION: Declaring that a state of war exists between the Imperial Government of Japan and the Government and the people of the United States and making provisions to prosecute the same.

Whereas the Imperial Government of Japan has committed unprovoked acts of war against the Government and the people of the United States of America: Therefore be it

Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the state of war between the United States and the Imperial Government of Japan which has thus been thrust upon the United States is hereby formally declared; and the President is hereby authorized and directed to employ the entire naval and military forces of the United States and the resources of the Government to carry on war against the Imperial Government of Japan; and, to bring the conflict to a successful termination, all of the resources of the country are hereby pledged by the Congress of the United States.

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[December 8, 1941. President Roosevelt in an address before a joint session of Congress rehearses the facts of Japanese aggression against Hawaii, Guam, the Philippines, Wake Island, Midway Island, Hong Kong and Malaya, December 7 and 8, and asks that Congress recognize that a state of war exists between the United States and the Japanese Empire. On the same day, Congress declares war on Japan, unanimously except for one dissenting vote in the House.

THE KNOCKOUT AT MIDWAY
(a.d. 1942)

Fletcher Pratt

Some time between 8:30 and 9:00 on the morning of June 4th the crisis of the Battle of Midway had been passed, though no one in the American forces knew it at the time. The Japanese had struck hard with their sea-borne air forces at our island base and had damaged it; still more had they damaged the aerial resources of the defense. But our land-based aviators had also struck at them; they had lost at least one of their transports, one carrier at least was in very bad shape, a second damaged, there were bombs in other vessels all through the fleet; and their aerial losses were such that only victory could pay for them. They had not won this victory. They were accepting a drawn battle, turning round to come back later for another try—perhaps no later than the next day—when a force of which they were completely ignorant came rushing into action.

It was the American carrier striking force of Admiral Spruance.
This striking force, which you will recall had been hurrying toward Midway that eventful morning, had three carriers—*Yorktown*, *Hornet*, and *Enterprise*. The carriers were hull-down from one another, now somewhat northeast of Midway, still running fast toward the scene of action. In all the ships, pilots had been called from their bunks at three o'clock; by four they were in the ready-rooms, talking excitedly as weather information and the course and speed of the enemy were posted on the blackboards. On some vessels loudspeakers were tuned in on the battle frequency; everyone aboard could hear the shouts of Henderson's men as they went into their desperate adventure, the voice of a young B-17 pilot, breaking with emotion on the high note, the clear, rapid words of Colonel Sweeney making his assignments. A flash from the high command said the Japs were attacking Midway. The Jap bombers making that attack must have been almost in sight of our ships behind the thin, chill haze that covered the morning where they were, and still the ships were pushing west at such speed that the destroyers were taking it green over their bows. At 7:30 the pilots manned planes and were summoned from them again, stamping the deck and apostrophizing the bridge—"Wouldn't you think at a time like this they'd get things straight up there?"

Just before nine Spruance got straight the two matters that had to be straight before he could release his thunderbolt. First, the enemy carriers had been found. Sec-
ond, his own carriers had moved into position where fighters could give the attacking planes cover all the way in. The American fleet had now run through its haze area into clear bright weather. "Pilots, man your planes!" 

From Lieutenant Dickinson's unidentified carrier there were 14 torpedo planes, 36 dive bombers and fighter escort; from each of the other carriers about the same, to make up the greatest concentration of sea-air strength yet seen in war. The *Hornet's* Torpedo Squadron 8 was under Lieutenant Commander John C. Waldron; among the flying clouds of the weather front near the target he lost contact with the rest of our planes and could not find the enemy. Convinced that the course he had flown should have brought him to intercept the Japs near where they were last reported and that the clouds would not hide so great a concentration of ships, he reasoned that there was only one explanation for missing them—the Japs must have turned back whence they had come. He turned northwest therefore, and a little after 11 o'clock found them, four carriers sliding along in a close group, with all the retinue of other ships around.

The long run had taken nearly all his gas, he had lost the fighters that were to cover him, and the Japs were now located. "Request permission to withdraw from action to refuel," he radioed. But the enemy had slipped observation once; they might do it again and return with their superior force. "Attack at once" radioed back the
“Human Machine,” though the men in those planes were his friends.

Ensign George Gay was one of that squadron. He has described how they found the Jap fleet closely bunched around their carriers, a line less than ten miles long from end to end, to get the maximum effect from their AA fire, and how Zeros swarmed round the American planes as they went in, taking every advantage of the fact that a torpedo plane has to make a long level run before launching.

“I’m hit,” said Gay’s machine-gunner over the interphone, but the plane still worked; Gay drove in toward the bows of an onrushing carrier, dropped his missile, swung up and along her side toward the stern. A Jap shell went off right in the middle of the rudder controls, burning his leg, and at almost the same moment a bullet hit his left arm. The plane stalled and struck the water, already several miles astern of the carrier. As Gay came up, the tail of the machine stuck out of the water, but of his gunner and radioman there was no sign; they were gone with every other man of Torpedo 8. Gay was the only survivor. A bag floated free from the wreck with a rubber raft in it, and a small black bombardier’s cushion. He grabbed the cushion, bandaged his wounds under water, and looked up in time to catch the most spectacular sight of the war.

Lieutenant Commander Clarence McCluskey with Bombing 6 and Scouting 6 (all carrying bombs this day)
had found the Japs and was attacking—this time with fighter cover. The undamaged carrier *Kaga* was making her full 30 knots into the wind, trying to shoot off her refueled fighters; for the attack had come as a dreadful surprise to the Japs, who thought they were done with Midway. The first three bombs missed, and back on our carriers the radios picked up McCluskey's fervent swearing. But of the next three, one landed among the airplanes on the *Kaga*'s afterdeck, lighting a fire that burned with electric brilliance even in the candid daylight; one went through into the hangar deck to toss a column of debris aloft; and one set light to the planes forward, ready to fly. Then there were hits and hits till the *Kaga* blazed from stem to stern and the last man in the formation gave his load of bombs to a destroyer, which stopped with smoke and steam gushing from the engine room. Gay saw a prodigious column of flame shoot up from the *Kaga* and even at his distance felt a shock through the water. Her magazines had gone.

When he looked at the other carriers he could see the *Akagi* burning fiercely, fired by Lieutenant Best's Bombing 6, with nobody knows how many hits as she sought in vain to maneuver with that torpedo hole in her side. The *Soryu* too was alight; she had been hit by Bombing 3 (normally the *Saratoga*'s squadron, but the Navy has not said what ship they flew from June 4th). And two of the battleships were burning. All across the horizon a long line of warships were rocking and blazing on the
slow Pacific swell. Down near the water our torpedo planes from our other carriers were coming in, much harried by Zeros, which seemed to have taken them as their especial targets and let the ships care for themselves against the bombers—one reason why it was bomber’s field day while the torpedo men suffered. Out of 41 American torpedo planes that left the carriers that morning only 6 got home, and nobody knows whether they accomplished much or little. No one has much detail of any kind on this last stage of the attack. Gay saw only that line of burning giants with destroyers hurrying round to pump and salvage. Dickinson, from his more comprehensive point of view aloft, saw the undamaged Hiryu hurrying away into the mists. The second phase of the battle was over and the Japanese were a beaten fleet.

It must have been about this time that the radios carried the message reported by Correspondent Casey—the gasp of a Japanese scout as he came through a cloud: “My God, the whole United States fleet is out here!”

But there was life in those Japanese yet; there was one punch left in the Hiryu. Our carriers had turned and were steaming southwestward, keeping their distance from those fast Japanese battleships, since they had nothing stronger than fighters left aboard and nothing better than cruisers to cover them. (The Scharnhorst had sunk the Glorious in a few minutes off Norway under such conditions.) The three carrier groups were spread very wide, hull down from one another, which kept the Japs
A.D. 1942  

THE KNOCKOUT AT MIDWAY

from hitting all of them at once as theirs had been hit, but also increased the enemy's chances of finding and hitting at least one—a variation in method that will doubtless long exercise tacticians. Put it that this was a special case; there was no longer any chance of concealment in that clear, still day with our planes battering the Japanese ships, and Spruance's spread formation allowed the fighter planes from all to go to the aid of the first carrier attacked.

It was the Yorktown, the northernmost ship, that was struck just after 1 o'clock by 36 dive bombers from the Hiryu, which may have followed some of our planes home from their foray. "Stand by to repel air attack," said her loudspeakers, and the fighter patrols of the other carriers joined the Yorktown's. "It was damned spectacular," said an officer of one carrier. "On the horizon there would be a flash of flame and a mass of thick black smoke plunging downward to the sea. There would be another flash and another downward pencil; finally it looked like the sky over there was covered by a curtain of smoke streamers."

Only seven Jap planes came through that hornet's nest of American fighters, but they came in a mood of Oriental desperation, and despite losing three more at the ship, they planted bombs. One hit the Yorktown just abaft the island, smashed up the guns there, and started a fire; another hit in the forward elevator well and started more fire from the tanks of the planes on
the hangar deck; and still another bomb went through the side of the funnel, blowing out the fires in the ship’s engine room. The Yorktown stopped; watching her from the Hornet’s deck they could see a tall column of smoke shoot straight up. But on the damaged carrier the fires were got in hand and Engineer Officer John F. Delaney said he could work her up to fifteen knots after repairs.

Among our other ships the mood had become a kind of restrained jubilation. They had heard the words and broken exclamations on battle frequency—“Take the one on the right, Joe.” “Boy, look at that bastard burn.” “Zero on your tail, Zero on your tail”—and a few fliers’ reports were on hand. Everyone was saying our big attack on the Japanese fleet had been a success, though how much of a success would be uncertain till the planes came trailing in just before and during the attack on the Yorktown.

But the Hornet’s planes did not come home at all; Torpedo 8 was all down, as we have seen, and the ship’s scout-bombing groups had traveled just enough farther than the rest to leave them short of juice to get home. A few crash-landed at sea; the rest made Midway with the last drops in their tanks, two falling short of the runway by exactly the 300 feet which brought them down in the lagoon, whence their pilots waded ashore. The Yorktown’s planes came back in twos and threes, many of them hurt, but Bombing 3 had suffered little, and Bomb-
ing 6 was there, all in formation as though returning from a training flight.

They and all the other planes in the fleet still fit for work were refueled and remunitioned, while the pilots grabbed sandwiches and coffee, and then took off again to get that last Jap carrier, the *Hiryu*, and break up her flight deck. She and her escort, which now seems to have included most of the support force (since it had two battleships and a heavy cruiser besides destroyers), had steamed right away from the rest of the dolorous Japanese armada, northeastward. A good trick if it worked, but we had practical command of the air now, and our scouts found her. Whoever it was that first saw her, a *Yorktown* man, Lieutenant Sam Adams, scuttling along the edge of the clouds with his radio key open, described the course, speed, and composition of the *Hiryu* and her escorting group of ships so accurately that the tactical officers back on our carriers could assign precise targets to every man. Thus it happened that this was the most carefully worked-out attack of them all.

It must have been 2:30 in the afternoon, or later, before our attacking group of planes got away; and since the two fleets were now farther apart and steaming away from each other, it must have been after 4:00 before they reached the *Hiryu* group. Now the day-long losing battle that Japanese airmen had fought began to have its effect. Their fighter opposition was weak. Their anti-aircraft fired furiously enough, but the men who fired must
have reached the point of black despair over the endless procession of star-marked planes that came out of the clouds to pound their dying ships. Hardly a blow from all that group of American planes missed its target; the Hiryu was hit and hit again with bombs timed to pierce her deck till she burned from end to end. Both battleships were hit, the cruiser and the destroyer were hit, while our loss was next to nothing.

By now it was after four o'clock. At about this time a flight of Army Flying Fortresses from Oahu, which had used their immense range to run 1000 miles or more to the battle area, were getting low on gas and had seen neither friend nor enemy through the broken clouds. "Prepare to drop bombs," said the squadron leader. They all thought they were going to jettison and make the best of their way back to base, but the lead plane dipped and as they followed it down, "in the distance we saw hundreds of fighter planes hovering above a line of burning ships," says one of them. "Someone said on the interphone, 'Everybody at battle stations, here come the Zeros.'" But the Zeros did not come, and a moment later the Army men realized delightedly that what had looked like Zeros were only the anti-aircraft bursts from ships whose fighter protection was now 500 fathoms down at the bottom of the Pacific, all of them blazing away in wild nervousness 20 miles in advance of the attackers.
"No undamaged carriers were visible," and the two battleships in sight were both burning. The fliers chose targets of opportunity. Three big bombs completed the ruin of the Akagi; a heavy cruiser was hit and a light cruiser. One bomb struck square on the fantail of a destroyer, which was halfway under and covered by a cloud of smoke as the planes soared away to make emergency landings on Midway.

But in their last gasp of the day the Japs got the Yorktown. A flight of 15 torpedo planes from the Hiryu crossed our attack force somewhere in the skies (why they did not come simultaneously with their bombers is another of the minor mysteries of Midway) and came in on the damaged carrier with fighter escort while their own ships were getting the works.

Seven Jap torpedo planes and some of the fighters went down in a savage dogfight; three more fell to the carrier’s AA fire before they could launch their torpedoes, and all the rest were lost in the pull-out, lost to American fighters who bravely entered their own barrage to get at the enemy. (At least one of them, Ensign Tootle, came down in the water with an engine knocked dead by that barrage.) Five torpedoes streaked toward the Yorktown. If she had had her full speed she might have avoided them; if Engineer Delaney had not given her 21 knots, instead of the 15 he promised, they would all have hit her. As it was, two struck, one forward, one amidships on the port side. The engines stopped, the
ship took a heavy list. "My God, she's going to capsize," said a lieutenant on one of the escorting destroyers.

She was not going to capsize; but she rolled out black smoke and Captain Buckmaster sadly gave the order to abandon ship as men fought their way up through dark compartments to slide down ropes and nets for the waiting destroyers to pick them up. She was not going to capsize, though her deck lay at so sharp an angle that her planes could not land, and one of them, coming in on the *Hornet*, caused that ship her only casualties of the battle. (He was a fighter pilot, badly wounded, and he lurched against the firing button of his .50, unconscious as his injured plane crumpled at contact with the deck, and sent off slugs that cut down eight men.)

The day of battle was over. On the *Yorktown*, black and monstrous in the twilight, damage-control parties were pumping and shoring to bring the ship to an even keel. A few officers were drinking coffee in the wardroom of the *Hornet*, their faces drawn, their conversation the disjointed sentences of men half dead with fatigue as they discussed the Headquarters announcement that had come through the loudspeaker to quiet rumor: "Four enemy aircraft carriers attacked and severely damaged... our losses in planes were heavy... one of our carriers out of action." The depression of weariness had followed the fury. "We sent off fifty-three dive bombers and only got five back. If their admiral has any sense
he'll send those battleships in on us tonight. Has anybody heard? What's left at the Island?"

Back at Honolulu the Army was preparing the broadcast that was to cause so much trouble through the impression of the uninformed that it was claiming all the credit for victory.

At Honolulu Admiral Nimitz, and out at Midway Captain Simard were trying to reconcile the reports of men who had seen the enemy only during the few seconds while they were flashing past at 300 miles an hour under intense attack. More reports kept coming in; PBY's were out all over the ocean that night and more were going out, some getting hit and coming down on the water, some coming down without being hit, to conserve their last precious fuel by taxiing in. At Midway the oil fire still burned—the Flying Fortresses had used it as a beacon—and everyone was working like mad at the task of repair, pausing now and then to snatch something to eat from the kettles that boiled in the open. "Before that attack the contractors were just contractors, but after it they just couldn't do enough," said one of the Marines who saw them. What was left of Marine Bombing 241 had had its planes fixed up and would go out presently under Major Norris for a night attack in that worldless black, each plane steering on the faint blue exhaust flare of the one ahead, and Major Norris would not come back.
It was a twilight of tension and doubt, through which no one at Midway or Honolulu or in the fleet realized what a state of material and moral disintegration the Japanese were in after having suffered a defeat beyond palliation. Our fleet steamed steadily east and away from an enemy who might be coming back for a surface attack by night, when our aerial mastery would be void. No one knew—no one could know then—that under this same twilight Lieutenant Commander William H. Brockman’s submarine, which had all day been driven down by repeated depth-charge attacks, had at last found the Japs disorganized enough to permit her to close in on one of the smoke clouds that lay close to the water. Under it was the badly damaged *Soryu*, “the Blue Dragon,” still burning but moving slowly, shepherded by two big flotilla leaders. The submarine fired two torpedoes; the Blue Dragon vomited flame and capsized into it.

Ensign Gay could not communicate with the high command to tell how, as he clung to his cushion, Japanese planes droned through the evening sky, far and near, seeking hopelessly for a place to land. Off at the limit of his vision a cruiser pulled alongside the burning *Kaga* and fired salvos into her till the derelict sank; farther on the horizon he saw the *Akagi* tip up her bows and dive. It was growing dark; patches of glare appeared on the clouds where the Japs were using searchlights.
One of them was red and unsteady, perhaps the glow of a burning ship.

Ensign Gay inflated his life raft, climbed in, and in a matter-of-fact manner began to patch the holes.

Toward morning—the morning of June 5th—a Japanese submarine, which apparently had not received the bad news, surfaced near Midway and played sand castles on the island with a few shells. Shore batteries fired at the flash and chivvied her away just before the dawn patrols went out. The weather front was now edging southward and close to the water, with squalls and rough sea under it, the worst of flying conditions, but the reports that came in were more encouraging than anyone had dared hope. Nowhere near Midway was there any sign of Japanese ships afloat, only a great amount of debris, oil slicks and black Japanese life rafts, always empty. A few American life rafts, tenanted, to which destroyers and PBY’s were directed. No sign of any Jap carriers or aircraft of whatever species; and when contact was finally made with their striking force off to the northwest it was seen to be hurrying home at the best speed of which its cripples were capable, already far distant.

The Japanese occupation force, presumably held back by the slower transports, was still clear of the weather front and now nearest of all the enemy. Some fliers thought they recognized, among its escort, vessels that had been with the Hiryu the night before, which could
be true if they had been drawn in as rear guard after leaving the place where that last carrier sank during the night. Admiral Spruance turned his carrier group round and swung full speed into the pursuit despite his loss in planes, the *Hornet*'s bombers from Midway joining at sea. But they had a chase ahead of them before they could reach striking range again.

The Army Flying Fortresses, however, had range enough; and Lieutenant Colonel Brook Allen, who had been a member of the Pearl Harbor investigating committee, took them out again, while the indefatigable Marines of Midway boiled out also, two formations of six dive bombers each. The target of the latter was a cruiser and battleship, somewhat separated from the other Japanese about 140 miles west of Midway. This would be some more of the *Hiryu*'s escort; slanting down south-westward across the front of action they would just about reach that spot by 8 o'clock on the morning of the 5th, the hour when the Marines hit them.

The Japs put up no fighter defense but there was "heavy and accurate anti-aircraft fire" and 12 planes were not enough to saturate it to ineffectiveness. Captain Richard Fleming's plane was hit—the squadron leader; the others saw it begin to burn, not too late for Fleming to jump, but he chose rather to hold to his dive and plant a beautiful direct hit on the cruiser before he plunged into the sea. The others all missed the dodging ship, but
some by so narrow a margin that she counts as at least a badly damaged ship, her seams opened.

An hour or two later Allen's Flying Fortresses came in on the same group, now augmented by having fallen in with another contingent. "It was duck soup that day," said the Army pilots with relish. "They didn't have any more fighters." The cruiser that Fleming had hit was recognizably in trouble. Of course the Army men picked on that cripple, giving her a direct hit amidships and another right under the stern that left her with a heavy list, spinning circles like a teetotum. That was the last anybody saw of that ship, and maybe she went down; but no claims are made, nor are there any claims about the other cruiser that was damaged in the same attack.

That was the end of action for the day. The Japanese were moving away so fast that not even Fortresses could get back to Midway and load up again in time to catch them. The rest of the pursuit was up to Spruance, steaming hard all through that afternoon and night, though his destroyers were getting low on fuel and in the abstract there was no reason why the big Japanese gunnery ships should not assemble and turn back to hammer at our carriers, lose or retrieve all they had lost.

In the concrete, as the human calculating mechanism on the American flagship's bridge well knew, Japanese boldness exists only as it involves some element of trickery. The commander of one of their submarines was bold; he had traced the Yorktown, making her way
toward Pearl Harbor in tow, with the destroyer Hammann alongside. By morning of the 6th they had got the Yorktown on an even keel; they were going to save her up to the moment when that submarine fired four torpedoes in a burst.

Two hit the Hammann. She went down in 90 seconds and lost many of her crew when the depth charges blew while they were in the water. The other two torpedoes hit the Yorktown and made salvage futile, though she floated till another dawn before taking down her torn battle flags. Three men trapped in a compartment, in answer to the telephoned news of their plight just before they went down with the ship, said "We’ve got a hell of a good acey-deucey game going down here," which will doubtless be accepted among the best naval remarks of history.

But it was not the final remark of the battle; it was not even the final remark of that phase of the battle. The destroyers of the Yorktown’s escort were finishing that phase by blowing up the bold submarine that had torpedoed her; and about the same time, several hundred miles to the west, the dive bombers of Admiral Spruance were having another phase to themselves.

On the evening of June 5th a reconnaissance report spoke of an undamaged enemy carrier off to the north, under the weather edge, and the planes flew off to seek it. But it was a disappointment; no carrier, no sign of one, and no Jap planes. They had to console themselves
by attacking a light cruiser, but she was so well handled in the bad weather and bad light as to escape with minor damage. But the next morning (as the Yorktown was going down) they were not disappointed; they picked up the Japanese rear guard in fairly clear weather, and went for it with 1000-pounders, each carrier vying as to which could put on the most perfect textbook attack under textbook conditions with no enemy planes to interfere.

What made the occasion perfect from our officers’ point of view was that this rear guard contained the cheat-cruisers, Mikuma and Mogami, the ships the Japs built just after they got home from the London naval conference. Remember? They had been singing about possible aggression then, and had persuaded our statesmen not to build anything beyond light cruisers. On paper these two ships were 8,500-tonners of that class; on the ocean beneath our dive bombers they were 13,000-ton heavies.

“At least two bomb hits were scored on each cruiser,” says the communiqué in a masterpiece of understatement, for there were 20 planes in the Mikuma attack alone, and she is the ship that shows up in the last photographs of the action leaning over on one side, half her double funnel blown away, smoking decks all twisted and bent, guns acockbill, holes in her side with the torpedo tubes dangling from them, and what is left of her crew gathered aft to wait for the finish. The Mikuma went down sometime that afternoon; and the Mogami
was left in such evil case that the communiqué claimed her as sunk too (though later evidence makes it possible that she may have got away).

Now our carriers were working into the region where land-based Japanese planes could get at them, so they turned away home and the battle was over, all but the business of picking up survivors. "The pleasantest thing of all," said one of the Hornet's men, "was to hear for days afterward that one after another of our fliers was found, till our losses were really very small."

The high command doubtless had a due regard for that feature; but its pleasure was chiefly derived from the fact that the Japanese navy had taken its first indubitable, irrefutable, crushing defeat since the day when Hideoshi tried to make the Korean nightingale sing, back in the Middle Ages. They had attempted to use command of the sea without first attaining it, a job for which no boldness and no trickery is adequate, as a little reading of Admiral Mahan would have told them. But Admiral Mahan was an American, and it is probably beneath the dignity of the sons of heaven to accept advice from inferior races.

THE FIRST "SECOND FRONT"
(A.D. 1942)

Sidney B. Fay

On the night of November 7, just eleven months after Pearl Harbor, the world was electrified by President Roosevelt's announcement that a "powerful American force," under the command of Lieutenant General Dwight D. Eisenhower, was landing on the Mediterranean and Atlantic coasts of French North Africa.

The expedition was the largest single amphibious armada in history. It comprised more than 500 troop and supply ships and a vast Anglo-American protecting force of more than 350 warships of all kinds, including aircraft carriers, battleships, cruisers, destroyers and submarines. Divided into two convoys, it then established beach-head landings at a dozen points in French Morocco and Algeria, and quickly secured possession of five airfields and all the important ports and naval bases.

By 7 A.M. on November 11 (Armistice Day), only 76 hours after the first landings, the Commander-in-

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Chief of all the Vichy-French forces, Admiral Darlan, was being "entertained by American officers in Algiers" and ordered all French opposition in Africa to cease. General Eisenhower could announce that the fighting in Morocco and Algeria was at an end. The French North African Empire, safe in American hands, would be preserved for return to France and would not fall under the Axis heel. The vast undertaking had resulted in an amazingly quick success. Roosevelt and Churchill had beaten Hitler and Mussolini to it.

This Anglo-American occupation of French North Africa was beautifully timed to coincide with the British Eighth Army's precipitous expulsion of Marshal Erwin Rommel's Afrika Corps from Egypt, a thousand miles to the East. His routed army was in danger of being gripped by powerful Anglo-American pincers—if he did not get timely reinforcements and if the Americans could push by the Axis troops in French Tunisia and Italian Tripoli.

The establishment of this new United Nations Mediterranean front was not exactly the kind of second front for which the hard-pressed Russians and so many others had been hoping, because it did not mean the instant invasion of German-held soil and the instant recall of German troops from the Russian front for defense against attacks nearer home. But the new American Front was nevertheless a real second front, because it laid the foundation for a later but not far distant invasion of the Axis
territories, which would eventually cause the Germans to recall a good part of their forces from Stalingrad and the Caucasus.

Why the decision was made for a Mediterranean front, and how the details were secretly and successfully worked out was promptly revealed by its two chief authors.

"The President of the United States is the author of this mighty undertaking, and in all of it I have been his active and ardent lieutenant," Prime Minister Churchill generously declared at a jubilant Mansion House dinner in London on November 10. Next day he stirred the House of Commons with a thrilling review in greater detail. Simultaneously in Washington at a press conference, President Roosevelt more fully told the "now it can be told" story.

A couple of weeks after Pearl Harbor the President invited Churchill and his staff to visit Washington for a Christmas conference. The time had come for joint planning by the two countries that had the greatest combination of military and naval forces. The leaders of the two nations then discussed the desirability of offensive action. They considered various possibilities, especially a large offensive action across the English channel. It was considered in the light of the problems involved—sufficiency of munitions and supplies, particularly airplanes, to make the operation reasonably sure of success and the shipping of war supplies to Europe in time.
The military opinion was that the proposal was feasible, and a good deal of work toward this end was done. But the more it was studied, the more apparent it became that, because of physical limitations (production of munitions, the training of enough men, and adequate shipping transportation across the Atlantic) an attack across the Channel could not be carried out in 1942.

The transportation problem was particularly serious. During the spring months the German submarines were carrying out increasingly destructive attacks on unprotected shipping routes along the Atlantic seaboard of the United States and in the Caribbean. This caused a very dangerous rise in merchant shipping losses, notably of oil tankers, which reached a peak figure in this area alone of nearly 600,000 gross tons in June. Total United Nations shipping losses all over the seven seas amounted to nearly 900,000 gross tons in June. Ships were being sunk much faster than they could be replaced by new construction. But by August new construction of Liberty ships and other merchant vessels had rapidly increased, and more effective measures were successfully taken to check the submarine menace. For the month of September the sharply rising curve of total United Nations new construction of merchant shipping—nearly 1,000,000 gross tons—was safely above the then descending curve of total losses—about 300,000 gross tons.

In view of the physical limitations, the President asked Churchill to return to Washington at the end of May or
the beginning of June to consider whether there should be a large-scale offensive, which would be necessary if an attack were to be made across the Channel some time about the middle of 1943, or whether it would be wiser to start in 1942 an offensive on a smaller scale, in which the problems of production, training and transportation would not be so great.

The President and Churchill, aided by the combined Chiefs of Staff, surveyed the possibility of an offensive more limited in scope. By the end of June agreement was reached in favor of an African offensive. By the end of July, certain fundamentals, such as the points of attack, the numbers of men required, and shipping facilities, had been determined upon. The preparations were secretly and rapidly pushed forward.

While plans for the great armada were being laid behind closed doors in London and Washington, an invaluable American agent, Robert D. Murphy, formerly consul at the Embassy in Paris, was working with some two score under-cover men in Algeria and Morocco, distributing food and other supplies, making friends, and obtaining exact information about local conditions. Similarly Major General Mark Clark, with a few officers in civilian clothes, established friendly contact with many French colonial army officers. These Americans were beating the Germans at the “tourist” game, and making pretty sure that an American Expeditionary Force on
behalf of French freedom would probably not meet with any serious local opposition.

Meanwhile in June, in addition to the shipping losses noted above, two ominous pieces of news arrived in Washington. The Germans had begun their second great drive against Russia. It aimed to encircle Moscow, capture the Soviet capital from the rear, and cut it off from sending reinforcements for the defense of the Caucasus and the Baku oil fields. It appeared to be one arm of a gigantic German pincers movement to crush the whole United Nations position in the Middle East, the other arm being Rommel's simultaneous drive against Egypt. This drive brought the Afrika Corps to within 75 miles of Alexandria at El Alamein and resulted in the costly surrender of 30,000 British at Tobruk.

In June no one could foresee that Hitler's aim in Russia was doomed to failure—that he could not encircle Moscow, and that his Germans, Italians, Hungarians, Rumanians and Slovaks would be eventually stalled at Stalingrad and in the Caucasus foothills 300 miles short of Baku. But in view of the great strength of the German attack, Stalin naturally wanted a second front on the English Channel that would reduce the pressure on his own forces.

Since this second front was deemed impracticable for 1942, Churchill did the next three best things that he could for Stalin. British forces in Egypt had already been diverted in part to the Middle East in case the Ger-
mans should strike at the Caucasus. The Churchill-Roosevelt June communiqué on the “agreement of the urgency of a second front” served to worry the Germans and force them to leave 33 divisions and a third of their bombs in the West. And Churchill himself decided to go to Moscow and explain fully and frankly to Stalin the whole secret Anglo-American strategy.

This visit in August did a great deal to prevent possible friction between the Anglo-Saxon powers and their Russian allies, as is evident from Stalin’s masterly and understanding speech of November 6. Churchill also assured the House of Commons when he said: “I have a solid belief in the wisdom and good faith of this outstanding man [Stalin], and although the news that I brought was not welcome and not considered adequate, nevertheless the fact remains that we parted good friends. The Russians bore their disappointment like men. They faced the enemy, and now they have reached winter successfully, although we were unable to give them the help they so earnestly demanded, and, had it been physically practicable, we would have so gladly afforded.”

Incidentally, it may be noted that, although Roosevelt and Churchill had been unable to open a Channel second front in the summer of 1942, they did send Russia large supplies. In the twelve months ending in October, 1942, they had sent to Russia vast quantities of supplies, including 3,052 planes, 4,048 tanks, 30,031 vehicles and 831,000 tons of miscellaneous shipments of shells, ma-
chines, machine tools, foodstuffs, medicines and metals. All this did not reach Russia, because some of it was sent to the bottom by German planes and submarines which attacked convoys on the way to Murmansk.

As part of his trip to Moscow in late August Churchill visited Egypt. Here the situation had been serious. In the spring of 1942 Rommel had received large reinforcements and new equipment for the pincers drive that he hoped would carry him through Egypt to the Middle East when the Germans had taken Moscow and would be advancing to the Baku oil fields. This was the moment when British troops had been sent from Egypt to reinforce the Middle East.

With a genius for desert warfare, where tanks can sail over great areas of sand like ships over the sea, Rommel swept 400 miles eastward over Libya into Egypt. On June 21 he captured the important port of Tobruk and took 30,000 British prisoners there. His new 88-millimeter guns, far superior to the British 25-pounders, knocked out the British and American tanks.

General Auchinleck then prudently withdrew the battered British Eighth Army further eastward to El Alamein. Here he was able to make a firm stand because the desert narrows to a passage only 30 miles wide. It was a short front which he had enough troops to defend. Rommel could no longer make his wide sweeping tank attacks, because the British right on the El Alamein line was protected by the Mediterranean, and the left flank
by the swampy and impassable Qatarr Depression. Here the British were standing firm, but only 75 miles from Alexandria and liable to a new attack by Rommel, when Churchill arrived.

How this British Eighth Army received new and better tanks to be used in a counteroffensive against Rommel was revealed by Churchill on November 11: "On the dark day when the news of the fall of Tobruk came in, I was with President Roosevelt in his room at the White House. The House of Commons knows how bitter a blow this was, but nothing could have exceeded the delicacy and kindness of our American friends. They had no thought but to help. Their very best tanks [the 32-ton General Shermans with 75-millimeter turret guns which could shoot in any direction] were just coming out of the factories. The first batch of them had been newly placed in the hands of their divisions who had been waiting for them. The President took a large number of these tanks back from the troops to whom they had just been given. They were placed on board ship in the early days of July and they sailed direct to Suez under American escort. The President also sent us a large number of self-propelled 105-millimeter guns which are most useful weapons for contending with the 88-millimeter high velocity guns of which the Germans have made so much use. One ship of this precious convoy was sunk by a U-boat. Immediately, without being asked,
the United States replaced it with another ship carrying an equal number of both weapons."

Churchill believed that the morale of the British Eighth Army would be improved by a change of commanders. In place of General Claude Auchinleck he appointed General Harold R. L. G. Alexander as Commander in Chief of the British forces in the entire Middle East, and Lieutenant General Bernard L. Montgomery as field commander of the Eighth Army. Alexander had distinguished himself at Dunkirk, in Burma and elsewhere. Montgomery, affectionately known to his men as "Monty," was 54 years old, an Ulsterman and the son of the Bishop of Tasmania, a teetotaler and a non-smoker. He had iron nerves, absolute calmness and self-control, and had the reputation of riding in front line tanks to see for himself exactly what the situation was at critical points.

Before leaving Egypt, Churchill spent a night with the troops in the desert. He left them with the directive that their prime duty was to take or destroy Rommel's army, together with all his supplies and establishments in Egypt and Libya.

On the night of October 23, with bagpipes playing, General Montgomery started his carefully planned offensive. His men first had to creep forward pushing little machines along the ground, as one would push a lawnmower; a magnet sounded a buzz in the earphone when it passed over the mines that Rommel had buried all
along his front to blow up enemy tanks. When mines were found, they were dug out of the sand, the fuses were removed, and they were carried to the rear, three or four by a single soldier. Lighted torches or red tape then marked for the British tanks the safe passages cleared of mines.

Then the British infantry attacked, cutting barbed wire and seizing the enemy’s front-line positions by hand-to-hand fighting. At the same time they were protected by a heavy barrage fire from the British guns in the rear. The infantry thus opened the way for the tanks, instead of tanks opening the way for the infantry as in most battles of the Second World War up to this time. After several days of this slow progress, the British tanks finally crashed through the middle of the El Alamein line. A couple of thousand Germans were cut off near the Mediterranean. Three Italian divisions were cut off near the Qatarra Depression. They were left deserted by the Germans and were rounded up later by the British.

Rommel was forced to a rapid retreat which gradually became a rout. His fleeing trucks and guns were mercilessly pounded by British and American planes which enjoyed a decided air superiority. It was like the situation before Dunkirk, except that now it was the Germans who were in retreat and were being bombed from the air. Bombers also destroyed the supplies at his rear.

By November 13 Rommel’s battered army, or what was left of it, had been driven out of Egypt through the
half-blocked “Hellfire Pass” between Egypt and Libya. It was apparently trying to escape across the Libyan Desert, either to make a stand at El Agheila, south of Bengazi, where there is a narrow passage favorable for defense, or to escape to Italian bases in Tripoli. Meanwhile, American troops were advancing toward Tunis in a pincers movement aimed at closing in on the Tunisian capital from the west.

Rommel had already lost Tobruk and was destroying stores in other ports to prevent them from falling into British hands. Of his army, which had consisted of 4 German and 7 Italian divisions, he had lost 59,000 men killed or taken prisoner by the British, 500 tanks and 1,000 guns. The British losses were only 13,600 men. President Roosevelt’s wisdom in sending the needed tanks and guns to the Eighth Army was now clear.

Egypt was henceforth free from danger. Though Rommel’s force was routed, it was not yet annihilated. It might have considerable reserves, and Hitler might try to send it reinforcements. Whether Rommel’s and the other Axis forces would be totally eliminated from North Africa would depend on whether the Armies of the United Nations could occupy Tunisia. If they succeeded in doing so, they would acquire thirteen valuable airfields and the strong naval base of Bizerta. With these in their hands their land-based planes could protect United Nations shipping in the Mediterranean. The transportation difficulty would be greatly eased, because
the route from New York to Egypt via the Mediterranean is less than half as long as the route around South Africa. Bombers based on the North African coast could also easily strike at Axis troops in southern France, Italy and the Balkans, and "soften up" these regions preparatory to establishing a real second front in Europe itself.

The meticulous care with which the great Anglo-American armada was prepared was rewarded by the success with which landings were made and the small extent of the opposition encountered. It was wise that the first occupation troops were Americans instead of British. Some French army officers and most French naval officers disliked the British because of the long rivalry between the two empires, because of French suspicions of British imperialism, and because of the British attacks on Dakar and Oran in 1940. The Americans, on the other hand, ever since the days of Lafayette had been the friends of the French. We had aided them in the First World War. We were not suspected of having any imperialist aims in Europe.

On the Atlantic coast of Morocco American troops under the immediate command of Major General George S. Patton made landings at Agadir south of the High Atlas, at Safi, which is connected through Marrakesh with the whole North African railway system, and further north on the beaches on both sides of Casablanca and likewise at Rabat. Both these important ports are on the railway that runs 1,300 miles north to Tangier and
east through Algeria to Tunisia. West of Fez the line is electrified because of lack of suitable water and coal for the locomotives, but east of Fez coal is the fuel, and it is a sign of the carefulness of the invasion plans that British coaling vessels were at once on hand with the necessary fuel for the locomotives.

At Casablanca a number of French naval units put up a stiff fight, but the chief vessel, the battleship Jean Bart, was soon seen to be burning. American tanks and infantry were quickly able to force their way into the city from the already established beach-heads.

On the Mediterranean shore of Algeria American troops under the immediate command of Major General Lloyd R. Fredenhall landed to the east and west of Oran and then closed in on the city from the land side and forced it to surrender. They also occupied three valuable airfields nearby and the naval base at Mres-el-Kebir. Much the same procedure was followed at Algiers further east. Here, by luck or by design, Admiral Darlan was taken prisoner. Within 76 hours after the first landings he signed an armistice with General Eisenhower and this virtually put an end to all further active resistance. Then began the advance of the Americans from the west and of the British Eighth Army from the east to occupy Tunisia and drive the last Axis forces out of North Africa.

[November 10, 1942. Oran falls to American forces. November 11. Hitler declares French-German armistice]
A CLOSE-UP AT STALINGRAD

(A.D. 1942-1943)

ERICH WEINERT

DECEMBER 26, 1942.—In front of Stalingrad Hitler has concentrated his crack troops. It is interesting to determine from which strata of the population and from what parts of the “fatherland” this elite has been recruited. I have read more than a thousand letters which the soldiers of the doomed army have written home. Among the home addresses, the names of big cities hardly occur. Among a thousand letters the name Berlin appears fifteen times, Bremen four times, Leipzig five times, Chemnitz twice, Breslau eleven times, and Hamburg not once. That means that Hitler has gathered here his most devoted and reliable units from small cities and villages, from among peasants, white-collar workers, small tradesmen, craftsmen, and so forth.

From “Russian against German,” The Atlantic Monthly, reprinted by permission of the author and publisher.
December 30, 1942.—Toward evening a German staff sergeant who was captured yesterday was brought before us. He is in his twelfth year of active military service. He is completely in agreement with Hitler’s war.

“Are you glad that the war is over for you?” we asked him.

“No!”

“Would you like to get back to your outfit?” the Russian colonel asked.

“Yes, sir!”

“Have you been maltreated here in any way?”

“No!”

“If by chance you could get back to your outfit, would you tell your comrades that?”

“I would tell them the truth.”

“Then you shall go back. We will give you permission. Tonight we will take you over at a safe spot. ... Well, aren’t you glad?”

The Hitler hero looks at us helplessly for a while. His “Yes, sir” sounds somewhat miserable.

“Are you ready to go?” asks the colonel.

Then the man completely loses his arrogant bearing and says with an almost imploring voice: “I should like to ask you, sir, if I may remain here. After all, I should like to return to my family when the war is over.”

“You mean that you feel safer here?”

“Yes, sir!”
A CLOSE-UP AT STALINGRAD

There it is—the “readiness to die for the Führer.”

January 2, 1943.—Reports are coming in of men giving themselves up singly and in groups—at one place even a whole company with their lieutenant; but these are only sporadic occurrences. Why don’t the others believe our broadcast assurances?

We question new prisoners: “Why aren’t more men giving themselves up?”

“They still think they will be rescued, in spite of everything. The officers say the encirclement is weak. They point out that other traps have been broken. They assure us all that we shall then be relieved and get a furlough home.”

“But if the Red Army strikes now, what then?”

“The officers say the Red Army is much too weak for that—or they would have attacked long ago.”

The picture is one of starvation—200 grams of bread, in some cases only 150 grams a day. In the morning a liter of thin coffee; in the evening, half a liter of watery soup with a few peas and beans in it. Sometimes a bit of horse meat. “The horses will all be eaten before long. Whenever one drops, everybody goes for it like a bunch of ravens. In five minutes only the bones and the guts are left.”

“How about your winter clothing?”

“Very few have it. Most of them have only summer coats and leather boots, thin cotton gloves, and a muffler.”
There is hardly a man who hasn’t frozen something or other."

"How much longer are you going to hold out?"

"Many more want to come over. But they’re frightened."

"Of what?"

"That they’ll be shot here, or at least starved to death. Our officers constantly tell us that the Russians are half starving because we have already occupied all their grain-growing regions. Or the men think that they’ll be deported to Siberia, where they’ll be left to die. Or that they’ll have to do forced labor here for years after the war, in order to rebuild everything again."

"We’ve talked to you often enough across the lines. You shouldn’t believe all those lies."

"They say that’s all enemy propaganda. The officers told us, ‘Those fellows who speak over there are no Germans; that’s all a bluff. Those are recordings.’"

"Aren’t the men discussing whether or not one should take a chance and allow oneself to be captured?"

"Yes. Many do. They say, ‘We’ve had tough luck here. In winter the Russians are always at an advantage, but in spring we are going ahead again.’"

It seems they will never realize how things stand until cannon speak, instead of arguments.

January 4, 1943.—Today we tried to stir the consciences of the responsible officers over there. Here is the text of the leaflet:—
DESTRUCTION IN STALINGRAD. SOLDIERS AND ARMED CIVILIANS IN ONE OF THE BLOODIEST BATTLES IN RUSSIAN HISTORY TURNED BACK THE GERMAN INVADERS WHO HAD PENETRATED THE CENTRAL PART OF THE CITY. LOSSES IN MEN AND EQUIPMENT ON BOTH SIDES WERE ENORMOUS (Pages 151-171)

PHOTOGRAPH FROM SOVFOTO
A CLOSE-UP AT STALINGRAD

TO THE OFFICERS OF THE GERMAN WEHRMACHT!

The hour is approaching which will decide the life and death of the men entrusted to you. The German High Command has left you in no doubt that the situation in the Stalingrad trap is hopeless. Your men are starving and half frozen.

You have ignored all proposals for an honorable capitulation made to you by the commanding officer of the Red Army. If your conscience does not demand that you lay down your arms before the Red Army liquidates the trap by force, tens of thousands of young Germans will die a senseless and inglorious death.

We speak to you as Germans. We are at the front opposite you. We do not feel the need of making "propaganda." Your political opinions do not interest us. We are guided solely by our duty towards the German people, but above all by our duty to do everything for the tens of thousands of German mothers, wives, and children to save their sons, husbands, and fathers from useless destruction.

If an officer in such a situation considers it honorable to die rather than surrender, he is free to do so. But no one gives him the right to force upon his soldiers an attitude contrary to the people's healthier conception of honor.

Do not abuse the trust of your men by keeping from them a realization of the danger by which they are engulfed.

We expect you, as German officers, to be conscious of your responsibility to our people. Remember that you will return from your captivity after the war to a new Germany in which the people are going to ask you if you have safeguarded as much as possible the lives of the men entrusted to you.

January 8, 1943.—Our propaganda seems gradually to be getting on their nerves. We have a German regimental order for Christmas which contains the following passage: "But the Russians will destroy us neither by their propaganda nor by force of arms." And today we even got hold of an order of the commanding general, Paulus himself, with a warning against Russian propaganda.
January 9, 1943.—The ultimatum has been delivered to Paulus. And refused.

Sat all last night in the radio station and sent the text of the ultimatum into the trap. From 4.00 to 7.00 A.M. I kept sending out an invitation to Paulus to send his officers out with a white flag, on the road from Marinowka to Platonow at 9.00 A.M.; officers of the Red Army would meet them there.

Their radio operators picked up our message and sent the radiogram to the commanding general. Sharp at 9.00, officers from both sides met at the designated spot, but the Germans merely declared they had orders not to accept anything.

Now we have to acquaint the soldiers themselves with the text of the ultimatum.

January 11, 1943.—The reconnaissance battalion of the division found a favorable spot yesterday where strong forces of the enemy must be concentrated, south of the village of Marinowka, which lies in the southwestern tip of the trap in a protruding salient. The shape of the front lines there is such that a loud-speaker can cover a wide sector.

After dark, the car with our loud-speaker moved along under cover of the embankment of the Kalatsch-Karpowka railroad. The road to the dugout from which we were to send went through country swept by enemy fire. We therefore still had a few kilometers of exhausting
slogging through the deep snow of the steppes. Under our heavy fur coats our bodies were covered with perspiration in spite of the freezing night. The enemy over there shot tracers across, but they were too high.

The technicians had already dashed ahead across the railroad embankment in an area without cover and had carried their apparatus to within 500 meters of the German lines. The night was clear and there was almost no wind.

Several times I read the ultimatum and its honorable conditions of capitulation. Then the last appeal of the commanding general of the Red Army, which told the soldiers that Paulus had refused the ultimatum. "Your fate is now in your own hands. Send your representatives with a white flag! Leave your trenches and dugouts with hands raised! Anybody who tries to resist will be killed. Your life now depends on your own judgment. The decision is yours!"

Once more we shouted to them not to believe their officers. Real Germans were standing here who had no intention of misleading them with propaganda, who had no other wish than to tell them the truth once more. If they would now listen to reason, not one more German need die in the trap... But tomorrow would be too late.

There was no shooting. They had heard.

January 12, 1943.—Too late. The offensive has begun. Marinowka, the village into which we directed our ap-
peal only yesterday, has already been taken. From other sectors of the front we received news that everywhere larger or smaller wedges have been driven into the trap.

When dark fell we started out through a light snowstorm. In newly conquered territory travel is somewhat more dangerous. To be sure, the roads had been cleared of mines, but in the whirling snow it is easy to lose one's way and get into the mine field. We moved ahead very slowly. It was a vast field of wreckage. Most of the houses in Marinowka are shot to pieces. In the darkness we stumbled through rubble half covered with snow, in order to get to a suitable dugout. They have left their dugouts in fairly good condition for us. We visited a regimental staff in a near-by dugout.

The regimental commander and his deputy commander never left the telephone. Orders and reports poured in incessantly.

"What's the enemy doing? Is he digging in? When did he leave these positions? Any movement noticeable at point X? Watch them carefully!"

Everybody in the dugout was tense and alert. There was an expression of serene confidence on all faces. We are moving forward. Hitler's Sixth Army is being liquidated.

We began sending, again and again, the same urgent appeals: whoever does not surrender now will not get away alive. The first blow has been struck. The liquidation of the trap is a matter of days.
We didn't know for sure if those startled soldiers over there heard us. There were rumors that in the neighboring sector several units had surrendered. U. talked to them. There was a group of fifteen men and another of sixty, who organized and surrendered with their lieutenant. When they were asked if they knew anything about the ultimatum, they said no. They reported that if the blows of the Red Army continued unabated, not one soldier would fight to the last cartridge—they would all surrender.

A captain, they said, had told them that the thunder of the German guns was already audible before Karpowka.

There was the thunder of cannon—anybody could hear that—only they weren't German cannon.

January 14, 1943—Karpowka. The offensive is rolling on. We have heard that a gigantic wedge has been driven in along the northern side of the valley of the little Rossoschka River to Karpowka, and has split off the western part of the trap. Dimitriewka, Atamanskij, and Karpowka have been taken by storm. Only recently the commanding officer of a reconnaissance detachment on the southern side of the trap showed us on a map the German positions near Karpowka, and the concrete fortifications which the Germans had constructed along the railway line leading to Shirnoklejewka. The Nazis never imagined that the Red Army might take Karpowka by surprise, attacking from the back.
Everywhere there are signs of panic. The Nazis simply leave everything behind, and don’t even bother about their wounded and sick.

The big, wide village of Karpowka looks like a gigantic junk yard. Wherever you look, nothing but overturned guns, immovable tanks, heavy trucks left standing broadside across the street. In their flight the Germans tried to throw a lot of stolen goods onto their cars, which were still usable, and then they lost half the loot again. They even left their motorized batteries behind. Heaps of cartridges, shells, and bombs are lying around. Their dugouts, which they built with solid supports of pieces of rail and massive timber, stand as if built for eternity. Here they intended to spend the winter unmolested.

They had no time to burn things down. They were flushed too suddenly from their warm holes in the ground. Now they have to walk through the snow to Stalingrad. Their chests and little grips must soon become too heavy for them; they are already throwing them away on the highway. Who knows where they stole all that stuff? There are bales of cloth, linen, silk goods, preserves, soap, caviar, and other things. They must have parted from these things with heavy hearts. All this had been packed ready for their Christmas furlough.

A troop of prisoners comes shuffling along on the main street. They were cut off at Marinowka and Atamanskij. Half of them just hobble along on frozen feet.
“How about it?” I asked them. “Is the Red Army too weak to finish you off?”

They look at me with troubled eyes in grimy faces. “It was dreadful, sir,” a tall fellow with a wild, black beard said to me. “This barrage—I shall never forget it as long as I live. I don’t know how I ever got out of it.”

Some pressed around us and began a plaintive lament. “If we had only known how we were being cheated by the officers. Every day they told us that the Russians would kill us all. Otherwise we should have stopped firing long ago.”

January 15, 1943.—The offensive is making great progress. The trap has already been cut into different sections. In some sectors they are still said to be defending themselves desperately; in others they leave everything and disappear as soon as the artillery opens up. We have followed our forward troops into Sineokowskij. Our army is pushing forward in a long wedge in the direction of the circular Stalingrad railway.

The chaos is becoming ever greater. On all streets, in all yards, lonely trucks are standing around partly loaded with material from the various staffs. Red soldiers are busy at the moment unloading the stuff in order to use the trucks. And now leaves of documents, notebooks, and staff correspondence are whirling through the whole village, driven by the icy wind. German newspapers and illustrated magazines flutter across the steppes. The street is strewn with unsent letters which had still been at the
post office, with paymasters' records and other military records, with cheap novels, picture postcards, field service regulations, decrees, orders of the High Command of the Wehrmacht, and German paper money. The tanks rumble right over the paper.

Red Army men poke around, laughing, in this rubble of "Kultur." Many know a little German.

"What is The Vision of the Intensification of the Germanic Man?" one man asks me, leafing through a gaudily printed, cheap publication.

"Dear comrade," I say, "that's a new sort of language; I can't even translate it into German, let alone Russian. That is Nazi abracadabra."

And among all this trash lie the dead, grotesquely distorted, their mouths and their horror-filled eyes still wide open, frozen stiff, with their skulls torn away and their bowels torn out, most of them with bandages on their hands and feet still saturated with the ointment for chillblains. Human wrecks, with whom death has not yet quite finished, lie on their straw bags in the field hospital. Those were the patients suffering from frozen limbs, invalids and half-dead men for whom nobody had cared during the flight. There they lie, those wretched knights of the hooked cross, driven into all the blessed lands by their beer-bloated prophets.

When their troops retired, these abandoned cripples wanted to hobble after them and thus got into the line of fire of the rapidly advancing Red Army.
A CLOSE-UP AT STALINGRAD

On the parapet of a trench in which the dead are piled one on top of the other, someone had stuck one of those staff pennons lying around by the hundreds—one of those pennons with a white skull and crossbones on a black field. In hoc signo!

January 16, 1943.—I am squatting with a captain in a very small, dark dugout of the Jablonowa ravine. The little glass pane above the door is covered by driving snow every moment. The little stove, which has been patched up from old gasoline cans and shell cases, smokes so badly one is almost suffocated. The best thing to do is hang about outside during the day, in spite of the 48 degrees below zero.

We came here from Sineokowskij, among steppe valleys which grow increasingly wilder. All the roads are covered with tanks, cars, and guns, some unharmed and some bombed into unrecognizable junk. Pulverized motorcycles, field kitchens, ammunition boxes, and among all these, frozen corpses of men and beasts in their last agony of death.

The crows have already settled on a corpse lying farther up on the height, and are now fighting for the eyes.

"Once you are back, my dearest," I read in a letter from Frankfurt which I picked up somewhere recently, "I shall do nothing but look into your dear eyes again and again. In them I want to forget the dreadful sorrows of these years."
In another ravine we did find, after all, one surviving Hitlerite. He looked at us deliriously. Our medical orderly had just put a new bandage around his feet.

"What's the matter with you?" I asked him.

"My feet are half frozen. There were three of us here when our fellows left. None of them cared about us. No water, no wood, not a piece of bread. One very sick fellow died yesterday. My other comrade said, 'Our men have left already; we must see if we can get a truck. If the Russians come we are done for.' So we crawled out of the dugout. Then a shell struck a few feet away from us. The other couldn't get up any more. I dove back into the dugout. Then in the evening the Russians came."

January 19, 1943.—Last night we got to the former flying field of Pitomnik, which is in the center of the area where the Nazis have been trapped. When we arrived there in the dim light of the moon, we thought we were in the midst of an inhabited place. But then we saw that what we had taken for small houses were really tanks and trucks the Germans had left standing there. Thousands and thousands of them.

Early in the morning we climbed up on an embankment. And what an unimaginable sight we had from there. As far as the eye could reach, nothing but tanks, carts, cars, guns, machine guns, dump trucks, remnants of planes, supply sheds, and ammunition dumps. Tanks knocked in as though they were tin cans, eight-ton trucks burned down to their iron frames, guns with their barrels
burst, and amid all this, corpses of men and beasts, the whole litter of war, from a shell case to a shaving brush.

January 20, 1943.—The enemy is still holding out along the circular railroad 15 kilometers west of Stalingrad. From that direction the air reverberates.

The general invited us for breakfast this morning. While we were sitting at breakfast, we heard a terrific shouting outside. We ran out. All the Red soldiers were pointing up and shouting, "It's on fire." Not too high above the field a Ju-52 that had been hit came roaring down, emitting smoke. He had intended to land on the old flying field, but hadn't found anything that resembled it. After a few seconds it was completely enveloped in smoke, went into a spin, and burst into flames. Not one of the crew had a chance to jump.

An hour later we heard the same lively shouting again—another bird looking for his old nest. A Junkers appeared from the cloud cover at about 700 or 800 meters and began to circle. The flak thundered from all sides. The guards tore the tommy guns from their shoulders and fired away.

He had hardly made a semicircle when a long white glowing flame shot out of his left motor. He was burning. The pilot attempted a quick landing. But in the next instant the plane tilted over and dashed to the ground. There it exploded with a mighty roar. Ammunition transport. Atomized!
At noon there came a third one, but he smelled a rat in time and turned tail. When he had almost disappeared in the haze, he suddenly trailed a thick plume of smoke. He won’t get back to Rostov either.

_January 22, 1943._—The staffs are moving up. The trap disintegrates into its last component parts. Hitler’s Sixth Army was concentrated on the edge of the city of Stalingrad and on Gorodischtsche. There were unceasing lightning and thunder across the steppe. One was almost deafened by the firing of hundreds of guns.

The nearer we came to Stalingrad, the more gruesome the picture became. Wherever one looks the relics of the former elite army are lying about. Everywhere, frozen stiff, lie and squat all those who could not tag along in the retreat, and broke down here, left to their fate by their own comrades. One man lies toppled over, still embracing the post of a road sign—“To Stalingrad!”

In the ravine which leads to the outer fortifications of Gontschara, hell itself must have broken loose yesterday. The whole ravine is full of tanks and trucks all shot to pieces. Some lie overturned. Tank turrets that have been blown off and guns that have burst clog the road. Corpses were mashed to pulp by the caterpillar tracks. Artillery and guns pressed forward through the defile. It is difficult to make headway on foot through all this wreckage.

On the height there comes a procession of prisoners, Germans and Rumanians.
Behind them hobble the cripples with frozen limbs, their feet wrapped in handkerchiefs. They implore the others with beseeching eyes not to walk so fast; they are afraid of being left behind on the steppes to freeze to death.

"If you had surrendered on January 9," I said, "you would have driven to the prisoners' camps in your own tens of thousands of trucks."

Moaning they hobbled on.

Behind us in the ravine our own guns thundered away at the last fortifications of Stalingrad.

January 24, 1943.—A terrific blizzard started yesterday. The steppes become ever more treacherous. The trucks have sunk into snowdrifts. Toward evening we moved on to Gumrak. The Nazi garrison in Stalingrad is already split in two.

We arrived in Gumrak in deep snow after dark. On the way we saw some of the huge military graveyards, thousands of wooden crosses set in neat rows. "Lebensraum!" Behind the village lay the deserted German staff dugouts, dispersed over the deeply snow-covered steppes.

The dugout which we entered must have been left just recently in a great hurry. The little stove, which was heated with coal, was still lukewarm. The walls were covered with a sort of Linkrusta wallpaper. The occupants had obviously settled down very comfortably for the long winter. They had probably stolen the armchairs from houses in Stalingrad. There were still some cups of tea on
the table. They left their brushes, mirrors, shaving kits, Eau de Cologne bottles, and other junk on the shelves along the wall.

January 25, 1943.—We have been walking around Gumrak this morning. A few houses hit by German bombs yesterday are still burning. The whole landscape is strewn with ruins and corpses. The snowfall at night half covered these horrible pictures. Here and there skulls, feet, or hands stick out from the snow.

In a ravine we found the corpses of Russian prisoners of war, almost naked, as thin as skeletons, with the skin already a blackish-brown, all thrown together in a heap. They must have been lying here for some time. Starved or tortured to death.

Everywhere troops of prisoners are moving along.

In the village we found three German medical corps officers, who did not know where to go and so waved to the first Russian tank that came their way.

"Don't you think," our instructor asked them, "that the last ten thousand would certainly lay down their arms if they knew that just as little would happen to them as happened to you?"

"I am absolutely convinced of that," said one of the medical officers. "Everything should be done to save them."

"Will you help us save your compatriots?" asked the instructor.
“Certainly! But how?”

“Tonight, after dark, we are driving up to the front lines. There we can shout across to them through our loud-speakers. You are medical men and officers. You have great authority with your soldiers. Won’t you call over to them and tell them how you were received here as prisoners of war?”

Then suddenly these three heroes couldn’t take it. The one pretended to have a sprained ankle; the second felt sick; the third began to cough and said he had such a catarrh that he could hardly make his voice audible at all.

January 27, 1943.—From all sides streams of prisoners are gathering together—hobbling, shuffling wretches, wrapped in rags. Napoleon’s grenadiers must have looked the same way after crossing the Berezina. The most difficult problem now is to find accommodation and food for these wretches, until they can be shipped away. The stronger ones are immediately sent off to march to the gathering point at Karpowka, with loaves of bread under their arms. It is 25 kilometers. The weaker ones and those with chillblains have to be stowed away for the time being in all the available dugouts and sheds. The greatest difficulty arises in bringing up supplies for the thousands, especially since the supply columns can only move slowly in the deep snow.

Three of these bedraggled specters shuffled past our dugout. The commanding officer fetched them in. “Here, have something hot to drink!” Meantime they
just stared at the two loaves of bread which lay on the
shelf. The commanding officer noticed it. "Take the
bread along," he said, and handed it to them. "We have
plenty of bread. You came here to steal our daily bread.
But we can still give you poor devils something."

The three immediately tore hunks out of the bread
and ate so greedily they nearly choked on it.

January 30, 1943.—On my trip today I passed again
through Karpowka. It is now 40 kilometers behind the
front lines. And life has already returned again. A fort-
night ago it was dead and empty; now it is swarming
with life. The peasant women are back and have already
started repairs on the houses. The wintry sun shines
brightly. Children are skating on the lake where a dead
German still lies. They have taken the seats out of the de-
stroyed cars and are coasting down the slope, shrieking
with mirth.

In the evening twilight, while the village street was
still full of life, a Heinkel came suddenly shooting out of
the sky, flew over the village at treetop level, and strafed
it with all guns blazing. This is the third day, they say,
that he has raced along over the villages in an impotent
fury, like a hornet whose nest has been destroyed.

I sat in my billet and heard the bullets strike the house.
As I ran out to see what harm that mad dog had done, I
saw our guard lying in front of our door. A ricocheting
bullet had struck his chest. Only ten minutes ago he had

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AERIAL VIEW OF THE PRISONER OF WAR CAMP AT MATEUR, NORTH AFRICA, FILLED WITH GERMAN TROOPS CAPTURED IN THE LAST DAYS OF THE TUNISIAN CAMPAIGN. AXIS RESISTANCE ENDED MAY 12, 1943. (Page 171)

FROM A U.S. ARMY SIGNAL CORPS PHOTOGRAPH
been sitting with us, warming himself by the stove and telling me about his home in the Donets region.

As the woman doctor approached, he opened his eyes once more. Then his head pitched backward.

An old bearded peasant stood near-by. Suddenly he opened his mouth wide, as though he wanted to shout something, struck his chest wildly with his fist, then raised it up and shook it in a raging fury.

But he uttered only one hoarse word: “Mestj! Revenge!”

SALERNO
(A.D. 1943)

AL NEWMAN

The ship is fully loaded for combat. Her decks are jammed with assault boats and amphibious jeeps. Tanks, half tracks, trucks, bulldozers, guns, good water, ammunition, and gasoline are below decks.

Soon we are under way and joining a large troop convoy surrounded by cruisers and destroyers. As each hour passes the tension slowly heightens. It is as though someone were tightening the tuning peg of a violin and testing the tone. You can almost hear the men on every ship of the convoy thinking to themselves over and over again: “D-day—H-hour. D-day—H-hour.” D-day is Sept. 9 and H-hour is 3:30 a.m. Fifteen hours before H-hour the Swiss radio reports an Allied amphibious operation headed for Sardinia or Naples. So we are observed and expected.

Late in the afternoon of D-day minus one we receive word that an important announcement will be made at

6:30 over the Rome and Algiers radios. At 6:30 we tune in on Algiers for what is to me the most dramatic moment of the war. Static drowns out the beginning of the announcement. "Sounds like Donald Duck," says the commodore. Then the static clears and we hear the voice of General Eisenhower. "Italy has surrendered," he says.

This occasion marks the first time I have ever seen members of the armed forces leave sizzling fried chicken cooling on a plate. All over the ship you can hear soldiers and sailors yelling with glee. They are thrown completely off fighting pitch. Someone has suddenly loosened the tuning peg on that violin.

But it was tightened up immediately. We were approaching the Gulf of Salerno and the invasion of Italy was only a matter of hours away. Here is the story of the events immediately preceding that invasion and of the landing itself as I scribbled them down in timetable form between bomb bursts:

**Sept. 8, 9:25 p.m.**—Flares to the north—then heavy gunfire and flak. Red-hot tracer bullets crisscross in the night sky and bombs burst on the water with yellow flashes and bellowing reports. Reports of approaching enemy planes pour into the bridge.

**10 p.m.**—We dash to assembly which is held in the wardroom. The general tells his officers: "Instead of wishy-washy Italian coastal defenses, we have to face the Germans. The situation is tougher than ever, but it
is fundamentally unchanged. Go in with the idea of killing anyone who fires on you. Pull no punches. Don’t go in there with your hands down.” The colonel’s tone is quieter: “Be prepared to meet the worst and we’ll never come out on the worst end. Good luck to you, gentlemen.” Whereupon we all rise and salute.

10:40 p.m.—We slacken speed. There is land in sight—mountains on the tip of land marking the southern end of the Gulf of Salerno. Fortunately the weather is clear and the water millpond smooth—completely unlike the landings in Sicily.

11:10 p.m.—Units of the British fleet open a terrific bombardment of the beaches in preparation for the landing of Tommies timed at 3 a.m. Unaccountably, no such artillery preparation is planned for our landing.

11:45 p.m.—The whir of winches announces that our first boats are over the side. Then their powerful engines growl and grumble in the dark. Grim-faced, silent troops go down the rope nets.

Sept. 9, Midnight—The beginning of D-day. A number of boats circle counter-clockwise off our starboard bow, their wakes making white circles in the dying moonlight. Finally they take off in line for rendezvous points from which they will make the long run for shore. The British beach bombardment continues fiercely, underlining the fact that we will have none.

3 a.m.—It’s now pitch dark. The British bombardment lifts to inland, as the hour is reached for their land-
ing. Our scout boats are in close to our beaches. They are not fired upon, they report.

3:30 a.m.—It is H-hour. All remains quiet until the first wave hits the beach. Then every weapon known to the German Army opens up—mortars, machine guns, grenades, rifles, 88s, and even howitzers—in the high mountains behind the narrow coastal plain. The wave staggers, then attacks. It is evident right now that the landing is to be far, far tougher than the Sicilian affair.

4:35 a.m.—There is fierce opposition all along the beaches. Most of the troops are pinned down by enemy fire. “Hell of an armistice, ain't it?” comments a naval officer. Mines floating in are swept from the channel to the beach and hold up further waves of infantry. Busy mine sweepers bustle to the scene of trouble.

5:30 a.m.—No boats have returned from shore as yet. The captain and the commodore are gloomy. Not only will beach opposition delay troops trying to gain their daylight objectives and leave them open to panzer counterattack, but the unloading must slow down owing to the lack of boats.

6:30 a.m.—There is the first request for naval gunfire support to silence a heavy battery in the hills to the south, which is giving the beaches hell.

7 a.m.—Mine sweepers are detonating mines with a roar and geyser of water. A carrier-based Spitfire umbrella is in the air.
7:20 a.m.—An air-raid alarm sounds. There is a report to the ships that an enemy bombing raid in the northern area has been turned back by friendly fighters. A big formation of Spits is dead astern. The first Navy casualties from the beach battalion pull alongside and are hoisted into sickbay.

7:49 a.m.—The all-clear sounds. I identify a kid with a face wound as a young ensign who had wanted me to go in with him. “Aw, come along,” he said, “we'll have a hell of a lot of fun.”

8:15 a.m.—There is news on the radio. Far away in America the President has said: “At this moment barges are moving through the dawn to the enemy coast.” It’s strange to stand here and watch his words come true.

9:02 a.m.—There are frantic pleas from shore to shell an old mill just back of one of our beaches. Heedless of a mine field, a destroyer cuts through and blasts a German strong point. The radio is now crammed with requests for supporting fire from cruisers and destroyers. That expected panzer attack is developing, and the boys have little with which to oppose it.

10 a.m.—A little British monitor is in close, shellng requested targets with her outsize guns. The situation ashore is improving although panzers are reported pouring down a mountain road to the south—in the opposite direction from the expected counterattack. Fires and smoke cover the hill down which they are advancing.
11:20 a.m.—Our LCT pulls alongside with several dead and wounded. She has been hit twice by 88-millimeter shells. The second shell exploded inside a tank she was carrying, killed two men and wounded two, and set the tank on fire. They pulled out the wounded and pushed the blazing tank overboard with her dead into the deep water, before her ammunition went up. An ensign from North Carolina reports to the bridge for replacements. Still quivering, but under admirable control, he asks me: “Sir, is it true the Italians have surrendered?”

Noon—The channel is swept and a line of destroyers cruise up and down the beach, shelling requested targets. They keep this up all afternoon.

1:20 p.m.—Our tanks are now going ashore—one is named the Blazing Comet and another the Boogerman.

2 p.m.—A large Italian fleet is reported west of Sardinia heading southwest. Some elements of the British Fleet leave to intercept it. Later reports show that the Italians are heading for Malta to surrender.

3:55 p.m.—An Italian submarine, flying her colors, sails calmly into the gulf and surrenders to our flagship.

4 p.m.—All but intermittent firing ceases on the beaches. The situation ashore is still obscure. Several outfits report they have taken objectives but many have not. A naval lieutenant says: “That shrapnel was mighty thick. I had a place all picked out on my chest for the Purple Heart.”
8:15 p. m.—We slip through mine fields to a new berth much nearer the shore. This hastens the unloading since the boats have a shorter distance to travel.

8:30 p. m.—A big air raid is reported on the way. We remain on the alert until 9:07 but we don't stop unloading. A miraculous stevedore who is unloading the after hatches has been swearing for twenty hours without repeating himself.

10:20 p. m.—After another alert and an all clear, the real thing arrives. Flares are dropped over nearby cruisers. They throw up flak with anti-aircraft guns, but they do not stop shelling the shore. At the height of the raid a small boat pulls alongside and a polite English voice asks the bridge: “Do you know which way she is lying?” “Tell him on her belly,” suggests one of the officers.

Sept. 10, 12:35 a. m.—A general ashore radios: “Thank God for the Navy.” The cruisers are to continue shelling all night. You can see their salvos as they travel in arcs across the sky seemingly at a leisure pace.

1 a. m.—A young ensign stops aboard for food after seven round trips to the beach. He reports that fortunately for the Army the German 88-millimeter guns were overshooting the beaches, in many instances by as much as 30 yards. Tank-laden craft received absolute priority on the beach at 7 o'clock, so evidently there was still plenty of panzer trouble.

9:45 a. m.—Numerous tanks have landed during the night and have rushed inland to engage the enemy. Two
wounded Panzertruppen men are brought over side. One is asked if he thinks the war is nearly over and says: "No, of course not."

10:30 a. m.—Ten enemy bombers are coming from the southwest at low altitude. Our cover intercepts them in time. Thank God for those Spits.

Noon—The row of LCTs on the beach belching vehicles looks like a long line of stranded, gasping whales. The beach itself is loose, fine sand. Steel netting has been laid over it to make it firm. Behind the beach amphibious engineers and ack-ack gunners have made foxholes in scrub-covered dunes. Less than a quarter of a mile inland is the white, weathered stone wall of the ancient town. A few doughboys are digging foxholes into its earth-filled top. Along the south wall runs a dusty road and an irrigation ditch into which the soldiers are dunking their sizzling feet.

2 p. m.—I am proceeding south along the road when three Focke-Wulf 190s strafe it. I flop in my usual bramble patch. The planes make one pass, and then flak and those blessed fighters drive them away. I get up and turn north again, noting after I pass the intersection that G. I.'s are washing themselves on the steps of an ancient temple.

There are signs around announcing that the area is an Italian national park and advertising the ristorante which once was obviously a mighty ritzy joint. This modern town is just a wide place in the road with two wine shops.
A native slips me the Fascist salute and a "buon giorno" and then tries to sell me some postcards at three or four times their normal price.

At night when we finally finish unloading and form in close lines for the run through the mine fields back to sea, we get the worst air raid I have ever seen. It is bright moonlight, and a German reconnaissance plane marks our position with colored flares. At 10:45 without warning all hell breaks loose and stays loose for three-quarters of an hour.

It is a low-level attack and the tracers from other ships buzz over so low they seem to part your hair. Bombs woof on the water and raise brightly lighted fountains. This time our nearest miss is under 200 yards away. Incredible as it may seem, there have been no hits on the tightly packed, motionless formation sitting on the water like helpless, fat ducks. Five minutes after we get under way an engineer comes into the wardroom shaking his head like a punch-drunk prizefighter. "Jesus," he says, "the sides of this ship were ringing like the bells of St. Mary's."

As I write this last paragraph we are in sight of the North African coast, steaming along in comparative safety. But slam a door or drop a plate and the boys of the beach battalion who stayed there through the hours of shelling and the kids who steered the assault boats into the machine-gun tracers will jump a mile. Your correspondent? He can outjump any of them any day.
REPORT FROM TARAWA
(A.D. 1943)

ROBERT SHERROD

ABOARD one of the many troop transports plowing the long sea furrows to Tarawa, and later in the hell of Betio, was Time Correspondent Robert Sherrod. His story:

Ship life was dull. The men of the 2nd Marine Division fairly wilted in their crowded, hot quarters. They spent an hour each day cleaning rifles, sharpening bayonets, then another hour studying aerial photographs and contour maps of Betio, the little bird-shaped island that was the main fortification of Tarawa atoll. There was nothing else to do except see movies, read dog-eared magazines, play cards and sleep, which Marines can do at any time in any position on almost any given surface.

The Marines seemed anything but excited. More than half of them were veterans of Guadalcanal. They had the calm confidence of a Corps which assumes that it is the best fighting force in the world. They knew that the most concentrated bombing and shelling in history would pre-

cede their landing: almost 1,000 tons of aerial bombs, plus 1,500 tons of shellfire, on Betio's crowded, scant square mile. But they could not be sure that even this tremendous pre-landing bombardment would wreck the defenses built by the Japs. On the night before battle, sweat-drenched men packed the wardroom, spilled into the passageways to pray with their chaplains.

Long before dawn of D Day the first wave of Marines was in its boats, the second wave was climbing down the nets in half-moonlight. At 5 A.M. the sky lit up like the crack of doom: battleship guns were pounding Betio. Soon light and heavy cruisers joined the concert of inferno. Ashore, flames spurted hundreds of feet high. Surely, the Marines thought, mortal men could not stand such pounding.

The Marines' confidence rose. They wondered if the Japs, who undoubtedly knew that the Americans were coming, might now have evacuated Tarawa as they had Kiska. Then, suddenly, a great splash kicked up the sea a few hundred feet from one transport, only 50 feet from another. The Japs were firing their coastal guns. Betio would not be another Kiska, after all.

The first wave had been ordered to hit the shore at 8:30. Correspondent Sherrod had been assigned to the fifth wave, commanded by Major Howard Rice, which would reach the beach 31 minutes later, presumably after the first four waves had established comfortable positions. But now it was obvious that H Hour would be delayed.
because the Jap fire had forced the transports to shift to a safer area.

The fifth wave milled around in what had turned into broad daylight. Now the naval gunfire mounted to an unbelievable crescendo of thunder, smoke and fire. Then came the planes, dropping big bombs, little bombs, incendiary bombs. Wave after wave after wave of torpedo-bombers and dive-bombers from carriers crossed and crisscrossed Betio. Offshore, the rough sea tossed the Higgins craft and drenched the Marines and their weapons.

A mile ahead something was happening. The early waves were not hitting the beach as they should. A control boat sped up and its officer shouted: “You’ll have to go in right away as soon as I can get a boat for you. The shell around the island is too shallow to take the Higgins boats.” The news was chilling. It meant something dimly foreseen but hardly expected: the shallow coral reef around Betio would bar landing save by special small, steel-plated boats, of which there were all too few, or by wading.

A small boat came alongside Correspondent Sherrod’s party. An officer said: “Half of you men get in here. They need help bad on the beach.” Jap shells began peppering the water. Major Rice and 17 men scampered into the small craft, which headed for the beach through a barrage of mortar and automatic-weapon fire. The Higgins boat milled around for another ten minutes, getting
its share of near-misses. One Marine picked a half-dozen pieces of shrapnel from his lap, stared at them. Another said: "Oh God, I'm scared. I've never been so scared in my life."

Two more small boats, disabled, passed. The officer of a third offered to take the remainder of the Higgins boat-load as far as he could. As the men shifted, they saw another craft half a mile ahead puffing smoke, saw figures jumping over its side into the water. By now the Marines realized that this was going to be a landing, if any, in the face of enemy machine guns.

Said the wild-eyed small-boat boss: "It's hell in there. They've already knocked out a lot of boats and there are a lot of wounded men lying on the beach from the first wave. They need men bad. I can't take you all the way in because we've got to get back out here safely and get some more men in there quick. But I'll let you out where you can wade in." The men crouched low. The little vessel was loaded with silent prayers.

Then the boat boss said: "From here on you can walk in." The men in the boat, about 15 in all, slipped into neck-deep water.

Five or six machine guns were concentrating all their fire on the group. Any one of the 15 would have sold his chances for an additional $25 on his life insurance policy. There were at least 700 yards to walk slowly, and as the waders rose on to higher ground, they loomed as larger and larger targets. Those who were not hit would always
remember how the bullets hissed into the water inches to the right, inches to the left.

After centuries of wading through shallowing water and deepening machine-gun fire, the men split into two groups. One group headed straight for the beach. The other struck toward a coconut log pier, then crawled along it past wrecked boats, a stalled bull-dozer, countless fish killed by concussion. Those who got ashore did not know just how many of the 15 had been lost—probably three or four.

Near the landing point, a boat in on the first wave had stalled. A 20-year-old crewman on the boat had been shot through the head, and had murmured: "I think I'm hit, will you look?" Now he lay on the beach. A Jap ran out of a coconut-log blockhouse into which Marines were tossing dynamite. As he emerged a Marine flame-thrower engulfed him. The Jap flared like a piece of celluloid. He died before the bullets in his cartridge belt finished exploding 60 seconds later.

The Marine beachhead at this point comprised only the 20 feet between the water line and the retaining wall of coconut logs which ringed Betio. Beyond this strip, Jap snipers and machine-gunners were firing. In a little revetment was the headquarters of Major Henry P. ("Jim") Crowe, a tough, red-mustached veteran who had risen from the Marine ranks to command of one of the assault battalions. Nearby passed a parade of wiremen, riflemen, mortarmen and stretcher bearers.
A handsome young Marine walked briskly toward Major Crowe’s headquarters, grinning in greeting to a pal. There was a shot. The Marine spun around, fell to the beach dead. He had been shot through the temple. A Jap sniper had waited since early morning for just such a shot at a range of less than ten yards.

A bit later a voice called: “Major, send somebody to help me! The son-of-a-bitch got me.” Two men crawled over the retaining wall, dragged back a Marine shot through the knee. Then a mortar man 75 yards down the beach rose to a kneeling position, tumbled with a sniper’s bullet through his back. The wounded man’s companion popped up to help, got a bullet through the heart.

That was the way it went the first day. The assault battalions had been cut to ribbons. Anyone who ventured beyond the beachhead and the retaining wall—and by midafternoon several hundred Marines had so ventured—was likely to become a casualty. From treetop concealment and from pillbox slits Jap snipers and machine-gunners raked the Americans.

But the Marines did not weaken. One remarked that a friend had lost a piece of his thumb. “He just looked down at it and laughed and kept on going. That damn fool has plenty of guts.” The story of another “casualty” got around: “He got shot pretty bad in the shoulder but he won’t even come in to let ’em dress it until he finds the mucker that shot him. He’s still out there pokin’ his
rifle in all the holes and shootin' like hell and gettin' shot at a million times a minute."

At great risk from shore batteries, destroyers ran close to the beach, opened up on targets as small as one Jap sniper or one pillbox mound. It was precision firing, the shells often landing less than 50 yards from the Marines. If the high explosives did not wreck many of the fortifications, they did strip away most of the islands' palm fronds.

The first night passed perilously. The Marines held three beachheads, the longest less than 100 yards from end to end, the deepest 70 yards inland. The Japs commanded the rest of the island. For every Marine who slept in a foxhole, two kept watch through the darkness.

Next morning before dawn a lone Jap plane came over, shied away as U. S. ships put up a terrific ack-ack barrage. Soon after the first light the 2nd Division's reserves made for shore. From the beachhead it was a sickening sight.

Even before they climbed out of their Higgins boats, the reserves were under machine-gun fire. Many were cut down as they waded in, others drowned. Men screamed and moaned. Of 24 in one boat only three reached shore.

Low tide that morning bared the bodies of many Marines, some hunched grotesquely, others with arms outstretched, all arrested while charging forward. At regimental headquarters, located 30 yards inland against a Jap log-and-steel-laced blockhouse, staff officers worked grimly. Colonel David Shoup, huge, bull-necked com-
mander of the men ashore, reported: "We're in a mighty tight spot. . . . We've got to have more men." It was a touch-and-go whether the Marines would all be killed, or, less likely, be pushed back into the sea.

The turning point came about 1 p.m. on the second day. Millions of bullets, hundreds of tons of explosive poured into the stubborn Japs. Strafing planes and dive-bombers raked the island. Light and medium tanks got ashore, rolled up to fire high explosive charges point-blank into the snipers' slots of enemy forts. Artillery got ashore, laid down a pattern over every yard of the Jap positions. Ceaseless naval gunfire became more accurate.

But the decisive factor was the fighting spirit of the U. S. Marines. Not every Corpsman was a natural hero: some quivered and hugged the beach, but most—those who feared and those who disdained death—went forward into the Jap fire.

Lieut. William D. Hawkins, a Texan, led his platoon into the coconut palms. Though twice wounded, he refused to retire. He personally cleaned out six machine-gun nests, sometimes by standing on top of a half-track and firing at four or five Japs who fired back from blockhouses. One of Hawkins' men sobbed: "My buddy was shot in the throat. He was bleeding like hell and saying in a low voice, 'Help me, help me!' I had to turn my head. We kept on advancing."

At least two wounded company commanders, and probably half a dozen others, stayed at the front directing
operations. The percentage of men who fought on despite injuries was very high.

That afternoon Colonel Shoup wiped his red forehead with a grimy sleeve, said: "Well, I think we're winning, but the bastards have got a lot of bullets left. I think we'll clean up tomorrow."

The Colonel was right. On the third day the Japs began to fall apart. The Marines advanced inland at a mounting pace, overran Betio's valuable airfield, bottled the Japs in the island's tail. U. S. casualties fell off rapidly. Before noon it became evident that the Jap list of killed and wounded would be longer than the American. That was no consolation to the leathernecks who had seen their mates fall. But there was satisfaction in mopping up the snipers. One gang of 50 Marines fired rifles and carbines into one coconut tree at a trapped Jap. He returned the fire after he had been hit at least 50 times.

The Japs were crack Imperial Marines. Some, when they realized that further opposition was useless, removed their split-toed rubber-soled jungle shoes, placed rifles against their foreheads, pulled triggers with their big toes. But most fought to the death.

The enemy's stout pillboxes drew admiration from the Americans. Said a Marine officer: "You've got to hand it to them. They've got a mighty good engineer working for them." The fortifications had stood up under naval guns, land artillery, 1,000-lb. aerial bombs, point-blank tank fire. When U. S. half-tracks, mounting
.75-mm. guns, got ashore, the Marines enjoyed following them. These machines stuck their gun barrels into pillbox openings, fired away. One Jap hit by a 75-mm. shell flew high into the air, then spiraled down, disintegrating as he fell.

The third afternoon and next day the waterlogged bodies on the coral flats were gathered up, the crude island graveyards were filled. The U. S. Marines, living and dead, had proved they could take it as superbly as any fighting men had ever taken it.
A NEW drug derived from a mold commonly found in bread or cheese is already saving the lives of many of our soldiers and sailors. Penicillin is so powerful that even in great dilution it will stop the growth of dread staphylococcus aureus—yet it is so mild that one hundred thousand units injected into the veins of a patient are without toxic effect.

The list of infections successfully cured by penicillin is a roster of some of the most terrible diseases of man. Osteomyelitis—the crippling infection of the bone which strikes young and old alike; septicemia—the blood poisoning which results in speedy death; meningitis—another cripper and killer; pneumonia; gas gangrene—the infection which results in numerous battlefield amputations and deaths; cellulitis—the rapid-spreading swelling which causes death in many cases; carbuncles—those painful and incapacitating infections; burns—where infections retard healing and result in death; gon-

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orrrhea—the vicious invader that sometimes resists all other treatments, including the sulfa drugs; infected wounds—so prevalent in wartime. This is not a complete list, for investigations are still in progress. Scientists at famed Oxford in England and at the Mayo Clinic here and Army and Navy doctors both here and abroad are studying penicillin. Many a killer in today's list of bacteria may meet its match in this innocent appearing mold—Penicillium notatum—the producer of penicillin.

Like a number of other important drugs, penicillin was first discovered entirely by accident. In 1929 an English scientist, Dr. A. Fleming, was working in his laboratory with some culture plates containing staphylococcus. He laid a plate aside, and later noticed a spot of mold growing on it. Curiously, on close inspection he found that the staphylococcus colonies surrounding the mold had become transparent, indicating they were being destroyed by something in the mold.

Scientist that he was, Dr. Fleming knew at once that exposing the plates to the air had resulted in contamination with certain micro-organisms. He recognized the mold as being a variety of that commonly found in bread or cheese—Penicillium notatum, and he embarked on a number of experiments.

He found that the mold would grow at room temperature in broth. He watched the mold appear on the surface of the broth—first as a white, fluffy spot which rapidly increased in size after a few days. Then it would
change to a dark green, felted mass, the broth becoming bright yellow. He noticed that the more common pathogenic bacteria coming in contact with this yellow broth were inhibited or destroyed.

Lacking a name for this new drug and not wishing to call it "broth from Penicillium notatum," Dr. Fleming decided on the shorter name of "penicillin," and so characterized it when he wrote up his experiments for the austere British Journal of Experimental Pathology.

Fleming's find went unnoticed for about ten years. Then war broke over England and research on infection was intensified. At Oxford, Dr. Florey and his associates resurrected the Fleming article and embarked on a series of experiments. The observations of Fleming were substantiated; articles were published in 1940 and 1941 in The Lancet. Dr. Florey himself paid a visit to the United States in 1941 to interest this country in solving the problem of producing penicillin in large quantities and experimenting further on its possible uses. He found ready ears in the National Research Council and in the Department of Agriculture. Studies were immediately instituted on the cultural characteristics of Penicillium notatum and on the methods of purifying penicillin therefrom.

The Committee on Medical Research and the National Research Council assisted Dr. Florey in interesting commercial establishments in producing the drug; today some sixteen companies are so engaged.
The present method of securing usable quantities of the drug is to grow the mold cultures in bottles in incubators. A sugar solution is used instead of the broth used by Fleming, and about twelve days of incubation is necessary. The mold grows on the surface of the sugar solution. Eventually, shining golden droplets of natural penicillin are excreted by the mold. These droplets fall into the solution whence they are extracted by evaporation as a yellowish brown, crystalline powder.

Normally, 160 quarts of mold culture will yield 10 grams of penicillin. Because of its high potency this is sufficient for 100 standard doses. It has been estimated that under present manufacturing conditions, 1,000 grams of penicillin would cost nearly $50,000 to produce. However, private manufacturers and government agencies alike are working on methods to produce penicillin at a far more reasonable cost.

The usual method of treatment is by continuous injection of a solution of penicillin into the veins of the patient. English doctors favor intramuscular injections. Wounds may be treated directly by local application or injection of penicillin solution and burns by the local application of a penicillin ointment.

The use of penicillin in some of our recent war casualties has given phenomenal results. A dozen of the toughest cases from the Pacific area were lodged in an Army hospital in Utah. They included compound fractures, bones splintered by high velocity bullets—wounds which
had been under treatment by ordinary means for as long as fourteen months. Some of them were foul-smelling, pus-filled wounds; the men weak, delirious. They had been treated by the sulfonamides and other drugs without avail.

Almost from the beginning of the injection of penicillin the soldiers began to improve. Within a week they became so much better that operations could be risked which were necessary to remove bone fragments, bits of uniform, or in one case, a galosh buckle which had been driven into the wound.

In the galosh buckle case the wound was healed within twenty-seven days. That was after fourteen months of ineffectual treatment by other known means! The other recoveries were just as rapid. So impressed were the Army doctors that twenty million units of penicillin were immediately sent to our forces in England and a like amount to North Africa.

Hundreds of cases are now in the records of the medical profession, showing the marvelous results obtained with this new drug. Take the case of the little, golden-haired, 4 year old girl who was admitted to the Mayo Clinic after an illness of four days. Her father related that on several occasions shortly before the child’s illness, she had bitten the inside of her left cheek.

On admission her temperature was 104 degrees. Her face was so badly swollen as to be out of shape, with both eyes swollen closed. She could not sleep nor eat, and
she could barely breathe. Blood cultures showed the presence of deadly staphylococcus aureus; pneumonia appeared.

Sadly the doctors shook their heads. This infection was of a type almost universally fatal. Sulfa drugs proved of little effect. Then intravenous injections of penicillin, averaging 20,000 to 30,000 units a day, were tried; thirty-six hours after initiation of the treatment, blood cultures of the little girl were found sterile. Sixty-three hours later, the child was again able to swallow; she was having only a little difficulty in breathing and could take liquid diet. The swelling was obviously subsiding. The infection was being beaten. By the fifth day the little girl was able to eat semisolid and solid foods. By the ninth day, her temperature was normal. What a difference now in her appearance! Without the use of penicillin, doctors were convinced, she would never have recovered.

Another patient was a woman 28 years old with severe nasal and facial cellulitis. Her right nasal passage was obstructed by the swelling, and there was a continuous discharge of purulent material. Her face was badly swollen. She had received several doses of sulfanilamide, but the pain and swelling continued. Her fever rose to 104 degrees. Penicillin was given for six days, and at the end of that time the woman had completely recovered.

In a recent issue of the English medical publication, "Lancet," various English cases were summarized by Dr. Florey. A man aged 53 was brought to the hospital
COMATOSE AND BELIEVED TO BE DYING FROM STREPTOCOCCUS MENINGITIS. PREVIOUSLY, SULFAPYRIDINE HAD BEEN GIVEN FOR EIGHT DAYS, WITHOUT DEFINITE IMPROVEMENT, SULFATHIAZOLE HAD ALSO BEEN GIVEN FOR THIRTEEN DAYS WITHOUT CHANGE, THOUGH LIFE WAS SUSTAINED. IMMEDIATELY ON HIS ARRIVAL AT THE HOSPITAL, PENICILLIN TREATMENT WAS COMMENCED; FIVE WEEKS AFTER START OF THE TREATMENT THE PATIENT WAS DISCHARGED FROM THE HOSPITAL, FULLY RECOVERED.

DR. FLOREY ALSO MENTIONED THE EXTERNAL USE OF PENICILLIN IN 172 INFECTIONS OF THE EYE, MASTOID, CHRONIC WOUND SINUSES AND MISCELLANEOUS SEPTIC CONDITIONS. FORTY-SIX EYE INFECTIONS WITH PREVIOUS DURATION OF FROM TWO MONTHS TO THIRTY-TWO YEARS WERE TREATED. PENICILLIN OINTMENT AND PENICILLIN DROPS WERE USED. A NUMBER OF CASES HAD HAD PREVIOUS SULFA TREATMENTS, WITHOUT PERMANENT RESULTS. ALL OF 18 CASES OF ACUTE INFLAMMATION OF THE EYE WERE FOUND FREE OF INFECTION AFTER PENICILLIN TREATMENTS WHICH LASTED FROM ONE TO FIVE WEEKS. INCLUDED WAS A WOMAN OF 70 YEARS WHO WAS CLEARED COMPLETELY IN A MONTH. IN 19 CHRONIC CASES OF INFLAMMATION OF THE EYE, ALL BUT ONE RECOVERED IN FROM ONE TO FIVE WEEKS.

TWENTY-TWO MASTOID INFECTIONS WERE TREATED WITH PENICILLIN. THE PATIENTS' AGES RANGED FROM 10 MONTHS TO 76 YEARS. PRIMARY HEALING TOOK PLACE IN 14 OF THE ACUTE AND 5 OF THE CHRONIC CASES WITHIN SEVEN DAYS.

THE ROYAL INFIRMARY AT GLASGOW REPORTS EXCELLENT RECOVERIES OF INFECTED BURNS TREATED WITH PENICILLIN CREAM. FIFTY-FOUR BURN CASES WERE TREATED WITH PENICILLIN CREAM.
at the Royal Infirmary, and in 41 of the wounds infective organisms had disappeared within five days. Healing was unusually rapid, and toxic effects were not observed.

Especially remarkable have been the results with gonorrhea resistant to sulfa drugs. The usual treatment in this infection is by sulfathiazole. Penicillin cleared up the gonorrhea in 2 days, and there is a report on 68 cases without a failure.

As used by the United States Navy, penicillin is prepared in ampules with the material ready for injection and with 100,000 units in each ampule. The material appears as a fine powder, varying in color from light yellow to dark brown and has been previously purified, dried and tested for sterility. This material will keep well at ordinary room temperature, but high temperature breaks it down and prolonged exposure at room temperature makes it deteriorate. Therefore the ampules are stored in a refrigerator until ready for use. When kept in the form of a liquid, penicillin is unstable and must be kept at all times in a refrigerator. When the material is to be used, the powder is dissolved in sterile distilled water, sterile normal salt solution, or 5 per cent glucose solution.

In the Navy the product is being used for infections caused by the staphylococcus, the hemolytic streptococcus, the germs of pneumonia and gonorrhea—particularly for those cases which have resisted treatment with the sulfa drugs. Since the amounts of the drug available
even for these limited purposes are small, the most serious cases—namely, infections of the blood or of the spinal fluid—with these dangerous germs are given preference. Indeed, for infections of the spinal fluid the material is now injected directly into the spinal area. Not many people react unfavorably to the drug. In fact, there were in 264 cases only 11 instances with an eruption on the skin indicating some sensitivity.

Supplies of penicillin sufficient for civilian use may not be available until after the war. However, all the resources of American pharmaceutical science and many associated industries are being mobilized. Because of its life-saving significance the War Production Board and every other governmental agency that can be helpful is giving sympathetic consideration to the proposals for establishing manufacture of this important product. Conceivably, this type of encouragement may make it possible to have some penicillin for civilian use within the next three or four months. When that time comes medicine will have available a new weapon which will revolutionize the treatment of some of our most dreaded diseases, and save innumerable lives which, without this new product, would quite certainly be lost.
THE MIRACLE OF AMERICAN PRODUCTION

(a.d. 1943)

By Burnham Finney

The history of popular American awareness of wartime production may be boiled down to three stages. First there was consternation over the size of the task set before the country. Then came prideful joy in the realization that it was being brilliantly carried out. And now, in the third stage, there is a casual, almost bored acceptance of the industrial victory—the miracle has become so familiar that it no longer seems extraordinary. Disturbances on the home front, slight and temporary recessions in output, are naturally highlighted in the press, and tend to blur the positive side of the story. As one who has watched the amazing industrial spectacle from a front-row seat, as it were, the writer wishes to bring the facts into clear focus again.

The one undisputed and overwhelming fact is that America since Pearl Harbor has witnessed an unprece-...
tragic event, our factories are pouring out guns and planes and ships and a thousand instruments of war for the United Nations at a rate far exceeding our entire national output in any year in the fabulous twenties. Every month we are now producing war goods, measured in dollars and cents, equivalent to constructing fifteen TVA’s.

And the peak has not been reached. Not until the end of this year will American industry hit its full stride in war production, and then it will be in a position to maintain a dizzy pace as long as necessary. America’s ability to produce has amazed not only Hitler, Mussolini and Tojo, but America itself. Industry’s performance, in sober fact, has surprised industry itself. It had not fully appreciated its own untapped powers.

Perhaps the most spectacular case is that of synthetic rubber. Japan believed that to deprive us of natural rubber would be to cripple our transportation and block our building of a mammoth war machine. Her leaders, however, failed to reckon with American industrial resourcefulness. We started literally from zero to build a new industry vital to our successful prosecution of the war. Almost within a year's time the biggest chemical business in history, costing three-quarters of a billion dollars, was made available. Before the end of 1944 there will no longer be a rubber problem in the United States. We shall be able to turn out tires at a rate of one a second or better, and we shall have enough rubber for other purposes.
Detroit means automobiles to most Americans. It is the capital of the country's greatest mass-production industry. But it no longer makes automobiles. Major General Levin H. Campbell, Jr., Chief of Ordnance of the United States Army, has described it as "the backbone of our ordnance production." It is more than that. It is the powerhouse of our war production program. General Motors, for instance, has become the country's largest manufacturer of war goods.

The automotive industry has gone "all-out" for war with a burst of activity that dwarfs any of its previous performances. In its best years it never built more than five and a half million passenger cars and trucks; it only got above the five-million mark three times. But it is today supplying the United Nations with armament at a rate equal to the production of twenty million automobiles a year. War goods produced by this industry in a single year are equivalent to two-thirds of all the motor cars and trucks owned in this country.

At the war's start our merchant shipbuilding industry was virtually flat on its back. The cargo ship was a puny affair. Since then old yards have been enlarged, abandoned yards have been rehabilitated, new facilities have been created, and the outpouring of ships to carry the necessities of war to the battlefronts and to our allies is of almost unbelievable magnitude. Imagine being able to build a Normandie, giant of the seas, every two and a half days! That is what we are doing, in effect. That is
what the merchant tonnage being put into service by our private shipyards adds up to.

We thought that we did a pretty good job in World War I; in 1918 when the submarine menace was most critical, we constructed under two million tons of merchant ships. But our goal in 1943 is twenty million tons—more than ten times the record in the previous war—and we are sure to reach it. On top of this total, the shipbuilding industry bears the chief burden of constructing warships to make our two-ocean navy a reality. Publication of figures on warship completions is no longer permissible, but it can be said that private yards are busy with battleships, cruisers, destroyers, aircraft carriers, escort vessels and smaller craft on a scale never before approached. Nor should the herculean ship-repair service be overlooked. Two yards alone have handled in one year over 12,000 ships needing repairs. Some of these ships had been broken squarely in two and had to be put back together again.

In the spring of 1940 the shortage of powder-making capacity, particularly for smokeless powder, was so acute that it gave our top military men many sleepless nights. At one time our facilities reached such a low ebb that we could supply only a pitifully small army. Today, thanks to the far-reaching production program, we have available enough facilities to make all the powder required by all the armies of the world. And that is the story, endlessly reiterated, on every other bottleneck item.
Making possible this incomparable record of achievement are three factors: equipment, materials and manpower.

The first thing we had to do was to tool up for war, by converting machinery in existing plants and building new factories from the ground up. Fortunately we possessed a machine tool industry surpassing in size and technical development that in any other country in the world. It went to work immediately. It stretched its output beyond anything it ever had dreamed of, building machines on which war goods are made. It will have shipped by the end of this year, since January 1, 1941, over three billion dollars worth of machines. In an average peacetime year its shipments run around one hundred million dollars. The machine tool industry has not only girded our own factories for war but contributed extensively to the plants of England, Canada, Australia and Russia. In so doing it has deliberately stripped itself of its markets after the war, because most of the wartime tools it has turned out can be adapted to manufacture of civilian goods.

Raw materials productive capacity, totally inadequate for a global war, came in for its full share of expansion. In three years so much new steel-making was added to the steel industry that the additional capacity was the equivalent of building a new steel industry about two-thirds the size of Britain’s. We now have within our borders well over half the steel-making facilities of the
entire world, and more is still under construction. Alloy steel capacity has been increased 140 per cent; this alloy steel enables us to turn out weapons and vehicles that are stronger, lighter, tougher and have a greater margin of safety than those of our enemies.

At the time of Pearl Harbor, Germany was far ahead of us in the production of magnesium, which is so desirable in airplane manufacture because of its lightness. We seemed hopelessly outclassed. But Hitler no longer has his boasted lead over us. Our facilities have been enlarged so rapidly that today, as one war official expresses it, "we have magnesium sticking out of our ears." With some modifications we are in the same enviable situation in regard to aluminum. Our capacity is now seven-fold what it was a short time ago, and we have enough aluminum to build well over one hundred thousand planes a year.

Transformation of the country from a peace to a war economy meant not only tremendous additions of machines and materials facilities to those already in place, but also a construction program never before approached in size. The Ordnance Department of the Army has a series of sprawling plants, mostly between the Alleghenies and the Rockies, to make shell, tanks, powder, ammunition and other ordnance items and to load shell. All of them have been built since war struck. The Navy owns hundreds of plants operating full tilt on war goods, all new in this war. Expenditures for plants and equip-
ment were so huge, up until this year, that their total came to almost 10 per cent of all munitions produced, figured on a dollar basis.

Manpower has not proved so troublesome as first anticipated until comparatively recently, though it has necessarily created many problems. For one thing, mass production lends itself admirably to quick training of workers. Jobs formerly done by skilled men can be broken down into their component parts with a man assigned to do only one repetitive operation. In that way “green” help can be taught to run a machine in a few weeks. A constantly growing proportion of automatic or semi-automatic machinery and equipment also reduces the need for skill. The result is that our war shops today are filled with men who never before had seen a lathe or a drill press or had a speaking acquaintance with common shop tools.

Woman power should share the credit for boosting production up to its present dizzy level. While we have not been compelled to go to the lengths reported in England and in Russia, some 35 per cent of our war workers are women. In some war plants, including a new one making aircraft engine superchargers, 75 to 80 per cent of all the factory employees are women.

Putting its mind and energy onto war production to the exclusion of everything else, American industry has done many remarkable things along the road to higher output. It has subcontracted parts and subassemblies and
complete assemblies, fanning out work so that it takes in
the small as well as the large shops and so that every
community is affected. It has developed new and better
weapons, with the active cooperation of the Army and
the Navy, and has improved the design and manufacture
of older weapons. It has substituted less critical for the
more critical materials. Many times it has lowered costs
of production.

You may remember the incredulity with which Presi-
dent Roosevelt’s statement was greeted when he said in
the spring of 1940 that America must build 50,000 planes.
The figure was so fantastically high that it sounded a bit
like a pipedream. Today it is more than a reality, because
we are making over 8,000 planes a month, at a rate, that
is, of almost 100,000 a year. Imagine all the military
planes made in the United States in 1943 in a row on the
ground, wing to wing. Imagine that you are rushing past
that line in the Twentieth Century Limited. It would
take you sixteen hours to pass them all! And numbers
alone don’t indicate the full magnitude of the fact, since
the average weight per plane has risen sharply, now
that bombers make up a higher proportion.

The fluidity of war makes necessary emphasis first on
one weapon and then on another. A single battle or a
campaign reveals a weakness in a plane or a tank that
must be remedied immediately if superiority is to be ours.
Improved designs cannot wait for the next yearly model;
they must be incorporated in the weapon right away.
This fluidity of war enormously complicates the manufacturing tasks. Production processes must be sufficiently frozen to permit large quantities of a product to be made, but not solidly frozen so that shifts become impossible.

To help solve this tough problem, modification centers have been established for aircraft. Certain special equipment is essential if a bomber is to be stationed in the cold, fog-bound Aleutians; different equipment is needed if it is to be based in the tropical islands of the Southwest Pacific or in the sands of North Africa. Accordingly planes come off the assembly line in California, let us say, and are flown to an Arizona modification center where they are tailored to the specifications of the region to which they are to be assigned. Modification centers have been established for tanks too.

When America tackled the task of equipping its forces and those of its Allies, its first job was that of filling up the “pipelines” extending from our factories to the various fronts around the world. Moreover, the millions in training in this country had to be provided with rifles instead of wood dummies and with tanks instead of trucks marked “tank.” After the “pipelines” are full, we shall have to put in at the factory end only what flows out at the battle end. That will reduce production to a replacement basis. The “pipelines” will not be filled until sometime in 1944, though they won’t be far from that satisfactory state at the end of this year. Because they started much earlier than we did, both Germany and
England have already reached that state. When the war with Germany ends victoriously, the "pipeline" of war goods extending from America to Europe and Africa will be bulging. All of the content, needless to say, then can be transferred to the Pacific theater where it can be put to use against the Japanese.

There undoubtedly has been some overbuilding of war plants and some piling up of certain weapons that may never be used; and in the months ahead we may make many more of some items than we ever shall employ in combat. But war officials and industry itself have in mind the indisputable fact that victory goes to the side that has too much rather than to the side that has too little.

As the end of our second year of direct participation in the war draws near, our production of war goods is of a magnitude that Hitler and Tojo didn't think possible, otherwise they would not have tempted fate by challenging us to make such an effort. Today "the arsenal of democracy" is more than a high-sounding phrase. It is an actuality. It is large enough and producing fast enough to supply all the anti-Axis world.

Though peak production is not yet attained, we are definitely over the hump. The United States alone is outstripping the rest of the world combined. In the brief space of three years, and mostly since Pearl Harbor, we have not only caught up with and passed Germany's rate of output, leaving her far behind, but also turned out more goods than she has been able to accumulate in the
last decade. As for Japan, her production of course is only a fraction of ours.

Wars are won by fighting men on the field of battle and at sea and in the air. But they cannot be won unless these fighting men can be provided with superior equipment in ample quantities. The workshops of America are now seeing to it that the fighting men of the United Nations get that equipment. Man for man, the production per manhour in the United States far surpasses that of any other nation. The reason for this is the high degree of mechanization of our industries and our skill, acquired in making automobiles and other products, in flowing materials through the shop at the right time and at the right place.

Such is the over-all picture. It is the magnificent and unchanging reality behind the shifting façade of the news, good and bad. Whether victories are scored in the Mediterranean or on the Russian fronts, on the high seas or in the scattered islands of the Pacific, American industry shares the glory. The products of America’s genius for organization and mass production are everywhere, and everywhere they turn the tide of struggle in our favor.

THE INVASION
(A.D. 1944)

Allan A. Michie—Frederic Sondern, Jr.
—Ira Wolfert

Four years ago, before the last British soldier was taken off the beach at Dunkirk, Prime Minister Churchill assigned a small group of officers to the specific task of planning the return to the Continent. Then and for a long time afterward, it seemed a mere academic exercise. But by the time of the Casablanca conference in early 1943 the project no longer looked fantastic and the plans for D Day filled four huge volumes, each the size of a New York telephone book.

The place where the invasion would strike was decided over a year ago. Roosevelt, Churchill and the Combined Chiefs of Staff approved the decision in August, 1943, at Quebec.

That it would start between the end of May and the middle of June, 1944, was decided at least eight months in advance. In November, 1943, at Teheran, President Roosevelt so informed Marshal Stalin. The exact day was

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to be left to Eisenhower. Marshal Stalin expressed his complete satisfaction.

When General Eisenhower arrived in London in January, he checked over the forecasts of the men and equipment he could expect, and on what dates. Satisfied, he set invasion week to be between June 3 and 10.

But the selection of the precise day was a last-minute drama.

Four or five weeks before D Day, SHAEF (Supreme Headquarters Allied Expeditionary Forces) departed from London and moved into battle headquarters conveniently near the loading ports and the “hards”—stretches of English beach paved with blocks onto which landing craft come at high tide.

In a big, stodgy old house that has seen better days, standing in a rolling, wooded private park was the nerve center of the entire invasion operation.

Vital pieces of information poured into this quiet woodland hideout—photographs taken by suicide pilots at zero feet above Normandy beaches showing five main types of mines and underwater obstacles to impede our landings, photographs of vital bridges and railway yards bombed to uselessness. The preparatory air attacks began eight weeks before D Day and by June 6, 82 strategic railway centers behind the Atlantic wall had been put out of action and most rail and road bridges leading to the Cherbourg Peninsula had been broken, forcing Germans to move up supplies and reinforcements by long
detours. The air policy was to drop two bombs elsewhere, as on Pas de Calais, to one on the real invasion objective, to divert German suspicion.

A few days before D Day, the Channel clearing plan started working. Allied destroyers and planes, with interlocking sweeps, covered almost every square yard of the English Channel while other forces bottled it up at both ends. U-boats were unable to surface long enough in the area to charge batteries without being detected. German E-boats and R-boats were driven back to bases whose approaches were mined nightly by planes to make impossible any sudden sortie against the invasion fleet. Heavier ships of the Home Fleet cruised through the North Sea approaches ready to intercept any bigger German warships. Intelligence reports, corroborated by photographs, described hidden big gun emplacements on the coast which had not previously been detected.

At the last minute a German sergeant deserted his Führer and at pistol point forced French fishermen to take him to England. He brought with him valuable details of the Atlantic wall defenses along the Normandy coast. But by that time the Atlantic wall had few secrets from us.

The British had long ago issued an appeal for snapshots taken in peacetime by trippers onto the Continent. From the thousands sent in, valuable details were ferreted out—a narrow lane not shown on any maps that led up behind a cliff on which the Germans had installed
a heavy gun battery; a back alley that curves behind a tourist hotel which the Germans had made into a strong point.

As far back as March 29 troops began moving into staging areas, then closer to embarkation ports, then finally to their loading areas. Nearly 2000 special troop trains were run to coastal ports. In the great control room an illuminated map showed the progress of every convoy along the roads to the ports. Meanwhile, in large areas of Britain, evacuated by civilians, troops were training with live ammunition. Rommel’s beach obstacles were duplicated and demolition squads practiced taking the sting out of them.

As a result of the Dieppe experience, special landing craft fitted with rocket batteries were developed to mow down German beach obstructions. Tens of thousands of vehicles were waterproofed for beach landings and equipped with flexible tubing and steel chimneys that reared high above the engines to suck down air to the motors as they plunged through surf up to the drivers’ necks. Some 280 British factories were set working day and night and the entire output of Britain’s sheet steel rolling mills was taken over for this great job. The intricate task of loading the invasion ships took two years of expert planning.

The endless ammunition dumps built up along quiet English lanes actually contained more ammunition than was used in all of World War I. Tanks were parked
track to track; aircraft stood wing-top to wing-tip; miles-long convoys of trucks, bulldozers, ducks and self-propelled guns were parked in fields and at roadsides until Britons wondered if their little island would sink under the weight.

Just 30 days before D Day, the last full-scale invasion exercise was completed. Tired GIs and Tommies who had participated in a half-dozen such exercises complained that next time they were called out they wanted to go straight into action. Landing-craft crews who had frequently been sent out on feints to deceive the enemy felt the same. They got their wish.

Seven days before D Day, which was originally set for Monday, June 5, final loading up began.

As the days ticked off, the tension at SHAEF mounted higher and higher, but at the personal headquarters of the commanders there was an atmosphere of calm. Monty left to subordinates the detail work, which he abhors, and read his favorite author, Anthony Trollope.

Eisenhower refused to move into the big house but set up tent headquarters in the woods. He sleeps in what he calls his “circus wagon,” built on a 2½-ton army truck chassis—an idea borrowed from Monty. Its one room is littered with an odd assortment of Wild West yarns and psychological novels.

On Friday afternoon, June 2, Prime Minister Churchill and Field Marshal Smuts dropped into Eisenhower’s camp after touring the coast to watch loading operations.
on the "hards." The three men talked for an hour. Churchill suggested that he should go along with the assault forces on D Day.

General Eisenhower at first passed off the Prime Minister's remark as a joke, but Churchill returned to the point and finally Eisenhower said flatly that Churchill could not go. He reminded the Prime Minister that if he were lost things would be disorganized in Britain and the whole military operation would be endangered. "Besides," continued Eisenhower, "the warship you'd be on would require more protection than we'd ordinarily give it."

Churchill was persistent. "After all," he said, "I am Minister for National Defense. I can put myself aboard a British warship as an officer. Even the Supreme Commander cannot dictate the complement of a British naval vessel."

While Churchill was speaking in this vein, he was informed that Buckingham Palace was calling him on the telephone. It was the King, who had learned of his Chief Minister's purpose in visiting Eisenhower.

Under no circumstances, said the King, was Mr. Churchill to consider going to France on D Day.

Churchill acceded, in downcast mood.

Saturday evening, June 3, General Eisenhower held the first of four conferences that were to determine D Day, H Hour. The conferees were Monty, neatly dressed for a change, in a new battledress just sent him
from the United States; quiet, soft-spoken Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Tedder, Eisenhower’s brilliant deputy; Allied Naval Commander in Chief, small, peppery Admiral Sir Bertram Ramsay, the man who had brilliantly improvised the “operation dynamo” that rescued the troops from Dunkirk.

Last to arrive was Air Chief Marshal Sir Trafford Leigh-Mallory, Commander of the Allied Expeditionary Air Forces. He had flown down from London in his private puddle-jumper aircraft.

Outside in the fading half light of an English summer day, the weather appeared good to a layman’s eyes, but to the weather experts at SHAEF the forecast was discouraging. There were three chief weather midwives assisting at the birth of the great invasion—two British officers and an American Air Force colonel. For weeks past they had been producing forecasts and charts almost hourly. Now their predictions were not favorable. Weather over the Channel and France would worsen steadily, bringing low ceilings which would cancel out air activity, also high winds and rough seas which would hinder beach landings.

Final decision was postponed until 4:30 next morning (Sunday, June 4), and the High Commanders separated to get a few hours’ sleep. When they met Sunday morning, the weather men confirmed their earlier forecasts and it was decided to postpone the invasion at least 24 hours. If the weather continued bad, the whole opera-
tion might have to be set back for weeks until the tides and moon again would be right for landings. For only one day in any month would be really suitable. The moon must be full—to let airborne troops operate effectively, to give our fighter-cover and anti-aircraft a chance to keep the Luftwaffe away, and to make difficult the operation of the Nazis' light-shy but very effective E-boats. The tide had to be at low ebb three hours before dawn to expose underwater obstacles for demolition and make the beach right for H-Hour landing.

On Sunday evening, June 4, the Prime Minister and Smuts—later joined by General de Gaulle—dropped in on Eisenhower and sat for a long time discussing aspects of the momentous decision that was Eisenhower's alone to make. They left, and at nine o'clock, Eisenhower held another staff conference at SHAEF. The weather men were called in singly. Their forecasts, arrived at independently of each other, tallied and they made a more favorable picture. There was every prospect that weather over France and the Channel would steadily improve during the next 48 hours.

The High Commanders and their Chiefs of Staff weighed the gamble they were about to take. After 45 minutes, tentative agreement was reached that the invasion would go on. But they decided to hold one last conference at 4:30 on Monday morning, June 5, for the final word.
Back at his caravan, General Eisenhower turned in and slept a few hours. At four o'clock, he went back to SHAEF. Around the table sat Tedder, Montgomery, Leigh-Mallory, Admiral Ramsay and their Chiefs of Staff. The first weather man was called in. He stuck to his original forecast. There was good weather ahead. It might not come for a day or two. On the other hand it might come within 12 hours. The other two weather men, separately questioned, agreed.

General Eisenhower summed up the position to his Commanders. Everything was ready. If they delayed much longer, German reconnaissance aircraft were bound to find out the extent of mass shipping and landing craft assembled off the ports. The American assault force and the United States naval task force were already under weigh and the longer they stayed at sea, the more difficult it would be to keep the many landing craft shepherded into convoys. A few more days under German observation and the invasion might lose its chance of tactical surprise.

The weather was a gamble, General Eisenhower admitted, but it was up to himself and the High Commanders to rise to it, or turn away. They all knew what turning away implied—delay, perhaps weeks; the intricate loading process to be done over again; bad effect on the morale of troops.

Eisenhower turned to Admiral Ramsay and asked, "What do you think?"
Ramsay replied, "I'd like to hear the 'Air' give his views."

Air Chief Marshal Leigh-Mallory spoke with deliberation but left no doubt that "Air" was willing to gamble on the weather experts' predictions.

"All right," said Admiral Ramsay, with mock belligerency, "if the 'Air' thinks he can do it, the Navy certainly can."

General Eisenhower smiled, but only briefly. This was the moment the peoples of the Allied nations had sweated and toiled for. Looking down the table at his commanders, his face more serious than it ever has been or is likely to be again, he said quietly, "Okay, let 'er rip."

Those around the table rose quickly and hurried from the room to set the operation in motion. Ike called after them, "Good luck!"

He was last to emerge from the room. He was walking heavily and those who saw him remarked later that each of the eight stars on his shoulders seemed to weigh a ton. He drove quickly back to his "circus wagon" and turned in without waking his aides. . . .

With the mammoth operation at last under way, there was no one more useless than the Supreme Commander. During the long day before D Day, General Eisenhower had nothing to do but visit his troops. In the morning, he drove to a nearby port and chatted with British soldiers loading on their LCI's. In the evening he drove to
airfields where men of the 101st U.S. Airborne Division were loading in their transport planes and black gliders. As he rolled up in his four-starred Cadillac at airfield after airfield, the men were already coloring their faces with cocoa and linseed oil. He went about from group to group wisecracking with them, partly to relieve their tension, partly his own.

As the boys climbed into their dark planes, the General called out, “Good luck!” He was noticeably affected. To drop several divisions of airborne and paratroop forces miles behind the Atlantic wall, long before H Hour on the beaches, was a tremendous risk. Many of his own staff officers, British and American, had strongly advised against it. If the beachheads weren’t established securely it meant several divisions of superbly trained troops would be lost. The General took the risk. He knew that, in taking it, he was sending some of them to certain death. They knew it, too.

The first phone call on D Day, June 6, came to Eisenhower’s office about 7 a.m. Commander Harry Butcher, Eisenhower’s friend and naval aide, answered. It was Leigh-Mallory reporting that airborne and paratroop landings had been unbelievably successful and that the first assault landings had been successfully made. Butcher stepped across the cinders to Ike’s “circus wagon” expecting to find the General still asleep, but he was in bed propped up behind a Wild West novel. Butcher told him

Admiral Ramsay reported that the naval part of the show was 100 per cent successful, with few losses. In fact, the landings had taken the Germans entirely by surprise. Ramsay had craftily sent a decoy convoy up through the Channel late on the eve of D Day. The German coastal gunners had opened up with everything they had on the unfortunate decoy convoy and then shut down for the night. Whereupon the real invasion armada sailed unmolested right to its goal.

At breakfast that D-Day morning, General Eisenhower was animated and happy for the first time in months. He talked to Butcher about other D days he’d been on—North Africa, which he directed from Gibraltar; Pantelleria, Sicily, which he directed from Malta; and Salerno. Compared to these, said the General, the invasion of France had produced the quietest D day of all.

The weather remained his biggest worry and even before Butcher had called him he had been out of his caravan, peering up at the skies through the trees. As the sun began occasionally to peep through the clouds he relaxed.

At the nerve center of SHAEF there was one chilling moment that morning, when the first signal came from the beaches. It was rushed to the Staff Chiefs. They opened the message and read that the first assault wave
had drowned. Faces went white. Then someone asked hurriedly for a repeat on the message. For a minute or two they waited. Then came the repeat. There had been a mistake. The correct message was that the first assault wave had **grounded**.

Within 48 hours of H Hour, the invasion spearhead had established a foothold in France. And without the frightful toll of casualties which professional pessimists had predicted. On D-plus-six, a week after the invasion began, more than 500 square miles of Europe had been occupied by Allied armies. The battle was by no means over. The lives of many of our bravest and best were yet to be taken. But the bridgehead into France had been established.

What Philip of Spain and Napoleon failed to do, what Hitler never had courage to try, the Allied armies under Eisenhower had dared and done.

**THIS** was it—D Day and almost H Hour. A few miles ahead on the low-lying coast of France, not far from Cherbourg, a lighthouse winked peacefully. The bridge telegraph tinkled and our engines stopped throbbing. The anchor chain rattled through its hawsehole. Our whistle roared a short, hoarse signal and all around us the silhouettes of dozens of other ships came to rest. It was very quiet there in the moonlight; much too quiet, I thought, as we waited for
the first German gun to blast its challenge from the shore.

They could hardly believe it in the wardroom of the flagship. Turning from a big wall chart, the Admiral's navigation officer shut his dividers with a snap. "On the nose, by God!" he announced. The intelligence officer rubbed his head. "Not a smell of them all the way across," he said, "and if they knew we were here, they'd have opened up already." The chief of staff smiled his wry smile. "Maybe they're just waiting to give us a surprise when they get us figured out. We can't be that good."

But he was wrong. The big German coastal batteries remained silent, and as nerve-racking minutes ticked by, the battleships, transports and landing craft of our task force slid into their exactly prearranged positions unmolested.

It was very quiet in the ship, too. We had been steaming all day on a long zigzag course, designed to make the Germans think we heading for Pas de Calais rather than the Cherbourg Peninsula. Spirits were gay during the morning. The long, dull months of training were over at last, and the colossal spectacle we were watching took our minds off what lay ahead. Troops lined the rails as we picked up unit after unit of our tremendous convoy at various meeting places along the coast. There were endless rows of waddling tank and infantry landing ships—their barrage balloons bobbing crazily in the
sky above them—flanked by escort craft of every kind.

And then over the horizon came the impressive line
of our supporting warships. A deft maneuver brought
us into column ahead of the battleship *Nevada* and the
cruisers *Tuscaloosa* and *Quincy*. The big guns bristling
behind us looked very good. "Gee," said a young soldier
standing next to me, "that's a lot of cannons."

I agreed happily that it certainly was a lot of cannons.

As the afternoon wore on, tension grew. Everybody
was being very polite. On the bridge, even the crusty
officer who ran the ship gave orders less brusquely than
usual. But there were no jitters, no traces of hysteria. A
leathery Marine colonel, veteran of many battles, man-
aged a wintry smile and said that, for green troops, the
kids looked pretty promising. Coming from him, that
was praise indeed.

When an alarm bell suddenly began to clang and a
bosun's rasping voice came over the intercom—"All
hands man your battle stations!"—the call to general
quarters was welcome relief. There really was a Nazi
plane ahead this time. It was 10:30 p.m. But nothing
happened.

In the combat intelligence room—nerve center of the
Admiral's command post—a vast picture of the big
crossing was unfolding. We were one of two invasion
forces—American, under Rear Admiral Alan Kirk,
U.S.N., and British, under Sir Philip Vian, Royal Navy.
Five thousand ships were moving across the English
Channel, assembled from several dozen ports and routed on exact schedule through narrow lanes swept and marked by minesweepers several hours before. The two task force commanders were linked with each other and with Supreme Headquarters ashore by the most intricate military communications system ever devised.

There was surprisingly little activity, however. The operation plan covered all details of every ship's movements and it worked like a clock.

It was about 1:30 in the morning of June 6 when an officer in the combat intelligence room suddenly barked: "Two hundred planes coming over."

"Enemy?" shrilled a young officer.

"No," said the commander, "they'll be the airborne boys."

And they were. One, two, three, and then score after score of the big transports thundered by overhead. On the peninsula, German flak began roaring and searchlights swept the sky.

A few minutes later, the commander turned to the radioman monitoring German military stations, alert for the first sudden burst of activity. "Well?" he asked. We held our breaths. "Still very light traffic, sir," said the British expert, reading a Western thriller as he twiddled his dials. He was very efficient, and he always caught everything worth catching, but he considered the war, as he told me, a very dull way of earning one's living. He wasn't at all disturbed, as I was, about the
danger of German searchlights picking us up. Fortunately, when they started poking around, the beams were deflected by clouds, and the Nazis apparently decided it was just another air raid. The coastal batteries which could have given us terrible punishment were still silent.

We knew that just then airborne divisions were going down. Parachutists went down first, to clear strategic fields of the poles and other traps which the Germans—forewarned by careless publicity of the scope of our airborne operations—had set for gliders. The parachutists worked quickly with grenades and mine detectors, but the glidermen suffered casualties nevertheless.

Along the beaches, Commandos and Rangers were busy, too. A dozen large units were mopping up crucial strong points, overrunning coastal batteries and wrecking communications centers. One of the most powerful German coast-defense batteries was tucked away in a huge concrete fortress, almost impregnable even to air and artillery attack. Immensely massive steel doors barricaded its entrance. Two Commandos stole a German staff car and, yelling, "Die Invasion hat begonnen!" at the top of their lungs, they careened up to the sentries and startled them into opening the gates wide enough to throw in their bombs. After that the gates could not be closed, and within a few minutes the last of the German garrison fell under a hail of lead from the Commandos' Tommyguns.
Up and down 60 miles of coast, the preinvasion raiders were doing their work on schedule. Their incredible exploits will make one of the greatest chapters in military history.

All this, however, seemed very far away to us on the Admiral’s flagship. As the reports came in, a bell would ring. The commander would read the message and put a new sticker on his chart. Finally, at three o’clock, the silence ahead of us split wide open. Pathfinder planes of the RAF had roared by overhead. Huge chandelier flares, red and green, came down over the beach. And then all hell broke loose. Geysers of fire and sand in closely patterned rows flashed upward as bombers, following their guides, laid down stick after stick. German flak spat from all directions, their tracers arching fantastic fireworks into the sky. They were pretty accurate and from time to time a mortally wounded plane would plunge blazing earthward like a meteor, ending in a leaping flash of fire as it struck the ground.

On the bridge, a veteran captain—seemingly oblivious of the din—gave orders for lowering landing craft from our davits. He paused to look at the booming, lethal pyrotechnics and remarked to another correspondent and me that they reminded him of a “hell of a Fourth of July” he remembered as a kid.

All around us landing boats were forming circles ready to take off the troops from transports for the dash ashore. “Boat team number five form at station three”
came the bosun's bored voice over the loudspeaker system.

Dawn was breaking, and on the flag bridge, the Admiral and the General commanding the division we were putting ashore were worried. The waves were too high and the landing craft were bobbing around like corks. Troops clambering down the nets were having a tough time. Every time a GI landed with a smack on the bottom of his boat—his tin hat flying in one direction, his gun in the other—our hearts went into our throats. Was this going to be the catastrophe we had just avoided in the Sicilian landing?

Somehow at last the landing craft were loaded. The bleak strained faces at command positions began to relax. At 5:40—as though at touch of a button—the warships ahead of us began bellowing. Our teeth rattled as flash followed flash and shells of every caliber whined from the battleships, cruisers and destroyers into the beach. Over the whole assault area, 600 guns in 80 ships put down 2000 tons of explosives in ten minutes.

Actually both the bombing and the naval gunnery were the most carefully prepared and coördinated barrage of the war. On the highly important chart in the wardroom which scheduled the attack of every bomber squadron and the fire of every ship in our task force, German positions and batteries were marked. Their priority for attention had been decided according to their size, range and ability to interfere with our operation.
One coastal battery particularly, set in the side of a hill and practically invulnerable to air attack, could have mauled us badly while unloading. "That one, gentlemen," the Admiral had said at pre-D Day briefing, "is a must." Salvos of 14-inch shells from one of our battleships began hitting it precisely on schedule and, when a Ranger party arrived there a little later for mopping up, they found not one live German in the fortification.

Small, slow spotting planes cruised lazily over the target areas, their observers talking directly to their fire-control officers afloat and correcting aim as the shells came over. It was beautiful shooting and at almost regular intervals the commander in our intelligence room put a new sticker against one of the red rings on the chart. "DESTROYED," it said.

Behind this curtain, the loaded landing boats formed exactly spaced waves for the final run to the beach. Heading them, Navy scouts in control craft found the exact boundaries of assigned beaches—no easy job in the dust and smoke of a bombardment which had blasted almost every recognizable landmark, and in the teeth of machine-gun and vicious mortar fire. The scouts guided in demolition crews of the naval beach battalion who, with their bombs and Bangalore torpedoes, had to blast a way through the maze of hedgehog-like steel structures, up-ended rails, barbed wire and mines. We could see them calmly paddling boats and setting their charges, with lead and steel slapping the water all around them. The
D-DAY, JUNE 6, 1944. NAZI UNDERWATER OBSTACLES ARE REVEALED BY THE EBBING TIDE ON A NORMANDY BEACH. IN THE FOREGROUND ARE ALLIED VEHICLES WRECKED DURING THE LANDING OPERATIONS. (Pages 215-248.)

FROM AN OFFICIAL U.S. NAVY PHOTOGRAPH.
leaders of this toughest job were men with Mediterranean experience, but the rest were boys being shot at for the first time.

Through cleared channels came like clockwork the personnel landing craft loaded with troops, and tank landing craft, with tanks firing from them. Over their heads and from the flanks, rocket craft sent fantastic salvos swishing, to explode mines on shore with their closely patterned miniature earthquakes and to tear open barbed wire. Small fast rocket craft, motor torpedo boats, flak ships and destroyers close inshore poured a last burst of drenching fire, then again as by clockwork, the curtain lifted and the leading landing craft rammed their bows into the sand, to drop ramps and discharge line after line of crouching, running, firing men and roaring tanks.

It was H Hour and the invasion had begun.

On and behind some of the beaches in the hours just before and after H, bad luck and mistakes caused heavy losses. One airborne outfit struck an area which the Germans happened to be using for anti-invasion maneuvers. Nazi machine gunners were in place and waiting as the Allied troops stepped out of the gliders. In one beach sector, the landing force struck an accidental last-minute German troop concentration.

The weather was not at all cooperative. Four-foot waves delayed troop loading at some places by over 60 minutes past schedule. By that time, the fast Normandy
tide had dropped sharply, landing craft grounded far out and left men wading through four feet of water and under leaden hail without cover. The delay let the Germans regroup their artillery and it cost us lives, but it did not give them time to bring up sizable reinforcements which might have caused disaster.

On the whole, however, surprise was complete. The picture I had seen ahead of me was repeated on beaches up and down the line. The Germans had, as a gold-braided wit said, been “caught with their panzers down.” The American and Royal navies had fulfilled Admiral Ramsay’s promise to Eisenhower—“We will land you there to the inch.” “The miracle,” as Ernie Pyle wrote, “of landing there at all” had been accomplished.

THIS Normandy beachhead of ours is the fourth beachhead I have been on in the last two years. All beachheads are unlike anything else on earth. Thousands of things are going on at once, from life to death, from hysterical triumph to crushing failure. Night is different from day only because the light is poorer, the tracer bullets more lurid, the waves creamier and your particular task either harder or easier. You work until your job is done or your superior feels too exhausted to work you any longer. Then you sleep until prodded awake by explosions or bullets or some other urgency.
THE INVASION

Our first view of France, from the U. S. Coast Guard troop transport that carried us across the Channel, was that reflected by anti-aircraft shells lighting up the night above Normandy. It was a little past 1 a.m. on D Day, and paratroopers were beginning to land, their planes showered by whole buckets of blazing shells and golf-ball flak. One plane went down, then another and another, in plain sight of our ship, while our men stood silently in the darkness, their faces grim and their hearts sick.

The transport anchored about 11 miles offshore, and at dawn, after a terrific naval and air bombardment of the beaches, we transferred to small boats for the landing. The boats were being thrown five and ten feet into the air and digging deep into the troughs between the waves, and the leap from the slippery ladder to a greasy hatch had to be timed nicely.

To the right and left and ahead and behind, farther than a man could see, the scene was the same—a spreading mass of ships lying to, waiting patiently as cows to be unloaded, each deep laden and teeming with men and goods. The waters between them were teeming too, with small boats threading back and forth and hanging to the sides of the larger vessels like the metal spangles of a tambourine.

We passed under a sky full of airplanes laid layer upon layer on top of each other. We passed warships bombarding the enemy, and saw the splashes of enemy 

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shells trying to hit the ships. An inferno was brewing on the beach; smoke was clotting up from it, and blinding white and orange blasts of explosions flickered hotly.

Then the war reached out a giant paw and struck dead ahead of us. There was a big explosion. Gray smoke and white water rose hundreds of feet into the air. Out of its center a mortally stricken minesweeper plunged and tilted, bleeding oil in spouts as if an artery had been severed. Then it righted itself and lay quietly, with the big gaseous-looking bubbling that ships make when they die.

Standing by to pick up survivors, we came first to those who had been blown farthest by the explosion. They were all dead. “Leave the dead and take the living first,” cried Lieutenant John Tripson.

And then, from all over the sea around us, sounding small and childlike in the wild world of waters, came cries of “Help! Help!” and one startling, pathetic cry of “Please help me!”

Big John Tripson is a Mississippi boy who used to play football for the Detroit Lions. His strength came in handy now. The wet boys in the sea with all they had on them weighed up to 300 pounds. Big John reached out and scooped them up with one hand, holding onto the boat with the other. We fished six out of the water, two of them uninjured, taking only the living and leaving the dead awash like derelicts in the unheeding sea. One man was naked. Every stitch of clothing,
including his shoes and socks, had been blown off and his body was welted all over as if he had been thrashed by a cat-o'-nine-tails.

Other rescue ships had come alongside the mine-sweeper now, and we stood out again on our mission. Close to us was the U.S. cruiser Tuscaloosa. A German battery had challenged her, and she and an American destroyer had taken up the challenge. The Germans were using a very fine smokeless powder that made it impossible to spot their gun sites unless one happened to be looking right there when the muzzle flash gave them away. They also had some kind of bellows arrangement that puffed out a billow of gun smoke from a position safely removed from the actual battery. This was to throw off the spotters. But their best protection was the casements of earth-and-concrete 12½ feet thick.

The affair between the battery and the warships had the color of a duel to it. When the Germans threw down the gauntlet you could see the gauntlet splash in the water. It was a range-finding shell. Then the shells started walking toward our warship, in a straight line. If you followed them on back you would eventually get to the battery. This was what our warship commanders were trying to do. It was a race between skills. If the Germans landed on the ship before our gunners could plot the line of their shells, then they would win. If our gunners could calculate more rapidly, then we would win.
Captain Waller, in command of the Tuscaloosa, held his $15,000,000 warship steady, setting it up as bait to keep the Germans shooting while his gunners worked out their calculations.

The destroyer—I could not identify it—stuck right with our cruiser. The splashes kept coming closer. Our ships did not move. The splashes started at 500 yards off and then went quickly to 300 yards. Now, I thought, the warships would move. But they remained silent and motionless. The next salvo was 200 yards off. The next one would do it, the next one would get them, I was thinking. The next salvo blotted out the sides of the vessels in a whip of white water, throwing a cascade across the deck of the Tuscaloosa.

Now in this final second the race was at its climax. The Germans knew our ships would move. They had to guess which way, they had to race to correct range and deflection for the next salvo. Our ships had to guess what the Germans would think, and do the opposite.

The destroyer had one little last trick up its sleeve. And that tipped the whole duel our way. Its black gang down below mixed rich on fuel, and a gust of black smoke poured out of the stacks. The ship had turned into the wind, so that the smoke was carried backward. The Germans could not tell whether it was the wind doing that or the destroyer's forward speed. They decided that it was forward speed and swung their guns, and straddled perfectly the position the destroyer would have occu-
pied had it gone forward. But the destroyer had reversed engines and gone backward.

Now the game was up for the Huns. The warships swung around in their new positions and brought their guns to bear; their shells scored direct hits, and the Germans lay silently and hopelessly in their earth.

On the first beach we touched the air smelled sweet and clean with the sea. Clouds of sea gulls swooped overhead, filling the air with a whole twitter of flute notes as they complained of the invasion by American troops. There was bleak strength here, and bare wild blowy beauty, and death over every inch of it.

The Germans had sown every single inch of the soil with mines. In 24 hours our men had cleared only narrow paths, losing 17 wounded and one dead in doing so.

They walked, slept, ate, lived and worked along those paths. When they walked they put one foot carefully before the other. When they lay along the paths to sleep they put rocks alongside themselves to keep from turning over.

We had landed in the early afternoon. The wind was dying then, and the black and gray smoke stood up in spires wherever one looked and hung in the gentle wind. Smoke came from planes that had been shot down and from mines being set off by mine detectors and from American guns and German shells. Normandy seemed to be burning.
Men were coming out of the sea continually and starting to work—digging, hammering, bulldozing, trucking, planning, ordering, surveying, shooting and being shot at. Amid the artillery and machine-gun fire, and the rush and smack of shells, you could hear typewriters making their patient clatter and telephones ringing with homely businesslike sounds.

German prisoners were coming down one side of a road while American assault infantry were going up the other side. The Americans had that odd preoccupied look of men going into battle; but they were a fine, bold, brawny sight as they swung along.

"Where are you going?" I asked one of them. "I don't know," he replied. "I'm following the man ahead." The man ahead was following the man ahead, too. Finally I asked the head of the column. "I'm following the column ahead," he said.

I laughed and he laughed, but he laughed with a jubilant sound. "Well," he told me, "it's not as bad as it sounds. We've all got the same idea in this army, and if you just follow the man ahead you're bound to get to where the doing is to be done." He looked very tan and healthy as he said this, walking along with a long-legged slouch, chewing a slab of cheese from a ration tin as if it were a cud of tobacco. He was a soldier to be proud of.

Our men would go along until fired upon. Then they would investigate what was firing on them. If they had
enough force on hand to solve the problem, as the military saying goes, they solved it. If not, they contained the problem and sent for what force was needed—air, artillery or ground reinforcement.

The first French people I saw were a family of typical Norman farmers—tall, blue-eyed, sturdy and very red-cheeked. American soldiers going up to the front had left the mark of their passing on the household’s dining table—chewing gum, hard candy and some cigarettes. We talked about the bombardment, and I asked how they managed to live through it.

“An act of God,” they said. “But the Germans, they were worse than the bombardment.”

I had forgotten what the French word for “run” is, and I asked if the German soldiers billeted in their house had “promenaded away quickly” from the bombardment. They all laughed heartily.

“The Germans,” one of the men said, “promenaded from the bombardment—ZIP! The way an airplane promenades through the air.”

The Germans were tough veteran fighters. You never got a chance to make more than one mistake against them. Yet they were willing to surrender and seemed only to want sufficiently strong inducement. They were veterans of duty in Russia. The Russians seem to have made them very tired of the war. They fight while they think they are winning, but it is not hard to hammer them into believing they are losing. Then they give up.
When I returned to the beach more German prisoners were being brought down to await transportation to England. The bay and its immense weight of shipping was spread out before them. A German officer, when he saw that vast mass of ships, lifted his hand and let it drop in a gesture of utter despair, as if to say, "Who can win against this?"

But the thing I remember most clearly about this long day was a particular moment in the twilight. It is a picture frozen in my mind—the way a scream sometimes seems frozen in the air.

I was aboard an LCT moving both American and German wounded from the murderous beach. The Nazi prisoners sat silently slumped side by side with the silent Americans. We were a few hundred yards offshore when there was a low-swooping air raid which came close enough for me to feel the desperate heat of one Hun plane. It hit like a bundle of fists against my face.

Very few of the men aboard stirred. Most of them were immersed in the apathy that seizes a man when he knows he has done all he can possibly do.

A large, sooty cloud of smoke sprang up from the beach as abruptly as if prodded. Our LCT trembled all over. There was debris in that cloud—big, black, torn chunks of it—and sitting on top of the cloud, poised delicately there for a moment many feet in the air, was a truck, all intact. It was silhouetted so sharply in the twilight that I could make out its wheels. Then the blasting
sound of the explosion came clapping like a huge hand against our ears.

A German officer told me the war would be over in October because the Americans and Russians could not fight longer than that. I told him that all the enlisted men among the Germans I had spoken to had agreed the war would be over in October because Germany could not hold out longer.

"Your men seem very tired of fighting," I said, "Do you have trouble convincing them that Hitler will lead them to a happy end?"

"German soldiers," he said, "fight for the Fatherland and there is no separation possible in any German mind between Der Führer and Das Vaterland."

As the officer delivered his pronouncement about Hitler and the German mind an enlisted man sitting next to him winked at me. I smiled broadly back at him.

Suddenly I saw a German Heinkel seemingly stuck in the air above me. I saw the first of its stick of bombs drop into the water. Then I threw myself against the iron deck. The German officer clamped down on his emotions and the pain of his wounds and stood erect to show that no German was afraid. He posed himself insolently against the rail, smoking a cigarette in a careful, graceful, stiff-handed way while one knee wilted slightly in the manner approved for gentlemen posing before a mantel. I looked away in disgust from this Nazi superman.
superman across the open deck where the brown-blanketed seriously wounded lay in silent rows.

As we made our way out into the darkening sea we could see fires springing up from the town of Montebourg. The fires were the work of the Tuscaloosa—or, as I found out later when I got aboard the vessel, more specifically the work of the Army's Lieutenant Joe PuGash, of Tampa, serving as spotter with a naval shore fire control party; and Lieutenants Teral O'Bryant, of Tampa, and William Braybrook, of Ohio, sitting deep in the ship, in the plotting room. These boys had been talking to each other over the radio.

"German infantry is entrenching itself in the main square of the town," Joe said. "Let's ginger them up."

The guns fired.

"Cease firing; mission successful, old boy," said Joe. Two roads lead into Montebourg. The Germans were shoveling reinforcements down from Valognes. Joe was changing places to get a line on these roads when suddenly in a very abrupt way he gave a target and cried, "Open fire!"

Immediately afterward there was silence from him. O'Bryant sat listening to the silence from Joe for a long time. A British voice from a plane overhead brought him back to work.

"There are transports coming into town, troops getting out of trucks and taking up positions near a cemetery
there." The voice was tranquil and most British. "Would you care for a go at them?"

After the Tuscaloosa had fired a salvo the British voice lost most of its tranquillity. "Beautiful!" it cried. "Oh, beautiful! What a lovely shot!"

It seems that ten trucks full of Huns had been blown across acres of field by a single straddle. The British voice abruptly regained its calm. "I'm afraid I'll have to be off now," it said. "My covering plane has been shot down and a Jerry is shooting at me. Good-bye all."

"The best to you and thanks," shouted O'Bryant. But he never heard the British voice again.

Instead he heard from Joe. The boy was back overlooking Montebourg.

"I couldn't keep on spotting for you," he explained. He sounded very tired. "The Germans had us in a barrel for two hours and if I had lifted my head to see what was going on I'd have got it knocked off." Joe began running around all over the place, spotting infantry positions, troop movements, observation posts and strong points. "You sure shot the hell out of them that time," he kept saying in his tired voice.

About the time we were huffing and clanking past the Tuscaloosa, O'Bryant came out on deck for a breather. He helped us watch Montebourg burn. "That Joe is sure building himself up a hot time there," he said.

The wounded to whom I talked gave some idea of what the day had been like. A paratrooper captain said,
When I landed I broke my leg. I had spent two years training, and four seconds after I go to work I'm out of it. I rolled into some kind of ditch. There the kraut-burgers were shooting at me but they didn't hit me. I waited in the ditch and thought, Well, your total contribution to the war effort is that you spared the time of a man in the burying detail by finding your own grave. A German started coming toward me. What's the German for Kamerad, I wondered, and remembered that Kamerad is the German for Kamerad. Then I thought, the hell with that. I'm going to get at least one lick in in this war. So I killed the German. I waited till he got close and aimed for his groin and walked my Tommygun right up the middle to his chin. Then I passed out. But I got one. My training wasn't altogether wasted.

A naval officer, suffering from exposure, said: "The whole stern blew up. You know, it's a funny thing. There was a kid blown higher than the mast. I saw him in the air, arms flailing around, legs kicking, and recognized his face there in the air. That kid was picked up later and all he had was a broken leg."

A glider pilot, shot down behind German lines, said, "I walked all night. I went toward where the guns were shooting and then I met a Frenchman. I gave him my rations and he gave me wine.

"Boy, did I get drunk! I walked through the whole German lines—and our lines, too—drunk as a goat and singing."
V-DAY IN PARIS
(A.D. 1944)
Ernie Pyle

We are in Paris—on the first day of liberation—one of the great days of all time. This is being written, as other correspondents are writing their pieces, under an emotional tension, a pent-up semi-delirium.

Our approach to Paris was hectic. We had waited for three days in a nearby town while hourly our reports on what was going on in Paris changed and contradicted themselves. We were about to break through the German ring around Paris and come to the aid of the brave French Forces of the Interior who were holding parts of the city. We could not bear to think of the destruction of Paris, and yet at times it seemed inevitable.

That was the situation this morning when we left Rambouillet and decided to feel our way timidly toward the very outskirts of Paris. For fifteen minutes we drove through a flat gardenlike country under a magnificent bright sun and amidst greenery, with distant banks of

From "Brave Men," by permission of Henry Holt and Company.
smoke pillaring the horizon ahead. And then we came gradually into the suburbs, and a pandemonium of surely the greatest joy that has ever happened.

The streets were lined as by Fourth of July parade crowds at home, only this crowd was almost hysterical. The streets of Paris are very wide, and they were packed on each side. The women were all brightly dressed, with flowers in their hair and big flashy earrings. Everybody was throwing flowers, and even serpentine.

As our jeep eased through the crowds, thousands of people crowded up, leaving only a narrow corridor, and frantic men, women and children grabbed us and kissed us and shook our hands and beat on our shoulders and slapped our backs and shouted their joy as we passed.

That first afternoon only the main streets into the city were open and used, and they were packed with humanity. The side streets were roped off and deserted, because the Germans had feeble fortifications and some snipers.

The second day was a little different from the first. You could sense that during those first few hours of liberation the people were almost animal-like in their panic of joy and relief and gratitude. They were actually crying as they kissed you and screamed, "Thank you, oh thank you, for coming!"

But on the second day it was a deliberate holiday. It was a festival prepared for and gone into on purpose. You could tell that the women had prettied up especially.
The old men had on their old medals, and the children were scrubbed and Sunday-dressed until they hurt.

And then everybody came downtown. By 2 in the afternoon the kissing and shouting and autographing and applauding were almost deafening. The pandemonium of a free and lovable Paris reigned again.

They pinned bright little flags and badges all over you. Amateur cameramen took pictures. They tossed flowers and friendly tomatoes into our jeep. One little girl even threw a bottle of cider into ours.

As you drove along, gigantic masses of waving and screaming humanity clapped their hands as though applauding a fine performance in a theater. We in the jeeps smiled back until we had set grins on our faces. We waved until our arms gave out, and then we just waggled our fingers. We shook hands until our hands were bruised and scratched. If the jeep stopped, we were swamped instantly.

They sang songs. They sang wonderful French songs we had never heard. And they sang “Tipperary” and “Madelon” and “Over There” and the “Marseillaise.”

I was in a jeep with Henry Gorrell of the United Press, Capt. Carl Peringer of Washington, D. C., and Corp. Alexander Belon, of Amherst, Massachusetts. Everybody, even beautiful girls, insisted on kissing us on both cheeks. Somehow I got started kissing babies that were held up by their parents, and for a while I looked like a baby-kissing politician. The fact that I hadn’t shaved
for days, and was gray-bearded as well as baldheaded, made no difference.

The streets were lined with green trees and modern buildings. All the stores were closed in holiday. Bicycles were so thick I have an idea there have been plenty of accidents today, with tanks and jeeps overrunning the populace. Of all the days of national joy I ever witnessed, this is the biggest.

General MacArthur invade Leyte Island in the Philippines. "Leyte Island is invaded."

AMERICA'S GREATEST NAVAL BATTLE
(a.d. 1944)

Quentin Reynolds—George E. Jones—Frank D. Morris—Ralph Teatsorth

Admiral William F. "Bull" Halsey is a legend in and out of the United States Navy. His men admire him because he is a fighting admiral and because he speaks their blunt, salty language. His hunches, born of experience, pure instinct, and hatred of the Japs, seem to put his forces in the right place at the right time.

For instance, his ships seemed to be in the right place late on the afternoon of October 16th, when an American pilot on patrol sighted a force of Japanese cruisers and destroyers moving at high speed from the northeast toward a mighty American fleet, waiting just over the horizon.

When Halsey got word of the approaching Jap force he felt sure his prayers were being answered. So did Vice-Admiral Marc Mitscher, commander of the famous carrier task force which included the Essex, Lexington, Hornet, Wasp and Enterprise. Their planes had been roving the Philippines area for the past two months,

Condensed from article written by Quentin Reynolds, George E. Jones, Frank D. Morris, and Ralph Teatsorth for Collier's, The National Weekly.
blasting some two hundred Jap airfields and knocking down more hundreds of Jap planes.

Aboard Mitscher's many carriers, ordnance crews in yellow helmets worked late that night filling the bomb racks of the Hell-divers, the torpedo bays of the Avengers and the machine-gun ammunition belts of the Hellcat fighters.

Then—at the last moment—Bull Halsey's luck ran out. The Jap force sighted his patrol planes at dawn, and turned tail. Bull was disappointed but not discouraged. He had repeatedly challenged the Japs to slug it out and he knew there were ways to force them to accept the challenge eventually.

He sat down aboard his flagship with Rear Admiral "Mick" Carney, his brilliant chief of staff, and commanders of other fleet units hunched over a huge round table in Halsey's living quarters and began mapping the next step. It was then that the Second Battle of the Philippines began to move from the preliminary to the decisive stage that was to come hardly a week later.

The next step in the war in the Pacific had called for invasion of the Jap-held island of Yap in the Carolines. But Bull Halsey had a better idea. Why not by-pass Yap, he suggested, and take advantage of the terrific pounding which Mitscher's task force had been giving the Japs in the Philippines for the past six weeks? Why not speed up the schedule and invade the Philippines at once? The proposal was passed along to higher authority. General
Douglas MacArthur was willing and, by herculean effort, could be ready. Admiral Nimitz gave the go-ahead signal. Throughout the vast Pacific war zone there was a sudden switch to breakneck tempo.

The 7,000 islands and islets of the Philippines are a scattered handful of giant green boulders guarding the western approach to the South China Sea. The main islands are Luzon, with the capital of Manila, on the north, and Mindanao on the south, spreading over 77,720 square miles. Some 275 miles north of Luzon is Japan’s Formosa island, while to the south of Mindanao lies the 700-miles-wide Celebes Sea and then Jap-held Celebes, flanked by Borneo. This was the bastion Japan must hold; a green bastion of jungles, and swamps, and rugged hills and scattered towns—except that it was not all green on the morning of October 20th. Great columns of flame and smoke spurted up from Leyte island, midway between Luzon and Mindanao, where two units of the U.S. Fleet, working with Lieutenant General George C. Kenney’s Fifth Air Force, lambasted Jap defenses and hammered Jap airfields, while planes from Halsey’s Third Fleet shellacked airfields in the northern Philippines. MacArthur, striking midway between the main Philippine islands, began his landing on Leyte.

This return to the Philippines was the culmination of everything that had gone before—the Marshalls, the Gilberts, the Marianas and the other historic steppingstones—and it also made inevitable the greatest naval battle in
our history, the battle that the enemy had been avoiding. The landings had been made. Now it was up to Nimitz’s Navy to protect the ground troops from Jap naval and air attacks which everyone from the admiral down to the newest messboy in the Fleet knew would come. But where was the Jap fleet? MacArthur’s ground forces stabbed inland the next day, given air support by the baby flat-tops that stayed near his transports in Leyte Gulf. Another day passed.

Before dawn on Monday, October 23d, one of our submarines patrolling the South China Sea, on the other side of the Philippines, was cruising on the surface to recharge her batteries when a large group of ships was contacted. The skipper knew, from Intelligence reports, that they weren’t ours. They must be Japs. Another American sub in the same area also located the warships which were moving northeast, probably from Singapore, through Palawan passage.

A crackling radio message carried the news to Halsey’s flagship. The final sentence of the message is typical of submariners: “We are moving in to attack.” But that was enough to tell Bull Halsey where the Japs were making their first move on this vast, azure checkerboard. That was the beginning.

The Americans had found a submarine commander’s dream come true. They moved in close and four projectiles darted straight for each of three heavy cruisers. Explosions sent them lurching through the sea.
Twelve direct hits in a single attack broke the enemy armada's precise formation. The ships swerved and dodged in confusion; milled about like stampeding cattle. Two of the big cruisers shuddered and lay dead in the water, torn and smoking and sinking. A third hobbled uncertainly away, with doubtful chances of reaching safety. But after the first confusion, the Japanese ships reassembled and again took on the appearance of an armada. Their destination was obvious: Leyte. Their purpose was just as obvious: to destroy MacArthur's transports and carriers and pin our invasion forces down without supplies or aerial protection and then to erase them at leisure.

On the afternoon of October 23d, the word began to drift through American warships from flag bridge to engine room: "The Jap fleet is coming out." That night the information crystallized, and the aviators, assembling in the air-conditioned ready rooms, saw the approaching shadow of battle as they received their instructions for the next day:

"Our subs have located and attacked a force of enemy ships. We think the Jap fleet has come out to fight."

The men of the Third Fleet had been in action since August, getting fuel and supplies at sea. They badly missed the occasional feel of firm ground under their feet, the change from monotonous life between the same steel bulkheads where they looked at the same faces day after day.
The airmen had matured; lines developed around their eyes and mouths as they went out on a timetable schedule to pound the enemy. The pilots had been looking forward hungrily to a rest, but Third Fleet veterans now prophesied: "If Bull Halsey sees a chance to beat hell out of the Jap Fleet and get this war over sooner, he won't give a damn about you or me or himself or anything."

Now Halsey had to anticipate the enemy's plans. There were two logical routes for the Japs to take. One led across the Mindanao Sea and through Surigao Strait, southeast of Leyte, and thence to our beachhead on Leyte Gulf. The other route, longer but safer for the enemy, led across the Sibuyan Sea, northwest of Leyte, through San Bernardino Strait and thence southward through the Philippine Sea, past Samar, to Leyte Gulf. The Japs might follow either route—or they might split and follow both routes and thus converge on Leyte Gulf from both north and south, pincers fashion.

Later on October 23d, it had become evident that the Japanese Southern Fleet from Singapore, reinforced by ships from the Philippines, had split and was attempting the pincers movement. An American sub contacted the enemy near Mindoro Strait, just south of Manila, and torpedoed another heavy cruiser, which was severely damaged and driven into Manila Bay.

Now almost all of the pieces were in place on the checkerboard. There were uncertainties, of course, and
there were errors of judgment but the picture fell naturally into three parts; a three-ring naval circus. The line-up was:

Ring One, in the south: The Japanese Southern Fleet from Singapore had split in two, and the battleships *Fuso* and *Yamashiro*, accompanied by two light cruisers, two heavy cruisers and eight or ten destroyers, were cutting across the Mindanao Sea to narrow Surigao Strait, from which they intended to emerge and attack our Leyte Gulf beachhead from the south. Our Seventh Fleet under Admiral Kinkaid was disposed across the ten-miles-wide strait to meet this threat.

Ring Two, in the center: The remaining and larger part of the Jap's Southern Fleet was steaming northeastward through the Sibuyan Sea toward San Bernardino Strait from which they intended to attack our Leyte Gulf beachhead from the north. This enemy force included five battleships—the new, speedy *Yamato* and *Musashi*, and the older *Nagato*, the *Kongo*, and the *Haruna*—as well as seven heavy cruisers, one light cruiser and about 15 destroyers.

Ring Three in the north: Halsey's Third Fleet of warships and carriers was waiting northward of the Gulf of Leyte to meet the enemy force heading for San Bernar-
dino Strait (Ring Two) and also to engage whatever enemy fleet might be sent down from the north (Formosa or Japan) to join in the battle. Halsey felt certain the Japs would send reinforcements from the north.
Halsey had disposed his available carriers—all under Mitscher’s command—to provide the maximum search coverage of the Philippines area. To the north, search planes of Rear Admiral Frederick C. Sherman’s carrier force ranged west of Luzon. Farther south aircraft from other carriers commanded by Rear Admirals Ralph Davison and Gerald F. “Jerry” Bogan probed the Sulu and Sibuyan seas, between Luzon and Mindanao.

The men of Mitscher’s task force will remember October 24th as a day of continuous attack by enemy aircraft.

In Ring Two, Commander Dan F. Smith, Jr., of Pittsburgh, Texas, commander of the Third Fleet’s Air Group “X,” led his dive bombers, torpedo planes and fighters into attacking position west of the big enemy force. The beleaguered men-o’-war consisted of two groups, both heading east.

An ideal attack means an assault by great numbers of torpedo planes and dive bombers, with fighter-strafing support if possible. Under ideal conditions, the first torpedoes will be launched while the confused and battered enemy turns this way and that. American airmen had long awaited the opportunity. This was their chance.

Perhaps the enemy warships sensed the desperation of the attack, for they turned toward the American aircraft at high speed, spewing clouds of antiaircraft fire as they turned. They did both with the unanimity of a well-trained chorus line. Only one ship was out of step. Trail­ing in the column of three battleships was the Musashi,
one of the Yamato-class monsters. Perhaps because of a previous hit, she wheeled north. Commander Smith spotted the Musashi, “big as Lookout Mountain and twice as unprotected.” She seemed to be going at the slow speed of ten knots.

The dive bombers peeled off out of the sun and plummeted down in quick succession on the Musashi. Avenger torpedo planes skidded low over the water, launching torpedoes port and starboard against her long, graceful beam. Two torpedoes were seen to rip into her portside and Dan Smith swears that he saw four others heading for her starboard beam.

When the attackers pulled up and away, the Musashi’s bow was under water almost to the base of her bridge structure, and her stern was high in the water. She circled slowly that afternoon, great oil slicks forming a colored wake, under the anxious care of destroyers. She was not seen the next day, or subsequently, and it may well be that she sank.

The antiaircraft reached a violent tempo as the American carrier-based air groups attacked that day. One torpedo-plane pilot, Lieutenant Robert Cosgrove of New Orleans, said the flak reminded him of “going into a cave.” His squadron mate, Lieutenant (j.g.) Otto Bleech of Pahokee, Florida, had two thirds of his left elevator shot away, while Ensign A. R. Hodges of Norfolk, Virginia, returned to his carrier with his elevator control cable shot away to one control, his hydraulic system de-
stroyed, and his radioman wounded. From another carrier, an Avenger pilot fervently whispered: "I was praying when I got out of my run."

Mitscher’s pilots piled up a heavy score against the Japs with bombs and torpedoes. Four of the enemy battleships were reported damaged, and practically every other ship in the force was hit. In addition, 150 Jap planes were blasted from the skies by our fighters and antiaircraft, back at Leyte Gulf. At dusk our scout planes advised Halsey that the Jap ships had reversed course and were in retreat to the northwest.

But while we were delivering these telling blows against the enemy on October 24th, Sherman’s carriers were under attack—dangerously so. At 8:01 A.M. our fighter patrols contacted two large groups of bogeys (enemy aircraft) thirty miles astern. Admiral Mitscher glanced at a correspondent: "Better get ready to duck inside—they’re dive bombers." It was murky weather, and the warships headed toward a rain squall.

Our fighters began slashing into the enemy aircraft, but the bogeys were "all over the sky from six to twenty-four thousand feet," according to the interceptors.

From several directions, the enemy attacked. Black specks, hardly visible to the naked eye, danced in and out of the clouds, then roared down on the twisting, turning American warships. Guns banged away with that peculiarly stirring symphonic effect of kettledrums and basses. The warm breath of concussion stung the men’s faces,
and they smelled the stimulating odor of gunpowder, which comes in time to associate itself only with excitement and fear.

Still in formation, the ships headed into the protective cover of a rain squall. There, shrouded in soupy weather, they maneuvered patiently as the screening vessels fired periodically at bogeys lurking on the edges of the squall. Probably the enemy had dispatched, all told, well over two hundred planes from his land bases in the Philippines to cripple Sherman’s carriers. Yet, strangely enough, many Japanese airmen seemed reluctant to close for the attack. Were they afraid? One large group—perhaps forty to sixty bombers, torpedo planes and fighters—would come no closer than thirty miles to our formation. There they began to orbit as seven Hellecats, led by Commander David McCampbell of Los Angeles, plunged into their midst. As McCampbell and his cohorts watched in amazement, the bogeys headed back for Luzon.

The Hellecats took up the pursuit, in the course of which Dave McCampbell is officially credited with shooting down nine Japanese fighter planes. Not once did the enemy offer to engage in aerial combat, as the Hellecats sniped at straggling Zeros, one by one.

But the law of averages struck. At 9:38 A.M. the light carrier Princeton, one of several built from converted cruiser hulls, was hit. A thin wisp of smoke, seeping out of her hangar deck, became black and thick. Red flames could be seen as the Princeton charged indomitably
through the seas. She was a proud, scrappy ship, small in size but big in spirit. More than one hundred and fifty enemy aircraft had fallen prey to her guns and air groups.

Men aboard the Princeton awaited developments calmly, continuing their work until they could no longer breathe in the smoke; then they made their way to the open air.

Below, Chief Commissary Steward Frederick W. Plath of McAllen, Texas, ruefully contemplated two hundred mince pies he had baked the previous night. Chief Plath sighed; just two years ago, aboard the old Hornet, he had baked a batch of mince pies the night before she was sunk.

Twenty minutes after the Princeton was hit, she called for destroyers to come alongside with fire-fighting equipment. Hardly had the call gone out when she was wrenched by a terrible explosion; the flames had reached loaded torpedo planes. Great chunks of her flight deck peeled back.

Another explosion shook her frame at 10:05. The Princeton fell behind Sherman’s formation. Aboard the Princeton, Captain John M. Hoskins, who was scheduled to take over command of the carrier, was directing the efforts to save her, but it was a losing struggle. As the skipper watched his men fighting several fires, a terrific blast rocked the carrier from stem to stern. The after ammunition magazine had gone up.
Stunned for a moment, Captain Hoskins felt a burning sensation. Looking down he saw a naked foot lying on the deck. It was his own right foot, blown off by the explosion and now hanging by a tendon to the rest of his leg. He twisted a tourniquet around his thigh and waited for help.

A ship’s doctor rushed over and, unsheathing an abandon-ship knife from his belt, he started to sever the tendon. The knife’s blade wasn’t sharp, but finally he cut through and then bound up the stump with a gauze bandage. Captain Hoskins watched the operation calmly. “Thanks, Doctor,” he said at last. “I’m lucky it wasn’t my head.”

The order to abandon ship was given. Other ships stood by to pick up survivors. One of these was in trouble herself. The Birmingham, a light cruiser, had rushed to the stricken carrier shortly after the bombs struck, and her crew were manning hoses, trying to douse the carrier’s fires, when the magazine went up. That blast swept over the decks of the cruiser alongside the Princeton like a gigantic, flaming broom, inflicting heavy casualties on the fire fighters and gun crews topside.

Despite such handicaps, most of the Princeton’s crew were removed to other ships, the light cruiser Reno, the destroyers Irwin, Cassin Young, Morrison and Gailing. One of the last to leave was Captain Hoskins who was lowered over the side on a line to a rescue boat.
The World's Great Events

An hour later, destroyers and cruisers, circling about the broken *Princeton* in the twilight of the Philippine seas, launched their torpedoes and fired their guns. Slowly, she turned over, illumined by the fires in her, and slipped below the waters.

On the morning of the 24th, Mitscher was considering a message from a land-based patrol plane that approximately twenty-seven enemy warships, including battle-ships and carriers, had been sighted north of Luzon. At last enemy reinforcements were coming from the north. It was the third enemy fleet unit sighted that day and to judge from this report, the most powerful. This was what Mitscher had been waiting for.

Meanwhile action was under way in Ring One to the south. In fact, Commander Frederick E. Bakutis of Brockton, Massachusetts, may have fired the first shot in the entire struggle between the two surface fleets. Taking off from his carrier in a Hellcat fighter just after dawn, he and his close friend, Commander Emmet Riera, were leading a search mission south of Negros Island.

It was 8:30 on the morning of October 24th, and the sun was shining brightly over the Sulu Sea; in the distance rose the blue, cloud-capped peaks of Negros. They sighted the first enemy surface force about the same time, near the end of their assigned radius.

“You could damn' near tell those big battleships right away with their pagoda masts and all,” says Riera.
"Someone called up and said 'There they are.' I called back, 'Okay, I see 'em.'"

As the Americans circled twelve miles away, great bursts of smoke around them told of an angry and aroused enemy. It was fourteen-inch antiaircraft fire, the first of many times that Japanese battleships were to hurl main-battery salvos against American aircraft in the next two days. The Yamashiro and Fuso class battlewagons were firing all guns.

At about 9:05 Commander Riera’s planes attacked out of the sun. On their pull-outs, the bombers and fighters strafed the smaller warships. Riera says, "We were only carrying five-hundred-pound bombs because it was such a damned long search. It really takes a larger bomb to do any real good on a battleship."

A fire was burning briskly on the stern of the battleship *Fuso* as the bombers wheeled away to the west, but the Japs continued westward toward Suriagao Strait.

As a first line of defense in Ring One, Kinkaid’s Seventh Fleet was drawn up outside Suriagao Strait. He had PT boats waiting on the other—the far side—of the strait. In the strait itself, he stationed a gauntlet of destroyers along its 35-mile length and, at the end of the narrow slot, within sight of Leyte Gulf, Kinkaid placed his heavyweights, the Seventh Fleet’s battleships and cruisers. He was crossing the Japanese “T” before the Nip fleet arrived. The ironic touch was that Kinkaid placed six battleships—"sunk" at Pearl Harbor—across
the strait. Thus his battlewagons could fire fore and aft batteries. The Japs coming head on toward his Pearl Harbor "wrecks," could fire only their forward guns.

Around midnight, Ensign Dudley J. Johnson of Kerrville, Texas, on the tiny bridge of his PT 127, sighted the Jap task force. By radio he alerted the flagship, then moved in to attack with his fragile craft. Soon PTs were closing in from all directions. The Japs tried to hunt down the fleet skimmers with searchlights, but the PTs were zigzagging at better than fifty knots as they moved in. Then star shells hurled by the Jap ships lighted up the scene with the brilliance of daylight, and their big guns rained explosive shells on the torpedo boats. The PTs answered with small-caliber machine guns. Peashooters against cannon.

Driving directly into the beam of a searchlight, a PT boat commanded by Lieutenant (j.g.) Ed Wakelin of Holyoke, Massachusetts, let go with torpedoes at less than two thousand yards. Then, sighting a half-dozen destroyers, Wakelin fired his remaining torpedo at one of them, while shells from the Jap ships dropped so close to his boat they splashed water down the open engine-room hatch.

The night was black, but the PT boats got two hits, although they did not stop the Jap task force from proceeding in a double column into the narrow waters of Surigao Strait. These ships were making twenty knots when our destroyers on picket duty in the strait made
contact with them. Now came the hardest part. In spite of temptation, destroyers held their fire. Rear Admiral Jesse B. Oldendorf was waiting at the other end of the strait with his battleships and cruisers, and he wanted the Japs to get deep into the trap.

The crews of Oldendorf's battleships waiting in the darkness had been at their battle stations for hours and were understandably trigger-happy.

As Oldendorf prepared, Admirals Halsey and Mitscher in Ring Two, up north, had made their decision—a hard decision, and probably the most important of the entire battle. They had decided to take the main strength of the Third Fleet north to Ring Three to meet the expected attack by the Jap carrier force coming from the Formosa area. They knew of the impending action in Surigao Strait and figured that Kinkaid's Seventh Fleet was capable of repelling it. Their last reports from the all-day action in Ring Two specified that the central Jap force had been badly crippled and had been seen at dusk retreating to the west across the Sibuyan Sea. Presumably this force was out of the picture.

Why not, then, concentrate striking power on the enemy carrier force to the north? Of course, this would leave the Leyte beachhead covered only by the escort carriers in the Seventh Fleet. They would be helpless against a strong surface attack, but Halsey figured they were safe because the Japs had retreated in Ring Two. He ordered several of his big carrier task groups to ren-
devious and steam north. Other units, refueling far to
the east, could be called upon in case of emergency.

The decision was made—and it became the subject of
hot controversy, but that was later, after the Navy had
narrowly escaped disaster.

Meanwhile, back at Surigao Strait in Ring One, Ad-
miral Oldendorf was ready to spring the trap. He lined
up his battleships across the mouth of Leyte Gulf. They
were steaming in column to "cross the T," a maneuver
every naval man dreams of executing some day.

The enemy ships steamed into the trap. On either side
of them, cruisers and destroyers were lined up in the
darkness ready to pounce as soon as the battleships
opened up.

At 2:49 A.M. there was only darkness and silence and
the tenseness of unseen danger over Surigao Strait, a
bottleneck ten miles wide and thirty-five miles long,
through which the Jap southern force was passing to get
at our Leyte beachhead. The moon had set, and on Old-
endorf's flagship the men could not see even the men
at battle stations on their own ship.

You could call the honor roll of ghosts that morning
in Surigao Strait. There was the California, now a quar-
ter of century old, which, on Sunday morning, Decem-
ber 7, 1941, was hit by bombs and torpedoes, and sank
at her berth in Battleship Row off Ford Island.

There was the Pennsylvania, which, immobile in a
floating drydock at Pearl Harbor, had been bombed,
but whose crew had fought off waves of Jap planes. There were the Maryland and the Tennessee, each hit by a pair of bombs, but returned to active duty several months later.

And there was the West Virginia. Six torpedoes and two bombs plowed into the West Virginia on December 7th and, a mass of flames and billowing black smoke, she had listed badly to port. Those were the ghost ships come to life and waiting for the Japs in Surigao Strait.

Oldendorf lined up five destroyers on one side and behind them he placed five cruisers, parallel to the eastern shore of the strait. On the western side of the strait, he had more cruisers, preceded by four destroyers. Then he drew a line on his chart from Desolation Point, on Dinagat Island, to the island of Cabugan Grande, and ordered his battleships to take station in column just north of that line. They closed the northern end of the gantlet.

And now the Jap force of two battleships, the Fuso and Yamashiro, two cruisers and four destroyers, with a second group of cruisers and destroyers four miles astern, was steaming in twin columns into the trap, into the steel gantlet. There were about fifteen Japanese ships in all, moving now at eighteen knots.

About 3 a.m., Oldendorf gave the order, "Let 'em have it. Commence firing." Destroyers raced in toward the enemy ships, swung and launched torpedoes. There was no more darkness that night in Surigao Strait. There

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were blinding flashes as the torpedoes struck, and then everything happened at once.

The torpedo attack was a signal for cruisers on both sides of the trap to direct a blistering cross fire against the enemy ships. At first the Japs thought it was a mistake, that they were being fired upon by their own ships. Their warships flashed colored recognition lights, which was proof that they were completely surprised and bewildered, and these lights furnished an excellent point of aim for our gunners. Then the Jap ships laid down a protective smoke screen. As they did so, our destroyers —except for one which was hit—withdrew through their own smoke screen and opened up with their five-inch batteries.

On one of the destroyers of Captain Kenmore M. McManes, a squadron commander, there was a gunner with good eyes. He saw the door of a Jap admiral's flag cabin fly open after a salvo struck one of the enemy battleships. A bright light flashed out. McManes' report on the incident concluded with: "We closed the door with our next salvo."

The Jap columns plunged up the strait, firing sporadically and, for the most part, inaccurately. Even the star shells that they sent soaring into the darkness to light up our ships were falling in front of the targets instead of behind them, as was required if they were to silhouette our ships.
Suddenly the lead ship of one Jap column, reaching a certain narrow point in the strait, reversed course. The lead ship in the other enemy column followed suit and so did the second ship in each column—at the same point. It was the opportunity of a lifetime for Oldendorf. If the Jap ships had turned simultaneously, they might have escaped the worst punishment, but they didn’t. And Oldendorf crossed the T.

As each enemy ship came to the turning point, it presented a perfect target, at constant range (twenty thousand yards—about 11½ miles), to broadsides from the big rifles of our six battleships, deployed across the mouth of the strait under command of Rear Admiral George Weyler. It was almost too easy for the ghost ships. The first salvos smashed directly on the enemy’s leading units at about four o’clock.

The enemy kept coming doggedly up to the same point—as precisely as trained animals—to make the turn and, now slowed to twelve knots, each ship received the same punishing dose of steel. It took Weyler only fifteen minutes to do a good job. Then he gave the order for the battleships to cease firing.

The reason for that order, however, was partly due to the fact that one of our destroyers, the *Albert J. Grant*, had been hit and heavily damaged during her torpedo run. Now she was dead in the water and drifting down toward the enemy ships—within range of Weyler’s big guns. Also, the retiring enemy vessels were getting out of
easy range. But the crippled Jap ships were not to be spared further torture, for our cruisers and destroyers immediately took over from the battleships, pounding away at the fleeing enemy.

With grim satisfaction, Oldendorf stalked his cornered prey. He saw two Jap ships burning, early in the engagement; then a battleship, obviously in trouble after being heavily shelled, started to blaze. Next he watched another big ship, probably a Jap heavy cruiser, go into its death throes. There seemed to be no end to the one-sided carnage. A large enemy destroyer with its whole stern ablaze loomed up, and Oldendorf ordered his ships to finish it off. In the admiral's words, "Our ships started firing at the Jap. There was a destroyer there when they started—and suddenly there was nothing."

Of the estimated fifteen Jap ships that had ventured into Surigao Strait that night, not one returned to its Singapore base. At dawn, Oldendorf could see eight columns of thick black smoke rising from as many enemy ships, one of them a battleship.

"I sent planes out to get pictures of that one," he complained later, "but the damned thing sank before they could get there."

Our casualties were surprisingly light—one destroyer damaged. This was the Grant. The task force commander feared the destroyer was doomed and would have to be abandoned. However, Commander T. A. Nisewaner, the Grant's skipper, saved his ship, and the
crippled Grant later weathered a typhoon before getting back to a repair base.

There was considerable mopping-up to be done by our forces in Surigao. Planes knocked off the remnants of the Jap surface force, and PT-boats ranged through the waters of the strait, filled with debris and dead Japs, picking up survivors. Some of the Nips protested at being taken prisoner, but Oldendorf ordered his men to haul them out with boat hooks.

It was just before 4 P.M. of the previous afternoon, October 24th, when Lieutenant (j.g.) Stuart Crapser of Springfield, Massachusetts, a rangy blue-eyed Helldiver pilot, was cruising his search plane back toward his carrier after a fruitless search of the Pacific area to the north. Suddenly his gunner, Aviation Radioman J. F. Burns, of Garwood, New Jersey, gave off with his triumphant yell.

Thousands of feet below the broken clouds lay four enemy flat-tops and their escort, less than one hundred and fifty miles north of our own force! It was a two-way discovery; the enemy spotted the search plane at the same time and dispatched fighters. Frantically, the usually reticent Lieutenant Crapser radioed five messages back to Admiral Mitscher's flagship announcing his find.

Meantime, another search plane, piloted by Lieutenant (j.g.) Herb Walters of Tyler, Texas, spotted—not far away—two Ise-class battleships with flight decks on their stern, and turned in his report. All told, the enemy force
consisted of seventeen ships, somewhat fewer than the total reported earlier that day by a land-based patrol plane. There was one light carrier of the Shokaku class; three light carriers of the Chitose and Zuiho classes; two battleship carriers; a heavy cruiser of the Mogami class; four other cruisers; and six destroyers. The next move was up to Halsey. He sped his main force northward.

At two o'clock the next morning, October 25th (just before the battle of Surigao Strait began far to the south), a night-flying Hellcat contacted the Jap carriers seventy miles away, bearing on a collision course for Halsey's ships. Third Fleet surface vessels were ordered to prepare for a night battle, but, shortly afterward, possibly aware of the contact, the Rising Sun carriers turned north.

But their doom was sealed. Never in the history of naval warfare has such an aerial onslaught been delivered as descended upon the Japanese flat-tops that morning.

Before the take-offs, serious young Lieutenant Roger S. (Smiley) Boles of Santa Paula, California, told his fighter squadron aboard this carrier flagship: "We're so close to the Japs that the torpedo planes will have to make a couple of orbits to get enough altitude for the attack."

As the first light of dawn came, the carriers of the task force turned eastward, pitching and rolling slightly, into the wind. The first Hellcat roared off, dipped, then soared away, clutching at the sky. Before its wheels had lifted, another Hellcat was in the launching spot. And
so the planes took off, one by one, for the attack, and another deckload of planes came up from the hangar deck in readiness for the second wave.

In Flag Plot, task force headquarters aboard his carrier, Admiral Mitscher learned that the enemy was heading in a northeasterly direction, while Mitscher's carriers and battleships were coursing due north. Mitscher put on more speed.

To Commander David McCampbell, the Navy's leading ace with thirty-four Nips shot down, Mitscher assigned the direction of the first strike against the enemy. "We took off at dawn," McCampbell said later, "and orbited (that is, circled and waited for orders) about fifty miles north of our fleet. I had with me a large force of fighters, torpedo planes and dive bombers. The ship had previously sent two scout planes ahead to locate the Jap fleet. They found it sixty miles north of us, and we were then directed to attack.

"We spotted the fleet thirty miles away. There was a great sight. What a mass of stuff down there—seventeen warships in formation! To my surprise, only a few planes came up to intercept, about twelve Oscars—carrier-based Zekes. We paid no attention to them but went in after the ships. They sent up the damnedst AA I'd ever seen, bursting all around us in every color of the rainbow. They put up phosphorous shells which exploded and fell in streamers. There was even a thing that looked like a pinwheel. The sky was full of it."
"I gave the boys assignments, and they went to work. The fighters strafed the outer screen of destroyers, hoping to divert their fire so the bombers and torpedo planes could make their runs and pull out safely. It worked pretty well. The bombers from my air group went in on a carrier and laid seven 1,000-pounders right in the middle of its flight deck. That took care of her, so I sent the torpedo planes after the nearest battlewagon.

"It was nice to see that carrier roll over. Knocking out Jap planes is only incidental to us. We were trained to go after ships, and what happened that morning showed that we had been taught pretty well.

"Everything went by the book. First the fighters would strafe, then the dive bombers would drop their loads, and they were immediately followed by the torpedo planes. Huge columns of smoke now came from the burning ships, and the water was full of Japs. One carrier was sinking, and you could see that other ships were really hurt. The Nip destroyers never bothered to pick up survivors, as far as I could see."

"How long were you over the target?"

"Three and a half hours," he replied. "And while I was there I saw one carrier, two cruisers and two destroyers actually sink. By this time my gas was running low and I was relieved by another strike group from our force. When I left, four other ships were dead in the water, drifting helplessly, and I knew they were dead pigeons."
AMERICAN TROOPS AND EQUIPMENT POUR A SHORE IN THE LINGAYEN GULF AREA OF LUZON, IN THE PHILIPPINES, ON JANUARY 9, 1945 (PAGE 313)

FROM AN OFFICIAL U.S. COAST GUARD PHOTOGRAPH
The size of this attack can be judged from the fact that nineteen Helldivers were assigned to one enemy light carrier! One by one, the orbiting dive bombers reached the step-off point, eleven thousand feet above the doomed warship, and peeled off at two- and three-second intervals. They scored at least seven hits. Lieutenant (j.g.) George Peck—a blond, burly youngster who once played a tough game of quarterback for San Diego State College—was the fourth Helldiver to descend on the carrier.

"Somebody had got some hits ahead of me, because she was smoking," said Peck. "Still, she had enough speed to turn a bit as we came down. Not that it did any good. There were just too many of us. Why, I saw two dive bombers diving side by side on the same target. My bomb went smack into her flight deck, and just as I pulled up, I saw a torpedo heading into her."

The carrier came to a dead stop; explosion after explosion racked her frame, and she was shrouded in smoke.

One torpedo-plane pilot, Lieutenant Joseph C. Black of Knoxville, Tennessee, made his run on her, saw her condition, and simply swerved behind the carrier’s blazing fantail. He resumed his course and launched a torpedo against a near-by battleship, scoring a hit which sent up a white column a thousand feet into the air.

Two enemy light carriers were hit in that first attack; one blew up very shortly, while the other hung on grimly.
above the water line until late afternoon. Several other ships in the formation were hit, some beyond escape.

Aircraft returned to American carriers with huge flak holes exposing the structural framework and their windshields covered with oil. Said one pilot: "Walk on that AA? Hell, I just put my plane on it and skidded in!"

Meanwhile one hundred miles south of this scene, Jap planes had been attacking our carrier force. Mitscher stood on the bridge of his flagship, his wizened face expressionless. Twelve Jap planes came in, and ack-ack fire from our destroyers began to dot the cloudless sky. A Jap plane careened down crazily.

"What destroyer got that one?" Mitscher barked.
"The Sullivans, sir," his flag lieutenant reported.
Mitscher grunted with satisfaction.

Three minutes later, the Sullivans (so named in honor of the five Sullivan brothers lost in the cruiser Junear) brought down another torpedo plane. The Sullivans were fighters again this day!

Land-based planes came out from Luzon, but the naval fliers were waiting. Some twenty-one Nip planes had gone hurtling into the sea. Mitscher's fleet escaped almost unscathed. One Jap plane flew into a flurry of flak directly above a carrier and crashed on the deck, killing the ten men of the gun crew which had shot it down. They were ten Negro messboys who had volunteered to man the 20-millimeter guns. They had saved their ship.

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By noon, Halsey had the satisfaction of knowing that his fleet had sunk seven warships: four carriers, two cruisers and a destroyer. Two battleships had been badly damaged and were crawling away, while three stricken cruisers and four destroyers looked for rain squalls to hide in.

Here was a glorious chance for Halsey to wade in now with his carriers and fast battleships to wipe out the fleeing, damaged Jap ships. But, strangely, at this hour, a large part of his carrier force was steaming south at high speed. At one moment we had been on the brink of victory; the next moment we appeared to be retreating. What had happened?

The answer had already been given with startling effect aboard Mitscher's flagship. Mitscher's Flag Plot was crowded with officers listening to reports from the scenes of action. The communications officer brought in a dispatch and handed it to the admiral. Adjusting his horn-rimmed glasses, Mitscher read it silently then handed it to Thirty-one Knot Burke, his chief of staff, saying quietly, "What do you think of this?"

Burke read the dispatch. It was a plain-language message from Rear Admiral Sprague, in command of our comparatively helpless escort carriers which were supporting MacArthur's beachhead on Leyte Island, far to the south. Sprague hadn't even taken time to have it encoded because he was in a hell of a hurry. He said,
in effect: "Am being engaged by enemy battleships. Urgently request support."

A look of grave concern crossed Burke's face as he replied: "I think it's bad, sir."

The Kitkun Bay was one of six CVEs (escort carriers) about twenty-five miles east of Samar Island under command of Rear Admiral C. A. F. Sprague. Seven miles farther south was another group of CVEs under Rear Admiral Thomas L. Sprague, over-all commander of the escort carriers, and a third group, bossed by Rear Admiral Felix B. Stump, was spotted thirty miles to the southeast. Planes from all three groups were giving air cover to the Leyte beachhead.

It was the ending of a black, unfriendly night. Frequent, brief rain squalls cut down the visibility of the officers and men standing watch on the bridge. But before the sun rose, Hellcat fighters and Avenger torpedo planes roared up the flight deck and over the bow ramp on the daily "milk run" to bomb and strafe Jap positions on Leyte. Then, without warning, it happened!

At 6:50 a.m. a lookout on the Kitkun Bay sighted the foretops of big ships on the northern horizon. None of our ships was in that area. There was only one answer: They must be Japs. Captain John Perry Whitney grabbed his binoculars and verified the lookout's report. Immediately he sounded a second call to general quarters and the public-address system echoed: "Stand by to repel enemy surface ship attack."
Below decks in the wardroom where a group of "air-dales" (pilots) not scheduled to fly that morning were finishing their coffee, a flier ran in and shouted, "The whole damned Jap fleet is out there—battleships, cruisers—everything!" As the coffee sippers ran toward the flight deck, a second announcement came over the P. A. system: "Pilots, man your planes!"

What had happened was that the enemy central force, which had tried to reach San Bernardino Strait the previous day but had been seen turning back after an all-day attack by carrier planes, had again reversed course under cover of darkness and had slipped through the strait during the night in a strike toward the Leyte beachhead.

At this moment the Leyte beachhead was stripped of all naval protection other than the CVEs and their screen. The heavy Jap force was approaching at high speed, and the baby flat-tops had virtually no protection against their big guns. They had no real armor, and their escort screen was pitifully small and weak—three destroyers and four destroyer escorts. None of these mounted a gun heavier than five inches, and this was puny firepower against the 16- and 14-inch rifles of the enemy battleships. The CVEs called urgently for help but they could expect no immediate aid from ships in our Third Fleet, which was far to the north engaging the Japs' northern force, or from our Seventh Fleet which had just turned back the enemy southern force in Surigao Strait.
Up on the bridge, Captain Whitney, his face shaded by a long-peaked baseball cap, watched the first Avenger move into launching position on the catapult. Beside him stood Rear Admiral Ralph A. Ofstie, commander of this jeep carrier division. The wind was from the northwest, which meant the ships had to head in that direction to "scramble" their planes. It also meant they were closing in rapidly toward the attacking Jap force.

Five minutes after the enemy ships were sighted, and while the Kitkun Bay was still launching planes, large shells began splashing into the water near her and the other jeep carriers in the northernmost group. These shells came from four Jap battleships in the van, which were followed by seven heavy cruisers and nine destroyers. The range was less than fourteen miles—duck soup for the enemy battleships. Everybody aboard the Kitkun Bay knew they were in for it then.

A young seaman, manning a telephone on the bridge, turned to the officer of the deck: "We're not out here alone, are we, sir?"

The officer nodded grimly.

But, no, they weren't entirely alone. There were the three destroyers and four DEs forming the screen. These little guys didn't falter an instant. Forming in column, they laid down a smoke screen. Then the seven, destroyers and DEs, charged through this curtain and made torpedo runs on the enemy—like a handful of Chihuahua-
huas attacking a bunch of mastiffs. Miraculously, all came back through the smoke screen—alive.

Salvos were straddling the Kitkun Bay and they were coming even closer to the Gambier Bay just ahead of her. These finished scrambling their planes and turned south, away from the Japs, at flank speed—around twenty knots. Sometimes the wind blew gaps in the smoke screen, exposing the jeep carriers, and from the 16-inch guns of the lead Jap battleship came angry orange flashes and, seconds later, geysers of foamy water rose around the CVEs.

“Th...They’re firing on the White Plains,” someone shouted, and just off the port bow, Captain Whitney saw her steaming through a line of geysers. The Gambier Bay also was drawing a concentration of fire. Considering the range, the Japs wasted untold amounts of ammunition before scoring hits.

The Jap commanders now detached two heavy cruisers from their force and sent them south at high speed on the escort carriers’ port hand. As soon as the enemy cruisers—easily able to outrun our ships—were in position, their main batteries subjected the CVEs to heavy fire.

The Gambier Bay was the first victim. At ten minutes after eight, a 16-inch shell holed her below the water line. Water flooded one of her engine rooms. This cut the Gambier Bay’s speed down to ten knots, and she dropped behind, an easy target for the Japs. The two heavy cruisers ignored her and continued pounding the
other carriers, but the Jap battleships astern scored more hits on the cripple.

From the bridge of his own CVE, Captain Whitney looked back and wondered if Captain Walter Vieweg could bring the Gambier Bay through. He doubted it, for the ship was drifting at right angles to her normal course, moving toward the Jap force. Thus she presented a perfect broadside target, and the Japs sent two other heavy cruisers from their main body to finish her off.

Then out of a rain squall came one of our screen destroyers. The skipper saw a heavy Jap cruiser of the Tone class concentrating fire on the Gambier Bay and gave the command to open fire with the five-inch guns in his main battery. He was deliberately taking on a heavy cruiser, mounting eight-inch guns—practically double the destroyer's firepower—but after they had slugged it out for twenty minutes, the Jap cruiser caught fire and turned away.

The destroyer suffered a direct hit by an eight-inch shell, which flooded her forward compartments, and she was so far down by the head her anchors were awash. She was pulling away at reduced speed when three other Jap cruisers appeared and opened fire. It looked like the end for the destroyer, but, after a short attack, the Jap ships inexplicably turned away.

The Gambier Bay was rocked by successive explosions. At 8:50 A.M. Captain Vieweg gave the order to abandon ship, and her crew started sliding down long lines to
rafts. Many wounded were helped from the dying carrier by their shipmates, who, at nine o'clock, saw the Gambier Bay take her final plunge.

As she went down, the other CVEs were trying to escape the Jap attack. The two detached enemy cruisers circled their prey, firing salvo after salvo at the thin sides of the Kitkun Bay, the White Plains, the St. Lo and the others steaming south with them. Rear Admiral Sprague used every tactic in the book to dodge the Jap shells.

"We made frequent changes of course," he said later, "to throw them off in their gunnery problem. Each ship captain 'chased' the splashes from the enemy salvos. It was miraculous that we emerged as we did. When the range between the two forces was reduced enough to bring the Jap ships within reach of our escort carriers' five-inch guns, we opened up and got hits."

At about eight-thirty the seven destroyers and DEs had been ordered to make a second torpedo attack on the Japs. They plowed back through the smoke screen at thirty-five knots. Four Jap cruisers, followed by four battleships, rushed toward the American ships at about twenty-five knots. Frequent rain squalls made visibility spotty as the two forces charged along on a collision course.

When they were within range, the destroyers fired their torpedoes. The Jap battleships turned out of column, then formed another column and drove straight
for the destroyers, showering 14-inch shells on them. Two of our destroyers were heavily hit. The Americans made a hard left turn and swung sharply right to place the Japs on their beam so they could close to short range and fire broadsides. The rain came down hard—and so did the Jap shells.

The American five-inchers had little effect on the thick armor of the Jap battlewagons and, after a brief clash, the destroyers and DEs fired their remaining torpedoes. One struck a battleship only 4,000 yards away and exploded under her Number Four turret. The Jap ship ceased firing and, shortly after, the entire column changed course and withdrew to the north.

Now the carrier crews watched anxiously as our ships came back through the smoke screen. First came a destroyer to rejoin the escort carriers. Three of the DEs followed. That was all. Only these four of the seven small ships which had gone in on that attack came out alive. Two destroyers and a destroyer escort had been sunk. But their torpedo runs had diverted much of the enemy’s firepower from its original targets.

The five surviving baby flat-tops, however, were battling against heavy odds, and their doom seemed to be only a matter of time. Two Jap heavy cruisers circled this force at high speed, like Indians in a war dance. Again and again the Jap shells found their mark. Several hits rocked Admiral Sprague’s flagship, the Fanshaw Bay. Others smashed into the Kalinin Bay. A near miss
lifted the stern of the *White Plains* out of the water while she was still launching planes, but there was no great damage and she continued launching.

Then, at last, came the first response to the calls for help. Up from the south roared planes launched by sister carriers, who were in a refueling area. Fighters and torpedo planes swooped down over the attacking enemy ships and got hits on several. Diving through thick bursts of ack-ack, the fighters desperately strafed the enemy decks hoping to knock out the crews manning the AA guns and clear the way for the torpedo planes to strike again.

Encouraged, the menaced carriers redoubled their fight to survive. More planes from the carriers under attack joined the air battle. Some of these had been on anti-submarine patrol when the Jap ships first appeared. Others were recalled from their regular mission of giving air cover to our troops on Leyte, and these pilots added a note of raw courage to the day’s record. They had expended most of their ammunition on Jap positions ashore but they made daredevil “dry runs” (simulated attacks) on the enemy ships now. Some concentrated on the two Jap cruisers circling our carriers. Sweeping low, they penetrated the flak-studded air to simulate a real bombing and strafing attack. Time and again they returned to the “attack” without a single bomb or round of ammunition.
These dry runs caused the Jap ships to change course frequently and threw off their gunners' aim, and that's exactly what our pilots intended.

They weren't all dry runs that morning, though. Four young Avenger pilots from the Kitkun Bay, rookies in their squadron, made a torpedo attack without fighter-plane protection. Ensigns Marchant, Kummerlin, King and Fulton found a Jap battleship and, led by Marchant, they damaged it badly.

"Nice work, son!" Admiral Ofstie said to Marchant when he had returned aboard.

Hits were also scored on a Jap cruiser by bombs which started a series of explosions. Another Jap cruiser was attacked by four torpedo planes and left dead in the water.

The battle was at its height when, at 9:25 A.M. word was passed on the Kitkun Bay that the enemy cruisers were withdrawing.

It didn't seem possible that the Jap cruisers would pull out when they had definitely trapped the surviving five carriers and probably could have sunk every one of them in a short time. Yet there they were, reversing course and heading back toward San Bernardino Strait.

Over on the crippled destroyer, her skipper couldn't understand it, either.

"I'll never know why they're leaving instead of going right on into Leyte Gulf," he said. "They have the ships and the power to do it."
The Jap cruisers were not the only ships retreating. One by one, their battleships turned and laid a course for the strait, accompanied by the other cruisers and destroyers. Aboard the baby flat-tops, an unnatural silence settled down. Nobody could understand what had happened. Then the tension broke, and men laughed until they cried. By some incredible miracle they were still alive. The fight had lasted two and a half hours, but, during it, some of them seemed to have aged twenty years.

After the Japs had ceased firing, and the Kitkun Bay and other carriers in her group had landed their planes, the general alarm sounded, followed by: “Stand by to repel air attack!”

Eight Jap dive bombers came in at an altitude of five thousand feet and peeled off for an attack. Three of them were shot down before they could drop their loads. Each of the five remaining enemy bombers picked a carrier as its target and roared down.

The Kitkun Bay and the Kalinin Bay were the victims of direct hits, but neither was seriously damaged. The St. Lō was not so fortunate. One bomb hit, and there was a big explosion.

On the hangar deck, men had been rearming and servicing two Wildcat fighters and three Avenger torpedo bombers. In all, eight planes were down there and at least six of them had 100-octane in their tanks. Four torpedoes were ready for plane installation, while four more torpedoes were in the same area with no less than
six depth bombs, fifteen 500-pound bombs and forty 100-pounders. In boxes were 1,400 rounds of .50-caliber machine-gun bullets. There was enough explosive on the premises to level a fair-sized town.

From then until the ship sank—just thirty-two minutes after the bomb hit—men measured time by explosions. Whatever happened to them they remembered as happening just before or after the second explosion, or the third, or the fifth, and so forth. A plane blew up on the port side. That was the second explosion, mild compared with its successors, and more like a puff than a blast which, nonetheless, knocked men down and rolled them along the deck. A hose party was seen to crumble, and some of its members never got up.

It was the third explosion that blew another hangar door off its hinges and sent a 100-foot section of the flight deck sailing into the air. That was on the port side. A section of about the same size on the starboard side was folded and rolled back like a hall carpet. Entire fire parties were wiped out, burned or killed outright or blown overboard. The word was passed: "Prepare to abandon ship."

About a quarter of the St. Lò had blown into the water, sides and all. She was ripping apart in 50- and 100-foot chunks, and some of the pieces were flung 1,000 feet into the air. Involuntarily, she was bombarding the crew in the water. Her end was near.
Captain McKenna left the ship after the seventh explosion. Everyone knew he would be the last man alive to leave. He always performed the way you wanted the skipper to perform—with the composure of a man who is never surprised, even when he is scared as hell.

The eighth explosion blasted out parts of the St. Lô below the water line. Before this explosion she had been listing to port. Now she rolled over to starboard very fast and went down with her bow pointing straight at the sky. As night fell, destroyers and destroyer escorts were still picking up survivors. One destroyer retrieved 453 of the crew and Captain McKenna.

With the sinking of the St. Lô, we had lost two escort carriers, but the other four in Tommy Sprague's group were still intact. Two destroyers, the Johnston and the Hoel, had sacrificed themselves in defending the CVEs, and so had the little DE, Samuel B. Roberts. All considered, it was a small price to pay for saving the bulk of the escort-carrier force and the transports and supply ships in Leyte Gulf.

By early afternoon the tide of battle had turned definitely in our favor. Planes from the three escort-carrier groups were countering successfully the attacks staged by the Japs' land-based planes. And finally, help was coming from carriers in Mitscher's task force. Some of these big flat-tops, which had been refueling far to the east of Luzon, had been dispatched at full speed. Shortly
after 2 P.M. these planes started making strikes on the fleeing enemy ships. They kept the enemy in retreat.

What had been happening up in that northern area while the escort carriers were under attack was encouraging. The Jap carrier force split up. One group, composed of damaged and sinking ships, was dead in the water with one Ise-class battleship and a few smaller vessels circling them. The other group, including one battleship, one light carrier, one large Shokaku-class carrier and a few other undamaged ships, was retreating to the north.

At 10:07 A.M. Halsey messaged the carriers: "Instruct all pilots to strike at undamaged ships. Leave cripples until later."

The second and subsequent waves of aircraft, therefore, swept down on the ships fleeing northward. Blond, slender Lieutenant Al Seckel of Chicago was one of several Hellcat fighters who stabbed at the Shokaku-class flat-top with armor-piercing bombs.

Seckel reported that the Shokaku (or she may have been a sister ship, the Zuikaku) twisted this way and that, at first seeming to ignore the torpedoes and bombs raining into her hull. Then she stopped dead in the water and large columns of smoke poured from her vitals. Yet two hours passed before she rolled over and sank, belly up and stern first. The other flat-top, too, clung doggedly to life—for five hours after the first hit had been recorded on her.
Said Commander Winters: "Then I turned away for a moment and, when I looked again, there was nothing but a huge oil slick and the tip of her stern going under. Hundreds of guys were swimming around or clinging to pieces of wood until a destroyer came up and began taking them aboard."

Those survivor-packed Jap destroyers, and the two Ise-class battleships received their share of trouble in the fourth and final aerial attack that day. One destroyer was sunk, and the others were strafed and bombed, while one of the battleships sustained torpedo and bomb hits.

As the afternoon sun approached the western horizon, only one Jap carrier remained afloat. United States cruisers and destroyers ranged ahead of our carriers. Coming across the gutted carrier just before dusk, they sank it. To the north, the two crippled battleships, two cruisers and several destroyers were making their escape. One destroyer was left behind and it, too, was sunk by surface gunfire. Later that night of October 25th, eager American submarines attacked the escaping ships with a spread of torpedoes, sinking a heavy cruiser.

The Second Battle of the Philippines was now over. Our ships were picking up hundreds of survivors from the water—Japs and our own men. Despite the heavy punishment the St. Lô had taken, 784 of her crew were rescued, half of them wounded. Of the entire ship's company 114 were listed as dead or missing.
Captain Vieweg and more than 750 of his men from the Gambier Bay also were rescued after they had drifted on rafts for forty-two hours, fighting off sharks.

The Jap casualties were, of course, much greater. They lost thousands of men, and dozens of their ships had been sunk or damaged. Jap shipyards and drydocks would be busy for months repairing the damage.

Secretary of the Navy Forrestal summed up the results as "One of the great naval victories of the war that will go down, along with the Midway and Guadalcanal sea battles, as one of the great, shattering blows struck against Japanese seapower." The Japanese fleet was indeed beaten, routed and broken.

The battle also provided a tasty morsel for naval experts, authentic and armchair, to chew over for years to come. Had Admiral Halsey made the right decision in taking his Third Fleet north to engage the Jap carrier force, thus leaving Leyte beachhead and the escort carriers covering it vulnerable to an enemy surface-ship attack?

The answer probably can never be given, even by the Japanese high naval command which missed a grand opportunity to mess up our invasion of the Philippines. But one part of that answer is definite and convincing: we won.
MILITARY SURGERY
(a.d. 1944)
Kyle Crichton

Through the glass in the closed door of the operating room, the surgeon could be seen working on a patient. With a knife he began to carve three sides of an oblong on the man's forehead. The incision was deep and when the skin was drawn back the skull could be seen. One end of the oblong piece was still attached to the forehead; the length of loose skin was now turned and laid carefully over the eye of the patient. The most meticulous care was then taken in sewing this flap into place. That done, the patient was wrapped with a turbanlike mass of bandage and adhesive tape and wheeled out of the operating room.

The surgeon was Lieutenant Colonel James Barrett Brown, chief of plastic surgery at Valley Forge General Hospital at Phoenixville, Pa. What the man on the operating table had gained was a new eyelid. This meant that the eye was protected and another veteran of the war had been saved for active life. Hundreds of men

From the article "New Faith," Collier's, The National Weekly, by permission of the author and publisher.

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THE WORLD'S GREAT EVENTS

have already been helped by Colonel Brown and his staff, and thousands of others will have that good fortune later. The greatest comfort our wounded can have is the knowledge that the greatest plastic surgeons in the world are available to help them. Seventy per cent of the plastic-surgery cases treated at Valley Forge have been returned to active service—a remarkable record.

Valley Forge General Hospital sits on a hill in the beautiful rolling country of eastern Pennsylvania. Valley Forge itself, the site of the tragic winter encampment of Washington and his ragged troops in the Revolutionary War, is about five miles distant. Convalescent veterans of the present war play croquet between buildings or stroll about the green quadrangles, preparing themselves for the return home or duty that will soon come.

In the popular view, plastic surgery has often centered on beautifying some individual who desires a prettier nose. At Valley Forge it is a matter of a man's future life. Success may mean the difference between desperation and a life that may be short of perfection but will be satisfying.

When a man is given a new jaw, he will not complain if it leaves his face scarred.

"We try to restore function first," says Colonel Brown. "A man must have an open nose so he can breathe; he must have a jaw so he can eat; he must have eyelids as a protection for his eyes, and the movement of his hands must be restored. Besides function, one of the greatest
challenges is to take a man with a totally burned face who would be a horror to himself and his family and make him into a man with hope for the future."

The best way of showing what is being done at Valley Forge is to report on a recent visit to the hospital. The first operation was made on a man whose forearm had been half shot away from the elbow to the wrist. He was a thin, energetic man of middle age who had been shot up at Cassino. When being examined by Colonel Brown he seemed to have a sort of pride in the intricacies of his case. By the greatest of luck his hand was intact and he had control of the thumb and two fingers. That made the arm worth saving.

When he reached the operating room, Colonel Brown proceeded with one of the most astonishing operations in the history of plastic surgery. First, all scar tissue was removed from the arm. Then Colonel Brown made a deep incision on the man’s chest in the pattern of a square U. The skin was then carefully cut back until there was a free flap approximately a foot square, with the bottom portion still attached to the abdominal wall. The incision had been deep, so that with the skin would come a layer of fat, very necessary in the growing that would soon take place.

The patient’s arm was then laid on his chest, the flap was brought up to cover the portion missing from the forearm, and the attachment was made. The arm will lie in that posture until the skin flap grows firmly to it.
That will take between two and three weeks, and, at the end of that time, the portion still attached to the abdominal wall will be severed and sewed to the arm. The patient will then possess a new covering for the arm, made from his own body. If it is necessary to build up the arm further by inserting new bone, that can be done later. It will be easily possible because he will now have a foundation to contain the new insertions.

"So far as I know," said Colonel Brown, "that is the largest flap ever made in plastic surgery."

While this was going on, Captain Bradford Cannon of Boston, at another operating table, was building up a nose that had been shattered in action, and Captain Carl Lischer of St. Louis and Lieutenant Parke Scarborough were performing a complicated skin-grafting job on a badly burned leg.

From a picture of the nose patient taken when he first entered the hospital, it would seem to a layman impossible to help him. The nose was entirely shattered, being pushed to one side of the face and clinging to its normal position only by a bit of skin. This soldier was a firmly set-up young man from Wisconsin who had been banged up at Anzio. Captain Cannon was furnishing him with a new nose by building up the ridge from cartilage taken from the man's ribs and by grafting skin from his body to make a new lining for the nose.

This is a tedious operation that takes hours of work by the surgeon, but it is one of the commonest under-
taken. Another that furnishes dozens of cases for the surgeons is skin grafting for burns. This often takes months, and the question of finding enough skin on the body to do the job is often extremely difficult.

In most instances it is necessary to use one area over again repeatedly. The surgeons make what are known as “split” grafts, meaning that the skin is shaved off one section of the body (known as the “donor” area) and grafted on to the affected region (known as the “recipient” area). This is done in the simplest way imaginable by slicing the skin off with an instrument that looks like a razor. The skin is really split, with the top layer coming off like a fine bit of shavings and the fat not being touched. The operation is so delicate that the donor area heals rapidly and with little indication that it has given skin. The split grafts can be obtained over and over again from that spot if necessary.

Then we came to the most spectacular case of all. A young fellow of about twenty was brought into Colonel Brown’s office. He had his hair clipped in crew fashion, very close to the head, and was one of the most recent casualties from France. When Colonel Brown asked him how he felt, he shook his head and seemed to answer with his eyes. When his bandages were taken off it was seen that his whole lower jaw had been shot away. His tongue, swollen to three times normal size, lay almost on his chest. His mouth could hold no food and naturally he was unable to speak. It was a shocking thing, and
when the boy left, we remarked on the hopelessness of his fate.

"Wait till you see this one," said the colonel, and a tall, thin young fellow came in with his lower face swathed in bandages. The colonel removed the bandages with care and it could be seen that the man had received at least two operations that had restored his jaw. "Exactly the same kind of injury," said the colonel, "and even a bit worse. How do you feel, son?"

"Fine," said the young man, with only a trace of difficulty.

"That's why that first fellow doesn't feel so bad," said the colonel. "He's been visiting with Tom here."

Tom had a new jaw and a new lower face. His ribs had been used for the jaw, and his face had been taken from his chest in another use of the flap technique. For a time, he will have severe scars on his lower face, but he now speaks naturally and, of course, eats and drinks normally.

Another remarkable patient was a man who had been shot through the mouth by a bullet that had followed an upward course. This had happened at Salerno to a member of the famous Thirty-sixth Division, the Texas outfit that first terrorized all of Cape Cod while training at Camp Edwards and then did an even better job on the Italians and Germans in Italy. The man was a big citizen of the jolly type and he was even better disposed now that he was fixed up. The bullet had blown away
half of his palate, and he couldn't eat or speak. Colonel Brown had fashioned a new palate for him, giving him an entirely new lining for his mouth and restored him completely.

Nothing could have seemed more desperate than the condition of a big fellow from Illinois who had been shot up in Italy almost to the vanishing point. It is impossible to tell how he looked because in the dressing room where he was being treated, his eyes were still covered with a bandage. He had lost both ears, his nose, one eye, the covering of both cheeks and half of both hands. When we saw him, he had both his ears rebuilt, four new eyelids, a new nose, and work was being started on his hands. It is with the hand cases that Colonel Brown puts in his hardest work.

"It's the hands that distinguish a human being from an animal," he says. "In animals, even the monkey, the thumb lies alongside the fingers. With a human, the thumb is capable of facing the fingers, giving the hand grasping power. This is naturally the position of function of the fingers, and we do everything possible to restore that function to man, no matter how hopeless it seems originally."

The hand cases are delicate operations, and there are dozens of them at Valley Forge who will now have the use of their hands even if it be only the thumb and one finger.
A face smashed in by an automobile accident is quite different from one shattered by a bullet. It is this difference that makes the war work of the plastic surgeons so exhausting.

Colonel Brown explains it in this way: "In both cases, the face may be literally broken to pieces and completely detached from the skull, but with a bullet, there is actually an explosion inside the face. It is as if a firecracker had gone off inside the antrum. It kills much more bone, tears up much more tissue and leaves much more scar tissue than any external injury can produce."

One of the most striking examples in the hospital was the repair of a facial paralysis in an enlisted man. This man's face had been twisted fantastically out of shape. The photographs taken when he entered the hospital were of a monstrosity. By building up some portions of his face and lowering others, he finally had a countenance that showed no sign of the defect. Long strips of fascia (the connective inner tissues) were taken out of his thigh, tunneled through the face and attached to a muscle that was not paralyzed. The result was miraculous, and anyone talking with the man now would refuse to believe what the first photographs showed. He is now at work in the wards as an example to others who may despair at their condition.

In truth they are often in despair when they arrive. Some come kicking with rage and caring little what happens to them. In two or three days, there is invariably
a change. It is one of the most encouraging things in
the world to see the morale of the men undergoing treat-
ment at Valley Forge. The patients who come in to see
Colonel Brown are obviously in no very great awe of him.

"Let's have a look at that eye, son," he says. "H'mm,
pretty good. Now, when do you want us to work on that
nose? How about next Wednesday? Maybe you might
go home over the week end to see the folks. How'd you
like that? Oh, you would! Well, be back here Tuesday
so we can look at you before the operation."

In the wards there are so many convalescent patients
eager to help out with the other men that the staff has
to confine them to working in relays.

"Just like home folks around here," says the colonel.

He looks very much like home folks and has a good
Middle Western accent that might come from a country
doctor riding up in a horse and buggy. He is a product
of Hannibal, Mo., and attributes his interest in medicine
to the late Doctor E. H. Bounds of that place, a surgeon
whose reputation went far beyond Hannibal itself. His
academic and medical training was taken at Washington
University at St. Louis, and he was on the surgical serv-
ice of Professor Evarts Graham when work on the vic-
tims of an Illinois tornado turned his interest to plastic
surgery. He is associated with Doctor Vilray P. Blair,
Doctor Louis T. Byars and Doctor Frank McDowell of
St. Louis and enjoys an international reputation.
Colonel Brown's office at Valley Forge is a small room with a plain desk and four straight chairs. He keeps his own records, writing them out at night in longhand.

"I can remember them better that way," he says. "This is the most personal business in the world. It's just the doctor and the patient, and every patient is different."

Colonel Brown works till nine or ten every night and often till midnight. The plastic-surgery staff does between ten and fifteen operations every day, usually finishing around two or two-thirty p.m. The colonel spends hours at night analyzing the cases of the patients who are to be operated on next day.

In all instances, a photographic record is kept of stages in the patient's progress and, in addition, there is a laboratory for making plaster masks under the direction of Sergeant Frank Eliscu, formerly a sculptor of New York. The masks are taken directly from the patients and used by Colonel Brown as a directive in his surgery.

Plastic surgery is the hardest of work, because every patient requires the most intensive application of effort in the operating room. There are many operations of two and three hours, and some may be longer. This is often necessary in nose injuries, where it is impossible to leave off until the obstruction or defect is corrected.

The visitor to Valley Forge comes away with a feeling of great hope for the wounded. They may not be Adonises but hundreds of them will be returned to their jobs in civil life, who couldn't have dared to hope in
other days. The first World War saw the development of plastic surgery. From this experience, great strides were made in the following years. Techniques were perfected. Cases that seemed impossible of treatment were tackled and conquered, and a great mass of information was built up from civilian observation. And thus the debt to the first World War veterans has now been paid to the present wounded. They have the benefit of twenty-five years of study and experience, and the personal assistance of surgeons who are world-famous.

The high morale of the men under Colonel Brown and his staff is a testimonial to their personal qualities and to the service given by the Army.

We return to the man who was first seen in the operating room, having his arm reconstructed. In Colonel Brown’s office the night before the operation, he was having doubts.

“You know, Colonel,” he was saying in the straightforward and easy way that Brown’s men have with him, “sometimes I think it might be better if I had it off.”

“Well now, son,” said the colonel gently, “it’s your arm. You can do what you want with it, but I think we can save it.”

“Well, if you say it, Colonel, that’s the way I want it,” said the man, getting up and smiling with relief.

Late next afternoon after the operation he was lying in his bed in the ward, looking contented with the world. “How’s that old arm?” asked the nurse playfully.
"Pretty good old arm."

"That's a pretty good old arm," laughed the man proudly, "and nobody ain't gointa get it away from me, either."

OUR empty transport vessel with its deckload of beaten-up landing craft is rolling heavily on the long voyage home from Iwo Jima. To provide quarters for casualties, the sick bay has been expanded until half the bunks, built in tiers of four, are now occupied by the wounded remnants of the Fourth Marines who rode the ship into battle.

The doctors aboard this particular ship are specialists in eye surgery and mental cases, so that in bed after bed one passes men who have lost their eyesight or their sanity. The same small boats which headed valiantly for the beach on D Day returned again and again on succeeding days with litter-loads of pain-crazed bodies; not really men, just bodies, which were salted down as the heavy seas broke over the bows of the lurching landing craft, jarred into sickening consciousness as the waves hurled the boats against the high walls of the transport, and finally lifted, two stretchers to a crane-load, onto the

From "To the Finish," a letter to Mr. Weeks, Editor, Atlantic Monthly, by permission of the author and publisher.
flat, steady decks of the ship which was to take them home.

Some of the more fortunate ones died during the night, and in the morning the bodies, so tightly wrapped in gray blankets that they seemed Pygmy size, were lined up on deck, waiting for the same small boats to take them ashore for burial. Among the less fortunate are one man who is faceless from the end of his nose to his hairline, and another whose right side is paralyzed, whose left arm is gone, and whose one remaining eye stares out of a pulpy mass of flesh. The doctors, who with such skill and untiring attention have kept these bodies alive, come into the wardroom, remove their rubber gloves and face masks, and sit over their coffee in brooding silence.

The brig contains the only Japanese prisoners, nine of them, to be captured prior to our departure on D plus ten. There were two others, but they died aboard ship, and two of the remaining are unconscious most of the time. The same small boats which took the first waves of Marines ashore, and brought the endless waves of wounded back again, also transported to the safety of the ship's brig those of the enemy who still had a breath of life.

In many ways the crews of those small boats were the heroes of the battle of Iwo Jima, because, tough as the Japanese were, the heavy seas were tougher. The prevailing winds reversed themselves during the first ten days, so that instead of being on the leeward side of the
island, the beachhead was exposed to the sullen fury of the Pacific Ocean. Because Iwo Jima is a volcano rising straight out of the sea, there is no shallow water. The box-shaped landing craft were tossed about like egg crates caught on the crest of a spring flood. Unprotected by breakwaters or coral reefs, the boats were swamped by six-foot breakers as soon as their bows rammed into the volcanic sand. The boats floundered, sank, and were spawned along the shore to form twisted barricades of debris.

Despite their losses, the boat crews continued to shuttle men and materials. The men rarely slept, and depended for food upon having someone aboard a transport pass down K rations and an occasional sandwich. The crew of one small boat from this ship, manned like so many others by Coast Guard personnel, went four days and nights without relief. The men could barely walk when they finally came aboard to sleep.

The waves hit the beach at an angle, swinging the boats sidewise and overturning them before the ramps could be let down. The Marine beach parties and Seabees had to resort to bulldozers and stern lines to keep the craft at right angles to the shore long enough to roll the matériel onto the sand. While a bulldozer with a tow chain kept the ramp anchored in the sand, a small tug with a stout line on the stern strained against the current to prevent the landing craft from being swept broadside against the shoreline. As the men rushed to
unload vehicles, ammunition, and food, the breakers swarmed over the sterns of the landing craft, swamping some and leaving the rest half filled with water. The crews were never dry.

As if the seas were not enough to contend with, the Japanese had the entire beach under mortar and shell fire, so that the men never knew when a shell would explode in their midst. Our transport was lying close offshore, enabling the correspondents to go onto the beach each morning and return at night to such luxuries as a hot shower, warm meals, and a dry bed. Even when we reached the beach on the morning of the seventh day, a flurry of mortar shells hit the landing craft to our left and right. We were free to scramble through the deep sand to the nearest hole, but the crew of the boat was left to manhandle the cargo with no more protection than a steel helmet.

Each of the half-dozen beaches had a beachmaster who stood on high ground with a microphone and directed unloading operations. A powerful battery of loud-speakers carried his commands to landing craft waiting to come in, to bulldozer crews, and to Marine working parties. Though shells burst around him, the beachmaster stood his ground and with a caustic voice of assurance kept the traffic moving with invectives interlarded with: "You there in boat number 457, whatja got ’board? All right, ride in on the next breaker. Hey, you cat drivers, get the hell down here with your tails in the water. Clear
that truck out of there. You Marines start moving or we’ll bury you under. Drop the hawser! Drop the hawser! Swing her starboard.” And so on.

Working with the beachmasters were the floating traffic cops, the men in control boats who remained a few hundred yards offshore and regulated the successive waves of landing craft. Beyond them were the destroyers, blasting away with their five-inch guns whenever the Marines struck an enemy strong point; and still farther out, riding at anchor, were the transports, tankers, LCT’s, cargo vessels, and floating drydocks. On the horizon one could see the small, fast ships in the anti-submarine patrol, and somewhere out of sight were the aircraft carriers which sent forth fighters and fighter bombers whenever enemy tanks or pillboxes were discovered. The larger units of the fleet, the battleships and cruisers, stood by, after having finished their three-day bombardment prior to the invasion, and fired their heavy guns only when a specific target required a salvo of eight- or sixteen-inch shells for permanent liquidation.

Two years ago, and possibly even one year ago, American forces would have lost the battle of Iwo Jima. The island was more heavily fortified than any previous one captured. The knee-deep volcanic sand stopped all vehicles in their tracks, and the heavy seas littered the two-mile beach with the shredded remains of boats, tanks, half-tracks, amphibious trucks, and jeeps. Yet the bulldozers were brought ashore to open lanes through the
deep sand. Steel tracks were laid to enable tanks and trucks to reach more solid terrain; cranes were set up along the beach; heavy artillery was hauled ashore, along with steam rollers, road-graders, and prime movers. The entire operation followed a tested pattern which neither the Japs nor the weather could stop.

The war correspondents found Iwo Jima a poor spot for startling news. Iwo was another Tarawa, only worse. For caves and hidden pillboxes, it was another Saipan, only worse. For poor weather and soggy terrain, it was another Guam, only worse. There was little new to write about; only an old story with stronger superlatives.

Those reporters who got ashore early were unable to get their copy back to the ships. The prearranged schedule for press boats broke down when heavy swells swamped the boats. Those who remained aboard transports knew less of what was going on than did the correspondents who stayed safely on Guam and read the latest communiqués issued by Admiral Nimitz. Most of us felt that even if our copy reached civilization, it would fall flat. Iwo was a dirty, painful, horrible struggle with none of the glamour which makes good reading.

American tacticians had learned much between Tarawa and Iwo Jima about island-to-island fighting, but so had the Japanese. The landing followed a pattern which in three years has become a tradition: a long period of bombing from the air, a shorter flurry of concentrated naval gunfire, a final assault at close range.
which utilized every type of weapon that floats or flies, and then the Marines landed. The Japanese knew what to expect, and had planned accordingly. The bombings they could not stop, so they went underground where the bombs could not reach them. The rocky cliffs of Iwo were so soft that a man with a pick and shovel could dig himself a comfortable cave in a day.

For sixty-eight consecutive days the Army bombed Iwo. The Japanese lost all their planes and most of their surface installations, but they and their guns survived. On the sixty-ninth day, at dawn, the American Navy began its bombardment; the Japanese remained in hiding during the three days that the Navy poured a record tonnage of explosives on the island. They could not stop the Fleet any more than they could the Army bombers, so they did not try.

Their defense was based on not giving away their positions or revealing their strength until an actual landing was attempted. They had only a handful of coastal batteries; and the only time I saw one of them in action, it hit a ship. The Japanese policy was not to fire unless they were sure they could not miss. They allowed endless waves of carrier planes to make their bombing runs unmolested, but they practically threw the island at observation planes which served as the eyes of the Fleet.

Their defense plan was a simple one; they dug their guns into the high ground in such a way that they had the beaches in a cross fire. Because they did not intend
to fire back at the Fleet, it was unnecessary to have their guns facing the sea. The advantages of such a plan are obvious. They could mount their guns in reinforced caves which had only small openings facing inland. The Fleet could have circled the island for weeks and still not have been able to bring direct fire to bear on the entrances of the caves. The guns dug into Mount Suribachi pointed to the north, while those in the cliffs overlooking the northern end of the beach faced to the south. The Fleet was firing from the east and west.

Had the Navy known the exact location of the caves, they might have had some success in firing over Suribachi into the cliffs on the northern part of the island, and vice versa; the Japanese, however, shrewdly avoided revealing their positions. Had the Japanese elected to return the Fleet’s fire, they would have had to have their gun mounts exposed so that they could traverse the barrels at least forty-five degrees to the left or right. Instead they pulled their guns back under cover until only the muzzles were exposed. This meant that the fire from any one gun could cover only a small segment of the beach, but by coördinating the fire from all guns, they had the beach completely covered, and the beach was all they were interested in.

I go into this at length to counteract any notion that the Fleet did not give adequate support to the landing parties. For three days prior to D Day I was on a light cruiser. No fleet ever moved in closer and unloaded so
A LETTER FROM IWO JIMA

A significant defense was invaluatable, but there were too
in the midst of mobile warfare. Two nearly propped head
cance is something which mean our here argue about
Whether Iwo will have any lasting military signifie-
is Herculean.

Navy had a definite target to aim at, it left no doubt of
one had taken a ball of puny and succeeded in. When the
misshapen by concussion, however, just as though some-
out a scratch on them. Their heads were gloriously
Pounding at close range, and there were others dead with
showed the effect of eight- and sixteen-inch shells ex-
pushed back against their foreheads of some Japanese
was left as a souvenir. The face of Sutphin had been
small that I could have picked up and carried away when
houses which the Navy had pulverized into pieces so
in walking around. Two later, I saw cement block-
caves had been sealed off in the process
down, but it was still anyone’s guess whether the right
in knocking them out. The Harder faces of hills imbued
doors as projection, and lock was as esential as accuracy
in other places, however, the caves had armor-plated
there was torn away, successive salvoes found their mark.
outraged the entrance of their caves. Once the cannon-
how much damage they were doing. The Japanese can-
not tell with certainty where the shells were landing or
that even the observation planes hovering overhead could
two of these three days a heavy mist obscured the island, so
many high explosives on so small a stretch of land. For
many flukes working against the invaders to make any
generalization possible. Probably the most significant
thing about the battle for Iwo was its inevitableness.
No American operation was less secret. Everyone in the
Pacific, including the Japanese, knew that the island had
to be taken, knew approximately when it would be taken,
and how it would be taken. This does not imply faulty
security. It simply means that Iwo was next on the list
of steppingstones to Tokyo, and there was only one way
to capture it.

The island could not be knocked out from the air or
sea. It had to be stormed when the typhoon season had
passed, and when the prevailing winds were such that
the eastern beaches were on the leeward side of the island.
The master stroke of American strategy was having
a task force at large between Iwo and Japan. This left
the Japanese on Iwo without air or naval support.

The Japanese, under the command of an artillery
officer, fought a smarter battle with better weapons than
in any previous engagement. With an abrupt change of
tactics, they fought with the skill of the German Army.
Yet 20,000 Japanese did not stop 40,000 Marines from
landing in small boats from the open sea. Any evaluation
of opposing tactics must, I suppose, be based on which
side won, unless future historians prove that the Japanese
made the United States pay more for Iwo than the island
was worth.
A LETTER FROM IWO JIMA

There never should be another Iwo; that is, there never should be an occasion again in the Pacific when American forces are confined to fighting without benefit of heavy tanks, fast-moving artillery, and the other components of large-scale mobile operations. Iwo was the last time that the odds were in favor of the Japanese. Usually they line their beaches with pillboxes and fight a showdown battle on the shores of their islands. On Iwo, they left the actual beach comparatively undefended. They had a few pillboxes scattered between the shore and the first airfield, a quarter of a mile inland, but not nearly the number they had at Tarawa. Instead of fighting it out with the Marines at close hand, the Japanese sat back on their high ground and poured shells on the Marines, who were prepared to fight with rifles, machine guns, and grenades.

The first time I went onto the beach was D Day plus four. I went in with a large group of Fourth Division Marines. The beach was another Anzio. The Japanese were lobbing shells into supply dumps, ammunition depots, communication centers, and every other place where they saw men or machinery concentrated. No man on the beach felt secure. The Americans held about one square mile of low ground at that point, most of which I toured. Everywhere men were struggling: to keep landing craft from submerging, to dig roads in the deep sand, to push mired trucks onto solid ground, to haul equipment to sheltered locations, and to fight nature

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for the chance to get on with the battle. And all the time the Japanese shells whined down and tore into sand and flesh with indiscriminate fury.

Trying as the volcanic sand of Iwo proved to be, it was also a blessing. The Japanese shells buried themselves, and the sand absorbed most of the shrapnel. Usually a man was killed instantly by having a shell land beside him in the foxhole, or he escaped without injury. This did not hold true when a shell landed in a boat, or when one dropped in the midst of a beach party. What impressed me most, however, was the absence of dead Japanese. Some had been buried, of course, and others had died underground, but it was unnatural to find so few bodies after so much fighting. There were American bodies—more than 3,000 of them buried or not yet buried—but where were the Japanese? Everyone I questioned simply pointed to the hills on the left and right and swore fervently.

On the top of his underground command post, rather like a woodchuck sunning himself close to the entrance of a hole, Major General Clifton B. Cates was sitting quietly when I came by. As Command Officer of the Fourth Marines, General Cates was a busy and worried man, but just at that point he seemed to be the only man in the American sector with nothing to do and with a desire to make conversation. Through binoculars he could see everything that was going on; his orders had
been given, his troops knew what they had to do. He was “sweating it out.”

I talked with General Cates for nearly thirty minutes. The loss of his men was a personal loss. It hurt him deeply. But he was cheered because the sun was out. All the day before it had rained, and rained hard. His men had been downcast, wet, tired, and many of them sick. The sun had boosted morale, which is the secret weapon of the Marines. The General talked a lot about the new Japanese tactics. He spoke of how much he and the other officers had learned on Iwo, and how they would have to change their own tactics. Variations in bombing and shelling techniques would make the next operation easier.

The General passed me his binoculars so that I could see two of his tanks burning on a hill. He issued a command to a subordinate and continued to talk about battles to come. Never did he doubt that Iwo would be won, or that he would lose many personal friends in the process; but always in his voice there was a strong note of confidence that there would never be another Iwo. As at Tarawa nearly a year and a half before, American forces had learned much.

One thing was apparent at Iwo: the Japanese had heavy weapons in large quantities. They possessed innumerable five-inch dual-purpose guns, equally good against planes or troops. The Japanese reserved their fire until the Marines were within their sights. They had
a bountiful collection of mortars, many of them larger than anything in use by the Allies. A mortar, actually, is only a reinforced stovepipe with a base plate and standard attached. Its value lies in the fact that it can be moved at will and can be fired as rapidly as a man can drop shells down the barrel. The Japanese were using some mortars which were as large as seven- or eight-inch guns. They were too large to be either mobile or rapid-firing, but from positions on high ground, they were deadly.

Also unleashed for the first time at Iwo were large Japanese rockets and five-foot robombs. A forward observer one day was astonished to see doors swing open in a cave; in less time than he took to tell it, two Japanese wheeled out an eight-inch rocket-launcher, fired two projectiles, and disappeared into the cave, closing the doors behind them. The rocket fire was inaccurate, but with so many Marines crowded into a small area, accuracy was not essential. Yet here the robombs, dubbed "flying ashcans," were of little value, since most of them landed in the ocean. One robomb traveled the length of the island and cleared the top of Suribachi, the highest point on Iwo.

No one who was at Iwo can analyze the battle objectively. The carnage was so horrifying that the blood and agony of the struggle saturated one's mind, dismally coloring all thought. Iwo was unlike any war I had ever seen. It was a fight to the finish, with no man asking for quarter until he was dead. Of the nearly 20,000 Ameri-
can casualties, approximately two thirds were wounded, but all except a few score of the 20,000 Japanese died where they fell. There is such a thing as dying decently, but not on Iwo. I do not believe anything practical can be achieved by describing men blown apart. Veterans of two and three years of war in the Pacific were sickened. An estimated 26,000 men died in eight square miles of fighting. There were 5000 dead and wounded American and Japanese soldiers for every square mile.

I returned to Iwo on D Day plus six, seven, and eight. By that time the Marines had captured territory where Japanese had lain dead in the hot sun for more than a week. I crawled into pillboxes burned out by flame-throwers, and into deep caves where the Japanese had been burning their own dead to conceal the extent of their losses. I was torturing myself to look at the results of war, because I think it is essential for civilians occasionally to hold their noses and see what is going on.

Somehow the sight and smell of the Japanese dead were bearable; mostly I think, because a dead Japanese does not look quite human. The yellow skin darkens and the bodies seem unusually small and characterless, like figures in a wax museum. One cannot look at them and be unmoved, but they lack the personal quality which grips the soul of an observer.

The sight on Iwo which I could not force myself to see again was the section of the beach allotted for an American cemetery. The chaplains were endeavoring to
identify each body and hold a brief, individual service for each man to be buried in the black sands of the barren island. Naturally the chaplains and the burial parties were far behind in their work. The dead were brought in faster than they could be buried.

On the afternoon I walked by, there was half an acre of dead Marines stretched out so close together that they blanket ed the beach for two hundred yards. The stench was overpowering. There, in mangled lots, not laid in neat rows, was part of the price paid for Iwo. All I could think of as I hurried by was the old priest who died in Dostoevski’s *The Brothers Karamazov* and shocked his followers by decomposing before the burial service. The smell of one’s countrymen rotting in the sun is a lasting impression.

Perhaps one becomes accustomed to it. To me it was an experience which made it impossible for me to return to Iwo. Undoubtedly I shirked my duty, but I never could have been an impartial observer after that. I still have not attempted an article on Iwo. While that smell remains in my consciousness, I cannot evaluate the battle for Iwo objectively. The Marines fought with courage and determination seemingly beyond human capabilities. They died the hard way.

Rhine. March 29. Frankfort is cleared of German troops. March 30. Russians take Danzig. April 1. United States forces invade Okinawa, key island of the Ryukyu chain and stepping-stone to Tokyo. April 5. Russia denounces her neutrality pact with Japan. April 8. United States fliers sink Yamato, Japan’s largest warship. April 12. President Roosevelt dies suddenly at Warm Springs, Georgia. Vice-President Harry S. Truman takes oath as 32nd President of the United States.]
FAREWELL TO F. D. R.
(A.D. 1945)

I. F. STONE

MR. ROOSEVELT'S body was brought back to Washington today for the last time. The crowds began to gather early in Lafayette Park opposite the White House, as they did all along the line of the procession from Union Station. I got down to the park early and stood with many others waiting. Some small boys climbed into a tree for a better view. The gray tip of the Washington Monument showed above the White House. The trees were in full green; tulips bloomed on the lawn. Outside on the sidewalk there were soldiers in helmets every few feet, and we could hear the harsh tones of command as the guard of honor lined up on the White House lawn. Florists' trucks pulled up at the door, and huge wreaths were taken inside. Cameras were set up on the front porch, and camera men were perched on high ladders on the sidewalks and among us in the park. Birds sang, but the crowd was quiet.

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In the park I recognized a group of girls from the C.I.O. offices in nearby Jackson Place, Walter Lippmann, and an Army and Navy Club bellboy with a sensitive Negro face. There were soldiers and sailors, Waves and Wacs. There were many Negroes, some of them quite obviously housemaids. There were well-dressed women and men in shirt sleeves. I noticed a small middle-aged priest; several grave and owlish Chinese, many service men with their wives or sweethearts, a tired man in overalls and blue-denim work cap. A tall gangling Negro boy in jitterbug jacket and pork-pie hat towered above the crowd in front of me. A man who seemed to be a hobo, unshaven and dirty, jarred the silence with a loud laugh at something a child behind him had said. There were close-mouthed New England faces, Jewish faces, Midwestern faces; workers and business men and housewives, all curiously alike in their patience and in the dumb stolidity that is often sorrow's aspect.

A truck sped by on Pennsylvania Avenue. On the roof of the truck two navy men operated a movie camera, taking pictures of the crowd. Far above us, twenty-four Flying Fortresses roared across the skies in proud formation. One remembered the President's 50,000-plane speech, and choked. Motorcycle police heralded the procession's approach. The marching men, the solemn bands, the armored cars, the regiment of Negro soldiers, the uniformed women's detachments, the trucks filled with soldiers, and the black limousines carrying officials
and the President’s family went by slowly. They seemed part of an unreal pageant by comparison with the one glimpse of what we had come to see—the coffin covered with a flag. Many faces in the crowd puckered as it went past. In that one quick look thousands of us said our goodbyes to a great and good man, and to an era.

I was at the PM office in New York Thursday when it happened. There was a commotion in the newsroom. A copy-boy ran out of the wire-room with a piece of United Press copy in his hand. That first flash, “The President died this afternoon,” seemed incredible; like something in a nightmare, far down under the horror was the comfortable feeling that you would wake to find it was all a dream. The Romans must have felt this way when word came that Caesar Augustus was dead. Later, when work was done, I went to a meeting of liberals in an apartment on Washington Square. It was a gloomy gathering, much too gloomy to honor so buoyant a spirit as Mr. Roosevelt’s. Some felt that with his passing the Big Three would split up, that hope of a new world organization was dim. One of those present reported, apropos, that an automobile-company official in Detroit had told a delegation of visiting French newspapermen, “Next we fight the Soviet Union.” Some thought the Nazis would be encouraged to hold out, that the war had been lengthened by the President’s passing. Everyone seemed to feel that trouble, serious trouble, lay ahead.
I don't want to sound like Pollyanna, but I can remember so many crepe-hanging sessions of this kind since 1932. The Roosevelt era, for folk who scare easily, was a series of scares. Just before he took office, when the bonus marchers were driven out of Washington, revolution seemed to be around the corner. There was the banking crisis. The NRA was suspected of being the beginning of fascism; one of my friends in New York cautiously erased his name from the volumes of Marx and Lenin he owned; he felt the men with the bludgeons might be in his apartment any day. The Supreme Court knocked one piece of reform legislation after another on the head, and Mr. Roosevelt, when he set out to fight back, showed a deplorable disrespect for the constitutional amenities. There were the Chicago massacre and the Little Steel strike. There was Hitler. France fell when our armed forces were in good shape for a war with Nicaragua. The Japs sank most of the fleet at Pearl Harbor. It was a lush era for Cassandras.

 Somehow we pulled through before, and somehow we'll pull through again. In part it was luck. In part it was Mr. Roosevelt's leadership. In part it was the quality of the country and its people. I don't know about the rest of the four freedoms, but one thing Mr. Roosevelt gave the United States in one crisis after another, and that was freedom from fear. Perhaps his most important contribution was the example, the superlative example, of his personal courage. Perhaps some of us will feel less
gloomy if we remember it. Perhaps some of us will be more effective politically if we also learn from Mr. Roosevelt's robust realism, his ability to keep his eye on the main issue and not worry too much about the minor details.

I found the mood of the intellectuals and New Dealers in Washington this week-end quite different from that in New York. There has been much swapping of information and sidelights, and there is a good deal of confidence in the new President. No one, least of all Mr. Truman, an impressively modest man, expects him fully to fill Mr. Roosevelt's shoes. But the general feeling among those who know Mr. Truman is that he will surprise the skeptical. I can only record my own impression for whatever it is worth. I talked with Mr. Truman several years ago and liked him immediately and instinctively. The Presidency is a terrific job, and it remains to be seen how he will stand up under its pressure. But he is a good man, an honest man, a devoted man. Our country could be far more poorly served. Mr. Truman is a hard worker, decisive, a good executive. He works well with people. He is at once humble about his own knowledge and capacities, as a wise man should be, and quietly confident about his ability to learn and to rise to the occasion.

I hate to confess it, but I think Mr. Roosevelt was astute and farsighted in picking Mr. Truman rather than Mr. Wallace as his successor. At this particular moment in
our history, Mr. Truman can do a better job. Mr. Wallace’s accession might have split the country wide open, not because of Mr. Wallace but because of the feeling against him on the right. Mr. Truman has the good-will of both sides and is in a position to capitalize on the sobering influence of Mr. Roosevelt’s passing. The heaviest task of the President lies in the field of foreign relations, and the biggest obstacle to its accomplishment is in the Senate. It is fortunate that Mr. Truman’s greatest and most obvious political assets are his relations with the Senate. He is a friendly person, and was well liked on both sides of the aisle. Isolationists like Wheeler and La Follette are among his friends, and he may be able to exert an influence with them that circumstances and the momentum of past events denied to Mr. Roosevelt. The chances of a two-thirds’ vote in the Senate for the new peace organization are improved by the shift in the Presidency. I say this with no disrespect to our great departed leader.

I think Mr. Truman will carry on Mr. Roosevelt’s work. He had been very effective in support of Mr. Roosevelt in the Senate. I can authoritatively report that the famous B2H2 resolution originated in Mr. Truman’s office. Three of the sponsors, Senators Ball, Burton, and Hatch, were members of the Truman committee. Mr. Truman’s closest personal friends in the Senate were Kilgore of West Virginia and Wallgren of Washington, both sturdy progressives and good New Dealers. There
will be changes in the Cabinet, perhaps some for the better. On domestic policy Mr. Truman's record is an excellent one, and labor has nothing to fear from him. The shock of Mr. Roosevelt's death has created an atmosphere in which the new President may be able to unite the nation more closely than ever and carry it forward to that stable peace Mr. Roosevelt so deeply desired.

A PEACE that passeth all understanding came to the world this week. It was anticlimactic, it was premature, it was confusing, it was the greatest news snafu of all time—but it was wonderful. On the 2,075th day of the biggest, costliest war in history, some 25,000,000 men ceased fighting. The hardest peace ever to fall on a nation in modern times was meted out to Germany by the 48 countries that had declared war on the Reich. Ahead lay the difficult problems of the peace and the hard struggle to bring to an end the other half of the global war, the war against Japan. But for a few days at least a great burden was lifted from much of mankind.

Tuesday, May 8, was the official V-E Day in the United States. At 9 A.M. President Harry S. Truman broadcast a short speech to the nation reminding all that the “fighting job” would not be done until “the last Japanese division has surrendered unconditionally.” Then the President read his proclamation announcing that “the Allied armies, through sacrifice and devotion and

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with God's help, have won from Germany a final and unconditional surrender."

A few minutes after the President spoke, Prime Minister Churchill announced that hostilities would officially end throughout Europe at 12:01 A.M. Wednesday, May 9 British time (fighting actually ceased at 11:01 P.M. Central European Time). He proclaimed both May 8 and 9 as Britain’s official V-E Days and ended with a rousing: “Advance Britannia! Long live the cause of freedom! God save the King!”

That was the official news for which the world had been waiting for nearly two weeks. Throughout the United States, in London, Paris, Moscow, and dozens of other capitals bells pealed, crowds shouted—or prayed—and in general rejoiced. But the official celebration was an anticlimax nearly everywhere except in Russia. In one of the greatest scoops in journalistic history, the Associated Press broke the news of the German capitulation 24 hours before the official release. The Germans themselves had earlier announced their surrender in a broadcast by Count Lutz Schwerin von Krosigk.

The capitulation was actually signed at 2:41 A.M. Monday at General of the Army Eisenhower’s headquarters at Rheims in northern France. Both Churchill and President Truman stood ready to read their victory proclamations. But somehow it turned out to be hard for them to get in touch with Stalin to arrange a coordinated announcement, and impossible to arrange it for Monday.
VICTORY IN EUROPE

One story was that Stalin wanted to talk to the Soviet representative who signed the surrender before he committed himself. The result was the wild but officially premature celebration in New York, London, and Paris. Only the Russians had no victory hangover on Tuesday. They didn’t know of the surrender until Stalin was ready to announce it.

An entire nation died at Rheims on Monday morning. For days the end had been obvious to all and it was equally obvious that the task of Grand Admiral Karl Doenitz, who succeeded Hitler as Führer, was to surrender what remained of the German armed forces.

Then finally, as in 1918, the Germans came to the Allies and asked for terms—any terms. However, it was not so simple as 1918, when the German representatives were escorted across the desert of no man’s land and taken to the famous Wagon Lits restaurant car in the Compiègne Forest, where for almost two hours Marshal Ferdinand Foch loudly and slowly read out the terms of surrender. And it was in terrible contrast to the scene that took place in the same railway car in 1940 when a jubilant Hitler dictated a harsh peace to the French.

This time Grand Admiral Doenitz from his headquarters—presumably located in Norway—contacted Allied Supreme Headquarters. He then sent Gen. Admiral Hans Georg von Friedeburg, the sad-faced, lachrymose officer who negotiated the surrender of the Germans in the north to Field Marshal Sir Bernard L. Montgomery.
Friedeburg arrived at Eisenhower's headquarters at Rheims on Saturday. After the negotiations began it turned out that Friedeburg didn't have the power to offer unconditional surrender. On Sunday Dönitz sent a man who did—a tall, ramrod-stiff Prussian, Col. Gen. Gustav Jodl, new Chief of Staff of the Germany Army.

Jodl pleaded and argued through Sunday night—to no avail. Early Monday morning the Germans gave in and agreed to the terms set by the Allies. Correspondents were summoned to the 30-by-30-foot, map-lined personal war room of General Eisenhower. Lights blazed fiercely and throughout the ceremony photographers scrambled madly about. Across a rickety wooden table Jodl and Friedeburg faced the Allied representatives—Lt. Gen. Walter Bedell Smith, Eisenhower's Chief of Staff, looking weary after 33 hours of negotiating; Gen. François Sevez, the breathless French Assistant Staff Chief; and Gen. Ivan Susloparoff, the Russian representative, accompanied by a translator with a bald head and a baleful eye which he fixed on the Germans.

At exactly 2:41 the signing of the four copies of the documents—one each for Britain, the United States, Russia and France—was completed. Jodl asked permission to speak. He rose from the black-topped table. Every muscle in his pock-marked face was taut with emotion. In half-choked voice, he said: "With this signature, the German people and armed forces are for better or worse delivered into the victors' hands. In this war, which has
lasted more than five years, both have achieved and suffered more than perhaps any other people in the world."

Later on Tuesday the surrender was formalized between the Germans and Russians directly in Berlin with Marshal Gregory Zhukoff, commander of the First White Russian Army, signing for the Soviets and Field Marshal Wilhelm Keitel, Commander-in-Chief of the Wehrmacht, signing for the Germans.

The Reich had dropped to the lowest estate ever reached by a modern nation. Grand Admiral Doenitz himself broadcast the requiem: "Soldiers of the German Wehrmacht . . . are starting out on the bitter road to captivity . . . The foundations on which the German Reich was erected have collapsed . . . The [Nazi] party has left the scene of its activities. With the occupation of Germany, power has been transferred to the powers of occupation."

The pattern taken by events leading up to the German capitulation was as anticlimactic as the surrender itself and as wrapped in mystery as the rest of the negotiations. In the first place, Heinrich Himmler, the Gestapo chief, apparently dropped out of the picture. His name was last mentioned when Count Folke Bernadotte, the Swedish go-between, arrived in Stockholm without any reply to the three-power demand that Himmler surrender to the United States, Britain, and Russia together and not to the United States and Britain alone, as Himmler had proposed.
Thereupon Admiral Dönitz took over—and immediately proceeded so far as he was able, to see to it that the Germans surrendered only to the Americans and British. On May 4, he qualified the surrender of the German forces in Holland, Denmark, and northwest Germany to the British by broadcasting that: “The war against the Western Powers has become senseless and will only lead to the shedding of precious German blood. Resistance against the Soviets is being continued to save as many Germans as possible from the Bolshevik terror.”

To a considerable extent, this strategy succeeded. It is part of the nature of unconditional surrender that it is almost impossible to refuse it when offered. The result was the extraordinary spectacle, unparalleled in military history, of the Germans fighting fiercely against the Russians in order to get to points where they could surrender to the Americans and British. The German High Command communiqué on May 5 had this Alice in Wonderland statement. “Further units of our Ninth and Twelfth armies have fought their way through to American-occupied territory.”

The obvious German objective was, even in defeat, to split the Anglo-Americans from the Russians. Furthermore, the Germans were attempting to build up the legend of a Reich that went down heroically fighting Bolshevism while it was stabbed in the back by the British and Americans. Count von Krosigk broadcast that Germany “formed the bulwark of Europe...
REPRESENTATIVES OF NAZI GERMANY (backs to camera) SURRENDER UNCONDITIONALLY TO THE ALLIES IN A SCHOOLHOUSE AT RHEIMS, FRANCE, 2:41 A.M., MAY 7, 1945 (9:41 P.M., MAY 6, E.W.T.) (Pages 342, 344)

FROM AN INTERNATIONAL OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH
against the Red flood. She could have saved Europe from Bolshevism had her rear not been menaced.” In what may be a corollary to this policy, the Doenitz regime also apparently decided to cooperate officially with the western Allies. The Germans were ordered to help repair railways insofar as they were permitted, not to blow up bridges, not to sabotage ships, and “abstain from any illegal fighting activity in the Werewolf or other organizations in enemy-occupied western territories.”

The Nazis had vanished from the scene. But a new German plan to regain power by a division between the Western powers and the Russians was already taking shape.

The mighty war machine which the Nazis built to conquer the world flew into pieces last week. Under the hammering blows of General of the Army Eisenhower’s offensive, the vast pockets where the Nazis planned to carry on a war beyond war turned out to be traps for what remained of the Wehrmacht.

The German crackup began in Italy, where Army Group “C” surrendered on May 2. In swift succession, the Germans in the other major pockets followed suit. They surrendered their forces in Holland, Denmark, Helgoland, the Frisian Islands, and Northwest Germany on May 5, and Army Group “G” in Western Austria and Bavaria on May 6. And on May 7 the Germans surrendered everything left.

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On March 2, two German officers representing Gen. Karl Wolff, Nazi plenipotentiary and chief of Elite Guard formations in Northern Italy, approached Allied agents in Switzerland with peace feelers. Six days later they returned to the unidentified Swiss border town, accompanied by Wolff, who professed willingness to discuss surrender. He said that Field Marshal Albert Kesselring, then commanding German forces in Italy, would fall in line. Field Marshal Sir Harold R. L. G. Alexander, Allied commander of the Mediterranean theater notified the Allied governments.

The Allied officers returned to Italy and Alexander opened his offensive. That brought definite assurances from Wolff. On April 28, a plane brought the German peace delegation to Alexander's headquarters in the Italian royal summer palace at Caserta. The Germans, a lieutenant colonel and a major respectively appearing for Col. Gen. Heinrich von Vietinghoff, new German commander in Italy, and Wolff, wore civilian sports clothes.

Sitting on a chair at one end of a highly polished table, underneath a ceiling which still bore Fascist symbols, the two Germans took turns putting their signatures on five copies of the agreement on the afternoon of April 29. Lt. Gen. W. D. Morgan, Alexander's Chief of Staff, sitting at the other end of the table, signed them swiftly.

Thus the German command turned over nearly one million men.
The stage for capitulation to Field Marshal Sir Bernard L. Montgomery meanwhile had been set by the greatest disorganized surrender in German history. As the Russians swept through the province of Mecklenburg to Rostock, the Germans declared Hamburg an open city and the British entered. Montgomery sent a spearhead across the Elbe River to Wismar on the Baltic, where it met the Russians. The Germans reacted like terror-stricken rats. By the tens of thousands they sped along the roads toward the Allied lines. The prisoner bag amounted to an estimated 300,000 in three days.

On May 3 a German delegation of four came to the British with a white flag and a curious request. They were Admiral Hans Georg von Friedeburg, new commander-in-chief of the German Navy and also a general of the army, General Kinsel, chief of staff to Field Marshal Ernst Busch, Wehrmacht commander in the north, and two officers of their staffs. Brought to Montgomery’s headquarters on Lüneburg Heath—the great training ground of the German Army south of Hamburg—they asked acceptance of the surrender of three German armies—the Twelfth, Twenty-first, and Third Panzer—which were fleeing from the advancing Russians. Montgomery flatly refused, telling them to negotiate with the Russians.

Countering with a demand for the capitulation of all forces opposing him, including those in Denmark, Helgoland, and the Frisian Islands, Montgomery gave the
Germans a look at his operational map of the western front. Then he let them think it over at lunch, which the Germans ate by themselves to the sound of the sobs of Friedebug, who burst into tears as soon as Montgomery was out of sight.

At 4 o'clock Friedebug and an aide went back to the German lines. The next afternoon at 5 the admiral returned to sign the agreement. A cold drizzle whipped down as the German delegation awaiting Montgomery stood before a weather-beaten tent.

Montgomery, wearing British battle-dress with red lapel tabs and his field marshal's insignia, finally sauntered down the path, bearing copies of the surrender agreement. To reporters he said out of the corner of his mouth: "This is the moment." When he entered the tent the Germans snapped to attention. Montgomery sat down and waved them to chairs around a table covered with blue cloth. As cameras clicked, Monty put on horn-rimmed spectacles and read the terms.

One by one the Germans signed, betraying no emotion. Then, taking up the wooden pen, Montgomery wrote his name on the copies. Later he remarked: "This is a good egg." By that he meant the prisoners that fell into his hands. They totaled somewhere between 500,000 and 1,000,000 men.

The wholesale debacle of the Wehrmacht in Italy and Northern Germany took the little spirit that remained out of Lt. Gen. Fritz Schultz's Army Group "G" which
opposed the Allies in Western Austria and Bavaria. Seventh Army infantry divisions, pounding through the mountains of the "National Redoubt," burst into Berchtesgaden, the sleepy Bavarian town Hitler used as a rural retreat. SS men had burnt the Führer's chalet before fleeing. American soldiers ran their flag up the pole that had borne the swastika and then dipped it to half-staff in mourning for the late President Roosevelt. On May 4, the 103rd Division of the Seventh Army reached the Brenner Pass, continued south, passing armed Germans who saluted them with precision, and made a juncture with men of the American 28th Division from Italy at 10:51 A.M. at the town of Vipiteno.

That evening, a German delegation, acting on the authority of Field Marshal Albert Kesselring, southern front commandant, entered the Third Division's lines near Salzburg on a surrender mission to Gen. Jacob L. Devers' Sixth Army Group headquarters. The ten emissaries, headed by Lt. Gen. Hermann Foertsch, found Devers and other generals outside of Munich in the art museum of Prof. Joseph Thorak, reported to have been Hitler's favorite sculptor.

"It's understood this is unconditional surrender," Devers said incisively. When Foertsch nodded, the agreements were signed. The dour-faced Germans marked maps with blue pencils to show the positions of their troops. They confessed that they knew little of what they
had to surrender. They guessed there were between 200,000 and 400,000 men.

The German surrenders at Rheims and Berlin sealed the fate of the remaining German forces. The Norwegian garrison apparently prepared to march eastward and give up to the Swedes. German forces on the Channel Islands, the Aegean Islands, and in the French ports waited for the Allies to come and take them over. In the great southeastern pocket an estimated million men of army groups A, E, and South battled the Reds to the last. But it was the end of them too.

Smoke and flame poured from the remains of the gray and somber Reichschancellery in Berlin. The windows which looked on the wrecked Wilhelmstrasse were blocked high with stacks of books out of which poked German machine guns. Behind them slumped the gunners, stiff in death, with Iron Crosses pinned to their uniforms. The main entrance was barricaded with large boxes of crosses and oak leaves.

In the high-ceilinged, grandiose rooms the floors shook and glowed with heat from raging fires. "Nothing was visible through the smoke and the heat," wrote a correspondent—least of all, any signs that might lead to Hitler's body or disclose his manner of death.

At the White House President Truman told reporters last week he was convinced Hitler was dead. He based his opinion on what he called the best possible evidence at this time.
The Moscow Radio quoted Propaganda Minister Joseph Goebbels's captured assistant, Dr. Hans Fritsche, as telling his interrogators that both Hitler and Goebbels committed suicide in the doomed German capital. (The Russians later said they had found Goebbels's body.) It also reported that Berliners generally believed Hitler to have committed suicide. Later still, Moscow quoted Fritsche as saying that Hitler's body "has been hidden in a place which will be impossible to find."

Another version was that Hitler died of a cerebral hemorrhage. (His father died of a stroke.) General of the Army Eisenhower announced from Supreme Headquarters that Heinrich Himmler told Count Folke Bernadotte of Sweden at their meeting April 24: "Hitler was so ill that he might already be dead. At any rate, he could not live more than two days longer. General Schillenburg, who was also present, added that Hitler was suffering from a brain hemorrhage."

Field Marshal Karl von Rundstedt, taken prisoner by the United States Seventh Army, contributed the fact that when he last saw Hitler in Berlin on March 12 the Führer was "Shaking as if he had the palsy." Rundstedt thought the Führer actually was killed in Berlin because "he was a brave man."

From a German military hospital at Amberg, Bavaria, Maj. Erwin Giesing, the physician who examined Hitler after the bomb attempt last July 20, expressed doubts that the Führer died of a stroke. He declared: "When
I last saw Hitler [last Feb. 15] he was sound of heart and lungs ... his condition could not have deteriorated to such an extent in the ten weeks since I last saw him."

Out of the catacombs of the broken city, out of the sewers and the cellars and the choking dust, stumbled the men who were to rule the world. They came with their heads down and their hands up, holding tablecloths, handkerchiefs, baby cloths—anything that looked like a surrender flag.

Retribution had come to Berlin. Marshal Stalin announced the city's fall on May 2 with a victory salute of 24 rounds from 324 guns just after Moscow lifted its blackout. In the slaughter of Berlin the Germans lost 343,000 in killed or captured, and the terrible 325-mile trail from the Vistula to the Wilhelmstrasse involved 1,800,000 German casualties.

All day in Berlin the long gray columns of the vanquished shuffled wearily through the streets. Complete hopelessness on their grimy bearded faces, they tramped in humiliation under the massive sandstone arch of the Brandenburg Gate, its eighteenth-century Chariot of Victory surmounted now by the red hammer and sickle banner. Red Army tommy-gunners watched them as they continued down the Unter den Linden, toward the monument of Frederick the Great with its symbolic figures of Moderation, Justice, Strength, and Wisdom. Ahead were the inevitable prisoner-of-war cages and the possibly long years of rebuilding cities destroyed in the

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heyday of Nazism. Some 5,000,000 civilians were estimated to still be in Berlin—facing starvation and disease.

But under Col. Gen. Nikolai Berzarin, Soviet Commandant of the Berlin occupation forces, order began to emerge. In the comparatively undamaged suburbs, factories and municipal institutions were restored with the enforced aid of special German squads of engineers. The Russians hoped that some electric stations and water mains would be working in a very few days. Twenty hospitals were opened to care for wounded civilians. Food began to trickle in from the outlying districts, and the Red Army opened some bakeries and food stores for the starving population. Berliners lined up with documents and identifications, and stared wonderfully at the signs being plastered on the shattered walls: “The Red Army has no intention of exterminating the German people.”

At Zossen, 20 miles south of Berlin, the Russians found the underground headquarters of the German General Staff. In the telegraph room the clock had stopped at twenty minutes to three, the moment on April 21 when the general staff had fled. Correspondents found the last exchange of messages:

Q. Is there nobody in Berlin who could be sent off with a dispatch?
A. There is not.

Q. My God, what is happening?
A. We’ve fought ourselves to a standstill.
Q. Attention, I have an urgent message for Field Marshal Keitel ...

A. I told you, we are not accepting anything else ...

Q. I should like to know what your situation is.

A. They have all ratted. I am the last . . . there is a noose around my neck . . . Ivan is at the door. I'm cutting the wires.

But the lone operator never cut the wires. When the Soviet tommy-gunners marched in, he forgot the noose and meekly put up his hands.

WE MUST WIN ANOTHER BATTLE IN GERMANY
(a.d. 1945)
Curt Riess

MUNICH (By Wireless).

AFTER a few weeks in occupied Germany, and interviews and conversations with Germans of all walks of life, age groups, social backgrounds and convictions, you feel frustrated and utterly exasperated. You almost come to have the highest respect for Hitler, who evidently ran this country for thirteen years against the furious opposition, or at least the silent disapproval, of all its seventy-odd million inhabitants.

It is difficult, if not impossible, to find a Nazi these days who admits being one or ever having been one. All you find are people who profess extreme happiness about their "liberation" and are utterli servile and frightened.

Needless to say, we don't believe them or most of them. We know that if they resent Hitler and other Nazi leaders today it is because Hitler lost the war. If they—subjectively—oppose Nazi methods now it is be-

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cause these Nazi methods have failed to bring about German world domination and have got the Germans into the worst situation they have ever been in. If Hitler had succeeded they would still be for him, which means, as far as we are concerned, that they are still Nazis.

In short, the fact that our armies and air fleets proved superior to the Nazis' and that we achieved victory does not mean that the Germans are convinced, or can become so, that they were wrong and we right. Never in history has a military victory in itself changed or "re-educated" those who lost the war.

It would be difficult to give a composite picture of the German mind today. Talking to Germans confuses you in no small measure, partly perhaps because Germans themselves are so confused.

Looking over my notes of the last few days I find the following:

Spoke to an old woman living in the town of Dachau. She inspected with horror in her eyes the dead bodies of inmates of the concentration camp shipped from Buchenwald who were left starving in freight cars. The woman wept and said she knew of the existence of the concentration camp but not that such things happened.

"This swine Hitler, these Nazi criminals—you must shoot them all," she wailed, crossing herself constantly.

I saw a full German general along a rainy, muddy little road. He was waiting in full-dress uniform to surrender to whoever came. He had emerged from his pri-
vate villa in the neighborhood when he learned that Hitler was dead.

"I haven't sworn allegiance to Doenitz," he said, "and am now free to do what I have wanted to do these last two years."

I interviewed the old manager of the most important Nazi publishing house who for twenty years published all the Nazi literature and papers. He said: "I never approved of everything the Nazis did. I told Hitler so myself. I even had a Jewish friend. You must simply consider me as a business man with no political views."

Indeed he was a business man making millions printing what he didn't believe.

I talked to an army interpreter in a German war-prisoner camp who claimed to have been "nice" to British prisoners. He begged me to ask them, which I did, and they confirmed that indeed he had been nice to them during the last year when he knew that the Nazis wouldn't win.

I saw a man imprisoned for a minor offense and about to be shot when American troops entered Munich and thus saved his life. He told me this and continued: "You know, during the first days after liberation Munich foreign workers entered and looted several Munich homes. They stole from me my last two pounds of butter. Isn't it disgusting?"

I saw an elderly SS general who had donned civilian clothes sitting after his arrest in the waiting room of the
offices of the Military Government where he was to be interrogated. This man had been personally responsible for killing countless men of all nationalities in Nazi camps. Now he was a little old man subdued and afraid but still complaining that the guards refused to let him go to the toilet alone or talk to other arrested people.

I talked to the maid of an arrested Nazi big shot. Though this man has a criminal record stretching over fifteen years the maid felt certain that a grave mistake had been made. She said, “My boss has been so devoted to his family; he lived but for his wife and children and was so good to us servants.”

I talked to a well-known actor who for many years was a favorite of the Nazis, hobnobbing with them, living with them on their estates and making countless propaganda pictures.

“I never was interested in politics,” he said. “Basically I was opposed to nazism, which doesn’t permit the functioning of freedom of art.”

This list could be continued ad nauseam.

In most of these people you can find certain common denominators: They’re all frightened—afraid mainly of the Russians but also of the Western Allies as until a short time ago they were afraid of the Gestapo. And they feel disappointed at and disgusted by recent developments, which doesn’t mean by nazism.

Then you have certain groups or schools of thinking or reactions. You have the so-called decent Germans,
those who have in some measure proved that they are anti-Nazi. But they don't necessarily welcome us. Some of them are even furious at us. Take, for instance, the Bishop of Muenster, Count Clemens von Galen, who opposed the Nazis on many issues but who since we bombed his city seems to feel that this was the greatest wrong committed in this war.

Then there are those who have admitted the German guilt and are prepared to take the consequences, to suffer and pay—this is the line of those organized in "Free Germany."

The largest group is composed of Germans who feel, above all, that they have suffered enough and should be left alone or given an opportunity to remake their lives. Many, perhaps most, belonging to this group are quite happy about our coming because they believe that we will improve their situation.

I talked to German business men and industrialists and found these people just as arrogant as ever. They believe that the world simply has to do something for Germany, the implication being that a world without Germany wouldn't be worth living in. And they are by no means moderate in their demands. Others who have proved beyond doubt that they were strong anti-Nazis and who remained inside Germany not without taking great risks, asked me: "Why did we work against Hitler? Why did we go on under the gravest dangers if we are now going to starve or die from epidemics?" These people invari-
ably throw into the discussion the Atlantic Charter, declaring that this document doesn’t make sense if it isn’t meant for all the people of the world.

In short, as far as all these Germans are concerned the war is over and the peace for them should be wonderful, or, at least, a vast improvement. They want us to change things for them though they haven’t the slightest intention of changing themselves. They even don’t think that there is such a necessity, for what are we going to do about it; what can we do about it? they ask.

There are optimists among us who believe that we won’t have to interfere in the matter of German re-education. They feel that once the Germans begin to reflect and think out for themselves the reasons for the mess in which they are, they will re-educate themselves. To be sure, this is a possibility. But the world can’t take a chance on it. The world has taken too many chances in believing in the “better Germans.”

There are others who believe that the re-education of the Germans will not be too difficult or take too long. These people say that since it took Hitler only about ten years to make the Germans what they are today, it will not take us longer to undo what the Nazis accomplished. In my opinion this is an illusion. The Nazi teachers could succeed in making the Germans into Nazi robots so speedily because most Germans did not have any basic view, any “weltanschauung” which opposed
nazism and had to be destroyed. But now the situation is different.

The Nazi Germans have basic views which must be destroyed or proved absurd before they can be replaced by something saner.

In dealing with the subject of re-education we must, however, not take the moment of our entry into Germany as a final measure of the German mental and psychological situation. This moment represents nothing but a certain stage within the mental development of the Germans. When we began to occupy Germany the Germans—any number of Germans—were no longer what they had been a year or two before. A year or two after the Allied occupation is a fait accompli these same Germans will no longer be what they are now. They will have developed further. In what direction, to which viewpoints—that is the question.

Time will work for us and against us. It will work against us because things will go from bad to worse in Germany. There will be epidemics, there will be starvation, there will be not enough houses, there will be chaos, even if, on the surface, the chaos is regulated by Allied troops. It will come precisely as Dr. Goebbels predicted. He will prove to have been a good prophet, while the pro-Allied Germans inside Germany, who for years have spread the line that if only Hitler were out and the Allies were in control everything would be much better, will be unmasked as liars.
This robs us of our best weapon of propaganda—this makes it impossible to prove in the most obvious manner that democracy is a better kind of order than Hitler's order.

And would it be too good an idea to save the Germans from hunger which they themselves are to blame for? I overheard two women in Heidelberg making fun of us Americans who helped them to food after they had all but starved our prisoners.

This alone should show us how wrong it would be to assume that our second victory, which has to be achieved, can be the result of a psychological blitzkrieg. One can destroy a house and the human beings in it within a split second. One cannot rebuild this house in any comparable time, and still one can rebuild a house so much faster than a human being. There are no short cuts to our psychological victory to come.

And what weapons are at our disposal to conduct this psychological war of the future? What means have we to impress and affect the vast masses of Germans? What channels of propaganda are at our disposal?

Even if the theatres were standing, if the printing presses could work for us, even if all the channels of propaganda were at our disposal, the result would be negligible. Dr. Goebbels has used these channels to such a degree that he has compromised them. He has made the Germans into Nazis but at the same time filled them with utter skepticism as far as the trustworthiness of the
press, the radio or any public or official statement goes. In such a way one can say that he has burned his bridges behind him. We can no longer use them.

Also, no former enemy of the Germans can be used for the purpose of disseminating propaganda. They won't believe anyone who only yesterday was fighting them. They won't listen for a long time to anyone who speaks literally or in a figurative sense with a foreign accent, nor will they listen to anybody who may be in the pay of their former enemies. This is just as fundamental a fact as the fact that one cannot hope to re-educate German children through imported teachers who at best could be considered as comic relief, but who would probably have the more serious effect of developing even stronger nationalistic feelings in the German youth.

The Germans are not only suspicious; they are also very tired, and tired not only in a physical sense. They have been fed with so much propaganda; they have listened to so many speeches—and under Hitler they had to listen—their minds will be so occupied with the daily worries of providing food or repairing leaking roofs that they will not be able or willing to concentrate on complicated matters.

But time doesn't only work against us. In certain respects it works for us. While the Germans may be too tired to indulge in heavy and complicated thinking about nazism, democracy and other general principles, theories
and philosophies, there is no doubt that today they are already desirous of knowing what has happened, and, even more important, what is going to happen to them.

I talked to a former German newspaperman who, until a short time ago, was correspondent of the official German News Agency in neutral Switzerland, and decided to quit the Nazis while the quitting was still good. I asked him what kind of newspaper he would make for the Germans after things had calmed down. Unhesitatingly he answered, "Give them news. Just news, just short pieces of information." He explained that most Germans were starved for news, since with the war going from bad to worse, the Propaganda Ministry had cut down news in German newspapers to almost nothing, while the space devoted to propaganda was steadily enlarged.

This German felt that most Germans would be grateful if they could find out some of the things which were kept from them while they were happening. But he advised strongly against giving too much of such information in too short a time. Nothing would be more fatal than to start a large-scale campaign of enlightenment. We would have to give the Germans the news—the bad news of yesterday—in small doses. Otherwise they simply would refuse to believe it. Today and for a long time to come they would refuse to believe, for instance, the horrors committed by the Germans in Polish and French death camps. Only if they learned the horrible truth little
by little so that they could get used to the idea that Germans after all were capable of committing such crimes—an idea supposedly inconceivable to most of them—could anything worth while be accomplished.

My experiences in Germany have proved, at least to my own satisfaction, that this man was entirely right. Since Germans in all occupied parts of the country were forbidden to use the radio, the hunger for news has become unbelievably strong. All of them ask you about the latest developments. Most of them no longer believe that they have learned the truth from the Nazis. But if you tell them of the horrors of the concentration camps on which they are unable to check, they simply don’t believe you. If you want to convince them you have to go extremely slow.

Later, memories of the past might help, too. Everybody in Germany will remember that past—indeed, the countless ruins will render forgetting impossible.

I wrote more than two years ago, at a time when most of us fondly believed that the German armies would collapse as soon as they had reached the German frontier, that Germany would have to be invaded and that the inevitable destruction of Germany would show the Germans what they had not realized for many generations, namely, that war was not only something to be conducted in other people’s countries but something which could, and perhaps always would, come back to Germany. It seemed to me that the very existence of such
ruins, the very memory of the dreadful invasion would frighten the Germans from starting another war.

I still believe so. I think that eventually Bishop von Galen will become reconciled to the idea that his palace was bombed and that many other Germans will write off their personal losses as well. But if ever a new Hitler or a bunch of new Hitlers were to come up, and if their appearance were made at a time when the Germans already had learned that nazism (or whatever it then called itself) must eventually lead to war then the ruins of this war would play a decisive part. The logical thought and association would be: Hitler—war—destruction.

This is not an end in itself. It is a means to an end. It should help to make the Germans understand that the idea of conquest and of national prestige arrived at by the proof of physical superiority, is not only horrifying but extremely expensive to those who cherish it. Then one day they may comprehend that it is not absolutely necessary for the happiness of a nation to make other nations tremble in their boots, that one can be perfectly happy without rendering the neighbors unhappy; that one can live peacefully and let others live peacefully.

The great and lamented French-American writer Raoul de Roussy de Sales once, in exasperation about the Nazis, exclaimed to this writer, "Will the Germans never grow up?"

I think they will begin to grow up once they conceive—what they have not understood so far—that it is not
enough to have survived Hitler. Everything will depend on their understanding that to have lived under Hitler is to be co-responsible for what happened under Hitler, on their understanding that this co-responsibility stretches over all the years of the Third Reich and, most important, over many years to come. This the Germans must discuss, thrash out among themselves and finally make everyone in the country understand. This would be the final phase in the remaking of Germany. It would be a rebuilding of a new and better German world with material—simply information—we have furnished. The use of the information must be made by the Germans themselves. They and only they can build their new world. Therefore, in a phrase, Germany must have a free “responsible” press, must have as much cultural freedom and latitude as possible. Only thus can the sense of responsibility for the past, and for the future based on the past, be developed.

Will the Germans ever grow up? We can do little toward this development except create certain preconditions. But history shows that eventually all nations grow up. The growing up has always had to be accomplished by their own blood, sweat and tears, and with the help of their own best men. There are no short cuts to this process on which so much depends for our children and their children. While it would be our final victory it must be a victory of the Germans over themselves.
TERROR IN JAPAN
(A.D. 1945)

MARK GAYN

On a stormy morning last March, terror sneaked up on Japan. When it took its unhurried leave ten fearful days later, her people had had their first bitter foretaste of defeat. Up to then, it had been a remote and leisurely war. Here and there, in Japan's teeming cities, shelters were being built. Along some streets, shallow trenches had been dug. There had also been rehearsals, with some people pretending they were hurt, and others pretending they knew how to take care of the injured.

Of warnings there had been plenty. A dozen big raids had left ugly blotches on Japan's map. In February, an American task force had prowled dangerously along her coast. But mostly the attacks had been nuisance raids by lonely Superforts—250 of them in 216 forays in 120 days. Fear flew in on their wings, but the damage was slight and the fear evaporated.

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Then, at midnight, on March 10, 1945, a group of Superforts crossed Japan's coast line. Behind them came another group, and another in a line stretching far back toward Saipan. In a long, thin file they roared over Tokyo. They flew low, and out of their open bellies spilled bombs of jellied gasoline. When they hit, they burst, spewing out billowing, all-consuming fire. The flames leaped across fire lanes, swallowed factories, destroyed skyscrapers.

The last of the 300 Superforts left Tokyo at 2:40 A.M., but the fires blazed on for many hours, eating hungrily into the city's heart, with its war plants, department stores, railroad terminals, and the countless thousands of homes in which women and children were making the small parts and gadgets without which no modern war machine can function.

"The city burned like straw," said a Nazi eyewitness, in an intercepted message to Berlin. "Entire districts were burned down to the ground. As soon as the first incendiaries fell, the night was lighted up. The Superforts flew incredibly low above the spreading fires. One B-29 exploded almost over the very heart of Tokyo."

That night, he added, more people had been bombed out of their homes than in the heaviest raid ever endured by Germany.

The fires spread so rapidly, a Russian correspondent reported to Moscow, that the fire brigades never had a chance. The burden of fighting the flames thus fell on
the ill-trained, ill-equipped *Tonari Gumi*, or neighborhood groups. The water mains failed, and bucket brigades vainly splashed water against the walls of fire.

Driven by a storm, flames leaped across the narrow, winding streets. Crowds seeking escape found themselves trapped. For once, the arrogant policemen fled together with the mobs, and together perished.

Those who could rushed to the bridges and the parks. The imperial grounds were opened to the refugees, but there, too, a fire was burning. The high and low suffered alike. Generals and cabinet ministers lost their homes. A dozen members of the Diet died, or were made homeless.

Few doctors were available to treat the victims. What was more important, vast stores of food were destroyed in the warehouses, and it became necessary to rush food into the city. Crowds fought their way into the departing trains. Helpless, the police gave up asking for tickets or travel permits. The exodus went on for days, for even those whose homes survived now wanted to flee. Before the ten days were done, three million people of Tokyo's seven million joined the flight.

Long lines stretched before first-aid stations and hospitals. Community kitchens were set up in the blackened streets. With many public bathhouses burned down, private homes were compelled to open their bathrooms to the refugees. So many people had lost their ration books that after the early days of confusion, food was issued
stamp-free to the victims. Evacuees were given five days rations.

On the roads leading from Tokyo, evacuees streamed out, on foot or bicycle. In the neighboring areas, officials sought empty barns, stocked up food, made arrangements to put the refugees to work in war factories.

Until their damaged plants could be repaired, the five Tokyo newspapers issued a joint daily. In it, men found orders, pleas to be calm, bitter abuse heaped on the American “savages and barbarians.”

Embers were still hot on the ground when the Cabinet met to consider relief and defense. Before it dispersed, it had, in the typical way of Japanese bureaucracy, created a handful of committees with high-sounding if vague titles.

In the Diet that day, the Premier dodged charges of inefficiency by angry members bombed out of their homes. “The people are very much concerned,” cried the members. “Have any steps been taken in regard to food? Will firemen be released from the army?”

Unhappily, the Premier pleaded guilty. “The people are caught in a feeling of restlessness and anxiety. . . . A plan will soon be made public. . . . The people will be asked to conform. . . .”

The wheels of government were beginning to turn again. The post office announced it would carry only short messages from the raid victims to their friends and relatives. What food stocks remained in the city were
hastily dispersed, in fear of another raid. A "National Defense Mobile Bicycle Repair Shop" had gone into action.

Transportation remained disorganized. Repair crews worked on burned-out stations and twisted tracks. Express trains had been canceled. In their stead, all passenger cars were mobilized to move evacuees. Freight trains were doing double duty, taking out war plants and bringing in food. Because of transportation snags, the cigarette ration had been cut from seven a day to three. ("The best thing is to stop smoking altogether," said the Tokyo radio.)

Belatedly, government experts announced that 3,000 new air-raid shelters would be built in Tokyo. "Model shelters" for individual families were put on display, but for lack of nails and wood, the people were told to use salvaged building material.

In fear of raids it knew would come soon, the government charted 100 new firebreaks, 160 to 650 feet wide, around factories and railroad stations. Special agents then chaled the single, ominous word "Evacuate" on tens of thousands of doomed one-story matchwood buildings, and their residents were told to move out. Once the houses were vacated, thick ropes were put around their supports, and tractors or teams of men pulled the buildings down.

On the morning of the eighth day, the emperor expressed a desire to see the damage. This had happened
only twice since the great earthquake of 1923, and the Japanese propaganda machine took care to publicize it. With his retinue, the emperor spent an hour in the damaged area.

Wherever he went, the people knelt before him in the rubble and apologized for "causing him anxiety" and thanked him for "taking compassion on the privations of his subjects." A multimillionaire many times over, he had given the victims ten million yen (about $2,300,000 at the prewar exchange rate), and the official news agency at once reported that "the people responded like scorched grass revived by seasonable rain."

The newspapers carried the emperor's picture under a banner headline. The nation's network carried a passionate speech by a famous commentator: "This evening my friend visited me. He opened a newspaper and told me to worship it. I looked at the gracious figure of His Imperial Majesty, and could not speak for a while. 'We're going to win. We're going to win for certain!' I shouted."

This was Tokyo, stunned and scorched. Briefly the eyes of Japan were on it. But Japan's terrible lesson was only beginning. On the night of March 11th, the Superforts returned to her skies, to attack Nagoya, where airplanes are made. On the 14th came the turn of Osaka—huge and ugly and busy making guns. On the 17th, neighboring Kobe, where men-of-war are built, was hit. By luck, Nagoya escaped much damage. Thus, on the night of the 19th, the Superforts were back. for a second,
fiercer strike. It was as if New York, Chicago, Pittsburgh and Washington, D.C., had been devastated in a tragic ten-day period.

And as if that was not enough, the famed Task Force 58 sailed boldly to Japan’s shores on March 18th. At 6 o’clock that morning, 1,400 carrier planes took off to blast airfields, factories and railroads. The following day, 1,100 planes returned to finish off the targets which still survived.

Now all Japan lay naked and in fear, and none bothered to conceal the hurt. “This,” said her radio, “marks the outset of the war’s final and grimmest phase.”

“Nippon can take it!” boasted Tokyo. “National resolve is strengthened rather than weakened by the rain of death.” But if the truth be told, her people and leaders took the blow with no greater moral strength than the hapless people of the lands she had devastated. There were fear and confusion. There were fumbling, charges, recriminations.

Seventy-one generals were reshuffled. The governor of Tokyo, an empire builder with a vicious record, was angrily assailed for talking to the Japanese the way he had earlier talked to the Chinese. Much too late, two billion yen was appropriated for air defense.

In all the big cities, the government urged the people to leave, but transportation was inadequate, and for many, there was no place to go. “There is no time to
think of such things,” said Tokyo sternly. “Walk if need be to the near-by prefectures. . . .”

And it had finally totaled up the losses of those fearful ten days. More than three million people, it reported, had been killed, injured or left homeless. More than three quarters of a million houses had been destroyed in four cities. Tokyo fared worst, with 510,000 buildings burned down or demolished, and 2,100,000 victims.

Nor was this the end. Before the ten days had ended, the sense of terror had been compounded by the loss of Iwo. The papers bravely called it a “moral victory” and spoke of its garrison joining the “army of ghosts” defending Japan. The terror was all the greater because it was superimposed against the background of wartime scarcity, shabbiness, exhaustion.

In the face of the blockade, Japan slashed the monthly rice ration from 30 to 20 pounds. (At the risk of a year in jail, many promptly rushed to claim “ghost relatives.”) Fish, the second food staple of Japan, is scarce, and what there is of it is often rotten. The vegetable ration dropped to a pound a week.

But even this hungry diet is irregular. Graft, red tape, disrupted communications play havoc with distribution. One village has to stretch a two-week supply of rice over a month. A locality lives on tomatoes for a week. A prefecture (equivalent to one of our states) goes along without sugar for a month.
The people are hungry. Once the first animal fear is gone, food replaces even the air raids as the main topic of conversation, and the people's anger finds an echo even in the regimented press. Cries a daily: "One red radish is given each person in Tokyo every two days. This is probably enough for a horse, but too little for a human being." Another reports that 60 per cent of the children are undernourished, 30 per cent have dysentery, and "in every classroom daily, there are, on an average, one student vomiting and two being sent home with dizziness."

Hunger and fatigue go hand in hand. Apathetically, a worker reports that sleep does men no good "because we are worn out." When, however, the ten days of terror had ended, the government canceled even the meager two days of rest a month granted until then.

But nothing gives a truer picture of Japan's distress than the broadcasts and private radiograms which fill her air. In them are exposed the worries, the hopes and secrets of her little men and her leaders. By the thousands, these messages flash between Japan and every corner of her crumbling empire to be intercepted by our watchful monitors.

A gendarmerie chief on a dinky, local Japanese station: "Some people have become listless. We must hold firm to our faith, we must keep our heads."

A station in Tokyo: "Until further notice, service is suspended on the following street-car lines..."
An unidentified station in Japan: "Travelers planning trips on the Tokaido and Chuo lines are warned communications have been blocked."

A station in Korea: "Pamphlets dropped by the enemy must not deceive us. Surrender them to the nearest police station at once. . . . Enemy broadcasts must be studiously avoided. . . . The Americans and the British cheated the Italians with their broadcasts. . . ."

A station in Formosa: "Most of our contacts with the homeland have been severed since the enemy landed on Okinawa. Formosa must struggle alone. . . ."

And another: "Due to the change in war conditions, items such as kitchen pots, electric bulbs, umbrellas can no longer be issued. . . . Several families must now use a common pot for cooking, thus saving fuel and making other pots available to the state."

From Nanking, a commercial radiogram to Tokyo:
"Business impossible."

From the Mitsubishi supertrust in Tokyo to Saigon:
"For lack of transportation, your 1,000 cases deteriorated. Only way is to cancel contracts. Excuse."

From Indo-China to Tokyo: "Cancel the contracts, since there is no hope of shipping out the ordered jute."

And from every corner come grisly tidings of personal grief. From a town in Japan to Wuhu, in China: "Aiko dead." From Peiping to Japan: "Kiyoko's ashes sent by air. . . ." From Shanghai to Numagi: "Passenger boat full. Must wait another three months." From Takayama
to a worried rubber trader in Rangoon, himself already menaced by the approaching British: "Your mother evacuated. . . ." From Bangkok to Osaka: "Am in favor of evacuation. . . ."

And, as the only note of comic relief, a message from the German Minister in Bangkok to Reichsminister Reichsfuehrer S. S. Himmler: "In faithful loyalty I think of you on your birthday with best wishes. Heil Hitler!"

Air raids, hunger, weariness, evacuation, the sense of defeat, the collapse of Japan's allies, all these intertwine into a pattern of flesh and spirit in acute distress. Less than a fortnight after the fall of Iwo comes the invasion of Okinawa, still closer home. The ten days are followed by other days and nights of terror.

To keep the spirit up, the government resorts to the familiar totalitarian devices: police terror, scare campaigns, skillfully guided mass hysteria, and lies without limit. When Americans advance on Okinawa, the Jap navy blandly claims it has sunk or damaged 21 American carriers, 19 battleships, 55 cruisers and 16 "battleships or cruisers."

But all such claims are only a drug which can give Japan momentary hope, but cannot save her. It does no good any more to boast of victories, or to conceal the imminence of American invasion. Thus Japan's leaders let out some of the terrifying truth. The Premier himself issues the warning: "We must be prepared for the conversion of our homeland into a battlefield. . . ."
The people of Japan are called on to arm themselves. "The bamboo spear is an excellent weapon," declares a broadcast. "Our warriors have fought with it in all their battles. Select a bamboo cane, sharpen it, dab the point with vegetable oil. Such a spear would easily stab through the bellies of our foes."

But even more drastic action is needed. On the last of the ten days of terror, the government introduces a bill to create a "Fortress Japan." Under this bill, the army can take over property, direct production, freeze labor.

Japan's toughest generals, who once carved the map of Asia, are called back to defend her own soil. The Home Defense armies are split in two, to permit continued resistance in one half of Japan if the other falls. Government and economy are decentralized, to avert paralysis should Tokyo be lost. The premier talks of "area by area" defense.

A rigorous campaign is begun against yamitorihiki, the black market or "bargaining in the dark." The government admits the failure of its rationing program and estimates the army of "black marketeers" at one million. They are rounded up by the thousand and tossed into jails already overflowing with men and women arrested for "dangerous thought."

In Tokyo, over a ten-day period, 18,500 people are hauled off to police stations. Of these, 6,500 are vaguely accused of sabotage and 3,900 of "wicked behavior."
Old parties, which failed to drum up popular enthusiasm, go into the discard. In their stead comes a new outfit, headed by the 70-year-old flabby-fleshed jingoist, General Minami, who in 1931 engineered the rape of Manchuria. In a beer hall, a group of paunchy men, once known as “moderates,” launches a “Party for a Twenty-Year War.”

“Invasion!” warns the press. “Invasion!” cries the radio. Foreign Ministry officials solemnly tell the people mass castrations are being planned by the invaders. A commentator declares: “If we ever surrender, we’ll be treated like the Rumanians.”

But nothing gets more fanfare than Kamikaze, which means Divine Wind, or the tempest which centuries ago dispersed an armada of Mongol invaders. The word caught Japanese fancy when it was attached to the “suicide fliers” trying to crash into American men-of-war. When, with proper guile, Kamikaze took hold of the susceptible Japanese mind, Japan’s leaders channeled the hysteria into new fields.

Japanese submarines, one of the spectacular failures of this war, now boast of ramming Allied warships in true Kamikaze style. In factories, Kamikaze brigades work 16 to 18 hours, in an effort to increase production. In the country, Kamikaze teams drain swamps or till wastelands hitherto thought useless. Throughout the land, Kamikaze units are being formed for unspecified tasks beginning the day of the invasion. Thus, through terror,
false hope and skillfully guided hysteria, Japan's rulers mobilize the nation's strength for the next great battles. And Americans must not underestimate the fury and determination with which the coming battles will be fought. Japan is hard hit but not by any means fatally hurt. Her morale is still firm, her hatred for us is still unquenched, her punch still painful. Our admirals and generals want you to give a lot of hard, sober thought to the facts below. Each of them means time, stubborn effort, American lives.

First, the Japanese war machine is still powerful. Nowhere is it near the bottom of the reserve barrel. The army still has 3,000,000 men, with 2,000,000 more in reserve. Most of these can be expected to fight with skill and fury in the defense of their own land.

Our airmen have helped to send thousands of Japan's best pilots to their end. But her air force still packs a powerful wallop, and despite the heavy pounding, her airplane factories were still turning out a thousand planes a month in May.

Shorn of its best ships and ablest admirals, Japan's navy is still a constant menace. It has the twin advantages of being close to home bases and knowing tomorrow's weather ahead of us. Under cover of a storm, it can still sneak up for a painful blow. Even more than the army, the navy is tough, resolute, fanatical.

Second, we have only begun to destroy Japan's industry. As we have found out in Germany, this takes time
and much more muscle than we have yet been able to supply. Some of Japan's industry has already burrowed deep into the ground; some has been decentralized; some shifted to Korea and Manchuria. Much of Japan's war output comes from the one-family "factories," working as subcontractors. It takes time to bomb them out.

Third, Japan's morale as yet remains solid. If we have learned any lesson in Europe, it is that air blitz does not knock peoples out of war. There is no reason to believe the Japanese will be any softer than the British, the Russians, the Germans or the Chinese.

Fourth, Japan now fights in her front yard, while we have to cart all our supplies nearly halfway around the world. Each man we land on Japan's beaches will need five to ten tons of supplies in the first month. U. S. Army supply chief figure that a force of 250,000 men, small as invasion forces go, will need in the first thirty days 700,000 different items, from buttons to bridges, for the total weight of 1,900,000 tons. This, too, means time.

Fifth, despite the blockade, Japan has had two years to accumulate stock piles of supplies she needs to wage war. She still probably has enough aluminum and copper for a year, gasoline for eighteen months, rubber for five years, and tin for eight.

The Americans whose business it is to weigh all these factors, both material and intangible, are not sanguine over the prospects of a quick knockout.
Maybe this is one reason why Washington, while hoping for fate's favors, soberly girds itself for a war that might not end until the distant spring of 1947.

UNITED NATIONS:
LAST CHANCE

(A.D. 1945)

THIS week the San Francisco security conference was near enough to its goal to pause for President Truman's message of congratulations on achieving the aims set for the parley by its original sponsor the late President Roosevelt.

Weary delegates were hopeful that the last comma and semicolon in the security charter would be in place within a week.

From San Francisco will emerge the formula for a new world organization, dedicated to the proposition that peace is indivisible—or at least that it can be preserved only so long as a coalition of powerful nations remains indivisible.

The new organization—to be known as the United Nations—with a Security Council, an Assembly, an International Court of Justice, and an Economic and Social Council, is a contemporary variation of an old theme—older than the balances of power established at Westphalia, Utrecht, Vienna, and Versailles. It is, however,

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a banding together of great and little powers in a more representative—and perhaps more effective—international organization than ever before. And yet it cannot be denied that in creating the United Nations none of the world’s effective warmakers has sacrificed—or delegated—an iota of its sovereignty or its strength.

The Big Five—the United States, Great Britain, the Soviet Union, China, and the Provisional Government of France—constitute a power bloc in the Security Council. They have agreed upon the principle of unanimity among themselves formulated at the Yalta conference of the Big Three. In so doing they have recognized the unhappy truth that if one of the great powers insists upon the use of force for selfish ends, the Security Council and the rest of the United Nations are helpless to prevent aggression short of military action on a global scale.

It was this principle of unanimity among the Big Five that created or prolonged many of the headlined “crises” at San Francisco.

Most of the crises evolved from discussion of changes wrought in the Dumbarton Oaks document, product of last year’s Big Four talks on world security arrangements. And most of these changes originated with the “Little 45” although they were fought to a finish by the Big Five. There were, including approximate duplications, some 700 amendments suggested by participating nations—including the great powers—and the 40-odd im-
portant amendments agreed upon have at least partially fulfilled the aims of some 400 of the original suggestions.

But whether the issues at San Francisco originated among the little nations or arose between the great powers, they epitomized the fears and jealousies of all sovereign states.

Small countries trembled at the obvious, enviable, but necessary concentration of authority in the hands of the great powers, already the repository of the world's strength. Each of the Big Five vigorously defends its individual prerogatives and its assumed "special interests" beyond its borders. Hence the critical battles centered around protection of the sovereignty and hegemony which international organization, to be effective, must attempt to diminish or regulate.

Not all of the crises which impinged upon the discussions at San Francisco arose within the substantive scope of the parley. Some were transported from far away Poland, Syria, and Argentina to be detonated at the conference, and others rattled down the corridors of history echoing the clashes of Versailles and Geneva, where previous attempts to create and preserve peace had failed.

Progress at San Francisco sometimes hinged upon debate over technical details of protocol, or interlingual definitions of terms, and at other times upon argument over high-sounding aims which cloak fundamental—and probably irreconcilable—conflicts between the left and
right, between the past and the future, and between the ruler and the ruled.

In the opening days of the conference the legalistic approach of the Soviet delegation, and its continuing insistence upon "equality" and "unanimity" among the chief powers were illustrated by the sharp clash on protocol concerning the conference chairmanship.

There was no election of U. S. Secretary of State Edward R. Stettinius, Jr., by polite acclaim. Foreign Commissar Vyacheslav Molotov of the U.S.S.R. insisted upon and won a rotating chairmanship by the chief delegates of the Big Four sponsoring powers, with the Steering Committee chair relinquished by common agreement to Stettinius.

The Soviets were accused of being difficult. Mexico's Foreign Minister Padilla was affronted by Molotov's bluntness. But this decision set the stage for a later argument over whether the Secretary General of the permanent Secretariat of the United Nations shall have five deputy secretaries-general representing the Big Five.

On admission of the Ukrainian and White Russian Soviet Socialist Republics as separate members of the conference and the world organization, the Yalta understanding (that they would be admitted) was upheld—but not without disturbing repercussions. For it was widely charged that the Latin-American nations refused to accept the Yalta decision to admit the Soviet republics unless the United States secure admission of Argentina.
(by hasty recognition, and bloc-voting at the parley)—a contingency reported to have been expressly barred at Yalta. Molotov fought the unexpected invitation long and eloquently.

If the United States had been forced to trade admission of the Soviet delegations for Argentine admission, Molotov's protests—which carried an offer to agree if the Polish Provisional Government were admitted—were of the same nature but met with less success. These horse-trading tactics fostered cynicism among both delegates and the public at a critical stage in the conference proceedings.

Argentina's admission to the parley, for which Stettinius virtually apologized later, was promptly thrown into disturbing perspective by events in Buenos Aires, where pro-United Nations agitators were arrested and thrown into prison by the hundreds, rigid censorship was imposed on foreign correspondents, and martial law was unofficially in effect.

Detention in the Soviet Union of alleged Polish saboteurs (or democratic leaders, in the words of Stettinius and Britain's Anthony Eden) did not contribute to an atmosphere of mutual trust and optimism at the conference. Despite the tenuous relationship between the Polish question and San Francisco, reopening of three-power discussions in Moscow with a view toward creating a Polish Government of National Unity eased the tension.
The concept of trustee arrangements for (1) mandated areas—legacies of the old League of Nations, (2) territories detached from enemy states, and (3) territories voluntarily placed under international supervision by states responsible for them, was not a Dumbarton Oaks creation.

The original British and American version of the trusteeship chapter in the charter would have precluded Soviet participation in settlement of trusteeship problems. The alacrity with which Molotov stymied this gesture and followed up with amendments which if morally unassailable were politically unacceptable (to colonial powers) began another big-power sparring match.

Not only did the Soviets insist on active participation in trusteeship decisions—who gets what, where, when, and how—but they refused to accept self-government alone as an objective toward which dependent areas might aspire. They insisted on adding to “self-government” the phrase “or independence,” whichever may be appropriate to the territory and in accord with its people’s wishes.

The biggest and most bitterly contested issue—finally requiring the intervention of Prime Minister Churchill, President Truman, and Premier Stalin—was that of the veto power.

At Yalta it had been decided that success of the new security organization realistically depended upon unanimity of the Big Five, and none of these—least of all
the United States (Congress) or the Soviet Union (Stalin)—would tolerate interference in their national affairs or their international spheres by any combination of outside powers.

Consequently, since power was to rest with those who already possess it, all important decisions of the Security Council were to require a unanimous vote of the Big Five. By the Soviet interpretation, the right of any of these powers to veto action should extend even to a decision as to whether a matter should be discussed by the Security Council. When the U.S.S.R. stuck long and fast to this tenet, conference morale sagged visibly. After a week, an appeal to Stalin brought a concession: What shall be discussed in the Security Council will not be subject to veto—though any one of the Big Five may still veto even a formal "investigation" of any matter that gets as far as the "discussion" stage.

Thus, for example, any threatening situation in an area of special interest to any one of the Big Five can be barred from Assembly or Security Council investigation or action by the negative vote of that power.

With this small victory, the "Little 45" led by Australia's indefatigable stormy petrel, Foreign Minister Herbert Vere Evatt, set out to batter down Big Five unanimity—or veto power—even farther, but without success, for this time Britain and the United States backed the Soviet position.
Early in the conference, the role of regional security agreements came up for discussion. Were they to be superseded or invalidated by the world security arrangements? The Soviet Union—linked by mutual assistance pacts (against any future German aggression) with Czechoslovakia, France, Yugoslavia, and the transitory Provisional Government of Poland—maintained that these regional schemes were outside and unaffected by the new world agency. The Latin-American bloc—signatory, with the U. S., to the Chapultepec pact—took an identical position.

Shadowing this discussion was a fear of the emergence of regional blocs with potentially dangerous implications for world security if arrangements within such spheres remained outside the jurisdiction of the world organization.

This issue was resolved by amending the charter to permit the operation of bilateral pacts in the absence of, or prior to, Security Council steps to maintain or restore peace. As a result, the United States has proposed a series of bilateral treaties with Latin-American countries (to supersede the Mexico City multilateral security agreement) to make the Western Hemisphere arrangements parallel those signed by the Soviet Union.

But not all of the victories—or squabbles—were in the Big Five camp.

On the question of using the military forces of member nations, Canada emerged with a victory for its view that nations whose military forces are to be used to pre-
vent or repel aggression should have a vote in the Security Council on such decisions. Thus, it was decided, there will be "no taxation without representation."

The smaller powers also obtained approval for the revision of the charter, at some future date. After ten years a simple majority of the Assembly, plus any seven members of the eleven-member Security Council, can convene a constitutional convention. To accomplish this before that period has elapsed, the Assembly must marshal a two-thirds majority, and the Big Five must unanimously participate in the Security Council majority vote.

It was at the insistence of the smaller states that specific references to respect for international law, justice, and the basic human rights were written into the charter at several important points.

The principle that members may be expelled from the world organization was amended to provide "suspension" as a severest penalty (short of the application of economic sanctions and punishment) and one believed to be equally serious and less likely to encourage disintegration of the security group than expulsion.

Australia insisted upon and won inclusion of "full employment" in the statement of purposes of the Economic and Social Council. With the added support of Ecuador, Egypt, Cuba, and Venezuela, Prime Minister Evatt labored to strengthen this agency of the security organization far beyond the amorphous role it was given in the Dumbarton Oaks charter.
Thus, in the last two months, the formal document which is to guide and circumscribe the activities of the new world organization has taken form—word by word, phrase by phrase, and chapter by chapter. Its authors have been linguists, document technicians, international lawyers, politicians, and diplomats. Merely the preparation of the finished document in the four official languages of the conference is a labor of more than a week.

From San Francisco, however, the charter must travel—after many additional translations—to the capitals of 50 nations, there to be submitted to public discussion and comment, but more importantly, to the critical and sometimes skeptical eye and hand of the members of national legislatures. The charter will become effective only when ratified by all of the Big Five and a majority of the Little 45.

The two key nations in charter ratification are the Soviet Union and the United States. The U.S.S.R. was studiously ignored by the old League until 1934, then accepted into membership only to be expelled in 1939. The United States as studiously held aloof from the League after it was created along patterns laid out by President Wilson.

The charter will probably be approved, in the U.S.S.R., by the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet rather than by the Supreme Soviet itself, and quick approval may be expected in view of the constant referral of questions to
Moscow throughout the conference. Presumably all objections have been channeled back to San Francisco.

The prospect for ratification in the United States is excellent. And, there is a bare possibility that the charter may be approved—as requested—before the July meeting of Truman, Churchill, and Stalin. Certainly congressional approval before that date would strengthen the hand of the U. S. President in his first meeting with the other chiefs of state.

Day-to-day events of the conference not only have strengthened the prospect of decisive ratification of the charter by the U. S. Senate but also have made it unlikely that there will be any reservations to American membership in the United Nations. This is the judgment of the seven-member United States delegation.

The Senate cannot amend the charter in the process of ratification without such changes being resubmitted to and approved by the other members of the Big Five and a majority of the other nations. The Administration will oppose amendments and will be backed by every member of the U. S. delegation, Republican and Democrat alike. Conceivably, there could be Senate reservations—in effect, interpretations of how the U. S. construes certain commitments—and such interpretations would not require charter renegotiation.

The American delegation now believes that no amendments will be successful in the Senate, and that no reservations will be needed, for three reasons:
(1) The political errors of Versailles were not repeated at San Francisco. Even with Congress already slipping from his control, President Wilson did not take with him to Paris any representative of Congress. This time the whole Administration approach has been bipartisan and pro-Congress. President Roosevelt appointed a delegation which, because of the absence of Cordell Hull, has been Republican-dominated, four-to-three. President Truman has given it the fullest latitude and support.

(2) Four of the seven delegates are members of Congress—Senators Connally and Vandenberg, and Representatives Bloom and Eaton. Since the delegation acted as a unit on majority vote, the congressional members had control of the American policy, and no provision went into the charter on which Connally and Vandenberg did not weigh senatorial opinion carefully.

(3) The one amendment which the middle-road cooperationists, like Vandenberg, considered essential to assure Senate ratification has been adopted by the conference. This is Vandenberg's own proposal that the 50-nation general Assembly be empowered to investigate and recommend corrective measures with respect to "any situations, regardless of their origin, which it deems likely to impair the general welfare." This is assurance that the charter is not designed merely to defend the status quo, but looks toward peaceful change in a dynamic world.
(4) The voting procedure of the Security Council provides that the organization cannot use armed force without the approval of each of the five permanent members—thus, the United States cannot be voted into war without its consent.

While ratification may be rapid—with enough signatures to put the new world agency on its feet within six months—there are many immediate tasks which will be taken on by an interim authority.

Adjournment of the official conference is to be followed by a meeting of a proposed interim commission made up of representatives of each of the 50 attending nations. This commission will then appoint an Executive Committee to look after interim business, which will have headquarters in London.

Among the jobs this committee must essay are these:

(1) Choosing a site for the new world organization's headquarters. The betting is that none of the Big Five will be selected, and that in all probability a "free zone" will be created in some small European country.

(2) Drawing up of specific techniques for choosing personnel and working out the mechanics of the new organization's meetings and operations.

(3) Fixing the budget of the United Nations and its allocation among member states.

(4) Arranging a dignified burial for the League of Nations, at the same time picking up the threads of going functions of the old League.
Meanwhile, such groups as the International Labour Office, a part of the League, may meet and propose methods for placing themselves under the Economic and Social Council. The Pan-American Union may make similar arrangements.

At the urging of the Economic and Social Council, the Executive Committee in London may draw plans for, and convene, international conferences on topics which are particularly urgent in the aftermath of war. One of these would be concerned with health, and drawing together of the scattered agencies dealing with narcotics, epidemic diseases, and malarial controls, and setting international health standards.

Another, and by far the leading interest of the Economic and Social Council, would be the proposed conference on commercial policy—dealing not only with reduction of the barriers to trade envisaged in Article VII of the lend-lease charter and in the United Nations (Atlantic) Charter, but also with cartel policing and study and planning of intergovernment agreements on production, distribution, and pricing of primary commodities.

Thus within the framework of the charter drafted at San Francisco the United Nations have provided mechanisms for preservation of peace through discussion and, failing that, through forceful intervention; for studying and recommending measures for increasing human welfare—by economic and other devices; for the adjudica-
tion of legal disputes between nations in the International Court of Justice; and for bringing most other international problems under the watchful eye of an organization with worldwide membership.

The United Nations is, on paper, the hope of the world. It is also nothing more than a hope until the paper work at San Francisco is tested by the clash of national interests that lies inevitably ahead.

THE ATOMIC AGE

(A.D. 1945)

Things will never be the same again. The trite phrase of optimistic lovers and of the bereaved suddenly became true last week for all the world—in a blinding flash twelve times as bright as the sun. The atomic bomb that wiped out a great part of Hiroshima terrified scores of millions, awed hundreds of millions more, and aroused both fear and awe in the breasts of scientists and statesmen. It was these last who realized most fully the significance of the bomb of atomic power.

"A weapon has been developed that is potentially destructive beyond the wildest nightmares," said the report of the men who had developed it; "a weapon so ideally suited to sudden unannounced attack that a country's major cities might be destroyed overnight by an ostensibly friendly power."

Sen. Warren G. Magnuson of Washington voiced what promises to be the opinion of many men in government: "It is obvious that the atomic bomb has not only revolutionized warfare, but has blasted all the notions

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we had only a few weeks ago about peace and security under the United Nations Charter... Either we must persuade all other powers... to institute true and universal democratic rights, or we must at once begin the race to win the Third World War—the war that would destroy every building above the surface of the earth and put us all into caves. Free people don't want wars. If they know what is going on and have the power, they will make their governments behave."

Back in 1940 when such things could still be freely discussed, a famous scientist explained how atomic power works, in these words:

"Suppose you have a pile of bricks. You hit an ordinary brick with a hammer, and you'll probably get two or three big pieces of brick. To break the rest of the bricks, you have to hit each separate one with your hammer. That's how ordinary atoms behave.

"But imagine hitting one brick with your hammer, and having it magically produce three or four other hammers which automatically strike the nearby bricks, breaking them. This is the kind of a chainlike reaction produced by U235."

Over Hiroshima on Aug. 6, and three days later over Nagasaki, that is what happened to small quantities of unstable metallic elements—perhaps plutonium (P239) as well as U235. The U235 was contained in a bomblike device equipped to prevent premature explosion, fitted with a primer for triggering off the atomic blast at the
right moment. It produced an explosion so furious the English language has no words to describe it.

U235 is one of the three physical forms of the element uranium, famous in pre-war days as the parent element of radium. Ordinary metallic uranium is usually a mixture of the three forms. Most uranium is U238 (the number means that each atom weighs 238 times as much as a hydrogen atom). The other kinds of uranium are U235 and U234.

U235 is the form that has the important faculty of splitting when an atomic particle known as a neutron strikes it and lodges within it. Lots of other atoms break when struck by neutrons, too, but U235, in breaking, gives off more neutrons, scattering them in all directions to break up more atoms, thus releasing more neutrons. Consequently, a single starting neutron can set off a whole mass of U235 and thus release enormous quantities of power. If the power is released quickly enough, the explosion is something like 2,000,000 times as great as that of a similar amount of TNT.

The problem of the physicists was to separate this U235 out of the metallic uranium. This was no easy task—in fact it cost $2,000,000,000 to set up the factories needed to do it.

For every atom of U235 in metallic uranium there are 140 atoms of ordinary U238. Chemically both kinds of atoms behave alike. Physically they are almost alike, too. Only the slight difference in weight—a matter of only...
one part in 80—provides the "handle" by which the physicists can get hold of the rare U235 atoms and pull them out of the mass in which they are hidden.

How they do it is the No. 1 secret of the war, known to only a few men in the "Manhattan Project." It represents the combined skill and science of thousands of technical men and is one of the great American miracles of wartime cooperation, planning, and production.

The producers of the atomic bomb began their work on a foundation of discovery which, like a complicated jigsaw puzzle, brought together pieces from many countries and many laboratories.

It all began with Marie and Pierre Curie, and their discovery of radium in 1898. This unstable element, which explodes spontaneously, atom by atom, provided the first clue to the structure of the atomic building blocks that make up all the substances in the universe. But it was more than three decades before sizable strides were made in splitting stable atoms.

As long as experimenters were limited to small quantities of radiations given off by radium, they were hampered in smashing atoms on a scale that would yield full knowledge of their structure. Finally, in the '30s, powerful electrical atom smashers were invented by several physicists. They included the electrostatic machine developed by R. J. Van de Graaff at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, the electrostatic generator built at the Carnegie Institution of Washington by Drs. M. A.
Tuve, L. R. Hafstad, and O. Dahl, and the huge, pear-shaped atom smasher at the Westinghouse Laboratories at East Pittsburgh, Pa., used by the Westinghouse physicist, Dr. E. U. Condon, and his associates.

Most powerful of all the atom smashers was the cyclotron invented by Dr. Ernest O. Lawrence of the University of California at Berkeley. The last in a series of ever-larger Lawrence cyclotrons weighs 225 tons and produces 100,000,000 volts.

But, despite all the atom splitting that was done with these huge machines, none of the experiments produced a method of splitting one atom in such a way as to cause it to split other atoms. The discovery of the highly important chain reaction of U235 was made in Germany with very modest equipment. In fact, it doesn’t require an atom smasher at all to smash U235; it only needs a few slow-moving neutrons, which can be created readily by mixing powdered beryllium with a little radium and passing the beam of high-speed neutrons thus produced through a wafer of paraffin to slow them down.

This discovery was made late in 1938, when two German scientists, Drs. Otto Hahn and F. Strassmann noted that uranium disintegrated when bombarded with slow neutrons. Two associates, Dr. Lise Meitner, an Austrian woman physicist, and Dr. O. Frisch, both of whom later fled Nazi Germany, properly interpreted the action as a splitting (also called “fission”) of the U235 atom into...
the simpler elements barium and krypton, with emission of more neutrons and generation of enormous power.

Physicists all over the world instantly grasped the significance of this discovery. The international race for the conquest of atomic power was suddenly on—a struggle which, with the nations heading into a catastrophic war, was rightly interpreted as a race for world military domination. For the first country to solve the problem would have a weapon to rule the world—constructively or destructively. The Anglo-Americans won.

THE "RISING SUN" SETS
(a.d. 1945)

FRANK W. PRICE

In the early morning hours of August 10, the news for which America had long been waiting was sent over the air. Japan had offered to surrender. The flash precipitated innumerable rumors, conjectures, contradictions and premature celebrations. But, as the day grew older, the story began to take a more substantial form. From the White House came official confirmation that the Japanese had decided they had had enough and offered to lay down their arms according to the terms outlined at Potsdam by President Truman, Prime Minister Attlee and Premier Stalin.

There was only one reservation made by the Japanese Government, and that was the retention of Hirohito as Emperor. The note, transmitted through the Swiss Government, as intermediary, had much to say about the Emperor's anxiety to "enhance the cause of world peace" and his desire to "bring about a speedy termination of hostilities with a view to saving mankind from the calamities to be imposed upon them by a further con-
tinuation of the war.” But the salient point was that the Japanese would quit provided they were permitted to keep Hirohito as ruler.

A twenty-four hour pause followed during which Washington was officially silent as the heads of the governments in Britain, Russia and China were consulted. A cross section of American public opinion revealed natural reactions. There were those who thought that “unconditional surrender” should mean precisely what that terminology implied and that the Japanese should not be granted any provisos. Others felt even more strongly and classified Hirohito as a war criminal who should be arrested and tried as such. There were the many thousands, with sons and daughters in the service, who believed that the granting of the concession was a small price to pay for the lives that would be saved by stopping the war before beachheads had to be established on the shores of Honshu.

The prayers of the latter group were answered at 10:30 A.M., August 11, when Secretary of State James F. Byrnes made public the reply of the United States, Britain, Russia and China to the Japanese Government. Regarding the controversial point it had this to say:

“With regard to the Japanese Government’s message accepting the terms of the Potsdam Proclamation but containing the statement ‘with the understanding that the said declaration does not comprise any demand

FROM AN INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTOGRAPH
which prejudices the prerogatives of his Majesty as a sovereign ruler,' our position is as follows:

"From the moment of surrender the authority of the Emperor and the Japanese Government to rule the State shall be subject to the Supreme Commander of the Allied Powers, who will take such steps as he deems proper to effectuate the surrender terms.

"The Emperor will be required to authorize and insure the signature by the Government of Japan and the Japanese Imperial General Headquarters of the surrender terms necessary to carry out the provisions of the Potsdam Declaration, and shall issue his commands to all the Japanese military, naval and air authorities and to all of the forces under their control wherever located to cease active operations and to surrender their arms, and to issue such other orders as the Supreme Commander may require to give effect to the surrender terms."

Simultaneously with the publication of the Allied reply came the announcement that General Douglas MacArthur had been designated as the Supreme Allied Commander in complete charge of the Japanese capitulation. The selection of MacArthur was acclaimed throughout the nation. Since that day early in 1942 when he had, by a Presidential directive, left the remnants of a defeated army on Corregidor and had flown to Australia, his record had been brilliant. The long trail back through New Guinea, the Solomons, the Gilberts,
the Marshalls, the Marianas, the Philippines, and the Ryukyus had been accomplished in record time and without a set-back. General MacArthur’s long association with Far Eastern problems and his reputation as a stern disciplinarian made him a logical choice for his latest assignment.

For three days following the dispatch of the note to Japan, nothing was heard from the enemy. In America impatience was general. There had been a national acceptance of the idea that the war was over and speculation was rife over the possibilities of more Japanese treachery. Then, on August 14, the note came from Japan which announced accord with the terms in the Byrnes message and America knew that the war was over.

General MacArthur and his staff began working out the routine of surrender. As an initial step Japan was to send her surrender envoys to the island of Ie Shima in two planes painted white with green crosses. From Ie Shima they were to be taken to Manila in a U. S. Army transport plane where they were to be told what preparations the homeland was to make prior to American occupation. The Japanese delegation arrived at Ie on August 19 and within a few hours was on its way to Manila. At the Philippine capital they were received with frigid military formality and given the details of the surrender protocol. The Japanese left Manila on August 20 for Tokyo.
Meanwhile, from a military and naval standpoint events were rapidly progressing. To convince his far-flung legions that Japan was a defeated nation and that her armies should lay down their arms, Hirohito sent out special ambassadors. So that the word of the Emperor would be obeyed, only men of royal extraction were selected for the purpose. Off to Manchuria, China, the once great bastion of Truk, the Netherlands Indies, Malaya, the by-passed islands of the Solomons and the isolated regions of New Guinea went the royal princes with the message that Japan’s dream of a great Asiatic Empire was ended.

Off the Japanese coast Admiral William F. Halsey began assembling the ships of the Third Fleet which had contributed so decisively to the crushing of Japan. By August 26 they had steamed into Sagami Bay, just south of Tokyo, where they anchored while mine-clearing operations were conducted in Tokyo Bay itself. On August 28 the fleet began its cautious entry into Tokyo Bay. The *Missouri*, the 55,000-ton super-dreadnought, and Admiral Halsey's flagship, the *Iowa*, a sister ship, and the *South Dakota*, of Guadalcanal fame, led the flotilla. To the *Missouri* had been delegated the stellar role in the surrender ceremonies. It was aboard her that the Japanese were to sign the articles of surrender. On the same day the first of the occupation troops landed on Atsugi airfield, 14 miles south of Tokyo. These units were composed mostly of officers and technicians whose
assignment was to prepare the landing strips for the coming airborne legions.

The scene at Atsugi on August 28 provided a study in strange contrasts. The Americans were grim, business-like and dressed in work clothes. The Japanese welcoming committee was resplendent in full dress uniforms with clanking Samurai swords. For the harsh realities of defeat they had substituted a festive air. But overhead, in the swarms of American fighter planes hovering in protective fashion over the handful of Americans, the beaten enemy had the true answer.

Four days later the final chapter of the Japanese surrender was written aboard the Missouri. At 7:55 P.M., September 2 (8:55 A.M., September 2, Tokyo time), the Japanese surrender delegation, headed by Foreign Minister Mamoru Shigemitsu, boarded the Missouri and was escorted to the veranda deck where General MacArthur and his aides were waiting. After a brief introductory address by MacArthur the signing of the documents was begun.

There were two copies, one bound in gold for the victors, and the other appropriately bound in black for the vanquished. The first to sign were Shigemitsu and General Yoshijiro Umezu of the Imperial General Staff. Then MacArthur, using five different pens, affixed his signature on behalf of the Allied Nations. Next in order were Admiral Chester Nimitz for the United States, and representatives for China, the United Kingdom, Russia,
THE "RISING SUN" SETS

Australia, Canada, France, the Netherlands, and New Zealand.

The proceedings lasted a mere twenty minutes. General MacArthur made a few concluding remarks, and the Japanese were on their way down the Missouri's ladder carrying the black document to Tokyo. One phase of the signing was as dramatic as it was fitting. At MacArthur's side were Lieutenant General Jonathan M. Wainright, of Corregidor fame, and British Lieutenant General Arthur E. Percival of Singapore. Both of these soldiers had fought the hard fight and surrendered with their troops when their bastions had fallen during the lush days of Japanese victory. MacArthur's finishing touch was to take them from the prison camps in which they had been confined for over three years and place them aboard the Missouri to share the final hour of triumph.

[September 8, 1945. Formal surrender of Japanese troops in China is signed at Nanking. The Stars and Stripes are officially raised over Tokyo. September 10. In Norway, Vidkun Quisling is found guilty of high treason and is condemned to death.]
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