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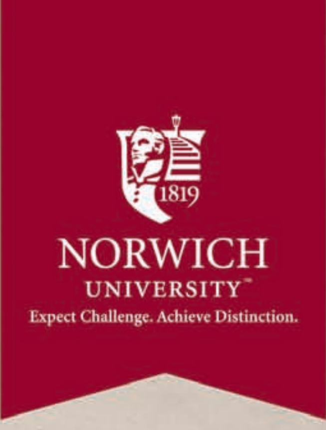

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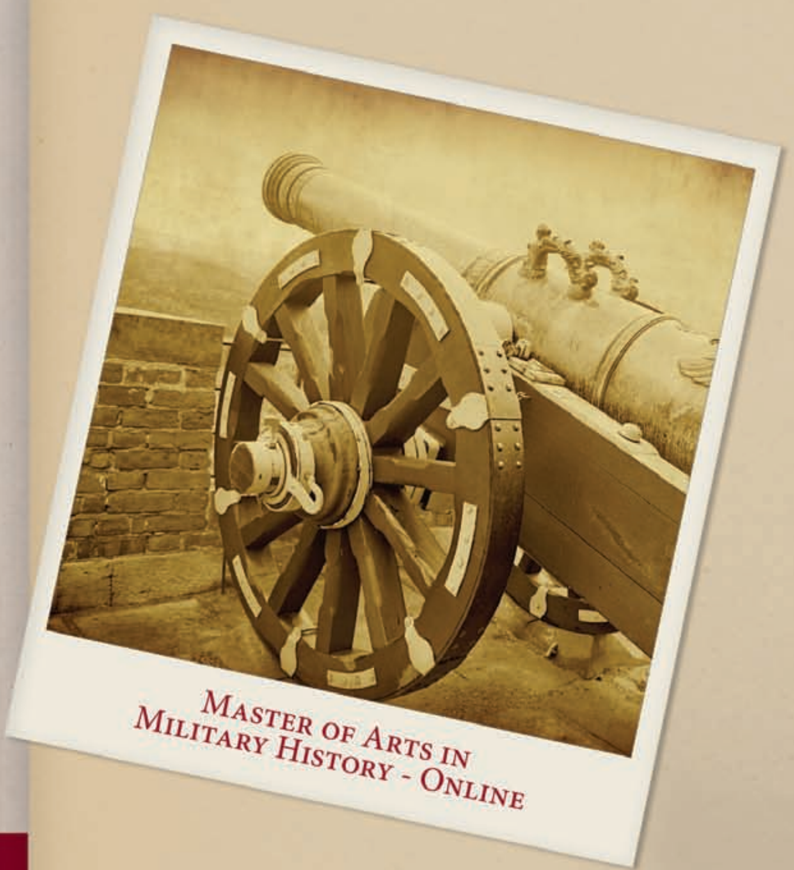

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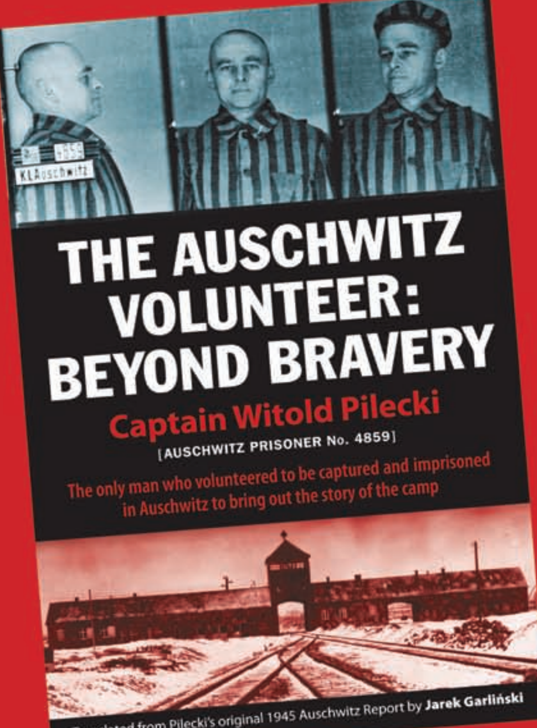

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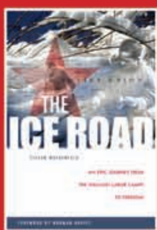

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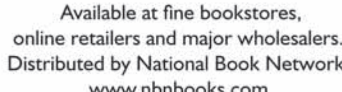

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Cover: A British paratrooper prepares to jump in this photograph taken during a training exercise in March 1944.

Photo: Getty Images

WWII History (ISSN 1539-5456) is published eight times yearly by Sovereign Media, 6731 Whittier Ave., Suite A-100, McLean, VA 22101. (703) 964-0361. Periodical postage paid at McLean, VA, and additional mailing offices. *WWII History,* Volume 11, Number 6

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Editorial

The saga of the USS *Phoenix*.

ON SUNDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 7, 1941, THE BROOKLYN-CLASS LIGHT cruiser USS *Phoenix* lay at anchor southeast of Ford Island in the supposed safety of Pearl Harbor. Just before 8 AM local time, that peace was shattered by the sudden attack of Japanese carrier planes that devastated the U.S. Pacific Fleet.

Miraculously, *Phoenix* did not suffer as much as a scratch during the attack, and by midday she was in company with other warships, searching fruitlessly for the enemy task force that had inflicted such serious damage without warning. At the time of the attack, the 10,000-ton light cruiser was one of the Navy's newer vessels, laid down in the spring of 1935, launched in March 1938, and commissioned that October. She was fast, with a top speed of 33.6 knots, or 38.7 miles per hour, and her armament consisted of a formidable main battery of 15 6-inch naval rifles complemented by eight 5-inch guns, and numerous antiaircraft weapons. In the interwar years, *Phoenix* had served in the Atlantic, visiting ports in the Caribbean and South America.

Following the attack on Pearl Harbor, *Phoenix* seemed to lead a charmed life. The cruiser operated in the South Pacific and the Indian Ocean, escaping damage while escorting the aircraft carrier USS *Langley* to Java. *Langley* was sunk by Japanese aircraft. *Phoenix* performed further escort duties with Task Force 44 in the South Pacific and was ordered to return to the United States for a badly needed refit prior to transporting Secretary of State Cordell Hull to Casablanca in 1943.

Assigned to the 7th Fleet, *Phoenix* returned to the South Pacific and provided fire support to the U.S. landings on the Japanese-held island of New Britain and later took General Douglas MacArthur aboard during the operation to capture the island of Los Negros in the Admiralty Group in early 1944. Throughout the spring, *Phoenix* fired her guns in support of Allied troops in the Admiralties. Off the coast of the island of Biak, two salvoes from the cruiser's 5-inch guns silenced a troublesome Japanese battery that had damaged a pair of U.S. destroyers.

A close call off the northwest coast of New Guinea on June 4, 1944, resulted in bomb fragments killing one sailor and wounding four others aboard *Phoenix*, and hours later the cruiser fought off a nocturnal attack by Japanese torpedo planes.

At the Battle of Leyte Gulf, *Phoenix* patrolled Surigao Strait with several U.S. Navy battleships that had been grievously wounded at Pearl Harbor, raised from the mud and refitted. In the darkness of October 25, 1944, these battleships and the veteran *Phoenix* exacted a measure of revenge. Blocking the advance of a Japanese task force intent on attacking the U.S. landing beaches on the Philippine island of Leyte, the U.S. warships under Admiral Jesse Oldendorf decimated the enemy. *Phoenix* found the range against the Japanese battleship *Yamashiro* and pounded the larger vessel. Heavy American gunfire sent *Yamashiro* to the bottom in 27 minutes.

During further operations in the Philippines, *Phoenix* dodged kamikaze attacks and torpedoes fired from a Japanese midget submarine and provided fire support for land operations. When Japan surrendered, the cruiser was en route to Pearl Harbor for another refit.

On July 3, 1946, the light cruiser *Phoenix* was decommissioned. Five years later, in April 1951, she was sold to Argentina and recommissioned in the Argentine Navy as *ARA 17 de Octobre*. Later, the cruiser was renamed *General Belgrano* in honor of the founding father of the Argentine nation.

Thirty-one years after the cruiser was acquired by Argentina, in the spring of 1982, a dispute over the sovereignty of the Falkland Islands in the South Atlantic erupted in war between Argentina and Great Britain. On May 2, the British submarine HMS *Conqueror* was patrolling an exclusion zone that had been declared by the Royal Navy to protect its landing and supply operations against Argentine forces in the Falklands. At 3:57 PM, *Conqueror* fired three torpedoes at the venerable cruiser. Two struck home, and the old warrior slid beneath the waves. A total of 323 Argentine personnel were killed.

It was a somewhat ignominious end for such a survivor, but with the sinking the former USS *Phoenix* did attain one more notable distinction. *General Belgrano* remains the only warship ever sunk during wartime by a nuclear-powered submarine.

Michael E. Haskew

WWII HISTORY

Volume 11 ■ **Number 6**

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By Jon Diamond

All: Imperial War Museum

A Wartime What-If

The British 3.7-inch antiaircraft gun might have served as an effective counter to heavy German armor in the North African desert.

THE OFTEN SEE-SAW ACTION ACROSS THE NORTH AFRICAN LITTORAL FROM 1940-1942 was fostered in part by both the British and Axis forces racing to innovate and implement novel tactics and upgraded weaponry.

From December 1940 through February 1941, British and Commonwealth forces under General Archibald Wavell were highly successful against the Italian Tenth Army in Cyrenaica, utilizing both surprise and the most heavily armored tank of its time, the Matilda Infantry tank. During Wavell's Operation Compass, the Matilda, deploying a 2-pounder gun as its main armament, successfully engaged and defeated the more thinly armored Italian vehicles as well as infantry and artillery sangars in fortified positions.

After German General Erwin Rommel entered the Libyan battlefield in March 1941, tactics changed dramatically. As author Niall Barr has noted, "The Royal Artillery's [2-pounder] anti-tank [AT] regiments provided the backbone of AT defence for infantry and armoured divisions....When the [2-pounder] gun was formally approved in January 1936, there was little doubt that it was the best AT gun in the world.... By 1940, the gun's performance was less impressive and by 1941, once German tanks had been up-armoured, it was dangerously obsolete." In combat against the Deutsches Afrika Korps (DAK), British and Commonwealth AT gunners could only knock out German panzers at extremely close range with the 2-pounder.

As a DAK tactical modification, for example, during Operation Crusader, Nazi tanks stayed well outside the effective range of the 2-pounder, while their own vaunted 88mm antiaircraft gun deployed in an antitank role destroyed the recklessly charging British armored squadrons that had to close the distance with the German panzers for their 2-pounder or 37mm tank guns to be effective. After the Germans destroyed the British armor, their artillery and advancing panzers, impervious to the 2-pounder armor-piercing shot at customary combat range, knocked the British guns out quickly. After decimating much of the British forward AT artillery, the DAK would then typically attack just before dusk with the sun at their backs with tanks and infantry close behind to overrun British positions.

An improved British 6-pounder gun was not due to arrive in North Africa in appreciable numbers until April 1942. A major reason for this delay rested on the sobering fact that over 500 2-pounder AT guns had been lost in France in 1940. The 6-pounder AT gun was ready to go into production after the Dunkirk evacuation; however, the munitions overseers were confronted with the quandary between retooling the factories or continuing production of 2-pounders to make good the loss first. Gun manufacturers were ordered to comply with the second option to avoid an interval in which the Home Isles would be devoid of a requisite number of AT guns of any kind.

The decision to continue manufacturing the 2-pounder, although expedient, was indeed problematic. The main deficiency with the 2-pounder as an AT weapon after Dunkirk was its lack of penetration at long range unless it could hit the enemy tank's turret or be presented with a shot at the less-armored flank or rear of a panzer.

Thus, the British desert commanders needed to drastically change their field gun tactical doctrine because of the disadvantage under which the Eighth Army operated. Once the Germans had learned to stand off and suppress the 2-pounders with machine-gun and artillery fire, the guns ceased to be of much value. Until the 6-pounders arrived, an alternative AT weapon would be needed.

Mount Vesuvius looms in the background as a British crew mans a 3.7-inch antiaircraft gun near the front lines in Italy.

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Soldier in the Downfall
A Wehrmacht Cavalryman in Russia, Normandy, and the Plot to Kill Hitler
Baron Rudolf-Christoph von Gersdorff
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Rudolf-Christoph von Gersdorff—an aristocratic professional soldier of impeccably Aryan lineage—would have certainly been welcomed as one of Himmler's horsemen had he so chosen. Instead, he developed doubts about Adolf Hitler and then acted upon them, despite an oath he had pronounced; despite the likelihood of failure and the contempt of those people he most valued; despite training in obedience and loyalty that would have begun, for him, at some point before his own earliest memories.

For him and others who joined in the plot to kill Hitler, it was vital to discreetly recruit other like-minded men without betraying the conspiracy. Who could serve in the post-Hitler government? Who could get close enough to Hitler to attempt an assassination? Who could be trusted? His honest account of some of Hitler's most "loyal" officers offers great insight into the resistance movement.

In *Soldier in the Downfall* Gersdorff recounts his wartime activity—as Army Group Center's intelligence liaison with the Abwehr during Operation BARBAROSSA, and his later role in planning the 7th Army's escape from the Falaise pocket. His involvement with the resistance followed him—as a prisoner of war, he was ostracized by other German prisoners.

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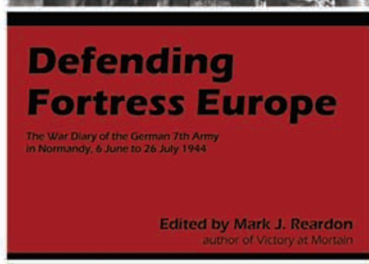

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The British addressed the problem by increasingly employing their excellent 25-pounder field gun, the mainstay of the field artillery regiments, in an AT role. Thus, the 25-pounder field gun was drawn into the desert battles as a direct-fire weapon to protect the infantry. Fortunately, its indirect fire role was not abandoned; however, every British formation commander demanded a share of the artillery guns, which, in fact, did dissipate the barrage artillery effort of the 25-pounder.

Not only did this tactic often deprive the British field artillery of its ability to develop concentrated fire, but it also increased losses among the 25-pounder guns and crews from their often forward positions as AT weapons. The 25-pounders were not deployed in a purely AT pattern, but in a dual role with the guns situated forward in open positions, sometimes in front of the infantry. Another tactical modification was for frontline British commanders to requisition tanks to be detached from the armored brigades for use with desert infantry columns. Likewise, this maneuver, although affording the infantry some much-needed protection, lessened the firepower of the armored brigade.

One glaring question along tactical lines then is why the British did not use an AA gun in a similar AT fashion as the Nazis employed their 88mm guns. Some have argued that there was an alternative solution to the deficiencies of the 2-pounder AT gun while Eighth Army awaited the debut of the 6-pounder. The arrival in service of the 3.7-inch heavy AA gun made the older 3-inch 30-cwt medium AA gun, with an excellent AT potential, redundant.

According to author Michael E. Haskew, "The grandfather of British AA weapons was the venerable Ordnance QF, 3-inch 30 cwt, which had been in service with the army as early as 1914. The 3-inch weapon was, by 1939, widely in use as a static and mobile gun, and it was deployed to the continent with the British Expeditionary Force in 1939. By the beginning of WWII, the 3-inch gun existed in numerous configurations, including a variety of breechblocks and carriages. While troops in the field preferred the lighter weapon over its proposed replacement, the 3.7-inch cannon, most of the guns were abandoned during the evacuation at Dunkirk in the summer of 1940 and captured by the Germans who renamed them the 75mm Flak Vickers (e). Some of the 3-inch guns found extended life in Home Guard units and coastal defenses, few of them remaining active by the end of the war."

A conversion plan, in England, was in fact underway to fit 50 3-inch pieces onto Churchill tank chasses to provide a self-propelled model and 50 other such guns onto field carriages. Unfortunately, this refitting process was so slow that it was eclipsed by another upgraded ordnance modification, namely, the production of the 17-pounder AT gun. Thus, the project was abandoned. Critics have claimed that it would have been better to have shipped as many unmodified 3-inch 30 cwt guns as possible on their wheeled mountings to Egypt for deployment as AT direct-fire guns. It has been argued that these weapons would have been no more vulnerable than the unmodified German 88mm guns used in an AT role or the British 2-pounders, which were habitually fired over the tailboards of their portee trucks.

A number of issues to such a tactical paradigm shift immediately arose, however. First, from a theoretical standpoint dual-purpose guns were problematic because of the difficulty in blending the requirements for each type and because each was deployed differently on the battlefield. Second, from a logistical perspective, the 4.5-inch gun for use in fixed emplacements and a mobile 3.7-inch, both with effective ceilings of 25,000-30,000 feet, were available when the war broke out. However, the decision to refit these modern AA weapons as AT guns was deferred since the use of these weapons was

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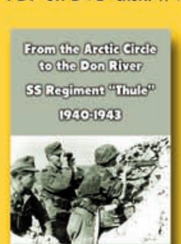

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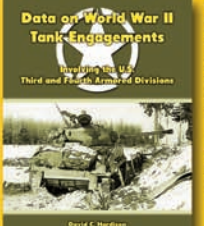

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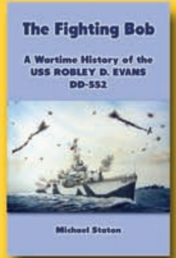

The Fighting Bob by Michael Staton. A wartime history of the USS *Robley D. Evans*, DD 552. Served at Saipan, Palaus, Philippines, Iwo Jima, and Okinawa, where she downed 23 enemy planes in one action. 91 photos, 10 illus., plan drawing.
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almost strictly prioritized for the defense of the home air space. Although the dark days of the Battle of Britain and the Operation Sealion scare had passed, the Blitz on Britain's civilian population was still in full throttle.

According to authors John Bierman and Colin Smith, "For the British tank crews the odds against survival were alarmingly shortened by the range and accuracy of the German 88s, and there was considerable resentment within the Eighth Army at the failure of their superiors to give them a comparable weapon, which many believed was already at hand if only the general staff had the wit to adapt it and press it into service. This was the British 3.7-inch (94-mm) anti-aircraft gun, and Lieutenant (later Major) David Parry of the 57th Light Anti-Aircraft Regiment, Royal Artillery, for one, felt there was 'no excuse for the sheer stupidity of the General Staff' in not allowing it to be used in an anti-tank role.... He recalled in a post-war memoir: 'During all this time over a thousand 3.7-inch AA guns stood idle in the Middle East.... Many never fired a shot in anger during the whole of the war.'"

In the heat of June 1941, a British crew, several of the men shirtless, services a 3.7-inch antiaircraft gun in the desert of North Africa. British troops may well have evened the odds against German tanks in North Africa but failed to employ the gun in an antitank role in substantial numbers.

In the late 1930s, the British Army was researching the idea for a weapon between the 3-inch and 4.7-inch guns. After gunners had done some investigation, it was found that a 3.7-inch gun firing a 25-pound shell could fill the gap, and so in 1933 a specification for a 3.7-inch gun weighing eight tons, capable of being put into action in 15 minutes and being towed at 25 miles per hour, was issued. A design by Vickers in conjunction with the Woolwich Arsenal was accepted, and the prototype passed proof in April 1936 with production being authorized a year later.

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A 3.7-inch antiaircraft gun discharges its shell skyward during fighting in Italy in November 1943.

January 1938. The main reason for this slow progress was the gun's carriage. It was complex to what seemed an extreme. The gun was intended for use in the field by the Army and thus had to be fully mobile, but the final assembly can only be classified as semi-mobile. The gun and its cradle and saddle rested on a large firing platform, which in action rested on four outriggers. The front wheels were raised off the ground in action to provide some counterbalance for the weight of the gun mass, and the rear (towing end) axle was removed.

Production of the carriage soon proved to be a time-consuming bottleneck to the extent that production of a purely static carriage for emplacement in concrete began. As time went on the carriage was reengineered to a more manageable form. Thus, the first production carriage was the Mk1, the static carriage the MkII, and final production version the Mk III.

When the equipment was first issued the gunners did not take kindly to it, preferring the handier and familiar 3-inch gun, but even they came to appreciate that the performance of the 3.7-inch ordnance by far exceeded that of the older gun. In fact, the 3.7-inch had an excellent all-round performance even if moving it was sometimes less than easy. As more entered service, they were gradually fitted with improved centralized fire-control systems and such extras as power rammers and fuse setters. By 1941, the type formed the mainstay of the Army's AA defenses. It proved an excellent weapon for the remainder of the war.

The 3.7-inch QF AA had two forms, a mobile mounting used with the field army and a static mounting, the latter capable of being repositioned. Peak production was reached for guns in March 1942 and for mountings in June 1942. As Haskew has noted, "Although it was slow to gain the appreciation of gun crews, the 3.7-in cannon ultimately proved to be an outstanding performer. By 1941, it was the primary anti-aircraft weapon in use by the British Army. The Germans respected the weapon highly and used those they captured in coastal defenses, renamed it the 94m Flak Vickers M.39 (e), and even manufactured ammunition for it."

Was the Ordnance, QF, 3.7-inch AA gun the correct weapon for dual deployment in an AT role and, if so, why was it not used more frequently and effectively? According to authors Shelford Bidwell and Dominick Graham, "There was much argument at the time, and since, over the refusal to use the British 3.7-inch (95 mm) heavy anti-aircraft gun in the same way as the Germans used the 88-mm FLAK."

To an artillery novice, the 3.7-inch looked very similar to the German 88mm flak weapon. It was in fact a much heavier gun altogether, weighing about 20,500 pounds, and depended on a more sophisticated fire-control system without a telescopic sight. However, these technical disadvantages could have been overcome. The 3.7-inch guns did have their sighting arrangements improved to enable better AT shooting. Those against using it in an AT role claim that the outcome of the desert war depended on the Royal Air Force (RAF) winning and maintaining air control. This required that RAF fighters be freed as far as possible from the close defense of their airfields and major base and port installations, which were vital to all of Britain's military arms.

Since defense of these installations was based on the proper mixture of AA guns and fighter aircraft, any reduction in the former would require an increase in the number of planes reserved for a purely defensive role as an air umbrella. Thus, it boiled down to "a question of priorities." This factor may explain Lieutenant David Parry's contention that hundreds of 3.7-inch AA guns stood idle in rear-echelon areas, namely airfields and port installations, while the tank battles of the Western Desert were raging, often with the DAK gaining the upper hand.

From a manpower perspective, up to 72 of the 3.7-inch guns (plus reserves for damaged gun and crew casualties), approximately two regiments, would have been required to make a significant impact against German armor. These two units would have required a complete training overhaul and reorientation for the dual deployment as AA and AT weapons. Furthermore, instruction into the two different patterns of deployment, perhaps even utilizing new unit and gun crew commanders, would be warranted since as an AT gun individual initiative and decentralization were vital. In contrast, central and strict fire control was utilized with AA guns. Until 1938, it had been standard practice for AA crews to be trained in a direct fire role. This dual deployment instruction was dropped to reduce costs and quicken training.

Other critics of using the 3.7-inch as a forward AT gun claim that in addition to its much greater weight than the German 88, it also had an extremely high silhouette, making it tactically unsuitable for use in forward areas. Prolonged firing at low elevations (not part of the original specification) also strained the mounting and recuperating gear. Some attempts were made to employ the 3.7-inch AA gun as an antitank weapon like the German 88. The 3.7-inch proved too sophisticated. It had been designed to work with radar data, while the German 88 had an optical sight that could be used on the ground and against aerial targets. The 3.7-inch gun weighed nine tons, quite ponderous for rapid deployment on the battlefield.

Proponents for a dual deployment role still argued that a dedicated AT carriage for the 3.7-inch gun would have produced a superior AT weapon, even though the gun was difficult to deploy and heavy, particularly for combat in the desert. Other advocates for the gun's use as an AT weapon claimed, "All of these difficulties had been solved in theory by the summer of 1942 (notably by the energetic efforts of Brig Percy Calvert, commander of the 4th Heavy Anti-Aircraft Bde), but with very few excep-

tions the 3.7in was still not used against tanks."

In an acerbic vein, Bidwell and Graham commented, "In any case even if the guns [3.7-inch] had been made available it is doubtful if the desert commanders would have used them correctly, in view of the hash they made of the employment of all their own artillery."

The arrival of the 6-pounder AT gun in the spring of 1942 and the later deployment of the 17-pounder in 1943 made a primary AT role for the 3.7-inch irrelevant. Despite all of the listed deficiencies as an AT gun, the 3.7-inch guns were used sparingly against panzers in North Africa and in the field artillery role quite extensively in the second half of the war in Italy, northwest Europe, Burma, and the Southwest Pacific. Counterbattery or countermortar fire was the usual role.

In the Western Desert, despite its bulk and weight, the 3.7-inch gun could knock out any German tank in service. Many of the references to the use of the 3.7-inch AA gun in an AT role have been chronicled by Henry Maule in his biography of the 7th Armored Division's commanding general, Frank Messervy. "After Gazala, Denys Reid in command of the El Adem Box allowed the AA to fire, approx 200 rounds were in the day, the German Tank commanders refused to attack (probably found an easier target)...."

Maule also makes reference to a direct-fire role for the 3.7-inch gun in the Burma campaign, where Messervy was also a division commander: "At the Admin Box battles in February 1944, the Administrative troops of 7 Indian Division held out against a Japanese attack (including 8th Belfast HAA Regiment). At one point, 'Even the 3.7 HAA guns were added to the barrage, the great shells rushing straight and flat like express trains.' When being shelled by Japanese Infantry guns, 'The Ulstermen lowered their long guns and pasted the hillside from which the fire had come."

Ultimately, the 3.7-inch gun was retained for what it was best suited, the AA role, and thus this excellent weapon never really got a chance to prove itself as the British equivalent of the German 88mm. It was used on occasion as a long-range field piece and was even at one stage of the war used as a coastal defense gun. Thus, with the exception of a few engagements as a direct-fire gun, the role of the 3.7-inch AA gun as an AT weapon largely falls into the "what if" category. □

Jon Diamond practices medicine and resides in Hershey, Pennsylvania. He has just completed a book about Field Marshal Archibald Wavell, which will appear in 2012.

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By Robert E. Cray, Jr.

John Steinbeck's War

The acclaimed novelist experienced battle as a war correspondent in the Mediterranean Theater.

A FUMING JOHN STEINBECK VENTED HIS FRUSTRATION OVER WORLD WAR II to a friend on March 15, 1943. Employed by the government in home front duties, the Pulitzer Price-winning author of *The Grapes of Wrath* expected a big military push to come soon, and he wanted to be overseas, not stateside, covering the war.

As an accredited journalist, Steinbeck could still write and yet be in the thick of the fighting. But his temper flared as he told his friend, "From what I have so far, if I go into the army I would prefer to be a private. The rest is very like the fraternity system at Stanford. I have not been notified of rejection by the way."

He would get his wish and more, participating in the Salerno invasion and serving alongside a special commando unit that would enable him to blur the role of journalist and soldier.

California born and bred, John Steinbeck enjoyed a middle-class childhood. Too young to fight in World War I, he aspired to become a writer, occasionally taking classes at Stanford University while feverishly honing his craft and toiling away in obscurity. His first book, *Cup of Gold,* barely registered among the public in 1929. However, Steinbeck's steady application turning out California-based stories won recognition with *Tortilla Flat* in 1935. Subsequent novels such as *In Dubious Battle* and *Of Mice and Men* broadened Steinbeck's appeal, and the *Grapes of Wrath* in 1939 propelled him to literary stardom. His portrait of the Joads, a fictional Oklahoma family based upon the thousands of Dust Bowl refugees, exposed the sordid underside of California's agricultural camp life and the resiliency of the human spirit. The novel also branded Steinbeck as a progressive to some, if not a radical, and aroused the ire of conservative Westerners.

With the U.S. entry into World War II in 1941, Steinbeck agreed to write about a bomber crew, using his literary talent to craft a training manual for the Army Air Forces. Steinbeck attended class with the crew, flew in planes alongside the airmen, and learned about bombing and gunnery. *Bombs Away: Story of a Bomber Team* represented a patriotic ode to brave men and flying machines. Steinbeck had crossed the barrier between literary author and observant journalist. Nevertheless, he refused to compromise standards, deliberately missing deadlines to ensure quality work.

Both: National Archives

TOP LEFT: Film star and U.S. naval officer Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., confers with a British soldier on the beach at Gela, Sicily, in 1943. Fairbanks displayed great heroism during the war and commanded a unit that author John Steinbeck accompanied during risky operations. ABOVE RIGHT: Author John Steinbeck wrote a training manual for U.S. airmen and experienced combat during the Allied campaigns in Sicily and Italy.

Another wartime contribution, however, encountered the maze of government bureaucracy. With the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, the Navy Department hurriedly tried to find information on the Japanese mandated islands of the Marshall, Caroline, and Mariana chains, desperate for intelligence on reefs, currents, and tides that might impede an

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invasion force. But where could the Navy find such information? The Japanese had earlier declared these islands off limits to Westerners.

Steinbeck had an idea. An avid marine biologist, Steinbeck wrote Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox in May 1942 that scholarly marine biology journals offered excellent information on coastal conditions in the mandated islands. Two months went by with no word from Washington. Then, as Steinbeck recalled, a man from Naval Intelligence appeared. His question was simple: do you read Japanese? Steinbeck did not, but he added that the journal articles were in English, the academic world's lingua franca. The astonished naval man hurriedly left.

Steinbeck never learned if the government acted on his intelligence tip. Perhaps that explained his quip about the Army and the Stanford fraternity system—you were part of the club or you were not, and those outside the clubhouse never knew what went on inside.

Steinbeck's journalistic ambitions did not spring up overnight. As a young man in New York City in 1925, he had landed a job with the *New York American* newspaper courtesy of an influential relative. His tenure proved short. At first banished to the outer boroughs, Steinbeck later covered the federal court in lower Manhattan, a job beyond his experience. Still, despite getting fired, Steinbeck continued to harbor an interest in reporting, and the *New York Herald Tribune,* the voice of East Coast Republicanism, decided to employ him in 1943. Steinbeck was a relative latecomer. Dozens of newsmen (and some women) had covered the Nazi blitz through Western Europe and the later U.S. entry into the war. Could Steinbeck offer readers anything they had not read before?

World War II journalists were a varied bunch with a strong sense of professional identity. Reflecting upon war correspondents in the late 1950s, Steinbeck described them as a mixture of the "curious, crazy, and yet responsible." He should have added nasty. Some members of the fourth estate clearly resented Steinbeck's intrusion on their turf.

John Steinbeck never named names, but on one occasion several boozed up and boisterous correspondents told Steinbeck in no uncertain terms that his work stunk. It was the ultimate insult. That Steinbeck collected royalties from best sellers and enjoyed big payouts from movie adaptations of his novels spurred his new colleagues' jealously. They had toiled professionally for years, met deadlines, and polished their craft. Now Steinbeck came barreling along trying, they thought, to upstage them.

Newly credentialed correspondent Steinbeck observed his surroundings closely, traveled aboard troop ships, probed England's war-battered society, and developed a poignant story line. Little things—the troopships crammed with men's boots, the tail gunner frantically searching for his good luck medal, or the sergeant noticing an English country cottage illuminated without blackout curtains that later turned out to be a bombed-out ruin, for instance—provided his takeaways.

National Archives

Actor Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., earned praise for his conduct under fire as an officer in the U.S. Navy during World War II.

Steinbeck made seemingly ordinary things resonate. His stories, newsmen eventually realized, did not compete with theirs, easing the tension, and they sometimes assisted the neophyte with on-the-job advice. The public lapped up Steinbeck's stories. British newspapers picked up his stories, as did almost every state back home except Oklahoma, still fuming over his depiction of the Dust Bowl migrants. Even South American papers ran Steinbeck's column.

Wartime correspondents could cover events behind the lines or plunge headlong into the firestorm. It depended upon the story. Walter Cronkite, for one, marveled when regular soldiers and airmen thought correspondents brave for voluntarily going on missions just to get a better story. But Cronkite knew that papers wanted good coverage. Otherwise, editors would send reporters packing stateside. And the best coverage resulted from being in the thick of the action. Only from such a vantage point could a writer get a feel for what was happening.

Even so, journalists needed to follow certain protocols in battle. Correspondents were first and foremost noncombatants and forbidden to carry arms by the Geneva Convention. Insignias or badges identified them as newsmen to prevent dangerous mistakes. When in civilian garb, John T. Whitaker, a *New York Herald Tribune* reporter, just avoided getting shot as a spy during the German invasion of Czechoslovakia in 1938, hurriedly convincing machine gun-toting Gestapo men that he knew members of the Nazi Party high command. The ruse worked.

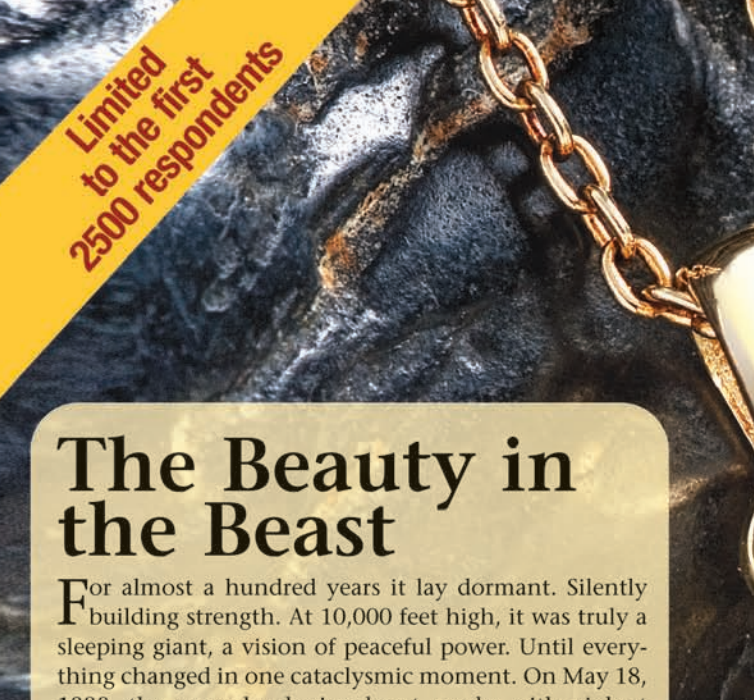
Yet journalists in uniform and properly identified sometimes conveniently ignored the rules. Bob Bryant of the Independent News Service tagged along with Merrill's Marauders in Burma, carrying a gun against ambush. If caught, he could expect little mercy from the Japanese. Ernest Hemingway, the famous American author turned journalist, roamed across France with armed partisans and narrowly averted a court martial, blurring the line between writer and combatant while merrily playing soldier/journalist and offering glib excuses for his behavior. Ironically, the war's most famous newsman, Ernie Pyle, died in uniform in 1945 from a Japanese machine gunner too far away to make out any identification.

Steinbeck understood the dangers of going to the front. He took heart from what Robert Capa, his closest journalist friend and a noted war photographer, had told him: "Stay where you are. If they haven't hit you, then they haven't seen you." But what if one broke the rules and fought alongside the troops? Then the odds against mounted.

John Steinbeck earned his battle stripes with the Allied invasions of Sicily and Italy in 1943. In England and later in North Africa, Steinbeck had been a step removed from the battlefront. Not so with this invasion.

Despite the Italian government's surrender by September 1943, the Germans tenaciously resisted. In preparing for the invasion of Italy, Steinbeck managed to assign himself to a secretive special operations unit based on British commando units. Its purpose was to deceive the enemy, launch sudden raids, and disrupt communications; fast mobile torpedo boats would riddle enemy shipping. British, American, and Dutch ships offered support. The unit's commander, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., a Hollywood movie star turned commando leader, redefined the meaning of swashbuckler, trading screen props for ordnance.

Steinbeck was drawn to the charming, charismatic Fairbanks. Little wonder. Fairbanks not only told a good story, borrowing from his actor friend David Niven's seemingly endless repertoire of entertaining and off-color anecdotes, but also amused onlookers with impersonations of Charlie Chaplin and Errol Flynn.



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by Kenneth Nielsen

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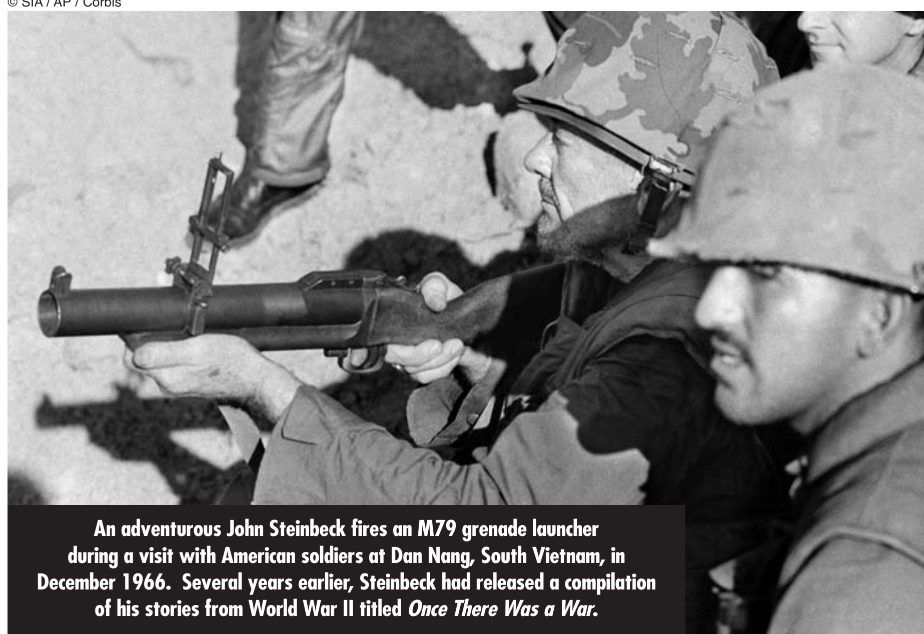

An adventurous John Steinbeck fires an M79 grenade launcher during a visit with American soldiers at Dan Nang, South Vietnam, in December 1966. Several years earlier, Steinbeck had released a compilation of his stories from World War II titled *Once There Was a War.*

Beneath the glib exterior, Fairbanks was all business. His recruits, drawn from military bases and college campuses, won assignment for their expertise in electronics, demolitions, and gunnery, not for their sense of humor.

Deception figured highly in the unit's operations. By getting the Germans to believe the special operations force was part of a bigger unit, Fairbanks and his team hoped to tie down enemy forces away from the main action. Whether using torpedo boats or making surprise landings, the commandos planned to confuse and disorient the Germans. In this, they achieved results. Later accounts indicated that an entire German division had been duped into believing that the main invasion of Italy would occur north of Naples rather than at Salerno, according to Steinbeck biographer Jackson J. Benson.

The commando unit continued to launch raids up and down the coast after the initial invasion. Steinbeck dutifully filed his stories. However, his particular vantage point during such raids went unstated because Steinbeck had in effect become a commando himself. Correspondents, identified by their insignia, could follow troops into battle. But Steinbeck tore off his badge, tailed along with the raiders, and cradled a machine gun that the commandos had thoughtfully provided. An admiring Fairbanks recalled that Steinbeck's gesture had won the men's respect. If captured by the Germans alongside the commandos, Steinbeck could easily have been shot.

No evidence exists that Steinbeck fired his weapon or killed anyone during the war. Yet, he appreciated professionals at work who might have done so. That included men with a certain flair beyond what even actor Fairbanks could summon.

Steinbeck experienced deadly combat during the Salerno landings. It was a nasty operation, both loud and bloody. In fact, Steinbeck's eardrums burst from the explosions. Any doubts Steinbeck had about his own courage quickly ended. The writer saw death firsthand, viewed corpses, and watched bullets and ordnance fly. Then he wrote his stories back aboard the command ship, which drew enemy fire as bombs and alerts went off every half hour. It was a harrowing experience that the sensitive Steinbeck long remembered. When writing to his wife on September 20, 1943, he offered an explanation and rationale for what he had seen "because I've done the things I had to do, and I don't think any inner compulsion will make me do them again."

Writing news stories also involved different challenges. A talented observer, Steinbeck's accounts, especially the ones involving the unidentified Fairbanks, conveyed the men's circumstances. Bluffing their way in a parley with surrendering Germans, who greatly outnumbered the Americans, was the high point of one story. But certain topics were either deliberately obscured or never touched. Naturally, Steinbeck concealed wartime locations as necessary, and the censors kept a wary eye out for such disclosures anyway. Stories needed to hew to a certain official line. No soldier was cowardly, and no officer unduly harsh. Accounts to the contrary might undermine the war effort and demoralize the folks back home.

Steinbeck's war pieces dutifully adhered to the official line. Yet, his private letters did broach the loneliness of men away from home. That was not forbidden for public consump-

tion, except when it involved soldiers and sex. The mention in the press of rubber prophylactics, although necessary to safeguard against venereal disease, would have shocked domestic readers. As Steinbeck recalled in 1958, rubbers were reported as necessary to keep moisture out of machine gun barrels! To which he wryly mused, "And perhaps they did."

Prostitution was another topic best kept under wraps. Steinbeck wrote his second wife, Gwyn, in the fall of 1943, about London prostitutes and soldiers discreetly signaling each other. The former, many of them refugees, announced intentions with tiny flashlights. The soldiers lit cigarettes to get a look. And then, as Steinbeck remarked, "They go to a park or in a doorway. It's the saddest damned thing. And venereal disease is way up—terribly way up."

John Steinbeck returned home from the war in October 1943, recoiling from the destruction. His friend actor Burgess Meredith believed the Salerno landing had taken a toll. Steinbeck's eyes reflected the carnage he had witnessed. He was often moody and depressed. While the war went on without Steinbeck, he slowly adjusted to home life. Several years after the war, a deteriorating relationship with Gwyn left him divorced and shaken. Steinbeck would recover, find happiness with his third wife, and push the war aside to concentrate on writing fiction.

It was only after he had written several more novels that Steinbeck revisited his war correspondent past. He reprinted his war stories in the 1958 release of *Once There Was a War* and sounded the theme of lost memory in the introduction. "I wonder how many men who were there remember very much." It was a good question. Or, as Steinbeck put it after rereading the war columns, "My memory becomes alive to the other things which did happen and were not reported."

Steinbeck chose to keep certain memories close to him so as not to forget. He routinely wore a British naval officer's hat proudly emblazoned with the royal lion and unicorn. On a 1960 trip across the United States that led to the book *Travels with Charley,* Steinbeck donned the hat while near the Atlantic or Pacific coast. It was his way of remembering World War II and to pay homage to men lost. □

Author Robert E. Cray, Jr., is a professor of history at Montclair State University. He wishes to thank Penguin Books along with author Jackson L. Benson and his work The True Adventures of John Steinbeck, Writer*; and Elaine A. Steinbeck and Robert Wallsten, editors of* Steinbeck: A Life in Letters and John Steinbeck, Once There Was a War.

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By John Mancini

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OSS in Germany

The U.S. Office of Strategic Services recruited Germans to infiltrate the Third Reich.

BY THE AUTUMN OF 1944, MOST OF NAZI-OCCUPIED EUROPE HAD BEEN liberated by Allied forces. The conquering armies now faced the invasion of the German homeland. But, in this phase of the war, they lacked intelligence networks behind enemy lines. The well-developed resistance organizations in occupied France, Holland, Belgium, Yugoslavia. and even Fascist Italy had been ready to receive OSS (Office of Strategic Services, forerunner of the Central Intelligence Agency) and SOE (British Special Operations Executive) agents and support espionage and sabotage operations.

Inside Hitler's Germany there was no significant underground framework that would compare to the dedicated guerrillas in countries held captive by the Nazis. The obstacles to the intelligence flow from inside Germany were brutally demonstrated by the powerful surprise offensive in the Ardennes during December 1944. The bloody Battle of the Bulge was a direct consequence of diminished tactical and strategic intelligence coming out of the Reich to American commanders.

OSS planners estimated that no American could survive in the ruthless fascist police state. British intelligence supported the assessment that no Allied agent could avoid capture by the Gestapo inside Germany. The only Allied agent that had any chance of operating in the Reich was a nativeborn German.

During the night of September 2, 1944, German-born socialist and passionate anti-Nazi Jupp Kappius became the first OSS agent to parachute into Germany. This was the first of many missions inside the Reich. Operations were launched from Britain, Italy, France, and even neutral Sweden and Switzerland. The missions would include both German-born civilians and OSS military officers. Unique among the series of penetration campaigns was that conducted by the U.S. Seventh Army's OSS Detachment.

Lieutenant General Alexander Patch, commander of the Seventh Army, was desperate for actionable tactical intelligence in order to continue the advance into Germany. He requested help from the command's OSS Detachment Secret Intelligence chief, Henry Hyde. The crusty OSS civilian had exhausted the French espionage contacts who had contributed to the rapid liberation of their homeland. However, these agents were of no value in piercing the German super police state.

Hyde proposed the innovative but controversial idea of using German prisoners for spy missions into the Reich. However, this type of operation was contrary to theater command policy and probably the Geneva Convention. General Patch ordered Hyde to proceed with the plan after receiving a very subtle endorsement from OSS commander General William "Wild Bill" Donovan.

Hyde chose a number of officers to assess German POW recruits for the special missions behind enemy lines. One of the officers chosen was First Lieutenant Peter Viertel, United States Marine Corps. The 24-year-old Marine officer had been born in Dresden, Germany, but came to the United States with his movie director father and grew up in Hollywood during the glamour years of the 1930s. Viertel was already a talented and established writer who had written the screenplay for the 1942 Alfred

This photo is a still from the movie *Decision Before Dawn*. The film, based on a book by OSS agent George Howe, is a composite of the experiences of fellow OSS agent Peter Viertel and Howe during their espionage activities inside the Third Reich.

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Hitchcock spy thriller *Saboteur.* He transferred from the Marine Corps to the OSS because of his fluency in the German language.

Initial selections were made from several demographic POW groups, Catholics, Austrians, and those who had been assigned to punitive battalions because of their political views. Potential recruits were cleverly transitioned from the main prison population through assignment to work details. After days of observation, the candidates were given intense interviews to determine their motivation to "betray their country" by returning to Germany as American spies.

In the 1949 novel *Call It Treason,* written by OSS operative George Howe, the philosophical issues were explored through the character of a young German corporal, the son of a Berlin doctor who volunteered to reenter his homeland as an OSS agent. Howe posed the question, "Why does a spy risk his life? For what compulsion, and for what torment in his life? The gunpoint never forced a man to loyalty, and still less to treason, whose rewards at best are slim and distant. If the spy wins he is ignored, if he loses, he is hanged."

He characterized the Germany POW recruitment project, which he was a part of, with the following discussion. "What eloquence was used to buy treason, only they could tell. Perhaps it was nothing but a cigarette and the pride of sitting beside an officer in a soft armchair at the stove? Perhaps the lure of danger or the promise of wealth? Perhaps the hope of a better world?"

German POWs were recruited from the Sarrebourg stockade in Lorraine. The confinement facility was located in a stone barracks that was built at the turn of the century and was surrounded by a high wall that had been topped with barbed wire. Hundreds of German prisoners shuffled around the old drill field in the center of the compound in their long winter issue overcoats and tried to fight off the somber mood of defeated soldiers and the gray chilly fog.

The Seventh Army's OSS Detachment Headquarters was located in a turreted chateau near Lyon, France. The elegant mansion contained an ornate interior with mirrored walls and period furniture. Other sections of the detachment were billeted in hunting lodges, villas, and convents throughout the remote mountains near Stasbourg.

Recruits were taken by the OSS team to a small inn hidden among the fir trees in a snow-covered forest near the village of Birkenwald. Basic espionage training was given in the dining room, which was furnished with a large oak table surrounded by heavy wooden chairs. The room contained a blackboard, which was used for teaching English and the identification of weapons, insignia, and unit designations. The OSS instructors were shocked at how little the average German soldier knew about their own army aside from experiences in company-level units. Rudimentary parachute training was given by dropping the recruits and all of their equipment 10 feet from a platform onto a sand pile.

National Archives

ABOVE: The crew of an American Consolidated B-24 Liberator bomber used for covert OSS operations poses prior to a clandestine operation over Central Europe. BELOW: Peter Viertl, an OSS agent and officer in the U.S. Marine Corps, with his wife, actress Deborah Kerr, in this photograph taken in 1963.

ullstein bild / The Granger Collection, New York

The insertions were made in isolated areas away from towns to avoid observation and allow agents time to bury their parachutes. The establishment of a credible cover story was the most important detail in preparing for the clandestine operation. A credible false identity and believable explanation for traveling were the differences between life and death for OSS spies. All German soldiers carried a Soldbuch, a summarized personnel file that contained their religious, political, military, and medical profile. This document was routinely checked by security forces and compared with travel orders and train tickets. Any inconsistencies between documents and oral statements were grounds for immediate arrest.

The cover stories had to include good reasons for traveling. The most acceptable justification for a soldier traveling alone was that of returning to his unit after being hospitalized for medical treatment. But this story had to be absolutely supported by a clinical diagnosis contained in the Soldbuch.

False documents were produced by both OSS London and the Detachment to support specific missions. These included a personal photo and letters with fabricated signs of age and wear to give authenticity to the agent's cover story. Initially, agents were sent into enemy territory by ground infiltration, but hardened American infantry tended to be uncooperative. They viewed the OSS operation as a "no brainer" that was simply returning enemy soldiers to their units to fight again.

Peter Viertel introduced the idea of using parachute insertions. The operations, called "tourist missions," consisted of short incursions into the Reich. Agents would enter German territory for approximately one week and travel an assigned route and then return with a report on their observations. The agents were provided with authentic documents acquired from POWs in the confinement stockades or well-produced forgeries from OSS London Station.

The Seventh Army OSS Detachment's parachute insertions were successful during the months of January and February 1945. The detachment also began to recruit women for espionage missions. Inside wartime Germany, females were under less scrutiny from the Gestapo and military security forces. Males were routinely stopped for questioning and document examination to control the rising desertion rate.

Three women were recruited by Viertel from the Strasbourg stockade. They were code-named Ada, Emily, and Maria. The most successful and the most frustrating for the Marine case officer was Maria. She had been charged with being a Nazi collaborator and had been the mistress of a German officer. Maria volunteered for OSS service hoping to obtain vindication. This appeared to Viertel to be a credible motivation. His recruit claimed to have work experience as a nurse in German hospitals and

National Archives

Maura Bertani, code-named Ada, was one of three women who participated in the operation. A former circus acrobat, she parachuted into Germany in February 1945.

a food service worker in German Army mess halls. The reward for her OSS service would be a letter stating that she had performed espionage missions inside the Reich for the American military. Her Alsatian background gave her fluency in both French and German. This would be a valuable asset across the Rhine.

On February 3, 1945, Maria was transported from the OSS training site in the mountains near Strasbourg to an airfield near Lyon for her flight and parachute drop into enemy territory near Stuttgart. She would travel using the cover story of an Army nurse.

As she was preparing to board the plane, she stunned Viertel with the revelation that she was pregnant by her Gestapo lover. The exasperated OSS Marine demanded an explanation. The timing of this report was terrible. A great deal of effort and money had been invested into the mission. Maria reassured Viertel that she was ready and able to execute the mission but wanted OSS help in obtaining an abortion when she returned. Viertel agreed to her request. She returned two weeks later with exceptional intelligence information on the specific location of a German Army headquarters, troop deployments, and staging areas. Her highly successful mission was rewarded with the abortion, but only after persuading a reluctant French doctor that Maria was patriotic and a war casualty of sorts.

On May 7, 1945, General Alfred Jodl, chief of the German Army operations staff, signed the surrender documents ending the major fighting in the European Theater. The OSS accompanied the U.S. Army Occupation Forces into Germany to begin rebuilding the devastated country of the former enemy. The first step was the de-Nazification of the Reich. This required a methodical sorting of Nazi war criminals from the general population in order to select leaders for the new Germany.

This assessment was easier said than done. To facilitate the process, American military authorities took a surprising change of attitude that was disturbing to Viertel and other OSS agents. Viertel was a German-born Jew who had argued for the use of German nationals for the OSS espionage operations. He had confronted reluctant and sometimes hostile American military commanders with the argument that there were many trustworthy Germans and they should not all be judged as Nazis. However, in the postwar atmosphere he and other OSS personnel felt that U.S. officials made too quick a reversal in their attitude and over-embraced the position that most Germans were innocent of Nazi involvement.

Viertel returned to Hollywood and wrote the screenplay for the 1951 spy movie *Decision Before Dawn,* which was based on the novel *Call It Treason,* written by his OSS comrade George Howe. The film was a composite of Viertel's and Howe's experiences in the Seventh Army OSS Detachment's German POW espionage operation. The story was filmed in Germany and realistically portrayed a young, idealistic Wehrmacht corporal on an OSS mission inside the Reich. Viertel went on to assist director John Huston with the script for the 1951 film classic *The African Queen.* He would later marry the popular movie actress Deborah Kerr.

Nearly 200 OSS agents were inserted into Nazi Germany from various locations during the last months of the war. They infiltrated the major Reich cities of Bremen, Munich, Mainz, Dusseldorf, Essen, Stuttgart, and even Vienna and Berlin. The Seventh Army OSS Detachment was the most successful in providing direct field support against Germany. It inserted 44 parachute missions behind enemy lines between January and May 1945. The total cost of penetrating the Reich was 36 casualties that included agents killed or missing. The return on the high human cost was precise tactical and strategic intelligence on enemy military and industrial targets that shortened the war in European Theater.

Peter Viertel died at age 86 in November 2007. He not only left his mark on the OSS, but in Hollywood as a writer, collaborating with such greats as Ernest Hemingway and John Huston to turn novels into screenplays and successful movies. □

Author John Mancini is a retired U.S. Army colonel. He resides in Sierra Vista, Arizona.

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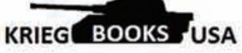


ISBN 9780983527404
570 Pages, 230 images, Index & Bibliography

By Michael D. Hull

National Archives

The First Day of War

Life as it was known and understood changed forever when World War II began in 1939.

JUST AFTER MIDNIGHT ON SEPTEMBER 3, 1939, A STYLISH YOUNG FORMER socialite from Boston, Massachusetts, made her way toward London aboard the Harwich boat train after crossing the English Channel.

Virginia Cowles, a foreign correspondent for the Hearst newspaper group and the *London Sunday Times,* was returning from a stint in Berlin when she saw flashes on the southern horizon and heard a series of distant explosions. Before climbing onto a train bound for London's Liverpool Street Station, Miss Cowles asked a dockworker if war had been declared. "Not yet," he replied, "but I hope it won't be long now. This waiting around is making us all nervous."

When the newswoman reached the outskirts of the British capital, she was met by torrential rain and realized that she had witnessed a violent thunderstorm and not the outbreak of a European war. Yet Miss Cowles, who had been awakened early on September 1 by the heavy tread of storm troopers on Berlin's Unter den Linden, still felt apprehensive.

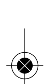
At the same time as Virginia Cowles was heading into London, young Lieutenant Peter Parton of the Royal Artillery was watching a late showing of *Wuthering Heights* at the cinema in the little Somerset port of Watchet. Halfway through the projection of the newly released film starring Laurence Olivier and Merle Oberon, an ominous message was suddenly flashed on the screen: "All officers and soldiers return to your barracks immediately." Parton feared that, in the British vernacular of the time, "the balloon was about to go up."

Tethered by heavy wire cables, thousands of large barrage balloons were hoisted over many British cities, ports, and military installations as a deterrent to dive-bombers and other low-flying enemy aircraft. They downed seven German planes in February-March 1941 and later destroyed 231 V-1 rockets.

Lieutenant Parton was right on the night of September 2, 1939. Several years of European appeasement and months of diplomatic maneuvering and mounting tension were coming to an abrupt end. Two days before, on Friday, September 1, massed German forces had burst without warning into Poland. British and French ultimatums to Nazi dictator Adolf Hitler for a withdrawal went unanswered, and it was now just a matter of hours before the hostilities would widen into full-scale war.

A mere two decades after the end of World War I, Europe was on the brink of becoming embroiled in an even more catastrophic struggle—an inevitable yet unnecessary war. It could have been averted in the 1930s if the free nations had stood together firmly against the spread of tyrannical fascism across Europe. Now, peace had drained away like grains of sand in an hourglass.

Sunday, September 3, 1939, dawned as a sunny, dreamlike day of apprehension that would be forever remembered by all who experienced it. Yorkshire-born novelist Storm (Margaret) Jameson poetically recalled "a day of unusual beauty; clear, hot sun; dazzlingly white clouds beneath a blue zenith; a high, soft wind."



While immaculately dressed diplomats still scurried about the European capitals that morning, British Conservative Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain presided over an emergency session of his cabinet in London. In Paris, French government officials insisted on trying to gain more time to mobilize their powerful army before going ahead with another ultimatum to Berlin, but British service chiefs and some cabinet members wanted to get on with it. Secretary of State for War Leslie Hore-Belisha called for a 6 AM deadline.

Eventually, it was agreed that Berlin would be issued with an ultimatum expiring at 11 AM, demanding that its forces cease hostilities in Poland. After the shameful era of appeasement during which the well-meaning Chamberlain had mistakenly believed that Hitler's word could be trusted, the honor of the British Empire was now at stake. As David Margesson, chief whip of the House of Commons, told a colleague, "It must be war, old boy. There's no other way out."

It was left to Sir Nevile Henderson, the British ambassador

On September 1, 1939, the first day of World War II in Europe, German troops break a wooden barrier on the Polish frontier. Hitler had fabricated a Polish provocation to justify the Nazi invasion of its eastern neighbor to the world.

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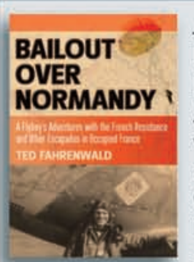

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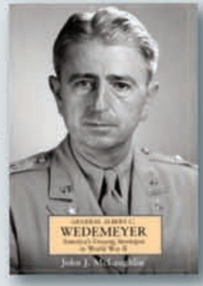

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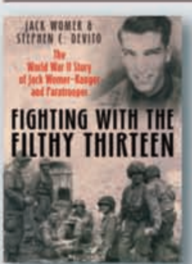

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During more carefree days, Hitler relaxes with Unity Mitford, a British socialite who had fallen in love with the Führer and begged him to maintain good relations with Great Britain. On the day war was declared, she attempted suicide with a pistol.

in Berlin, to deliver a note to Hitler's foreign minister, Joachim von Ribbentrop, at 9 AM (8 AM London time). The pompous, bumbling Ribbentrop left it to Hitler's chief interpreter, Paul Schmidt, to accept the British ultimatum. Henderson liked Schmidt and told him, "I am sincerely sorry that I must hand such a document to you in particular."

Schmidt had overslept for the 9 AM meeting but was just in time to take delivery of the note from Henderson. The German made his way from the Foreign Ministry building in Wilhelmstrasse to the Reich Chancellery, where he slowly read the ultimatum for Hitler and Ribbentrop. "When I finished," Schmidt reported, "there was complete silence. Hitler sat immobile, gazing before him." Moments later, the Führer turned to Ribbentrop with a fierce look and asked, "What now?" Schmidt withdrew.

The note gave Hitler three hours in which to order a cessation of operations in Poland. He saved his wrath for his inner circle—Ribbentrop, Nazi Party deputy leader Rudolph Hess, SS chief Heinrich Himmler, and Propaganda Minister Josef Goebbels. The Poles, ranted Hitler, were just a miserable rabble, and it was a "disgrace" to treat them as a sovereign nation. The British understood this, he said, yet they were prepared to pillory him for "recognizing natural realities."

France's ultimatum was telephoned to the French Embassy in Berlin, and at 10 AM in London BBC radio announcer Alvar Liddell told listeners to expect a statement from the prime minister in an hour's time. Just before 11 (London time) on that fateful morning, the Paris ultimatum was delivered to the German Foreign Ministry by French Ambassador Robert Coulondre. This time, Ribbentrop condescended to meet him. The French envoy asked if Ribbentrop was able to give a satisfactory reply to the French demand for a German withdrawal from Poland. The foreign minister replied in the negative and accused France of aggression.

Meanwhile, in London, air-raid sirens echoed across the rooftops. But they were premature.

Miles away in Munich that day, Gauleiter Adolf Wagner was handed an envelope by a 25-year-old English socialite. She was Unity Valkyrie Mitford, a blue-eyed blonde and the unmarried daughter of the eccentric Lord Redesdale. Wagner opened the envelope to discover a suicide note. A member of Hitler's Munich salon, Unity had fallen in love with the Führer and had pleaded with him to maintain good relations with Britain. The prospect of war between the two countries was too much for her, she wrote, so she had decided to "put an end to herself." Unity went into Munich's Englischer Garten and shot herself in the head with a small-caliber pistol.

Hitler ordered specialists to care for her, and she was taken to a clinic. As soon as she was able to travel, Unity was sent home to England in a special railway car by way of Switzerland. Eight years later, she succumbed to the bullet lodged in her brain.

At 11:14 on the morning of Sunday, September 3, mustached, 70-year-old Prime Minister Chamberlain—the principled, soft-spoken peacemaker who had exhausted himself trying to avert a European war—stared balefully at a

microphone in the cabinet room at No. 10 Downing Street and broadcast to the British people. His heart was heavy. BBC announcer Liddell observed that the prime minister looked "crumpled, despondent, and old." He had done everything he could, said Chamberlain, but there had been no response to the latest ultimatum, so "a state of war exists between His Majesty and Germany as from 11 o'clock today."

In a resigned, mournful tone, the prime minister declared, "You can imagine what a bitter blow it is to me that all my long struggle to win peace has failed. Yet I cannot believe that there is anything more or anything different that I could have done, and that would have been more successful....We and France are today, in fulfillment of our obligations, going to the aid of Poland, who is so bravely resisting this wicked and unprovoked attack on her people. We have a clear conscience. We have done all that any country could do to establish peace....

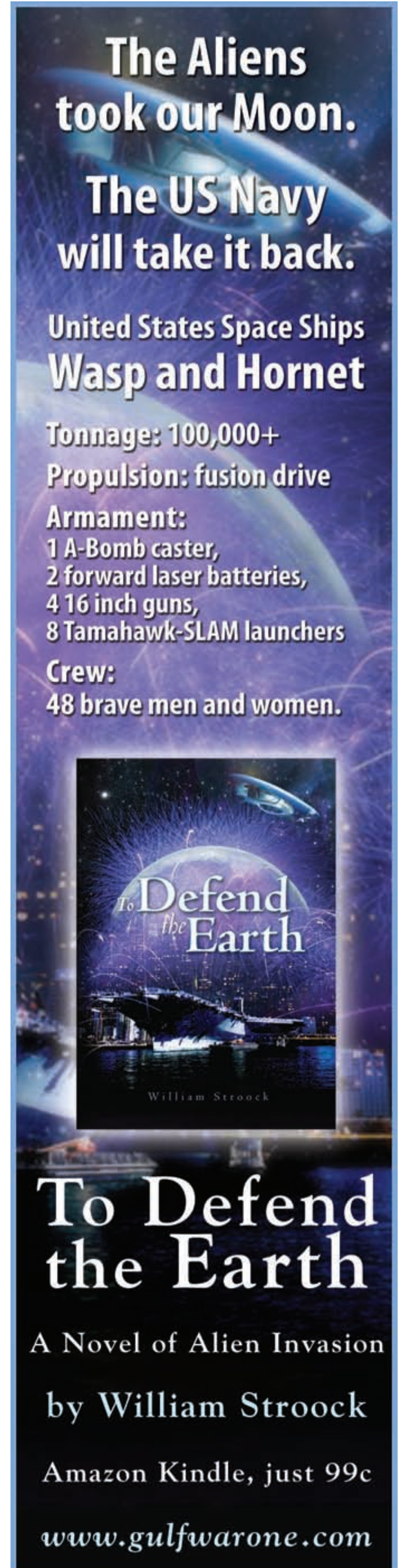
"Now, may God bless you all. May He defend the right. It is the evil things that we shall be fighting against—brute force, bad faith, injustice, oppression, and persecution. And against them I am certain that the right will prevail."

Chamberlain was courageously declaring a war he had not wanted. Peace would have been preferable. He had hoped that Hitler would somehow prove to be a man of his word, yet, by the beginning of 1939, he had few illusions about him. That March, Chamberlain told a guest that the Nazi dictator was "the blackest devil he had ever met." The prime minister had come to recognize the strong possibility of war, and, like much of the British and French public, was ready to accept it.

Few BBC listeners were surprised by Chamberlain's announcement, but most were nevertheless stunned into silence. For many, grim memories of 1914-1918 were still too clear.

King George VI, a young Royal Navy midshipman when hostilities broke out early in August 1914, wrote in his diary, "Those of us who had been through the Great War never wanted another." Devastated by the prospect that war was now inevitable, famed pacifist author Vera Brittain, a nurse in World War I, had listened tearfully to the prime minister's broadcast with her children in their village home. Then she wandered into the nearby woods. "In the sunny quiet of the gorse and heather," she recalled later, "it was impossible to take in the size of the catastrophe."

Across the British capital in Hayes, Middlesex, five-year-old Douglas Higgins was sitting halfway up the staircase in his home when Chamberlain spoke. "I had never known a silence before or seen such worry etched on my



family's faces," he recalled later. "What did it all mean? Apparently, we were at war with Germany. What was war and who was Germany? I rushed downstairs and clung to my mother, who was gently sobbing. I had never seen her cry before, and hated the man on the wireless for making her cry."

Chamberlain told a packed House of Commons, "This country is now at war with Germany," and then, according to a *Daily Telegraph* reporter, "a profound silence fell upon the House." It was a silence, he wrote, "not of surprise or anxiety, as the calm, stern faces testified, but of grim satisfaction.... Hundreds of men on the crowded green benches drew a long breath of relief that the issue was declared and joined beyond a peradventure." The diplomats' gallery in the House was packed that day with ambassadors from France, Poland, the United States, Belgium, Spain, Portugal, Turkey, China, Argentina, and Brazil.

The *Daily Telegraph* recorded, "The truth was that Parliament, and indeed the nation, had been on tenterhooks for weeks, even months, waiting for war. Nobody was unaware of the ominous events on mainland Europe; the papers had been full of advice on air-raid procedures, and the Navy had already taken part in a plan to evacuate Polish ships in anticipation of a conflict."

The reaction of ordinary Britons to the war declaration was varied. After the initial shock, some felt a sense of relief that all the uncertainty of the past few weeks was over. For people in church on that sunny Sunday morning, it seemed that they were in the right place at such a momentous time. Others thought of survival rather than sermons and set about getting prepared for the worst—making sure there was an air-raid shelter for the whole family and plenty of canned food in the cupboards.

Children old enough to comprehend were excited by the news; there was a possibility that schools might be closed. Because of a widespread fear of German air raids, some city children had already been evacuated in the days before war was declared, and they were with their host families in the provinces when they heard the news.

In London, according to a reporter, news of the declaration of war was taken with "a calm that was deeply impressive." He wrote, "In an extensive tour, I did not see emotion of any kind." After the air-raid sirens sounded, streets were cleared speedily. Precautions had been taken. Sandbags were piled high outside municipal buildings, offices, stores, and police stations, and crisscross strips of antiblast tape covered plate glass windows. Firefighting vehicles were on the streets, and policemen, auxiliaries,

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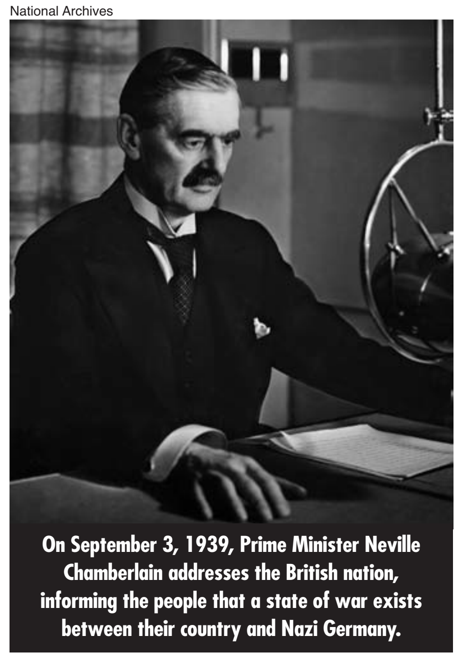

On September 3, 1939, Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain addresses the British nation, informing the people that a state of war exists between their country and Nazi Germany.

and bicycle-riding air raid wardens wore steel helmets.

After the premature alerts, hundreds of Londoners carrying gas masks strolled good-humoredly along the thoroughfares. Others wandered and sunbathed in the city's many leafy parks, as on any other fine Sunday afternoon. Restaurants and cafés were filled.

But, despite the evident calm and stoicism the British were preparing methodically for war. The War Office opened additional recruiting offices in various London boroughs and suburbs, and urgent calls went out for dockworkers and volunteers for the Royal Engineers, the Army Service Corps, the Medical Corps, and the Ordnance Corps. Conscription had been introduced in April 1939. The War Office also appealed for applications for commissions in the ground forces. Starting on the day war broke out, young men flocked to take the king's shilling and enlist. Outside the recruiting office in Scotland Yard, an eager group of men hammered on the closed gates and chanted, "Open up, please. We want to join the Army!"

The government's evacuation program proceeded smoothly, and thousands more women and children crowded city railway stations to board trains taking them to Berkshire, Devon, Somerset, and other rural and seaside counties. By the night of September 4, an estimated three million evacuees were expected to be billeted in new homes, almost half of them from greater London.

Chamberlain and his advisers were taking immediate actions to place the nation on a war footing. It was announced that the seat of government would remain in London for as long as possible, and precautionary measures were

issued to prevent people from crowding together and increasing casualty risks from air raids. Instructions were given for the closing of entertainment centers, including cinemas, theaters, and indoor and outdoor sports facilities. Sea travel was limited.

Following an August 1914 precedent, the government declared that Monday, September 4, would be a bank holiday so that financial institutions could complete measures for adapting themselves to the emergency. The stock exchange was also ordered to close. Meanwhile, Whitehall announced that a food rationing program was in place and would be activated within two weeks. The five food groups coming under the system would be meat, butter and margarine, bacon and ham, cooking fats, and sugar.

In Paris, the French ultimatum to Germany expired at 5 PM on September 3. At the Ministry of National Defense, Prime Minister Edouard Daladier conferred with Admiral Jean Darlan, chief of French Naval Forces; General Maurice Gamelin, the national defense chief of staff; and other high-ranking officials. A decree was issued to institute a seven-day working week in all state establishments.

Meanwhile, across the Atlantic in Washington, D.C., President Franklin D. Roosevelt's secretary, Stephen T. Early, announced that a proclamation was being drawn up to invoke the Neutrality Act, prohibiting the sale or export of arms and munitions to all belligerents. However, to prevent the act from favoring aggressors, an amendment bill had been introduced in the Senate on June 27, proposing a system to favor America's closest allies, Britain and France.

President Roosevelt had no choice but to promise his people that he would keep America out of the war. Popular support for isolationism was loud and strong. "There will be no blackout of peace in the United States," declared FDR. Privately, however, he stayed in regular contact with Britain, searching for ways in which he could help without jeopardizing neutrality.

The far-flung British dominions rallied swiftly to the motherland. Australia proclaimed a state of war three hours after Chamberlain's announcement, and Prime Minister Robert G. Menzies declared in Canberra, "The great family of British nations is now involved in a struggle which we must, at all costs, win. We believe in our hearts that we shall win.... We do not know what lies ahead or the length of the journey, but I urge calmness, confidence, and resolution."

New Zealand promised "the fullest possible support" to Britain on September 3, and Prime Minister Michael J. Savage pledged, "We range ourselves without fear behind Britain. Where she goes, we go. Where she stands, we stand."

Canada also vowed assistance to Britain. After a two-hour emergency session in Ottawa on September 3, the cabinet announced that Parliament would meet at the earliest possible date, September 7. Prime Minister William L. Mackenzie King informed Chamberlain, "In the event of the United Kingdom becoming engaged in war in the effort to resist aggression, the government of Canada have unanimously decided, as soon as Parliament meets, to seek its authority for effective cooperation by Canada at the side of Britain." Canada would officially declare war on September 10, and the first drafts of the 1st Canadian Division sailed for England the following December.

In Cape Town, there was a fierce debate on September 3 over whether South Africa should enter the war. The prime minister, General James B. Hertzog, had pursued a policy of neutrality, but opposition to his stance grew so strong that he was deposed on September 5. He was replaced by Field Marshal Jan C. Smuts, who formed a new government and immediately declared war on Germany. A Boer War commando who had fought the British and then become a staunch ally, the widely revered Smuts had a close relationship with politician Winston Churchill dating back to World War I. He would be made an honorary field marshal of the British Army in 1941.

Prime Minister Chamberlain announced on the evening of September 3 that King George had approved the makeup of a nine-member war cabinet along the lines of one established in December 1916. Its members were Chamberlain; Sir John Simon, chancellor of the exchequer; Viscount Edward W. Halifax, foreign secretary; Fleet Admiral Lord Alfred Chatfield, minister of defense coordination; Churchill, First Lord of the Admiralty; Hore-Belisha, secretary of war; Sir Kingsley Wood, air secretary; Sir Samuel Hoare, lord privy seal, and Lord Maurice Hankey, minister without portfolio. Sir John Anderson was named home secretary, and Anthony Eden became dominion secretary.

The king also made three appointments at the War Office: General John V. Gort, a World War I Victoria Cross winner, as commander of British Field Forces, General Sir Edmund "Tiny" Ironside, a colorful, bilingual veteran of World War I and Allied commander of the 1918-1919 Russian campaign, as chief of the Imperial General Staff, and General Sir Walter Kirke as Home Forces commander.

As the British laid down war plans on that fateful evening of September 3, other national leaders issued passionate calls for resolve against

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After the surrender of the war-ravaged Polish capital of Warsaw, German troops goose step through the shattered city's streets. The devastation of Warsaw was a harbinger of the destruction to come as the Nazi war machine rolled across Europe.

German aggression. Prime Minister Daladier broadcast to the French people, saying, "We are fighting to defend our land, our homes, and our liberty. Poland has been the victim of the most brutal and cynical of aggressions. The responsibility for the bloodshed rests wholly on the Hitlerite government. The fate of peace was in the hands of Hitler. He has willed war. I salute with emotion and affection our young soldiers who are now going to accomplish the sacred duty which we have ourselves carried out.... Each of us is at his post, on the soil of France, in the land of liberty where respect for human dignity finds one of its last refuges."

Within days, the British Expeditionary Force led by Lord Gort would cross the English Channel to support the French.

Far away in the Himalayan resort of Simla on the evening of September 3, the Marquess of Linlithgow, viceroy of India, called on the dominion to "take up Germany's challenge to the great principles of humanity, justice, and morality." Meanwhile, Generalissimo Francisco Franco, the Spanish leader, broadcast an appeal from the ancient city of Burgos. He urged all nations to avoid the horrors of war such as his country had recently suffered and to do their utmost to localize the new conflict.

Wearing the uniform of a fleet admiral, Britain's modest, shy monarch broadcast from Buckingham Palace at 6 PM on September 3. "In this grave hour, perhaps the most fateful in our history," he said, "I send to every household of my peoples, both at home and overseas, this message, spoken with the same depth of feeling for each one of you as if I were able to cross your threshold and speak to you myself. For the second time in the lives of most of us, we are at war. Over and over again, we have tried to find a peaceful way out of the differences between ourselves and those who are now our enemies. But it has been in vain."

Urging his people to "stand calm, firm, and united at this time of trial," he continued prophetically, "The task will be hard. There may be dark days ahead, and war can no longer be confined to the battlefield. But we can only do the right as we see the right, and reverently commit our cause to God. If one and all we keep resolutely faithful to it, ready for whatever service or sacrifice it may demand, then, with God's help, we shall prevail. May He bless and keep us all."

Reactions to the declaration of war tended to be calm and subdued in the Western capitals on September 3. The celebrated British journalist and sage Malcolm Muggeridge reported, "Like a swimmer tired of battling with a contrary current, abandoning the struggle, and letting himself be carried along by what he had long tried to resist, this last crisis was left to take its course." Lord Halifax and his undersecretary, Sir Alexander Cadogan, went for a walk that evening in the Buckingham Palace gardens.

On the streets of Paris, newspaper headlines announced, "War: England in a state of war with Germany since 11:00 this morning!" While there was a mood of "something between resolution and resignation" in the provinces, Senator Jacques Bardoux observed that the people of Paris showed an attitude of "moderation and simplicity, of silence and firmness; here, as in Berlin, the cheering crowds of 1914 were absent."

In the German capital, handsome Albert Speer, Hitler's favorite architect and would-be production minister, sensed "a desolate mood." The war declaration echoed from loudspeakers on the streets, and reporter William L. Shirer of CBS watched citizens listen attentively.

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Their faces reflected "astonishment and depression," he told American radio listeners, and there was "no cheering, no throwing of flowers, no war fever." Elsewhere in Germany, the mood was also somber. General Franz Halder, the able chief of the general staff, confided his apprehension to a fellow officer. "Now the English, too," he said. "The Englishman is tenacious. Now it will last a long time."

Prime Minister Chamberlain emerged from the uneasy 1930s and the drift to world war as a tragic, broken figure. Universally branded as a weak-kneed appeaser who sold out to tyranny, he lacked knowledge of foreign affairs and often ignored the advice of Foreign Ministry officials. Yet he was a principled, determined statesman who strove to maintain peace and gain time for rearmament. His fatal weakness lay in his inability to comprehend the type of man with whom he was dealing and continuing to strive for compromise for far longer than was prudent.

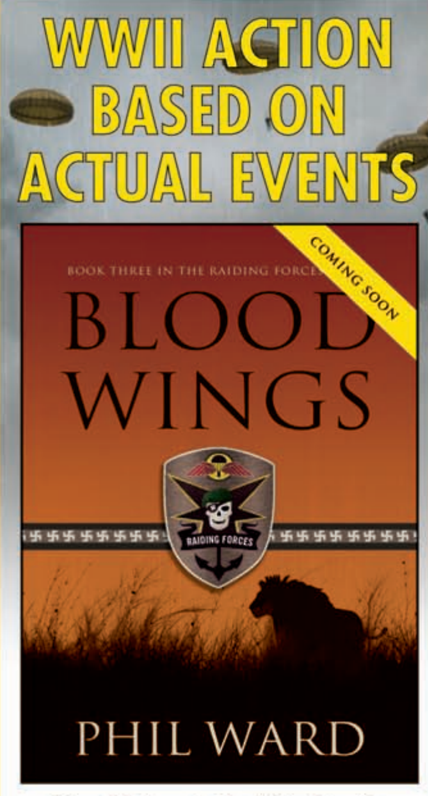
Chamberlain's efforts, starting with his election in May 1937, broke him. A week after the outbreak of war, he told his sister, Ida, that the "days of stress and strain" had caused him to lose all sense of time. "Life is just one long nightmare," he said.

Heartbroken and discredited, he remained in office, but his political days were numbered as Britain hastily rearmed and struggled along with France to gain enough strength to hold Hitler's war machine at bay. After only a few months, the ill-fated Anglo-French campaign in April-June 1940 to dislodge German invaders in Norway proved to be his undoing. Chamberlain lost parliamentary and public confidence and was forced to resign on May 10. A national coalition government was created with the confident, irrepressible Winston Churchill as its head.

Chamberlain remained as leader of the Conservative Party and served in the Churchill cabinet as lord president of the council. But illness forced him to resign in October 1940, and he succumbed to cancer the following month.

The warrior Churchill, whose indomitable spirit became the beacon for the Allied cause during the rest of the war, described his predecessor as "alert, businesslike, opinionated, and self-confident in a very high degree.... He conceived himself able to comprehend the whole field of Europe, and indeed the world.... His all-pervading hope was to go down in history as the great peacemaker." □

Frequent contributor Michael D. Hull has written for WWII History *on a variety of topics. He resides in Enfield, Connecticut.*



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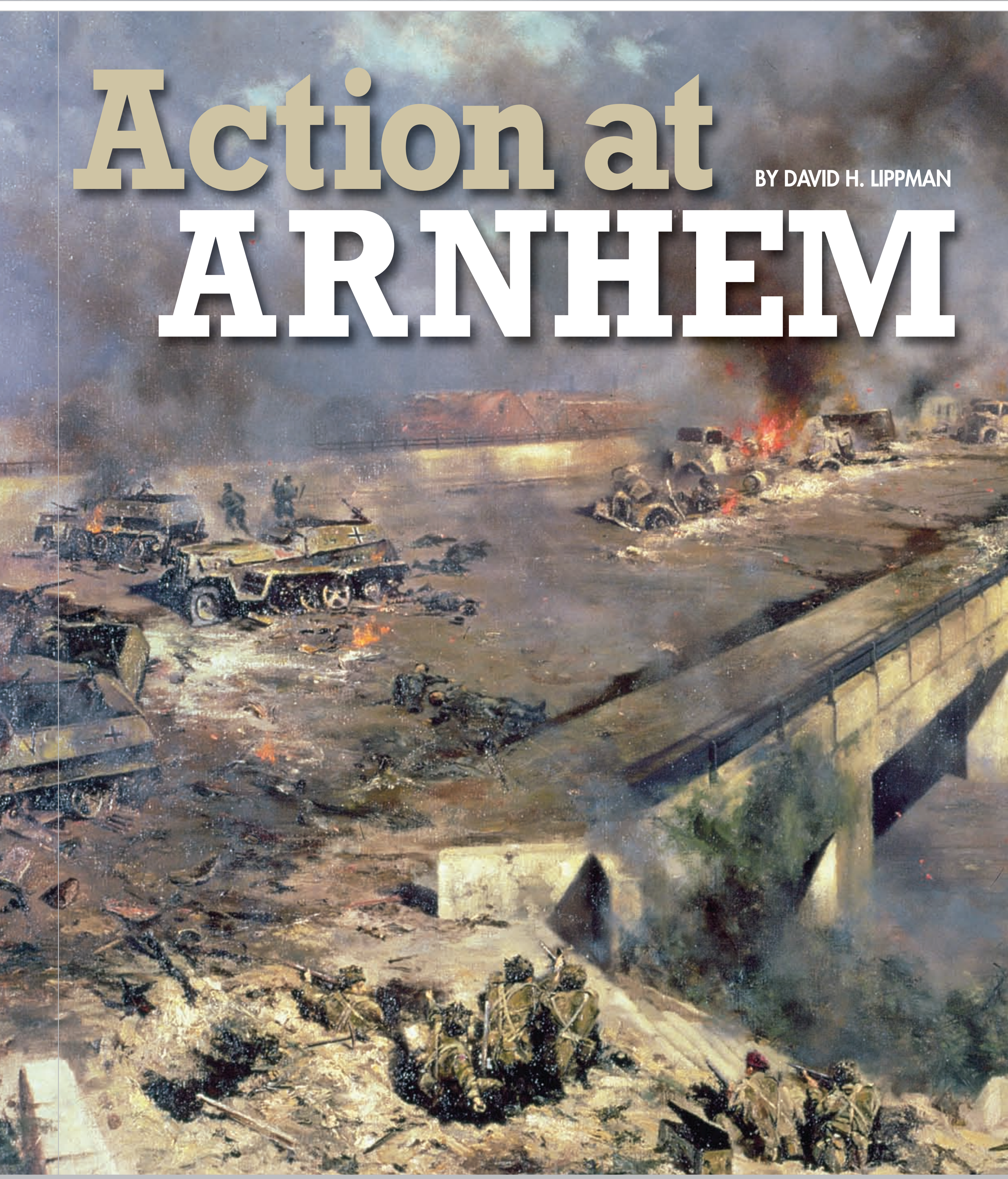
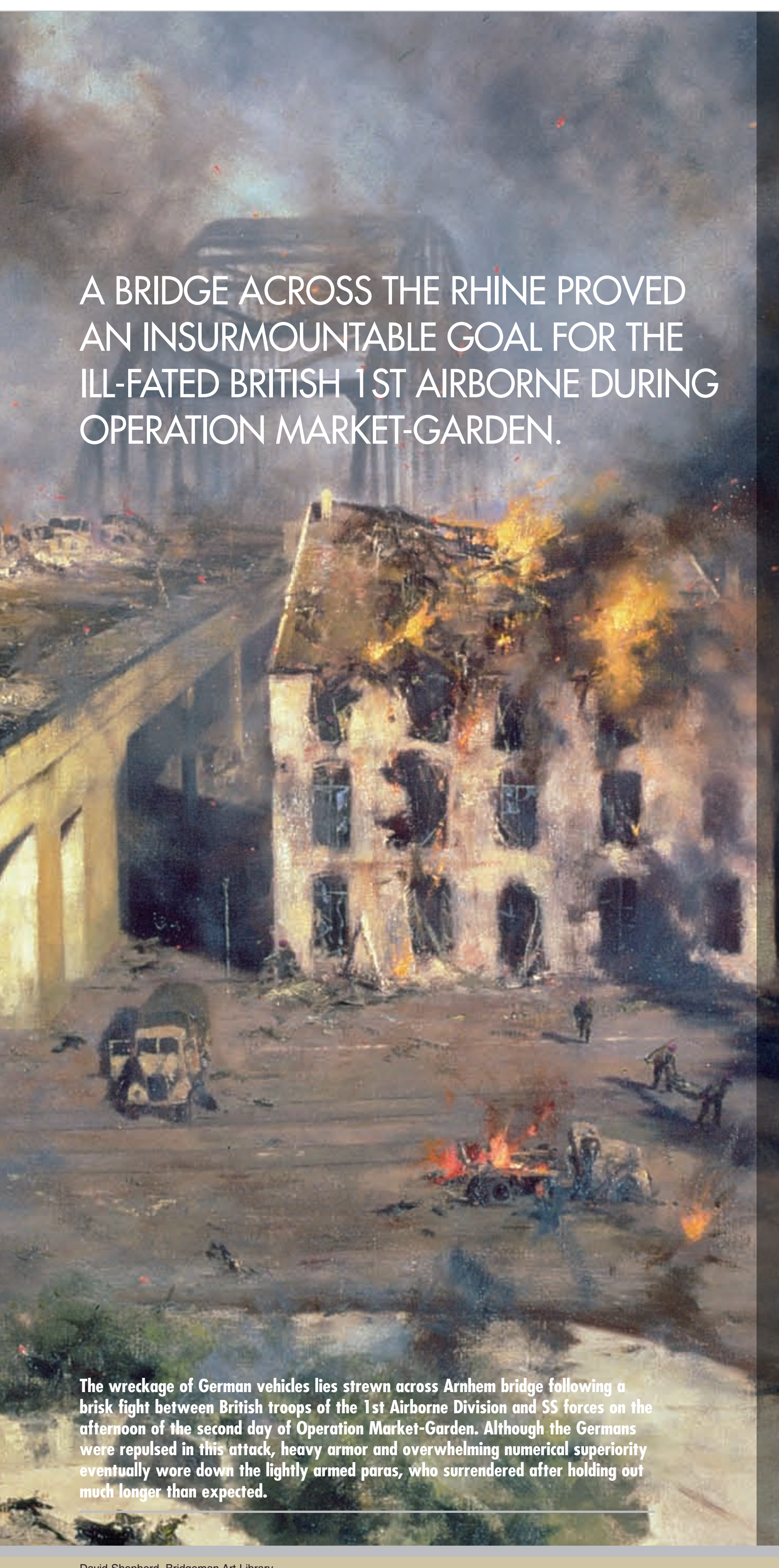
Action at ARNHEM

BY DAVID H. LIPPMAN





A BRIDGE ACROSS THE RHINE PROVED AN INSURMOUNTABLE GOAL FOR THE ILL-FATED BRITISH 1ST AIRBORNE DURING OPERATION MARKET-GARDEN.

The wreckage of German vehicles lies strewn across Arnhem bridge following a brisk fight between British troops of the 1st Airborne Division and SS forces on the afternoon of the second day of Operation Market-Garden. Although the Germans were repulsed in this attack, heavy armor and overwhelming numerical superiority eventually wore down the lightly armed paras, who surrendered after holding out much longer than expected.

David Shepherd, Bridgeman Art Library

It was getting dark when they reached the bridge, but there it was, still intact. Lieutenant Jack Grayburn's No. 2 Platoon was led by A Company, and soon they concentrated underneath the ramp carrying the roadway onto the bridge, out of sight of any Germans on the bridge itself. Lieutenant Robin Vlasto later wrote, "Things were organized amid the most awful row. There was a complete absence of any enemy and the general air of peace was quite incredible. The CO arrived and seemed extremely happy, making cracks about everyone's nerves being jumpy."

It was 8 PM, the evening of September 17, 1944. After a long march from its drop zone, the 2nd Battalion of Britain's elite Parachute Regiment had reached the objective of the entire Market-Garden campaign, the Arnhem bridge. Now the battalion—and elements of the 1st Parachute Brigade trickling in—simply had to hold it until they were relieved by the British 2nd Army, heading north from the Dutch-Belgian border.

The 2nd Battalion's arrival at the bridge was the culmination of the Market-Garden plan, which was the largest airborne assault in history. Some 35,000 British and American paratroopers dropped up to 63 miles behind German lines in The Netherlands to open an "airborne carpet" across a series of rivers, enabling the British 2nd Army to drive across the Rhine and be in a position to menace both the Ruhr and the Nazi V-2 sites in Holland. It was a plan that gambled on speed, surprise, and German disorganization, and it was the brainchild of Field Marshal Sir Bernard Law Montgomery, the victor of El Alamein, not a man known for relying on speed and surprise. But if Monty's audacious plan worked, it could shorten the war by weeks or months.

In any case, the plan called for the British 1st Airborne Division to make the deepest drop, at the town of Arnhem, 63 miles behind enemy lines. The division's paratroops and glidermen would land on a field six to eight miles from the Arnhem bridge, the final objective of the Allied drive. Once on the ground, 1st Airborne was to send a squadron of jeeps equipped with Vickers machine guns racing ahead of the ground forces to seize the bridge and hold it until the foot troops marched up.

Assigned to reach the bridge first was the 2nd Battalion, a veteran outfit that had been formed on October 1, 1941. Under the command of the driving Lt. Col. John D. Frost, its men had made combat jumps on a raid into France to seize a radar station and airborne assaults in North Africa and Sicily. The battalion had a strong Irish and Scots character.

The drop went off almost perfectly, with Frost's 481 men forming up and heading along "Route Lion," backed by some Royal Engineers and five 6-pounder (57mm) antitank guns.

The battalion moved through the towns of Heveadorp and Oosterbeek against light opposition, enjoying a rapturous welcome. Captain Tony Frank wrote of his memories of the march to the bridge: "One was [amazed by] the

Both: Imperial War Museum

incredible number of orange flowers or handkerchiefs that suddenly appeared like magic. The Dutch were very much in family groups, in staid clothing, out on this fine Sunday afternoon. The second memory was of the problem of trying to stop them slowing down our men by pressing cakes, milk, etc., on them. It was an atmosphere of great jubilation at the start of the move, mainly in the country area near Heveadorp and Oosterbeek, but it petered out when the first hold-up and sporadic firing started. There weren't so many Dutch out then, but a few stout ones stayed on and watched the fun."

Private Sidney Elliott remembered, "The Dutch population rushed out of their houses, cheered us, shook hands, gave us drinks, apples and marigolds—and some of us were lucky enough to receive the odd kiss. How could this be war? It was a question that would be answered very soon."

Ordered not to accept any of the alcoholic drinks offered, the British took the advance more seriously when they came under sniper fire. Soon the battalion reached its first objective, the railway bridge across the Rhine at Oosterbeek. Lieutenant Peter Barry and his men charged the bridge. As they ran up, their hobnailed boots clattering on the bridge's steel, the center span of the bridge exploded, and metal plates right in front of Barry flew into the air. Barry and his men halted immediately.

"It was lucky that we had stopped when we did, otherwise we would have all been killed," Barry recalled. "No one was injured in the explosion. Then I felt something hit my left; I looked back and asked if anyone was shooting. They all said, 'No.' It was a German bullet. Next I felt a searing shot through my upper right arm, and it seemed to become disconnected; it went round and round in circles; the bone had been completely severed. There were only a few shots, but whoever was firing certainly picked me out as a leader and hit me."

Barry pulled his men off the bridge, losing one man killed to German rifle fire. Aside from losing a key bridge over the Rhine, Frost's plan to take the main Arnhem road bridge by passing a company over the rail bridge (thus taking the bridge from both sides at once) was now impossible. He would have to take the bridge at its north end and grab the south side through a coup de main.

Second Battalion moved on ... under a railway bridge ... through an encounter with a German armored car ... and onto the bridge. The battalion's B Company was embroiled in a four-hour action on the lower slopes of a terrain feature called "Den Brink," but the rest pushed on, followed by the 1st Parachute Brigade's headquarters party under Major Tony Hibbert.

Now at the bridge, 2nd Battalion's men moved to consolidate their position. Frost chose as his headquarters a large private house, the upper rooms of which provided a good view of the area. Headquarters and support companies moved into buildings close by, and the vehicles and antitank guns into the sheltered yard of a large office building also nearby.

The Dutch owners of the homes and buildings put up with their new tenants with a mixture of welcome, resilience, and fear, knowing that they soon would be living at the epicenter of a battle.

Second Battalion was soon joined by the Brigade HQ party, which actually initially outnumbered Frost's force. Brigade HQ was set up in a large office building near Frost's headquarters.

Now for the bridge itself. It was guarded by only 20 or so elderly or very young German troops from a local flak unit, and they were either in a pillbox a quarter of the way across the bridge or asleep in some huts behind the pillbox. They seemed unaware of the British arrival.

The Germans had failed to adequately garrison the bridge because they were more concerned with holding the bridge at Nijmegen. Maj. Gen. Heinz Harmel, who commanded the 10th SS Panzer Division, later lamented that failure, saying that if a few soldiers had been left behind at the Arnhem bridge, it would have been a different story.

Frost sent a group of men under Lance Sergeant Bill Fulton to take the bridge. Fulton said later, "I led off first, up those steps on the west side of the bridge. When I reached the top I heard voices—definitely German. I told the section to be quiet and I peeped over. There was a truck with troops in the back, facing south, only 15 yards or so away. An officer or an NCO was talking to the men in the back. I thought that the element of surprise would be gone if we burst in, so I decided to wait. It was only two or three minutes before the one doing the talking got into the cab, and the truck moved off.

"We started to walk along the right-hand side of the bridge. It was very dark, but you could see outlines. I caught a few of the enemy hiding in corners of what looked like small huts and passed them back to the last man in the section and told him to take them down the steps as prisoners. You could hear firing in other parts of the town, but there was no firing on the bridge itself. Then, in the gloom, I saw a rifle starting to point at me. I swung round to the right and started firing my tommy-gun. I know I hit him because he fired his rifle as he was falling forward and I caught the bullet in the top of my left leg. I told the section behind me to report back and say that the bridge was well-manned and would need more troops. I managed to crawl behind an iron girder, and eventually a couple of medics came for me."

Fulton spent the next two years in various hospitals.

Major Digby Tatham-Warter, who commanded 2nd Battalion's A Company, realized a more forceful attack would be needed. He assigned Lieutenant Jack Grayburn to the assault. Grayburn's men painted their faces black and bound their boots with strips of curtains to make sure there was no rattling equipment or weapons.

Grayburn and his party crept up the side of the embankment and silently began to cross

the bridge. They swiftly came under heavy machine-gun fire and had to withdraw, Grayburn wounded in the shoulder, along with seven other men.

For the next effort, at 10 PM, Frost had an antitank gun under Sergeant Ernie Shelswell skillfully backed up by a jeep two-thirds of the way up a path on the side of the approach road embankment and then manhandled to the top to face the bridge. At the same time, a flamethrower team was sent to the house nearest the pillbox, where a gap was made in the wall by firing a PIAT antitank missile into it.

When all was ready, the 6-pounder fired shots at the pillbox, and Sapper Ginger Williams opened up with his flamethrower. The fire missed the pillbox and instead hit a hut, cooking off an ammunition and fuel store. The explosion set off paintwork on the bridge, and the fire burned all night. The attack was stalled again.

Incredibly, as the night wore on a small convoy of German trucks came onto the bridge from the south. The ammunition aboard the trucks exploded, adding to the inferno and din, and the occupants of the trucks were either killed or bailed out to surrender. The 17 men bagged turned out to be part of a unit that was firing V-2 rockets at England.

Meanwhile, British reinforcements arrived—part of the 3rd Battalion, the long-delayed B Company of 2nd Battalion, and more engineers. In all, Frost had a decent force: 340 men from his 2nd Battalion, 110 men from 1st Parachute Brigade HQ, 75 men from 1st Parachute Squadron Royal Engineers, 45 men from 3rd Battalion, 17 glider pilots, even a war correspondent. It was an estimated 740 men dug into buildings around the embankment and ramp leading to the north end of the Arnhem bridge—a sizable force, about one and one-half parachute battalions. Frost himself was the senior officer. The 1st Parachute Brigade's commander, Brigadier Gerald Lathbury, was with 3rd Battalion's men, who were blocked from advancing to the bridge.

During the night, the Germans did not make any major counterattacks. Both sides waited for the dawn. But the Germans had plenty of powerful forces with which to counterattack. Unknown to or ignored by British intelligence, the 2nd SS Panzer Corps, battered in the Normandy fighting, was refitting and recuperating in the woods and farms around Arnhem and Nijmegen. Despite being understrength, the corps, under Lt. Gen. Willi Bittrich, was a formidable force that fielded a variety of tanks, armored cars, assault guns, and mechanized infantry, all well trained and filled with Nazi elitism.

The airborne assault had taken the corps by surprise, but as usual the Germans had reacted swiftly, deploying 10th SS Panzer Division's guns, tanks, and troops to hold the Nijmegen bridge to the south against the American 82nd Airborne and using the smaller 9th SS Panzer Division to surround the British paratroopers at Arnhem and Oosterbeek. Frost did not know it, but his little force was quite cut off from the rest of the 1st Airborne Division.

At dawn, the Germans began to counterattack from the east, probing the British defenses with Mark III and Mark IV tanks, which were easily beaten off. Lieutenant Arvian Llewellyn-Jones described the action:

ABOVE: The pilot of a Royal Air Force reconnaissance aircraft snapped this photo of the north end of the Arnhem bridge and the destroyed German armored cars and troop carriers that were hit by British paras on the afternoon of the second day of fighting during Operation Market-Garden. BELOW: Paras of the British 1st Airborne Division drop into an open field during the early hours of Operation Market-Garden, the Allied attempt to seize key bridges in the Netherlands and strike into the Ruhr, the industrial heart of Germany.

"The gun spades [on the antitank gun] were not into the pavement edge, nor firm against any strong barrier. The gun was laid, the order to fire given, and when fired ran back 50 yards, injuring two of the crew. There was no visible damage to the tank. It remained hidden in part of the gloom of the underpass of the bridge. The gun was recovered with some difficulty. This time it was firmly wedged. The Battery Office clerk, who had never fired a gun in his life, was sent out to help man the gun. This time the tank under the bridge advanced into full view and looked to be deploying its gun straight at the 6-pounder. We fired first. The aim was true; the tank was hit and it slewed and blocked the road."

The Germans found the fighting hard, too. Members of the 10th SS Panzer Division's 21st Panzergrenadier Regiment were sent into the attack, and one section commander, Alfred Ringsdorf, described it as follows: "This was a harder battle than any I had fought in Russia. It was constant, close range, hand-to-hand fighting. The English were everywhere. The streets for the most part were narrow, sometimes not more than 15 feet wide, and we fired at each other from only yards away. We fought to gain inches, cleaning out one room after the other. It was absolute hell!"

The SS attacked again with truck-borne infantry, and Private James Sims, a 19-year-old mortar crewman, saw the Germans bail out of their shot-up vehicles. "One terribly wounded German soldier, shot through both legs, pulled himself hand over hand toward his own lines. We watched his slow and painful progress with horrified fascination, as he was the only creature moving among a carpet of the dead. He pulled himself across the road, and over the pavement, then he dragged his shattered body

inch by inch up a grass-covered incline leading to the bridge road. Once he had cleared a slight parapet at the top of the incline he would be back in his own lines. He must have been in terrible pain but he conquered the incline through sheer willpower. With a superhuman effort he heaved himself up to clear the final obstacle. A rifle barked out next to me and I watched in disbelief as the wounded German fell back, shot through the head. To me it was little short of murder, but to my companion, a Welshman, one of our best snipers, the German was a legitimate target. When I protested he looked at me as though I was simple."

The Germans sent in an ambulance with SS troopers hidden inside. Tumbling out, firing their submachine guns from the hip, their charge was annihilated near Frost's headquarters. "I suppose they'll send a hearse next," a British paratrooper commented. The attacks were piecemeal and uncoordinated, but that would change.

After that, there was a period of relative calm, and Frost called it "a time when I felt everything was going according to plan, with no serious opposition yet and everything under control."

That changed in mid-morning. Between Arnhem and Nijmegen was the 9th SS Panzer Division's reconnaissance battalion, a tough outfit equipped with 22 armored cars and half-tracked armored personnel carriers. The boss was Captain Viktor Graebner, who had just received the Knight's Cross of the Iron Cross the day before, for bravery in Normandy. He had led his unit over the bridge before the British got there, on a sweep down to the main road to Nijmegen. Finding that area clear, he turned back to return over the bridge to reach his divisional command post in Arnhem. He knew the British were on the north end of the bridge, but whether he intended to mount an attack or just dash through the British positions is not known.

Either way, Graebner was no fool, and he prepared for a fight. He was a former Wehrmacht officer who had transferred to the Waffen SS and was described as "an impressive soldier, the right man for the job." Dark, slightly built, and slim, he was well liked and respected by his men. He had a reputation of always being forward in combat and unafraid to expose himself when necessary in action.

His attack plan depended on blitzkrieg speed and shock, as well as the firepower of his assault guns and armored cars, some of which mounted 75mm guns. All had machine guns. It was the highest concentration of armored vehicles in the 9th SS Panzer Division.

Imperial War Museum

A British 6-pounder antitank gun is shown in action during Operation Market-Garden on September 20, 1944. At the moment the photograph was snapped, the British gun crew was engaging a German PzKpfw II B2 (f) tank.

At 9 AM, the SS men mounted their vehicles, wearing their "Waffenrock" mottled camouflage uniforms. Surrounded by gray exhaust fumes, the battalion rumbled north up the two-lane road to the bridge. They would dash 600 meters up a ramp and across the 200-meter bridge into the teeth of the British defenses. Armored cars would lead the way, followed by half-tracks jammed with SS troops, roaring along at 20 to 25 miles per hour. Behind them came sandbagged trucks loaded with more infantry to mop up the British defenses.

Graebner, leading the attack as usual, in a captured British Humber armored car, jabbed the air twice, and the column was off, roaring "like a Grand Prix start" according to historian Robert Kershaw.

British lookouts in the tops of the occupied houses drew the officers' attention to the column of vehicles assembling on the bridge approach.

The armored cars reached the summit of the bridge, cannon and machine guns firing. They maneuvered their way around burning trucks left from the previous actions. The British held their fire, waiting for clear shots. German tracers flew in all directions. Two more armored cars rolled across ... then three more—then the British opened up with everything they had, blazing away with Bren and Vickers machine guns, antitank guns, and PIAT antitank weapons.

A leading armored car hit a British mine laid in the road, and its wheel exploded skyward, flying into the air in slow motion, halting the vehicle. British troops hurled grenades into the open half-tracks, which set off a terrible carnage in the confined spaces. Black smoke boiled up in the air as burning fuel snaked across the road. Nearly every German vehicle was hit by PIATs or antitank guns. Sergeant Cyril Robson fired solid-shot shells at the parapet at the side of the bridge until he cut a V-shaped section away and was then able to fire into the sides of German vehicles passing the gap. It is believed that Robson's gun did more damage than any other weapon.

German troops in the half-tracks found their way blocked and themselves trapped under heavy small-arms fire. One early victim was seen to be flung out on the roadway and literally cut to pieces by a hail of fire. Some vehicles toppled over or slewed off the embankment of the lower ramp, allowing the airborne men in the buildings there to join in the killing.

Everybody seemed to be firing, even Major Freddie Gough, commander of the British jeep reconnaissance squadron, who blazed away with his jeep's Vickers machine guns. One of his shots killed Captain Graebner. The only officer who was not firing was Frost himself, who watched the battle and said later, "A commander ought not to be firing a weapon in the middle of an action. His best weapon is a pair of binoculars."

Corporal Geoff Cockayne described the action: "I had a German Schmeisser and had a lot of fun with it. I shot at any Gerry that moved. Several of their vehicles—six or seven —started burning. We didn't stay in the room

we were in but came out to fire, keeping moving, taking cover and firing from different positions. The Germans had got out of their troop carriers—what was left of them—and it became a proper infantry action. I shot off nearly all my ammunition. To start with, I had been letting rip, but then I became more careful; I knew there would be no more. I wasn't firing at any German in particular, just firing at where I knew they were."

Resistance was greater than the Germans anticipated. Vehicles came to a halt when driver and co-driver were killed. Graebner's attack began to disintegrate. SS Corporal Mauga, crouching in his half-track, witnessed the setback, saying, "Suddenly all hell broke loose ahead of us. All around my vehicle there were explosions and noise and I was right in the middle of this chaos."

With Graebner dead and the British firing heavily, German morale and cohesion began to break. One driver shoved his half-track into reverse and hit the vehicle behind him. The two were jammed together and became targets for British gunfire. As the vehicles burst into flames, the Germans tried to get out but were massacred by the British.

For two hours the battle raged on. Two German drivers were hit and their vehicles zigzagged out of control, crashing through the left barrier of the bridge and plummeting to the street below "in a shower of cascading burning fuel, wreckage, and screaming men."

But the SS were determined. Crouching beneath their wrecked vehicles, the troopers struggled to form assault groups and fight their way north. The British used their radios to call in artillery fire from the distant 1st Airborne Division, and shells looped into the German wreckage, adding to the carnage and din.

As noon approached, the Germans realized the situation was hopeless and began to withdraw on foot. Some leaped from the bridge into the Rhine River, unable to pass through blazing vehicles. As the Germans withdrew, the sound of gunfire was replaced by the wailing of a jammed horn on one of the 12 knocked-out vehicles on the bridge, and the sound of British paratroopers shouting their war cry, "Whoa Mohammed," which added insult to the German injury. The British lost just 19 men.

Graebner's defeat had a huge impact on the 9th SS Panzer Division. They realized the British paratroopers would be tougher customers than the enemies they usually fought and often defeated. It would be suicide to attack across the bridge again, 9th SS Panzer Division commander Colonel Walther Harzer decided, and he would shift his momentum to the north side of the bridge to dig the British out.

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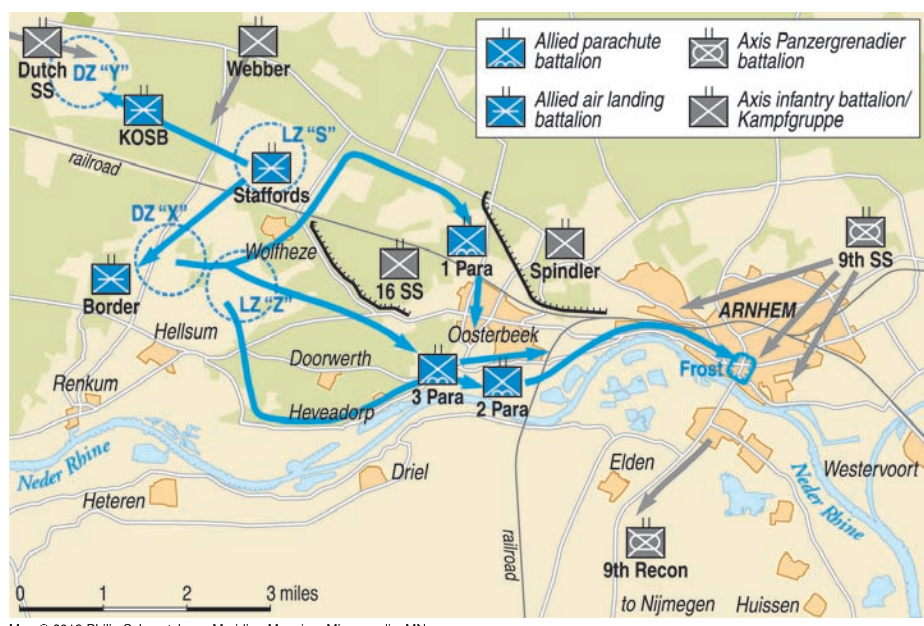
ABOVE: Senior German officers gather for a briefing to respond to the Allied offensive code-named Operation Market-Garden. Left to right are Field Marshal Walter Model, Colonel General Kurt Student, Major General of the Waffen SS Wilhelm Bittrich, Major Hans Peter Knaust, and Major General of the Waffen SS Heinz Harmel. BELOW: On the second day of the fight for control of the town of Arnhem and its crucial bridge, the British airborne troops holding the south end of the bridge were already growing desperately short of food, medical supplies, and ammunition. Two SS panzer divisions had moved to the Arnhem area to refit after being mauled in Normandy, and the unfortunate British airborne troops had parachuted virtually on top of the enemy.



Map © 2012 Philip Schwartzberg, Meridian Mapping, Minneapolis, MN

The Germans were not done yet. Their next attack was against the eastern side of the perimeter held by Lieutenant Pat Barnett's Brigade HQ Defense Platoon. Preceded by artillery and mortar bombardment, the Germans sent in two tanks and infantry under the bridge ramp. The British knocked out the tanks and drove the infantry back.

The rest of the day saw further minor attacks and mortar and artillery shelling of the British positions. Both sides realized it would be a long siege. The British needed the bridge—it was the whole point of the operation—and the Germans needed it as well, to move troops and supplies to the defense at Nijmegen.

That evening, Frost got word that his brigade commander, Gerald Lathbury, was missing. Tony Hibbert asked Frost to take over all the brigade's elements at the Arnhem bridge. Major Digby Tatham-Warter, who walked around the battlefield displaying a rolled up umbrella, took over the battalion.

The airborne men dug in for their first full

night at the bridge. The houses on the western side of the perimeter had hardly been attacked, so part of B Company was redeployed to the eastern sector. A house near the bridge was deliberately set afire to provide illumination for the bridge area, and B Company was ordered to send out a standing patrol to ensure that no Germans tried to cross the bridge. Royal Engineers examined the underside of the structure to be sure the Germans could not demolish it.

At 3 AM on the 19th, a German force apparently got lost and stood by the school building manned by 3rd Battalion's men, talking nonchalantly. The British reacted at once. Lieutenant Len Wright described the action as follows:

"We all stood by with grenades—we had plenty of those—and with all our weapons. Then Major Lewis shouted, 'Fire,' and the men in all the rooms facing that side threw grenades and opened fire on the Germans. My clearest memory was of 'Pongo' Lewis running from one room to another, dropping grenades and saying to me that he hadn't enjoyed himself so much since the last time he had gone hunting. It lasted about a quarter of an hour. There was nothing the Germans could do except die or disappear. When it got light there were a lot of bodies down there—18 or 20 or perhaps more. Some were still moving; one was severely wounded, a bad stomach wound with his guts visible, probably by a grenade. Some of our men tried to get him in, showing a Red Cross symbol, but they were shot at and came back in, without being hit but unable to help the Germans."

The British were holding on. But there was no help at hand. The 9th SS Panzer Division and other German units had done an effective job of blocking the rest of the 1st Airborne Division from marching to 1st Parachute Brigade's relief. Nor was there any sign of the tanks of XXX Corps, the vanguard of the ground element of Operation Market-Garden. As Tuesday dawned over a smoky and battered Arnhem, the British paratroopers at the bridge knew they had held out the two days required. Where was the relief force?

The Polish Parachute Brigade was supposed to parachute in that very day, dropping on the south side of the Arnhem bridge. Frost readied a Bren carrier and two reconnaissance jeeps to meet the Poles, but they did not appear. Their lift was postponed by fog in England.

Instead, the morning was relatively quiet, punctuated by artillery, mortar fire, sniping, and infiltration. The Germans were concentrating on stalling the British efforts to relieve 1st Parachute Brigade on the bridge rather than on the bridge itself.

But by noon, three German tanks drove into the bridge perimeter from the east, close to A Company's positions on that side of the ramp. Their shelling of one of the A Company positions forced the British to evacuate the house. Captain Tony Frank and a soldier operated a PIAT and hit a German tank. "I hit it first time, right in the backside," Frank said later. "It didn't burn, but it didn't move again."

During the morning, the Germans requested a truce to ask the British to consider surrender. To the orderly Teutonic mind, the British were in a hopeless position with no chance of relief. The emissary from the Germans was Lance Sergeant Stan Halliwell of the First Parachute Squadron, Royal Engineers, who had been captured earlier that morning while on a sortie taking ammunition to an exposed party of his unit. He described the incident as follows:

"They took me to a building where they seemed to have an Operations Room. An officer who seemed to be a big noise called me over. He inspected my pay-book; then he said, 'There is going to be a truce and I want to send you with a message. We trust you to be a gentleman and return.' I told him I would. The message was for Colonel Frost—he knew his name—and I was to ask him to be under the bridge at 10:30 AM to discuss a surrender.

"I was taken outside and lined up with some Germans to approach our lines. But our lot were firing—there was no truce—and the Germans opened up too. I ran across, shouting at our chaps not to shoot me. Then I went to find Colonel Frost, running from building to building in all the firing and the smoke; that was the worst 10 minutes of my life. Colonel Frost told me to tell them to go to hell, but I wasn't going to go back just to tell them that and I stayed with our troops."

The "big noise" was Maj. Gen. Heinz Harmel, boss of the 10th SS Panzer Division, and his zone of operations included the bridge and main road down to Nijmegen. He was ordered to open the road as quickly as possible. He spoke fluent English, having toured England with his school football team before the war.

After realizing that the British would not surrender, the Germans started exerting more pressure. Rather than mount costly infantry attacks, the Germans decided to destroy the British positions by artillery and tank shelling, using phosphorous shells to set the buildings alight. The methodical bombardment began and would continue until the end of the battle, gradually wearing down the British ability to resist.

Building after building was hit by German shells. Corporal Horace Goodrich, at Brigade HQ, described a typical incident: "The enemy brought up a self-propelled gun to shell our building, and I happened to be manning a Bren gun in the right place to engage it and the infantry who were standing round it. After getting off two short bursts, I observed what had all the appearance of a golden tennis ball at the mouth of the SP gun. The next moment I was lying on my back covered in dust and debris. The shell actually struck the wall at my feet. Having got the range, they were able to fire at will until the top floor became temporarily untenable."

That evening, the Germans rolled in massive Tiger tanks, which packed 88mm guns and immensely heavy armor. They crunched along the street between the Van Limburg Stirum School and the nearby houses, shelling each

house, spraying the area with machine-gun fire. The British brought up their 6-pounder anti-tank guns, but they were unsuccessful in stopping the massive Tigers.

Private Kevin Heaney of the Royal Army Ordnance Corps (RAOC) described one such shelling: "A shell came whooshing through the open bedroom window and hit the back of the house. The back wall became a pile of rubble, and the floor fell in. One of the signalers, resting on a bed in the back bedroom, came down with the floor and was trapped. He could not move, as his back was broken. Sgt. Mick Walker, one of our men, climbed down to give him a morphine injection. My pack was in the back bedroom and I was disappointed when this was lost; I had not touched the rations inside. We then took shelter in the cellar and started hoping for the best. There was a noise at the top of the stairs, and someone started to wave a white handkerchief, but Mick Walker knocked this out of his hand. It was probably only more rubble falling down."

The men evacuated the house and went to another nearby, but this also had to be given up. As the shelling continued, the British evacuated more houses.

The shelling did not cause more fatalities, but men were wounded. Among them Father Egan, 2nd Battalion's Catholic padre; Major Tatham-Warter (twice); and Captain Tony Frank, putting Lieutenant Grayburn in charge of what was left of A Company. Lieutenant Harry Whittaker was hit while driving a jeep hauling one of the 6-pounders—he died the next day.

The British hung on with grim determination, but their ability to do so was beginning to slacken. They had lost three officers and 16 men in the last 24 hours and suffered between 100 and 150 wounded. The medical team was short of supplies. Food and ammunition were also running desperately low.

Signalman George Lawson was sent to obtain more ammunition and double-timed through the smoke and gunfire to Battalion HQ. There he found Major Tatham-Warter. "He was the coolest chap I ever saw, walking about with his red beret, one arm in a sling, with his umbrella hooked over it and his right hand holding a revolver, directing operations," Lawson said. "He asked me what I wanted and, when I told him, he said, 'Hurry up and get some and get back to your post, soldier; there are snipers about.'"

Other Britons relied on their sense of humor to cope with the situation. Signalman Harold Riley described such an incident: "We were all feeling pretty grim, when suddenly a 2nd Battalion chap who had been crouching in a corner crawled on his hands and knees towards a desk in the middle of the room. He reached up and gingerly plucked a rather battered telephone receiver from it. Speaking into it he said, 'Hello, operator. Give me Whitehall 1212,' a pause, then, 'Mr. Churchill? There are some men outside annoying us.' Maybe it sounds a little corny now, but at the time it did relieve the tension somewhat."

As dusk fell, many houses were burning. Sapper Tom Carpenter described the area around the bridge as "becoming a sea of flame. The roar and crackle of flaming buildings and dancing shadows cast by the flames was like looking into Dante's inferno." Two of the nearby church towers were on fire, and one of their bells swung in the wind, clanging irregularly. Frost wondered why his men had yet to be relieved, either by the 1st Airborne from the west or XXX Corps from the south.

Both: Imperial War Museum

ABOVE: On September 20, 1944, NCOs of the Glider Pilot Regiment search for German snipers through the ruins of the ULO school in Oosterbeek, a town near Arnhem. An empty supply container lies just outside the shattered doorway. OPPOSITE: Firing his Enfield No. 2 revolver at the Germans from the window of the Hartenstein Hotel in Oosterbeek, headquarters of the 1st Airborne Division, a British para has sighted advancing Germans on September 23, 1944.

The night passed quietly, and dawn arrived with a dull and damp drizzle. The British were still holding 10 of their original 18 houses in the perimeter, but it was split into two parts divided by the ramp. The Germans allowed stretcher bearers to pass through in the open, but all other movement was extremely dangerous.

Now there was no thought of tactics or strategy. Frost's only effort was to hold all positions until each building was destroyed. The Germans were shelling the British positions from all sides, with tanks crunching into the perimeter. The defenders needed help.

None was forthcoming. The 1st Airborne Division was now in a small, thumb-shaped pocket in Oosterbeek, based on the Rhine River, barely able to hold on against German attacks, short on supplies. Relief from the south depended on the American 82nd Airborne finally taking the Nijmegen bridge, but all efforts to do so had failed so far.

By now the British defenders were exhausted from lack of sleep and food. Roving German tanks and artillery hammered the British. When exhausted British troops from the Brigade Defense Platoon heard tanks clanking nearby, they thought it was XXX Corps at last and rushed to the windows to greet their liberators. It was actually a pair of German tanks, and they shelled the British position, wounding a lone American defender, communications officer Lieutenant Harvey Todd, who fired at the Germans with his Springfield automatic carbine.

Next to get blasted was the Royal Army Service Corps platoon, holding a house hard by the Arnhem prison wall. The Germans blew a

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ABOVE: Closing the ring around the trapped soldiers of Colonel John Frost's 2nd Battalion, German soldiers rush past vehicles that have temporarily halted on a street in Arnhem. BELOW: This photograph of the Arnhem bridge was taken after Colonel John Frost's airborne troops had been overwhelmed and the surrounding buildings were razed or cleared by German SS soldiers. The debris from the previous days' fighting still litters the span across the Lower Rhine although the road has been cleared.

Imperial War Museum

hole in the wall to enable them to shell the British. Driver Jim Wild described it: "The first shot hit the corner of the roof. It didn't explode there because the only resistance it had was the slates on the roof, but it left a hole nearly two yards across. The lads underneath it were showered with debris; I wouldn't like to repeat what they said. The shell exploded against the brickwork at the other end of the long room. We were all down on the floor. A lot of shrapnel was flying about, and I think one man was killed and one wounded. We decided to get out, down to the ground floor, when the second shell exploded against the front wall of the room we had been in; we would all have been killed if we had still been there."

The two antitank guns were still in action, but the German infantry were now in positions from where they could fire directly down on anyone who attempted to man a gun. The 2nd Battalion's 3-inch mortars were the only weapons capable of hitting back at the German artillery.

But the Germans still made mistakes that enabled the tough paratroopers to score some victories. Private Sidney Elliott of B Company described one incident when a half-track halted outside his house near the riverside: "We heard the rattle and clanking of a vehicle and, on looking out of the window, we saw a half-track with, I think, four Germans aboard. We were by now extremely short of ammo, but we had one Gammon bomb left. This was immediately primed; one of us tossed it and it landed in the half-track. I can still see one of the bodies as it seemed to rise into the air and disappear into the river."

The Germans now launched a series of infantry attacks with close tank support from the east, hoping to reach the area underneath the ramp. The last defense in front of this area was a group of houses held by Brigade HQ men, signalers, and RAOC. Private Kevin Heaney, an RAOC man, described the scene:

"The atmosphere and tension grew unbearable. We were expecting to be attacked but uncertain from which direction this was going to come. The mood varied between hope and despair, and the lack of news from the rest of the division or progress by 30 Corps was bad for morale. A young officer, a studious looking chap, gave us a pep talk, trying to be a morale booster, saying how well our brigade had done in North Africa and how our performance at Arnhem would go down in history. But I had not been in North Africa and the thought went through my mind, about fighting to the end, 'not if I can help it,' particularly as there was talk of leaving the wounded behind."

The German intention was apparently to seize the small archway over the road and blow that, denying the Arnhem bridge to the advancing British armor to the south, without blowing the massive structure itself. The Germans stormed in and attempted to place explosive charges against the pillars while British engineers counterattacked to stop them.

Lieutenant Jack Grayburn and some of his A Company men accompanied a party of Royal Engineers, which dashed out and removed fuses from the charges around the piers. It was "a nerve-wracking experience," according to Engineer Lieutenant Donald Hindley, "working a few feet away from a large quantity of explosives which could be fired at any moment." Grayburn was wounded but returned after being treated, one arm in a sling and with a bandaged head.

Hindley recalled, "It was obvious that the enemy would quickly restore the fuses, and a second, heavier attack was made to try to remove the charges themselves. However, the enemy had by now moved up a tank to cover the work. We were quickly mown down. Lieutenant Grayburn was killed—riddled with machine-gun fire. I escaped with flesh wounds in my shoulder and face."

Grayburn earned the only Victoria Cross awarded at the Arnhem bridge battle. His body fell into the Rhine River but was recovered in 1948 and buried in the Arnhem Oosterbeek War Cemetery. His Victoria Cross is at the Parachute Regiment's headquarters in Aldershot.

At 1:30 PM, Lt. Col. Frost was crouched on top of a pile of rubble talking with Major Crawley when a mortar bomb went off and wounded

both officers in the legs. Frost was finally out of the battle, and Major Hibbert appointed Major Freddie Gough of the Reconnaissance Squadron to command what was left of the brigade. Frost agreed to the move, saying:

"I was taken to the aid post. I was quite affected by the blast as well as being wounded and I really wasn't able to control things. Freddie came along, and I told him to carry on—not that there were any orders much to give by then. That was the very worst time, the most miserable time of my life. It is a pretty desperate thing to see your battalion gradually carved to bits around you. We were always hoping, right to the bitter end, that the ground forces would arrive. As long as we were still in place around the bridge, preventing the Germans from bringing up anti-tank guns to engage the 30 Corps tanks, we were doing our job. But it was only isolated groups by then, with no proper control over the area."

At the same time Frost was wounded, the British lost one of their most important positions, the Van Liburg Stirum School building, halfway along the eastern side of the ramp embankment. The Royal Engineers and 3rd Battalion men had held this site with little heavier firepower than their rifles and a Bren gun but were now overwhelmed. They were out of food and water, low on ammunition, and had only 30 men unwounded. The Germans systematically began shelling the building, blasting off its roof and top story. One shell set the roof ablaze, and another burst where two officers, Major Pongo Lewis and Lieutenant Wright, were taking their turn to rest. Wright was so stunned that he had no memory of the next few hours.

What happened next was a subject of contentious accounts, but the building was no longer tenable. The intention was to evacuate, but supposedly Major Lewis called up from his mattress, "Time to put up the white flag." The second in command, Captain Chippy Robinson, asked if the fit men could at least break out. Lewis said, "Every man for himself," and Robinson and Captain Eric Mackay dashed across the road into the gardens of some houses to the east. Unfortunately, they were taken prisoner, but Mackay eventually escaped and reached England.

While some of the engineers bailed out to fight again, the wounded could not leave. Some engineers did not like the thought of abandoning the wounded and stayed behind. Major Lewis sent a sapper to the top of the embankment with a white towel tied to his rifle, but he was immediately struck in both legs by a burst of machine-gun fire. He died of those wounds five months later. The Germans cautiously moved in on the defenseless school and found the wounded men and their caretakers awaiting capture.

ABOVE: Captain Victor Graebner led an ill-fated attempt by troops of the 9th Panzer Division to dislodge British airborne soldiers from positions on the north end of the Arnhem bridge and paid with his life. Graebner had previously been awarded the Knight's Cross; however, the decoration may have been added to this photo after his death. BELOW: Rushing from the cover of houses as they advance toward British positions, German soldiers proceed to secure the town of Arnhem and prevent its vital bridge across the Lower Rhine from falling into Allied hands.

Both: Bundesarchiv

A German officer inspected the wounded, found one of them hopeless, and shot him in the head with a pistol.

At the southern part of the perimeter, a considerable body of men had gathered among the pillars under the ramp archway nearest the river. These men had been burned out of their houses and were sheltering where they could. The ubiquitous Major Tatham-Warter turned up and ordered them to move to Brigade HQ's position, a 180-yard dash across fire-swept ground.

Sergeant George Lawson recalled, "I heard the shout, 'Every man for himself.' A group of us made a dash for it. We had to go through a mortar barrage first; that's where young Waterston got hit. He was leaning against this wall. I thought I should go back for him, but he was turning blue, and I carried on. Several of the others were hit, too; I was hit in the face by shrapnel. I now slung my rifle away because the bloody thing was useless; it wasn't working properly. I took the bolt out and threw it away. A group of us then tried to cross the open road, but four or five of us were mown down by machine-gun fire. I turned back and took refuge in one of the burnt-out buildings—how long for, I don't know, but I was forced to get up because my gas cape and my smock were burning from the hot stone."

Now the defense was starting to disintegrate. Private Kevin Heaney and six men were trapped in a hallway, the Germans 50 yards away. "How about packing it in?" Heaney asked his colleagues, including a wounded man. "One chap said, 'I'm easy;' I don't think he was ready to surrender, though. I put my hand inside my jacket, tore off my vest, gave it to the man nearest the opening, and he waved what was, in effect, the white flag," Heaney said. The Germans shouted for the British to come out. When they did, the Germans opened up with machine-gun fire, hitting the first four Britons.

"I assumed the Germans who fired were themselves under fire from our men. That was my charitable interpretation as to why they fired, because they were very chivalrous generally," Heaney said. He and the wounded men got back into the house and sat in the rubble, listening uneasily to mortar fire. "We were there for about two hours. I had my prayer book open and was saying the Prayers for the Dying. Later on, the Germans came in, rescuing the trapped men and taking them prisoner, and this great big German came and took the two of us also."

The defense was now squeezed into an area one-fifth of its original position, holding 10 of their original 18 buildings. The British troops were exhausted—with no food and little water, and most were still going on Benzedrine tablets. Two German battle groups, backed by rocket artillery and Tiger tanks, further pressured the British.

The Germans methodically demolished the British defenses, using a pair of Tiger tanks that

managed to nose their way through the wreckage of Graebner's vehicles across the Arnhem bridge. Two further 88mm flak guns were set up on either side of the southern approach to the bridge, delivering point-blank fire. SS Section Commander Alfred Ringsdorf declared the only way the British were going to get out was to be carried out "feet first."

SS Grenadier Private Horst Weber recalled the heavy artillery barrage: "Starting from the rooftops, buildings collapsed like dolls' houses. I did not see how anyone could live through the inferno. I felt truly sorry for the British."

Another SS man, Rudolf Trapp, watched artillery firing point blank down the Eusebius-Plein: "An artillery piece was trundled into our street from the Battalion Knaust behind us. This was two or three days after the battle started. It was the biggest gun I've ever seen, and was manhandled up along the side of the Rhine." The big problem with the gun was getting it into action while under fire.

Trapp said, "I covered it by shooting up the British positions along the street with long protracted bursts from my machine gun." The Knaust gun crew was with the first Wehrmacht troops to enter the Arnhem battle. It opened fire on Major Crawley's position, reducing a strongpoint to rubble with seven or eight shots. After the barrage, Trapp's men stormed the position and found the occupants all dead, lying in slit trenches and prepared positions.

Battle Group Knaust was commanded by Colonel Hans Peter Knaust, a one-legged Eastern Front veteran, and this powerful group fielded Panther and Tiger tanks. Two of them clanked into action near Weber, who saw them hurling shells into each house at close range. Weber recalled a corner building "where the roof fell in, the top two stories began to crumble and then, like the skin peeling off a skeleton, the whole front wall fell into the street revealing each floor on which the British were scrambling like mad. Dust and debris soon made it impossible to see anything more. The din was awful, but even so above it all, we could hear the wounded screaming."

Imperial War Museum

Four British paratroopers move cautiously through the rubble of a house in Oosterbeek, Sten guns at the ready. When the British were forced out of Arnhem, some soldiers managed to escape the German noose and retreat to the nearby town.

The arrival of Knaust's tanks tipped the battle for good. Frost's men, immobilized by the superior weight of infantry around them, were being systematically pummeled into submission by the heavy guns.

One of Knaust's men, Lance Corporal Karl-Heinz Kracht, was a loader on a Mark III tank. His machine rolled past the wrecks of Graebner's vehicles. "Personally, I felt quite a bit of apprehension as our vehicles moved into Arnhem. I still had to overcome the shock at the destruction and the corpses lying by the roadside. Maybe we were to be the next victim of the British antitank guns? This feeling was amplified when the company lost its first tanks," he said.

Kracht and his tanks supported SS infantry winkling out British paratroopers. By now the exhausted Britons were beginning to surrender.

Kracht pulled out his Agfa Karat III camera and began to take snaps of the periphery of the action around him, catching panzergrenadiers going into action and buildings being wrecked.

"As far as we were concerned, this shooting lasted for two days until nothing more stirred on the bridge," Kracht said later. "Panzergrenadiers, also suffering most of the casualties, had to do the dirty work again. Even so we lost another tank. All around the bridgehead was a nightmare of buildings reduced to rubble, shot-up vehicles and guns, and corpses—of friend and foe alike."

In such close fighting, collecting the wounded was becoming a problem. SS machine-gunner Rudolf Trapp, being 19 and agile, was assigned to do so. "We were told to get some wounded or dead SS men out of the enemy field of fire," he said. "To achieve this we got an armored half-track. Putting down covering fire with two machine guns on it, we would race down the street, open the rear door, pull our mates in, and fire away as we sped back to cover. All the time we would hope there would not be a stoppage on the machine gun because the British fired very accurately. In one case they shot a man in the heart straight through his military record book."

The British fought on with the courage of despair. Trapp was ordered to use his half-track to crawl through the rubble and make contact with troops coming in from the east. The route they would have to take was dominated by a British anti-tank gun. Trapp recalled, "Bernd Schultze-Bernd was our driver, a farmer's son from Sendenhorst in Muensterland. He was one of the three old company veterans. There were tears in his eyes. He told our company commander that this was not going to work. But an order is an order. To be on the safe side, the two of us stuffed the pockets of our smocks with hand grenades and ammunition for the .008 pistols. We raced past the crossroads and got hit on the left, near Bernd's driver's seat. The vehicle came to a halt. Bernd was dead, a direct hit from the shell."

Trapp and his surviving pals bailed out of their half-track and took shelter in a ruined cellar. As the British closed in on them, they grenaded their way out and made their way to the river bank. There they abandoned their uniforms and swam through the murky water between moored boats, under rifle fire, until they reached their own men.

Once back with their buddies, Trapp and his crew had their wounds dressed, were issued

uniforms from their dead comrades, and rejoined the fighting.

That afternoon, German tanks and troop convoys began using the Arnhem bridge again. At the same time, the 82nd Airborne made its legendary river crossing to take the Nijmegen bridge. It was 6:30 PM before the first tanks of Sergeant Peter Robinson's troop from the Grenadier Guards rolled across the bridge. But the tanks needed to replenish ammunition and fuel after earlier hard fighting in Nijmegen, and the infantry battalion with which it normally worked was still tied up fighting in Nijmegen as well. There would be no XXX Corps drive north that evening. The defenders at Arnhem bridge were on their own.

At the bridge, Brigade HQ was on fire and many buildings were full of wounded men. The two doctors told Frost that evacuation of the wounded would require a truce, so some of the German prisoners were sent out with white flags to arrange this. It was quickly agreed, and the fighting stopped for nearly two hours.

During the truce, Gough conferred with Frost on what to do next. Frost was wounded and in a cellar, waking up from the morphine he had taken. "I told [Gough] to move. I gave him my own belt with revolver and compass and we wished each other luck. Down below where I lay it was pitch black and we had to use our torches continuously."

Major Gough sent the able-bodied men from the building northward into the town. Corporal Dennis Freebury was one of them, and he recalled:

"Major Gough, with his arm in a sling, and his silver hair, in shirt sleeves—a swashbuckling character—gave us a pep talk. It was a bit like Hollywood. He said, 'I want you to go out, do your best and see if you can get back to our own forces—and just remember that you belong in the finest division in the British Army.' Nobody cheered or anything like that, but it made one feel good."

Gough did not join these men but stayed with the 2nd Battalion in their positions; the medical officers and their orderlies became prisoners. The 280 wounded, including some German prisoners, were taken with Dutch civilians who had been sheltering in the building, and most of the wounded eventually reached St. Eizabeth Hospital.

It was now after nightfall, but the blazing buildings made the scene as light as day. A German officer wandered around the 2nd Battalion's slit trenches handing out cigarettes and telling the Britons they did not stand a chance and should surrender. The British answered him with rude remarks.

Bundesarchiv

German soldiers administer first aid to wounded British airborne troops after their capitulation in Arnhem. The coordinated air and ground offensive of Operation Market-Garden resulted in a costly failure even though some Allied commanders believed it might end the war in Europe by Christmas 1944.

The Germans took advantage of the two-hour truce to advance their positions, and Major Tatham-Warter sent Captain Hoyer-Millar, who spoke some German, to protest. Hoyer-Millar recalled: "I found an officer in a long dark leather coat. He spoke good English. I warned him that if his men continued, we might have to open fire. He, in turn, kept stressing that there was no hope for us and that we should surrender. I told him there was no chance of that and that we were confident our ground forces would soon be up to relieve us. I think I must have introduced myself, or they got my name from someone else, because when the action continued several hours later I heard a rather uncanny, wheedling voice calling 'Captain Millar' or 'Captain Muller'—just my name—quite pointless, because I made no reply."

The end was nearly at hand. The 120 men of Brigade HQ group reached the meeting point at the convent school. Major Hibbert recalled, "We decided that, as we could no longer see the bridge and had virtually no ammunition, we could be of most use if we got back to the divisional perimeter and got more ammunition. So we split up into sections of 10 men, each under the command of an officer, to try to slip through the enemy lines."

Meanwhile, the 2nd Battalion men went on fighting. Captain Hoyer-Millar and his exhausted men were practically out of ammunition but dug deep into their slit trenches to wait out the shelling, hoping to at least disrupt incoming infantry attacks.

"There was undoubtedly bitterness and skepticism about the performance of Monty's ground forces," Hoyer-Millar later said. "But those of us who had taken part in the Primosole bridge operation in Sicily recalled that, 24 hours overdue, the first troop of Eighth Army tanks had finally reached us when we were hanging on by our fingernails; might it not happen again? I recall clearly how, during those final hours, one line of A.H. Clough's famous poem kept springing to mind: 'If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars' ... but deep down there was the feeling, 'They've just written us off.'"

Major Tatham-Warter, limping, still clutching his umbrella, decided that the remaining men should split into two parties, one under himself, the other under Major Francis Tate, the HQ Company commander, and hide for the night before reoccupying the positions the next morning. But the Germans were now all over the area, so the plan was scuppered. More scattered fighting took place, and Major Tate was killed. The remaining Britons tried to escape, but it was hopeless. Out of ammunition, they became prisoners.

One group of British engineers fired off a last radio signal to division headquarters, which astonished the Germans who intercepted it: "Out of ammunition. God Save the King."

Lieutenant Tony Ainslie recalled his party being trapped in a house, with Germans outside calling on them to surrender.

"Some of my group had already been hit, so

Continued on page 77

Cactus Air Force Art Project Digital Reconstruction; Jack Fellows, ASAA; www.jackfellows.com

Death in the Afternoon

LIEUTENANT HAROLD GILSON Payne, Jr., was one of the first Americans to die at Iwo Jima. He did not fall in the carnage of the Marine invasion that began on February 19, 1945. Hal Payne died eight months earlier, on June 15, 1944, in the backseat of my father's plane a few hundred feet over the island.

My father, David A. Marks, died in 1990 at the age of 73. As I went through his papers I found a small, wrinkled photo in his wallet. Dad was on the deck of an aircraft carrier, in his mid-20s, shaking hands with a fellow over a bomb. He sported a broad smile, a smile I had seen rarely in our 33 years of life together.

I flipped it over. There, in Dad's handwriting, it read, "With Hal Payne—just fooling around!" I had not seen many pictures of dad when he was young, and this was a nice one. I slid the image into the plastic sleeve of a photo album and moved on. Fourteen years later, I decided to find out who Hal Payne was, and why his picture was in Dad's wallet.

Dave Marks was a career naval officer, graduating from the U.S. Naval Academy at Annapolis in 1940. He had been a young ensign aboard the battleship USS *Maryland* during the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor and had seen dead classmates floating in the oily water. Impressed with the display of enemy air power,

A hazardous bombing run on Iwo Jima brought war home with stark reality for the crew of an American carrier plane.

BY CHRISTOPHER MARKS

he spent the next two years back in the States becoming a naval aviator, a term he always pronounced with great pride. In late December 1943, he reported aboard the aircraft carrier USS *Langley* in San Diego, a spare 35 minutes before she left for the Pacific and the war. He was assigned to the torpedo bomber (VT) section of Air Group 32, flying Grumman TBF Avengers. Lieutenant Hal Payne was VT 32's Air Combat Intelligence (ACI) officer.

Hal had come to the war and VT 32 in a typical yet less professional way. A 1933 graduate of Dartmouth College, he had been doing something else with his life when America entered the war. He had been a successful cosmetics and perfume salesman based in Washington, D.C., with a large territory in the Mid-Atlantic states. Along the way he met and fell in love with Francine Theureau, a French native and Sorbonne graduate. They were married on New Year's Eve 1935. Along with millions of other Americans, Hal Payne volunteered to risk his life and serve his country.

An essential part of Payne's job as VT 32's ACI was to debrief the pilots in the ready room immediately after each strike mission. Memories were still fresh in the pilots' minds, and the adrenaline was still coursing through their systems. What did your bombs hit? What was the antiaircraft fire like? Did you encounter enemy planes? What tactics did they use? Are there more targets we need to hit again? What was the weather like?

These were just some of the questions he posed to each pilot. Taking notes in longhand, Hal typed them up on a Navy form titled "Aircraft Action Report." Today, these reports reside in the National Archives.

But Lieutenant Payne did not confine himself to postmission ready room interviews and typed reports. He wanted to see action. Payne frequently hitched rides on strike missions, usually bringing a bulky camera along to take reconnaissance photos. He nestled himself in the "greenhouse" compartment of the Avenger, a few feet behind the pilot under a glass canopy. Originally designed to hold a second pilot or a navigator, the small space was partially filled with electronic gear. It was where Hal Payne spent the last hours of his life on June 15.

Nine days earlier, Allied forces had stormed ashore in Normandy. Rome had fallen. Two million Soviet soldiers stood poised for a summer offensive that would carry them to the German border. In the Pacific, the island hopping strategy was at a critical stage. Two islands in the enemy-held Marianas chain, Saipan and Tinian, were coveted by American war planners. They were ideal launching bases for the new Boeing B-29 Superfortress bombers starring in the upcoming air campaign against the enemy's home islands. But first, they had to be taken—taken from Japanese garrisons with no hope of survival or escape and no thoughts of surrender. The Marines invaded Saipan on June 15.

Six hundred miles to the north lay a little speck of volcanic rock called Iwo Jima. It had been an important stepping-stone for Japanese air power early in the war. There were two airfields on Iwo, and the Americans sought to keep enemy planes there from assisting their cornered countrymen on Saipan. Several American aircraft carriers were detached to strike Iwo as the Marines established their Saipan beachead. The *Langley* was one of those carriers.

The pilots of Air Group 32 were filled with

LEFT: Lieutenant Commander David A. Marks, USN, leaves the target area of Iwo Jima after leading a strike mission from USS *Langley* on June 15, 1944. Flying TBF-1C No. 4, Marks was subsequently awarded the DFC for leading this and other strikes against heavily defended Japanese targets. This image is a digital reconstruction by artist Jack Fellows. BELOW: Lieutenant Hal Payne (left) and Lieutenant Dave Marks shake hands on the flight deck of the aircraft carrier USS *Langley*. Payne and Marks had come to know one another aboard the carrier, and the author found this photo in his father's wallet following the elder Marks's death.

Author's Collection

ing first and raced through it to Iwo. The southern group came back to the north and found the opening after 125 miles of additional air travel. They arrived over the hornet's nest at 4:30 in the middle of an ongoing battle.

The first two *Langley* Avengers found a hole in the cloud cover and pushed over from 9,000 feet. Their target was Motoyama Airfield No. 2 in the center of the island. Its runway was ringed with a seemingly endless array of antaircraft guns manned by angry, alert men with plenty of ammunition. The pilots put the runway in their sights and began their steady, 35-degree glide to the target. Steady was good for the American bomber pilots, but it was also good for the Japanese gunners.

Amid accurate and intense antiaircraft fire, the pilots released their bombs. They were believed to have fallen on the center of the runway. The actual points of impact were estimated because the pilots were too busy escaping with their lives to look at the ground. Sellars and Cravero had been right.

The third Avenger was flown by Dave Marks, with Hal Payne right behind him in the greenhouse. "Between 3000 and 2500 feet in a 20 degree angle glide," the Aircraft Action Report stated later, "Lieut. Marks released 4 500-pounders which were believed to have fallen diagonally across the northern 2/3 of the runway." The Japanese gunners were waiting. "Just as his bombs went out, Lieut. Marks right wing and port elevator were hit by 40 mm. AA making the exact location of his drops impossible" to observe.

The right side of the fuselage and the bomb doors were shredded by 40mm shell fragments and .50-caliber bullet holes. In the flash of an

All Photos: Author's Collection

ABOVE: Shown at sea during operations in 1943, the aircraft carrier USS *Langley* was an 11,000-ton warship of the Independence class. LEFT: A 1933 graduate of Dartmouth College, Lieutenant Hal Payne was VT 32's Air Combat Intelligence officer. TOP: VT 32 Grumman TBF Avenger bomber, No. 4, flown by Lieutenant Dave Marks on the fateful June 15, 1944, mission over Iwo Jima is shown on a carrier flight deck. The Avenger was a heavy, versatile aircraft that was primarily used as a carrier-based torpedo bomber.

considerable anxiety over the Iwo mission. They had lost one of their most popular flyers in a fighter sweep over Saipan on June 11. Tokyo was only 600 miles to the north, and this was the first American carrier strike against prewar Japanese soil. Iwo was thought to be brimming with the legendary Mitsubishi A6M Zero fighters. As if that was not enough, the weather was terrible. The carrier was on the outer edge of a typhoon. Emil Sellars and Vernon Cravero, the two enlisted aircrewmen in Dad's plane, warned Lieutenant Payne not to go. It was going to be a bad mission, they said. Stay here on the ship. Play it safe. Evidently my father disagreed, and Hal Payne climbed aboard.

The *Langley*'s eight Avengers launched from a pitching flight deck at 2 PM, about 150 miles east of the island. They carried 500-pound bombs and a mix of incendiary and fragmentation clusters. After joining up with dozens of planes from other carriers, the aerial armada headed west. Seventy-five miles from the target they ran into an impenetrable weather front. The force broke up into two groups to get around it. One went north and the other south, including all the *Langley* planes. The northern group found an open-

eye, a shell went through the trailing edge of the right wing and exploded, sending chunks of shrapnel into the greenhouse. One piece tore though Hal Payne's right chest and exited the left side of his back. He crumpled to the deck, his face contorted in agony. Desperate to help in some way, a crewman crawled to the injured man and stabbed a shot of morphine into Payne's chest. Within moments, Hal's face slackened and he died.

All of the *Langley* Avengers were damaged in their pass over Motoyama No. 2. An aircrewman, Arnold "Blackie" Marsh, was shredded and killed in Lieutenant (j.g.) George Winn's plane. Winn's canopy was completely shot away, and he was sitting out in open air.

Pilot Pat Patterson was nearly blinded by flying glass when enemy bullets struck home in his plane. He was kept conscious only by ammonia soaked handkerchiefs passed forward by his crewmen. But the Avengers were sturdy planes flown by experienced pilots. They headed home, some in pairs, helping each other stay aloft with encouragement and guidance.

Back on the ship, Lieutenant Loren L. Hickerson, a *Langley* officer, described the scene in his journal: "The sea grew rougher by the hour—or so it seemed to me. We heard nothing from any of our planes, although ordinarily the strike frequency was full of plane calls. The sea was at its height when the flight returned. We had had rolls up to 24 degrees and when we turned into the wind to recover our planes, the deck was heaving with tremendous swells, like a lifeboat overturned.

"I watched the planes come in from a pilot house porthole, and I have never watched a grimmer nor more startling sight. One after another, our TBF's came aboard without mishap; how, I will never know. At least half of them had giant holes in the wings or tail or both, from AA fire. I could see from the pilot house that one pilot's face was covered in blood, and at least two other planes were known to have injured personnel aboard.

"The fighter planes looked OK, except for occasional shrapnel holes in the wings or fuselages, but the torpedo planes showed every sign of having had rough going. One plane's port wingtip had been staved in, and the fabric was fluttering as he came in. Another plane came in with the flaps blown to pieces. When I went below I learned that Lt. Hal Payne was taken dead from the greenhouse of Dave Marks' plane. A shell had exploded in his compartment, killing him instantly.

"The next afternoon we buried our dead at sea—for the first time in our lengthening cruise against Japan. A Marine guard stood stiffly at attention, with officers and men in whites and dungarees, on the hangar deck among the TBFs and fighter planes. The band played a dirge as the pallbearers bore the flag-draped bodies to the starboard gangway opening amidships. The Captain and the Chaplain walked down behind them. The service was brief, and simple, and the bodies were dropped silently into the grey waters 600 miles from Tokyo.

ABOVE: The funeral of Lieutenant Hal Payne is held aboard the aircraft carrier USS *Langley* a day after he was killed during the bombing mission against Japanese positions on Iwo Jima. LEFT: In this photograph with a group of shipmates, Lieutenant Hal Payne is shown at center wearing sunglasses.

"It made me a little sick—the thought of Marks and Winn flying home with those bodies who had been their friends and who had joked with us a few hours before. But there was no deep emotional stir. If there were, none of us, let alone these pilots who fly against the enemy again tomorrow and the next day, would be able to stand it. Today, Hal Payne and Blackie Marsh are forgotten. It can't be any other way. To remember them would be to shake the very foundations upon which we live out here. To live constantly with, but as constantly to ignore, the grim realities which face men and ships, pilots and planes, in enemy waters—this seems to me one of the greatest oddities of all. None of us is asleep to what could happen. There is no fear. Only the inexperienced know fear."

There is an old saying: "Timing is everything." If the Japanese gunner had been a hair quicker, or if Dad's Avenger had been a hair slower, they would have crashed into the volcanic sands of Iwo Jima. End of story. But that did not happen.

Dave Marks retired from the Navy with the rank of commander in 1960 and worked another 20 years for Grumman, the same company that built his Avenger. He had four children. Emil Sellars was burdened with a sense of guilt that he had killed Hal Payne with that shot of morphine. Around the middle of each June he became distant and quiet, spending much time alone in his yard in South Carolina. He died in 1971, leaving behind two children. Vernon Cravero lives in the Chicago area. He has two children and enjoys spoiling his great grandchildren. Their damaged Avenger was judged beyond repair and pushed over the side. Today it rests somewhere on the bottom in the icy blackness of the deep Pacific.

Hal Payne's obituary in the Dartmouth College Alumni magazine concluded with this tribute from a friend: "He was rugged in both mind and body, and I'm sure he would have gone far in the years to come in this war-torn and war-weary world. As I remember him, he loved life and action—he got it I'm sure—but in so doing we have lost a good man from our midst." □

Christopher H. Marks is the youngest child of David Marks. After his college graduation, he enlisted in the U.S. Army and served in the 1st Ranger Battalion. He lives in Gales Ferry, Connecticut.

Marshall BUILDS *the* Defense ARMY

General George C. Marshall, U.S. Army chief of staff, prepared his nation's land forces to go to war.

BY EARL RICKARD

On July 17, 1941, United States Army Chief of Staff General George C. Marshall sat before the Senate Military Affairs Committee. As with previous appearances by this career soldier, the senators were impressed by the blue-eyed, sandy-haired, 58-year-old general who had served as the Army's head man for almost two years.

General Marshall projected strength and a gravitas that demanded the respect of all who knew him. In France during World War I, Marshall served as the American Expeditionary Force's (AEF) assistant chief of staff, earning praise from AEF commander General John J. Pershing for his efficiency. After the war, Marshall served as an army instructor at service schools, the staff college, and twice with the National Guard.

In the summer of 1939, President Franklin D. Roosevelt chose Marshall over many senior officers to lead the U.S. Army in its most challenging hour. Indeed, FDR made the Virginia Military Institute graduate the point man in the administration's military dealings with Congress. Marshall's mission on this hot, muggy summer day less than five months before Pearl Harbor was to impress upon the committee the necessity of extending the service time for America's citizen-soldiers, the majority of the newly expanded two million-man army.

LEFT: This portrait of General George C. Marshall was taken in August 1940, as he worked diligently to prepare the United States Army for war.

ABOVE: During exercises at Scott Field, Illinois, in 1941, American soldiers train with full field gear and gas masks. Between the world wars, the manpower of the U.S. Army had once dwindled to about 100,000 troops.

Both: Library of Congress

After the fall of France in June 1940, the United States launched a massive effort to bolster the national defense. For the first time in American history, young men were drafted in peacetime for military service. The draft law required the selectees to serve one year on active duty. The first selectees entered service in November 1940; Marshall had a few months before they would go home. Since the previous summer, Marshall had tapped half the Reserve Officer Corps' 100,000 members for one year of service. He hoped Congress would extend these mostly junior grade officers who were spread throughout the Army.

But most important to the new army's growth were the National Guard divisions called into federal service beginning in the fall of 1940. By the summer of 1941, Guardsmen constituted close to two-thirds of General Marshall's army. The first four of the 18 Guard infantry divisions would complete their one year of service in September and go home unless Congress extended their active duty.

The chief of staff tried to impress upon the senators in Washington, D.C, the dangers of the world situation. The Axis might turn west through Spain, Portugal, the Canary Islands, and West Africa, menacing the Americas.

"We can't afford to speculate with our safety," Marshall said. "Our only hope is to do too much."

Highlighting Marshall's fears was that day's *New York Times* top headline: "NAZIS APPROACH SMOLENSK ON ROAD TO MOSCOW." The Wehrmacht seemed poised to dispose of Hitler's Soviet enemy, an event that would allow him to turn west. The same newspaper page announced the fall of another government cabinet in Tokyo. The Japanese militarists were working their will.

General George Catlett Marshall assumed the office of acting chief of staff on July 1, 1939. Marshall was promoted to the rank of full general at his official swearing in as chief of staff on September 1, 1939.

Marshall wrote a friend, "My day of induction into office was momentous, with the starting of what appears to be a World War." To another friend the general wrote, "I wish ... I could feel that my time was to be occupied in sound development work, rather than in meeting the emergencies of a great catastrophe."

What did Marshall command on that momentous September day? Not much. The U.S. Army ranked 18th in size in the world. Yet proper adherence to the National Defense Act of 1920 would have spared the

army from such weakness. Two years after the Great War, Congress, building on the Defense Act of 1916, created a plan that envisioned a three-component system of nine corps areas serving under three separate armies spread across the country. Each corps area contained one Regular Army infantry division, two National Guard infantry divisions, and three numbered Organized Reserve (OR) divisions (HQ troops only). The act specified a Regular Army of 17,700 officers and 280,000 enlisted men backed up by a National Guard of 450,000 officers and men and an Organized Reserve of "as many as would volunteer."

In an emergency or a declaration of war, the Guard would be federalized, the reserve divisions filled with reserve officers, volunteers, and, if necessary, draftees. Furthermore, the law mandated the Regular Army to provide not only officers and noncommissioned officers for training new men in both the reserve and Guard divisions, but also to create a small but immediate expeditionary force. The General Staff assumed this three-component system could conceivably create a 2.3 million-man army after two months of relentless mobilization.

Postwar realities quickly transformed this plan to create an inexpensive but trained defense force of professional and citizen soldiers into inflated rhetoric. The reduced congressional appropriations of June 1922 signaled the Army's long slide from the promise of the postwar years to the poverty of the Great Depression. The Regular Army had to reduce the officer corps to 12,000 and the enlisted strength to 125,000, thus preventing the Regulars from carrying out the Defense Act's dual mission "to provide a field force to cover the mobilization of the citizen components ... to provide troops for training in various specialized schools and training centers in the nine Corps Areas." Faced with these cuts, the General Staff scrapped the training centers.

Because of its political influence, the Guard suffered only a 15 percent appropriations cut. The new OR, lacking any political influence other than the colleges sponsoring the Reserve Officer Training Corp (ROTC), suffered a crippling 70 percent cut. These cuts all but gutted the new component. General John McAuley Palmer, champion of the Defense Act, lamented that during World War I, "We had an Army and no policy; now we have a policy and no army."

By the mid-1930s, a decade and a half of neglect had taken a heavy toll. Many Regular units shrank to shells of their intended strength; some units existed solely on paper. The two National Guard divisions in each of the nine corps areas provided the only encouragement.

Both: Library of Congress

ABOVE: General George C. Marshall (left) and U.S. Representative Edward T. Taylor confer as they appear before Congress on November 27, 1939, to support funding requests on behalf of President Franklin D. Roosevelt. The president sought additional funding to augment the U.S. armed forces, and World War II in Europe was already under way. BELOW: Montana Senator Burton K. Wheeler, a staunch isolationist, received hundreds of letters from soldiers whose enlistments were extended in 1941. By December of that year, the isolationist movement had lost credibility with the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor.

Although not at full peace strength, the National Guard divisions hovered closer to the ideal than did most Regular divisions.

The dramatic events of 1937-1938, from the sinking of the U.S. Navy gunboat *Panay* in China to the Munich crisis in Europe, convinced President Roosevelt of the vital necessity to rearm. At a November 14, 1938, White House meeting of the president's military and civilian advisers all but the generals were shocked at the Army's weakness compared to those of the dictatorships. While the November meeting did more for the Army's semiautonomous air force than it did for the ground force, the meeting did result in the creation of the Protective Mobilization Plan (PMP). The plan's core consisted of the Initial Protective Force (IPF), four Regular infantry divisions, 18 Guard infantry divisions, various headquarters troops, reserves, and 400,000 volunteers. The dangerous reliance on the volunteer soldier ideal continued, but at least a mobilization blueprint existed. The Army's 20-year slumber had ended.

One week after the Nazi invasion of Poland, President Roosevelt issued Executive Order 2352 on September 8, 1939, declaring a limited national emergency and authorizing a modest 17,000-man Regular Army increase, bringing the total to 227,000. The president also authorized National Guard expansion to its full peacetime strength and extended the reserve officers' active duty. FDR told Marshall these steps were as far as he dared go without creating extreme reaction from the public. Thus, the president demonstrated that politics and public opinion influenced these decisions from the outset.

Nevertheless, everyone within the military welcomed any reinforcements. Earlier that summer, Maj. Gen. Hugh A. Drum took his First Army into the field for maneuvers. Drum called the Army a "collection" of understrength and underequipped individual units with little cohesion. Of the nine authorized Regular Army infantry divisions, only the first three and part of the fourth mustered enough troops to take the field, and these divisions were at less than full peacetime strength. Fortunately, all nine authorized divisions were World War I "square divisions" of four regiments per division, totaling 20,000 men.

Since most of the world's armies had converted to the more mobile triangular divisions, the War Department followed suit and reduced each division's manpower requirements by one-fourth.

The president's manpower authorizations allowed the Guard, constituting 75 percent of the nation's ground forces, to recruit 126,000 men to reach 235,000—still short of the 450,000 allowed by the Defense Act. Unlike the Regular Army, the Guard could not easily detach regiments and move them to other divisions because of its state and regional nature. Understanding the political and geographic nightmare of triangulating the Guard divisions and fearing what Marshall described as "the confusion of organization" and animosity within the Guard, the War Department spared Guard divisions from triangulation during the pre-Pearl Harbor defense period.

The third component of the defensive triad, the Organized Reserves (OR), was barely organized. The original Enlisted Reserve Corps withered away from lack of membership, leaving only the Regular Army Reserve (RAR) as a

source of trained enlisted reserves. Early in a limited emergency, Marshall felt disinclined to call up these men. RAR membership included 25,000 recently enlisted veterans with at least one Regular Army enlistment.

Thanks to the nation's 365 college ROTC programs, the Officer Reserve Corps (ORC) boasted almost 105,000 men. These young officers played a key role in Marshall's national defense army.

During the winter of 1939-1940, while Europe's Western Front settled into the "Sitzkreig," the chief of staff and the War Department agonized over the necessary manpower and equipment. A delicate balancing act, this situation required congressional compliance. Therefore, Marshall went before the House Appropriations Committee on February 23, 1940, and warned, "If Europe blazes in the late spring or summer we must put our house in order before the sparks reach the Western Hemisphere." Marshall warned that a hasty expansion could "fatally dilute" the trained troops and outrun the already meager equipment and supplies. Yet, he feared "waiting until a major crisis developed and then attempting the impossible." The chief of staff needed to proceed at a measured pace.

Throughout the mobilization's early stage, material emerged as a top priority. The Army needed munitions, weapons, and vehicles to create the IPF, yet procurement time stretched from one to two years. Quick action was needed, but many in Congress failed to appreciate the dangers of the hour. One congressman complained that for eight years he had listened to the Army beg for more money.

The congressman asked Marshall why the army could not say, "Here is our program, and this is what we think it is going to cost."

Marshall could only reply that conditions change. On May 10, 1940, conditions in Europe did change.

On that day, the Nazi blitzkrieg swept through Belgium, Luxembourg, and the Netherlands. Within four days the Germans crossed into France and broke through the French lines at Sedan. President Roosevelt quickly reacted to what he called a "hurricane of events" by traveling to Capitol Hill on May 16. The president asked Congress for $1.1 billion in supplemental military appropriations, $732 million for the Army, thus allowing an increase in Regular Army personnel to 255,000 and enough material to equip a million-man IPF force. That evening, at the suggestion of Secretary of the Treasury Henry Morgenthau, FDR designated General Marshall as the administration's official spokesman on military matters. Morgenthau believed Republican Congressmen would find it easier to vote increases requested by the Army's chief of staff, rather than requests from the president or his war secretary.

Certainly, the great respect Marshall had engendered from Congress during the previous 10 months must have weighed on this decision. Marshall himself believed Congress "had begun to trust my judgment."

The following day, Marshall went back before the Senate Appropriations Committee, assuring it that the funds requested were for Western Hemisphere defense and that even with the worsening situation in Europe he still favored Army expansion in "carefully planned steps."

Marshall refused to mobilize the Guard until necessary. The Guard represented the chief of staff's main reserve, and he feared an early call-up. If the Guard prematurely mobilized and the European war dragged on without American entry, Marshall might have to send the Guard home, a disruption in the Guardsmen's lives and a waste of time and money. Because Guard unit efficiency required active-duty training, Marshall believed it more judicious to increase the Regular Army and train it properly; the Regulars would then act as an advantage to the mobilizing Guard rather than an equally understrength organization.

All troop increases were to come from voluntary enlistments. To fill the Regular Army's ranks, the War Plans Division (WPD) devised the Civilian Volunteer Effort. Launched nationwide in early 1940, this high-pressure recruiting drive with newspaper ads, billboards, and radio spots was expected to enlist 90,000 men within a month's time.

Considering the Army's 1939 monthly average enlistments totaled 8,000 men, the War Department's faith in the plan proved impractical. With a large-scale mobilization or possible war looming, conscription emerged as the only viable option.

The original 1920 Defense Act contained no military draft. By 1926, however, with the ERC underfunded and virtually empty, Congress authorized a draft to fill the 27 OR divisions and a model bill to submit to Congress. As a result, during the winter of 1940, the War Department possessed a draft plan but lacked a declaration of war, fearing that even the mere mention of conscription might derail the Army's appropriations before Congress.

The president's political position further complicated the situation. Roosevelt hoped to receive a spontaneous draft for an unprecedented third term at the Democratic Convention in Chicago on July 15. Conscription was not in FDR's political lexicon. With neither the chief executive nor the War Department prepared to suggest a draft, the Army's manpower procurement situation floundered. Surprisingly, the impetus for selective service came from the civilian sector.

Library of Congress

On October 29, 1940, the first drawing for draftees under the Selective Training and Service Act took place. The first peacetime draft in U.S. history was scheduled following the passage of the landmark legislation the previous month. Blindfolded Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson picks the first draft number as President Franklin D. Roosevelt (left) looks on.

In May, the Military Training Camp Association (MTCA), the World War I civilian preparedness movement, held its 25th reunion. Most members had reached prominent positions in American society, and they viewed the international situation as dangerous to American security. The MTCA's executive committee leaders, prestigious New York lawyer Granville Clark; Brig. Gen. John McCauley Palmer, father of the 1920 Defense Act; and Adolph Ochs Adler, general manager and vice president of the *New York Times,* adopted a resolution on May 22 calling for a selective service law.

The next day, General Palmer visited his old friend General Marshall. Acting as an MTCA official, Palmer asked for and received both the model conscription bill created in 1926 and the loan of Major Lewis B. Hershey and three other officers to whip the bill into shape. In that last week of May, Marshall still opposed a large-scale mobilization.

Library of Congress

Yet, the chief of staff favored a politically acceptable draft bill in case the European war worsened. Timing was critical. Conscription enacted too soon would spread the veteran troops too thin for proper training. Conscription enacted too late might invite attack, resulting in chaotic mass inductions. Undecided, Marshall awaited events that were quick in coming.

On May 27, Belgium surrendered, the British began the Dunkirk evacuation, and the French Army retreated. Now the scope of the European disaster began to register on the American consciousness. On May 31, President Roosevelt asked Congress for standby legislative authority "to call into active service such portion of the National Guard as may be deemed necessary to maintain our position of neutrality and to safeguard the National Defense…." Authority for calling up the ORC accompanied this request. The president had the executive power to mobilize the Guard, but legally this method made them ineligible for duty outside the United States.

The following day, Marshall applied the brakes, pointing out the standby nature of the president's request, and reiterated the War Department's continued opposition to Guard mobilization. "The Regular Army personnel, the material, and the time which would be necessary to train and equip the Guard could be more advantageously employed to train a larger Regular Army for future cadre use."

At a conference later that day, the WPD suggested increasing the Regular Army to 530,000; Marshall argued this figure down to 400,000 a few days later. Most of the increase would go to completing the personnel of four Regular Army infantry divisions and the organization of two armored divisions. The chief of staff had reached the manpower figure that represented the highest numbers at which the Army could safely merge recruits into the divisions without severely diluting the trained Regulars. On June 13, WPD issued a report critical of Guard mobilization. Events in France outdated the document before it was printed.

As France teetered on the brink of surrender, Marshall and the General Staff analyzed the danger to the Western Hemisphere. If France fell and the British Isles followed soon after, Hitler would gain access to shipbuilding facilities and many ships of two great maritime powers. The combination of real and potential naval and maritime power with possible territorial footholds within bombing range of American cities would turn the Atlantic Ocean into a platform for Axis aggression. At a June 17 General Staff meeting, Marshall and the staff agreed the time had come to federalize the Guard. The Guard divisions possessed ample supplies of old but serviceable equipment and enough manpower to make it "one of the few organized defense assets…." Each mobilizing Guard unit, however, would need a short, intense training period so it could aid the Regular Army in training new troops.

The source of those new troops remained a major concern. After the Germans swept through France, the public mood began to favor an increased defense commitment. On June 7, the *New York Times* led the way, demanding a conscription bill. Thanks to Marshall's foresight and General Palmer's drafting committee, a written bill soon picked up bipartisan support and sponsors.

With events speeding up, Marshall still acted as brakeman. Wary of instituting a draft that would dilute the existing Army, the chief of staff told a VFW convention on June 19 that the War Department planned to build the new army in a "step-by-step coordinated increase." He warned against "an ill-considered, overnight expansion." Yet, Marshall also knew a draft utilized wisely could accomplish the same measured increase.

Events in France and a political appointment in Washington soon shifted Marshall toward a pro-draft position. In an effort to gain bipartisan support for a third term, FDR announced two Republican cabinet appointments on June 20: newspaper publisher Frank Knox as Navy secretary and Henry L. Stimson as war secretary. Stimson, a member of the MTCA's executive committee, favored the draft bill and let Marshall and the General Staff know he expected their support. With the admonition of the new War Secretary and the humiliating French surrender in the railway car at Compiegne, Marshall's last reservations about the draft vanished. In a joint statement, Marshall and Admiral Harold Stark, chief of naval operations, recommend to the president a total mobilization of the nation's defenses.

The chief of staff threw himself into the battle to pass both the draft bill, known as Burke-Wadsworth, and Guard federalization, labeled Senate Joint Resolution (SJR) 286. Marshall went back and forth between the two houses of Congress stressing the "time of peril" theme and the need for quick action. "Time is of the

essence … the concerted effort of our whole national life is required." By August, Marshall no longer had to sell the draft but rather to speed passage because the shaken American public favored Burke-Wadsworth. One nationwide poll showed 71 percent favored the first peacetime draft in American history.

On August 26, the conscription bill overcame its last hurdle when Senator Robert Taft (R-Ohio) tacked on an amendment limiting the draftees to Western Hemisphere defense unless Congress declared war. Existing statutes on Guard federalization stipulated federal service could be "either within or without the territory of the United States." Nevertheless, SJR 286 specifically barred the use of the federalized National Guard and the reserves "beyond the limits of the Western Hemisphere except in the territories and possessions of the United States, including the Philippine Islands."

The congressional isolationists were determined to deny FDR a blank check for a new AEF. SJR 286 passed both houses and became Public Resolution Number 96 with the president's signature on August 27. The resolution gave the president the power to order the Guard and reserve components to active service, but for no more than one year. On August 31, 1940, the president issued Executive Order Number 8530 authorizing the induction of designated Guard units in successive increments until all units were federalized.

There were 22 increments, beginning on September 16, 1940, and ending with the induction of Nevada's lone unit on June 23, 1941. Meanwhile, the Senate passed Burke-Wadsworth by a vote of 58-31, and the bill moved to the House. FDR awaited the House vote before calling out the Guard. After a two-week debate, the House passed the bill 232-124 on September 14, 1940. The new law declared "the national interest imperiled" and mandated conscription. The conscripts would "train and serve" for 12 months within the United States only. The draft was to supply 630,000 men in monthly increments for training and absorption into the Regular Army and National Guard units, so the new army could attain a total authorized strength of 1.4 million.

On September 16, 1940, the first four National Guard divisions entered federal service, the 30th from the South, 41st from the West, the 44th from the Northeast, and the 45th from the Southwest. The War Department chose the divisions geographically to create minimal industrial disturbance. Guard mobilization averaged 50,000 per increment, or two to three divisions per month to keep down societal disruption and because the Army needed to build housing for the entire Guard. That evening, Marshall sat before radio microphones at WJSV, Washington D.C., and spoke on a nationwide broadcast.

National Archives

ABOVE: In January 1941, a group of U.S. Army draftees is instructed in how to identify Army officers and noncommissioned officers. This is the first order of business for these former civilians, who have just stepped off the bus that delivered them to basic training. OPPOSITE: In this staged photo, U.S. Army draftees pose during bayonet drills as the pace of training exercises picks up in 1940.

Marshall recounted the momentous events of a day that saw President Roosevelt sign the nation's first peacetime conscription law and 60,000 of the National Guard's citizen-soldiers leave their homes and jobs "to fulfill their patriotic mission as members of the Army of the United States." Marshall emphasized that the nation was at peace, but the next six months might be "the most critical in the nation's history…. Therefore, the mobilization of the first increments of the National Guard represented the first long step in the preparation of an adequate Army of citizen-soldiers to man our defenses."

Eleven days later, Germany, Japan, and Italy signed the Tripartite Pact in Berlin. Within a few days of the October 16 registration day, 16,632,146 men between the ages of 18 and 36 registered with their local draft boards. At that time, the U.S. Navy disdained the draft, and the Army's air and armored units required a three-year commitment, so the infantry would receive all the draftees. The law mandated that each draftee serve for one year from his reporting date. The draft law itself had an expiration date of May 15, 1945. The last two facts are crucial to understanding the "Extension Battle" during the summer of 1941.

Throughout the fall and winter of 1940-1941, the Army slowly grew as each new increment of National Guard divisions and smaller units federalized. The draftees began to report in November with 13,806; December slowed to 5,521. The new year saw large increases: January, 73,633; February, 90,238; March, 153,437; April, 124,982; May, 62,456; June, 105,200; July 62,158. Progress in building and training the new army seemed "slow in relation to the dangers of the hour," wrote Marshall, who later recalled this period as the worst in his entire tenure as chief of staff. He and his subordinates worked under the strain of "a wartime basis with all the difficulties and irritating limitations of peacetime procedure."

A frustrated Marshall wrote a staff member, "Today time is the dominant factor in the problem of national defense. For almost twenty years we had all of the time and almost none of the money; today we have all of the money and no time."

As winter turned to spring, some optimism concerning the new army's progress enveloped the War Department. Although modern equipment shortages continued, the chief of staff's

spring inspection trip found the Army "in bloom ... after a hard winter."

Yet, Marshall knew these citizen-soldiers trained for Western Hemisphere defense with a promised trip home after one year. The previous summer the Chief of Staff had favored an 18-month term, but others in the War Department believed war would come to America before autumn 1941. Nonetheless, the law did contain a clause that allowed extending the term of service. In early March, both the *New York Times* and *Washington Post* printed reports of War Department plans to extend service time. The War Department denied the report; however, as early as February the General Staff was prepared to recommend retaining the National Guard in service but deferred to the president. FDR, ducking warmongering charges from isolationists, remained mum. With the president publicly uncommitted, the War Department's official stance remained one year of service.

By April 1941, Army ground forces comprised 470,000 Regulars (three-year enlistments), 267,000 National Guardsmen (one-year service from mobilization date), and 413,000 draftees (one-year service from induction date). That month Marshall told the Senate Appropriations Committee to expect the first increment of National Guard divisions to demobilize on September 15, 1941, followed by the first draftees in November. He qualified the statement by adding that the decision hinged on the ever-changing world situation. Privately, the chief of staff desperately wanted to keep all the citizen-soldiers in service, particularly the Guard units. Marshall hated to lose whole divisions of troops whose avocation as soldiers had turned, at least temporarily, into a vocation.

While Marshall and the War Department hedged around the extension issue, Congress recoiled from it. The original legislation allowed extension "whenever the Congress has declared that the national interest is imperiled." One congressman's peril, however, might be another's foreign fight. Even lawmakers favoring extension feared accusations of "breach of faith" from soldiers and their families. FDR set the stage for extension in a May 27 radio address. Roosevelt warned that any German landing on Greenland, Iceland, the Azores, or any Atlantic island threatened the hemisphere. Citing apprehension of future Axis moves, the President declared "an unlimited national emergency." Yet, he refused to ask Congress for a service extension. Everything during the perilous year of 1941 came one cautious step at a time.

On June 22, the War Department submitted its final report to the president recommending retention of the National Guard and all reservists. No mention was made of the selectees. Since the draftees were soldiers by force of law rather than choice, the War Department knew they must direct a special effort toward Congress. On that June 22, Hitler's invasion of the Soviet Union changed the war's equation. Many Americans believed the invasion granted the United States a reprieve, signaling the end of the crisis. Great Britain still stood, and Germany had a two-front war. Why, these Americans asked, should the government break its word to the servicemen? New draftees could replace the draftees on active duty, and the recruitment of more Regulars could replace the Guardsmen, they argued. Many others, however, believed the threat unchanged and even intensified.

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During a Citizens Military Training Camp at Fort Dix, New Jersey, in May 1940, bare-chested U.S. Army recruits are lined up for processing. Within a year, National Guardsmen at Fort Dix and elsewhere were protesting the extension of their Army enlistments.

Marshall knew his army's strength following nine months of mobilization amounted to slightly more troops than the combined armies of Holland and Belgium had at the time of their overwhelming defeat a year earlier. Yet, the general also knew these troops of 1941 were the leaders and instructors of a larger future army. Thus, Marshall regarded the new turn of events as an opportunity to further strengthen the nation's defenses.

Searching for the most effective means to impress upon Congress the vital necessity of extending the service time of all the citizen-soldiers, Marshall took the usually dry and lifeless *Biennial Report of the Chief of Staff* and worked the document into a first-class advertisement for the refurbished United States Army and his hope for a continuation of this trend. The *Biennial Report,* presented on July 3, cited the Army's growth from unpreparedness to an adequate defensive force, poised for more ambitious goals.

The report revealed a predominantly citizen-soldier army; even the Regular Army divisions employed 75 to 95 percent reserve officers. In the ranks, draftees constituted one-quarter to one-half of all but two Regular Army divisions. Almost 10 percent of most National Guard division officers were reservists, and some Guard divisions had as many as half their enlisted strength made up of draftees. Marshall, trying to save all his new soldiers, remarked that even if the Guard stayed and the draftees and reserves went home, the National Guard divisions would suffer because of the intermingling of citizen-soldiers.

Conversely, if the National Guard divisions demobilized, the non-Guardsmen would be orphaned if they had started their one-year service after their National Guard unit mobilized.

The chief of staff's report concluded with a warning. The nation faced a grave national emergency, and Army training must continue in the "most efficient manner." The question of war or peace did not matter, for war might come suddenly and violently. The Army must be prepared. Marshall "urgently recommended

that authority be given to the War Department to extend service for the conscripts, Organized Reserves, and the National Guard." The Senate Committee agreed and proposed Senate Joint Resolution (SJR) 92, removing the restrictions on selectees' length of service, and SJR 93, retaining the Guard and Reserves.

With congressional battle lines drawn, one 40-year Capitol Hill veteran reported never having seen such fear of legislation. With the political forces arrayed, some experts predicted a five to one defeat. The White House prudently sent its point man, General Marshall, to the July 17 Senate Military Affairs Committee Meeting. The president hoped the great respect the senators of both parties held for Marshall would help carry the day.

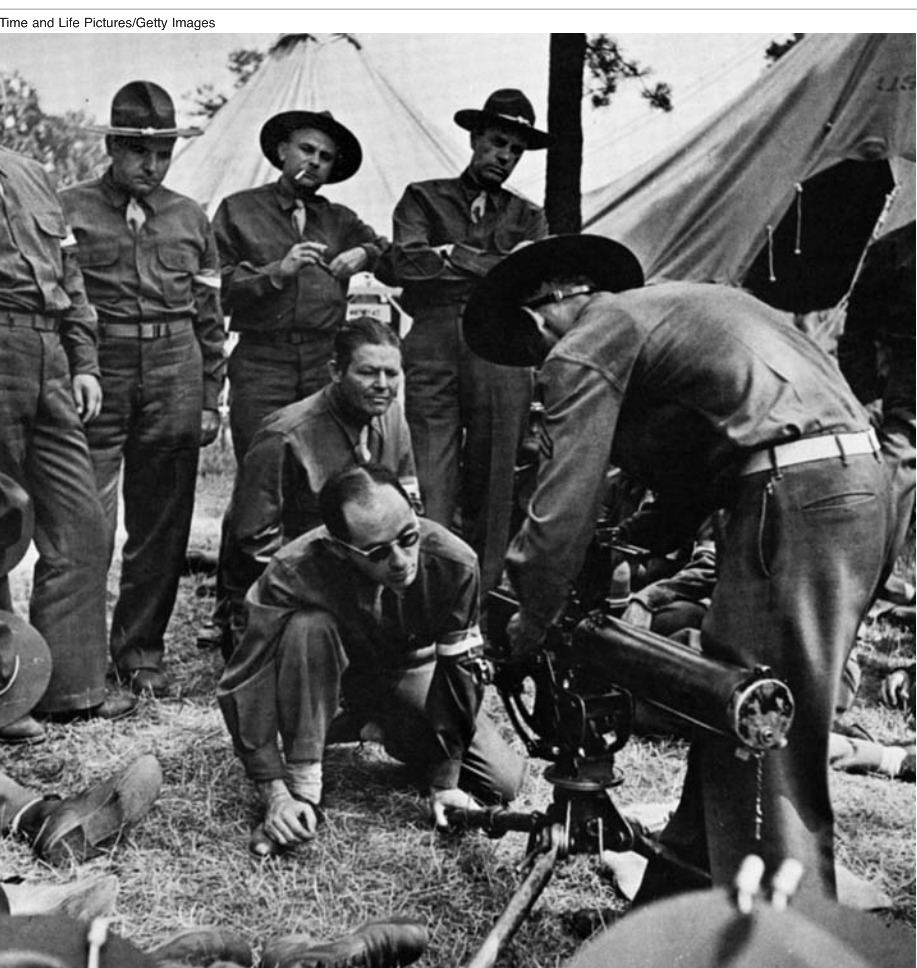
At that hot and muggy Senate Military Affairs Committee meeting, Marshall prepared to give his last and best shot at saving as many citizen soldiers as possible. A hush fell over the committee room when the stern, self-confident Chief of Staff began his appeal. Marshall told the lawmakers that the army had grown to almost a million and half men, most of them citizen-soldiers. If the extension passed, the chief of staff would request no more than 150,000 new conscripts. Further inductions, Marshall assured the committee, would be unnecessary unless events decreed otherwise.

Allowing the first draftees to go home in November would require higher call-ups of new selectees. Marshall needed to keep the trained men. The general then intensified his argument by including the rest of the citizen-soldiers. ORC men filled key posts in all the Regular Army and National Guard divisions. Eighty percent of the new armored divisions' officers were ORC men. The possible disintegration of these units and the loss of entire National Guard divisions would leave gaping holes in the fledgling army.

Overall, the chief of staff's presentation was effective and well received. Weighing the political situation over the weekend following Marshall's Thursday testimony, the White House released a statement on Monday, July 21, that threw the president's weight behind the extension. Others testified in favor, including Director of Selective Service General Lewis Hershey, Secretary Stimson, and General Williams of the National Guard Bureau. The Army expected opposition from the usual isolationists and antiwar groups; what the Army did not expect was a mini-mutiny.

The mutiny started at Fort Dix, New Jersey, and made the *New York Times* on the same day as Marshall's testimony. Companies I and L of the 174th Infantry Regiment, 44th Infantry Division, a western New York National Guard outfit, protested the extension proposal by sending telegrams to Montana's isolationist Senator Burton K. Wheeler. Soon many other citizen-soldiers in camp chose the soldier's ancient prerogative, griping. Letters and telegrams poured into the nation's capital from draftees, Guardsmen, and reservists.

Time and Life Pictures/Getty Images



National Guard recruits receive instruction on the proper operation of a machine gun in 1940. The instructor is one of a relative few Regular Army noncommissioned officers available to mold recruits and draftees into fighting men during the critical period prior to U.S. entry into World War II.

The citizen-soldiers balked at undeclared war in peacetime. The men's chief source of discontent was that extension forced them to serve overtime; others back home had not served any time. A new piece of graffiti began appearing on tanks, trucks, and latrine walls, particularly around the National Guard divisions set to go home in the fall—OHIO (Over the Hill In October). Quickly the press descended on the nation's Army camps. A *Life* magazine correspondent interviewed 400 privates in one National Guard division and found plenty of vitriol.

One corporal complained, "So Roosevelt will get our jobs back? The hell he will! I've already been told that I can't have my job back." Other gripes included general indecision and vague goals due to lack of immediate danger, antiquated or nonexistent equipment, lack of promotion, and, most irksome, "equality of sacrifice" between civilians and soldiers. The "defense economy" boomed while the privates made only $21 a month.

The most significant political problem remained the nation's indecision regarding the degree of danger. Drifting between isolation and intervention, neither Congress nor the president would take the lead. The men of the new army were first caught in the draft and then caught in the drift. Should the men train for offensive or defensive warfare?

Were these citizen-soldiers the nucleus of a new AEF, or was the whole affair an overblown crisis? "We came here to learn how to fight a blitzkrieg," one draftee said. "Instead we get close-order drill and KP."

The political battle reached its climax in early August. Legislative leaders in the House favored extending the National Guard units and the ORC but felt bound by their previous statements

Continued on page 78

Nose to Nose at

VIOLENT CLASHES DEPLETED MUCH OF THE KRIEGSMARINE DESTROYER FORCE, BUT THE BRITISH NAVAL VICTORY COULD NOT CHANGE THE OUTCOME OF THE ABORTIVE CAMPAIGN IN NORWAY.

THE GERMANS COULD NOT BELIEVE IT.

Without suffering the loss of a single soldier or sailor, the German Army and Navy had sailed 1,500 miles through waters dominated by the British Royal Navy and captured Narvik without firing a shot, bagged nearly 500 Norwegian soldiers, seized one of Norway's major military depots, and even taken five armed British merchant ships and their crews. The victory was virtually complete. Now all the German destroyers and the tough men of General Edouard Dietl's mountain troops were taking on fuel, ready to return to Germany and prepare for new victories.

Instead, the Germans were about to face their first large-scale naval action since Jutland, and a massive defeat.

Norway in general and Narvik in particular had been central to Allied and German strategic planning since the outbreak of war. The all-weather port was the route by which Germany received vast supplies of Swedish iron ore. The British wanted to shut down the route in order to cripple Germany's economy, while the Germans needed to secure it.

At the same time, the German Navy, despite its small size, had great dreams. Grand Admiral Erich Raeder, who commanded the Kriegsmarine, saw in Norway's vast coastline an opportunity to provide his ships with bases on the Atlantic and to prevent the British from repeating the deadly blockade of 1914-1918. The fact that Norway was an ardent

During the violent clash between German and British destroyers in the vicinity of the Norwegian port of Narvik, the British destroyers HMS *Hotspur* and HMS *Hunter* collide in this painting by British artist John Hamilton. A German destroyer is seen ablaze in the distance. Both sides sustained significant losses during the action, which is also known as the Battle of the Fjords.

Narvik

BY DAVID H. LIPPMAN

neutral meant little to the great powers and their plans.

Both sides planned to violate Norway's neutrality, the British by mining her waters and then landing troops at Narvik to cut the rail and sea line, the Germans by landing troops at key ports the length of Norway. The British laid their mines first. The Germans landed their troops at Norway's ports first. The farthest one was Narvik, the target for the 139th Mountain Infantry and the 10 destroyers of Commodore Erich Bonte's Task Group 1, organized into three flotillas.

The German destroyers were modern vessels, all launched between 1935 and 1938, well equipped with five 5-inch guns, four 37mm antiaircraft guns, and eight 21-inch torpedo tubes. They could crack the waves at 38 knots.

The ground troops jammed on the destroyers came from the 139th Mountain Regiment of the 3rd Mountain Division, a tough force of 2,000 Austrians.

The German plan to take Narvik depended on force and guile. The Germans believed from the Norwegian traitor Vidkun Quisling that the Norwegians were ready to surrender and that the defenders were reportedly pro-German.

Narvik itself was a tough cookie to seize. The port lay at the base of the lengthy Ofotfjord, surrounded by craggy Norwegian mountains and conifers.

The war started at Narvik in the early morning hours of April 9, 1940, with the destroyers steaming up Vestfjord in a northwest gale under total darkness and relying on dead reckoning, a tough navigational feat. Weather conditions improved as the tin cans reached the Lofoten Islands. Task Force 1 entered Ofotfjord at 3:10 AM on April 9. Dawn was breaking. A Norwegian patrol vessel reported foreign warships entering the fjord.

Norway's primary naval defenses—two ancient coast defense warships named *Norge* and *Eidsvold,* both 40-year-old tubs armed with 8.3-inch guns—prepared to sail. But the Germans moved faster than the Norwegians, their ships fanning out through the fjord, unloading detachments of German troops at machine-gun nests and coastal batteries and seizing them before the surprised defenders could open fire.

Imperial War Museum

While the mountain troops grabbed Norwegian positions, three destroyers of Bonte's 1st Flotilla streaked in on Narvik and the two coast defense ships themselves. As they neared the harbor entrance at 4:15 AM, the *Eidsvold* popped out of a snow squall and challenged the invaders. Bonte tried to negotiate his way past, sending over an officer to the Norwegian ship to tell them the Germans had come as friends to defend Norwegian neutrality against the British. The Norwegians were unimpressed and told the Germans they had orders to fire on the German destroyers. The German officer returned to his ship, and the *Eidsvold* squared off against the destroyer *Wilhelm Heidkamp,* flagship of the German force.

The German orders were to fire only if fired upon by the Norwegians, but the *Eidsvold* had more powerful guns than the *Heidkamp*. Bonte chose not to wait and fired four torpedoes at the oncoming Norwegian, which hit along her port side and set off the ammunition magazines. The explosion blasted the ship into two pieces. It sank within 15 seconds, and only six men of its crew of 181 were saved. Three swam to safety, while the others were picked up by the Germans.

With one coast defense vessel down, the other one was next. The *Norge*'s skipper was not sure if the two oncoming destroyers were British or German, so he held his fire for a few minutes. The Germans sailed straight for the Steamship Pier to unload troops, and *Norge* opened fire. The two German destroyers hit back with torpedoes. The first five missed, but the last two hit, one aft and one amidships. *Norge* capsized to starboard and sank with the bottom up in less than a minute. Out of 191 aboard, some 101 went down with the ship. Ninety men were saved, including Captain Per Askim, who was hauled unconscious out of the drink.

With its two largest ships sunk, 276 dead, and having accomplished nothing, there was little left the Norwegian Navy could do against the invaders. The Germans swiftly captured the surviving patrol boats, and one of the submarines based at Narvik was scuttled while the other two fled to sea. Its defenses disorganized and overawed, Narvik fell swiftly to the invading German troops. General Dietl, commander of the 3rd Mountain Division, impressed the Norwegian commander with the large force he had at his disposal, and the Germans came ashore.

The Germans were very pleased with themselves as April 9 wore on. However, the celebration did not last long. Dietl had to consolidate his positions, and the German destroyers had to refuel and return to Germany. And there was the first problem. The German tin cans were dependent on two large tankers that were supposed to be in Narvik ahead of the invaders, deployed in a "Trojan Horse" maneuver.

But while the tanker *Jan Wellem* had made it, the *Kattegat* did not, stopped south of Bodo by the British minefield, intercepted by the Norwegian patrol boat *Nordkapp,* and sunk in shallow water. The Norwegians salvaged most of her cargo.

Now Bonte required 600 tons of fuel for each destroyer to make the voyage home to the Fatherland, and he had only half the fuel the operational plan called for. He could mix diesel fuel with boiler oil to fill his tanks, but with only one tanker present, it would take twice as long to fill his ships' bunkers. With one tanker, only two destroyers could refuel simultaneously, and each pair required seven to eight hours. Only three destroyers were refueled by midnight on April 9.

Bonte radioed his plight to his chain of command, saying he could not leave Narvik on the 9th as planned but would have to do so on the 10th. In the interim, he scattered his ships around the fjord to lessen the danger of aerial attack. The Germans deployed U-boats off Ofotfjord as a picket against British naval attack. They reported four British destroyers on a southwest course—away from Narvik.

The four destroyers heading southwest were the 2nd Destroyer Flotilla, commanded by Captain Bernard Armitage Warburton-Lee, and they had orders to go to Narvik to ensure that no German troops landed in that city. They were heading southwest to await high tide and an opportunity to steam into the fjord.

Warburton-Lee was described by a British historian as a "man of integrity, honor and ambition; a dedicated man, intensely professional and although an excellent games-player somewhat aloof and single-minded." He led four destroyers, *Hardy, Hunter, Havock,* and *Hotspur,* and was joined by a fifth, HMS *Hostile.*

Warburton-Lee was skeptical about the information forwarded by the Admiralty that the Germans had seized Narvik with only one ship and did not believe the Germans would use only a few troops to take the port. Operating without much intelligence, he sailed to Tranoy Lighthouse on the east side of Vestfjord at about 4 PM, to ask the Norwegians if they knew what was going on.

The British went ashore and did not speak Norwegian. The Norwegians spoke no English. Through sign language and a few words of English, they determined that at least six German destroyers had sailed into Narvik along with a submarine.

Warburton-Lee was now outnumbered, and there was a strong possibility the Germans had mined the narrows behind them. With the odds

Map © 2012 Philip Schwartzberg, Meridian Mapping, Minneapolis, MN

ABOVE: On April 10, 1940, British destroyers entered the harbor and surrounding area near the Norwegian port of Narvik and engaged German destroyers in a running battle for control of the area. Prior to fighting the British, the Germans first brushed aside Norwegian naval defenses. OPPOSITE: Warships are shown at anchor among trawlers and local fishing vessels at Narvik. The naval action at Narvik in the spring of 1940 resulted in one of the few British victories in Scandinavia during the early months of World War II. The British land campaign in Norway later ended in disaster.

Imperial War Museum

against him, Warburton-Lee could be justified in waiting for the battlecruiser *Renown* and her 15-inch guns. But he also had orders to act aggressively, and the Royal Navy had a tradition of victory and acting aggressively in the face of larger numbers.

For 30 minutes, Warburton-Lee agonized over what to do. He finally chose aggressive action, deciding to attack at "dawn high water." A dawn attack at high tide would get him over the reported minefields (there were none) and gain maximum surprise.

The proposed attack was risky in the extreme—the German destroyers outnumbered the British and were better armed. But the British had to take action.

Meanwhile, the Germans were enjoying a false sense of security. With Narvik in hand and no counterattack materializing on April 9, Bonte hit the sack before midnight. One of his last moves was to assign the destroyer *Anton Schmitt* to patrol the harbor entrance, with visibility only a few hundred feet in a continuous snowstorm.

Bonte was not the only one who was exhausted. The destroyer crews had been at action stations for 48 hours. Even the successful seizure of Narvik did not give them a break as the crews had to switch from action stations to fueling stations for the rest of the day.

At 4 AM, *Anton Schmitt* was relieved of its patrol duty by the *Diether von Roeder,* under Lt. Cmdr. Erich Holtorf.

Meanwhile, the 2nd British Destroyer Flotilla proceeded up Vestfjord at 20 knots, everyone nervous. Visibility was nearly zero in the snowstorms, which prevented them from being spotted by German U-boats, but making it tough to spot rocks and shoreline. The British ships were forced to break radio silence and transmit navigational messages in the clear. Incredibly, the Germans were not scanning British frequencies for enemy tactical information.

At 1:36 AM, the Admiralty radioed Warburton-Lee, "Norwegian defense ships *Eidsvold* and *Norge* may be in German hands. You alone can judge whether in these circumstances attack should be made. We shall support whatever decision you make."

At 3:30 AM, *Diether von Roeder* headed for the entrance to Narvik harbor after only 30 minutes on patrol. Holtorf figured this would bring him into the harbor at first light. She was supposed to remain on patrol until 4:20 AM, but there seems to have been a misunderstanding of orders.

Either way, at 3:43 AM, the lead British ship, *Hardy,* was one mile from *Diether von Roeder.* Warburton-Lee signaled his ships, "I am steering for the entrance of Narvik Harbor." The British were on the same course as the German destroyer.

The first light of dawn broke as land appeared off *Hardy*'s port bow. It was supposed to be Framnes Peninsula, but it was actually Emmenes, on the other side of the harbor entrance, a three-kilometer error caused by dead-reckoning navigation, but a fortuitous one for the British, as they avoided running into *Diether von Roeder* and giving the Germans warning of the impending attack.

The British adjusted course and raised speed to 12 knots, but *Diether von Roeder* entered harbor just moments before the British. In the dawn, the British spotted the collection of merchant shipping jamming Narvik harbor, but saw no sign of the German destroyers.

Warburton-Lee sent *Hotspur* and *Hostile* to the northeast to prevent any enemy ships that could be outside the harbor from interfering with the attack and entered the harbor alone on *Hardy.* He slid past the merchant ships and encountered two German destroyers, *Anton Schmitt* and *Wilhelm Heidkamp*, both stationary. *Hardy* raised her battle ensigns and fired torpedoes at 4:30 AM. The first torpedo missed its mark and hit a merchant ship. The second one hit *Wilhelm Heidkamp*'s aft magazine, blowing off her stern, blasting her three aft guns. Bonte and 81 of her crew died instantly. *Heidkamp*'s skipper, Lt. Cmdr. Hans Erdmenger, secured his wrecked vessel next to a Swedish transport and began saving the wounded and some of the valuable equipment as the ship smoldered.

Meanwhile, *Hardy* exited the harbor at high speed, spotting two additional German destroyers refueling alongside *Jan Wellem,* the *Hermann Kunne* and *Diether von Roeder. Hardy* fired three torpedoes at the German destroyers but all missed.

Now *Hunter* entered the crowded harbor under her skipper, Lt. Cmdr. Lindsay de Villiers. He was less discriminating with his torpedoes, firing them at the same time he opened up with his 4.7-inch guns, targeting the *Anton Schmitt.*

On the *Anton Schmitt,* everyone thought the explosions were an air attack, but a shell hit the forward part of the ship, and everyone knew the truth. Bohme tried to leave his cabin when a torpedo from *Hunter* hit the ship's forward turbine room. The resulting explosion jammed the cabin door, trapping him inside. The German ships began opening counterfire, and *Hunter* laid smoke as she exited the harbor.

Next to attack was *Havock,* entering the harbor as *Hunter* exited. With the Germans now awake, her skipper, Lt. Cmdr. Rafe E. Courage, faced a tougher task. He spotted *Hermann Kunne* alongside *Jan Wellem* and opened fire on these two ships with no hits. The *Kunne* had steam pressure and was able to maneuver away from the tanker, leaving connecting wires and hoses still hanging in midair. There was no time for a proper disconnection.

Courage turned his guns and 21-inch torpedoes on *Anton Schmitt* and fired three fish at

ullstein bild / The Granger Collection, NY

German torpedo boats and other naval craft lie at anchor in the port of Narvik following the savage battle that ended with the sinking of numerous British and German destroyers within the confines of the harbor.

the German warship. The first two hit merchant ships, but the third hit *Anton Schmitt* in the aft boiler room just after Bohme was able to open the jammed door to his cabin and was on his way to the quarterdeck. The explosion hurled Bohme over the side. A torpedo hit *Anton Schmitt* amidships, and the destroyer split in two, sinking almost immediately.

Hermann Kunne had managed to back away from her tanker and was 50 meters from *Anton Schmitt* when the latter took her fatal hit. The blast sent shock waves roaring through the harbor and slamming against the destroyer's hull, knocking out her engines. As the forward part of *Anton Schmitt* rolled over, her mast settled on *Hermann Kunne*'s deck, and the two destroyers were immobilized and entangled for the next 40 minutes.

The attack was sudden in its force and violence, making it hard for participants to record and realize what was going on. But the Germans were resilient and began opening fire with their guns. Commander Courage decided to break off his attack under fire from *Hans Ludemann* and *Diether von Roeder. Havock* was not hit, but *Hans Ludemann* sustained two damaging hits. Shells blasted apart her forward guns and started a fire in the aft part of the ship. The German crew flooded the aft magazine to prevent an explosion. German troops on shore poured rifle and machine-gun fire at the withdrawing British destroyer.

Hotspur, under Commander Herbert F.N. Layman, and *Hostile,* under Commander J.P. Wright, now joined the battle, and *Hostile* took on the still anchored *Diether von Roeder.* Under heavy smoke, the two destroyers traded salvos. *Hostile* took no hits, but *Diether von Roeder* suffered two damaging hits. *Hunter* fired four torpedoes into the harbor and hit two merchant ships, one of them the British *Blythmoor.*

Narvik harbor was now a mass of swirling flame, blazing ships, and explosions, but the battle was not over. Three German destroyers were still slugging it out with five British tin cans in the snow and smoke.

Hostile tried to maneuver to launch torpedoes at *Diether von Roeder,* but the battered German fired first. So did *Hans Ludemann* and *Hermann Kunne*. The British now steamed to avoid the German torpedoes. Three of the destroyers would have been hit if the German fish had functioned properly, but the Reich was having trouble with its torpedoes at this time of the war and they did not stay at the preset depth.

Facing all five British destroyers, the blazing *Diether von Roeder* put up a massive fight. Her power supply to the electrically operated windlass was severed, so she could not hoist anchor, making her a stationary target. The British concentrated their gunfire. They set the boiler room ablaze, wrecked the fire control system, and one shell killed eight men and set the forward section ablaze.

British shells whistled home on *Diether von Roeder,* blasting Gun No. 3, killing six of its crew. Another shell ignited an ammunition locker, and a third blasted open the aft magazine. The crew flooded the magazine, preventing disaster for the moment. The German guns still fired under local control. Despite the barrage of shells and torpedoes, the engine room gang kept power going. Finally, Holtorf dragged his anchor and backed his battered ship toward the Steamship Pier, and there the ship remained with its bow facing the harbor entrance.

Shore-based firefighters showed up to help quell the blaze, but Holtorf saw that his ship was so badly damaged it was pointless to keep the crew aboard. He ordered all unnecessary personnel to abandon ship.

Meanwhile, Warburton-Lee was plotting his next move. With no fire coming from the harbor, he had time to count German losses. He spotted five of the six reported destroyers he believed the Germans had. With 16 torpedoes left, Warburton-Lee figured he had the enemy at his mercy and ordered his ships to finish off the Germans.

The British destroyers regrouped and steamed back into the harbor in a line-ahead formation at 20 knots to avoid enemy torpedoes and circled in a counter-clockwise direction while raking all observed targets in the harbor with their guns. The British ships exited at high speed at 5:30 AM.

The British ships headed westward at moderate speed, and Warburton-Lee met with his officers on the bridge to plan the next move. The staff all wanted to make another run into the smoking harbor to finish off the Germans.

Warburton-Lee agreed and even ordered landing parties readied. But he did not know the Germans had 10 destroyers in Narvik harbor, not six, and the ships that had been scattered out of harbor were now racing down as fast as their Krupp engines could take them.

Warburton-Lee led his flotilla back into the harbor, past burning and sinking ships. *Hermann Kunne* and *Hans Ludemann* greeted the British with gunfire and torpedoes. All the fish missed, but *Hostile* took the first large-caliber hit by a British ship of the day. *Hardy,* leading the British ships, turned west to exit Narvik's harbor.

Incredibly, the tanker *Jan Wellem,* at the center of the barrage of torpedoes and shells, had escaped damage. Her skipper feared the worst, though, and ordered the ship abandoned. The captain and crew remained aboard until the British prisoners the ship held were lowered safely away.

Now the three German destroyers hiding in Herjangsfjord raced in from the northeast, surprising the withdrawing British ships. Warburton-Lee estimated the enemy force was one cruiser and three destroyers. "This is our moment to get out," he signaled at 5:51 AM. "One cruiser, three destroyers off Narvik. Am withdrawing to westward."

Warburton-Lee was mistaken about the enemy's force size, but it was strong enough—three fresh destroyers leaping out of the morning haze, under Commander Erich Bey.

In an oblique formation, they opened fire shortly after they were sighted, and both sides exchanged broadsides at 7,000 meters with no impact.

Bey, now the senior German naval officer with Bonte killed, did not know what had happened in Narvik, only that *Wilhelm Heidkamp* was sunk and Bonte killed. But he was determined to fight it out. He signaled the other two unengaged destroyers, *Georg Thiele* and *Bernd von Arnim,* to save themselves by breaking out to the west.

The British destroyers raised to maximum speed to flee the fjord, making smoke as they went. The smoke hid them from Bey's destroyers, but the other two were coming up from the western side of the fjord. As they steamed into view, Warburton-Lee thought they were the British cruisers *Sheffield* and *Penelope* sent to support him. When the two Germans were practically on top of him, he realized his error.

Lieutenant Commander Max-Eckhart Wolf, skipper of the *Georg Thiele,* was an aggressive officer bent on revenge. He crossed the "T" and brought his guns to bear on *Hardy,* the lead British destroyer. Warburton-Lee was now sandbagged between two destroyers ahead of him and three behind him.

Seeing that his ships were surrounded, Warburton-Lee signaled at 5:55 AM, "Keep on engaging the enemy," which became yet another part of the Royal Navy's mythology. It was his last signal.

Moments later, *Georg Thiele* found the range with its fourth salvo. Two shells struck *Hardy*'s bridge and wheelhouse and other shells wrecked her forward guns. Everyone on the bridge was either killed or wounded. The only one left alive was Paymaster Lieutenant Geoffrey Stanning, and his leg was shattered. Out of control, *Hardy* was heading toward the rocky shore at 30 knots. Stanning ordered the helmsman to change course, but the wheelhouse was wrecked and nobody was at the helm. The rest of the British line obediently followed their flagship.

Stanning, despite his injuries, clambered down to the ladder to the wheelhouse and found the helm partially destroyed, but it still functioned when he turned what was left of the wheel. He altered course away from the shore and back toward the enemy. He corrected the course and found a seaman who took the wheel while he climbed painfully back to the flag bridge. He saw two German destroyers off his starboard bow firing salvos.

Incredibly, Stanning's first thought was to ram one of the Germans, but a shell hit his boiler room and billowing clouds of steam rose over *Hardy.* There was no choice but to beach the battered destroyer to save the crew. The ship slid gently onto the rocky beach at Virek.

Stanning's heroism saved the bulk of the crew, but 19 sailors including Warburton-Lee died on *Hardy,* and a dozen more were injured. Warburton-Lee's heroism did not go unnoticed, though. On June 7, 1940, he was gazetted with Britain's first Victoria Cross of World War II. Warburton-Lee is buried in Ballangen New Cemetery in Norway.

Meanwhile, the battle raged on. The other four British ships were still sandwiched. *Georg Thiele* and *Bernd von Arnim* turned around to stay ahead of the British ships off their starboard bows. The three eastern German destroyers struggled through the smoke unaggressively, battling mist and falling fuel gauges. The three German destroyers of Bey's flotilla had not had their chance to refuel and were nearly empty.

German tactical doctrine stressed the importance of avoiding decisive combat in favor of preserving the fleet. Facing smoke, low fuel, and a tough enemy, Bey believed he could not catch up with the faster British force as it withdrew, so he pulled back.

That left two German destroyers against four British, now facing the lead ship, *Havock*. The British and Germans swapped broadsides and smoke shells. A *Havock* shell smashed into *Georg Thiele*'s forward boiler, leaving it inoperable. Another started a fire that forced the Germans to flood the aft magazine.

The Germans shot back, hitting *Hunter* and *Hotspur.* Blinded by smoke, Commander Courage decided the German shells were coming from his stern and ordered a 180-degree turn. The other British ships did not see this maneuver in the smoke and confusion, but the Germans did.

ullstein bild / The Granger Collection, New York

In this painting by Olaf Rahardt, the German destroyer *Erich Koellner* follows the British fleet during the battle. The ship ran aground while on patrol during the night of April 11.

Racing down the line of his own ships, Courage saw that *Hotspur* was out of control and *Hunter* was burning from bow to stern and losing speed. As he reached the rear of the British line and exited the smoke, Courage saw what he thought were four enemy ships coming up fast. He planned to engage them to slow their pursuit but then changed his mind—his two forward guns had both been knocked out.

Courage turned around again and engaged the enemy with his two aft guns, and then flew into the smokescreen.

Georg Thiele now stood ahead of the British line. The Germans saw an opportunity to attack the wounded British. *Georg Thiele* turned to starboard and immediately took several damaging hits. One shell hit a forward gun, killing nine of its crew. Another shell passed through the bottom of the forward funnel and exploded above deck. Another blew up the fire control room. *Georg Thiele*'s skipper, Lt. Cmdr. Wolf, did not let these hits deter him from closing the British, running the range down to 1,700 meters.

At that time, the British ships *Hunter, Hotspur, Hostile,* and *Havock,* in order, were heading west at maximum speed. *Georg Thiele* opened fire on *Hunter* and set her aflame. The ship lost power and drifted to a halt.

Next up, 1,000 meters behind, was *Hotspur,* and she was unable to see through the smoke screens, which also protected her from German shells. *Hotspur* fired two torpedoes at *Georg Thiele* but both missed. Two shells from *Georg Thiele* hit *Hotspur.*

The German shells wiped out communications and hydraulic steering on *Hotspur.* The British ship took an uncontrollable turn to starboard and collided with *Hunter*'s amidships engine room. The two ships were trapped, easy targets for German shellfire. *Hostile* maneuvered out of the way.

On *Hotspur,* Lt. Cmdr. Layman left the bridge to reestablish verbal communications. He got his engines reversed, but while he was off the bridge a German shell hit it, killing most of the people present. *Hunter* righted itself as *Hotspur* backed away, but only for a moment. *Hunter*'s one remaining functioning gun was still firing as the British destroyer rolled over and sank.

Georg Thiele was not in much better shape as two of her magazines were flooded and her hull was ablaze. It was time for Wolf to leave the battle to others, and he withdrew.

The only German destroyer left was *Bernd von Arnim,* which tried to finish off *Hotspur.* But Layman established a double human chain of communications between the wrecked bridge and engine room. Under local control, *Hotspur*'s guns maintained fire, inflicting five hits on *Bernd von Arnim* as she passed to the north and then retired from the action.

That left two British destroyers, *Hostile* and *Havock,* heading westward. They saw *Hotspur* struggling west and steamed back to help their stricken sister.

That move turned the battle again. Bey's three German destroyers, still hanging back, saw two British destroyers swinging around toward them at high speed. They backed off, enabling the three British destroyers to continue westward to safety.

Bey was satisfied with what his three destroyers had accomplished, and his fuel levels were near zero. He could just get back to Narvik and chose not to fight another stage of an already harsh battle.

Bey's ships pulled back past the beached *Hardy.* Incredibly, the marooned destroyer spat defiance at the Germans, firing a shell at *Erich Giese.* The German sent a torpedo back, but it malfunctioned. The three German destroyers maneuvered to start searching for survivors from the area where *Hunter* sank, pulling 48 men from the freezing waters. Ten later died from wounds and exposure.

As the British warships cleared the fjord, they ran smack into the German supply ship *Rauenfels,* which was just entering harbor. Layman was in tactical command, but with his ship's communications shattered he turned it over to Lt. Cmdr. Wright on *Hostile.*

The British saw the German supply ship enter harbor and did not know its nationality. The question was answered when *Rauenfels* ignored signals to stop. Wright ordered two high-explosive shells fired into *Rauenfels* when she failed to obey the heave-to orders. The German ship started blazing, and the crew abandoned ship. Wright continued to escort the crippled *Hotspur* out of the fjord, while Courage in *Havock* disposed of the German ship.

Courage initially sent over a boarding party, but they decided to leave because of the danger of an explosion. The Germans actually had no idea the British had stopped; they missed another opportunity to further punish the British.

As soon as the boarding party came back, Courage ordered more shells fired at the hapless German, and the ship smoldered away. But the German crew reboarded the battered ship, managed to bring the fires under control, and beached *Rauenfels* to keep it from sinking. Of the 49 crew members, one was killed and the rest were captured by the Norwegians.

After that, *Havock* departed the scene and the First Naval Battle of Narvik was over. Both sides lost two destroyers, and three German ships were damaged. The British suffered 147 dead, the Germans 176. However, in overall terms, the battle was a British success, but not a victory as their official history termed it. The Germans were caught completely by surprise, their refueling operation was interrupted, six German iron ore ships (and one British) were sunk in the gunplay, and the German supply ship *Rauenfels* and much of her valuable cargo fell into Norwegian hands.

Both sides showed ample determination and courage in the battle, except perhaps Commander Bey, who held back his thirsty destroyers when he could have polished off the British ships.

Both sides also made mistakes. Warburton-Lee did not know it, but he was attacking a much larger force, taking a great risk not waiting for reinforcements. The Germans failed to maintain a proper level of alertness, and Bey dawdled when he had the enemy at his mercy, a character failing that would repeat itself in other German admirals in similar situations throughout the war.

But the First Battle of Narvik was not the end. Nor was it the deciding factor in the struggle for the priceless Norwegian seaport. There would be another round in the barren, smoking Ofotfjord.

The British sent another destroyer, HMS *Bedouin,* and the cruiser *Penelope* to probe the Narvik fjord to find out what had happened. *Penelope*'s Captain Yates recommended a dawn attack on April 12 against the German ships, noting no sign of submarines or mines in the fjord entrances.

That attack would have plenty to find. The German destroyers had not been able to refuel because of the battle. Bey signaled the bad news to Berlin: *Wilhelm Heidkamp* was sinking with 81 dead; *Diether von Roeder* was immobile and only usable as a floating battery; *Anton Schmitt* was sunk; two other destroyers were badly damaged; one mildly damaged; the remaining four undamaged but not refueled.

Berlin realized that nearly half of the German Navy's destroyer force was trapped in Narvik's desolate fjord without air cover, shot of ammunition. They had used up half their ammunition supply in the first battle. German hopes for resupply by sea were dealt another blow when the British destroyer *Icarus* captured the supply ship *Alster* in Vestfjord on April 11. Incredibly, the *Jan Wellem* was still intact and could still fully fuel the surviving destroyers.

Bey reported to Naval Command West on the afternoon of April 10 that none of his damaged destroyers would be ready to attempt a breakout in time to link up with two German battleships operating off Norway that evening.

SZ Photo/ The Image Works

Three days after the initial fight with German destroyers at Narvik, British destroyers return to the Norwegian port on April 13 in an effort to destroy the remaining German ships.

Only two could be refueled by dark, *Wolfgang Zenker* and *Erich Giese*.

Naval Group West told Bey at 5:12 PM on April 10 to leave with the two fueled ships as soon as it was dark. The two German destroyers ordered to break out did so at 8:40 PM. They spotted British ships in the distance and returned to Narvik.

By noon on April 11, four destroyers were ready to sail from Narvik, but Bey believed that conditions for a breakout were unfavorable. He requested permission to stay in Narvik.

That evening, things got worse for the embattled German destroyers at Narvik. Two destroyers, *Erich Koellner* and *Wolfgang Zenker,* ran aground in Ofotfjord while on patrol during the night. *Koellner* hit an underwater reef that left it unseaworthy. *Zenker*'s propellers were damaged, cutting her speed. Bey reported to Naval Group West that he had two operational destroyers, three that could do a maximum speed of 28 knots, one that could do 20 knots, and two so severely damaged they were no longer seaworthy. He planned to use *Erich Koellner* as a floating battery on the north side of Ofotfjord, just east of Ramnes, the *Diether von Roeder* in a similar role in Narvik harbor.

On shore, the shipwrecked sailors were mustered into ad hoc naval infantry battalions, equipped with recoverable weapons, equipment, and supplies from both the sunken German destroyers in harbor and Norwegian stores at a nearby depot. The Germans also continued to bring ashore and set up the heavy guns from the armed British merchant ships in the harbor.

Now the British showed determination. The Admiralty ordered the Home Fleet's commander, Admiral Sir Charles Forbes, to "clean up enemy naval forces and batteries in Narvik by using a battleship heavily escorted by destroyers, with synchronized dive-bombing attacks from [the aircraft carrier] *Furious.*"

The action would be a purely naval continuation of the attack of April 10, only with overwhelming force. It was a risky operation sending a battleship into the restricted waters of Ofotfjord, which could still be full of mines and U-boats.

There was no land component with the assault. The British were not coordinated enough with their land and sea operations to bring in ground troops to secure Narvik and its premises. It would take weeks before the British troops headed for nearby Harstad would be able to attack Narvik.

Still, the British were determined to finish off the German destroyers. The action opened on April 12 at 6 PM, when nine British Fairey Swordfish from *Furious* swooped in to dive-bomb the German destroyers. The rickety biplanes were configured to work as torpedo bombers, and the crews were not trained for this type of attack. From altitudes of 400 feet, the German destroyers were not hit. Instead, two captured Norwegian patrol boats were. Two aircraft were lost to intense and accurate fire. A third was lost in the night landing on the carrier.

A second wave of nine British aircraft ran into a snowstorm and had to head back to *Furious*. The attack did little damage, but it did slow up repair efforts on *Erich Koellner,* preventing it from taking up its floating battery position.

By listening to British radio signals, the Germans concluded the British would attack on the afternoon of April 13. Bey ordered all seaworthy destroyers disposed so that they could surround the lighter British naval forces as on April 10. The nonseaworthy ships were to go to action stations where they stood, and *Koellner* was to be placed at Tarstad east of Ramnes as a floating battery.

Appointed to command the British attack force was Admiral W.J. Whitworth, who flew his flag from one of the Royal Navy's legendary warships, the battleship HMS *Warspite,* a veteran of the Battle of Jutland, under Captain Victor A.C. Crutchley, who held a Victoria Cross from the World War I raid on Ostende. *Warspite* was one of the "cocks" of the fleet, packing 15-inch guns and a well-trained crew. Escorting her were the destroyers, *Icarus, Hero, Forester, Cossack, Kimberly, Foxhound, Bedouin, Punjabi,* and *Eskimo*.

This time the British made no attempt at surprise, depending instead on massive force. The passage through Vestfjord took place in full daylight. *Warspite* launched one of her Supermarine Walrus seaplanes, which spotted, dive-bombed, and sank *U-64* at the mouth of Herjangsfjord with a 100-pound bomb. It was the first sinking of a German submarine by aircraft during the war. Eight German sailors died in the attack.

Whitworth's armada steamed into Ofotfjord. As *Warspite* entered the area, *U-46* spotted the huge dreadnought and prepared to attack. Just

as it was ready to do so, the submarine collided with an underwater ridge and had to surface; it managed to escape without being spotted. Only after the war did the British realize how close they came to losing *Warspite*.

Erich Koellner, still capable of seven knots and carrying only a skeleton crew, was escorted by *Hermann Kunne* in Ofotfjord on its way to Tarstad when it spotted one of *Warspite*'s Walrus seaplanes. The German tin cans were three kilometers short of their goal. A short time thereafter, *Hermann Kunne* spotted nine British destroyers near Baroy and reported to Bey that the British had arrived.

The German destroyer spun around immediately, but the British opened fire. Zigzagging at high speed, *Hermann Kunne* evaded the British destroyers' short-ranged guns and *Warspite*'s slow-firing 15-inchers.

Commander Alfred Schulze-Hinrichs, commanding what was left of the *Koellner,* decided to take his ship to Dujpvik on the southern side of the fjord, hoping to open a surprise barrage on the British destroyers with guns and torpedoes as they passed him. *Erich Koellner* opened fire at a range of only 1,500 meters at the first British destroyer that came in view, but it was too late. The British knew the ambush was coming. The German destroyer fired torpedoes against the British, but they missed or malfunctioned.

On *Warspite,* Lt. Cmdr. W.W. Fitzroy, the ship's air defense officer, recorded his impressions of the scene. "As we passed into the narrows at the end of the long fjord I remember thinking that it was like a forward rush in rugger. We belted along at high speed, with the destroyers doing magnificent work ahead of us. The roar of our 15-inch guns reverberated from the steep, snow-covered sides of the fjord, but the explosions of the enemy torpedoes when they hit the rocks were even greater. Fortunately the enemy was prevented from firing across our track, and all the torpedoes ran parallel to us and missed. Tall columns of smoke soon marked the positions where the big German destroyers had met their end, and we passed quite close to one beached or burning wreck after another. After the battle was over Captain Crutchley jutted his beard out, removed his pipe from his mouth, and said to Admiral Whitworth, 'Just like shelling peas, sir.'"

The British destroyers *Bedouin, Punjabi,* and *Eskimo* all had their guns trained to starboard and on *Koellner* as they rounded the Djupvik Peninsula and opened up on the lone German ship. However, it took shells from *Warspite* to silence the *Koellner.* She sank at 12:15 PM, riddled with hits. Thirty-one of her crewmembers were killed and 35 wounded. The survivors were captured by Norwegians.

Both: Imperial War Museum

The German destroyer *Hermann Kuhne* lies beached and blazes furiously following the second naval battle at Narvik. Reinforcing the British force on April 13, 1940, was the elderly battleship HMS *Warspite*.

Hermann Kunne continued toward Narvik on a zigzag course at 24 knots, laying smoke to shield herself and the other German destroyers exiting Narvik harbor to meet the British. Bey's force consisted of *Hans Ludemann, Wolfgang Zenker,* and *Bernd von Arnim. Georg Thiele* and *Erich Giese,* unable to get underway, stayed behind in Narvik harbor.

Knowing the British had brought in a battleship and her heavy guns, Bey would have been wise not to face the British in the relatively open waters of Ofotfjord but should have maneuvered into narrower areas, where *Warspite* could not sail.

But the British force was within range when the three German destroyers came abreast of Ballangen Bay. *Hans Ludemann* opened the gunplay at 17,000 meters, and the long-range gun battle that followed was ineffective on both sides. The Germans tried to close the range for a torpedo attack but were driven off by *Warspite*'s heavy guns.

The battle lasted an hour, and all five seaworthy German destroyers took part. British fire did not hit the fast-moving German destroyers, and the dive-bombers from *Furious* were ineffective, too, dropping 100 bombs to no avail. Two British aircraft were shot down.

But the Germans had given way, retreating down the fjord toward Narvik. Within an hour, they had exhausted almost all of their ammunition, and Bey's mission went from holding off the British to saving the lives of his crew and preventing the British from capturing his vessels. He ordered his destroyers to withdraw under a smokescreen. *Hermann Kunne* failed to receive Bey's order and withdrew under pressure into Herjangsfjord. After firing off her last rounds, the destroyer was scuttled.

Erich Giese exited Narvik harbor at the same time the other destroyers were withdrawing into Rombakfjord. Six British destroyers poured shells into her, which started uncontrollable fires. Lt. Cmdr. Karl Smidt, *Erich Giese*'s captain, ordered the ship abandoned at 2:30 PM. The destroyer sank quickly in deep water, and 85 men died. Just before going down, *Erich Giese* put a torpedo into *Punjabi,* forcing the destroyer to withdraw from the battle.

Diether von Roeder had engine problems and stayed tied up to a pier. *Warspite* and a group of destroyers approached the pier, and the German destroyer opened fire on them, putting seven shells into *Cossack,* forcing her to beach. After *Diether von Roeder* exhausted all her ammunition, her crew scuttled her with demolition mines. HMS *Foxhound,* coming alongside to board the German, just missed being incinerated by the blast.

Out of ammunition, *Wolfgang Zenker* and *Bernd von Arnim* retreated southeastward to the end of the fjord, called Rombaksbotn. There the ships were scuttled. *Georg Thiele* and *Hans Ludemann* still had some ammunition and torpedoes left and took up positions to strike a final blow against the British, which bought time for the crews from the scuttled ships to row ashore.

Warspite did not follow the German destroyers into Rombakfjord but stood off while the escorting destroyers steamed in, battle ensigns snapping from their masts.

After firing its last shells, the crew of *Hans Ludemann* scuttled the destroyer.

Georg Thiele was the last destroyer standing, and she fought on, trying to buy time for her sisters to scuttle themselves and send their crewmen ashore. When *Eskimo* steamed in at close range, *Georg Thiele* launched her very last torpedo, which hit the forward part of the British destroyer. The explosion ripped off the *Eskimo*'s forecastle, killing 15 sailors. *Eskimo* reversed course, which created a traffic jam of destroyers behind her, but their shells still whistled in on *Georg Thiele,* damaging her, killing everyone on the bridge except Commander Wolf.

Wolf logged in his combat report, "Our gunfire had become irregular and weak, consisting largely of single shells fired at random. Gun No. 2, with which telephone communication had failed, received orders by shouting from the bridge. Nos. 3 and 4 had suffered interruption in their ammunition supply, and No. 5 was running out. The forward position had received a hit, killing one man and wounding two. With the gunnery officer lying momentarily stunned on the deck, the fire-signaller ordered rapid fire on his own initiative. When nothing happened, the gunnery officer called the bridge and reported, 'Am receiving no more ammunition!'

"At about the same time further hits were sustained on the W/T office, the bridge and the after superstructure.

"The captain gave the order, 'Stand by to sink ship!' and set the engine-room telegraph to 'full speed ahead'—the operator being dead and the coxswain badly wounded—and ran his ship against the steeply rising rocks, the bows lodging amongst them. Then he gave the order 'Abandon ship!' Part of the crew then jumped into the water from the port side, while the rest landed directly over the forecastle. The captain himself left the ship after destroying the last secret documents. (depth of water 105 meters) The wounded were carried to land and taken to cover...."

Without shells or torpedoes left to fire, Wolf beached the destroyer at high speed near Sildvik. The tin can capsized, and the aft portion sank at 3 PM while the forward part remained beached. Some 14 crewmen were killed and 18 wounded.

With *Georg Thiele*'s grounding, the battle was over. At 5:42 PM, Whitworth reported to London that a German submarine and all German destroyers were sunk. He considered the idea of landing troops in Narvik but rightly determined that his landing parties would be outnumbered by the 2,000 German troops in the city. Narvik would have to wait until more ground troops were brought up.

The British destroyer HMS *Cossack,* seen close to a listing German transport (foreground), fires on German shore batteries at Narvik on April 13, 1940. *Cossack* was later struck by seven German shells and temporarily beached. The destroyer required extensive repairs before returning to service.

He was right. The 24th Brigade, assigned to Narvik, was still headed for Harstad. It would be weeks before the British and French would be in position to attack the city. Whitworth also worried that his battleship would be an easy target in the fjord. It was time to go, and the force began withdrawing at 6:30 PM.

The German defenders were now in a desperate plight. Even with the addition of 2,100 shipwrecked sailors to the defense in an improvised regiment, Dietl's men were on their own, far from home, blockaded by sea, and dependent on supplies brought in through neutral Sweden, the result of German diplomatic pressure.

The loss of 10 destroyers would also cripple the German Navy. It was a staggering 45 percent of their destroyer force. For the duration of the war, German naval deployments would be tempered by the shortage of escorts for capital ships.

The victory was one of the few bright spots for the British campaign in Norway, which was otherwise a massive disaster. Warburton-Lee's heroics and Whitworth's overwhelming use of firepower resonated at home and abroad. The Germans would be far less aggressive with their navy in the future and show timidity in other battle situations, handing the British victories and infuriating Hitler, who had little use for the surface navy in the first place.

Such assessments lay in the future as *Warspite* checked her fire and began the withdrawal. The 140 survivors of *Hardy* were moved from the wrecked ship to the village of Balangen where they—along with 47 ex-prisoners freed from the *Jan Wellem*—were cared for by local Norwegians. British losses in Second Narvik were small: 41 killed (15 on *Eskimo,* 14 on *Punjabi,* 11 on *Cossack,* and one on *Foxhound*). No British destroyers were sunk, but most sustained minor damage from German shells. *Eskimo, Cossack,* and *Punjabi* were heavily damaged and required repairs. In the engagements, 276 Norwegians, 316 Germans, and 188 British were killed.

Also left behind as eyesores and hazards were the wrecks of the German destroyers, which remained for years, twisted metal lying half out of the waters of the fjord. Over time, the Norwegians scrapped the remaining ships one by one, so that the only remnant left lies 15 kilometers east of Narvik. The wreckage of the *Georg Thiele,* shredded, battered, and covered with rust, still sits where she was driven aground on the afternoon of April 13, 1940. □

Author David H. Lippman has been writing on World War II topics for years. He maintains a daily website on the topic and resides in Newark, New Jersey.

ON THE MORNING OF JUNE 13, 1944, the brilliant new aircraft carrier *Taiho* weighed anchor and slowly moved out of Tawi-Tawi anchorage in the Sulu archipelago in the southwestern Philippines. The vessel was serving as Vice Admiral Jisaburo Ozawa's flagship. Departing with *Taiho* were the sister carriers *Zuikaku* and *Shokaku* and an assortment of cruisers and destroyers. The force headed northeast with other elements of Japan's First Mobile Fleet. Two days later, on June 15, the Pacific island of Saipan in the Marianas was invaded by U.S. forces.

Stalking *Shokaku*

All: U.S. Navy

The submarine USS *Cavalla* scored big on its first patrol in the Pacific.

BY JOHN DOMAGALSKI

The loss of Saipan and adjoining islands in the Marianas chain would be a critical blow to the Japanese Empire, putting the home islands in range of heavy American bombers for the first time. To counter the American invasion, Ozawa devised Operation A-GO. The battle plan involved luring the American fleet into a position favorable for a Japanese attack. In addition to defending Saipan, Ozawa hoped to win a major victory over the U.S. Navy.

Two serious issues hampered Ozawa's ability carry out such a large scale fleet operation: his overall naval strength and the availability of fuel oil. A shadow of its former self, the Imperial Japanese Navy suffered heavy losses in battles at Midway, Guadalcanal, and elsewhere. However, using a nucleus of aircraft carriers and battleships, the admiral still felt he had enough forces available to make his plan work. The shortage of fuel oil had been brought about by American submarine attacks on Japanese merchant shipping. As a result of the deficiency, Japanese ships were forced to use unprocessed Borneo oil. The low-grade fuel created dangerous fumes and damaged ship engines. In spite of these obstacles, Ozawa pressed forward with his plan.

The Japanese assembled nine aircraft carriers, five battleships, 10 heavy cruisers, two light cruisers, and a host of destroyers of the First Mobile Fleet to fight the Americans. Blocking Ozawa's path to the embattled Marianas was the powerful U.S. Seventh Fleet under the command of Admiral Raymond A. Spruance. The American force included 15 aircraft carriers, seven modern battleships, and 956 carrier planes. The latter amounted to a roughly two to one advantage over the Japanese.

Wary of a potential Japanese move toward Saipan, Spruance was on guard for a big battle. He was concerned about the possibility that an enemy force might try to move around his ships and strike directly at the invasion fleet off Saipan. Spruance positioned his aircraft carriers to counter that threat.

With land bases in close proximity, Admiral

Ozawa knew that the Americans would have to rely solely on carrier-based planes in the Saipan area. Accordingly, his battle plan relied on more than 500 land-based planes, operating from airfields on Guam, Yap, and Rota. Paying special attention to the American aircraft carriers, these land-based planes were to subject the enemy to a series of withering attacks prior to the arrival of the First Mobile Fleet. Ozawa would then use the greater range of his carrier planes to strike before the Americans could reply.

Forming up in the Philippines, the Japanese fleet refueled and moved east. Ozawa and his carriers departed the island group through the San Bernardino Strait, while the main force of battleships emerged from Surigao Strait farther south. Watchful American submarines guarding the Philippines spotted both forces and reported that two large groups of Japanese ships were heading east toward Saipan. The ensuing fight came to be known as the Battle of the Philippine Sea.

Two days earlier and thousands of miles east at Pearl Harbor, Admiral Charles A. Lockwood studied a map of the Philippines Sea. The American command was on alert to a possible Japan-

ABOVE: Artist Georges Schreiber painted this image entitled *Up Periscope,* capturing the concentrated activity that occurred in the cramped conning tower of a U.S. Navy submarine in World War II. While the captain peers through the periscope, to the left in the scene navigators plot potential courses on a series of charts and a crewman climbs up a ladder from the control room below.

OPPOSITE: Photographed in August 1941, the Imperial Japanese Navy aircraft carrier *Shokaku* steams following its commissioning into active service.

ese move to counter the Saipan invasion. As the leader of the American submarine force, Lockwood knew that some of his boats could play an important role in any battle.

The admiral laid an imaginary square over the Philippine Sea and believed that any Japanese surface force intending to challenge the American invasion fleet at Saipan would have to pass through the cube. He directed four submarines, *Albacore, Finback, Bang,* and *Stingray*, to patrol 30-mile radii at each corner of the square. He later shifted the shape 100 miles south based on intelligence received. One additional submarine, *Cavalla,* was not among the initial patrol group but would play a key role in the days ahead. She had already been at sea for weeks.

On her first war patrol, *Cavalla* departed Midway on June 4, 1944. After pulling away from the submarine tender *Holland* in the late afternoon, she slowly moved through the channel that led to the open sea. Two planes acting as her temporary escort flew above. After clearing the channel, she made for open sea on a westerly course.

Built by the Electric Boat Company in Groton, Connecticut, *Cavalla* was put into commission on February 29, 1944, by Lt. Cmdr. Herman J. Kossler. One of 73 Gato-class submarines built during the war, she measured 311 feet in length and had a standard displacement of 1,526 tons. Her maximum surface speed of just over 20 knots fell to under nine knots when submerged. Main armament consisted of 10 torpedo tubes, six forward and four aft, with the ability to carry a total of 24 underwater missiles. A deck gun and a small assortment of light antiaircraft guns were available for use on the surface.

After about two months of workups, test dives, and crew training, *Cavalla* made the long voyage to Pearl Harbor via the Panama Canal to join the war effort. She stayed at Pearl Harbor less than a month before venturing to Midway. For the boat's first war patrol, Kossler was to prowl along the eastern Philippines.

On June 8, Kossler's boat entered the 500-mile circle that surrounded Japanese-held Marcus Island. Lookouts kept a careful watch for enemy planes as *Cavalla* spent the majority of the daylight hours riding on the surface. One day later the submarine had an unusual encounter. "A slight impact was felt aft, and shortly afterwards a whale broached astern in what appeared to be a pool of blood," Kossler explained. "No apparent change in the propeller beat nor any additional vibration has been noted, so it is not believed any damage was done to the propellers." *Cavalla* continued her slow and largely uneventful voyage west.

During the early hours of June 14 the weather

LEFT: Admiral Charles Lockwood, commander of Submarine Force Pacific Fleet, ordered the U.S. submarine *Cavalla* and others to intercept Japanese surface ships deployed in the Philippine Sea. RIGHT: Admiral Jisaburo Ozawa commanded the Japanese First Mobile Fleet, including the ill-fated aircraft carrier *Shokaku,* during action in the Philippine Sea in June 1944. BELOW: The USS *Cavalla* was launched on November 14, 1943, and sailed on its first war patrol on June 4, 1944. *Cavalla* stalked the Japanese aircraft carrier Shokaku during its maiden voyage.

began to change. "Seas increasing, barometer dropping steadily," Kossler recorded. "Took several [waves] over bridge and down conning tower hatch with no serious damage." The commanding officer drafted a weather message for Pearl Harbor, but the radio operator was unable to send it because of the deteriorating conditions. Kossler decided to ride out the storm below the waves and submerged for much of the day, only surfacing mid-afternoon when the weather seemed to be slowly improving.

At about 7 PM *Cavalla* received a message about a surface contact reported by the submarine *Flying Fish*. Kossler immediately set a course for the location. The sea conditions had now improved substantially. "Storm completely past us," he noted just before midnight. "Increased speed to sixteen knots to make up for lost time."

In the early evening hours of June 15, *Cavalla* entered her assigned patrol area. Kossler began to patrol the probable route of the enemy reported by *Flying Fish*. She was not the only submarine on the hunt for the reported contact. The next morning the patrolling submarine sighted *Pipefish*. Kossler exchanged communications with the fellow American submarine, and it was decided that the two boats would make a coordinated search with each patrolling on one side of the target's reported track. Having made no contact by 8 PM, Kossler ended the search and *Cavalla* continued within her assigned patrol area.

Several hours later, just before midnight, *Cavalla* sighted a convoy tentatively identified as two tankers and three escorts. It was unclear to Kossler if it was the same group that she and *Pipefish* had searched for earlier in the day. He spent the early morning of June 17 stalking the convoy but had to abandon his torpedo attack when a fast-moving Japanese destroyer forced him to go deep.

By the time Kossler was able to bring his boat to the surface, the convoy was gone. He unsuccessfully gave chase until receiving orders at about 5:30 PM to move to a different patrol area. Unknown to *Cavalla*'s commanding officer, the convoy that he had been chasing was one of two tanker trains servicing Admiral Ozawa's battle force.

From the sighting reports transmitted by the submarines, Admiral Spruance knew for certain that the Japanese fleet was on the move. The reports provided the general positions of the Japanese ships, but his search planes were unable to pinpoint the precise location of the enemy carriers. The American reconnaissance planes did see Japanese float planes, indicating the enemy fleet could not be far off. Ozawa spent June 17 at sea moving east, trying to keep out of range of the American carrier planes until conditions were favorable to strike.

Kossler gave up trying to relocate the tanker convoy, but his fortunes were about to change. Just minutes before 8 PM on June 17, *Cavalla*'s SD radar set registered a ship contact. It was initially nothing more than a small pip on the radar scope. The contact was heading west southwest at a distance of 30,000 yards. "Pip seemed to fade in and out at this range, so put bow to contact and went to four engine speed," Kossler reported. The range then began to rapidly decrease. "At 22,000 yards other pips began to appear on radar."

Kossler concluded that his contact was a large task force. It was zig-zagging at regular intervals and moving at a speed of 19 knots. By 8:15 PM, the radar scope was clearly showing seven large pips. Kossler correctly surmised that one was an aircraft carrier and the other six, positioned in two parallel columns, were possibly battleships and cruisers. The aircraft car-

rier was closest to the submarine at a range of 15,000 yards.

"Although the night was fairly dark, this ship could be seen and looked mighty big," he later wrote. "We were in position on the track ahead of the formation, so submerged to radar depth and went to battle stations." While radar was showing seven pips, sound gear was picking up screw noise from 15 different vessels. It was clear that the heavy ships were protected by a bevy of destroyers.

Cavalla's commanding officer knew he had stumbled on something big. "By now it was apparent that we were on the track of a large, fast task force, heading someplace in a pretty big hurry," he noted. "Since we had no knowledge of a previous contact report on this task force, it was decided to abandon the attack, and surface as quickly as possible in order to send in a contact report." It was a difficult decision, but one he knew that he had to make for the greater war effort.

By 9:30 PM, all ships of the task force moved beyond *Cavalla* except for two fast vessels, assumed to be destroyers, that were mingling near the rear of the formation. "After almost an hour of evading by every method I knew how, managed to get clear of the two ships covering the rear, and surfaced." Only then was Kossler finally able to send out a detailed contact report to Pearl Harbor.

The next day passed uneventfully as *Cavalla* unsuccessfully tried to regain contact with the task force. At 3:45 AM on the morning of June 19, a plane passed low and close over the submerged submarine. The boat crash dived immediately. "It was not sighted," Kossler reported of the plane, "but the roar of its engines was heard in the conning tower as it passed close aboard from starboard to port. The officer of the deck, Lt. (j.g.) Caslor, was white as a ghost and practically speechless when I reached the control room." *Cavalla* continued to periodically sight planes throughout the day, but mostly at safe distances.

At 10:39 AM, a group of four small planes was observed through the periscope circling at a low altitude about 15 miles away. Minutes later the noise of surface ships was heard coming from the same direction. Masts were soon spotted on the distant horizon directly under the planes, and the sound operator reported the presence of even more vessels beyond what could be seen through the periscope.

Kossler ordered battle stations and began to cautiously approach the enemy formation. He was astonished the next time he took a look at the targets. "When I raised my periscope at this time the picture was too good to be true," he reported. "I could see four ships, a large carrier with two cruisers ahead on the port bow and a destroyer about one thousand yards on the starboard beam."

A Japanese Nakajima B5N "Kate" torpedo bomber lands on the flight deck of the aircraft carrier *Shokaku* during operations in March 1943. The carrier participated in the attack on Pearl Harbor. BELOW: The Gato-class submarine USS *Cavalla* is shown at sea in March 1944.

The lucky *Cavalla* was in the midst of one of the task forces that comprised the First Mobile Fleet. The group included the carriers *Shokaku, Zuikaku,* and *Taiho,* the three largest in Ozawa's fleet, three cruisers, and seven destroyers. Kossler let the executive officer and gunnery officer take a look at the target carrier through the periscope for identification purposes. The ship was correctly identified as a *Shokaku* type.

The aircraft carrier that *Cavalla* was stalking was in fact *Shokaku* herself. The big flattop was an inviting target. Commissioned in August 1941, the carrier displaced just over 32,100 tons fully loaded. She was manned by a crew of 1,660 officers and enlisted men and could operate 72 planes.

The fluid situation forced Kossler to make some quick decisions. "I could see that the destroyer on the cruiser's starboard beam might give me trouble, but the problem was developing so fast that I had to concentrate on the carrier and take my chances with the destroyer," he concluded. The destroyer was *Urakaze*. From a periscope view, it was clear that she was in a threatening position.

Kossler recorded some details as he carefully studied the carrier minutes before the attack. "The target mounted a large 'bed spring' type radar mast on top of foremast, and was flying a large Japanese ensign." He noted that the carrier was recovering planes. "At the time of attack only one plane was seen left in the air, and the forward part of her flight deck was jammed with planes, my guess at least thirty maybe more." Kossler's observation was correct as *Shokaku* was landing a reconnaissance

patrol at the time.

Unbeknownst to Kossler, Ozawa's task force had already fallen victim to an American submarine attack. Earlier in the day, almost 60 miles away, *Albacore* put a single torpedo into Ozawa's flagship *Taiho*. The ship's captain deemed it to be minor damage. With speed down by only one knot and the flight deck clear, *Taiho* continued to sail forward into battle. A victim of poor damage control, she later exploded and sank.

At last it was time for *Cavalla* to strike. Kossler benefited from such an ideal firing setup that he had only raised the periscope three times during the final approach. At 11:18 AM, with *Shokaku* 1,200 yards away, he gave the order to fire a spread of six torpedoes set to a depth of 15 feet. Although the submarine's approach was undetected, he still worried about the nearby destroyer. "Angle on the bow of the destroyer was zero, range about 1,500 yards," he noted at the moment. Kossler gave the order to go deep while still firing the torpedoes. "I fired the fifth and sixth on the way down," he later recalled.

Cavalla sailors heard the rumbling sound of an explosion about 50 seconds after firing the first torpedo. Two additional blasts came immediately afterward at eight-second intervals. "The last three torpedoes missed," Kossler concluded after hearing only three sounds. "Put rudder left and rigged for depth charging and silent running." He now hoped to escape what surely would be an angry Japanese response.

By the time lookouts aboard *Shokaku* sighted torpedoes approaching off the starboard side, the underwater missiles were already close at hand. The ship's captain immediately ordered evasive action, but it was too late. The torpedoes struck amidships and forward. Rocked by the series of hits, *Shokaku* took on a list to starboard and quickly fell out of formation with *Urakaze* standing nearby.

After launching a devastating attack against an unsuspecting foe, Kossler now focused on escaping alive. He was taking *Cavalla* deep in the hope of quietly slipping away. The first depth charges exploded a mere two minutes after the torpedoes were fired. "Two salvoes of four depth charges fairly close, first salvo ahead, above and to port, and the second salvo ahead, above and crossing from port to starboard," he recorded. "Evaded at deep submergence."

> "Angle on the bow of the destroyer was zero, range about 1,500 yards. I fired the fifth and sixth on the way down."

At 11:44 AM, a destroyer made a close pass. "High speed screws passed directly overhead and were heard throughout ship," Kossler remembered. "However, no close charges were dropped on this run." Dripping in sweat and with wrenched nerves, sailors aboard *Cavalla* kept as quiet as possible while waiting out the depth charging. "Three destroyers worked on us at first, and after about one and a half hours only one destroyer was left. At no time was pinging heard."

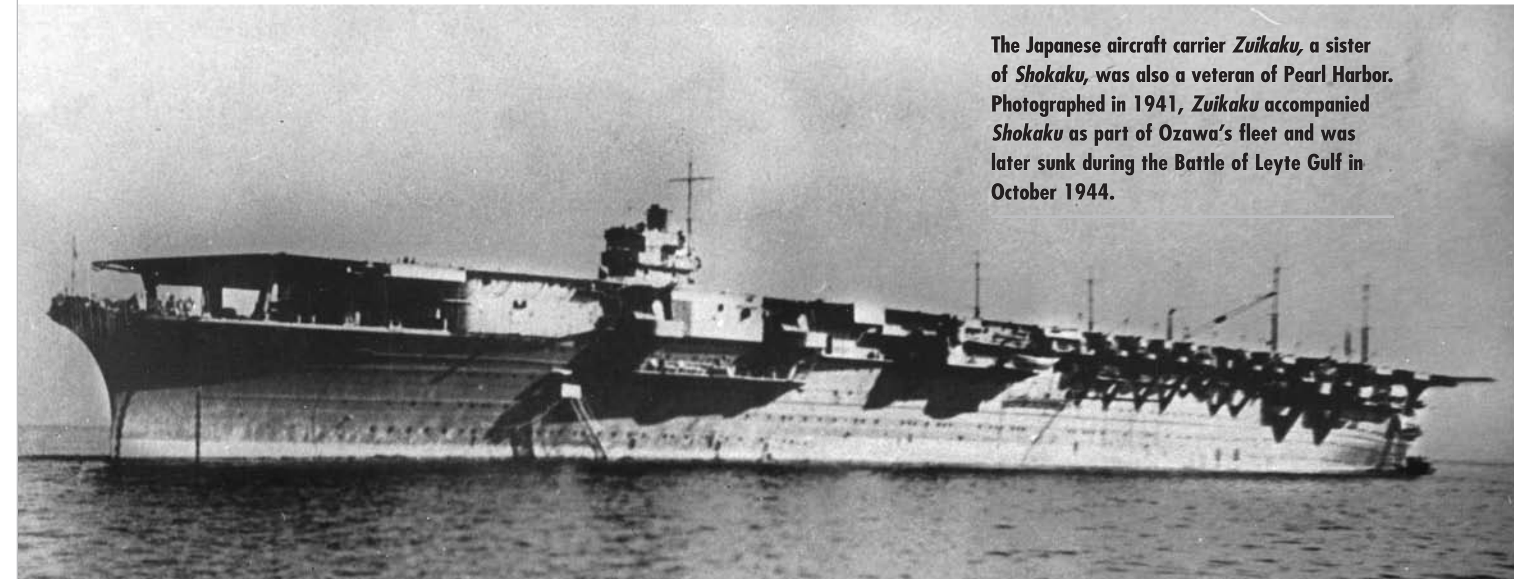
By 1:30 PM, it looked as if *Cavalla* was making progress in slipping away from her attackers. "Depth charges began to get further away, but remained between us and scene of attack," Kossler noted. "About this time JP, which was the only sound gear we had left, began to report loud water noises in the direction of the attack." Less than half an hour later, Kossler began slowly bringing his boat to periscope depth. Intermittent depth charges were still rumbling in the distance and the underwater sounds continued in the direction of the torpedo attack on *Shokaku*.

The situation changed suddenly at exactly 2:08 PM. "Four terrific explosions were heard in direction of attack," Kossler reported. "These were not depth charges or bombs, as their rumbling continued for many seconds." *Cavalla* reached periscope depth about 15 minutes later. "Nothing in sight, visibility poor due to rain squalls all around," he noted of his first look since the attack. "Secured from depth charging and silent running." Japanese destroyers had dropped 106 depth charges over a three-hour span, with 56 exploding close to the submarine.

Just before 7 PM, *Cavalla* surfaced and began to leave the area. After traveling for over an hour, Kossler sent a transmission to Pearl Harbor. He reported hitting a *Shokaku*-type carrier with three torpedoes and told briefly of the depth charging and hearing terrific explosions. He optimistically concluded, "…believe that baby sank." It was the end of a long and harrowing day.

The battle-scarred veteran *Shokaku* had seen plenty of action during the early years of the war, including participating in the Pearl Harbor attack and the Battles of the Coral Sea and Santa Cruz. However, pitifully little was recorded by official Japanese naval sources about her end.

While the commanding officer of *Cavalla*



The Japanese aircraft carrier *Zuikaku,* a sister of *Shokaku,* was also a veteran of Pearl Harbor. Photographed in 1941, *Zuikaku* accompanied *Shokaku* as part of Ozawa's fleet and was later sunk during the Battle of Leyte Gulf in October 1944.

reported that three of his torpedoes hit the carrier, some Japanese survivors believed that four actually found the mark. It is widely accepted that the detonations ruptured a gasoline storage tank, causing a fire that was initially put under control. A valiant effort was made the save the ship, and she stayed afloat for several hours. However, *Shokaku* eventually succumbed to a series of tremendous explosions, heard by Kossler and his crew. The detonations may have been caused by the detonation of a bomb magazine or gasoline fumes igniting. The proud aircraft carrier slipped beneath the waves, taking 1,272 crewmen with her. About 570 survivors were rescued by the light cruiser *Yahagi* and destroyers *Urakaze* and *Hatsuzuki*.

Cavalla underwent a tremendous depth charging after firing the torpedoes that doomed *Shokaku* but was able to escape without major damage. Motors on two pieces of the submarine's underwater sound equipment burned out during the counterattack, and a ventilation supply pipe flooded. It was a small price to pay for the great achievement of sinking a Japanese aircraft carrier.

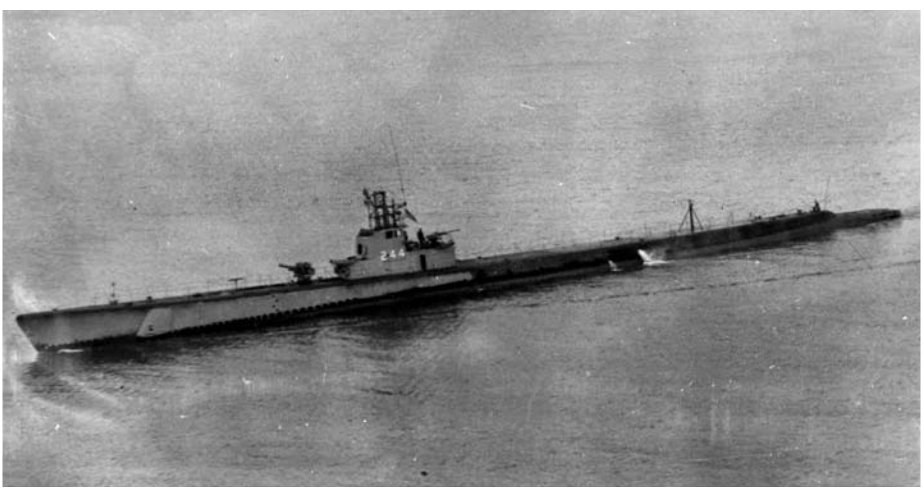
The submarine remained on patrol for the balance of June before receiving orders to head for Saipan late in the month. Just after 2:30 PM on July 1, 1944, *Cavalla* rendezvoused with the destroyer *Philip,* which served as her escort for the remainder of the trip. The arrival of daylight found the destroyer and submarine close to Saipan. "It was now light enough to see a scene which we will not soon forget," Kossler recalled. "Practically every type ship in the book was in sight." Smoke hung over one side of the embattled island as gunfire and explosions could be clearly seen and heard from the submarine.

Cavalla dropped anchor off the southwest side of Saipan in the company of ships of all shapes and sizes. "We were told that Japanese planes generally came over only at night," Kossler recalled. However, lookouts were positioned topside and machine guns manned to be on guard for the occasional daylight attack.

A group of visitors boarded the boat at 1:10 PM while *Cavalla* refueled from the tanker *Kennebago*. "Representatives from the staffs of Admirals Spruance, [Richmond Kelly] Turner, and [Harry] Hill plus six war correspondents and a photographer came on board," Kossler remembered. "For the next hour I was swamped with questions." Everyone wanted to know more about his attack on the Japanese fleet. The visitors departed about an hour later, and the submarine made preparations to get underway.

"The stay in Saipan was one of the most interesting experiences I have ever had," Kossler remembered. "We were only a mile from the beach and had a ringside seat for one of the toughest fights our Marines have had to date."

ABOVE: On the deck of the USS *Cavalla* off Saipan, its skipper, Lieutenant Commander Herman J. Kossler, at center with moustache, discusses recent successes with a group of war correspondents. BELOW: Photographed in July 1944, the USS *Cavalla* completed a 64-day war patrol, its first, on August 3. *Cavalla* went on to amass an impressive wartime record.



On the afternoon of August 3, *Cavalla*'s first war patrol came to an end when the submarine pulled into Majuro. The patrol lasted 64 days. The boat spent the next month at Majuro with her crew using the time for training and relaxation while the submarine underwent routine maintenance.

The Battle of the Philippine Sea was such a resounding defeat for the Imperial Japanese Navy that Americans later referred to the one-sided air battle that took place as the Great Marianas Turkey Shoot. Japanese land-based planes failed to hinder the American fleet. Admiral Spruance found the enemy and struck with a vengeance. In addition to the loss of *Taiho* and *Shokaku* to submarines, Ozawa lost a third carrier, *Hiyo,* and hundreds of planes. A number of other Japanese ships suffered varying degrees of damage.

The last days of the war found *Cavalla* on lifeguard duty off Japan. She entered Tokyo Bay on the final day of August and remained for the September 2, 1945, formal Japanese surrender. She completed six war patrols and is credited with sinking four Japanese ships. It was, however, her first war patrol and the sinking of *Shokaku* that was most memorable. □

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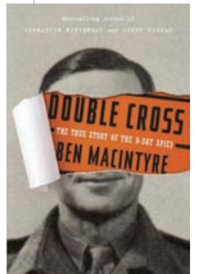
Private Collection

Elvira Josefina Concepcion de la Fuente Chaudoir, 'Agent Bronx', seen here at the Hurlingham Club with MI5 case officer Billy Luke.

D-Day Deception

An odd assortment of spies was recruited by British intelligence to fool the Nazis as to the exact time and location of the Normandy landings.

AN EGOTISTICAL POLISH FREEDOM FIGHTER, A SERBIAN PLAYBOY, A BISEXUAL Peruvian lady, a Spanish chicken farmer with a vivid imagination, a temperamental Russian-born French woman attached to her dog, and a German citizen who loved the English and fancied himself another Anthony Eden. On the surface, none of these individuals have anything in common. During World War II, however, they were all being used by British intelligence to convince the Germans that the invasion of France was not occurring in Normandy. The elaborate ruse took four years to carefully mold but, in the end, this unlikely group of secret agents pulled off the unthinkable—and in the process saved thousands of Allied lives on June 6, 1944.



In his latest book, ***Double Cross: The True Story of the D-Day Spies*** (Crown Publishers, New York, 2012, 386 pp., photographs, bibliography, notes, $26.00, hardcover), author Ben Macintrye has written another master spy thriller, much in the vein of his previous book *Operation Mincemeat*. The story has a cast of characters straight out of a James Bond novel with one important difference: they are all real—and so are their clandestine activities.

Among the officials with the British Security Service, known as MI5, was a "genteel and soft-spoken intelligence officer" named Thomas "Tar" Argyll Robertson, who was the mastermind behind this intricate plot to fool the Abwehr, or German intelligence, that the Allies would attempt an amphibious landing at Pas de Calais, the shortest route across the English Channel from Great Britain to France, instead of Normandy, where the real invasion would materialize.

Among Robertson's unlikely entourage of secret agents was Roman Czerniawski, a Polish patriot who was captured by the Nazis after his underground organization in France was betrayed. He offered his services to the Abwehr, traveled to England, and immediately went to the British who brought him into their ranks. Czerniawski had to be extremely careful because he knew the Nazis would murder his family if they found out he was a double agent. He was code-named Brutus. A Yugoslavian ladies man was another spy for the British. Dubbed Tricycle, Dusan "Dusko" Popov proved invaluable as he passed along misinformation to the Germans despite his penchant for women, booze, tailor-made suits, and monogrammed handkerchiefs, which he flagrantly billed to MI5. Elvira de la Fuente Chadoir, aka Bronx, a bored daughter of a Peruvian diplomat and millionaire, frequented the gambling casinos in England, where she usually lost, picking up male and female one-night stands in the process. It was her consuming boredom that attracted her to the role as a British spy, feeding false data to the Germans.

Hot-tempered and unpredictable agent Treasure, Lily Sergeyev, had relocated to Paris when she was a child and offered her services to the Abwehr early in the war. When she traveled to England, Sergeyev quickly switched sides. Emotionally attached to her terrier-poodle Babs, she almost informed on the British when MI5 officials did not allow her to carry Babs to England (they later claimed Babs was run over and killed by a car) because of strict English quarantine laws for animals. Rounding out the five was Juan Pujol Garcia, agent Garbo, who was originally recruited by the Germans in Lisbon. Garcia secretly built a ring of spies who delivered much information to Berlin. There was only one problem—it was all fictitious. Garcia continued his deception until war's end and was even decorated with the Iron Cross, one of Germany's highest awards.

Perhaps the biggest hero to emerge among the spy world was Johnny Jebsen, whose parents had emigrated from Denmark and owned a shipping company. Although German on the surface, Jebsen was a fervent anti-Nazi but became a spy for the Third Reich, making enormous profits along the way. Jebsen and Popov were close friends, and it was the flamboyant Serb who eventually convinced him to be a double agent. A chain smoker and heavy drinker, Jebsen had made numerous contacts in the Abwehr. Unfortunately, because of his money-making schemes and threats to flee Portugal, he was whisked away to Berlin, tortured by the Gestapo, and sent to a concentration camp. His whereabouts after the war were unknown. Many, including his wife, believed he

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Why Are Christians Disappearing from the Middle East?

The Christian population in the Muslim Middle East has plunged from 20% a century ago to less than 5% today—and it's falling fast.

Arab Christianity, for centuries a dominant force in Middle East culture, religion and politics, now faces extinction in nearly every country in the region. Discrimination and persecution by Muslim governments, as well as murderous attacks by Islamic extremists, are driving Christians from their homelands by the millions. In fact, the only country in the Middle East in which Christians are safe—and where their numbers are growing—is Israel.

What are the facts?

The Middle East now has the fewest number of Christians and the smallest share of the population that is Christian of any major geographic region. A review of the deadly treatment faced by Christians in nearly every Middle East nation reveals the reasons why:

Egypt. Coptic Christians have lived in Egypt since 451 C.E. and now number 5-8 million. But for decades they have suffered church burnings and murder at the hands of radical Muslims who want Egypt free of religious minorities. Under President Mubarak the military protected Christians and jailed extremists, but since Mubarak's overthrow attacks by Muslim radicals have increased, and the military has refused to make arrests. On New Year's Day 2011, 21 Christians were slaughtered and 79 were injured; during a protest in Cairo, 27 were killed and 300 injured *by Egyptian police*. An estimated 100,000 Copts have recently fled the country.

> Murderous attacks by Islamic extremists are driving Christians from their homelands by the millions.

Iran. Under Iran's ultra-conservative theocracy, it's practically against the law to be Christian. In recent years, hundreds of evangelical Christians have been arrested for "crimes against the order," including Pastor Youcef Nadarkhani, who was condemned to death because he refused to renounce his faith. Likewise, a Christian convert who started a "house church" was recently sentenced to two years in prison for "anti-Islamic propaganda."

Saudi Arabia. In Wahabist Saudi Arabia, Christian prayer, even in private, is against the law—as is importing a Bible. Recently officials strip-searched 29 Christian women and assaulted six Christian men after arresting them for holding a private prayer meeting. They've had no trial and remain imprisoned with no word on their fate. Saudi Arabia's Grand Mufti, Sheikh Abdul Aziz bin Abdullah, recently decreed that it is "necessary to destroy all the churches of the region," referring to the entire Arabian Peninsula.

Iraq. Iraq's Christian population, which once numbered 1.5 million, has shrunk to less than 250,000. No wonder: In the wake of church burnings, kidnappings and the slaughter of Christians by Muslims, Iraqi Christians live in deathly fear and must pray in private. They now account for 40% of Iraq's refugees.

Syria. While Syria's one million Christians enjoyed some stability under the Assad regimes, civil unrest has now caused the country's Christians to fear for their lives. Indeed, some 100 Christians have been killed and many kidnapped since the unrest began. Islamic militants have begun the ethnic cleansing of Christians in the Syrian city of Homs, and at least 90% of Christians living there—as many as 50,000 people—have been driven from their homes, according to the Dutch aid group, Church in Need.

West Bank and Gaza. Since the Islamic terrorist group Hamas violently seized Gaza in 2007, half its tiny Christian community has fled. Crucifixes and Christmas decorations are forbidden. Following a December 2010 exhortation by Hamas officials to murder Christians, Rami Ayyad, the owner of Gaza's only Christian bookstore was killed and his store torched. In the West Bank, the Christian population has plummeted as well, decreasing from 15% of the population in 1950 to less than 2% now—only about 60,000 souls. Before Israel's War of Independence in 1948, Ramallah's population was 90% Christian and Bethlehem's was 80%. Today, Ramallah and Bethlehem are largely Islamic cities. After the Palestinian Authority took over Bethlehem in 1995, Palestinian gunmen attacked Christian homes and in 2002 seized and defiled the Church of the Nativity. Today, Christians make up only a fifth of the city's population.

Israel. During Jordan's occupation of Jerusalem, from 1948 to 1967, the city's Christian population shrank by 50% to only 12,646. Today, under Israeli rule, that Christian community is growing, as is Israel's entire Christian population—up dramatically since 1948 to 154,000, about 2% of Israel's total population. Christians serve in Israel's legislative Knesset, its foreign ministry and on its Supreme Court. Israeli Arab Christians are on average extremely well educated and relatively affluent. In short, Israel is the only place in the Middle East where Christians feel safe and can flourish.

The U.N. Declaration of Human Rights, adopted in 1948, holds that "Everyone has the right to freedom of thought, conscience and religion." Yet discrimination directed at Christians—as well as murder and ethnic cleansing—have always been a threat in the Arab Muslim world. It's time our media stop whitewashing "clashes between Muslims and Christians" and start honestly reporting the outright ethnic cleansing of Christian minorities by Muslim radicals. It's also time U.S. legislators start denying financial aid to Middle East nations that refuse to halt state-sponsored bias and Muslim violence against Christians.

This message has been published and paid for by

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survived, faked another identity, and moved to another country. Known as Artist to the British, Jebsen never broke under torture.

Macintrye has penned a real edge-of-the-seat thriller. *Double Cross* is an engrossing book filled with twists, strange characters, and subplots that, although all true, could have been conjured up in the fertile mind of a Hollywood screenwriter.

The Battle for Tinian: Vital Stepping Stone in America's War Against Japan by Nathan N. Prefer, Casemate Publishers, Havertown, PA, 2012, 238 pp., maps, photographs, notes, index, $32.95, hardcover.

In the predawn hours of August 6, 1945, three U.S. Army Air Corps Boeing B-29 Superfortress bombers took off from North Field on the island of Tinian in the Marianas group. One of the aircraft, *Enola Gay,* named after the mother of the pilot, Colonel Paul W. Tibbets, Jr., was carrying a new and deadly weapon—the atomic bomb—to be dropped on the Japanese city of Hiroshima in hopes of ending the war in the Pacific. The bombings of that city and Nagasaki three days later were successful.

Japan sued for peace, and the conflict was over. In July 1944, however, it was the 2nd and 4th Marine Divisions who would have to wrestle these islands from a determined and fanatical enemy, paving the way for the heavy bombers to drop their bombs a year later.

With the end of the operation to capture nearby Saipan, both divisions were depleted of manpower and equipment but were ordered to take Tinian. Reinforcements were on the way, but would not arrive until after Jig Day on July 24. Also, a heated argument ensued as to what beaches the leathernecks should land on, the wide but heavily defended strip near Tinian town or the narrow beaches known as White 1 and 2.

The decision to disembark the troops on the White beaches caught the defenders completely off guard. For the next eight days, Marine rifleman, supported by artillery and tanks, battled the Japanese into a pocket of resistance on the southern tip of the island. By August 1, Tinian was declared secured, although hundreds more of the enemy would perish in the months ahead.

Because of the ease of the operation, the Tinian campaign has been largely ignored by many historians who have described it as "easy." What made it relatively effortless, however, was the meticulous planning and the complete surprise when the Marines waded ashore where the Japanese did not expect them to land. Tinian was the last time the enemy would use defense at the water's edge, as the bloody struggles at Iwo Jima and Okinawa would later illustrate. Nevertheless, however easy one might say Tinian was, it is sobering to walk among the graves of the 328 who paid the ultimate sacrifice—and who made it possible for Tibbets to fly his bomber from the runaway on that fateful morning in August to put an end to all the madness.

Soldier in the Downfall: A Wehrmacht Cavalryman in Russia, Normandy, and the Plot to Kill Hitler by Baron Rudolf-Christoph von Gersdorff, The Aberjona Press, Bedford, PA, 2012, 240 pp., maps, photographs, notes, index, $22.95, softcover.

This is an intriguing behind-the-scenes look at the unsuccessful plots to assassinate Adolf Hitler as written by Maj. Gen. Baron Rudolf-

Short Bursts

The Inventor's War: 1933-1947 The Durable Ideas and Innovations of World War Two by Craig Suter, Krieg Books, Tucson, AZ, 2012, 569 pp., photographs, illustrations, bibliography, index, $39.95, softcover.

Did you know that during World War II the herbicide Agent Orange was first used when Allied engineers were building the Burma Road in 1944-1945? That methadone was first used on German soldiers instead of morphine? That aluminum foil, duct tape, and the electric blanket were also invented? These and hundreds of other inventions and products emerged during the years prior to, during, and immediately following the conflict. The author has compiled hundreds of items that were born from the war effort with some remaining popular today such as nylon, television, and the electron microscope, to name just a few.

Other memorable products that Americans now take for granted include quick-change windshield wiper blades; automatic transmissions that were perfected and used in tanks and later automobiles; cruise control, which was invented to save gas that was rationed because of the large quantities being consumed overseas; paperback books because of their light weight; M&M candies, minute rice, and instant coffee. Kudos to the author for spending many hours amassing this collection of inventions that won a war and, ultimately, changed lives forever.

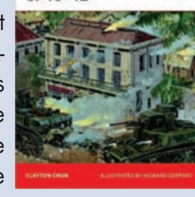
War Journey: Witness to the Last Campaign of World War II by William Dobbs, Merriam Press, Bennington, VT, 2012, 164 pp., $36.95, hardcover.

This book is poignant account of one soldier's experiences in World War II while serving with the 206th Port Company of the 1st Engineer Special Amphibious Brigade. William Dobbs grew up in Georgia during the depths of the Great Depression. In addition to the financial hardships his family endured, he rarely saw his father. He never realized what became of him until he and his sisters discovered a letter written by their mother in 1971 but unread by the children until 1999. She bares her soul to her children and reveals that their father was an alcoholic and ran afoul of the law, escaping arrest by fleeing to Florida. Despite his flaws, Dobbs's mother remained married to him.

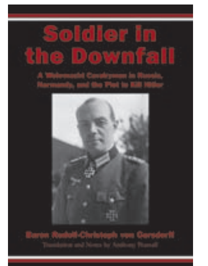
Dobbs writes an interesting account about his time with his service unit, working feverishly to keep the frontline troops well supplied as they fought to take the island of Okinawa in 1945. Despite kamikazes and Japanese air raids, the 206th performed admirably. Dobbs remained in the Army and later the reserves, attending college and obtaining his medical degree as a psychiatrist. This is an absorbing and well-written story of one member of a unit that never received the recognition it so richly deserved.

The Fall of the Philippines, 1941-42 by Clayton Chun, Osprey Publishing, Long Island City, NY, 2012, 96 pp., maps, illustrations, photographs, index, $19.95, softcover.

Here is a great account dealing with the capitulation of the Philippine Islands in early 1942 and the lessons the United States learned from this humiliating defeat. The author explains that there was no clear command structure throughout the campaign. General Douglas MacArthur and Admiral Thomas C. Hart squabbled over the best method of defending the islands and eventually set about formulating their own defensive plans. It was, as the author relates, "a point of major contention." Also, the finger-pointing of where to place the blame when the Japanese struck at Clark Airfield, Iba, Nichols Field, and Del Carmon, destroying many of the B-17 Flying Fortress bombers and aircraft from the Far East Air Force, continues to this day among historians. In any case, without that valuable air support, the Allies were doomed.



Christoph Gersdorff, a member of the inner circle who conspired to eliminate the maniacal Nazi dictator and later managed to survive the Gestapo's arrest, torture, and subsequent execution of suspected conspirators. Gersdorff, a man of integrity and honor, joined the ranks of the conspiracy because he was disgusted with Hitler's management of the Army and, as he viewed it, the ruination of Germany.



There was more than one attempt on the German leader's life. In early 1943, two bottles of cognac, each containing four clam magnetic mines, made their way aboard Hitler's plane. Unfortunately, the fuse failed to work. In another attempt, Gersdorff tried to assassinate Hitler while he was touring an armory to look at captured Russian weapons. Carrying two explosive devices in his coat, Gersdorff would detonate the mines he was carrying, killing both Hitler and himself. Once again the plot failed because the fuses needed 10 to 15 minutes to work and a disinterested Hitler had quickly made his way through the exhibit and climbed atop a Russian tank located outside the building.

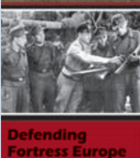
In July 1944, the bombing attempt at Hitler's Wolf's Lair carried out by Colonel Claus von Stauffenberg was also botched when the briefcase carrying the bombs was moved. Although he was wounded in the blast, Hitler survived but several others were killed or maimed. The Gestapo immediately began a manhunt to nab all the conspirators.

Gersdorff expected to be arrested but it never occurred because Field Marshals Gunther von Kluge and Erich von Manstein never mentioned his role in the plot and Fabian von Schlabrendorff, who was tortured, as Gersdorff put it, "to the fourth degree," never revealed his name.

Gersdorff would later be released from an Allied prison in 1947 and become involved with the Order of St. John and presented with the Grand Cross of Merit in 1979. He spent the last years of his life as a paraplegic, the result of injuries he sustained when falling from a horse.

As Gersdorff's daughter writes in the introduction, "He saw loving his neighbor as his great task in life; both during the war, when he attempted to free the world from its biggest criminal, and after it, when he tried to help young people, to hear what they had to say, and (for the

As with every Osprey book, it comes complete with exceptionally detailed maps and excellent illustrations and photographs—a great book, especially for those just starting to learn about World War II.



Defending Fortress Europe: The War Dairy of the German 7th Army in Normandy, 6 June to 26 July 1944 edited by Mark J. Reardon, Aberjona Press, Bedford, PA, 2012, 344 pp., maps, photographs, notes, index, $24.95, softcover.

The author, a retired Army lieutenant colonel who is a senior historian at the U.S. Army Center of Military History, is quick to ask the question: Why another book on the Normandy invasion? What makes his so different is that it is one of the few written from the German perspective by using the actual war diary of a unit. The understrength German 7th Army had the important and unenviable assignment of defending the Atlantic Wall, a series of bunkers, pillboxes, and fortifications that stretched for miles along the French coast. The war diary of the unit has survived the conflict and serves as the primary source document to tell the opposing side's point of view. Despite its efforts to stem the Allied tide, the 7th Army could not drive back the invasion forces because "the Germans were unable to shift forces to the most threatened point."

The author has done a marvelous job of not overly editing the journal and occasionally inserts italicized remarks to clarify and explain certain passages from the diary.

The Colonel Is a Lady: Le Grand Dame of the Vietnam Women's Memorial by Beverly Thompson, CreateSpace, 2011, 181 pp., $10.00, paperback.

This is a moving story dealing with the life of Lt. Col. Evangeline P "Jamie" Jamison, a U.S. Army nurse who served her country during World War II, Korea, and Vietnam. Originally from Iowa, Jamie entered the service and was sent to New Guinea and the Philippines. It was here that she met Brad, an Army Air Corps aviator, with whom she fell in love. Jamie turned down his proposal of marriage and instead chose the Army as a career. It would be more than four decades later before they would be reunited. Jamison also played an instrumental role in the building of the Vietnam Women's Memorial in Washington, D.C. Even at 92 years of age, Jamison remains active and, as the author writes, "To know Jamie is to love her."

For more information on obtaining a copy of *The Colonel Is a Lady,* visit www.the colonelisalady.com. □

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sake of their futures) to transmit genuine values to them, in keeping with his own passage through life."

Special Forces Commander: The Life and Wars of Peter Wand-Tetley, OBE, MC, Commando, SAS, SOE & Paratrooper by Michael Scott, Pen & Sword Books, South Yorkshire, England, 2012, 240 pp., maps, photographs, notes, index, $39.95, hardcover.

Born into a military family, Peter Wand-Tetley was destined to become a soldier—and what a soldier he was. Prior to the start of World War II, the elder Wand-Tetley, as well as Peter, traveled to Berlin for the 1936 Olympics. The younger Wand-Tetley had a chance to observe the Nazis, sitting just a few feet from Adolf Hitler, while a guest of the German government.

When war broke out in 1939, the younger Wand-Tetley found himself in an artillery unit but soon volunteered to join a commando outfit. After a verbal altercation with his father, who then reluctantly acquiesced to his son's wishes, Wand-Tetley saw extensive action in North Africa and Crete where he parachuted behind enemy lines. It took nerve and courage to be a British commando—Hitler had ordered that if any were captured, they would be summarily executed.

Parachuting into Greece, he operated alongside Greek Resistance forces against the German occupiers and even assisted in the escape of 20 downed American aircrews. At war's end, Wand-Tetley had been transferred to a parachute battalion and was sent to Java to put down a revolt by the Javanese against their

Simulation Gaming

E3 MAY HAVE PLAYED IT SAFE, BUT THERE IS SOME WARGAMING EXCITEMENT ON THE HORIZON.

ANOTHER YEAR, another Electronics Entertainment Expo, aka E3. This year's event was perhaps the most safely played yet, and while quite a few "future war"-style games were shown, there wasn't a ton of World War II presence. Wargaming.net's free-to-play *World of Warplanes* was being promoted, of course, just as *World of Tanks* was in 2011. One of the coolest aspects of *Warplanes* is the emphasis on educating players on its 50+ aircraft lineup, with stylish displays adorning selected aircraft, rattling off specs in an aesthetically pleasing way. There are also updates to the controls, including compatibility with joysticks.

Beyond that, there was a new expansion announced for *Hearts of Iron III,* dubbed *Their Finest Hour.* This third expansion keeps in line with *Hearts of Iron*'s simulation of World War II politics, science, and warfare, promising "a greater connection" to the history of it, as well as new ways to jump into the action. Some of the features include an expanded espionage system with new and reworked missions, a new Battle Plans mode, new unique elite units for each major nation's army, a deeper naval invasion system, more detailed control over strategic warfare, and two new full-fledged battle scenarios: The Russo-Finnish Winter War and the Spanish Civil War.

Leaders will now be able to gain traits in *Hearts of Iron,* and Paradox is also adding a new custom game mode for both single and multiplayer. This allows players to start with a clean slate and instantly produce units, research technologies, and affect political alignment before the start of the game. This is where the aforementioned new way to jump into the action comes into play, with a custom mode allowing for "what if" scenarios and a quicker run through the early years of war without gradually building up to it.

Another game we've talked about before that was getting a lot of promotion at E3 is *Enemy Front,* City Interactive's upcoming WWII first-person shooter. It sounds like the game is taking on an increasingly ferocious approach to action, with creative director Stuart Black (*Black, Viking: Battle for Asgard*) quoted by EGM as saying, "We wanted to get back to a bit more of the rock 'n' roll spirit. To do that, we wanted to get you off the front lines, stop being a grunt, and doing the same old Normandy-to-Berlin run." To accomplish this, *Enemy Front* is moving more toward putting the player in the role of an isolated badass who takes no prisoners. Whether or not this is a positive direction is going to vary from person to person, but it sounds like Black and co. are at least looking to offer an experience separate from what so many shooters have attempted before it.

While E3 may have promised very little in the way of exciting new experiences further down the line, there's still plenty to look forward to in the more immediate future. Here are a couple of titles worth keeping your peepers peeled for, one of which you can go ahead and give a spin.

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STRATEGIC WAR IN EUROPE

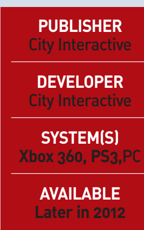
Following a beta preview period in late May, *Strategic War in Europe* was finally made available for public consumption on PC. The strategy title by Wastelands Interactive offers up a hexagonal map system that should be both familiar and refreshing to those who fancy themselves veterans of the genre, and the final game promises six unique scenarios that span the period of 1939-1944.

In *Strategic War in Europe,* players are able to take control of up to 25 countries across the Allies, Axis, and USSR, each of which has five scaling difficulty

colonial Dutch masters. Ironically, the Brits had to fight alongside Japanese troops in quelling the insurgency.

After the conflict, Wand-Tetley spent more than 30 years in the Colonial Administration Service serving in Nigeria, Kenya, Tanzania, and the Caribbean. A humble person, he never kept a dairy highlighting his wartime experiences, a fact the author alludes to in the book. Nonetheless, Scott, a colonel in the British Army, has paid a great tribute to a fascinating individual, a larger-than-life character whose reputation as a leader will never be forgotten. □

settings. The meat of conflict takes place on a map of Europe and North Africa sized at 68 hexes wide and 47 hexes high, and a dynamic weather system can affect the way the war on land, sea, and air plays out. *Strategic War in Europe* is definitely for the hardcore strategy player, but that shouldn't stop those interested in its turn-based gameplay from trying it out.



DOGFIGHT 1942

Stop me if this sounds familiar. *Dogfight 1942* is an aerial combat game designed to be highly accessible to all kinds of players, with intuitive controls and plenty of tutorials to scare away the intimidation that tends to come with the dogfighting genre. It was another title playable at this year's E3 show, but it's not the first we've seen of it, because *Dogfight 1942* was previously known as *Combat Wings: The Great Battles of World War II.*

Yes, *Combat Wings* has led a somewhat tumultuous life up to this point, but its latest incarnation is gunning for a more affordable, downloadable destination later this year. Outfitted with more than 20 aircraft types—from the P-38 Lightning and the Spitfire to the Messerschmitt 109 and the Japanese Kate—*Dogfight 1942* is set to land on Xbox Live Arcade, PlayStation Network, and Steam (PC). City Interactive's executive producer on the game, Lukasz Hacura, boasts that *Dogfight* features full-retail production values at a price level typical for digital games. That should lift the barrier of entry nicely for the type of varied gamer they're hoping to attract, while still offering plenty to chew on for the more seasoned player. We'll be sure to get our hands on it for a full appraisal when it finally arrives on consoles and computers. □

arnhem bridge

Continued from page 43

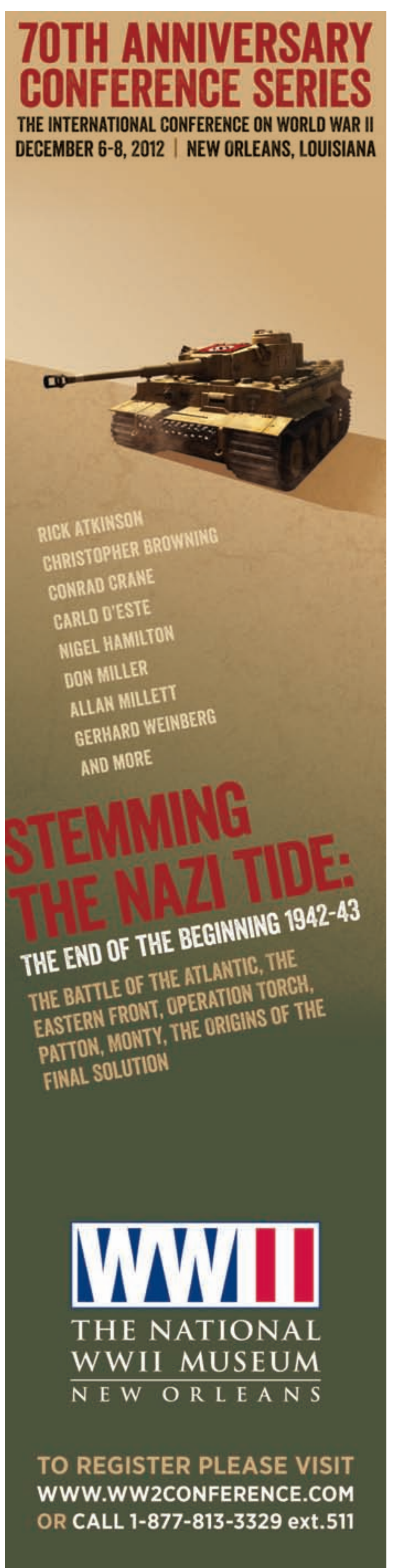
I yelled back in German, 'Don't shoot. There are wounded here.' And we walked across the street into captivity," he said. "The first person in authority we saw was an NCO. He was slightly cross-eyed, his tunic was open, and he was wearing a blue-and-white striped civilian shirt underneath. He said, 'Good evening. That was a lovely battle, a really lovely battle. Have a cigar. We are human too.' So, after doing what we could for the wounded, we all sat down, smoking foot-long cigars, and had a matey chat about the events of the past few days."

They might have had a lot to talk about. The British paratroopers standing at Arnhem bridge had fought to the limits of their resistance. Of the men who started the fight, an estimated 10 officers and 71 men were killed or would die of their wounds—11 percent of the defenders. The use of the bridge had been denied to the Germans for three critical days, and a large portion of the 10th SS Panzer Division had been tied down and suffered heavy casualties. The 1st Brigade's sacrifice enabled both the rest of 1st Airborne Division to hang on in its Oosterbeek perimeter and the 82nd Airborne to take the Nijmegen bridge, allowing the British to finally hook up with the 1st Airborne Division and evacuate the survivors.

In the end, it was a defeat for the British, but it was one of the valiant stands that they loved so well—an outnumbered and outgunned force hanging on against overwhelming odds, refusing to surrender. The 2nd Parachute Battalion and its cohorts never actually surrendered as an organized body. Its men were winkled out of their buildings in small groups, still defiant. It was very much Britain's Alamo.

John Frost was also down in a cellar when the Germans overran his area. "Both sides labored together to get the wounded out and I saw the Germans were driving off in our jeeps full of bandaged men," Frost recalled. "The SS men were very polite, but the bitterness I felt was unassuaged. No living enemy had beaten us. The battalion was unbeaten yet, but they could not have much chance with no ammunition, no rest, and with no positions from which to fight. No body of men could have fought more courageously and tenaciously than the officers and men of the 1st Parachute Brigade at Arnhem bridge." □

Author David H. Lippman has been writing on World War II topics for years. He maintains a daily website on the topic and resides in Newark, New Jersey.



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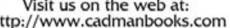

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marshall's army

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opposing extension for selective servicemen. Nonetheless, the leaders believed the situation might conclude favorably if the president exerted his influence. Therefore, FDR sent a message to Congress backing extension for all and warning that the nation's peril was "infinitely greater" than it was in the previous summer.

Roosevelt then employed his most effective tactic, a national radio address. In his familiar, soothing yet forceful voice, the president reviewed the Nazi march of conquest, reiterated the national peril, and reminded his listeners of the nation's duty to defend the entire Western Hemisphere. Public opinion remained divided, but the polls revealed a little over half the respondents favored extension.

Declaring the national security imperiled, the Senate Military Affairs Committee pushed the debate onto the Senate floor. The committee recommended extension and abolishing all limits on the maximum number of draftees. The sweltering Washington heat may have encouraged compromise.

The administration dropped its demand for an extension "for the duration of the emergency" after Senator Taft agreed to drop his four-month extension proposal. After tacking on a pay raise for the current selectees, the Senate passed the bill on August 7, 1941, by a 45-30 vote. The bill's fate in the House, however, remained less certain.

On August 12, the day of the extension bill's crucial House vote, the German Army reached Odessa on the Black Sea, and Roosevelt met Churchill at Placentia Bay, Newfoundland. Their resulting meeting produced the framework of the Atlantic Charter. Events were clarifying the blurry lines of FDR's "short of war" policy. The House of Representatives aided the clarification, but by only a hair's breadth. With the bitter extension debate still echoing through the chambers, the House took its vote, 203 to 202 to extend.

The new law authorized the president to extend the period of service beyond the original 12 months "but not to exceed 18 months in the aggregate" and suspended the limit on the number of men that could be drafted.

Although Marshall and the War Department predicted the Army's disintegration if extension failed, they were practicing what we now term "spin." In hindsight, the situation seems far less damaging than disintegration, though still less than healthy for the Army's effectiveness.

Historian James A. Huston described failure to pass as "a significant dislocation in the Army's mobilization, but it would not have been as serious as all that." Only half the Reserve officers had been tapped during the year, and Marshall would have called up the other half. If the one-year draftees had gone home, they would have left as they arrived in timed increments, their places taken by new draftees.

Contrary to popular myth, the Selective Service law was never the subject of extension, only the length of service time. Furthermore, the first draft call-up in November 1940 amounted to only 13,806, and the December figure 5,521. Had the extension failed, the draftees released by December 7 would have been negligible and all would have been called back following that transformative date, when all-out war changed everything.

The real trauma for Marshall and the Defense Army would have been the Guard loss. Even though deactivation would have been incremental (nine divisions deactivated by December 7), there were no more National Guard divisions to activate. In actual numbers, higher draft calls could have replaced the lost Guardsmen. Nevertheless, the Guard's training, experience, and cohesive unit structure would have gone with them. From his vantage point in the summer of 1941, Marshall knew that without extension or a declaration of war the loss of the National Guard divisions meant that by late summer 1942 those 18 divisions would have to be replaced by 18 new divisions of draftees and cadre Regulars to maintain the same strength. The strain on the Regulars would have been tremendous.

In retrospect, the possible loss of the National Guard divisions proved the citizen-soldier's importance to the nation's defense in that perilous year. More significantly, all the contentious events during the summer of 1941 emphasized the necessity for a democracy, relying on such soldiers, to arrive at a majority consensus of how to employ those soldiers and for what purpose. The Regulars must be where they are needed for as long as they are needed without question. But the participation of citizen-soldiers on active service, whether for war or long-term emergency defense, requires strong moral and political backing from the people and their leaders.

As Marshall stated in a 1957 interview, "Certain phases of democracy make it quite a struggle to raise an army—probably should I guess. But in the great tragedy the world was in at that time, it made it doubly hard." □

Author Earl Rickard received both Bachelor's and Master's degrees from the University of Nevada, Reno. He continues to reside in that city.

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