Curtis 02313

Military Heritage Presents:

WWII HISTORY

www.wwiihistorymagazine.com

OPERATION JERICHO

Daring Prison Raid

32nd Division War Hero

EYEWITNESS TO WAR

Coast Guardsman at

IWO JIMA

Guarding the Nazi War Criminals

+ Third Reich Postcards, The Mafia's War, Mortar Firepower, Expanded Game Reviews, and more!

November 2009

$5.99US $6.99CAN

0 74470 02313 5

RETAILER: DISPLAY UNTIL NOVEMBER 2

WWII HISTORY • SEPTEMBER 2009 Volume 8, No. 5

I restore military tanks from WWI to present-day.

My AMU education helps me better understand the period and historical events involved. The knowledge, varied backgrounds, and real-world experience of my professors is extremely beneficial.

Marc Sehring
Operations Manager for the VA Museum of Military Vehicles.
Student, BA: Military History, American Military University

American Military University offers 100% online **Bachelor's and Master's Degrees in History and Military History.** The MA in Military History allows students to choose an area of concentration in the American Revolution, the American Civil War, World War II or War Since 1945. This affordable program is designed for working adults who seek to balance academic study with work and family commitments without sacrificing the quality of their education.

Convenient & Affordable

- Online courses with flexible weekly schedules
- 8 and 16 week courses start monthly
- Competitive graduate tuition
- Small class sizes—no cohorts
- No on-campus residency requirements
- Undergraduate book grant available for qualified students

Push your mind. Advance your career.
Join 40,000 civilian and military students currently pursuing more than 70 associate, bachelor's and master's degree programs online at AMU.

AMU
PUSH YOUR MIND

LEARN MORE AT
amu.apus.edu/history

OR CALL
877.777.9081

American Military University

Economic Crisis Threatens Our Way of Life

2009 American Silver Eagle Coin as low as $1.99 over Spot Silver

Washington Bailouts & Wall Street Scandals Ignite Run on Physical Silver!

The sub prime crisis and weekly Wall Street rip-offs have erupted into a tsunami of financial devastation that is washing away decades of hard earned money for investors of all income classes. In response to this crisis, investors are moving record sums of money into the only asset class that you can hold in your own hands – Silver & Gold. The overwhelming demand for physical silver has depleted government stockpiles of the metal needed to produce investment coins.

USCOINS.COM, a division of Eastern Numismatics, has secured a direct Mint allotment of 2009 American Silver Eagle Coins. As a reader of WWII History you can purchase the 2009 American Silver Eagle coin for as low as $1.99 over the current spot price of silver. If you act now, you can purchase the 1 ounce pure American Silver Eagle Coin for immediate delivery at our guaranteed low price!

Buy Silver Now!

Pricing Structure for American Silver Eagles

- 10 coins (minimum order)

Spot Silver + **$2.50** per coin

- 20 coins (mint roll)

Spot Silver + **$2.25** per coin

- 500 coins (sealed mint box) Spot Silver + **$1.99** per coin

How to order your American Silver Coins

Call our precious metals trading desk **1-800-835-0008** Monday –Friday, 9:00 am - 5:00 pm EST. Your representative will quote you the current spot silver price plus the premium over spot as noted above**.** For example, if you are ordering a sealed box of 500 coins and silver is trading at $14.00 per oz., your cost will be $15.99 per coin or $7,995 plus postage. You will receive a trade number, and upon receipt of good funds (bank check, or wire) your coins will be shipped within 48 hours.

All premiums are subject to change.
Call to confirm you order prior to sending funds.

USCOINS.COM
a subsidiary of Eastern Numismatics
Coin & Bullion Dealers Since 1974
1-800-835-0008
642 Franklin Ave, Garden City, New York 11530

Contents

WWII HISTORY

Features

Columns

Cover: A U.S. Army tank commander coordinates tanks and armored vehicles during training. Photo courtesy of the National Archives.

WWII History (ISSN 1539-5456) is published seven times yearly by Sovereign Media, 453 Carlisle Drive, Herndon, VA 20170. (703) 964-0361. Periodical postage paid at Herndon, VA, and additional mailing offices. *WWII History*, Volume 8, Number 6 © 2009 by Sovereign Media Company, Inc., all rights reserved. Copyrights to stories and illustrations are the property of their creators. The contents of this publication may not be reproduced in whole or in part without consent of the copyright owner. ***Subscription services, back issues, and information:*** (800) 219-1187 *or* write to *WWII History* Circulation, WWII History, P.O. Box 1644, Williamsport, PA 17703. Single copies: $4.99, plus $3 for postage. Yearly subscription in U.S.A.: $21.95; Canada and Overseas: $35.95 (U.S.). Editorial Office: Send editorial mail to *WWII History*, 453 Carlisle Drive, Herndon, VA 20170. *WWII History* welcomes editorial submissions but assumes no responsibility for the loss or damage of unsolicited material. Material to be returned should be accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope. We suggest that you send a self-addressed, stamped envelope for a copy of our author's guidelines. **POSTMASTER: Send address changes to WWII History, P.O. Box 1644, Williamsport, PA 17703.**

NORWICH UNIVERSITY
1819

Earn Your Master of Arts in Military History - Online

Explore the framework through which important military events are understood.

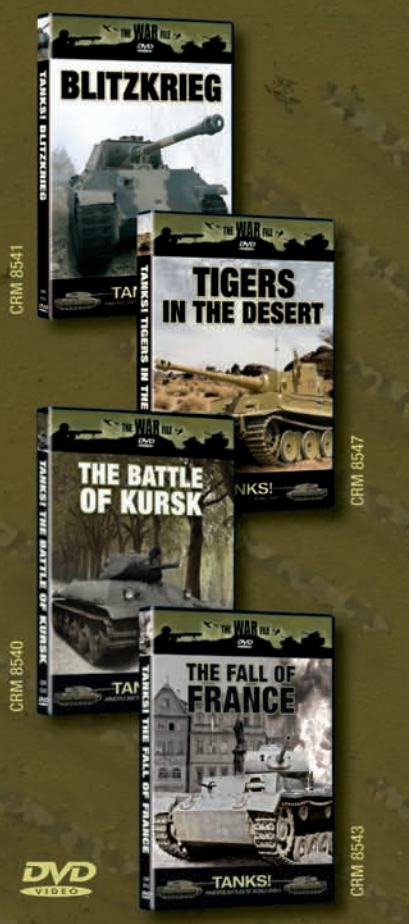
Since 1819, Norwich University has played an important role in military history as the birthplace of Reserve Officers' Training Corps (ROTC), as an institution whose graduates have fought in every war since its founding and as the leader among military schools in racial integration, and the integration of women into its corps of cadets. What better place to study military history?

The unique online format offers students:

- a dynamic, interactive, educational environment
- a manageable pace for busy adults
- coursework that can be completed in as little as 18 months
- dedicated 24/7 support

For more information on this online degree,
visit www.militaryhistorydegree.com/world2 or call 1.800.460.5597 Ext. 3372

New Releases
from the acclaimed
CROMWELL DVD Series
TANKS!



ALSO AVAILABLE...
CRM 8539: TANKS! Barbarossa
CRM 8542: TANKS! The Ardennes Offensive
CRM 8544: TANKS! The Battle for Normandy
CRM 8545: The Desert War
CRM 8546: The Afrika Korps

Visit www.youtube.com/thewarfiles
to view exclusive video trailers!

allegro MEDIA GROUP

On sale now at
www.allegro-music.com/cromwell

Editorial

Heroic Merchant Mariners finally receive compensation over 60 years after their service to their country.

FROM THE FROZEN REACHES OF THE ARCTIC CIRCLE TO THE SWELTER OF THE Pacific, the men of the U.S Merchant Marine delivered 95 percent of the planes, tanks, artillery pieces, and troops who fought the Axis during World War II.

Nearly 10,000 of these sailors died braving the U-boats, surface raiders, and air attacks of the Nazis, as well as the most difficult weather conditions imaginable during the Murmansk Run or sailed thousands of miles to reach tiny spits of land in the tropics in spite of determined Japanese efforts to stop them. Around the globe, the men of the Merchant Marine won the logistical battle that facilitated final victory. Their casualty rate was actually higher than that of those in combat, and approximately 1,000 of their ships were sunk during four years of war.

Still, the Merchant Mariners were excluded from the benefits of the GI Bill. They received no assistance with college tuition. They got no government boost when buying a home. Until 1988, the Veterans Administration did not provide medical care. Theirs had been a virtually thankless job.

However, a bill recently approved by voice vote in the U.S. House of Representatives has, six decades later, brought those Merchant Marine veterans still living a step closer to receiving a check in the mail. Representative Bob Filner (D-California), chairman of the House Veterans' Affairs Committee, told the Associated Press that the measure approved in May was a way to "finally give the heroic merchant mariners of World War II the belated compensation they richly deserve."

Of the 250,000 men who served in the Merchant Marine during World War II, only an estimated 10,000 are still alive to potentially collect $1,000 per month allocated to those who served during the period extending from December 7, 1941, through December 31, 1946. The measure must still pass the U.S. Senate, where Senator Bob Nelson (D-Nebraska) is sponsoring legislation similar to the House bill. Altogether, the estimated cost of the measure, if enacted, is $438 million, a drop in the proverbial bucket compared to the pricetag of the current bailout bonanza taking place on Capitol Hill.

Still, there are those members of Congress who objected to the passage of the measure in the House, at least in its present form. Representative Steve Buyer (R-Indiana) has asserted that a bill that benefits the Merchant Marine veterans alone is discriminatory, ignoring as many as 28 other groups whose service was critical to the war effort. For example, the famous Flying Tigers, who fought the Japanese in the skies over China, were American mercenaries in the service of the Chinese government. The Women Airforce Service Pilots, or WASPS, ferried aircraft to staging areas across thousands of miles. Neither would be included.

Although it can be assumed from statements made publicly when he signed the GI Bill into law on June 22, 1944, that President Franklin D. Roosevelt expected its benefits to be extended to the Merchant Marine, more than 60 years have gone by without redress for those who went in harm's way at the risk of their lives just as those who shouldered rifles.

"They missed out on the GI Bill for their education, the GI Home Loan Program for purchase of their family home, and related earned benefits, not to mention the cost of the medical care they underwent for wounds, injuries and illnesses they experienced. Their service was shelved and taken for granted," commented William Matz, Jr., the president of the National Association for Uniformed Services and a retired U.S. Army major general.

While a number of groups may have been excluded from the current measure, it is high time that they, too, should receive their just compensation; and there is still time to do the right thing for a handful of Merchant Mariners. Concurrently, it seems reasonable that someone should champion the causes of those other groups, and should a separate piece of legislation prove necessary, then so be it.

Michael E. Haskew

WWII HISTORY

Volume 8 ■ Number 6

CARL A. GNAM, JR.
Editorial Director, Founder

MICHAEL E. HASKEW
Editor

LAURA CLEVELAND
Managing Editor

SAMANTHA DETULLEO
Art Director

KEVIN HYMEL
Research Director

CONTRIBUTORS:
Eric T. Baker, Richard A. Beranty, Roscoe C. Blunt, Rod Carlson, Robert F. McEniry, Christoper Miskimon, Gregory Peduto, Robert Barr Smith, Blaine Taylor, Mason B. Webb

ADVERTISING OFFICE:

BEN BOYLES
Advertising Manager
(570) 322-7848, ext. 110
benjaminb@sovhomestead.com

MARK HINTZ
Vice President & Publisher

TINA POUST
Comptroller

KATHY PAULHAMUS
MARY NOLAN
SANDRA HILLYARD
Subscription Customer Services

KEN FORNWALT
Data Processing Director

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
WORLDWIDE DISTRIBUTION

SOVEREIGN MEDIA COMPANY, INC.
453 Carlisle Drive, Herndon, VA 20170

SUBSCRIPTION CUSTOMER SERVICE
AND BUSINESS OFFICE:
1000 Commerce Park Drive, Suite 300
Williamsport, PA 17701
(800) 219-1187

PRINTED IN THE U.S.A.

Russian Medals & Militaria

www.CollectRussia.com

★ Imperial Russian and Soviet Decorations and Medals
★ Documented Award Groups
★ Uniforms and Field Gear
★ Historical Documents and Autographs
★ Reference Books
★ Military Badges and Insignia
★ World War II Reenactment Uniforms and Gear
★ Posters and Newsprint
★ Edged Weapons

Large assortment and the best prices.
All major credit cards accepted.

Atlantic Crossroads, Inc.
P.O. Box 144, Dept. WWII
Tenafly, NJ 07670
Phone: (201) 567-8717
Fax: (201) 567-6855

Please visit our website:
CollectRussia.com

E-mail:
Sales@CollectRussia.com

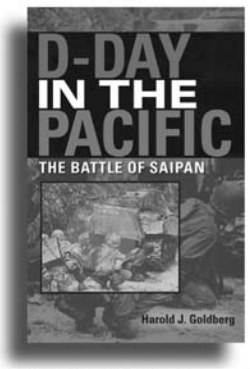
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

Airbornecricket.com

For the first time since 1944 the ACME cricket is available again. Manufactured in the same Birmingham factory, on the same presses and using the same dies. If you are looking for authenticity you will not find better, these are exactly the same as the originals.

Cricket Facts
- Made in England
- Orig 1944 factory
- Orig 1944 tools
- Signed certificate
- Solid brass
- Presentation box

AVAILABLE ONLINE
airbornecricket.com
info@airbornecricket.com



D-DAY IN THE PACIFIC
The Battle of Saipan

Harold J. Goldberg
"The bloody seizure of Saipan by US amphibious forces in 1944 spelled certain doom for Imperial Japan. Harold Goldberg's riveting story of this conflict brings the dead back to life by blending rigorous research with dramatic narratives by hundreds of survivors. He has written a superb account of a pivotal, little-known, and heart-breaking battle."
—Col. Joseph H. Alexander, USMC (ret.), author of *Storm Landings: Epic Amphibious Battles in the Central Pacific*

cloth $29.95

INDIANA University Press 800-842-6796 • iupress.indiana.edu

USS *Cod* Is a Must-See for WWII Buffs

I wished to pass on my kudos to you and Paul Farace for the article "Rescue at Ladd Reef" (September 2009 issue). I have served as a docent in the control room of the *Cod* on open house days for the past 10 years. I've now had to step down because of one of the great things about the *Cod*. Paul mentioned it but I must stress it. The *Cod* is the ONLY WWII submarine that is still in its original WWII configuration. No holes cut into it for public access. The original rescue chamber is the only one left in existence. The boat is so historically accurate it was used by the History Channel for their series *Silent Service*. Anyway, I can no longer make it up and down those ladders. Be that as it may, any WWII buff passing through Cleveland, Ohio, should stop in and see the *Cod*. It is a gem one shouldn't miss.

Thomas P. Brown
West Farmington, Ohio

Japan's Nuclear Programs

Dear Sir,

I read Sam McGowan's article "Costly Kyushu Invasion" in the July 2009 issue of your magazine with great interest. However, one line in the article gave me pause, i.e.: "Japan had a nuclear development program, but all of its components had been destroyed by a B-29 attack." I believe that what Mr. McGowan is referring to is the Japanese Army program which was centered in Tokyo and destroyed as described. If memory serves me correctly, however, Japan had a second program run by the Japanese Navy at a secret site on the Korean peninsula. This program is believed to have successfully detonated an atomic device on August 14, 1945. Confirmation of this event and the program itself have always been difficult to prove as the area in question was taken over by the USSR at the end of the war and all of the plans, equipment, and personnel removed to the USSR for use in developing an atomic bomb for the Russians. If the Japanese did have such a program, the invasion of Kyushu could have been even costlier to the Allied invasion forces than Mr. McGowan's article suggests and perhaps dramatically changed the degree of Russian presence in the area after the war.

My questions to *WWII History* are: "Have you previously run any articles investigating the question of this second Japanese program?" If not, "Do you plan to do so in the future?" It is my feeling that this represents one of the few remaining true mysteries of WWII, and as such, would be of great interest to many of your readers.

My thanks to you and your staff for producing such an interesting publication.

Bryon R. MacGregor
Salt Spring Island, British Columbia
Canada

USS *Rasher* Captions

Dear Editor:

As usual, the July 2009 was another fine issue overall, despite a few omissions, etc. Regarding Kelly Bell's otherwise excellent article about the USS *Rasher*'s stellar war record ("Legendary Undersea Warrior"), I found the photo descriptions on pages 62 and 63 to be way off base.

Both images portray *Rasher* in its "Migraine III" configuration, which was not completed until 1953. If she's indeed on a "war patrol," it must have been during the waning

days of the Korean conflict. *Rasher* was decommissioned permanently in 1971 (as mentioned in the article) and dismantled in 1974.

Robert Hill
Fullerton, California

HMT *Rohna* Sunk by Smart Bomb

Dear Editor,

I have been reading the July 2009 issue of *World War II History* and take exception to one of the items in that issue. I refer to page 26 on which begins the story of the "World's First Smart Weapon."

On November 26, 1943, some 18 months before the first Smart Bomb was used according to that article, a German Heinkel 177 two-engine bomber used a guided missile to sink the troop ship *Rohna* some 10 to 12 miles off the coast of North Africa. The bomb, or guided missile, hit the side of the *Rohna* and blew out a hole on both sides of the ship estimated to have been 30 feet in diameter.

The bomb hit the berthing compartment of the 853rd Aviation Engineer Battalion, decimating the unit. My dad was a member of that unit and did not survive the blast. The sinking resulted in a much greater loss of life than the loss of the *Arizona* on December 7.

As is the case in any disaster of this kind, no two witnesses agree on what all happened afterward. It has been said that the *Rohna* sank in 30 or 45 minutes. For some reason, the sinking was declared top secret and survivors were told not to talk about it even between themselves or face a court martial. Many families of troops lost went to their graves not ever learning what happened to their loved ones. It was not until 50 years later, when a few survivors got together, that the sinking began to become known.

Even today, some details of the attack and sinking are not clear. It has been said that on the night before the attack Axis Sally said in her broadcast that the *Rohna* would be sunk the next day. The *Rohna* was sailing from Oran and it is known that Oran was full of German spies and could have had knowledge of the *Rohna* sailing and her cargo of troops. It has also been said that there was a quantity of gold on board that was to be used by American forces in the CBI area. It has even been rumored that the *Rohna* was secretly raised and the gold recovered.

The *Rohna* was part of a convoy that was sailing from Oran in North Africa through the Suez Canal and to India where the Engineers and Air Force troops who were also on board would be building air fields from which the new B-29's would be flying out.

Perhaps the story of the *Rohna* would be an interesting article for an upcoming issue of your magazine. If you should decide to look into this matter further and need more information, I would be more than happy to assist you in that effort.

James Brown
North Canton, Ohio

Note: Opinions expressed in "Dispatches" do not represent those of the writers, editors, or staff of WWII History *or Sovereign Media.* WWII History *welcomes your letters which must be signed and include a telephone number for verification. Letters must be brief and of general interest to our readership. Write to: WWII History, 453 B Carlisle Drive, Herndon, VA 20170; fax to 703-964-0366, or e-mail: dispatch@wwiihistorymagazine.com.*

By Christopher Miskimon

National Archives

Adding Firepower to Infantry

The 4.2-inch chemical mortar was an unsung weapon of the U.S. Army in World War II.

IN THE LAST DAYS OF MARCH 1945, A SOLDIER NAMED CARL GETZEL SAT ON A HILL outside the city of Aschaffenburg and watched as it was slowly destroyed. The young private was part of the American 157th Infantry Regiment, 45th Division. His unit was tasked to take this town but it had been hard going; the German troops inside the city were putting up a determined defense.

At echelons far above Carl, the decision was made to bombard the city. Artillery and air strikes pounded the once-beautiful town, but from his vantage he saw the a third, little known weapon wreak its own havoc. Not far behind him sat Company C, 2nd Chemical Mortar Battalion, equipped with the M2 4.2-inch mortar. Bombs from the mortars flew overhead to land in the city. As he watched, the projectiles crashed into buildings, bringing several down. It was an awesome display of firepower; Company C would fire 1,519 rounds of ammunition into Aschaffenburg during the last three days of March alone.

Although this account describes the 4.2-inch mortar (commonly nicknamed the "four-deuce") as a close support weapon for frontline troops, the weapon was originally conceived for delivering poison gas and smoke munitions. Development of the M2 began after World War I as an attempt to improve the British-designed Stokes-Brandt 4-inch mortar. Since the intent was to utilize the new mortar solely for chemical weapons (smoke being considered a chemical weapon of sorts), the weapon came under the control of the U.S. Army Chemical Warfare Service. That branch wanted a weapon that had a longer range and was more mobile than the Stokes design. In addition, it wanted a weapon that had the normal advantages of a mortar: high rate of fire, the ability to deliver firepower quickly and to go into action in a short time.

Mortars are smaller and lighter than cannon of comparable caliber and fire at a high angle, their rounds arcing high into the air and coming down at a nearly vertical angle to the ground. This enables mortars to fire at targets in defilade, hidden behind objects such as buildings or hills that would mask artillery fire. Mortar ammunition, technically called "bombs," is not subjected to the same pressures as artillery shells so it can be made with thinner walls and of cheaper metals, enabling it to carry higher payloads of explosives or chemicals. The primary disadvantage of a mortar is its relatively short range.

Initial experiments conducted after World War I used leftover Stokes weapons and munitions, but these trials resulted in the improved 4.2-inch model's appearance by 1924, under the tutelage of Captain Lewis McBride. Like many of the weapons destined to play a part in World War II, the M2 suffered from the curtailed defense budgets of the 1920s and 1930s. Only a few of the mortars were produced, and they remained largely experimental with trials continuing essentially up to the war's beginning.

One set of experiments beginning in 1934 involved creating a high-explosive round despite the M2 being earmarked as a chemical weapon delivery system. While no one at the time wanted to give up the M2's primary role of launching gas and smoke, it would prove a fortuitous decision, making it a true dual-purpose weapon when war arrived years later.

Despite this extensive testing and planning, the four-deuce almost did not survive to see combat. In 1935, the War Department stopped all production of the weapon and later designated the smaller 81mm mortar as standard issue for chemical battalions. The 81mm was an excellent light weapon for the infantry, but for the chemical branch it was considered much less capable. It was not until war clouds were looming close that the 4.2-inch was resurrected after a meeting

Soldiers of Company E, 91st Chemical Battalion, 5th Infantry Division, fire smoke shells during the 5th Division crossing of the Sauer River in February 1945. The weapon in use is the little known 4.2-inch chemical mortar, so called because of its original purpose of firing shells containing chemical agents.

Authentic American Coins Struck from 1864-1909!

Buy More and SAVE!

Actual size is 19 mm

Vault Release: 50-Coin Banker's Rolls of Vintage Indian Head Cents

An amazing cache of historic Indian Head Cents not minted for public circulation since 1909 are now being released from our vault at GovMint.com. They are being issued in 25-coin Banker's Half Rolls, Full 50-coin Banker's Rolls, and massive 100-coin Double Banker's Rolls:

- All Banker's Rolls will contain 5 coins dated from the 1800s and none later than 1909— GUARANTEED!
- Each 50-Coin Banker's Roll will contain 10 coins dating from the 1800s PLUS a FREE early Civil War (1860s) Indian Cent— a $17 value — GUARANTEED!
- Each 100-Coin Double Banker's Roll will contain at least TWENTY coins dated from the 1800s, a FREE Civil War-dated Indian Head Cent PLUS a historic U.S. "Large" Cent minted over 150 years ago — a $45 value — GUARANTEED!
- Each is an authentic collectible Numismatic coin with full date and graded in Good condition or better — GUARANTEED!

Precious Pieces of History

Long before the Lincoln Cent was introduced in 1909, before the electric light and the automobile, the Indian Head Cent was the coin of America's pioneer era. These are the coins used by soldiers during the Civil War and prospectors exploring the Wild West. They witnessed General George Custer's last stand at the Little Big Horn and the Wright Brothers first flight at Kitty Hawk. Today, Indian Head Cents are genuine pieces of history that you can hold in your hands — if you can find them! Rarely seen today except in private collections, most all were lost or melted down ages ago. Today in a single year the U.S. government makes **THREE TIMES** as many Lincoln Cents as ALL the Indian Head Cents made in their entire era of 1864-1909!

One of America's Most Wanted Coins

One of the most popular U.S. coins ever struck, Indian Heads are prized for their design — actually Miss Liberty wearing a traditional Native American headdress. The other side of the coin features a Federal shield and a wreath of oak leaves.

Few Indian Head Cents Remain

Like the millions of bison that once thundered across the plains of America, few Indian Head cents survive today. At a time when 10¢ an hour was a standard working wage, a Cent still packed real buying power. But when the Lincoln Cent appeared in 1909, the Indian Head soon began to disappear and has not been seen in circulation for many decades. Today, all Indian Head Cents are collectors items and some command hundreds of dollars. For example, an 1877 Indian Head Cent graded in Good condition is worth $950!

Order Today: Supply Is Limited!

The number of U.S. Indian Head Cents in this Vault Release are limited so call today to reserve yours. These authentic coins are rich with American history. They make a wonderful addition to any collection and make a unique gift that will be increasingly valued in years to come by friends and family alike.

NOTICE: Due to demand and changing values of vintage U.S. coins this advertised price cannot be guaranteed and is subject to change without notice. Please call immediately to reserve your Bankers Roll at current prices.

Money-Back Satisfaction Guarantee. You must be 100% satisfied with your Bankers Rolls of Indian Head Cents or return them via insured mail within 30 days of receipt for a prompt refund of the original purchase price.

Half Banker's Roll U.S. Indian Cent Coins
$99 + S&H

Order More & SAVE

Full Banker's Roll $188 + S&H
SAVE $10 *(Plus FREE Civil War Indian Head Cent - a $17 Value!)*

Double Banker's Roll $369 + S&H
SAVE $27 *(Plus FREE Civil War-dated Indian Head Cent & 145-year-old Large Cent- a $62 Value!)*

FREE Gifts Worth $62

TOLL-FREE 24 HOURS A DAY
1-888-201-7662

Offer Code NHC117
Please mention this code when you call.

GovMint.com
YOUR ONE BEST SOURCE FOR COINS WORLDWIDE
14101 Southcross Drive W., Dept. NHC117
Burnsville, Minnesota 55337

Prices and availability subject to change without notice.

Note: GovMint.com is a private distributor of worldwide government coin issues and is not affiliated with the United States Government. Facts and figures were deemed accurate as of June 2009. ©GovMint.com, 2009

BBB *Accredited Member Since 1985*

between General George C. Marshall, Army chief of staff, and the commander of the Chemical Branch.

The M2's potential as a close support weapon was obvious, and the chemical branch immediately began campaigning to adopt the high-explosive ammunition; while smoke munitions were of obvious use, the war thus far had seen no use of poison gas. It would be a waste of resources to relegate the mortar to screening missions only, and soldiers in the Chemical Warfare Service (CWS) saw it as a way to increase the role their branch would play in the war.

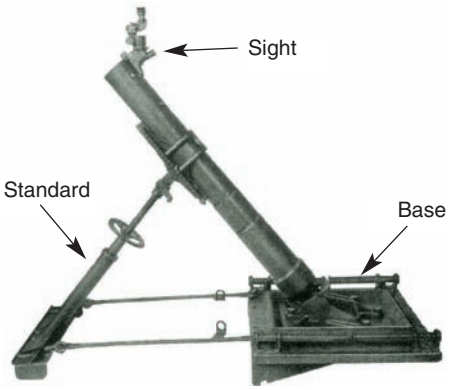
This would not be the last bureaucratic stumbling block for the M2. When the CWS presented the case for the mortar to the Army ground forces, it recommended the Field Artillery Board test the weapon first. Should the artillery approve the M2, it would be used as a substitute for the 105mm howitzer in theaters where that weapon was not in use.

Since there were few places the 105 did not go, it would be the death knell for the mortar. The services of Supply Branch supported the CWS, citing the mortar's higher firepower, lighter weight, and lower manpower requirements for crews as reasons to adopt it alongside cannon. In the end, opposition simply died out, and high-explosive ammunition for the M2 was approved on March 19, 1943. The four-deuce was going to war.

The mortar that had been the center of such controversy had a caliber of 4.2 inches or 107mm. It was a conventional design in that it was muzzle loaded; the crew dropped rounds into the tube from the muzzle. The bomb would slide down the barrel, and its end would strike a firing pin that would detonate the propellant, sending the round back up the tube and on its way.

Unlike most mortars, the M2 had a rifled barrel to impart a spin to its projectile, increasing accuracy. The weapon was composed of three parts—the 175 pound baseplate that sat on the ground and absorbed the recoil of firing, a barrel 40.1 inches long, and the standard. This piece is connected to the baseplate by two connecting rods and has a single vertical piece that houses the elevating mechanism. The mortar is also equipped with an optical sight that lines up on aiming stakes similar to artillery. The entire assembly weighs 330 pounds.

The weapon could traverse seven degrees to the left or right, and elevation was between 45 and 60 degrees. Up to 20 rounds per minute could be fired for short periods, though this was often exceeded in combat. Minimum range was 600 yards. Maximum range, initially just over 2,000 yards, was improved by war's end to 4,500 yards, again commonly exceeded in action. High-explosive bombs weighed in at about 25 pounds, while smoke rounds were heavier at 32 pounds. In practice the weapons were often called "chemical mortars" since they were only used by the CWS.



The anatomy of a mortar includes the tube-like barrel, the standard for elevation, the sight for accuracy of fire, and the base, which provides a steady platform for the mobile weapon's use.

A 4.2-inch chemical mortar is fired by its U.S. Army crew on the island of New Britain in the Pacific near the great Japanese base at Rabaul. The 4.2-inch chemical mortar provided essential firepower and smoke-generating capabilities for frontline troops.

The early chemical mortar units varied in size from company to regiment. Standardization was soon introduced with the battalion as the standard unit, though a few separate companies did see service in the Pacific theater. Battalions had four companies, each with two platoons. A platoon was further divided into two sections, each with three mortars, totaling 12 weapons per company and 48 per battalion. By mid-1942, six battalions existed: the 2nd, 3rd, and 81st through 84th. Four more were created by mid-1943, the 85th through 88th.

The baptism of fire for the M2 came with the invasion of Sicily, Operation Husky. Four battalions—2nd, 3rd, 83rd, and 84th—were chosen to go ashore. There were two weaknesses. Only two companies of the 3rd Battalion had received amphibious training, and only the 2nd had conducted training alongside infantry units. Time limitations before the landing meant little work could be done to correct the problems.

Nevertheless, the mortar units went ashore and quickly proved their worth. When the Rangers fought at Gela, the 83rd supported them, helping repulse enemy tank and infantry attacks. The 2nd Battalion finished off a disabled German armored vehicle that was firing on American troops, firing eight rounds that all landed in an area only 15 yards in diameter with one round going right into the open top of the vehicle. The mortarmen also laid large smokescreens to screen friendly movements, in one case keeping the screen up for nearly 14 hours. Unit commanders were generally very positive about the effectiveness of the chemical mortar support, smoke, and high explosive, one even calling it "the most effective single weapon used in support of infantry."

Still, as with any weapon new to combat use, some shortcomings were noted. Users wanted a longer range. At this point the M5A1 propellant gave a maximum range of 3,200 yards (the 4,500-yard M6 propellant was not yet available). The sight was also criticized as having too small a traverse and lacking illumination for night firing. Using typical G.I. ingenuity, Americans adapted captured Italian 81mm mortar sights, which proved to be a better piece of equipment.

After Sicily, chemical mortar battalions went on to serve at Salerno, Anzio, and throughout the Italian campaign. One battalion, the 83rd, became known as the "Artillery of the Rangers," beginning its relationship with Colonel William Darby's Ranger force at Gela on Sicily. The Rangers had no organic heavy weapons, and the M2's firepower was a welcome addition. During the first two weeks of the Salerno campaign, C and D Companies alone fired more than 14,000 rounds. When the Rangers seized Chuinzi Pass and Mount Saint Angelo, they faced heavy counterattacks from German forces. The fighting became so desperate that mortarmen had to take their place on the line as infantry. Many targets were engaged up to 2,000 yards beyond the four-deuce's range. The strain of such hard usage caused large numbers of breakages in mortar parts.

Still, the mission was accomplished and Colonel Darby later said the mortar battalion was instrumental in the success. In November, when the Rangers were fighting on the Winter Line, Company B supported them against a German counterattack with over 3,700 rounds. So

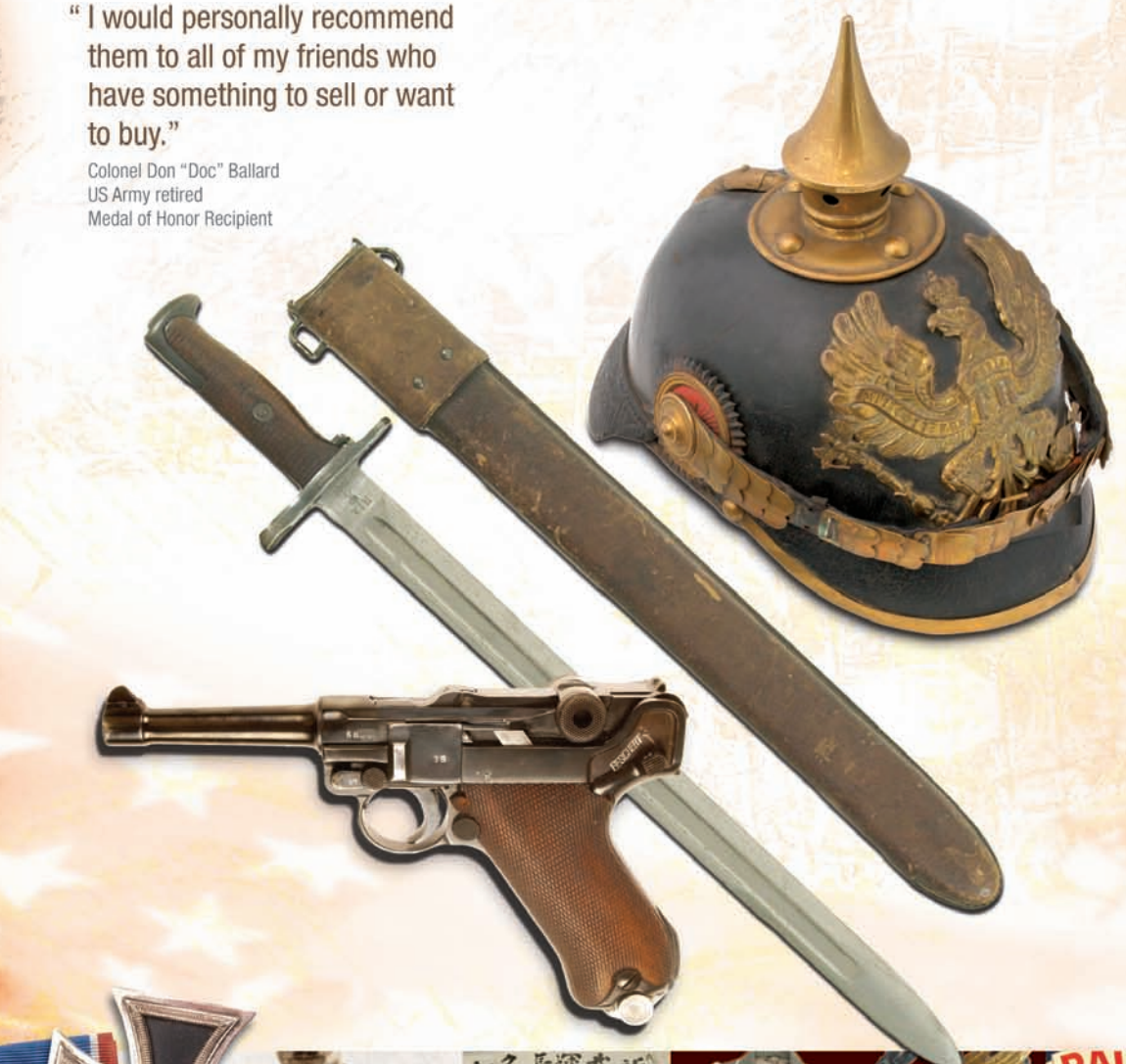
Buy. Sell. Collect.

MANION'S INTERNATIONAL AUCTION HOUSE

★ ★ ★

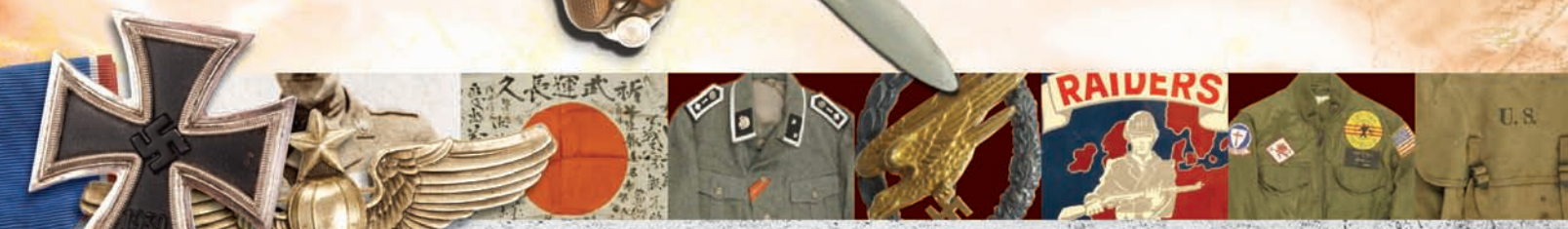
" I would personally recommend them to all of my friends who have something to sell or want to buy."

Colonel Don "Doc" Ballard
US Army retired
Medal of Honor Recipient



" We've been with Manion's as both bidder and consignor for over 20 years. Outstanding service and never a problem. We can always count on their support for the West Coast Militaria Collector's Show in Pomona as well."

Bob Chatt,
Vintage Productions



Manion's International Auction House has been brokering the sale of historic collectibles and militaria since 1970. Consignment is always welcome and we do all the work. We inventory your items, photograph, describe, warehouse, and coordinate the auction with you. Secure buying and selling — with a money back guarantee. Online auctions closing 365 days a year.

EST. 1970

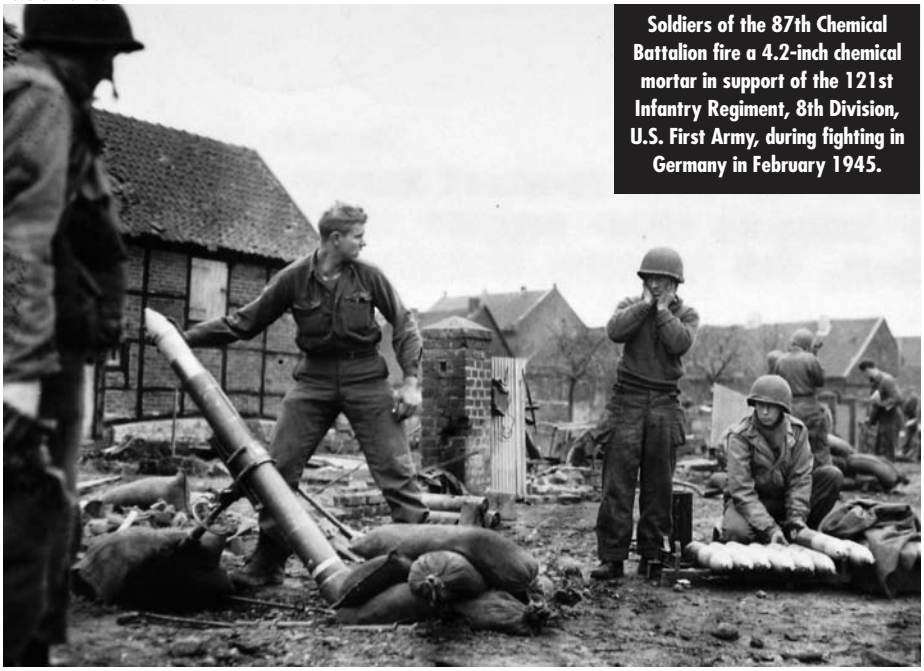
•MANION'S•

International Auction House

WWW.MANIONS.COM

866.626.4661

National Archives



Soldiers of the 87th Chemical Battalion fire a 4.2-inch chemical mortar in support of the 121st Infantry Regiment, 8th Division, U.S. First Army, during fighting in Germany in February 1945.

many rounds were fired so quickly that one of the firing pins in an M2 fused from the heat. In return, German counterbattery fire destroyed two of the company's ammunition dumps, sending more than 1,000 mortar bombs up in smoke.

When the Rangers went to Anzio in January 1944, the 83rd was still with them. Two companies, A and B, went ashore in the second wave, carried by DUKW amphibious vehicles. Their first fire mission was against an enemy 88mm gun that was shelling the beachhead, and fire from Company B drove it away. Darby ordered the mortars that had already landed to simply start firing in the direction of the Germans, saying, "I want the bastards to know I have something heavy, so they will start digging in. That will give me a chance to maneuver."

As the Rangers moved inland, the mortarmen went with them although the soft ground played havoc with the weapons themselves, causing more breakages. When Darby's Rangers made their ill-fated attack upon Cisterna, their "personal artillery" fired for them, trying in vain to cover their withdrawal from the Germans, who had encircled the embattled Americans. Only a handful of Darby's men avoided death or capture.

While the mortar units were not likewise trapped, tragedy did strike them when the LST (landing ship, tank) carrying Companies C and D to Anzio struck a mine and sank. Even worse, many of the survivors were picked up by another vessel that itself struck a mine and sank with no survivors. The sad episode cost the lives of 293 soldiers; both companies were returned to Naples for replacements and reorganization before joining their battalion at Anzio in April.

The 84th Battalion also landed at Anzio and did its share, firing both high-explosive and smoke missions during the dreadful slugging match that became the battle for the beachhead. It fired over 50,000 rounds during the fighting through May 1944.

Other chemical mortar units saw similar action throughout the Italian campaign, including the 2nd Chemical Mortar Battalion that took part in the fighting around Monte Cassino.

When American forces landed in Western Europe, chemical mortars, having proven their worth, went with them. There was a shortage of trained units available, however, so only four battalions—the 81st, 86th, 87th and 92nd—were in theater for the Normandy invasion. The 81st landed on Omaha Beach with the 1st and 29th Infantry Divisions, while the 87th landed at Utah Beach with the 4th Division.

Once off the beaches, the mortarmen found themselves in the *bocage* country, fighting hedgerow to hedgerow with their comrades in the infantry. Casualties were heavy among the forward observer parties, and unit officers each took turns in that role. The chaotic nature of hedgerow fighting often meant the mortar crews had to fight as infantry and defend themselves when German troops infiltrated American positions or when the confusion of battle simply left a gap in the line.

When Operation Cobra, the Allied breakout from Normandy, began, Companies A and B of the 92nd were firing missions to support the 30th Division, itself poised to advance. A massive bombardment by Allied bombers took place to further soften German defenses. In a tragic miscalculation, some of the bombers dropped their payloads over American lines. Both mortar companies were hit with over 200 bombs falling in their battalion area. Beyond the 28 casualties the mortarmen suffered, General Lesley McNair, the Army ground forces commander, had come to France to observe the offensive and was in a position in front of A Company. He, too, fell to the errant barrage.

On August 15, 1944, Operation Dragoon, the invasion of southern France, began. Two chemical mortar companies were selected to undergo glider training and land with the airborne forces taking part in the assault. These were D Company of the 83rd Battalion and A Company of the 2nd. They landed on the afternoon of D-day near Leluc, France. The next morning they fired concentrations against the town of Le Muy and supported the paratroopers during their missions afterward, Company A remaining with the airborne troops until mid-September.

As the Allied offensive continued into Germany itself, the chemical mortar battalions moved forward. At Aachen the 92nd fired an intense barrage to break up German wire barriers and then began a rolling barrage a mere 150 yards ahead of advancing infantry. When Third Army launched its assault on the fortress city of Metz, the M2's fire proved ineffective against concrete bastions, but its ability to lay smoke provided much needed concealment during the frustrating and difficult attacks. Chemical mortar battalions served right up to the end of the fighting in Europe.

While the mortar units were a valuable asset, they were not without their problems. As the war continued, finding replacements for dead and wounded mortarmen became critical. Many new officers lacked thorough training, and enlisted men were scraped up wherever they could be found. Even when properly trained soldiers arrived, the replacement system often sent them anywhere but where they were most needed.

Another problem was the reliability of the M2 itself. Parts such as elevating screws and springs were breaking far too often, leaving units short of weapons. The screws seemed to be breaking because units were firing their mortars beyond maximum range, putting the weapons into unusual firing positions or using additional propellant. The springs, however, were criticized as being poorly made. If the spring did not work right, it placed added stress on all the other components of the weapon. Spare parts quickly became scarce.

The baseplate was also subjected to scrutiny, and an improved model, larger and heavier

Continued on page 82

2009 Silver Panda Pre-Sellout Event!

2008 SOLD OUT

Actual size is 40mm

The Panda Everyone Is Looking For… But Soon Nearly Impossible To Find!

Everyone loves pandas, but there's one panda that has enduring value. The Panda Silver Dollar struck by the China Mint since 1983—a massive coin of one full troy ounce of precious silver. Each year the panda design changes, which enhances their desirability. But what doesn't change is how hard it is to get your hands on one of these precious yet elusive coins!

Save Money—Buy Direct

As an official distributor, we buy directly from the China Mint and then bring these Silver Pandas directly to you. By ordering from us, you get our best price, plus the security of dealing with a company with 25 years of experience and a top reputation in the coin business. Better yet, your coin comes with a full 30 day money back guarantee of satisfaction.

2009 Pre-Sellout Event... Available TODAY… But not for long!

2008 Panda Silver Dollars are sold out and already selling for $39 each. This is a PRE-SELLOUT event for the 2009's. We are expecting the limited supplies of 2009 Silver Pandas to sell out quickly. We cannot guarantee future availability, so act immediately to avoid disappointment.

A Personal Asset of Lasting Value— A Legacy for Loved Ones

In times of economic uncertainty, few things bring peace of mind better than the rock-solid value of precious metals. So call NOW to secure these Silver Pandas for yourself, for your family, and as a legacy for your children.

The more you buy… the more you'll save!

- **One 2009 Panda Silver Dollar for only $24.95** *+s/h*
- **Five for only $23.75 each** *+s/h* **SAVE $6.00**
- **Half Roll (10) for only $22.25 each** *+s/h* **SAVE $27.00**
- **Bankers Roll (20) for only $19.95 each** *+s/h* **SAVE $100**

TOLL-FREE 24 HOURS A DAY

1-888-201-7660

Offer Code PDA121
Please mention this code when you call.

GovMint.com
YOUR ONE BEST SOURCE FOR COINS WORLDWIDE
14101 Southcross Drive W., Dept. PDA121
Burnsville, Minnesota 55337

www.GovMint.com

BBB **Accredited Member Since 1985**

Prices and availability subject to change without notice.

Note: GovMint.com is a private distributor of worldwide government coin issues and is not affiliated with the United States Government. Facts and figures were deemed accurate as of June 2009. ©GovMint.com, 2009

By Blaine Taylor

ulstein bild

A Soviet Survivor

Stalin's crony, Kliment Yefremovich Voroshilov, became the disgraced First Marshal of the Soviet Union, but always survived.

IN THE SUMMER OF 1941, AS THE NAZI GERMAN BLITZKRIEG ROLLED OVER THE Russian Red Army defenses at the embattled city of Leningrad, today once more St. Petersburg, a short, squat figure with pale blue eyes, cherubic face, and gray-blond hair stood erect atop a parapet, seemingly oblivious to the exploding enemy shell bursts all around him, bullets whizzing by his head.

One amazed soldier in the trench below turned to another and said, "Look! It's him! Klim! Look how he stands as if he grew out of the earth!" Klim was the derivative Christian name of the legendary commissar of the Russian Civil War of 1918-1920, the Battle of Warsaw that latter year, the disastrous but still victorious Russo-Finnish Winter War of 1939-40, and now of the German Operation Barbarossa attack on the Soviet Union.

The renowned Hero of Tsaritsyn (later Stalingrad) with the famed 1st Cavalry Army, the man who quelled the naval uprising at Kronstadt in 1921, the first marshal of the land of the Soviets from 1935, Voroshilov was one of only two from the original five who survived the Stalinist Great Purge of the Red Army in 1937.

He was also a member of Stavka, the Supreme Command, during the Great Patriotic War, the official Russian name for World War II. In addition, Voroshilov was author of the 1937 book *Defense of the USSR,* which lauded dictator Josef Stalin as a preeminent military genius.

The man who called Stalin by the nickname of Koba and was in turn termed by him the Soviet Union's "top marksman" for his prowess with firearms was also a member of both the Presidium and Politburo, the ruling bodies of the Communist Party; a member of the GKO, or State Committee of Defense; and people's commissar of military and naval affairs from 1925-1940.

Termed "a political general rather than a professional soldier" by noted English Kremlinologist author Edward Crankshaw, "he had a long career, marked by vainglory, folly, and durable good luck." Within high Communist Bolshevik circles, many called him "the Party boy," due to his long ties to Stalin, whom he claimed to have met at a Communist Party congress at Stockholm in 1906.

Stalin himself said that he did not remember and, in his more famous paranoid years toward the end of his life, asserted that his deputy had actually been an English spy during the period of 1938-1948. Nikita S. Khrushchev, who rose to lead the Soviet Union, called the assertion "stupidity."

Nevertheless, Stalin took the man whom Red leader Lazar Kaganovich called "that sly old bastard" with him to the conference at Teheran, Iran, in 1943 where British Prime Minister Winston Churchill presented the Soviet leader with the famed Sword of Stalingrad, given to the Russian people by King George VI in honor of their incredible valor against the Germans.

Stalin picked up the sword with both hands and, holding it horizontally, kissed the scabbard. He then handed it to Marshal Voroshilov, as the blade slid from its sheath and clattered loudly onto the floor. It was considered to be a bad omen, and yet Voroshilov, whose military codename was Yefremov, managed to survive the incident, just as he did everything else over the course of his remarkable career under Stalin and his volatile successors.

Posing in September 1920, Kliment Voroshilov (left) and Semyon Budenny became veterans of the Russian Civil War and future Marshals of the Soviet Union. Voroshilov was a favorite of Soviet Premier Josef Stalin.

The most incredible aspect of Marshal Voroshilov's meteoric career was that he began it

HERMANN HISTORICA

Oct. 5th, 2009:
A Colt M 1873 SAA revolver

Oct. 9th, 2009: Orders, decorations and documents of a German WWII fighter ace

Nov. 12th-13th, 2009:
A Paratrooper of the 82nd Airborne in Normandy

Oct. 6th, 2009:
A Submachine Gun, Cal. .45, M3, deactivated

AUTUMN ACTIONS 2009

October 5th - 6th
Fine Antique & Modern Firearms

October 7th
Antiquities

October 8th
Selection of historical collectibles

October 9th
German Historical Collectibles 1919-1989

November 12th - 13th
Second World War Museum
"La Percée d'Avranches"
The entire collection to be sold by auction

Nov. 12th-13th, 2009:
A US.M1 helmet, D-Day relic from Omaha Beach

Oct. 9th, 2009: An extremely rare cypher machine "Enigma G 111"

Nov. 12th-13th, 2009:
A Waffen-SS soldier from the museum's display

Nov. 12th-13th, 2009:
A VW type 166 Schwimmwagen

further information at
www.hermann-historica.com

catalogues available beginning of September

International Auctions
Antique Arms & Armour ✦ Orders ✦ Historical Collectibles

Hermann Historica oHG ✦ Linprunstr. 16 ✦ D-80335 Munich ✦ Phone +49-89-54726490
Fax +49-89-54726499 ✦ E-mail: contact@hermann-historica.com

with no military experience at all, having spent World War I during 1914-1916 as an exempt armaments factory lathe worker who was an undercover Bolshevik agent while singing in one company's choir and working as a machinist at several other locations.

After the Bolsheviks succeeded in taking over the government following the Great October Revolution of 1917, Voroshilov allied himself to Stalin in the Battle of Tsaritsyn during the subsequent Civil War and served as a cavalry commander under his later fellow marshal, Semyon Budenny, another longtime Stalinist crony.

With the breaking of the siege of the rival White Army, Voroshilov found himself an enduring hero of the Civil War, even though he was defeated outside Warsaw in 1920 by Polish Marshal Josef Pilsudski.

Called "the child of Stalin's military genius," Voroshilov sang (literally!) his master's praises and survived along with Budenny long after Stalin's death in 1953. Their rival Leon Trotsky called Voroshilov "a hearty and impudent fellow, not overly intellectual, but shrewd and unscrupulous, a conscientious worker with an excellent understanding of the organization of the 10th Army."

The famed first marshal was widely lauded by Soviet propagandists as unafraid of bullets, easy in the company of writers and artists, a Hero of the Soviet Union and Hero of Labor, one of Stalin's "Magnates," and hailed as a knight in ballads. The novel *The Red Eagle* was written about Voroshilov, who was portrayed on Russian trading cards for children like an American baseball star and was touted as "the most popular hero in the Bolshevik pantheon, the most illustrious of the Soviet grandees," according to Stalin biographer Simon Sebag Montefiore.

British Field Marshal Alan Brooke rightly called Voroshilov "an attractive personality who owed his life to his wits," and that was definitely true, while his Kremlin colleague Khrushchev admitted, "He certainly was loyal and honest," particularly with Stalin.

Soviet Foreign Minister Vyachelsav Molotov, who outlived all the old Bolsheviks of the Lenin-Stalin era, asserted that the Soviet dictator never completely trusted Voroshilov, nor anyone else, for that matter, and Voroshilov in turn was never completely sold on Stalin either.

Nevertheless, Molotov concluded, "He performed well at critical moments," such as being Stalin's closest aide during the purges against the peasant Kulak class and, later, in decimating the upper officer tiers of the Red Army.

Indeed, First Marshal Voroshilov helped Stalin kill fully 4,000 of his own officer corps,

Author's Collection

ABOVE: Kliment Voroshilov in a formal portrait. BELOW: Soviet Premier Josef Stalin and Marshal Kliment Voroshilov share a lighter moment during a conversation.

Public Domain

crippling it just before the onset of a series of wars with the fascist powers. Stalin's secretary, B. Bashanov, characterized Voroshilov as "Quite a man, full of himself," and indeed he was that, too, basking in the full glare of the public limelight with his many medals and decorations. The marshal swilled vodka with artists and generally lived the high old life of the former czarist landed gentry.

The first marshal had a huge, ostentatious country home that was modeled on the Livadia Palace at Yalta in the Crimea on the Black Sea, as indeed, all the top Soviet leaders did during the Stalin era.

"Klim" loved being painted on horseback, flashing saber in hand, in full-length, life-sized portraits by the Kremlin's court painter, Gerasamlinov, and critics charged that he spent more time thus portrayed than doing his job at the Commissariat of Defense.

General Sergei M. Shtemenko, a future chief of staff of the Warsaw Pact alliance, called Voroshilov "a man of education and culture, something of a showman, exuding cordiality and bonhomie, making a parade of his courage, and thinking that he would be better received by the Terek and Kuban Cossack infantry by riding out to inspect them on a horse."

Like his fellow Marshals Budenny and Stalin, Voroshilov comprehended the infantry, cavalry, and armored-train tactics of the civil war era and Russo-Polish War of 1920 far better than he did that of the mechanized warfare of tanks and armored divisions, and therein lay the seeds of his defeats in both the Russo-Finnish War and World War II.

A successful practitioner in the latter, Marshal Ivan Konev, said of his former chief that he was "a man of inexhaustible courage, but incapable of understanding modern warfare." Harshly criticized both during and after the wars, Voroshilov always landed on his feet, however, and he was always assigned to other high-level posts.

As a sort of Soviet Hermann Göring and Albert Speer combined, the first marshal in his pre-World War II years was responsible for building up the Army and Navy as well as industry with Stalin to prepare for what both saw as the inevitable war against fascism.

Noted Soviet military writer Dmitri Volkogonov was very critical, defining Voroshilov as mediocre straight out, having but two years of formal schooling, beginning as a Chekist secret policeman during the revolution, and becoming Stalin's willing stooge and toady, thus being placed in important high military commands "with having never worn a uniform … and lacking the least military knowledge"

What mattered first and always to Stalin was loyalty and getting the desired results. Voroshilov excelled in the former and produced admirably in the latter category, at least until the Japanese killed 3,000 soldiers in the Far East in August 1938, the Soviet Union stumbled badly during the 105-day war with tiny Finland during 1939-1940, and the Red Army was smashed by the German Wehrmacht during 1941-1943.

According to Volkogonov, First Marshal Voroshilov was also the father of both chemical and biological warfare in Russia. His house of cards began collapsing in 1939, though, with the stunning initial defeats of the Red Army by far-outnumbered Finland during the early stages of the Winter War debacle that left 70,000 known dead Red Army soldiers in the frozen snow and ice, a harbinger of what later happened to the German Army in Russia.

Born Janury 23, 1891, the son of a railway worker and a milkmaid, the future first marshal came out of the Russian Civil War with a strong belief in irregular partisan forces, as opposed to a regular army, and found the means for his res-

Experience history first-hand.

Stephen E. Ambrose always said that the best way to understand history is to study the places where it was made. Whether visiting Omaha Beach with D-Day veterans to pay homage to their fallen, following the path of Lewis and Clark down the Missouri River, or tromping the battlefields of the Civil War, Dr. Ambrose sought to enlighten, entertain and educate with his tours. Since 1979, when he began leading informal tours to Europe, Stephen Ambrose has introduced generations, young and old, to the American heroes—citizen soldiers—who fought and won a nation's freedom.

Be a part of the 65th Anniversary of D-Day


Iwo Jima Tour


D-Day Tour


Israel Tour


Band of Brothers Tour


Poland & Germany Tour

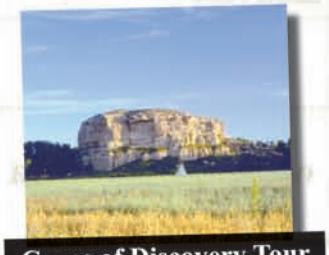
D-Day to the Rhine – *June & September 2009*
Band of Brothers – *May & September 2009*
WWII in Poland & Germany – *September 2009*
In the Footsteps of Patton – *June 2009*
Italian Campaign – *October 2009*
The Champagne Campaign – *May 2009*
Lewis & Clark's Corps of Discovery – *June 2009*
Civil War: The Mississippi Campaign – *TBA*
Iwo Jima: War in the Pacific – *March 2009*
Israel – *May 2009*


Italian Campaign Tour


Civil War Tour


Champagne Campaign Tour


Patton Tour


Corps of Discovery Tour

Space for all tours is limited — call today and reserve your spot.

Toll Free 1-888-903-3329
www.stephenambrosetours.com

Stephen Ambrose HISTORICAL TOURS

The First Name in Historic Travel.©

Panzers on Patrol
Books • CDs • Videos • Flags • Pins
T-shirts • Posters • Daggers & more
Get Your "Maus" Rolling!
MP019 - Das Reich Tiger Mouse Pad


So many great designs you will want to get another computer! Cloth-Top, 1/4 x 9.25 x 7.75 inch with rubber base.
Only $15.00 +s/h
Songs and marches heard just as the German people did during WW2!


CD200 - Panzer Marches
Features 60+ year old recordings that are digitally produced from original Third Reich 78-rpm records. Includes 2 instrumental and 1 choral version of the Panzerwagonlied. 28 songs and marches with a long playing time of 77:01 minutes.
Only $20.00 +s/h
Panzer Combat Poster
003wp - Tank and Infantry in the Attack

Printed on 11 X 17 inch, 80 pound acid-free art paper complete with German language title of combat photo, suitable for framing.
Only $15.00 +s/h
Tactical Insignia & Badges
8048 - Panzer Assault Badge Bronze (left)
8049 - Panzer Assault Badge Silver (right)

Made to original specifications 2-1/2" x 2-1/2".
Only $16.00 each +s/h
High Quality Reproductions

6101 - 1st SS Panzer LAH
6102 - 3rd SS Panzer Totenkopf
6110 - 38th SS Panzer Wiking
6112 - 11th Panzer Division
Size is 1/2" x 3/8" with stick pin back.
Only $6.00 each +s/h
COLOR FLYER SHEETS
send $1.00 for postage
shipping / handling just $8.00 per order.
VISA MasterCard DISCOVER
PzG Inc.
P.O. Box 3972 Dept. 1
Rapid City, SD 57709-3972
www.pzg.biz

Library of Congress

Pictured during the Teheran Conference in December 1943, General George C. Marshall, U.S. Army Chief of Staff, shakes hands with Sir Archibald Clark Keer, British Ambassador to the Soviet Union, while U.S. envoy Harry Hopkins, Soviet Premier Josef Stalin's interpreter, Stalin, and Marshal Kliment Voroshilov stand left to right.

urrection militarily by the end of 1942 by being appointed head of all partisan forces fighting behind the lines of the vast German invasion front that extended across the width of the Soviet Union and for hundreds of miles back toward the borders of the Third Reich.

He had thus reinvented himself once more.

Having concluded the unsuccessful 1939 diplomatic negotiations with the lukewarm British and French for an alliance against Hitler that did not materialize, the first marshal conducted vastly positive Lend-Lease talks with the United States, greatly assisting Russia in the war.

Indeed, in 1954, the then party general secretary, Nikita Khrushchev, included Voroshilov in his first summit talks with the West at Geneva. As Chairman of the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet and head of state, President Voroshilov was present five years later during the famous Moscow "kitchen debate" between Khrushchev and U.S. Vice President Richard M. Nixon, seen worldwide on television.

According to author Anthony Beevor's *Stalingrad: The Fateful Siege, 1942-43*, during the cataclysmic Winter War against Finland's Marshal Baron Carl Gustav Mannerheim, Voroshilov showed "an astonishing lack of imagination."

Khrushchev was an even more vocal, scathing critic in his 1970 memoirs, *Khruschchev Remembers*: "I put the principal blame on Voroshilov for the Finnish War … His negligence was criminal … As Commissar of Defense, he was ill prepared, careless, and lazy," much like the later Reichsmarshall Göring, whom Voroshilov closely resembled as a pompous show-off in many respects. Khrushchev, however, was quick to remind his readers that Stalin was equally at fault.

In the end, Voroshilov was relieved of command, and his post of commissar of defense was given instead to Marshal Semen K. Timoshenko on May 8, 1940, two days before Nazi Germany launched its Western Offensive against the Allies. The Finns were defeated and the war brought to a satisfactory conclusion. Stalin, asserted Khrushchev, kept Voroshilov "around as a whipping boy," but the latter stood his ground.

Yet again the first marshal survived. Next, he turned up as chief of the Leningrad High Command during the summer battles with the Germans from July to September 1941. Andrei Zhadanov served as his Communist Party political commissar, the joint commander who had to endorse all his military decisions in a cumbersome dual command process that existed throughout the Red Army at that time.

Thus, the 60-year-old marshal could be found, pistol in hand, personally leading the feared Red Marines, with their famed black wool capes, into repeated actions against the enemy, only to be repulsed by the Germans time and again. Once more Stalin, who generally called Voroshilov's headquarters at Smolny after midnight, relieved him for what he claimed was his "passiveness,"

replacing him with Marshal Georgi Zhukov. In 1975, stated Molotov in an interview, "I dismissed Voroshilov. He spent all his time in the trenches."

In his swan song, Voroshilov told his staff officers, "Farewell, comrades! They have called me to headquarters. Well, I'm old, and it has to be. This isn't the Civil War! It has to be fought another way, but don't doubt for a minute that we are going to smash those fascist bastards right here! Their tongues are already hanging out for our city, but they will choke on their own blood!"

In the end, he was right, and the siege of Leningrad was lifted after 900 days by the resurgent Red Army.

Following the end of the war and Stalin's death in March 1953, Voroshilov played a waiting game to see who would emerge as his successor: NKVD Secret Police Chief Laventi P. Beria, or Khrushchev. In the end, he joined with the latter and Marshal Zhukov, after which the brutal, murderous Beria was removed from power and shot for his crimes.

When Khrushchev denounced Stalinist crimes in his famous "Secret Speech" at the 20th Party Congress in Moscow in 1956, the old first marshal vigorously berated the new leader for fear that the retribution for the former evil would encompass the rest of the Soviet leadership. "We'll be taken to task!" he wailed. "We'll still be made to pay!" but no one came to arrest, try, and shoot the former cavalry general. Once again, the wily old first marshal had survived.

Although he was made to admit many of his past "errors" publicly in true Communist Party style and kowtow to Khrushchev in private, Voroshilov remained titular president of the Soviet Union until 1960 and therefore head of state on par with U.S. presidents and the king and queen of England. It was in this capacity that the president of the Soviet Union traveled to confer with Premier Chou En-lai of the People's Republic of China at Beijing.

In April 1962, President Voroshilov was reelected to the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet yet again. He remained to the end an unrepentant Stalinist politically. He was also an unrepentant international mass murderer, since on March 8, 1940, he signed the death warrants of 22,000 murdered Polish officers found by the Nazis in the Katyn Forest in 1943.

The old Bolshevik died at age 89 on December 2, 1969, having outlived both Lenin and Stalin and also witnessing the fall of Khrushchev in 1964 in a bloodless Kremlin coup. He had survived them all and died in bed of natural causes so far as is known—no mean feat during his bloody era.

Since his death, historians of both East and West have been uniformly critical of the proud first marshal, who once ordered a cowed subordinate to kiss his boots.

Dmitri Volkogonov had the harshest barbs: "The most mediocre, faceless, and intellectually dim … no intellectual power, genuine civic feeling, vision, or moral stature … An historical accident raised him to the highest level of State power … lacking in the least military knowledge … He blamed others … Had neither strategic thinking, nor operational vision, nor organizational ability."

During his lifetime, Voroshilov had many mistresses. His wife died in 1959, and at his retirement in 1960 he was succeeded by a later marshal, Leonid Brezhnev. The pensioner retained his Moscow apartment, a country house, chauffered limousines, bodyguards, doctors, and servants.

All things considered, the nonsoldier had not done entirely badly for himself. □

Towson, Maryland, freelancer Blaine Taylor is the author of six books on the World War II era, the most recent being Hitler's Headquarters from Beer Hall to Bunker, 1920-45, *published in 2007.*

By Gregory Peduto

Public Domain

The Navy's Secret Pact with the Mafia

Project Underworld enlisted the help of organized crime to fight the Axis during World War II.

IN THE OPENING MONTHS OF 1942, GERMAN U-BOATS PUSHED ALLIED SUPPLY lines to the breaking point. In the month of January, Axis submarines claimed over 20 Allied vessels including a tanker just 60 miles off the coast of Long Island. How could German submarines operate at such long ranges along the nation's coastline? The U.S. Office of Naval Intelligence (ONI) reasoned that freebooting American fishing vessels were resupplying these marauding subs somewhere off the coast of Long Island. But why?

The Navy hypothesized that these fishermen were either ex-rumrunners put out of business by the end of Prohibition or a massive conspiracy of enemy agents nestled within the port of New York. The task of uncovering the plot fell to 40-year naval veteran Captain Roscoe MacFall, chief intelligence officer of the Third Naval District, a region that encompassed New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut.

The captain needed to act quickly, for the Allied war effort was struck a $5 million blow on February 9, 1942. At 2:30 PM fire engines wailed and thousands of workers scrambled through dense smoke to Manhattan's Pier 88. On that tragic day, a suspicious inferno devoured the French-built superliner *Normandie*.

Amid the toxic fog, fireboats dumped hundreds of thousands of gallons of water onto the conflagration. The strategy proved disastrous, for the excess water pitched the groaning ship into a 30-degree list that panicked stunned onlookers.

The loss of the *Normandie* represented a catastrophic defeat for American forces. Seized from the Vichy French and renamed the *Lafayette*, the militarized megaliner was as big as she was fast. Capable of carrying 10,000 troops, the blue-ribbon vessel could traverse the Atlantic in only four days time.

The Navy suspected Nazi foul play. MacFall put little stock in official FBI investiga-

The SS *Robert Rowan*, also known as Liberty Ship K-40 and loaded with ammunition, explodes in a fireball after being hit by bombs dropped from a German Junkers Ju-88 bomber during the U.S. landings at Gela, Sicily, on July 11, 1943.

How's This For a Stimulus Package?

FREE Ruby Pendant for the First 2500 Responders

Our gift to you: A one carat radiant, lab-created ruby pendant.

Here's some important news that will affect your bank account. But it's good news, for a change. You see, while Congress was busy cutting billion dollar checks to the banks and big corporations, we concocted our own bailout plan. And ours won't cost the taxpayer a dime and looks a million times better with a cocktail dress.

In tough economic times, it's just not good enough to offer meager discounts of 10% and 20%. Even "half-off" has become ho-hum. That's why we're going all the way. Our stunning *Scienza*™ lab-created ***Ruby Pendant*** can be yours for **FREE** (You pay nothing except basic shipping and processing costs). Similar designs can be found at the largest jewelry stores in America for $299. But for a limited time, **you can take 100% off!**

This is no joke. There is no catch. Simply call our toll-free number or log on to **www.stauer.com**. The first 2500 to respond to this ad will get the *Scienza*™ lab-created ***Ruby Pendant*** absolutely FREE. If you're wondering exactly how we can afford to do this... read on.

Why give away jewelry? Our real goal is to build a long term relationship with you. We are convinced you will become a loyal Stauer client in the years to come. But for now, in this lousy economy, offering this remarkable pendant seemed the best way for you to give us a try.

The *Scienza*™ ***Ruby Pendant*** features an impressive 1-carat oval-cut, lab-created ruby prong-set in luxurious gold vermeil. Surrounding the radiant red oval are 14 brilliant-cut, lab-created Diamond*Aura*® dazzlers. The combination sparkles with a passionate fire that is even brighter than most mined stones.

The world's most valuable gemstone. For thousands of years, the luxury of natural rubies has been coveted by pharaohs, emperors and royalty from all continents. Known as the "king of all precious stones," the red glow of a ruby symbolizes love, life and desire. But such beauty can come at a steep price and even today, rubies remain some of the most expensive gems on Earth.

Can science really improve nature? The right chemistry is vital in any romantic relationship. We had to get it perfect. That's why the gemologists worked for years to create the world's most romantic, most colorful lab-created ruby. Our *Scienza*™ are scientifically grown, crafted in laboratories with precise equipment that recreates the high pressures and heat that nature uses to produce gemstones far beneath the surface of the earth. *Scienza*™ are chemically identical to the natural gemstone in hardness and display a better color and sparkle than most mined corundum. But mined rubies can cost up to $5,000 per carat for this level of color and clarity!

The *Scienza*™ originates from an ingenious process that lets you experience the seductive fire of priceless gems without the exorbitant cost. You pay nothing except basic shipping and processing costs of $25.95, the normal shipping fee for a $200–$300 pendant

It's okay to be skeptical. But the truth is that Stauer doesn't make money by selling one piece of jewelry to you on a single occasion. Our success comes from serving our long term clients. Be one of the first 2500 to respond to this ad and receive 100% off while getting a closer look at Stauer's exclusive selection of fine jewelry.

JEWELRY SPECS:

- 1 carat lab-created, oval-faceted ruby
- 1/5 ctw white Diamond*Aura* - Gold vermeil setting

Scienza™ Lab-created Ruby Pendant (1 1/5 ctw) ***Your Cost*—FREE — pay shipping & processing only.**

Call now to take advantage of this extremely limited offer.

1-888-277-8379

Promotional Code SRP173-01
Please mention this code when you call.

Stauer
14101 Southcross Drive W.,
Dept. SRP173-01
Burnsville, Minnesota 55337
www.stauer.com

Smart Luxuries—Surprising Prices

tions that suggested an erratic spark from a worker's blowtorch ignited the blaze. The loss of the vessel was not only a physical defeat but also a symbolic one that highlighted a weakness in America's strongest port.

From this strategic point, men, arms, and munitions would be shuttled to the front lines. To starve out the British, German Admiral Karl Dönitz, commander of the Kriegsmarine U-boat arm, calculated that U-boats needed to sink 800,000 tons of Allied shipping a month. Current losses at that point exceeded 650,000 tons a month. If enemy agents provided enough assistance to paralyze this lifeline, the war would be over.

Plainclothes Navy operatives descended upon the New York docks seeking information. With their best Jimmy Cagney impersonations, Ivy League-educated naval officers crept into the raucous haunts frequented by longshoremen.

The stevedores met the agents with a threatening brick wall of silence. The officers were incapable of understanding the lawless tight-lipped culture of the docks. On the wrong side of the law for most of their lives, some of the ship workers mistrusted anyone in uniform, whether they were naval officers or meter maids. To make matters worse, mob-controlled longshoremen regularly doled out gaff beatings to inquisitive cops and reporters.

Only the American Mafia claimed an utter dominance of the docks. ONI Warrant Officer Maurice Kelly remembered, "Union officials and people in illegal operations along the waterfront had as much influence with conditions on the docks as the shipping people themselves, and, in many cases, more." The Navy wanted the Mafia's help, but what would be the ramifications of turning to an organization predicated on murder, extortion, and drug dealing?

Time was running out for MacFall as the Navy moralized over the implications of enlisting the mob. Between February and May, Nazi torpedoes sent more than 100 ships to the bottom, and the death toll was rising fast. The easy pickings inspired the Kriegsmarine to christen the first six months of the war the "Happy Time."

Director of Naval Intelligence, Rear Admiral Carl Espe, later reminisced, "The outcome of the war appeared extremely grave. In addition, there was the most serious concern over possible sabotage in the ports. It was necessary to use every possible means to prevent and forestall sabotage…." Someone on the docks was feeding the Nazis information, and only the mob had the power to hunt down the guilty party.

ONI held strong reservations over an alliance with the Mafia. Could Italian criminals even be trusted? Judging by the example set by master of intrigue, Vito Genovese, probably not.

After fleeing to Italy to avoid a murder prosecution in 1937, Genovese grew close to Mussolini by befriending his son-in-law and foreign minister, Count Galeazzo Ciano. The shrewd Genovese courted Mussolini by donating $250,000 for the construction of a Fascist party building.

The hoodlum grew so cozy with Il Duce that he soon dispatched his hitmen to assassinate New York newspaperman Carlo Tresca, a vocal critic of the Italian regime. For his work, Mussolini awarded Genovese the Commendatore del Re, the highest civilian honor in Italy, but Genovese was as apolitical as he was amoral. Capable of shifting like a feather on the political winds, the wily mobster held a reputation for double-crossing friends with impunity. The gangster felt no affinity for the fascist dictator and saw him only as a means to an end.

After weeks of intensive research, MacFall discovered that Genovese was an anomaly. The Mafia represented the most antifascist organization in the world. Under Mussolini's savage purges, Sicilian mafiosi were bombed, machine-gunned, and arrested in droves. Many of the founding fathers of the American Mafia had

REDDICK MILITARIA

1939 Knight's Cross

Our handmade crosses feature genuine, 3-piece construction and magnetic iron centers, just like the originals. The high quality frames are completely hand assembled, with great attention to detail. Correctly maker marked with L/12 or L/17 (925 on sterling model), they are complete with a correctly made suspension loop and a 12" neck ribbon of the highest quality. These are absolutely the finest reproductions available today!

0107-010-003 Genuine Sterling Silver $425.00

0107-011-003 German Silver Quality $195.00

CASE FOR THE KNIGHT'S CROSS

Direct from an original German maker, our black leatherette case features a fitted area for both the cross and ribbon, a black velvet bottom with correct white collar, white silk-lined top, and an original type spring button closure.

0107-900-011 $68.00 Each

0107-012-003 Knight's Cross $20.00

"The Blue Max"

Instituted in 1740, these awards were originally made of gold, and later, silver-gilt. Our top quality reproductions are the early pattern, with pie-shaped suspensions from the period 1832-1915. Featuring highly detailed eagles both front and back, and gold plating with blue enamel, medals measure 52mm, and are complete with correct style neck ribbon.

	Number	Description	Each
A	0107-022-005	Double-Sided	$25.00
B	0107-022-004	Single Sided	$20.00
C	0107-013-804	Oak Leaves in Gold	$12.00
	0107-000-022	Blue Max Ribbon	$3.00 ½ Ft. $10.80 YD

REDDICK MILITARIA POTTSBORO, TEXAS

Militaria & Edged Weapons

2009 Catalog 6 Please Send $5.00

Dealer Inquiries Welcome

1-800-786-6210

Orders@crazycrow.com

Please add $7.95 for shipping for orders under $150

P.O. Box 847 D-40 Pottsboro, TX 75076

fled their homeland because of the attacks.

Time had run out for the Navy. On March 7, 1942, Captain MacFall met with New York District Attorney Frank Hogan to discuss striking a deal with organized crime. Hogan in turn put the captain in contact with the head of the New York Rackets Bureau, Murray Gurfein.

What followed the meeting was one of the most unusual episodes of the war, and it remained a secret until 1977, when author Rodney Campbell uncovered the classified 1954 Herlands investigative report while organizing Governor Thomas E. Dewey's archives. The 101-page report summarized over 3,000 pages of testimony that detailed the Navy's involvement in what was dubbed "Project Underworld."

MacFall assigned the day-to-day operations to Commander Charles Radcliffe Haffenden, the debonair swashbuckling leader of ONI's B-3 investigative unit. Commander Haffenden's style did not end with his personality. Project Underworld would be run from a series of posh suites in the Times Square Astor Hotel.

Around him the commander assembled a dedicated team of colorful agents, many of them Italian-Americans versed in the Sicilian dialects spoken by the underworld. Among these men were Lieutenant Anthony Marsloe, a man fluent in Italian, Spanish, and French; Lieutenant Joseph Treglia, a former bootlegger now in charge of breaking and entering operations; and Lieutenant Paul Alfieri, a safecracker.

Author Photo

New York's Fulton Fish Market, a hotbed of organized crime activity, was under the control of boss Socks Lanza during the war years. Officers of U.S. Naval Intelligence believed Lanza and his Mafia connections might help ferret out Nazi spies and sympathizers who were possibly connected to the resupply of German U-boats operating off the U.S. East Coast.

On March 25, Hogan and Gurfein offered Haffenden his first contact in organized crime. The team suggested the czar of Manhattan's Fulton Fish Market, Joseph "Socks" Lanza. A made member of the Luciano crime family, the hulking 200-pound Mafia bulldozer earned his handle socking anyone who disagreed with his edicts. His criminal history stretched back to

PREMIERE FIREARMS AUCTION September 11th, 12th & 13th

OVER 2700 LOTS *presented by* ROCK ISLAND AUCTION COMPANY

FEATURING
A fantastic VICTORIAN COLLECTION of gambling items, spurs, saloon pieces, vintage advertising signs and collectables.

AMERICAN RAILWAY EXPRESS

Desirable WWII J.P. Sauer M30 Luftwaffe Survival Drilling with Case and accessories

Many U.S. World Wars propaganda posters in this auction including a framed iconic "I Want You" Uncle Sam WWI Poster by James Montgomery Flagg

Scarce Model 1904 T.G.&E. "Papa Nambu" Naval Contract Pistol with Matching Magazine

Mid-WWII German G43 Sniper Rifle with ZF4 Scope and Mount

Exceptional 1902 Luger Carbine with Matching Walnut Stock

Rare WWII Japanese "Baby" Nambu Pistol

- U.S., European and Japanese MILITARY.
- Quality SPORTING ARMS including rifles, pistols, and shotguns.
- Over 500 outstanding WINCHESTERS in nearly every model. Over 50 Winchester model 70's, many in rare calibers! Several new in original box!
- FIREARMS FROM THE ROY ROGERS MUSEUM.
- Over 400 Spectacular COLTS including exquisite cased sets, outstanding single actions, fine percussions, early autos, rare longarms quality double actions and more!
- Quality SMITH & WESSONS.

...and much more!

RIA ROCK ISLAND AUCTION COMPANY

TO ORDER YOUR FULL COLOR TWO-VOLUME SET CATALOG CALL (800) 238-8022 ($60 INC. S&H) OR ORDER ONLINE @
WWW.ROCKISLANDAUCTION.COM

4507 49th Avenue, Moline, IL 61265
Phone: 309-797-1500 or 800-238-8022
Fax: 309-797-1655
Email: info@rockislandauction.com

The World Leader for Quality Antique and Collectable Firearms

17.5% Buyer's Premium - Discount offered to 15% for pre-approved check or cash. Auctioneer's License #044000109 FULLY LICENSED CLASS III AUCTIONEER

1917 with arrests for homicide, burglary, conspiracy, and extortion.

The beefy fishmonger's resume in the Federal Bureau of Narcotics *International Offenders' Black Book* added, "A powerful and feared member of the Mafia in NYC. Has been one of the most accomplished terrorists in connection with labor racketeering in the lower east side Fulton Fish Market area." Socks's clammy grip over the United Seafood Workers Union stretched from Maine to Florida.

With a simple nod of his massive head, an entire fishing fleet would dump its catch to inflate market prices. For companies that failed to bribe the racketeer, their fish were left on the docks to rot. Those who continued to disobey orders faced beatings, arson, and death.

If anyone was capable of ferreting out sailors supplying Nazi submarines, it was Joe Socks, but how could the Navy approach a man bound by the oath of *omerta*? Haffenden knew a Navy officer stood little chance of penetrating the lawless fish market. Rather than walk through Lanza's front door, he chose a surreptitious route and phoned the mobster's attorney, Joseph Guerin, to set up a clandestine meeting.

Lanza needed to be careful. The hoodlum was currently on trial for extortion. Just meeting with a naval officer and a member of the district attorney's office could earn the mafiosi a pair of cement shoes and a one-way ticket to the bottom of the East River.

During the meeting, Gurfein pleaded with Lanza. He begged, "It's a matter of great urgency. Many of our ships are being sunk along the Atlantic coast. We suspect German U-boats are being refueled and getting fresh supplies off our coast ...You can find out how and where the submarines are being refueled." Surprisingly, the gangster jumped at the opportunity.

The district attorney's office had wire-tapped the mobster's phones to ensure his loyalty. To their horror, the bugs recorded conversations detailing Navy-inspired mayhem that included assaults, break-ins, and possible murders.

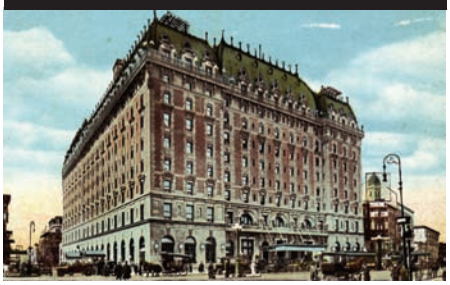
The next morning Lanza called his longtime associate Benjamin Espy, a former bootlegger who had served time in Lewisburg Penitentiary. Together the team questioned ship suppliers and demanded that any unusual purchases of food or fuel be reported to them.

The two gangsters moved onto the vessels themselves and set up a network of fishermen to keep an eye out for submarines. The fish racket bosses' success startled the men of the B-3 investigative unit. Sensing the Mafia's influential grip, Haffenden requested union cards to infiltrate his agents on long-range fishing vessels.

Socks responded by providing valuable cards

Library of Congress

TOP LEFT: Meyer Lansky, known as "the Little Man," had been a cohort of mob boss Lucky Luciano for years when he was asked to work with ONI. TOP RIGHT: Mobster Lucky Luciano was granted executive clemency and deported on January 9, 1945, in compensation for his cooperation with Naval Intelligence during World War II. BELOW: U.S. Navy Commander Charles Haffenden ran Project Underworld from several suites at the posh Times Square Astoria Hotel in New York.



Public Domain

used for no-show payoff jobs. The agents of the B-3 investigative unit roved far and wide under the protective wing of La Cosa Nostra. They sailed aboard mackerel fleets bound for Maine, Florida, and Newfoundland. Shockingly, these fleets served as the first line of U.S. defense against submarines.

Captain MacFall later recounted, "Some of the larger fishing fleets had their own ship-to-ship and ship-to-shore telephones, including codes used to guide the ships of one fleet to places where the catch was good ... Naval Intelligence worked out a confidential cooperative agreement and code with them as a part of the submarine lookout system." Lanza and Espy even traveled on their own "fishing" missions, recruiting informants as they went.

Joe Socks also provided cover for much more sensitive missions. Lieutenant Joseph Treglia, leader of B-3's breaking-and-entry teams, wanted agents placed within several Manhattan buildings and a foreign consul's office. The teams obtained entry through Lanza's connections with the buildings' superintendents and the Elevator Operator Union.

The units consisted of 11 men and included a lock expert, a letter opener, a photographer armed with a miniature camera, and a radio-equipped security detachment. These black-bag jobs helped uncover several German espionage rings across the nation.

There was no doubt that Socks enjoyed playing his role of secret agent as much as Commander Haffenden enjoyed playing the role of mob boss. In one instance, the commander received word that Harry Bridges, a subversive West Coast union leader, was headed to New York to stir the union pot.

Wiretaps revealed a startling conversation between Haffenden and Lanza. "How about that Brooklyn Bridge thing?" the commander asked in reference to the union leader. "I don't want any trouble on the waterfront during the crucial times," Haffenden continued.

"You won't have any. I'll see to that," Lanza quipped.

A goon squad later caught up with Bridges in a popular dance hall. A savage beating sent the union organizer home without a peep. Pleased with the power his acolyte wielded, Haffenden pushed the beefy fishmonger's connections to the limit, and the gangster eventually reached the ceiling of his power.

The Luciano family revered Lanza, but the fish racketeer annoyed the other four crime families. To secure Brooklyn's docks the Navy needed the approval of Albert Anastasia, a bloodthirsty figure known as the High Lord Executioner.

Socks balked at the prospect of facing Anastasia's explosive temper and legendary trigger finger. Furthermore, Lanza lacked the influence to cross the ethnic divide. Irish gangsters controlled the Hell's Kitchen slums surrounding the Hudson River piers and railway terminals. To organize the West Side docks, the Navy required the cooperation of Irish tough, Joseph Ryan, president of the International Longshoremen's Association.

According to Lanza, there was only one man capable of "snapping the whip in the entire underworld." That man was New York's imprisoned emperor of vice, Lucky Luciano.

Born Salvatore Luciana just outside of Palermo, on the island of Sicily, the thin, almost frail, Charlie Lucky clawed his way to the top of the criminal world in little more than three decades. A prison psychiatrist later analyzed him as a highly intelligent, aggressive, egocentric, and antisocial type. Lucky earned his nickname in 1929 after surviving a brutal torture at the hands of a rival bootlegging gang. Left for dead, Luciano crawled to freedom and earned his moniker, but the beating left him permanently disfigured.

The Mafia leader rose to prominence during the 1930-1931 Castellammarese Mafia War after Luciano double-crossed two bosses and became the top Mafia don in the United States.

One Giant Leap for Eye Protection

Eagle Eyes® Apollo Gold™ sunglasses are quite simply the most advanced eye protection ever created

Spacewalking astronauts don't care about designer labels. You can't be concerned about fashion when floating 186 miles above the Earth, hurtling through space at 10 times the speed of a bullet. It's much more important to know that your equipment is up to the job.

Even though a mission to repair the International Space Station seems more dramatic than a morning commute, your personal safety is no less important. That's why Eagle Eyes® is proud to introduce the advanced **Apollo Gold™** optical sunglasses, developed from original NASA Optical Lens Technology.

Unfiltered direct sunlight has always been a problem for test pilots and astronauts. That's why, to protect their eyes, their faceplates require the most advanced optics ever invented.

Eye-protection inspired by nature. Plenty of companies make aviator sunglasses, but few understand aviation like NASA. From microchips to GPS, NASA's team of scientists have been behind some of the greatest technological advances of the last 50 years.

NASA scientists looked to nature for a solution to eye protection which led them to their studies on how eagles can simultaneously distinguish their prey from their surroundings with utmost precision, while protecting their eyes from sunlight.

Who Better to Know About the Best UV Eye Protection than America's Astronauts?

"I have worn the EAGLE EYES® brand for years and depend upon their superb capabilities in UV eye protection, glare reduction and vision-enhancement."

— WALTER CUNNINGHAM, APOLLO-7 ASTRONAUT

NASA scientists independently replicated this same technology into Eagle Eyes® **Apollo Gold™** optical sunglasses, serious sun-protection that offers **12 distinct performance levels** in a single lens. Eagle Eyes® **Apollo Gold™** patented, polarized lens technology was tested to enhance vision while protecting from the sun's harmful UVA, UVB radiation and blue-light.

Developed from Original NASA Optic Technology, EAGLE EYES® is the ONLY Sunglass Lens Certified by the SPACE FOUNDATION for UVR & Blue-Light Protection

Unparalleled clarity. With their patented triple filtering system, Eagle Eyes® reduces the blinding glare you may encounter while driving or enjoying outside activities. This technology produces unparalleled visual clarity, contrast and definition and blocks the harsh UV light while enhancing the colors of your environment. All of this with a "no smudge"/no fingerprint oleophobic coating.

The Eagle Eyes® **Apollo Gold™** frames feature an aggressive ergonomic design with 2X scratch-resistant coatings, affording maximum durability while maintaining crack and impact resistance. You will also receive one soft zipper case and a micro-fiber cleaning pouch & cloth with anti-fog cleaner so you can carry and protect your Eagle Eyes® in style. Plus, if you are not thrilled with the Eagle Eyes® **Apollo Gold™** technology, simply return them within 30 days for a full refund of your purchase price.

FREE Fisher® Space Pen with your order—a $25.00 value!
- Sealed, pressurized ink cartridge
- Developed for NASA and used by America's astronauts
- Writes underwater, at any angle, and even upside down!

Not Available in Stores

SHOP & COMPARE! Over $300 worth of lens & frame technology.

Eagle Eyes® *Apollo Gold™* Sunglasses ~~$295~~

Now *only* $95 +S&H

Includes FREE Limited Edition Engraved Anniversary Fisher® Space Pen with order.

Call now to take advantage of this limited offer.

1-888-306-7178

Promotional Code EAG149-01
Please mention this code when you call.

Stauer

14101 Southcross Drive W.,
Dept. EAG149-01
Burnsville, Minnesota 55337
www.stauer.com

America Celebrates 50 Years of Space Technology!

After the Castellammarese War, Charlie Lucky overreached himself with a bold takeover of all Manhattan whorehouses. The scheme landed the hoodlum a 30- to 50-year prison rap courtesy of Thomas E. Dewey.

After the conviction, Luciano wasted away in the frigid recesses of New York's Dannemora Prison on the Canadian border. The sentence put the crime boss on ice, literally. The distance from the city effectively severed Lucky's communication with his mob.

Haffenden needed Lucky but had no idea how to contact him. As in the case of Socks Lanza, the district attorney suggested that the Navy approach the imprisoned gangster's attorney, Moses Polakoff. The lawyer bluntly stated that he no longer had any dealings with Luciano, but he knew of one man who had the exiled boss's undying devotion. That man was Jewish racketeer Meyer "The Little Man" Lansky.

Unlike the Mafia, the Navy never questioned The Little Man's patriotism. A staunch Zionist, Lansky's hoodlums battled American Nazis in Manhattan's streets long before the declaration of war. Lansky later recalled, "We got there that evening and found several hundred people dressed in their brown shirts. The stage was decorated with a swastika and pictures of Hitler … We attacked them in the hall and threw some of them out the windows. There were fistfights all over the place." Extremely patriotic, the Jewish mob busted up Nazi meetings and offices all over the city.

Dannemora Prison's remoteness posed another obstacle. The war effort could never be coordinated at such a distance. While Polakoff and Gurfein worked with Lansky, Haffenden moved to transfer Luciano.

The Navy proceeded with caution, for if the other four crime families caught wind of an unexpected prison reassignment, they might suspect Luciano had cooperated with the authorities. With this situation in mind, an ONI officer approached New York State Corrections Commissioner John A. Lyons with a letter detailing Project Underworld and a scheme to relocate Luciano and several decoy inmates to Albany's Great Meadow Prison.

Lyons agreed to the arrangement, and the agent burned the letter. On May 12, 1942, Luciano and eight other convicts headed to Great Meadow as nine new prisoners filled their vacancies at Dannemora. Shortly thereafter, Lansky and Polakoff traveled to the penitentiary, and Lucky reportedly exclaimed, "What the hell are you doing here!" Lansky outlined Project Underworld, but Luciano worried about many variables.

First, the Navy offered no sentence reduction for the gangster's crimes. Second, as an illegal alien the mobster faced deportation. If word of his alliance leaked out, a fascist lynching was sure to follow his homecoming. Despite these realities, Luciano's control over his crime family was slowly slipping away. The freedom provided by the proposal offered the perfect cover for the boss to confer with his top lieutenants and regain his power.

On June 4, Lansky, Polakoff, and Socks Lanza traveled to Great Meadow to plan their strategy. The meeting was a proud moment for Socks when Luciano gave the fish boss permission to "use his name" on the streets. Lansky oversaw the entire operation, serving as Lucky's eyes, ears, and mouth on the outside. Luciano's acting boss, political fixer Frank Costello, assured him that the family backed Socks on every step.

Within days, the underworld fell in line. First to join the alliance was the president of the International Longshoremen's Association, Joseph Ryan, and his brutal enforcer Johnny "Cockeye" Dunn. A murderous cross-eyed fiend, Dunn would one day die in the electric chair. Next to throw in was the High Lord Executioner himself, Albert Anastasia. With Anastasia's backing, no one could refuse the mob's offers.

Longshoremen's Association tough Jerry Sullivan later testified, "Lansky was solving the problem for the Navy on the waterfront by the visible deployment of some of the most ruthless gangsters in the city. It was expected that the mere appearance of these men on the piers would serve as a deterrent, a warning to cooperate with the United States war effort or face the consequences." Throughout 1942 and 1943, mob heavies came and went from the Navy's elegant Astor Hotel suites, relaying orders and carrying out missions.

Haffenden then controlled a mercenary shadow army stocked with street brawlers, thumb breakers, murderers, smugglers, and international kingpins. Legs and arms were occasionally broken, and, gangsters being gangsters, the hoods often got a little carried away.

When Commander Haffenden sent Cockeye Dunn to investigate two suspected German agents, the Irish hoodlum took the men for a gangland one-way ride. Wiretaps recorded Dunn's chilling report, "They'll never bother us again." The Navy frowned upon unauthorized killings, but it was impossible to keep a mad dog like Dunn in check.

Meanwhile, the visiting list at Great Meadow read like a copy of *Who's Who in American Crime*. The autographs of Meyer Lansky, Bugsy Segal, Frank Costello, and Joe Adonis all graced the guestbook. Under the Mafia's watchful gaze, not a single act of sabotage, labor strike, or suspicious fire occurred for the rest of the war.

With the ports secured and North Africa ready to fall to Allied forces, the Casablanca Conference convened on January 14, 1943, at the Anfa Hotel in Morocco. For 10 days, Churchill and his aides badgered President Franklin D. Roosevelt into submission over the next military objective. The conference closed with a decision that radically altered the course of Project Underworld.

Allied generals, admirals, and strategists prepared for a savage dagger thrust into the Axis underbelly, Sicily. Surprisingly, a deficiency of intelligence existed. Long considered an area primarily under British surveillance, the Navy lacked even the most perfunctory details on the island.

The president of the Naval War College, Rear Admiral William Pye, chalked the lack of information up to "a feeling among many Americans that intelligence duty is somewhat akin to spying and, therefore, in times of peace, is an undignified and unworthy occupation." The mob had no such moralistic problems.

The machinery of Project Underworld quickly spun toward the new strategic goal. While still in command of the B-3 investigative section, Haffenden formed the F-Target Section, a group dedicated to gathering data on the invasion zone. Sadly, the Navy's most ardent supporter would have to sit this mission out.

On January 29, 1943, Judge James Wallace smacked Socks Lanza with a sentence of 7 to 15 for six counts of extortion. The flabbergasted Haffenden cursed the decision. Naval Intelligence required Luciano's help more than ever before. ONI's spymaster summoned Meyer Lansky to relay the invasion plans at Great Meadow.

The Navy desired Sicilian nationals who knew the island's terrain. They wanted pictures, postcards, maps, and any kind of information to help plan the amphibious assault. Of particular importance was a list of possible Sicilian mafiosi willing to join a guerrilla insurgent army.

Lucky loved the idea. His narcotics smuggling network had close ties with the Sicilians. The boss even volunteered to lead the Mafia resistance and offered his services, suggesting that he "was prepared to be parachuted into the island…." High Command vetoed the idea. They reasoned the release of an arch criminal could be a public relations nightmare.

To gather topographic data, the imprisoned boss brought in his lieutenant, Joe Adonis. A strikingly handsome ruffian, Adonis racked up arrests for nearly every crime conceivable, but astonishingly his rap sheet never listed a single conviction. Adonis then brought the situation

to the attention of Vincenzo Mangano, the elderly don of one New York's five families. Among members of all the families, the old don held the closest ties to Sicily through his massive import business that traded in cheese, pasta, olive oil—and most importantly—morphine base.

Adonis hauled hundreds of Italians into Naval Intelligence headquarters. He even kidnapped a man who was once mayor of a village in the old country. Meyer Lansky later testified, "Sometimes some of the Sicilians were very nervous. Joe would just mention the name of Lucky Luciano and say he had given them orders to talk. If the Sicilians were still reluctant, Joe would stop smiling and say, 'Lucky will not be pleased to hear that you have not been helpful.'" The threats worked, and the information poured in.

To make sense of the gathered data, Target Section enlisted civilian agent George Tarbox. A cartographer and artist by trade, Tarbox crafted an enormous four-by six-foot map of Sicily with a clear plastic overlay that detailed strategic points in India ink. The overlay marked airfields, naval bases, and power plants. With the intelligence survey completed, the Sicilian D-day, Operation Husky, loomed large.

By May, Project Underworld was winding down. The ports were safe thanks to the mob's brutal tactics, and the Mafia provided intelligence for the assault on Sicily. With no work left for Haffenden's most skilled operatives, they embarked on a bold new endeavor.

In preparation for the assault, ONI formed a pair of two-man commando squads with two alternates from Project Underworld operatives. The squads included Lieutenant Marsloe, Haffenden's language expert; Lieutenant Titolo, B-3's former analyst; Lieutenant Alfieri, the commander's safecracker; and Ensign Murray, a former police officer.

On May 15, 1943, the teams boarded a plane and flew to Mers-el-Kebir, Algeria, for the Army's Counter Intelligence Corps commando school. The operatives took with them a list of names provided by their underworld associates. The list, which according to the Herlands report proved 40 percent effective, contained the names of imprisoned mafiosi, hill country bandits, and deported American gangsters.

Just three hours before midnight on July 10, 1943, the fishing villages of Licata, Gela, Marzamemi, and Pachino awoke to a cacophonous roar of Allied warships commencing a preinvasion bombardment. Within three days, General George S. Patton's Seventh Army and General Bernard Montgomery's Eighth Army put ashore 181,000 men, 600 tanks, 14,000 assorted support vehicles, and over 1,500 artillery pieces. Among the first to storm the beaches were Haffenden's officers.

Agents Marsloe and Murray landed between Torre di Gaffe and Punta due Rocche with General Truscott's 3rd Infantry Division and a Ranger battalion. Alfieri and Titolo put ashore in the Gulf of Gela in the midst of General Terry Allen's 1st Infantry Division and two Ranger battalions. With lead flying all around them, the naval operatives donned civilian clothing and infiltrated the enemy lines.

The agents recalled that Luciano's name acted like a magic key that when spoken unlocked the hearts and minds of the island's mafiosi. In one instance, Alfieri located a cop killer whom Luciano rescued from the electric chair by smuggling him to Italy. The island's men of honor proved particularly useful for Alfieri, for they identified the headquarters of Italian naval command. Together with a posse of Sicilian bandits armed with shotguns and hunting rifles, agents Alfieri and Titolo raided the headquarters. Under the covering fire of his Mafia guards, Alfieri crept into the base.

Alfieri's experiences breaking and entering during the New York phase of Project Underworld paid off. With the skills of a master cat burglar, he blew the enemy's safe and seized hundreds of classified documents, codebooks, and maps. For his work, Alfieri earned the Legion of Merit.

While Titolo and Alfieri raided the naval headquarters, Marsloe and Murray set about building an insurgent army. Unfortunately, the plan never took root. The mafiosi were willing to fight, but the competitive race between Patton and Montgomery for Messina in an effort to cut off Axis forces on Sicily exceeded all expectations.

On July 22, Patton captured the Sicilian capital of Palermo just two hours before Monty. A scant 19 days later, Allied troops entered Messina and ended the Sicilian campaign and with it Operation Underworld.

The Navy immediately burned all evidence of its cooperation with organized crime. On the same day as the armistice, Charlie Luciano applied for executive clemency on the grounds of his cooperation with the Navy. His request was granted, and on January 9, 1945, the aging racketeer was released and deported. □

Gregory Peduto is a New York City-based freelance writer and photographer. His writings on military history and organized crime have appeared in Military Heritage, Sea Classics, History Magazine, *and* Shotgun News. *Mr. Peduto is a graduate of New York University.*

THE RELIC CHEST

A MAX CERTIFIED DEALER
BUY & SELL—MILITARY ANTIQUES
CIVIL WAR TO PRESENT

SPECIAL EMPHASIS ON GERMAN WWII ITEMS
REFERENCE BOOKS ALSO AVAILABLE

WWW.RELICCHEST.COM

REGULAR MAIL: RELIC CHEST
P.O. BOX 834 • BRISTOW, VA 20136

E-MAIL: RELICCHEST@AOL.COM

OWNER: WELLFORD BROCK

Your Ship, Your Plane
When you served on her.

Free Personalization

www.totalnavy.com

718-471-5464

By G. Paul Garson

Postcards from the Third Reich

These images convey scenes of daily life in wartime Germany and on the front.

Bikes of the Blitzkreig

Nordhausen

THESE PHOTOGRAPHS, MANY OF THEM TAKEN BY GERMAN SOLDIERS, SERVE *as an intimate portrait of the people who facilitated the rise of the Nazis in Germany, fought either for their country or Nazi ideology, or both, and paid a terrible price for their allegiance to Adolf Hitler. The images themselves are both startling and chilling. The faces do not seem so different from those of other peoples caught in the maelstrom of world war. However, the realization that these were, for the most part, common people is revealing in itself. The photos are from the author's collection.*

Following the suggestion of the 1940s Agfa advertisement that read "Photos—A Bridge from the Front to the Homeland," German servicemen were fond of recording their military service on film, utilizing high-quality cameras available at the time and often constructing elaborately notated photo albums. In addition, professional photographers, in the employ of the Propaganda Ministry, were also busy with both still and film cameras. These amateur and professional images were often turned into postcards, either in large commercial numbers or in small batches for personal use, and then mailed home to friends and family. Mail service was free for servicemen and very efficient, usually not requiring more than a week to travel across Europe to soldiers at the front who highly valued the postal connection with home.

Nordhausen

This commercially produced "tourist" postcard, mailed September 22, 1938, shows a market, a bank, and Carl Eggebrecht's jewelry and watch shop in the city of Nordhausen located on the southern Harz Mountains.

Prior to the picturesque town's military development of 1936, the nearby mountain of Kohnstein was the site of gypsum mining operations, its tunnels turned into fuel and chemical weapons storage. Train tracks serviced the tunnels constructed by Buchenwald concentration camp slave labor. A new concentration camp, Mittelbau Dora, was erected two miles to the northwest where some 20,000 of its 60,000 inmates, mostly Polish slave laborers, perished in the manufacture of V-1 and V-2 rockets.

Allied bombing eventually destroyed most of Nordhausen, including Herr Eggebrecht's golden watches.

Hitlerjugend

A portrait of father and son, two generations, two world wars. It bears the name of the photographer, Max Struve of Hamburg. The postcard was proudly sent to friends and relatives.

Founded in 1935, the Hitlerjugend (HJ) or

Martial Music

Hitler Youth organization, accepted boys, after careful racial screening, at the age of 14. Hitler summed up the organization's import when he stated, "A violently active, dominating, brutal youth—that is what I am after." By 1935, a full 60 percent of German youth were members of the HJ under the direction of Baldur von Schirach. HJ became the main form of mass education and involved weekend long programs including camping, hiking, even trips to other countries. Rarely did HJ members see their families, so strong was the grip of the Nazi Party, which became their new "family of blood and steel." When the boys turned 18 they graduated into the party, then into the S.A., Brown Shirts. At 19, they spent six months working at manual labor or in farmers' fields under strict military discipline as members of the Reichsarbeitdienst, the State Labor Service or RAD, where they shouldered shovels in anticipation of rifles. Service in the Wehrmacht followed, or, if accepted, the SS. For millions of young Germans it would be a lifetime.

When in Paris

Von Schirach was sentenced to 20 years for war crimes and released in 1966.

When in Paris

Two soldiers play tourist in a Paris souvenir photo shop, their cardboard airplane soaring high above the Eiffel Tower.

The capitulation of the French in May-June 1940 after six weeks of warfare has been seen as a pivotal moment in the entire war as well as a humiliation the country has yet to live down. Some argue that if France had not "given in" to the Germans, the war would not have spread. Some argue that the French made a fatal mistake when they misread the main thrust of the German attack. Whatever history decides in the end, tens of thousands of French soldiers died fighting the Nazis; the country then divided into two sections, the German-controlled north and the Vichy-controlled south that would struggle for decades with the onus of collaboration.

After the Germans occupied Paris, the supreme commander of the armed forces of France, Marshal Henri-Philippe Pétain, sought an armistice. Appointed premier, he negotiated with Hitler, resulting in France being divided; the northern and western areas and Atlantic coast, three-fifths of the country, came under German control. The rest was controlled by the Vichy government under Petain, so named after its headquarters in the city of Vichy.

One stipulation of the armistice that Pétain signed was that all Jews would be collected and turned over to the Germans. The French were also forced to pay for the German occupation. Vichy French forces fought against Allied troops, including Free French soldiers, when they sought to capture French-controlled Syria. The Vichy government also formed the Milice, with over 35,000 operatives. Similar to the Gestapo, the organization used terror and torture against the French Resistance, the Maquis.

After his victory over France, Hitler paid one visit to Paris and never returned.

Martial Music

On the postcard along with the lyrics to a popular marching song is the image of a motorcyclist pictured riding from left to right, symbolically from the political left (communism) to the right (national socialism), a manifestation of political propaganda fashioned in a subliminal form.

Words and Music—written and composed by Herms Niel: "As soldiers of Adolf Hitler/Let us drive towards the East/No one remains at home, at home/Let us drive towards the East/No one remains at home at home."

Refrain: "Stay well—my child/Because in the East blows the wind, the wind/Stay well, little Mother/Today we must separate/German wives and comrades/March all courageously along/Down with the Bolsheviks/With the Jews and British/Down with the Bolsheviks, Jews and British."

Refrain: "Stay well—Load your sharpest weapons/March all courageously along/Victoriously we'll slay the enemy/And the world has peace, has peace/Victoriously we'll slay the enemy/And the world has peace."

The song mentions the wind encountered in the East. It would be the extreme cold of "Gen-

eral Winter" that would freeze cannon breeches and blacken the limbs of the German soldiers as they encountered Russia's natural ally, the killing blizzards and subzero temperatures that had previously destroyed Napoleon's army when it too sought to enslave that vast country.

As far as planting olive branches on the grave of comrades, the Germans were prone to decorating them with flowers and occasionally plants, at least early in the war when time was more generous and before the tide turned against the Third Reich and graves became more communal affairs.

Death from Above

The postcard, issued via the propaganda apparatus, shows a parachutist at the moment his chute will unfold. On the reverse, a caption states, "Jumping into Nothingness."

With their first jumps executed in 1936, the parachute troops, or Fallschirmtruppen, took part in the occupation of the Sudetenland and Czechoslovakia and later were initially successful in special airborne missions, including the dramatic takeover by a small force of the seemingly impenetrable Belgian fortress of Eben Emael. They also took part in the invasions of Poland, Holland, Denmark, Norway, and Greece and served in Russia as infantry. The parachutists were badly mauled by British defenders during the attack on Crete on May 20, 1941, after which Hitler was loath to risk the elite group to airborne assaults, preferring to keep them earthbound. Because they were often used to plug holes in battle lines they bestowed upon themselves the nickname, "The Führer's Firemen."

During the February 1944 German defense of Monte Cassino after the Allies landed in Italy, troops of the 1st Parachute Division defended the ruins of the abbey of Monte Cassino tenaciously. In praise of their skill as soldiers, Britain's Field Marshall Harold Alexander stated, "No other troops in the world but German paratroops could have stood up to such an ordeal and then gone on fighting with such ferocity."

The last stanza of the fatalistic "The Song of the Paratroopers":

Our numbers are small, our blood is wild,
we fear neither the enemy nor death,
we know just one thing: with Germany in distress,
to fight, to win, to die the death,
To your rifles, to your rifles!
Comrade, there is no going back.
In the distant west there are dark clouds,
come, don't lose heart, come along!

Bikes of the Blitzkrieg

This commercially produced "Reichspartei" postcard carries a stamp with an image of Adolf Hitler as well as soldiers competing on motorcycles. While Hitler refused a salary as the Reichskanzler, he did accept royalties from every stamp that bore his likeness and for every copy of *Mein Kampf* sold, a sum that ran in the millions of marks.

The Germans' mechanized lightning war or blitzkrieg required machines of high caliber in more ways than one. Although horses and even bicycles carried battalions of combatants, as did trucks and tracked vehicles, motorcycles led the way—purpose-made BMW and Zundapp military bikes as well as civilian models made by NSU and DKW and a host of other makes that "served" either by contract or requisition. In the early days of the Nazi Party, Reichsführer-SS Heinrich Himmler campaigned across the country on a motorcycle.

In 1938 alone, some 200,000 motorcycles were produced in Germany and the adjacent areas it had annexed (also known as Greater Germany or the Reich). Most were not special military issue as were the later Zundapps and BMWs; rather they were civilian issue bikes that were basically fitted with beefier tires, saddlebags, and of course Wehrmacht gray paint jobs.

The Police

An illustrated postcard produced by the SS pays homage to the troops of the SS police battal-

Death from Above

May Bride

The Police

ions serving on the front. The SS "siegrune" double lightning insignia and eagle, along with the wreath emblematic of the police, serve as graphic elements.

Before the death camps were put into operation, over a million men, women, and children were individually shot to death by police battalion squads in conjunction with SS Einsatzgruppen and Wehrmacht mobile killing teams that moved into Poland, the Baltic States and the Soviet Union after the June 22, 1941, invasion. Polizei members were usually older men, many previously civilian policemen who after Germany's surrender returned to their prewar occupations, in great part never brought to justice and in fact concealing the crimes of their fellows for decades.

Postcard from Jurgens

This postcard bears the date October 21, 1943, and is the image of a decorated soldier named Jurgens, who has made a postcard from a photo of himself and his son. He wears a ribbon for the Iron Cross second class. On the wall behind him hangs a photograph of Hitler. A week earlier, the Italians had turned on their Axis allies and declared war on Germany.

May Bride

This postcard, dated May 23, 1943, was made from a formal wedding photo. The bride wore an exquisite gown, but was her highly decorated new husband still able to see her beauty with only one eye? Some six million German soldiers suffered wounds during World War II. Of that number, some 125,000 lost one leg, 400,000 lost one arm, 10,000 lost both legs, and 900 lost both arms.

Postcard from Jurgens

The Dogs of War

Inscribed on the back of this postcard are the words "In memory of our Odi!" The card is dated May 1944. At this date late, in the war, many on all sides realized the war was lost for Germany as Soviet troops, continuing their advance, had earlier in the month recaptured the Crimea, inflicting the loss of another 100,000 German troops.

Thousand-Yard Stare

This officer sits in a foxhole on the front lines of Russia. His face tells the story. Oddly, the photo, not exactly a morale builder, was turned into a postcard, perhaps by the soldier himself.

The fearsome Russian winter with its minus 40 degrees Farenheit temperatures and six-foot snow drifts would freeze motor oil in vehicles and solidify the lubricants in gun barrels, turning them useless.

"General Winter" would bury thousands of infantrymen in its white shroud. Over 30 percent of German deaths on the Eastern Front were caused by the freezing weather. The lethally cold conditions were aggravated by the fact that during the first winter offensive of 1941-42, the German troops had only their summer uniforms, so certain were Hitler and his generals that Russia would fall "like a rotten house of cards" before winter overtook them. Such arrogance spelled death for countless German soldiers and ultimately the loss of the war against the Soviet Union. □

Hitlerjugend

Dogs of War

Thousand Yard Stare

Author Paul Garson is a resident of Los Angeles. He recently published the book Album of the Damned, *a compilation of insightful photographs from the Third Reich.*

Fighting Coast Guard

The crew of *LST 792* endured a brush with death while delivering its cargo to the embattled Red Beach 2.

STANDING ON AN ugly carbuncle of volcanic rock 500 feet above the Pacific Ocean, the Associated Press photographer swung a cumbersome news camera toward six men holding a pipe with a flag tied to it and pressed the shutter release. At that instant, all he knew was that combat photography was always a matter of luck and, with the hundreds of Marines already dead, it would take more than his share of it to get off Iwo Jima alive.

More surprising than Joe Rosenthal's own survival would be the success of the photograph he had just taken. Eventually, it would appear on stamps, posters, and in magazines and newspapers. Rosenthal's photograph of the flag raising on Mount Suribachi would sell billions of dollars in war bonds and serve as the basis for the Marine Corps War Memorial overlooking the nation's capital.

Among the Americans who cheered the flag raising as a sign of impending victory was the crew of an LST (landing ship tank) nervously awaiting orders to land on the beach almost at the base of Suribachi. Like Rosenthal, they would need a lot of luck to survive. Luck and the determination expected from the Coast Guard even though this crew never thought they would end up at a place like Iwo Jima. For a nation of civilians, the iconic image of the flag raising serves as a symbol of the country's unity, sacrifice, and triumph. But for men of *LST 792*, it would be insignificant compared to the images soon to be permanently embedded in their individual memories.

For one of the crew, Nick Caiazzo, the war started in New York City. He had grown up on the streets of East Harlem. He was tough and smart enough to know he couldn't escape the draft. He knew if he waited he would be just another neighborhood kid sent off to fight in World War II. So, being a good swimmer and preferring water to Army mud, he decided to volunteer for the Navy only to be told that they had no use for 16-year-old kids. A few days later, Nick Caiazzo read in the newspaper that one service had openings for his age group and, with the stroke of a pen, he joined the United States Coast Guard. A colorful recruiting poster showing a sleek patrol boat skimming across a sparkling sea was all it took for him to volunteer for sea duty.

But recruiting posters do not provide the whole picture. World War II in the Pacific was an amphibious war, and the U.S. War Department needed crews for ships that could sail great distances and offload entire divisions into battle. Much of the responsibility for manning these new LSTs, which some veterans asserted stood for "large, slow target," fell to the Coast Guard.

Crowding the beach at Iwo Jima on February 19, 1945, troops of the 4th Marine Division hug the island's black volcanic sand. Moments after this photo was taken, Japanese artillery and machine-gun fire erupted from hidden positions across the island. INSET: Seaman Nick Caiazzo served aboard *LST 792* during the battle for Iwo Jima in February 1945.

All photos: National Archives

at Iwo Jima

BY ROD CARLSON

Steaming into a harbor on the island of New Guinea, an LST is laden with equipment destined for a Pacific battle with the Japanese. LST (Landing Ship, Tank) crewmen joked that the acronym actually stood for "Large Slow Target."

Although Pittsburgh might sound like an unlikely place to start an overseas tour, it was where Seaman Caiazzo and his shipmates first went aboard their new LST. Constructed from keel to topmast in about 12 weeks, *LST 792* was over a city block long and 50 feet wide, with a crew of about 115 officers and enlisted men. She could travel at around 12 miles per hour, and with bow doors that swung open, its cargo of 2,100 tons of trucks and tanks could drive onto the beach and straight into combat.

The LST did not look like a typical ship, but more like an overgrown skiff with a house above its stern. Some of the Coast Guardsmen had wanted destroyer duty and grumbled that the LST was nothing more than a floating garage. But the few who had ridden LSTs into battle knew they could count on them in combat conditions.

From the shipyard, *LST 792* sailed down the Ohio to the Mississippi River and then into the Gulf of Mexico to practice beach landings, gunnery, navigation, and using the ship's complex equipment including radar and the powerful davits for raising and lowering their two landing craft. They stopped near New Orleans to take on supplies and continued to Panama, through the Panama Canal, and on December 3, 1944, after a final stop in San Diego for replenishment and for farewell phone calls to loved ones, *LST 792* joined a convoy headed west across the Pacific Ocean.

Standing on the fantail above the churning propellers, Caiazzo watched California grow smaller and finally disappear below the horizon. He wondered when they would come home again. Would they come home again? Every member of the crew knew neighbors, friends, or family members already killed in Europe, Africa, and the Pacific. Caiazzo wondered if each of the fallen had watched America vanish the way he had. He wondered if they suspected they might be seeing America for the last time.

Caiazzo felt no sadness leaving home and making the transition to military life. There was a new feeling that was not loneliness or any kind of homesickness but more of a feeling of being separated, of being alone at the end of a diving board. His introspection was cut short when a petty officer barked to Caiazzo and the others who had gathered at the fantail to go back to work. There was always plenty of work and no shortage of enthusiasm. Somewhere in the distance, there was a war and this crew was more than ready to do its part.

After 10 days at sea, *LST 792* entered Pearl Harbor. Now the crewmen were seeing firsthand what they had seen in movie theaters in countless newsreels: Hickam Airfield, Ford Island Naval Air Station, and Battleship Row with the sunken USS *Arizona,* all victims of Japanese treachery four years earlier. But now the scene was different. Any battle damage that had not been repaired was obscured by a continued blur of activity. The shipyards were full of ships being repaired and refitted with updated equipment. The wharfs were thronged with ships being unloaded and filled with cargo destined for innumerable ports scattered around the Pacific. It was obvious that everything and everyone going to war was going through Pearl. It was an awesome spectacle of economic and military power. It would have been impossible for the crew of *LST 792,* or any crew, not to be excited to be part of it.

While on still another training operation in Hawaiian waters, *LST 792* had been "volunteered" as a target for Navy fighter pilots who needed strafing practice. In addition to their usual complement of machine guns, each aircraft had been equipped with a camera that would capture each strafing run on film and gauge the pilot's marksmanship.

When one of the pilots squeezed this trigger, thinking he was going to activate the camera, a burst of .50-caliber bullets slammed into the ship's main deck. Metal fragments flew like shrapnel, and sailors were hit. Even though the physical wounds were superficial, for Caiazzo and everyone else the incident was troubling. Was this what war was all about—sudden, unpredictable violence with no warning and no means of preventing it or countering its destructive power? They had not even left Hawaii and it was not even an enemy aircraft, and still they were almost killed. What would it be like out there where their enemy would purposely try to kill them? The crew accepted the Navy's apology but seemed to regard the incident more as an omen than an accident.

If the size of a ship is measured by the load it can carry, the stevedores loading *LST 792* thought it was several times larger than anyone else did. On the main deck, they wedged 37 trucks and trailers, and one deck below on the tank deck were 48 bulldozers, cranes, trucks, and trailers plus 342 passengers—soldiers, Marines, sailors, and Navy construction battalion personnel.

One of the stevedores told Caiazzo that *LST 792* was bound for a very bad place. Caiazzo had already learned that the only reliable information was scuttlebutt, so he believed what the dockworker told him and was not surprised when the crew was informed that they were bound for Iwo Jima. Word of their destination was echoed by Tokyo Rose, the Japanese radio personality who beamed propaganda at Americans in the Pacific. She proudly announced that the crew's reception at Iwo Jima would be far worse than the ones dished out at Tarawa, Saipan, or any previous battle. For added cred-

ibility, she addressed the ship's captain and several officers by their actual names and ranks.

The strafing incident in Hawaii and Tokyo Rose's personal message to *LST 792* led the crew to consider the possibility that they might be headed for trouble. Officially now in enemy waters, everyone was alert. Everyone soon lost track of the number of times the ship went to general quarters.

The last stop before the war would begin for *LST 792* was the island of Saipan to take on supplies and conduct a dress rehearsal for the coming invasion of Iwo Jima. Although the fighting on Saipan was over, Japanese soldiers continued to occupy some of the island's innumerable caves. Unwilling to surrender, Japanese soldiers would sometimes launch mass suicide attacks. One of these had taken place the previous night, and the attackers had been slaughtered by Marine machine gunners. Now, the crew of *LST 792* watched a work party using a bulldozer to bury them in a mass grave.

Like everyone else on board, Caiazzo hated the Japanese for their treachery and was glad to see them dead. For a moment he wondered what his mother or his parish priest would say about his own lack of sympathy, but thought better of it. The civilians were in New York and knew nothing about what it took to beat the Japanese. On February 15, 1945, *LST 792* joined a convoy headed some 700 miles due north to the volcanic island of Iwo Jima.

Just after 2 AM, Lieutenant (j.g.) Tom Pennock methodically patrolled the perimeter of the deck. He tugged on tie-downs and pushed against crates to make sure everything was secure. Then he went through the hatch to the darkened wardroom and sat down with a cup of cold coffee. His next conscious act was lifting his head from the dining table enough to see the luminous hands of his watch. It was just past 4 AM. Pennock walked out onto the deck to make sure nothing had gone haywire while he was asleep and found the sea of cargo between the after superstructure where he stood and the forward gun tubs to be unchanged.

The damp breeze felt almost cold as he looked over the side at the ocean swirling past the hull. He could hear the drone of the engines and feel the rhythm of the propellers doggedly screwing through the ocean and driving the ship forward. War or no war, every time Pennock was on the deck at night he knew that if someone came along they would ask what he was so happy about because he knew he was smiling. The reasons were either complex and inexplicable or as simple as being a natural at everything the job called for.

While others used their bunks for what the U.S. Bureau of Ships had intended, Pennock, a career Coast Guardsman, used his bunk only as a place to sit while tying his shoes after a shower and a change of clothes. Usually he slept sitting in a chair or on the deck leaning against a crate and only for a half hour or so at a time. A few hundred yards to starboard, appearing more of a shadow than an object, a destroyer, moving at twice the speed of *LST 792,* raced toward the front of the convoy. Guided only by radar, it made precise circles around the convoy like a loyal sheepdog minding the flock.

After a while, Pennock began to make out soft flashes of light on the horizon, and he knew that the Navy's big guns were bombarding Japanese positions on Iwo Jima. It was February 19, 1945, and the official prediction was that in three days, 10 at the very most, the island would be secure and the Marines would be moving on to the next invasion on the home stretch to total victory. In spite of the official optimism, all who were about to put their lives on the line were justifiably nervous, except Pennock. His philosophy was that whatever was going to happen would happen and he would take things in stride.

Mount Suribachi, 550 feet high, looms in the background as U.S. Marines assault the beaches of Iwo Jima on February 19, 1945. The wakes of dozens of landing craft are visible in this image.

By sunrise, *LST 792* was close enough to Iwo Jima to watch battleships, cruisers, and destroyers firing their guns at an extinct volcano called Mount Suribachi. The Japanese had mined sulfur on Iwo Jima for decades and left countless caves that were ideal defensive positions. The display of firepower was like nothing Pennock had ever seen. Each shell seemed to obliterate an area the size of a city block in an awesome display of fire, clouds of smoke, and plumes of pulverized rock. The noise roused anyone who had not been on duty, and soon spectators lined the deck to watch the show.

As the sun burned off the thin layer of clouds, carrier-based aircraft swarmed overhead and began diving at targets on Suribachi and the rest of the island that spread out in the shape of a teardrop. The planes would start as shiny dots and then grow larger and larger as they dove at their maximum speeds to avoid Japanese antiaircraft fire. Abruptly, they would pull up and get in the queue until it was their turn to attack again. The next plane started its dive and was soon trailing a ribbon of smoke. Then it was engulfed in flames, falling like a comet, and crashing near the base of Mount Suribachi. In quick succession, two more planes were shot down and crashed near the first one.

Pennock was startled by a violent crack near his ship. A Japanese artillery shell had hit so close that water and shell fragments sprayed the hull and the cargo on the main deck. He was sure that someone must have been hit, but everyone was unscathed. Lucky so far, he thought. He turned his binoculars toward a nearby troopship that towered over *LST 792*.

and the boats ran parallel to the beach before making a 90-degree turn in unison and heading for the beach. It was the first assault wave.

Pennock watched the boats run to the beach and the Marines running up a steep bank of black sand. After a few minutes, there were so many Marines ashore that the bank appeared to have turned from black to green. Under the binoculars, his mouth curved into a smile, and he exhaled in relief. Everything was going to be okay. There was no shooting. The bombers and the Navy's big guns had either made the Japanese evacuate the island or killed the defenders.

Then Pennock saw a puff of black smoke. Then there were more puffs, and then he could hear explosions. His entire body flexed, and he pressed the binoculars into his eye sockets. Through the smoke he could see Marines running up the sand bank and then tumbling back toward the water. He knew what was happening. Dead and wounded Marines suddenly lay everywhere. Pennock knew that very soon the LSTs would get the signal to evacuate the Marines. He backed toward the bridge; nothing was happening. Surely orders were on the way. But the landing craft kept going in. He looked back at the bridge. Nothing yet.

Pennock knew the score. The Marines on the beach might be expendable. He might be expendable. But the radar equipment lashed to the main deck, that was a different story. It was irreplaceable. *LST 792* with its precious cargo of radar gear would not be going to rescue Marines or make any landing until the beach was fully secure. And by the looks of things, it would not be anytime soon.

The crew's card games, horseplay, banter, and

Suddenly, there was an explosion so powerful that the bow of the ship seemed to buck like it had been tossed by a wave. A bomb dropped by a Japanese plane hit where *LST 792* had been only seconds earlier.

Marines in mottled camouflage uniforms and helmets, with rifles and full combat gear, climbed over the side and inched down cargo nets. With each swell, the landing craft rose and fell more than the height of the individual Marines who waited four abreast until the right moment and then stepped off the cargo net onto the deck of the landing craft. As soon as it was tightly packed with Marines, it pulled away and joined others circling near the transports. Then, the circle became a straight line

other antidotes to boredom vanished as soon as *LST 792* arrived at Iwo Jima. With combat now imminent, those standing watch and on duty throughout the ship were vigilant. The troops on board had turned to paper and pen and were writing letters as well as field-stripping, cleaning, and checking the weapons they had ignored since coming aboard.

With dusk the ship received orders to move offshore for the night. Soon hundreds of ships lying at anchor around Iwo Jima were vanishing into darkness without as much as a cigarette's glow visible across the vast horizon. Behind them the beach was ablaze with dotted strings of machine-gun tracers, bright flashes of mortar and artillery explosions, and the constant twinkling of muzzle flashes. With the ship on full alert and the spectacle of the raging land battle, no one on board got much sleep.

The next morning, as soon as it was light, the battleships resumed shelling Mount Suribachi, and aircraft returned in great numbers. They

Within hours of the Marine landings on Iwo Jima, the U.S. Navy and Coast Guard crewmen of landing craft and LSTs set about the business of unloading supplies and equipment on the black beaches of the island. The loose sand proved difficult for vehicles to negotiate.

began dropping their bombs on the flat expanse of the island to the east of Mount Suribachi near the Japanese airfields. The thunder of exploding bombs was continuous. Like green slugs, a few tanks started moving inland. One tank pivoted, lowered its gun, and fired a 75mm shell into a bunker. Shielded by tanks against Japanese rifle and machine-gun fire, the Marines inched ahead. They held their weapons like hunters ready for the flush.

At his battle station in a 40mm gun position, Caiazzo knew the Japanese were getting what they deserved but took no pleasure in death. Then an antitank rocket made a whooshing roar and hit a tank that was enveloped in a fireball. Ammunition began exploding in the fire. The tanks stopped in place and pivoted in search of the new threat. Then one of the tanks fired into what appeared to be a bunker. In a few minutes the tanks moved forward with the Marine infantry close behind. Caiazzo suspected that if the crew had known they would end up at Iwo Jima, they might have thought twice about joining the Coast Guard.

Lieutenant (j.g.) John Waite had not seen the ships shelling Suribachi, the aircraft being shot down, or the Marines fighting on the beach. As the engineering officer, he rarely left the swelter and roar of the engine room. Waite knew he was responsible for the safety of the ship and the life of every man on board. He controlled the engines that determined the ship's direction and speed. Any delay when the bridge called

for power could jeopardize the safety of *LST 792*. Although they had been together only a few months, Waite had total confidence in his men. They were the best engine room crew in the entire Coast Guard for the simple reason that he had never given them an opportunity to be otherwise. While he was giving the port engine a going over, one of his machinist mates slid down the ladder to the engine room and yelled the latest news in his ear. There were so many wounded Marines that the hospital ship could not take them all. Waite registered surprise. It was hard to believe that the invasion had turned into a slugfest after the planners had predicted that the Japanese on Iwo Jima would quickly throw in the towel.

Amtracs and other equipment destroyed or crippled by Japanese mortar and shellfire lie abandoned on the beach at Iwo Jima while LSTs are unloaded in the background. Marines climbed Mount Suribachi and planted the U.S. flag on its summit four days after the landings.

It was now D-day plus three, and the situation on Iwo Jima seemed to remain unclear. The situation was too serious for normal complaining. The ship was overcrowded. Even with the long lines for chow and the makeshift heads on the fantail, everyone aboard knew that compared to the Marines ashore they had it soft.

Around 10 AM, Pennock made his rounds and saw that Caiazzo's helmet was tilted forward covering his eyes. He was standing dutifully next to his 40mm gun, but he was asleep. Pennock knew that Caiazzo had spent the previous night in a landing craft ferrying ammunition to the Marines on the beach. Every minute had been a white-knuckle affair. With their landing craft blacked out, it was a miracle they had not hit something. With tons of ammunition aboard, a collision would have been disastrous. Caiazzo was grateful not only for the shut-eye he was getting; after the previous night he was grateful to be alive. Pennock decided to let Caiazzo sleep on. If anyone complained about the sailor sleeping, Pennock would remind them he was responsible for all deck activity.

Hearing explosions, Pennock turned to see mortar rounds exploding near an LST that was offloading equipment on the beach. Then the ship was hit repeatedly and debris flew everywhere. He watched courageous sailors rescuing the wounded and loading them into a landing craft. In a few minutes, the landing craft was alongside *LST 792,* and the coxswain yelled to see if there were medical facilities on board. Pennock shook his head and pointed toward a white ship with a large red cross painted on the side. The coxswain gunned the engine, and the landing craft headed for the open sea and the hospital ship. Pennock could see about 15 wounded aboard; one sailor, completely covered by a blanket, was obviously dead.

Finally, on the morning of D-day plus four, *LST 792* received orders to beach. Everyone grabbed their gear and went to their beaching stations as the ship shuddered under full power and made a sharp turn that ended with her perfectly aimed at Red Beach 2, just to the east of Mount Suribachi. Everyone aboard knew they were in for it, but now that the dice had been rolled there was a collective feeling of relief.

Just a few hundred yards out, any optimism evaporated. Red Beach 2 was being blasted by mortar and artillery fire. *LST 792* reversed course and returned to deep water. A repair ship had its aft cabin shot to pieces and was retreating with clouds of oily black smoke billowing behind it as sailors fought the fire.

Suddenly, everyone was cheering, and all the ships were blowing their horns and sirens. On top of Mount Suribachi an American flag was visible against the pale blue sky. Everyone aboard the LST continued cheering until they heard explosions and saw Marines with a flamethrower shooting fire into a cave just a few hundred feet down the mountain from the flag. A destroyer passing close to the island abruptly slowed and fired its forward guns into another cave. This caused a much louder explosion as a cache of Japanese ammunition exploded. While the flag raising was a welcome diversion, it was obvious that it did not signify victory.

Just before dark, the loudspeaker aboard *LST 792* ordered everyone to their beaching stations, and the ship headed in. The captain personally told Lieutenant Waite to pump out all the ballast tanks. Waite thought he was kidding, but the captain said that the Navy wanted them to beach as high as possible to keep the vehicles from bogging down at water's edge. Waite responded that beaching without ballast was contrary to procedures and was inviting disaster.

"With no ballast to pump out, we'll be stuck on the beach until we offload the entire cargo," he told the captain. "We'll be a sitting duck for hours."

The captain, however, told him to follow orders.

Waite was short on military experience but had enough training to know that no one was expected to follow orders that could get people killed or compromise the mission. So, he pumped out all the ballast tanks except the largest one. If he got court martialed, he would simply state that with all the excitement he forgot to pump out one of the tanks.

With the afternoon sun already low in the sky, *LST 792* was once again aimed at Red Beach 2 and moved in smartly. All the embarking troops belowdecks were in full combat gear, and on the main deck all hands had taken cover in a gun tub or behind a piece of heavy equipment. With its front doors swung open, *LST 792* lurched to a full stop with its nose high on the beach. Inching slowly down the ramp, first

a bulldozer and then a dump truck drove into the night that was almost as black as the volcanic sand.

A Japanese mortar round hit no more than 30 yards away from *LST 792*. A second was closer. A third struck the main deck and sent shell fragments in every direction. More mortar rounds followed in rapid succession. Then, with an explosion far more powerful than the mortars, an artillery shell ripped through the steel hull and exploded inside of the ship, making the trucks and other cargo on the main deck jump like beans on a snare drum.

Immediately following the artillery explosion, more mortar shells started hitting on the main deck. Crates were blown away, and there was blood spattered everywhere. Caiazzo was down, his leg numb and his face so soaked in blood that he could see only enough to know that he was not blind. Using his arms and good leg, he got to his feet. Nearby was a bloodied sailor lying on the deck. Caiazzo lifted him to his feet and helped him aft to the ship's pharmacist mate who was already triaging patients. Caiazzo put the wounded sailor down and turned to go back to his duty station, but the pharmacist mate told him to stay put until he could see how bad the damage was to Caiazzo's face.

LST 792 had to get off the beach fast, and Pennock knew that the captain would not budge without orders, which might never come. Pennock knew that leaving the beach to save the radar equipment would be viewed as brilliant leadership rather than disobedience. Seconds after sending that message to the captain, Pennock felt the engines rev, but the ship just groaned like a trapped animal.

What neither the captain nor Pennock knew was that the instant the ship hit the beach Waite used every available system to empty the large ballast tank he had "forgotten" after the captain ordered him to pump all the tanks dry. The ship was still stuck fast; Pennock signaled the engine room and told Waite to "give me everything you've got, now!"

The noise from the engines rose in pitch, and *LST 792* shook so violently that Pennock thought the welds might bust loose and the steel plates buckle. Then, the ship lurched, made a loud scraping sound, and was moving back 20 yards, 30 yards. Suddenly, there was an explosion so powerful that the bow of the ship seemed to buck like it had been tossed by a wave. A bomb dropped by a Japanese plane hit where *LST 792* had been only seconds earlier.

Pennock zigzagged through the maze of equipment on deck, looking for stricken sailors. He had not gone far when he saw something shiny on the deck. It was gasoline! Then he smelled it; the air was saturated with gas fumes. The mortars had blown holes in the 55-gallon drums lashed to the deck. Pennock freed the 300-pound drums and started throwing them over the side. One of the men in his deck crew joined him, and together, slipping in the gasoline, they jettisoned the drums with astounding speed. Amazingly, there was no fire. Totally soaked in gasoline, Pennock took a breath and knew that he and his ship had been incredibly lucky, far luckier than any crew could possibly expect to be. A single spark would have turned *LST 792* into a fireball.

At Iwo Jima, U.S. warships lashed Mount Suribachi with high explosive shells in an effort to silence artillery batteries and machine-gun positions firing on the Marines on the beaches below. Here, Japanese soldiers lie dead in one of the countless craters blasted by the American ships.

LST 792 anchored a mile off shore. Through the night, the wounded were cared for, and damage control parties made repairs and confirmed that the ship was seaworthy. The next morning, the ship received orders to beach, and within a few hours the remaining soldiers and equipment were ashore on Red Beach 2.

With the Japanese now pushed back several hundred yards, the beach was transformed into a booming rear-echelon area. LSTs and landing craft were parked gunwale to gunwale with their bows high and dry, disgorging their cargoes of trucks, construction equipment, tanks, and men onto the beach. As soon as one vessel was empty, it would be shooed away by the beach master to make room for another. Like armies of ants, Marines using bucket-brigade lines conveyed stockpiles of ammunition and supplies from LSTs and landing craft to a burgeoning array of storage dumps.

By noon, the members of *LST 792*'s crew who were not cargo handlers had grown restless. The desire to feel solid ground underfoot and the promise of souvenirs were irresistible. In their khaki uniforms, with neither helmets nor other combat gear, Pennock and Waite walked down the ramp, away from the safety of their ship, and over the black-sand ridge that had stopped so many Marines on D-day.

Immediately they encountered the bunkers and machine-gun nests that had been responsible for killing so many Marines. Now, hanging out of gun ports and windows, the Japanese defenders no longer looked human. They had been turned into inorganic charcoal objects. The corpses that had not been scorched lay in grotesque poses, drying in the sun. Their skin already brown and tight, they looked like ancient mummies in glass-cased museum displays. On Iwo Jima, the stench of rotting flesh and the smoldering rubber from burning equipment numbed the senses and clogged the brain. Waite had to force himself to keep moving. Here, the Japanese were fighting, not to win or to even die heroically, but to convince America that invading Japan would not be worth the enormous cost in American lives.

Men from *LST 792* stooped over like beachcombers picking through debris for pistols, helmets, swords, and personal items. Wisely, they avoided anything the U.S. Navy's explosive ordnance disposal teams had marked with small flags as possibly being booby-trapped.

Continued on page 80

Test of Air

Allied planners hoped to bomb Pantelleria Island into submission.

BY ROBERT F. MCENIRY

ON MAY 13, 1943, NEARLY 300,000 AXIS SOLDIERS surrendered to the Allies in northern Tunisia. This successful conclusion to the North African campaign led to speculation at the time as to where the Allies would strike next.

The Axis had to consider all possibilities for future invasions, including assaults on Sicily, Sardinia, Corsica, and even Greece. Unknown to the Germans and Italians, the Allies had decided during the January 1943 Casablanca conference that Sicily would be the next target following the successful conclusion of the North Africa campaign, under the code name of Operation Husky.

While conducting the operational planning for Husky in February 1943, General George C. Marshall, the U.S. Army chief of staff, informed Allied Forces commander Lt. Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower that the U.S. Navy could not provide auxiliary aircraft carriers for air cover for an assault on Sicily.

Marshall then suggested the Allies seize the Italian island of Pantelleria for its airfield, which could be used by Allied fighters to support the Sicilian invasion. Since the island was located between Tunisia and Sicily, its location was ideal. In addition to providing an unsinkable aircraft carrier for the Allies to project air cover over Sicily and wide areas of the Mediterranean, Pantelleria had to be reduced to prevent it from being used as an effective warning post of an Allied invasion of Sicily. With its radar station, observation and listening posts, and its ability to host reconnaissance aircraft, the island could easily monitor Allied air and sea activities and eliminate any chance of achieving surprise in an assault on Sicily.

General Eisenhower was not thrilled at the prospect of seizing Pantelleria and other nearby islands, and although planning continued he looked for reasons not to have to invade and occupy the island. In May 1943, the matter came to a head when it was decided that the invasion of Sicily required landings on the southeast corner of that island. Given the planned invasion of Sicily and its location, the matter was settled. Pantelleria had to be taken. The military issue was how best to take or reduce Pantelleria Island.

Pantelleria is located 53 miles from Tunisia, 63 miles from Sicily and 120 miles west of Malta. It is a volcanic island roughly 16 miles long, by 5.6 miles wide with a total area of about 45 square miles. The island is elliptical in shape with sheer rugged cliffs, a rocky coastline, and a countryside with rocky barren hills. The highest point on the island is Montagna Grande at 2,742 feet.

Power

Imperial War Museum

This vivid painting by an Italian war artist depicts the destroyer *Vivaldi* in action during the Battle of Pantelleria. Allied planners had hoped to reduce the Axis defenses of the island solely through aerial bombardment. **INSET:** The reinforced main aircraft hangar on Pantelleria is concealed with a mottled camouflage paint scheme.

The Art Archive/Camogli Maritime Museum Genoa/Alfredo Dagli Orti

All photos: Imperial War Museum

ABOVE: A Douglas Boston bomber of the Royal Air Force heads for home after dropping its payload on the Axis defenses of Pantelleria astride the invasion route for Sicily. RIGHT: Major General Walter E. Clutterbuck (right) commanded the British 1st Infantry Division, which was to secure Pantelleria following an intense campaign of aerial bombardment.

Pantelleria was an Italian possession, and its defenses were improved by the Italian government in the 1920s. In 1926, Mussolini declared Pantelleria a prohibited military zone. In 1935, the Italians started to build an airfield and construct coastal fortifications and antiaircraft batteries.

By 1939, the airfield was completed. It was an impressive facility for its day, with a 5,000-foot runway with an underground aircraft hangar hewn out of solid rock. The underground hangar was 1,000 feet long and 85 feet wide with a capacity for 80 aircraft. The hangar also had its own power plant and water storage facility. With a 33-foot covering of earth, the underground hangar was thought to be impervious to air or naval bombardment.

The antiaircraft defenses consisted of two batteries of 10 modern 90mm guns and 13 batteries of 72 dual-purpose 76mm guns, which were useless against aircraft flying at medium or high altitudes. The antiaircraft defenses were fortified with an additional four-barreled 20mm Flak 38 gun located near the airfield and six 20mm guns near the harbor area and next to German Freya surveillance radar and a Wurzburg D tracking radar. These additional guns and radar installations were manned by around 600 German troops.

For protection from sea attack, the island boasted three shore batteries with four 152mm guns each. The Italians also had used the island as a refueling and servicing station for Axis submarines and torpedo boats, where they could also rearm with mines or torpedoes.

The primary ground defenses were provided by the Italian garrison commanded by Vice Admiral Gino Pavesi. The Italian forces included the Air Force personnel commanded by Lt. Col. Francesco Raverdino, some militia, and a mixed brigade of 7,400 Italian Army troops commanded by Brig. Gen. Giuseppe Maffei. The total number of Axis troops on the island was about 12,000.

While these defenses looked formidable on paper, the island had a number of significant weaknesses. First, the defenders had little or no combat experience and were not considered high-quality troops. At this point in the war many Italians had grave doubts about the war and their government, and Italian troops had not always fought effectively in North Africa. Over 10,000 Italian civilians lived on the island, and many had relatives among the garrison. During the battle these civilians would add an extra burden on the defenders in terms of water and food supplies and providing adequate protection from air raids for the population.

The failure of the Italians to evacuate the civilians before the battle was a serious mistake. The Axis forces in the Mediterranean Theater were outnumbered at sea and in the air and effectively had lost control of both to the Allies. The question seemed, for both sides, to be less centered around whether Pantelleria would fall than exactly how long the island could hold out against an Allied landing.

On May 9, 1943, Eisenhower began preparations for the assault on Pantelleria. He ordered a concerted effort by Allied airpower, including units of the Royal Air Force and the U.S. Northern African Air Forces (NAAF) against Pantelleria. He further directed a naval force under the command of Rear Admiral R.R. McGrigor of the Royal Navy to blockade the island and provide gunfire support.

The landing force would consist of the British 1st Division under Maj. Gen. Walter E. Clutterbuck.

On May 13, Eisenhower told Army chief of staff, General George C. Marshall, "I want to make the capture of Pantelleria a sort of laboratory to determine the effect of concentrated heavy bombing on a defended coastline. When the time comes we are going to concentrate everything we have to see whether damage to material, personnel and morale cannot be made so serious as to make a landing a rather simple affair."

The Allies were initially planning to bomb the island into submission. U.S. Army Air Forces Lt. Gen. Carl A. Spaatz would be in charge of the operation. Spaatz had a potent air force at his disposal for what came to be known as Operation Corkscrew. He had four Boeing B-17 Flying Fortress heavy bomber groups with 192 aircraft (2nd, 97th, 99th,

301st), four North American B-25 Mitchell groups (310th, 321st, 340th, 12th), three Martin B-26 Marauder groups (17th, 319th, 320th) with a combined 285 aircraft, one Douglas A-20 Havoc group with 57 aircraft (47th), three wings of Lockheed P-38 Lightning fighters (1st, 14th, 82nd), and three wings of Curtiss P-40 Tomahawk fighters (325th, 33rd, 324th), to total 300 aircraft.

It is worth noting that the participating U.S. 33rd Fighter Group also included the 99th Fighter Squadron. This squadron was the first of the Tuskegee Airmen squadrons. These squadrons were manned and piloted solely by African American airmen. During the Pantelleria campaign the men of the 99th flew their first combat missions. Flying P-40s were Lieutenants William Campbell, Charles Hall, Clarence Jamison, and James Wiley, and in June, six of the 99th's pilots became the first black airmen in the Army Air Forces to take part in aerial combat when they traded shots with German fighter planes.

Meanwhile, the British Commonwealth contribution to the campaign consisted of three wings of Royal Air Force Wellington bombers plus one South African Air Force Wellington wing in No. 205 Group, four RAF and SAAF A-20 Boston Mk III bomber squadrons (12th and 24th), RAF 326 Wing with Bostons, two squadrons of Baltimore bombers with Hurricane fighters, and RAF 242 Group.

The main air assault was to begin on May 18, 1943, and would consist of 50 medium-bomber sorties and 50 fighter-bomber sorties daily against the island through June 5. On June 6, the plan would shift to around-the-clock aerial bombing that would increase in intensity up to the scheduled invasion day, June 11. The smaller islands of Lampedusa, Linosa, and Lampione would be reduced after Pantelleria's fall.

Opposing this air armada were approximately 900 Axis aircraft. These included 90 Italian fighters stationed on Sicily, consisting of 52 Macchi 202 aircraft, 23 Macchi 205, and 15 Macchi 200 aircraft plus seven Me-109 fighters operating within the 1 and 53 Stormo (Wings). The Germans possessed Luftflotte 2 under the command of Field Marshal Albert Kesselring, which included 130 Me-109s in JG27 and JG53, 80 FW-190 fighters in Sturmgeshwader 10 and Schachtgeschwader 26, plus 30 Me-110 long-range fighters, and 20 Ju-88 night fighters for about 357 total Axis aircraft. The remaining planes were scattered from Sardinia to Corsica and the Italian mainland but were within striking range of Pantelleria.

Martin Baltimore bombers of No. 21 Squadron Royal South African Air Force bank away from their target on Pantelleria island as smoke billows from a burning oil dump.

Not all Allied commanders were comfortable with the invasion plans. Clutterbuck, a more traditional ground commander, expressed grave doubts as to the ability of airpower to reduce the defenses of the island and prevent his troops from enduring heavy casualties. His protests so exasperated Spaatz that in private he began to refer to the general as "Clusterbottom." McGrigor had no such misgivings and gave the plan his full support.

In planning the operation, Spaatz sought the help of his scientific adviser, Professor Solly Zuckerman. Zuckerman was an expert in what was then the new field of operations research, which attempts to apply mathematical concepts to determine optimal plans of action. Zuckerman analyzed the problem with his Operations Analysis Unit and produced a detailed bombing plan that provided precise aiming points, called for detailed reports and analysis of each sortie, required extensive photo reconnaissance, and demanded plotting of every bomb burst on a grid noting any damage caused.

Due to the accuracy of bombing in 1943, Zuckerman recommended that the bombs be concentrated on those gun batteries that threatened the proposed landing beaches. All bombing sorties were registered by target, and daily photo reconnaissance was conducted by the 248th PR Wing. If it was determined that a target was eliminated, the bombing missions were adjusted. If not, strikes continued until the target was assessed as destroyed.

The effort also included psychological operations with several leaflet drops. The first was on May 13, 1943, warning the civilian population of the upcoming raids and giving them a five-day grace period to evacuate. Additional leaflet drops encouraged the surrender of the garrison.

The air offensive began on May 18 with the first daylight sorties. At night, RAF bombers dropped 4,000-pound blockbuster bombs, and RAF Hurricane fighters dropped additional bombs to cause the inhabitants to lose sleep. On May 21, P-40 and P-38 fighters destroyed the Wurzburg radar apparatus, and on May 23, the Freya radar was abandoned. This effectively rendered the island blind to incoming Allied air attacks and prevented warnings to Axis air bases in Sicily.

From May 18 to May 29, over 1,500 sorties were flown against the island with 1,300 tons of bombs dropped. These sorties targeted the harbor, airfield, and shore batteries with 900

tons of bombs dropped on the port and airfield and 400 tons devoted to the shore batteries. The heavy B-17s commenced operations on June 1.

The second phase of the bombing campaign began June 6 and lasted six days. The attacks increased in ferocity from 200 sorties on the first day to 1,500 by June 11. During this phase an amazing 5,324 tons of bombs and 3,712 sorties were flown against the island. All this bombing reduced the developed areas of Pantelleria to destruction and chaos. Damage to the port, roads, housing, and phone lines was extreme. The electricity production facilities were knocked out, and several of the shore batteries were destroyed.

Axis forces tried to respond to the aerial siege as best as they could. Three small cargo ships braved the blockade and managed to land their cargoes but were then sunk. The Regia Aeronautica (Italian Air Force) flew 324 sorties during the first 10 days of June, losing 16 aircraft and made unsubstantiated claims of 24 Allied aircraft shot down. The Italian losses also included seven Macchi MC-202 fighters in one day of air combat.

It was agreed during the postoperation analysis that the most important factor enabling the Allies to conquer Pantelleria was the low morale of the garrison.

The Regia Aeronautica flew nightly resupply missions to the island, bringing in small amounts of critical supplies and evacuating wounded personnel. The Italian government maintained radio communication with the island throughout the siege and implored the defenders to resist to the end.

The Luftwaffe flew several hundred sorties, but its support was halfhearted at best. Most of the Luftwaffe sorties were against Allied airfields or fighter sweeps in the vicinity of the island. The Luftwaffe lost 10 aircraft and claimed more than 20 Allied planes.

The Allies conducted a naval demonstration off Pantelleria to test the island's defenses. The Royal Navy dispatched the cruisers HMS *Aurora, Newfoundland, Penelope,* and *Orion,* the antiaircraft cruiser *Euryalus,* the destroyers *Whaddon, Troubridge, Tarter, Jervis, Nubian, Laforey, Lookout,* and *Royal,* and the gunboat *Aphis*.

With McGrigor aboard his flagship, HMS *Whaddon,* were Spaatz, Clutterbuck, and Zuckerman. Eisenhower and Admiral Andrew Cunningham, commander in chief of the Royal Navy in the Mediterranean, were aboard *Aurora*. During the course of the naval bombardment, which began about 10 AM, the Ital-

Leslie Cole's 1943 painting of the Allied amphibious attack on Pantelleria depicts the scene from the cruiser HMS *Newfoundland,* from which Admiral C.H.J. Harcourt flew his flag. Harcourt commanded the naval support force that bombarded the shoreline of the island.

ian shore batteries responded weakly. An hour later, medium and heavy bombers attacked two shore batteries.

The naval task force was attacked by German and Italian planes, which were quickly driven off. Both Eisenhower and Cunningham were pleased with the results of the combined naval and air operations. Eisenhower informed Marshall that they "were highly pleased both with the obvious efficiency of the air and naval bombardments and with the coordination achieved as to timing."

ABOVE: Soldiers of the 1st Battalion, Duke of Wellington's Regiment, rush past a burning fuel storage depot as they secure the island of Pantelleria. LEFT: Italian Captain Di Vascello O. Bernadini commanded the Axis garrison at Lampedusa and was taken prisoner when Allied forces landed on Pantelleria.

On June 10, 1943, leaflets calling on the island garrison to surrender were again dropped. The only radio station still working on the island broadcast that "despite everything Pantelleria will continue to resist." Over 20 additional messages were sent that night reporting the damage done to the island. Allied intelligence had decoded these messages and also knew that the garrison was in a desperate situation.

That same day, the British 1st Division embarked on the infantry landing ships HMS *Queen Emma, Princess Beatrix,* and *Royal Ulsterman.* Tanks, guns, and equipment were carried aboard numerous landing ships. The invasion force set sail on the night of June 10. The following morning found the invasion fleet eight miles off the harbor of the port of Pantelleria. The sea was calm. The troops took to their assault boats, and B-17s timed their last raid just prior to the landing around 11 AM.

With the invasion imminent, Pavesi met with his senior staff that morning. They reviewed the situation, and with dwindling supplies of ammunition, the destruction of communication systems, the loss of the main water and electric plants, and no hope of resupply or reinforcement it was determined that the garrison should surrender.

Pavesi had wired his superiors several hours earlier, stating, "The situation is desperate; all possibilities of effective resistance have been exhausted."

Unknown to the admiral, Mussolini had sent him a message at 10:10 AM on June 11, instructing Pavesi to surrender at noon. As it was, Admiral Pavesi took action himself and instructed his air forces commander to place a large white cross on the airfield runway to signal surrender. He sent instructions to all his forces to cease firing as of 11 AM local time.

As the garrison was making preparations to surrender, the Allies were making their amphibious assault on the island. The Royal Navy warships started their shore bombardment around 11 AM, and the landing craft made their way toward the island at 10:30. The Luftwaffe executed a series of attacks, as several dozen FW-190s attacked the flotilla and five Me-109s attempted to strafe the landing craft. The FW-190s missed the ships, and the Me-109s were driven off by P-40s of the 57th Fighter Group. At 11:45, B-17s added a crescendo of bombing to the island as the landing force approached.

The first wave of the landing consisted of the 3rd Brigade, 1st Division, which included the 1st Duke of Wellington Regiment, 1st Shropshires, and 2nd Sherwood Foresters Regiments reinforced with a squadron of tanks and a field artillery regiment. By noon, the entire first wave was ashore near the harbor. All of the Italian batteries had ceased firing at 11:30, and white flags began to appear all over the island. Allied naval shelling ceased, and all air and naval bombardments were canceled as of 12:45.

The only casualty suffered by the Allies during the landing and occupation occurred when an unlucky corporal of the 2nd Sherwood Foresters was kicked in the head by a mule and perished. Clutterbuck came ashore at 1:30 after most of the island's garrison had already surrendered. The formal surrender documents were signed in the underground hangar by Clutterbuck and Pavesi at 5:30.

After the fall of Pantelleria, Lampedusa was subject to two days of violent bombing. The Luftwaffe responded only with long-range fighter sweeps that resulted in 14 Axis fighters shot down. The island was then bombarded by four light cruisers and six destroyers on the morning of June 12. The island garrison tried to surrender to an RAF pilot who landed on the island's airfield due to engine failure. When bad weather cleared, the 4,600-man garrison surrendered, and Lampedusa was occupied on June 13.

Operation Corkscrew was a splendid victory for the Allies. The island was taken on schedule, and 11,621 Italians and 78 Germans were taken prisoner. When prisoners from

Continued on page 80

Guarding the War Criminals

Michael Prestianni served as a guard at Nuremberg as high-ranking Nazis stood trial for their lives.

BY ROSCOE C. BLUNT

Perhaps the most feared group of accused criminals in the annals of history was a potpourri of personalities who had been associated with Adolf Hitler and the Nazi Party. These were the intellectuals; the ramrod-stiff military officers; the cunning politicians; the world's most vicious, depraved, notorious mass murderers; an architect; a filthy-minded and sex-obsessed anti-Semitic newspaper publisher; a gentle writer of poetry; the bombastic bullies; an unrepentant, ghost-like figure; the subservient military lackeys; and even their self-appointed leader, a bloated, drug-addicted former war hero.

Some were convicted of history's most barbaric crimes against humanity. Twelve paid with their lives. Seven others, over time, were reduced by lengthy prison sentences to hollow, shuffling shadows of their former selves. All were destined for incarceration, at least during their trials, in two of Germany's most feared prisons: the Palace of Justice in Nuremberg and Spandau Prison on the western outskirts of Berlin. Three of those accused were acquitted and upon their release soon faded into obscurity. These once powerful leaders of Nazi Germany were the accused of the Nuremberg War Crimes Tribunal.

Sixteen of these captives were guarded by Pfc. Michael R. Prestianni of Framingham, Massachusetts, who later survived months of combat in Korea. During his service in Korea, Prestianni was wounded twice and decorated for valor numerous times. Today, he carries on his World War II and Korean War heritage in various veterans organizations.

Upon arriving in the European Theater, Prestianni, a replacement, found himself in the U.S. 1st Infantry Division. His initial assignment was as a guard at the Nuremberg prison. He served in that capacity for three months, bringing him in daily contact with 16 of the 22 accused war criminals.

His remembrance of duty at Nuremberg remains vivid. "At the time, I saw these men only as individual prisoners, guilty of unknown crimes. I had no idea of the magnitude of what they had done. It was only sometime later that I realized in retrospect that I had become part of history," Prestianni said. "At the time, it was just a job we were told to do. Had I known just who these prisoners were at the time and what they had been accused and convicted of having done, I probably would not have had such a close relationship with them. I would have kept my distance from them."

Prestianni, the guard contingent, and supervisors under the command of Colonel B.C.

The Allied military tribunal listens intently as former Luftwaffe chief Hermann Göring is addressed by a defense attorney during the proceedings at Nuremberg. Göring proved to be a showman and the leader of the Nazi defendants. LEFT: Pfc. Michael Prestianni of Framingham, Massachusetts, guarded several of the high-ranking Nazis placed on trial for war crimes at the Palace of Justice in Nuremberg.

National Archives

Author's Collection

Author's Collection

ABOVE: A U.S. tank and a number of infantrymen guard the entrance to the Palace of Justice at Nuremberg. Concerns over disruptions of the trials of accused Nazi war criminals prompted tight security during the proceedings. LEFT: In this 1945 photo, the forbidding walls of the Palace of Justice at Nuremberg seem a fitting locale for the trials of a number of former high-ranking Nazis accused of war crimes.

Andrus, a strict disciplinarian, were constantly reminded that the prisoners should be treated with civility and objectivity at all times. They were not to be shown disrespect. Before and during the war crimes trial, they were to be considered still innocent, Andrus drummed into the military personnel under his command.

The Nuremberg prison was a Bastille-like affair. Most of the time the prison was dank, uncomfortably cold, and forbidding, especially during the winter months. Prisoners and guards were forced to wear heavy scarves to ward off the penetrating cold. "It was a very old, ancient, almost primitive prison," Prestianni recalls. During the dead of winter, cell temperatures constantly hovered near freezing, partially due to severe coal shortages throughout most of Germany, and some prisoners were relegated to wearing stockings as gloves and wrapping their feet in underwear or any other available cloth to keep warm.

For added security outside the prison, three American Sherman tanks, manned by MPs, were positioned at the front, side, and rear entries to the prison. The purpose of the armored reinforcement was to prevent any possibility of attack by groups of still-fanatic Nazis.

In the prison cellblock, each single-occupant cell had two parallel heating pipes beneath a single, heavily scratched, plastic-covered window, the top half of which could be tilted open for limited ventilation. The prison's concrete walls, most of which were more than three feet thick, encased the solitary cell window that offered the prisoners no view of the outside world.

Eighteen-inch rectangular holes were cut from the heavy, oaken cell doors, slightly below eye level. Through these openings, aluminum food trays could be placed within reach of the prisoners. The food, prepared in an American-staffed kitchen, offered identical German menus for each prisoner. American chow was prepared for the guards and other Army personnel.

"Generally, I would describe the food, as I recall, quite good," Prestianni remembers.

Cell doors were never opened when food was distributed. Meals were brought to the prisoners on a precise schedule each day on wheeled, double-tiered push carts by German prisoners from other sections of the prison who were being held for civil crimes. All war crimes prisoners ate from a single German menu. No favoritism was shown nor was a selection offered.

In an attempt to further depersonalize them, prisoners were designated by numbers rather than by their familial surnames. For example, Baldur von Schirach, former head of the Hitler Youth, was known only as Number 1. Number 2 was given to Karl Dönitz, former grand admiral of the German Navy. Number 3 was Konstantin von Neurath, a former high-ranking politician. Number 4 was assigned to Erich Raeder, the Navy's former grand admiral before being replaced by Dönitz. Number 5 was Albert Speer, Hitler's personal architect and confidant. Number 6 was Walther Funk, former minister of economics, and Number 7 was Rudolf Hess, once Hitler's private secretary and deputy führer.

Each prisoner's cell was equipped with a simple, bench-like bed against one wall adjacent to the cell door, a primitive commode, a wooden table to hold the few allowed pictures and other personal items, and a chair too rickety to support the weight of a standing man. The intentionally weakened table and chair, Prestianni said, prevented possible suicide attempts by hanging. The toilet was the single source of water.

After one of those accused, Robert Ley, former director of the nation's Labor Front, hanged himself from a drain pipe with a torn towel, prisoners were kept under constant visual surveillance by guards, and while sleeping were forced to do so with their faces and hands exposed above their blankets at all times.

"After Ley hanged himself, this strict suicide watch was instituted," Prestianni explained. Guards, for the most part, were not allowed to talk to each other or to prisoners while on security duty. Strict attention was always paid to the prisoners. Guards occasionally retaliated against unpopular, troublesome prisoners by rapping on the cell doors with their night sticks to disturb the occupants' sleep. "This wasn't authorized, but it was done on occasion," Prestianni smiled.

Where the convicted were housed on the ground floor, lower-tier cellblock, the main corridor was 60 meters (195 feet) long, lined by 16 cells on each side, and constantly patrolled by 1st Division guards. To move from one corridor to another, guards carried different colored passes. Movement was extremely restricted and closely monitored, even for the guards. The second-level tier housed high-ranking SS (Schutzstaffel) officers and many of the infamous doctors who had conducted ghastly medical experiments on concentration camp prisoners.

All female prisoners were segregated on a third tier. "I only patrolled there once. That was enough. We were given strict orders to have no contact whatsoever with these women, no con-

versation, no nothing and to stay well away from them," noted Prestianni. "False accusations of rape, abuse, or other misconduct by guards were commonplace. They even accused guards of watching them undress. Whenever these female prisoners, most of whom were former concentration camp guards, created a problem, we merely, as instructed, called the sergeant-of-the-guard to resolve the situation. These women prisoners constantly did anything they could to get a guard in trouble or disciplined."

The most infamous of the female prisoners during Prestianni's tour of duty was Ilse Koch, known to guards as the "Bitch of Buchenwald." With her husband, Karl Koch, the camp commander, Ilse often rode a horse through the camp compound, whipping prisoners. If one inadvertently looked up at her, she arbitrarily ordered the prisoner shot. Koch ordered skin emblazoned with tattoos to be stripped from

the cadavers of prisoners and made into lampshades. Her guards were repulsed, and some requested reassignment to another cellblock.

Koch was later tried at Buchenwald and sentenced to life imprisonment. She was released after four years and eventually committed suicide in a Bavarian prison.

While on duty, guards carried no weapons, only wooden truncheons. In most respects, fraternization between guards and prisoners was closely monitored by those who set the policies for the prisoners' confinement. However, fraternization did occur on a regular basis and, for the most part, went unpunished by the prison administration.

Prestianni played checkers and chess with four of the prisoners and argued politics with others. "There was a constant, steady flow of rules and regulations, many of them meaningless, while others tended to be more punitive," he said. "Each of the governing countries, the United States, England, France, and Russia, had its own interpretation of punishment. With the change of command by rotating countries every month, each of the countries altered the previous country's rules. The Russians always were a problem and only cooperated with the other countries about 10 percent of the time. They wanted to run the whole show. It was always a battle of authority. However, some Russian guards who had perhaps the best reason to want to harshly punish the former German leaders in retaliation for previous atrocities and other crimes committed in the Soviet Union, were friendly and, even in some cases, considerate of the prisoners and American personnel."

American guards ate in separate, enlisted mess halls and slept in segregated, barracks-like rooms, six to a room.

Three days on and three days off with shifts of four hours on, four hours off each day was the standard work assignment for guards. Each watch was of two hours duration, standing almost motionless looking in the cell door openings. Conversation between guards was extremely limited or nonexistent. "The whole focus was on keeping the prisoners under surveillance through the opening in the cell doors," Prestianni said.

Guards were randomly assigned to prisoners, and the assignments were generally not known by the guards until the duty roster was posted or announced each morning during roll call. During his three-month tour of duty at Nuremberg prison, Prestianni was assigned to 16 different prisoners. "All of those with whom I came in contact spoke flawless English," he remembered.

Prestianni never served in the trial courtroom, only in the cellblock. On occasion, guards assigned to courtroom duty asked for reassignment as they became emotionally and physically sickened by the film evidence of war crimes that was presented. "There were limits to how much gore that could be tolerated by some of the courtroom guards," he recalled.

LEFT: U.S. soldiers were ordered to keep a watchful eye on the prisoners inside the Palace of Justice. However, in spite of such orders, Robert Ley, head of the Nazi Labor Front, successfully committed suicide. Following Ley's suicide, guards were posted at each cell and watched the prisoners 24 hours a day. BELOW: Allied guards watch individual prisoners in their cells inside the Palace of Justice. Wire fencing was erected in common areas to deter sucide attempts by the inmates.

United States Holocaust Memorial Museum

"The requested reassignments were generally granted."

Courtroom MPs wore stylish white MP-emblazoned helmet liners and similarly labeled brassards. All guards were forced to stand practically motionless at parade rest behind their assigned prisoner seated before them in the dock. It was difficult and tiring duty.

Somewhat regularly, cellblock guards also pulled duty patrolling the parapet-style walls 50 feet above the cellblock and the courtyard, where observation of strolling prisoners below could be maintained. These parapets included watchtowers at the four corners equipped with telephones to contact or summon supervising sergeants or lieutenants, who were constantly on call to resolve problems that might develop. Prompt medical attention was readily available to all prisoners.

"Patrolling the wall was cold, cold, cold," Prestianni remembered. During watch on one bitter cold night, Prestianni contracted pneumonia and collapsed, unconscious. When he failed to respond to the periodic shouted challenges from the sergeant-of-the-guard, Prestianni was taken to a hospital in Nuremberg where he remained for two weeks before returning to duty.

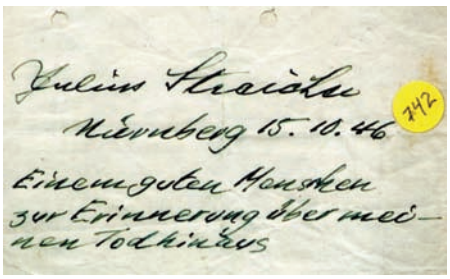
Outside the cellblock complex, a small courtyard with a few scraggly pear trees allowed each prisoner the opportunity to walk for 20 minutes each day. The prisoners were restricted to groups of six to eight, which were strictly segregated from one another. Whether the prisoners availed themselves of this privilege was by individual choice.

While they walked, the prisoners were separated by a prescribed number of yards. Generally, due to rivalries and animosity toward each other during their glory years, most adhered to this policy and opted to walk, stand, or sit alone, not engaged in conversations to any degree. Guards were, on occasion, somewhat lenient and allowed some prisoners, based on previous friendships and compatible personalities, to walk in pairs.

During the months of imprisonment, the brisk gait of some of the prisoners gradually evolved into defeatist, head-bowed shuffling as acceptance of their fate gradually wore them down and eroded their will. Some passively resigned themselves to their futures while others fought it off and never fully accepted their fates.

Prestianni said that during his guard duties he tried to adhere to his father's advice. "They [the prisoners] were to always be considered innocent until proven guilty. I tried to judge them myself, not by what others said of them. I tried to treat each prisoner without rancor."

ullstein bild



"They were to always be considered innocent until proven guilty. I tried to judge them myself, not by what others said of them. I tried to treat each prisoner without rancor."

Many of the prisoners never accepted the fact that they were no longer on top of the world. In some cases, this arrogance lingered into their years of incarceration. However, one thread of similarity was woven among them. With the possible exception of Speer, none of them could rationalize that they, as individuals, had ever done anything morally wrong for the Fatherland. They, as a group, had no problem with their guilt. They just never admitted to it.

They merely brushed the guilt away with self-serving claims that they were following orders from superiors or perhaps even from Hitler himself in an atmosphere where failure to do so often meant banishment to a concentration camp, Gestapo torture, or even a summary execution. Only Speer stood in the courtroom showing some remorse and, in an act of contrition, admitted his guilt and knowledge of the camps.

Did guards favor some prisoners over others? Most certainly. Attitudes toward certain prisoners were determined by the prisoners themselves, their demeanor in captivity, and their personality traits and attitudes toward their American, British, or French guards. Noticeable dislike existed between the prisoners and most of their Soviet guards.

Prestianni particularly liked Speer, Hitler's architect and the designer of many of Berlin's most spectacular buildings and later minister of armament and munitions. "He always was respectful, always the consummate gentleman." Speer was convicted and served 20 years in prison. He was released in 1966. Another favorite was Alfred Jodl, former chief of the operations staff of the Army high command, who was found guilty and executed.

Joachim von Ribbentrop, Nazi Germany's foreign minister beginning in 1938, was amiable, Prestianni said. Ribbentrop was held in low esteem by others close to Hitler due to his perceived ineptness in many areas. He was the first of 10 hanged on October 16, 1946. "During our conversations, he often asked questions about the United States, a subject in which he appeared to be quite interested," Prestianni added.

Prestianni also favorably related to Ernst Kaltenbrunner, the notorious chief of Germany's security police and a behind-the-scenes prime mover at the January 1942 Wannsee Conference where the proposed extermination of Jewry in central Europe was discussed by top Nazis.

The duty roster for guards was revised daily in an attempt to prevent the development of unauthorized relationships with prisoners. Despite this precaution, such limited, semiamicable relationships did exist. Guards gradually learned through everyday observation, however, that the prisoners' collective makeup truly spanned a psychologically intricate cross-section of those who had served Hitler.

Guards were under strict orders never to respond to verbal abuse by prisoners, no matter how hateful it might be. Prestianni did not recall any such instances.

Besides Speer, Ribbentrop, Kaltenbrunner, and Jodl, Prestianni also guarded Luftwaffe Reichsmarshal Hermann Göring, Grand Admiral Dönitz, Field Marshal Wilhelm Keitel, Reich financier Hjalmar Schacht, Governor of the Protectorate of Bohemia and Moravia Konstantin von Neurath, Nazi philosopher Alfred

Rosenberg, virulent anti-Semite Julius Streicher, diplomat Franz von Papen, Minister of the Interior Wilhelm Frick, Grand Admiral Raeder, Hess, and Hans Frank, the governor general of occupied Poland. He has little or no memory of the six remaining defendants, Hitler Youth leader Baldur von Schirach, Labor Front head Robert Ley, Minister of Economics Walther Funk, Plenipotentiary for Labor Deployment Fritz Sauckel, propagandist Hans Fritzsche, or Artur Seys-Inquart, the administrator of the occupied Netherlands.

"One passing recollection I have of Schirach," said Prestianni, "was teasing him about how much the prison guards were enjoying his former girls and how pretty we considered them. We jokingly told him the girls coveted the gifts American soldiers could offer and they had all forgotten his (Schirach's) Nazi National Socialism propaganda indoctrination.

National Archives

ABOVE: Former head of the German Luftwaffe Hermann Göring eats alone in his cell in the Palace of Justice at Nuremberg. He was able to take poison on the night he was scheduled to hang for war crimes. LEFT: This photograph of a typical cell at the Palace of Justice reveals the spartan accommodations and the lack of personal privacy afforded the prisoners, particularly after the suicide of Robert Ley. OPPOSITE TOP: Nazi Julius Streicher, publisher of the virulently anti-Semitic newspaper *Der Sturmer,* stares blankly from inside his cell. He was one of the most bizarre and perverse of the high-ranking Nazis on trial at Nuremberg. OPPOSITE BOTTOM: Streicher's personal handwritten note to Pfc. Michael Prestianni reads, "To a good man in remembrance of my going forth to death."

We needled him by saying his girls wanted to abandon the Fatherland, marry Americans, and emigrate to the United States."

Schirach, who had been replaced by Hitler as head of the youth movement in 1940 and drafted into Army service where he saw considerable combat on the Eastern Front, maintained his decorum and seldom responded to the teasing.

Those incarcerated at the Palace of Justice in Nuremberg were allowed very limited and sporadic visitation rights with lawyers and family members. These visits usually were brief, and participants were separated by a screen. There was no physical contact, and all conversation via microphone was closely monitored by a guard standing behind each prisoner. Gifts, usually clothing, soap, tobacco, and family photos, could be given to prisoners after inspection by a guard.

When asked how the individual personalities, habits, and mannerisms differed, Prestianni responded that they were varied. "Some smiled while others snarled at each other or harshly criticized other individuals. Several were militaristically aloof and looked down upon those they considered to be the mere political element. Still others displayed docile and taciturn mannerisms and personalities. None outwardly felt they had done anything to warrant being in prison."

Göring was the acknowledged leader among the prisoners. He had actually tried to usurp Hitler's authority during the last days of the Reich but remained an ardent supporter of the Nazi regime during the trial, often proving himself a skilled debater.

Göring enjoyed baiting his guards. "How long did it take you to learn what you are doing?" he often asked. When the needling did not abate and became somewhat annoying, Prestianni said he used to give the former World War I ace his own version of a little dig in return.

"At least I'm out here and you are in there," said the former guard. "That used to shut him up but usually only for a few minutes, and then he would start up again with the jokes. That was until he took his own life by biting down on a cyanide capsule a few hours before he was scheduled to be hanged."

Prestianni remembered vividly the night of the executions and Göring's suicide. "The night Göring pulled that off on October 16, 1946, now that was quite a night," he recalled. "Colonels from all four countries were running around trying to determine how it happened."

How Göring obtained the lethal capsule has never been firmly established. The most frequently offered scenario, after intensive investigations, has been that the capsule was retrieved from Göring's luggage in a storage room and was given to him by an American, Lieutenant Jack "Tex" Wheelis.

Speer was a favorite of the guards. Considered by some as the most intelligent and talented prisoner, he was the quintessential gentleman. "I could never beat him in checkers. He was good, real sharp," Prestianni related. "He, like the others, was always bumming cigarettes or cans of Prince Albert tobacco for his pipe. All the prisoners smoked pipes, and they all tried to wheedle cigarettes from us."

Speer spent much of his time drawing exquisite pencil sketches ranging from landscapes to magnificent buildings to quaint German villages. These sketches were given to guards who requested them and to prison officials. In return, he often was rewarded with cigarettes, pipe tobacco, or other small items he coveted. Today these sketches are highly prized. To maintain the

steady flow of Speer pencil sketches, guards always provided him with an adequate supply of paper and sharpened pencils.

Dönitz, who was named successor to Hitler during the waning days of the war and served 10 years in prison, remained aloof. He was quiet by nature and spent much of his time writing his memoirs. By special arrangement with a guard or prison official, he gave his handwritten notes to be mimeographed and returned to him. His daily diary notes culminated in a book after his release. Dönitz remained an unrepentant Nazi until his death in 1980.

Jodl, one of 10 prisoners hanged, was another who never admitted to any personal guilt. "As a good military officer I was only following orders," he steadfastly maintained with quiet military bearing. He was another of Prestianni's favorite checker-playing opponents. "He used to tell me he always did what he thought was right for the Fatherland but that just too much came to light during the trial."

akg-images

During one of their short exercise periods, prisoners on trial at Nuremberg walk and talk inside the prison courtyard. Although they were officially forbidden to confer, the guards often allowed them to talk quietly.

Former field marshal Keitel, another prisoner who was eventually executed, gradually alienated himself from the other prisoners. Some, over time, even grew to despise him. Before his execution, he aligned himself with Jodl and, to a lesser extent, Raeder and Dönitz, the military clique. He could never understand why he had been tried for war crimes. "I did nothing to be here," he stated.

Prestianni said of von Neurath, "He looked like the movie version of a Prussian general with his mop of white hair and erect bearing. We used to argue democracy versus dictatorship, the free versus the suppressed. He argued that Germans needed Lebensraum (living space) and that they were looking only for land expansion. I asked him why that necessitated the killing of people to achieve this so-called needed land, especially the people of Poland. During numerous argumentative discussions, Neurath referred to the Polish population and others that were slaughtered by German troops as 'untermenschen,' the German expression for inferior beings. These were people, Neurath reasoned, of whom Germany was cleansing the world."

Neurath, after serving eight years of his 15-year sentence, was spirited away in clandestine fashion, without fanfare, and mysteriously set free in the dead of night on November 6, 1954, because of an alleged eye ailment. He died 21 months later on August 15, 1956.

Hess, former deputy führer of the Nazi party and Hitler's private secretary during the early years of the National Socialist movement, was sentenced to life imprisonment and served every day of it to the age of 92 when he died in 1987 under mysterious circumstances in Berlin's Spandau Prison.

Hess was eccentric. "He rarely talked, but when he did his speech was rambling. He was totally indifferent to the world around him and to world affairs. It was eerie. He would just lie on his bed staring at the ceiling with expressionless, sunken eyes and fallow, sort of ashen, death-like skin. He looked like a gaunt corpse, like a ghost. I never heard him speak," Prestianni remembered.

When Hess exercised or sat on a bench in the courtyard it was always alone, a single, disheveled old man staring at the courtyard bricks. Other prisoners shuffled past him without even glancing in his direction or outwardly acknowledging that he existed. Only Speer occasionally tried to befriend him or penetrate his deep solitude with a few words of encouragement. Other than that, Hess had no social interaction with the other prisoners.

Other prisoners were outspoken in their condemnation of Hess as a traitor to the Fatherland when he flew to England in May 1941, ostensibly to arrange a peace between Hitler's Germany and Great Britain.

Streicher, sentenced to death, was perhaps the most despised prisoner of all due to his complete obsession with sex. He reportedly carried a whip during liaisons with numerous women. Known as the "Jew Baiter," even in the United States, he was rabidly anti-Semitic. "He was a true Nazi all the way in every way," Prestianni recalled. Streicher had published *Der Sturmer,* a widely read newspaper filled with pornography, ethnic hate, and anti-Jewish cartoons to enflame the German population. Because of his moral corruption, the other prisoners shunned him.

Prestianni guarded Streicher many times. "He didn't really talk to me very much. He greeted me in the morning and that was about it. He was a physical fitness fanatic who threw his cell window open in mid-winter and splashed toilet water over his bare chest and then did pushups, before meals, after meals, most any time, over and over. He was short but very powerfully built. He was proud of his physique, saying he was strong 'like Germany.'"

An accomplished horseman, Streicher continued to wear high leather boots and riding britches during his confinement. An avid reader, he availed himself of a well-stocked library with a steady supply of books.

On October 15, 1946, guards and prisoners listened to the pounding of the gallows being constructed. Everyone within hearing distance knew what the hammering signified. One can only imagine the effect the pounding had on the condemned prisoners, now with only one more day to live. On the night he was to be hanged, Streicher gave Prestianni a signed, handwritten note after supper. It was the last thing Streicher was known to have written. The

note said, "To a good man in remembrance of my going forth to death."

Prestianni said, "I have no idea why he gave it to me. I never treated him differently than I did the others I guarded."

Prestianni and another guard handcuffed Streicher and walked him silently to the gallows chamber, where they rapped on the door with their truncheons. The door was opened just enough to allow Streicher to enter. Again, without a word being spoken, the door was slammed shut. The same routine was followed for each of the condemned prisoners. Streicher, for reasons never made known, was photographed clothed and then naked and again in death.

An anti-Semite to the end, and proclaiming that his death was a victory for world Jewry, Streicher's final shouted words as he dropped through the trap door to his death were, "This is the Purim Festival for 1946. Long live Germany."

Asked whether the 60-year myth about Streicher struggling for 20 minutes at the end of the hangman's rope was true, Prestianni said guards never witnessed the hanging and he had not heard any such rumors at the time, but guessed it could have happened. "He was physically one tough guy," Prestianni offered.

Hans Frank, known as the "Slayer of Poles," was small, outwardly arrogant, and had a cruel face, Prestianni revealed. "He never repented for anything he ever did. Bragging of his ability to mass murder millions of Jews, Frank never admitted to his brutal inhumanity during the war crimes trial but was sentenced nonetheless to hang. He remained bombastic and arrogant right up to the end, all the while looking upon the other prisoners as inferior beings."

Ribbentrop, another of Prestianni's checker opponents, was vainglorious, almost constantly given to pompous bragging and considered stupid by the other prisoners. Ribbentrop, Prestianni related, was a man without humor. "But, he gave us no problem and I found him engaging to talk to and an excellent checkers player."

Raeder was sentenced to life imprisonment but was released for poor health on September 26, 1955. He maintained an air of superiority toward Dönitz, considering him still a subordinate officer.

Raeder kept to himself, voraciously reading and writing his memoirs, but when he interacted with the others, it was often to lash out in anger. Prestianni does not recall Raeder maintaining even a limited friendship with the other prisoners. "He was strictly military during the three months I observed him. He was usually confrontational and argumentative with the other prisoners. He considered himself the senior member of the prison military fraternity."

In a modern photograph, Michael Prestianni salutes the colors during a veterans program. The memories of his days at Nuremberg are still vivid in Prestianni's mind more than six decades after the trials.

Former president of the Reichsbank Hjalmar Schacht was one of three war crimes defendants who were found innocent of all charges against them. "I never really got to know him very well during the few months before he was released," commented Prestianni, "but at one time he tried to teach me an intricate German card game, but I never could catch on to it. I don't remember the name of the game after all these years. I do remember that Schacht, like most of the others, steadfastly maintained his innocence, never admitting to guilt in any form. He argued that he was being persecuted."

Schacht had been imprisoned in July 1944, under suspicion of being part of an assassination conspiracy against Hitler. After his release from prison in Nuremberg, a Stuttgart court sentenced him to eight years in a work camp. After two years he was released and promptly reestablished himself in a successful career as a financial consultant for developing nations.

Alfred Rosenberg was considered by Hitler the philosopher of National Socialism. Convicted and hanged, Rosenberg's ideology led to an appointment as minister of the occupied eastern territories in 1941. It was an appointment that, when coupled with his Baltic origin, brought him into sharp conflict with most of those in Hitler's entourage. To some, he was demeaned as "the foreigner."

"I didn't like his looks at all. His face had an animal look to it," Prestianni stated. "He often went for hours without speaking to anyone. And when he spoke, it was to lash out violently at anyone close to him at the time, even the guards."

Kaltenbrunner had perpetrated extreme barbarism in the extermination of Jews through the planning and execution of the Final Solution. While he was held at Nuremberg, he portrayed himself in a quiet, unassuming demeanor.

"He was a rather low key person at Nuremberg who caused the guards no problems at all," said Prestianni. "I rather liked him for the way he acted toward us. I played checkers with him on a number of occasions," Prestianni revealed. "When I once asked him why he had done what he was convicted of doing, he replied that he only did what the Fatherland [Germany] instructed him to do. By creating an Aryan nation, the world would look up to and envy Germany for its racial purity."

Frick, one of Hitler's closest advisers during the early years of the Nazi regime, was one of those hanged. He had been instrumental in establishing a totalitarian state. Designated as protector of Bohemia and Moravia in August 1943, he played a major role in developing the concentration- and labor-camp network for the slaughter of millions.

"Frick was rather taciturn, not given to talking. He was not tall at all and didn't really stand out in any way from the others," Prestianni said.

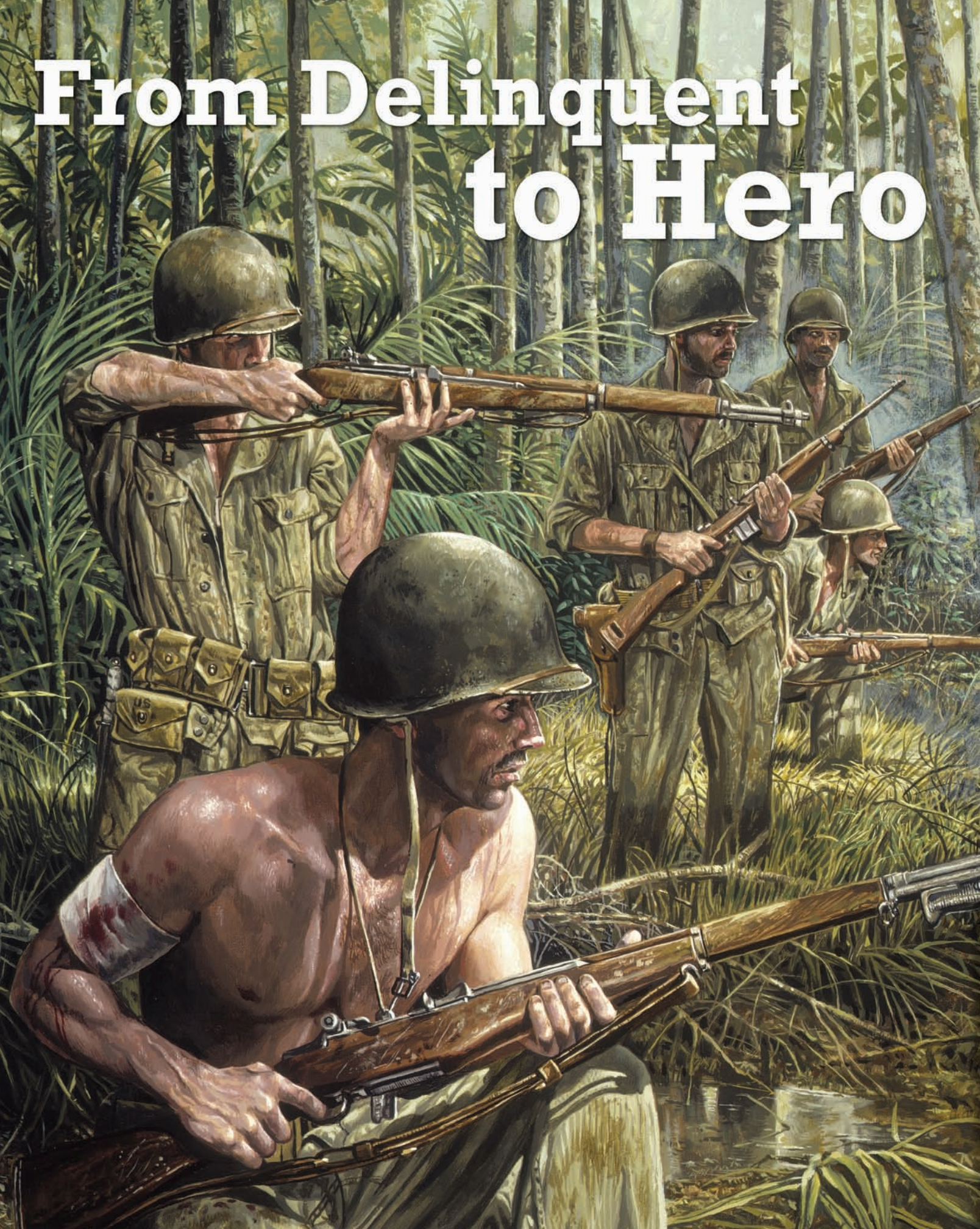
Franz von Papen helped pave the way for Hitler's ascension to power in 1933. Throughout the trial, he steadfastly maintained his innocence, saying they had arrested and charged the wrong person. He was found innocent and released but sentenced in 1949 by a German court to nine years in prison.

"He was a man of some stature with flowing white hair, but he would still never be noticed much in a crowd. He was largely overlooked in prison," Prestianni said of von Papen.

Without fanfare or advance warning, on July 18, 1947, the remaining prisoners at Nuremberg were told to assemble their meager belongings. They were individually handcuffed to guards, driven by ambulance to a nearby airfield, and flown to Berlin, where they were processed at Spandau Prison.

Prestianni's assignment was over, and he was transferred to guard duty at a POW compound at Bamberg, Germany. After being rotated home in 1949, he reenlisted and soon found himself on Okinawa prior to deployment to Korea. He still resides in Framingham after retiring from a 33-year career in supervisory positions with the U.S. Postal Service. □

First-time contributor Roscoe C. Blunt resides in Shrewsbury, Massachusetts.


From Delinquent
to Hero

In this painting of U.S. 32nd Infantry Division troops in action at Buna, New Guinea, GIs scan the dense jungle for the movement of Japanese troops and clean out bunkers previously occupied by enemy soldiers. The fighting in New Guinea was intense during the late months of 1942.

A soldier of the U.S. 32nd Infantry Division left reform school for the South Pacific and received the Medal of Honor.

BY RICHARD A. BERANTY

DONALD R. LOBAUGH was a juvenile delinquent, a kid sent to reform school when he was 16 years old. People in his hometown called him a bad egg and predicted he would not amount to much. But he did, winning the Medal of Honor posthumously for his actions on July 22, 1944, in the jungles of New Guinea, where he sacrificed his own life to help save 39 men in his platoon when they became trapped behind enemy lines during a Japanese offensive.

Painting by Michael Gnatek, National Guard Bureau

Lobaugh's story is also a story of the early history of the U.S. 32nd Infantry Division in World War II. The 32nd Division was one of the first American forces sent overseas to battle Japanese aggression in the Pacific.

It was one of the darkest periods in modern American history. Hitler and his Fascist legions had overrun most of Europe, declared war on the United States, and set their sights on the conquest of the Soviet Union. In the Pacific, Japanese militaristic might had destroyed the U.S. Pacific Fleet at Pearl Harbor and dominated the landscape from the Aleutian Islands in the north to New Guinea in the south. The fate of the free world literally hung in the balance.

To counter the threat that Germany and Japan posed, the U.S. government took action in August 1940, by mobilizing into federal service the country's 18 marginally trained and woefully underequipped National Guard units.

One of the first to be called up was the 32nd "Red Arrow" Division, comprising mostly citizen soldiers from the small towns and rural farms of Michigan and Wisconsin. Following field maneuvers in Louisiana and later in the Carolinas, the 32nd received orders in late December 1941 to proceed to embarkation points in New York bound for Northern Ireland. They were to be part of Operation Magnet, a concentration of forces slated to take part in Operation Torch, the Allied effort to dislodge Axis troops from North Africa.

But a last-minute decision made by the Combined Chiefs of Staff of the U.S. War Department in March 1942 changed the division's direction, setting into motion a 180-degree turnaround. Placed onto troop trains, the 32nd Infantry Division headed west in what only can be described as a logistical miracle. In just three weeks, its men and equipment were transported 3,000 miles and sailed from San Francisco on April 22, arriving in Australia May 14. Under the command of General Douglas MacArthur, the division (along with Australian troops) would confront Japanese aggression in Papua New Guinea and neutralize the threat of an invasion of Australia. The task was a formidable one on paper, but even more so in the disease-infested swamps and jungles of New Guinea against an experienced and jungle-savvy enemy.

Some two years prior to the division's mobilization to Australia, a 15-year-old Pennsylvania boy, Donald R. Lobaugh, was getting into trouble with the law in the small town of Freeport, located along the Allegheny River just northeast of Pittsburgh. A skinny, tow-headed youth, Lobaugh was one of eight children whose mother, Ida, was left a widow in 1939 when a hit-and-run driver killed her husband. Penniless and faced with the daunting task of raising five girls and three boys on her own, Mrs. Lobaugh did not like the path her youngest son was taking. His main passion, it seemed, was being truant from school.

"He was what we called at that time a delinquent," remembered William Galino, a former schoolmate of Lobaugh. "Back then, a delinquent was someone who smoked cigarettes and played hooky."

Donald R. Lobaugh, a juvenile delinquent from Pennsylvania, found purpose in the U.S. Army and received a posthumous Medal of Honor for action with the 32nd Infantry Division on New Guinea.

But Lobaugh's mischief making would eventually extend beyond the classroom. In 1940, police arrested the 16-year-old for his involvement in the theft of an automobile, and most people in his hometown were sure, more than ever before, that the youngest Lobaugh boy "wouldn't amount to much." He was ordered to appear before a fair-minded juvenile court judge named J. Frank Graff, who sentenced the rebellious teenager to attend George Junior Republic, a privately run reform school in Grove City, Pennsylvania, to which boys were routinely sent by the courts after minor infractions with the law.

"Donald's hatred of school, his persistent record of truancy and potentially evil associates, might lead an otherwise useful citizen to a life of crime," remarked the judge in his order.

Lobaugh arrived at George Junior Republic on September 12, 1940, determined to cooperate as little as possible with school officials. He fought off their every attempt to make him a better citizen. After six weeks of his antisocial and belligerent behavior, the school's superintendent, Arthur T. Prasse, decided it was time to personally intervene.

"I took the boy over my knee and gave him a good spanking—the sort of thing his dad would have done if he'd been alive," said Prasse, who in 1950 would become commissioner of corrections for the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. "[Afterward] Donald and I had a long talk together for a couple of hours. Then we took in a movie, just the two of us, and had a couple of ice cream sodas. From then on came Donald's real reform and rehabilitation. Before he left us to join the Army he held a high elective office in the citizen government and was an outstanding student."

Enlisting in the military, however, was not a given for someone with a police record, and the armed services were not in the habit of drafting those in reform school. Determined to prove his worth, Lobaugh first sought to enlist in the Army. He was denied. Then he tried the Marines with the same result. The Navy said the same. Finally, Superintendent Prasse pulled some strings with Army officials, assuring them of Lobaugh's merits and determination. He was allowed to enlist in the U.S. Army, left reform school on February 11, 1942, four days after his 18th birthday, and entered basic training at the Infantry Replacement Training Center at Camp Wheeler, Georgia, on May 15.

"His heart was set on being a sailor or a soldier," wrote Superintendent Prasse to Lobaugh's mother years later. "He always wanted to play his part, and to show the world his true character and makeup."

The 17 weeks Lobaugh spent in basic training left an impression on the former "delinquent," explained Galino, who had not seen his onetime schoolmate in more than two years when the two met in the summer of 1942.

"I remember talking to him when he came home after basic training," Galino said. "He was very proud of his accomplishments. He told me how he had learned to read a map, and how to judge distances in the field. You see, when he was in school, he didn't have to learn. Teachers didn't force him to learn. Anybody could put their head down in class and fall asleep. But in the Army, they made him learn. That, I think, was the difference."

The situation facing the Allies in the Pacific when Lobaugh entered the service bordered on desperate. Japanese military forces had gained control of half of the Pacific and were firmly established on the Asian mainland. But events would transpire over the next two months that provided some optimism for the Allied cause. First, the U.S. Navy in May essentially fought the Japanese to a stalemate in the Battle of the Coral Sea. More importantly, the battle

"His heart was set on being a sailor or a soldier," wrote Superintendent Prasse to Lobaugh's mother years later. "He always wanted to play his part, and to show the world his true character and makeup."

thwarted any immediate plans the enemy had of landing an invasion force at Port Moresby. Second, the Navy's lopsided victory at Midway in June was a devastating blow to the enemy's naval capabilities. Japan would never recover from its loss of four aircraft carriers and many of its most experienced pilots.

Still, grave concerns plagued the Allies, particularly the enemy's two-pronged drive in the South Pacific—one through the Solomon Islands and the other across New Guinea. If left unchecked, Japan would have the bases it needed to cut supply lines from America to Australia, making an invasion of the Australian continent, just 300 nautical miles from southern New Guinea, all the more probable.

Capturing the vital seaport of Port Moresby was critical to any such hopes harbored by Japanese war planners. To achieve their goal, 11,400 troops were landed at Buna, Gona, and Sanananda along Papua New Guinea's northern coast in late July 1942. Their mission was to trek 120 miles to Port Moresby over the Papuan peninsula via the Kokoda Track, which crosses a nightmarish expanse of terrain that includes the forbidding peaks of the Owen Stanley Mountains.

Japanese soldiers soon learned that few places on Earth are so inhospitable for troops, as the mountain trail narrowed at times to no more than a yard in width with 1,000-foot slopes on either side. Trees in the area were so overgrown with moss and vines that sunlight was unable to penetrate to the rotting jungle floor. And tropical rains, which total more than 300 inches a year, filled jungle swamps and turned small streams into torrents of water.

Nature's forces notwithstanding, the Japanese advance, which included General Tomitaro Horii's highly vaunted South Seas Detachment, also had to battle its way to Port Moresby, as defense of the area was given to Australian troops and local Papuan militia. Nevertheless, the force moved southward from the coast, proving that a determined and well-led army might be slowed but would not be stopped. By the first week of September, it had pushed the small number of Australian defenders back to just 30 miles from Port Moresby.

But the Japanese advance proceeded no further. Physical exhaustion from the arduous march and battles with Australian troops had taken their toll on the men. So, too, did a lack of food and water and the daily bombing and strafing by the U.S. Fifth Air Force. With General Horii's fighting force crippled and no reinforcements coming because of the reverses suffered by the Japanese on Guadalcanal, Imperial Headquarters instructed Horii to lead his force back to the Buna-Gona area and await reinforcements for a future attack on Port Moresby.

National Archives

Japanese soldiers fire a field howitzer during the Pacific War. Dense jungle often impeded the use of artillery on New Guinea, and U.S. weapons proved superior to those of the Japanese.

Horii reluctantly agreed to do so, with the Australian 7th Division, recently recalled from the Middle East, close on his heels.

With the Port Moresby area safe from enemy attack and Japanese forces retreating across the island's interior regions, General MacArthur decided that the best way to defend Australia was to hold New Guinea and eliminate the Japanese presence in Papua. On September 13 he ordered to Port Moresby the 32nd Division, which for four months had been stationed in Australia as part of I Corps under the command of Maj. Gen. Robert L. Eichelberger. Assembling a hodgepodge of an air armada, which included Douglas and Lockheed transports, planes from the Australian civil airlines, and recently overhauled Army bombers, part of the division was airlifted to Port Moresby while the remainder was ferried to the area by sea.

By the end of September, the division's transfer was completed, minus its four artillery battalions. With the exception of a lone 105mm howitzer, its eight-man crew, and 200 rounds of ammunition, transportation difficulties kept the division's 47 remaining long guns in Australia for the entire Papuan campaign.

MacArthur next had to decide how to effectively transfer the 32nd to the Buna area, where the Japanese had been busy erecting defensive positions. His initial plan called for an overland trek along the Kokoda Track, but General Edwin F. Harding, commanding general of the 32nd, and General George C. Kenney, commander of the Fifth Air Force, persuaded MacArthur that an air transport would ensure speed and would not sap the strength of division troops. As the Australian 7th Division continued its push of the enemy back toward the coast, leading elements of the 32nd began their air movement to the northeast coast of Papua in early October, landing at several quickly improvised airstrips at Pongani, about 65 miles from Buna.

Some 32nd Division troops did not make the transfer by air. One battalion drew the hard-luck assignment of crossing the Papuan peninsula on foot. It took the 2nd Battalion, 126th Infantry Regiment, 42 days to complete the march along the Kokoda Track and over the Owen Stanley Mountains.

By mid-November, the sick, starving, and exhausted remnants of the Japanese force, which had so confidently started its overland march to Port Moresby in July, had completed construction of its defensive positions in the Buna area. Theirs had been a miserable ordeal, traversing the Papuan peninsula and back, and many men had been lost to the elements, including General Horii, who drowned when his log raft overturned while crossing the swift waters of the Kumusi River. With the addition of 2,000 fresh troops from China, Hong Kong, Java, and Formosa, Japanese strength in the Buna area totaled about 6,500 men who were ready to make a do-

National Archives

or-die stand against their enemy.

The 32nd Division's baptism of fire in World War II began on November 19, 1942, when two battalions of the 128th Regiment, during a torrential storm, attacked the right of Japanese positions at Cape Endaiadere, east of Buna. With the Australian 7th Division pressuring the enemy on the left in the Gona-Sanananda area, it was the start of a two-month battle of attrition that perplexed everyone from MacArthur on down.

As the official U.S. Army record explains, superiority in troop strength does not always ensure a rapid victory. "The Japanese line at Buna was, in a way, a masterpiece. It forced the 32nd Division to attack the enemy where he was strongest."

The text describes the area as a series of bunkers built in locations that utilized the jungle terrain and existing trails to force any attack into planned fields of fire. "The Japanese had developed a well-prepared, but rather shallow position, extending for over ten miles along the coast. It consisted of basically three defensive groups—one at Gona, one in the Sanananda point area, and one in the Buna area—but the lateral communication between them along the shore was much superior to that of the attackers struggling through the inland jungles and swamps. These terrain features inevitably canalized the attacks into advances on narrow fronts, which were well covered by enemy fields of fire from prepared positions. These positions were usually dug in very little because water was everywhere present, a few feet below the surface of the ground. They were, however, protected all around and overhead by solid construction that included heavy coconut logs, steel oil drums filled with sand, and steel rails—all covered with earth and vegetation that made them almost indistinguishable from the surrounding country. These bunkers varied in size and were often mutually supporting. There were also some concrete and steel pillboxes."

ABOVE: Troops of the 127th Infantry Regiment, 32nd Division, board Douglas C-47 transport aircraft at Dubadura air strip, eight miles from Buna. The soldiers were involved in a large-scale relocation of troops by air during the campaign to secure New Guinea from the Japanese. RIGHT: General Tomitaro Horii commanded Japanese troops who sustained tremendous losses during the bitter jungle fighting on New Guinea.

The complete destruction of Japanese forces in the Buna area was a nightmare for American and Australian forces, as fighting there concluded on January 22, 1943. It was estimated that at one point the enemy lost 100 soldiers a day from starvation. So desperate were their efforts to defend the area that Japanese soldiers stacked corpses of their comrades outside pillboxes for added protection from Allied bullets. They also piled dead bodies inside their bunkers to stand on while they fired.

Casualties for the 32nd Division included some 600 killed, nearly 2,000 wounded, and 7,500 listed as sick. Of its original strength of 11,000 officers and men, total losses almost equaled that number. The hardest hit was the 126th Infantry Regiment. It entered the battle with 131 officers and 3,040 enlisted men. By late January it had just 32 officers and 579 men fit for duty.

Much went wrong for the Americans fighting at Buna, and debate naturally centered on why it took two months to eliminate a numerically inferior enemy force concentrated in such a small area. General MacArthur's headquarters was quick to point a finger at the division's leadership for failing to take the area in a timely fashion and made wholesale command changes, including General Harding, the division's commander.

Command mistakes aside, the division's "failure" at Buna was due to a litany of problems that plagued the 32nd from the outset of the campaign to its conclusion. The list is extensive, starting with a fragmented command structure that put some U.S. troops under the control of Australian commanders and the jealousy and animosity that go with it. It was also the result of inadequate air support, at times being nonexistent when needed and at other times causing casualties to Allied troops.

Other problems abounded: terrain difficulties hampered the delivery of food, ammunition, and medicine; a critical lack of armored, artillery, and mortar support vexed and confounded advancing riflemen; torrential rains washed out trails, made small streams impassable, and filled swamps with water that was often neck high; a host of diseases including malaria, dengue fever, tropical dysentery, and skin ulcers sickened nearly every man; communication breakdowns were common from one unit to another; and division troops, made up mostly of young men from America's heartland, had received no training in jungle warfare. Along with enemy air attacks and the

fanatical efforts of the Japanese soldiers, all of these factors contributed to the difficulty of the fighting at Buna.

Afterward, MacArthur made a terse promise: "No more Bunas."

With the Papuan campaign concluded, men of the 32nd Division returned to Australia in early 1943, and from February through October underwent a period of reorganization, resupply, rehabilitation, and retraining.

Major General William H. Gill, who had assumed command of the division on March 1, described this period in his 1953 memoirs. "The troops had taken part in the Papuan campaign and were in bad shape. I think somewhere in the records it will be shown that almost 8,000 had malaria; certainly the morale of officers and men was low. The men had to be cured in body and mind before any effective training for renewed combat could be accomplished."

The effort to eject the Japanese from New Guinea was renewed in January 1944 and continued over the next seven months as American troops made many amphibious landings along the country's northern coast and offshore islands, attacking some and bypassing other Japanese strongholds. From east to west, enemy bases fell in succession: Saidor, Aitape, Hollandia, Wakde, Biak, Noemfoor, and Sansapor.

The two biggest prizes in these operations were at Hollandia, with its extensive naval facilities, and 120 miles to the east at Aitape, which featured two airstrips and would also serve as a buffer should the Japanese attack Hollandia from the east. Both of these enemy installations were attacked on April 22; the U.S. 24th and 41st Divisions landing in the Hollandia area, and the 163rd Regimental Combat Team from the 41st Division at Aitape. The areas were quickly secured with small losses in American lives.

National Archives

Japanese soldiers, who had previously earned a reputation as expert jungle fighters, fill bamboo canisters with water prior to setting out on a long march through the inhospitable jungle of New Guinea. Disease took a heavy toll in lives and eroded the combat efficiency of soldiers on both sides during the campaign.

As part of MacArthur's plan, the Japanese Eighteenth Army, which was positioned in the Wewak area of northeast New Guinea, was bypassed and left isolated. Australians opposed its eastern flank while U.S. forces occupied positions to its west. With some 55,000 men under the command of General Hatazo Adachi, these troops were hurting in the worst way from malnutrition, diseases, and a lack of supplies.

On April 23, just one day after the American landings at Aitape, elements of the 32nd Division began coming ashore to relieve the 163rd Regimental Combat Team, which was slated to take part in the Wakde-Sarmi operation 250 miles to the west the following month. In two weeks the landings were completed, marking the first time since it initially faced combat nearly two years earlier at Buna that the entire 32nd Division, with all of its attached units, operated as a whole on a single mission.

From the start of 32nd Division operations at Aitape, very little in the way of enemy contact was reported, allowing engineers to convert the captured airstrips into a major fighter base. But by early June the division had extended its perimeter to the western banks of the Driniumor River, 15 miles east of Aitape, and contact with Japanese patrols was becoming more frequent. In an attempt to slow the Americans' westward advance along New Guinea's northern coast, Adachi picked 20,000 of his healthiest troops, artillery included, to march from Wewak and attack American positions toward the Driniumor. Over the next two months, some of the most desperate and exasperating fighting in the New Guinea campaign occurred.

By this time, Private Donald R. Lobaugh, who would become one of 11 Medal of Honor recipients from the 32nd Division during World War II, was freshly arrived from the States. Following basic training at Camp Wheeler, he had been assigned to Company A, 8th Engineer Battalion, then volunteered for the Army's jump school where he earned his parachute. He was then sent, like thousands of other Americans, to Australia as an infantry replacement, assigned to Company I, Third Battalion, 127th Infantry Regiment, 32nd Division, and came ashore at Aitape in early May.

As a result of codebreaking efforts, interrogations of captured Japanese soldiers, and the increased number of enemy encounters near the Driniumor, Allied headquarters was certain that Adachi was ready to launch a major offensive in the Aitape area. General Walter Krueger, U.S. Sixth Army commander, responded to this threat by sending in reinforcements, which included the 43rd Infantry Division, one regiment from the 31st Division, and the 112th Cavalry RCT (serving as infantry). This brought the total number of American forces at Aitape to nearly three divisions, collectively called XI Corps, under the command of Maj. Gen. Charles P. Hall.

General Hall's first step was to encircle the vital Aitape airstrips with a 10-mile, semicircular defensive belt protected with more than 1,000 bunkers and miles of barbed-wire entanglements. Inside this area waited the equivalent of two divisions. But it was a different situation 15 miles to the east along the makeshift American perimeter at the Driniumor, where only three infantry battalions and two cavalry squadrons defended the river's west bank. This covering force had few barbed-wire defenses and just a few bunkers. With the 20-foot-wide Driniumor only calf deep at the time and thick jungle and towering trees on both sides making it difficult to detect enemy movement on the opposite bank, the exposed Americans nervously awaited an attack.

On the morning of July 10, corps commander Hall, growing impatient for the anticipated Japanese offensive, ordered a reconnaissance in force of the area east of the Driniumor River

National Archives

line. He sent one infantry battalion to the north and a cavalry squadron to the south, leaving only two battalions and one cavalry squadron to defend the American perimeter.

Moving cautiously eastward, the two reconnaissance groups, designated North Force and South Force, inexplicably passed north and south of Adachi's main assembly areas and failed to detect the presence of the Japanese Eighteenth Army. That night, Adachi launched his attack, which started with a five-minute artillery barrage followed by screaming waves of 10,000 Japanese troops charging across the Driniumor. The assault completely surprised the Americans and overwhelmed their positions. By morning, the enemy had established a sizable bridgehead on the river's west side and succeeded in isolating the American South Force positioned downstream.

Unable to take advantage of the breakthrough owing to poor communications with his commanders, Adachi missed an opportunity to exploit the bridgehead, which allowed time for the Americans to rush in reinforcements, including 32nd Division artillery, to try and regain their riverside posts. This movement isolated Adachi's 20th Division, and it would take time for Japanese reserves to attempt a link up and resume the attack.

Days and nights of frustrating and vicious combat followed in the dense New Guinea jungles as pockets of enemy resistance first had to be located and then attacked. With the terrain restricting large-scale troop movements, the hardest fighting invariably fell to infantry squads and platoons, handicapped in their efforts because of the jungle environment, inaccurate maps, the mixing of units, and a lack of information as to enemy strength and positions.

Realizing that another frontal assault on American positions was pointless, Adachi's last offensive at Aitape was a flanking movement on the southern end of the American line at Afua, a tiny village along the Driniumor. Defense of the area was assigned to the 112th RCT and the 32nd Division's 127th Regiment, a total of about 5,000 men. Eight companies of the regiment's 1st and 3rd Battalions protected the northern sector at Afua, 2nd Battalion faced the Driniumor, and the 112th RCT was positioned to the south and west.

Hastily dug in and with little protection other than what the jungle had to offer, American troops were attacked by Adachi's men with banzai assaults that bordered on suicidal madness. Several times the village of Afua was lost and recaptured. On July 21, 3rd Battalion's I Company was ordered out of its perimeter to help check an expected Japanese attack in another area. All but 40 men got out when the enemy closed in with such heavy fire that the platoon became isolated and encircled. That group included Private Lobaugh and Captain Leonard Lowry, I Company commander.

"The platoon organized and fought off the Japs through the night," explained Captain Lowry of Susanville, California. "The next morning we saw some Japs set up a position about 8 o'clock to the left of a jungle trail which we had spotted as an escape route. The Japs were only about 50 yards away."

Pinned down by enemy fire, Lieutenant John S. Kerlizyn of Newark, New Jersey, Lobaugh's platoon leader, was preparing his men to fight their way out of the encirclement when Lobaugh approached Staff Sergeant Edward L. Jirikowic of Kaukauna, Wisconsin, his squad leader, to make a request.

"When we were ready to go into that heavy fire to knock out the Japs, Private Lobaugh came to me and said that one man could keep them busy enough to allow the rest to break through safely," said Jirikowic. "He asked permission to try. The fire was extremely heavy and I did not give it. But I did not refuse. Next thing, I saw him crawling alone toward the enemy position."

The 50-yard distance to the Japanese gun emplacement was devoid of cover. Crawling as close to the enemy position as he deemed necessary, Lobaugh stood and threw a hand grenade toward it, exposing himself in the process. The 20-year-old then rushed the enemy, firing his rifle as he advanced.

"He knew we were threatened with heavy losses," explained Lobaugh's platoon leader. "He didn't falter, even when he was struck repeatedly in his charge on the position. He fired his M1 as he advanced and two Japanese were killed at the enemy machine gun. His action forced the other Japanese to withdraw the gun, and as they attempted this the rest of our unit went ahead and broke through. In the advance of the platoon at least 10 more enemy were killed and others wounded and the platoon did not lose a man, except Private Lobaugh."

All eyes were fixed on Lobaugh as he made

his heroic and fatal charge. "He knew he didn't stand a chance," related Private First Class Lloyd East of Trinidad, Colorado. "When he reached grenade-throwing distance he threw one grenade. Just then he was hit, but he got to his feet and charged. I saw him slump a little as he charged, but he kept moving on."

Captain Lowry, as Lobaugh's commanding officer in the field, recommended that the Medal of Honor, the nation's highest award for valor on the battlefield, be given to the memory of Lobaugh.

"What guts that kid had, what guts," Lowry said. "When he got part way across that space, Lobaugh raised up and tossed a grenade at the Japs. They opened up on him right away and I know he was hit by that first burst. But instead of turning back, he got up on his feet, held his rifle to his shoulder, and started to rush the Japs firing as he went. Lobaugh was hit and wounded several times but he kept on blasting at those Japs until he got that fatal burst. No, he didn't knock out the Jap guns. But he made it so darned hot for them that they got the hell out of there and made it possible for the rest of us to fight our way out."

Lobaugh's bullet-riddled body was retrieved from the battlefield by his 32nd Division comrades. The official cause of death was determined to be a gunshot wound to the head.

By August 9, major fighting along the Driniumor River was concluded, and Adachi withdrew his decimated Eighteenth Army to the east, weakly pursued by U.S. forces. Unwilling to risk more lives, Allied commanders were convinced that the campaign to eliminate the Japanese presence in the area was meaningless in regard to the future conduct of the war.

"I visited this battlefield," wrote General Eichelberger in *Our Jungle Road to Tokyo*. "General Gill told me the whole story. The XI Corps directed operations, but Gill was the field commander. After Adachi had been repulsed in frontal attacks, he attempted an end run into the Torricelli Mountains. Gill's force at the right end of the Driniumor Line held the positions against Adachi's last assault, which took place at a point called Afua. Meanwhile Gill sent a force across the Driniumor which circled into the rear of the attackers. Cub planes—the same Cub planes which would have been so valuable to the 32nd in Buna and Sanananda—directed the movement of this force by flying directly over the troops. Nine days were necessary to move ten miles in the dense jungle. When the Japs failed to break through at Afua and began to retreat, they found four battalions of the encircling force directly across their path. Few of the Japanese survived."

National Archives

ABOVE: Peering into a pillbox formerly occupied by the Japanese enemy on December 21, 1942, men of the 32nd Infantry Division solidify hard-won territorial gains on New Guinea. The Japanese proved to be a tenacious enemy, and months of bitter fighting lay ahead. OPPOSITE: Wounded soldiers of the U.S. 32nd Infantry Division await evacuation at Buna on December 31, 1942.

The Aitape campaign was formally declared terminated on August 25, and the 43rd Division replaced the 32nd in positions along the Driniumor. Total American losses were 440 killed and more than 2,500 wounded. Japanese dead were estimated at 9,300. For nearly a year afterward, General Adachi and his troops continued to hold out against Australian forces in the Wewak area until being forced into the mountains in May 1945.

"What guts that kid had, what guts.... Lobaugh was hit and wounded several times but he kept on blasting at those Japs until he got that fatal burst."

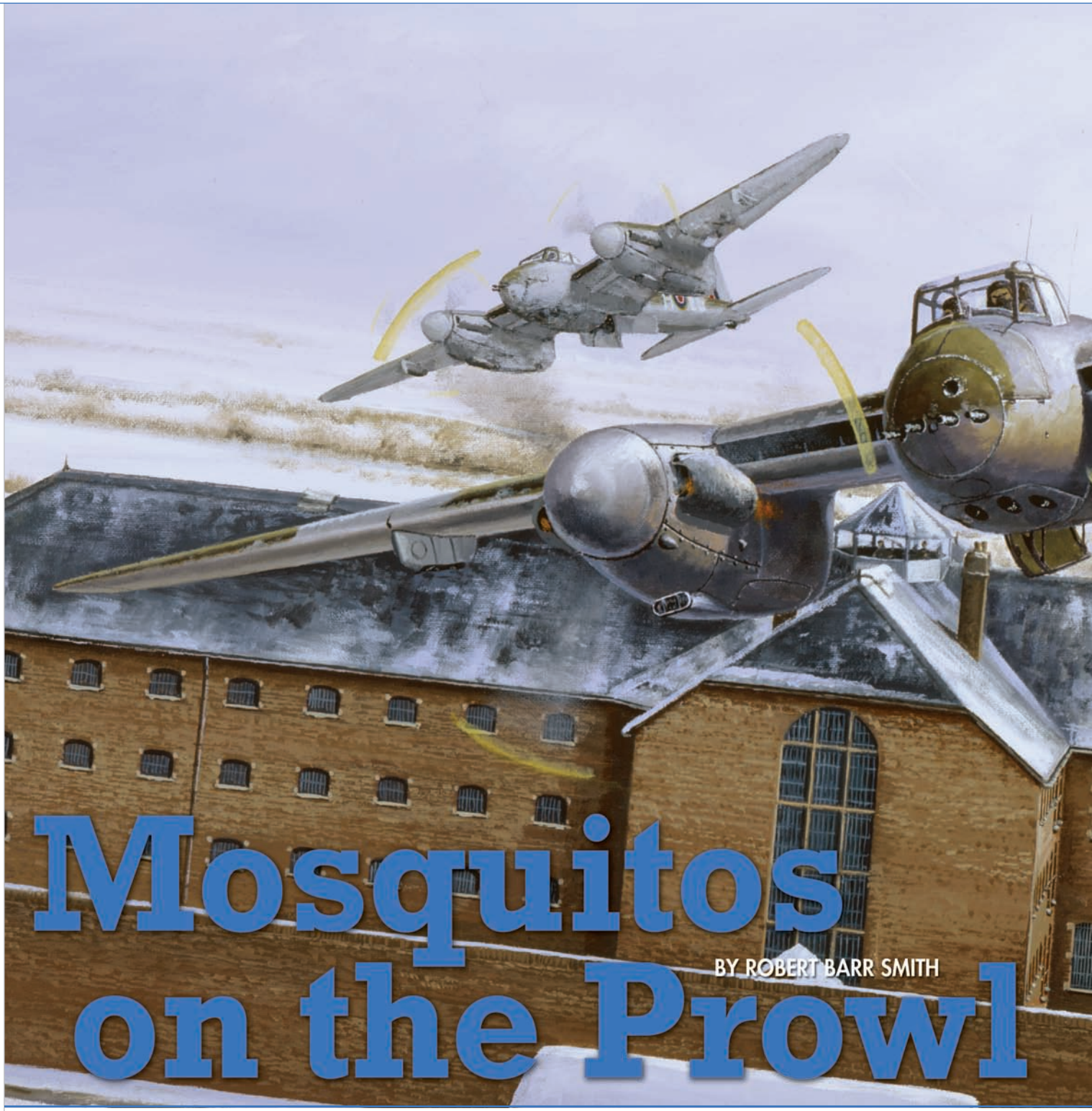
Maintaining sporadic radio contact with Tokyo, Adachi learned of Japan's capitulation and finally surrendered to the Australian commander in September with only a few thousand men of his Eighteenth Army alive. Sentenced to life imprisonment by the Australians for war crimes, the Japanese general took his own life in 1947 in a prison compound at Rabaul.

Following his heroic actions at Afua, Lobaugh's body was buried on August 8, 1944, near the battlefield where he met his death in the Aitape area of New Guinea. It was then reinterred at the U.S. Armed Forces Cemetery at Finschhaven, New Guinea, along the east coast of the Huon Peninsula about 50 miles north of Port Moresby, on January 25, 1945. His posthumous Medal of Honor for conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity involving risk of life above and beyond the call of duty was authorized one month later on February 26, signed by President Franklin D. Roosevelt, and presented to his mother in May.

In a letter dated May 10, 1945, and addressed to Mrs. Ida Lobaugh, Arthur T. Prasse, the reform-school superintendent who had taken the onetime bad boy under his wing, offered these thoughts to the war hero's mother:

"I do not know whether or not from that day almost a year ago, when you first learned that Donald would not return from the battlefields, until this day you know anything of the circumstances of the details by which he met his fate. But I do know, from your contact and letters to us, that you always had faith in Donald, and knew that he would be a good soldier.

Continued on page 81



Mosquitos on the Prowl

BY ROBERT BARR SMITH

MANY OF THE PRISONERS knew this night was probably their last on earth. Amiens Prison had seen a great many judicial murders and much Gestapo torture and brutality, so except for those about to die, executions were routine. Most of those who died within these walls were simply patriots, members of the French Resistance movement, agents, and ordinary people who helped their occupied country against the Germans and their own prostrate government at Vichy. They were held in a separate part of the prison, the "German side." The rest of the prison housed ordinary criminals.

Outside the grim stone walls a bitter February night closed down like a shroud. Those about to die knew there could be no assistance, no miraculous delivery. Locked in their cells behind the thick stone walls, surrounded by a German garrison, in a city saturated with collaborationist police and officials, they were far from help. There could be no rescue mission

Project Jericho was a desperate attempt to disrupt the planned executions of French Resistance prisoners.

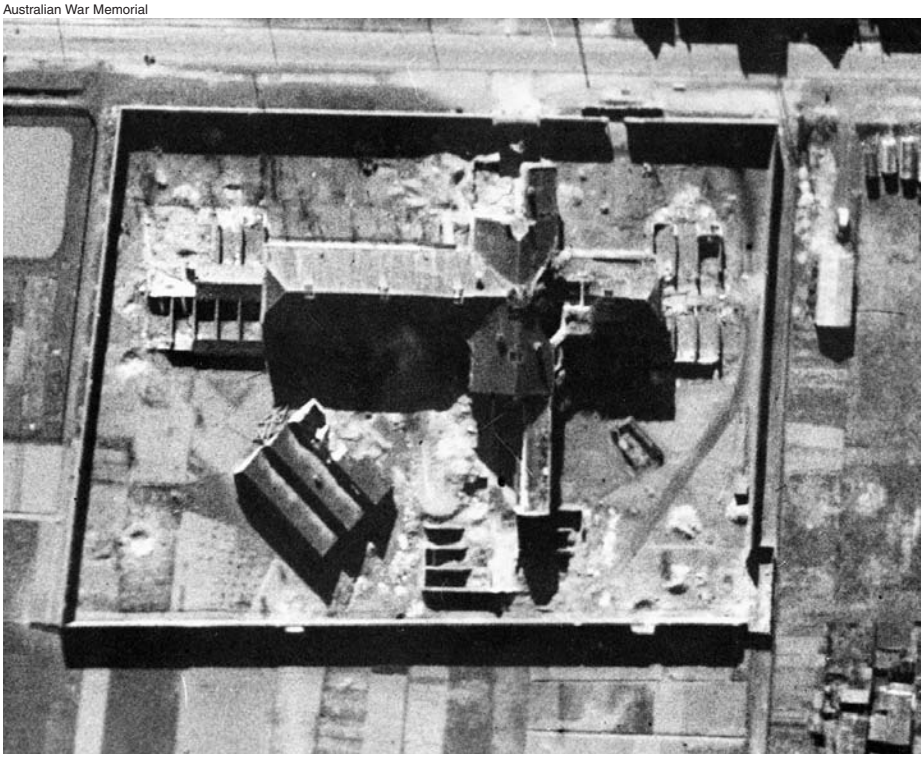
from outside. Besides, the resistance had been badly shattered over the last months, infested with informers, and those of its leaders not captured by the Gestapo or the French Milice were on the run or in hiding.

This was 1944, the year of the Allied invasion, and much depended on information from within France: data on transportation, defenses, even the location of the Germans' launch sites for V-1 buzz bombs reaching out toward London. Effective sabotage was crippled. Most of the heavy-duty transmitters sending information to London were in German hands. The damage to the resistance apparatus must have crossed the minds of those about to die. Many were veterans, and among their fellow prisoners were at least one American and two Englishmen. Worst of all, one of the French prisoners was the heart and soul of the Somme resistance. If the Gestapo found out who he was and broke him, the entire network would crum-

Painting by Philip E. West, courtesy Philip E. West/SWA Fine Art Publishers www.swafineart.com

Imperial War Museum

Australian War Memorial



TOP: Two days after the raid, a low-level reconnaissance photo reveals extensive damage to Amiens Prison. The Operation Jericho raid to free prisoners from the Germans blasted a breach in the north wall of the facility, which is visible at the center of the image. ABOVE: In this reconnaissance photo taken from nearly directly above the prison at Amiens, damage to the north wall is visible at lower right. A large section of the wall collapsed under the impact of 500-pound bombs during the raid which took place on March 23, 1944.

ble, and with it crucial pre-invasion intelligence and information on the German missiles. The Allied intelligence chiefs knew the danger, and frankly agreed that this man had to be gotten out ... or killed.

The French underground fighters who remained free were well aware of the plight of their comrades inside the prison. They even weighed the possibility of an armed ground assault on the prison walls. They were a motley collection of shopkeepers, doctors, housewives, thieves, whores, and at least one pimp, but they shared a fierce patriotism. They would get their chance to help their imprisoned friends, but not in the way they imagined.

As time ran out, the underground weighed plans and the Amiens prisoners thought grimly about what awaited them, thought of family, prayed, and prepared themselves as best they could. Meanwhile, in England, a remarkable man and a remarkable collection of planners, pilots, and navigators were preparing an astonishing feat of arms, no less than an aerial jailbreak courtesy of the Royal Air Force.

The RAF outfit laid on for the task was 140 Wing, comprising Squadrons Number 487, New Zealand, Number 464, Australian, and Number 21, British. From their air base at Hunsdon, near London, the wing was flying "no ball" raids, strikes against German V-1 launching sites across the Channel. These were veteran airmen; many of the aircrew had flown literally hundreds of missions into the hostile skies across the Channel. They were very good indeed. In fact, all three squadrons would be part of other daring strikes, including the March 1945 rooftop attack on the six-story Shell Building, Gestapo headquarters in Copenhagen. They left the building afire and were gone, covered by P-51 Mustang fighters, by the time the Germans could start to recover. A single plane was lost at zero altitude when it struck a building, but the Danish underground reported 151 Gestapo killed and some 30 Danes escaped.

The same squadrons also hit the Gestapo headquarters in Aarhus, Denmark, in October 1944. This raid, like the others, was truly an Allied affair. The aircrew were British, Canadians, Australians, and New Zealanders, and the covering Mustangs came from a Polish squadron. The target was not only the Germans in the building, but especially the mass of carefully collected dossiers on thousands of Danes.

In spite of bad weather, the raid went perfectly. The raiders struck their target hard, avoiding two nearby hospitals. Delighted Danes waved the V-for-Victory sign at the raiders, and on the run into the target a farmer plowing his ground came to attention and saluted as the de Havilland Mosquito bombers roared in toward the city and skimmed over the buildings as low as 10 feet. The raid was carried out without losses, except for a dented engine nacelle and one raider's tail wheel left on an Aarhus building when the pilot closed in to return fire from a building window. One pilot had the memorable experience of watching one of a comrade's bombs hit its target, come out through the building's roof, and arch gracefully over his own aircraft.

The operation against Amiens Prison, codenamed Jericho, had been prepared in the deepest secrecy. Until a scale model of the Amiens Prison was unveiled on a table in the briefing room, none of the crews had any idea they were scheduled for the most audacious raid of the war, rivaled only by the Doolittle strike at Tokyo. Matter-of-factly their leader, Air Vice Marshal Basil Embry, told the aircrew that they were on their way to blow holes in prison walls deep in France so that prisoners inside could run to safety.

The whole idea might have seemed fantastic coming from about anybody but Embry, but he wore his credentials on his chest. He was a veteran of many missions into harm's way. He was once captured but could not be held for long. He simply killed his German guards and ran for it, escaping over the Pyrenees. The Germans put a 70,000-mark bounty on him, dead or alive, so he flew later missions as "Wing Commander Smith," even wearing a dog tag to that effect. Embry was a stern taskmaster, but a fine leader, intensely concerned about his men. When an assemblage of high-ranking officers pressed him to take the Vultee Vengeance dive-bomber for use, Embry had been adamant: "I will not be a party to my men being killed in the Vultee Vengeance." And that was that.

They would have to attack the prison soon, Embry said, since some of the prisoners were slated to be executed in the near future. The group would be braving miserable weather, German flak, and a cloud of fighters, including the Focke-Wulf FW 190s of the Abbeville Boys. These were the pilots who painted the noses of their fighters yellow and followed the legendary Adolf Galland,who rose to the post of general of fighters. They were a formidable lot.

National Archives

ABOVE: Flight Lieutenant J.A. Bradley adjusts the Mae West flotation device of Wing Commander Percy "Pick" Pickard prior to takeoff for the attack on Amiens Prison. Both veterans of numerous Royal Air Force operations, the fliers were killed in action during the raid. RIGHT: Pickard clenches his pipe between his teeth while standing in front of his de Havilland Mosquito bomber.

So was the man who would command the wing during the raid. Embry had been forbidden to lead, a bitter disappointment, but he had confidence in the man who flew in his place. Percy Pickard—"Pick" to his pilots—was the wing commander and himself a storied veteran of innumerable missions into the teeth of the Luftwaffe. Pickard had been an Army officer of the King's African Rifles before the war but had transferred to the Royal Air Force. As it turned out, he and the RAF were made for each other.

He had been actively flying operational missions since 1940, including over 100 nocturnal flights into occupied France, landing little Lysander liaison aircraft and Hudson bombers in pastures to deliver agents and supplies. In 1942, he led the bombers that dropped paratroops who raided the German radar station at Bruneval, shot some Germans, took the set apart, and made off by sea, taking a vital part back to England. He also flew conventional missions: shot down on a bombing mission in the Ruhr, Pickard crash-landed in the North Sea, where he and his crew bobbed around in a rubber boat—in a minefield—until their little craft drifted clear and they could be rescued. Pickard stood over six feet four, but he was nevertheless a gentle man who loved animals of all kinds, from rabbits to snakes, and particularly his English sheepdog Ming.

When someone asked about the precise course, the answer was vintage Pickard: "Bugger the course. Just follow me—you'll be all right."

Imperial War Museum

Dead serious about their job, professional to their bootheels, the men of the wing nevertheless had a light side, very much in the RAF tradition. Visited by the king and queen at an airport at which they had been earlier stationed, the flattered Pickard was asked by the king the significance of a track of black barefoot prints leading up the mess wall and across the ceiling. Pickard, realizing that appropriate wall and ceiling cleaning had been overlooked, had to admit that the tracks were his, hoisted up by his pilots during an especially jovial party after the highly successful Bruneval raid, his feet covered with shoe polish. "But what," said His Majesty, "are those two especially large blobs in the center of the ceiling?"

"I regret to say, sir," said Pickard, "that those are the marks of my bottom." He apologized, but he and his pilots found that the royal couple had a sense of humor.

All three squadrons of the raider group flew the de Havilland Mosquito, probably the finest fighter-bomber of the war. The "wooden wonder," as she was called, was constructed largely of plywood from Canada and balsa wood from Ecuador. Her parts were put together in woodworking shops all across Britain—"every piano factory" Göring grumbled, when the Mosquito proved faster than any German fighter of the day. Then the final assembly took place at de Havilland, where the sections were put together in concrete molds, the glue bom-

Imperial War Museum

Imperial War Museum

ABOVE: Mosquitos of No. 487 Squadron Royal New Zealand Air Force clear the walls of Amiens Prison after dropping their 500-pound bombs on the facility. The first explosions are visible, striking near the south wall of the prison. RIGHT: This photograph taken by one of the attacking planes of No. 464 Squadron Royal Australian Air Force shows smoke rising thickly from the damaged north and east wings of Amiens Prison. The Australians participated in the second wave of Operation Jericho, while the Germans were on full alert.

barded with microwaves to hurry the drying.

Even the early prototype reached a speed of 392 miles per hour, an unheard of speed for the day. The Mosquito's power came from a pair of Rolls Royce Merlins, the same engine that drove the Supermarine Spitfire and made an ordinary airplane called the Mustang into a long-range wonder, the finest single-engine fighter of the war. The Mosquito appeared in all sorts of configurations besides light bomber. It flew as a photo reconnaissance aircraft, radar-equipped night fighter, heavy bomber escort, and one version, armed with rockets and a 57mm cannon, was developed to stalk German U-boats. During the war they flew more than 28,000 missions, one aircraft flying 213 sorties. Mosquitos struck Berlin in early 1943, giving lie to Göring's boast that no British bomber would ever reach the capital of Nazi Germany.

The Mosquito carried a prodigious sting. The airplanes that would attack the prison were armed with four machine guns and four cannon in addition to their bomb loads. Much thought had gone into those loads, and especially into how the bombs were to be dropped. Since the idea was to blow holes in the walls through which the prisoners could run to escape, and the RAF was coming in on the deck—"naught feet" as the pilots put it—the Mosquitos were in effect skip bombing and using delayed action ordnance at that. They had to hold a speed well below what the airplane would do and use great care to leave space between waves so that the bombs of the wave ahead of them would not go off before the next wave flew into the explosions of British bombs ahead of them. The impact generated by the bombs would also, the planners hoped, shake open the locks on cell doors or spring their hinges.

One thing favored the attackers besides their experience and the quality of their aircraft. The ground around the prison was relatively flat and free of trees, houses, or other obstructions, making low-level attack possible. They would go in in waves of six airplanes on a front of about 100 yards. Each aircraft would drop its load of four bombs at once. If one wave failed to demolish its target, the next wave would follow up and bomb it. Since the bombs carried delay fuses, the later waves had to be sure they did not follow too closely behind the aircraft ahead of them.

Embry, Pickard, and their crews knew there was a substantial chance of civilian casualties inside the prison, but there was no help for that if the escape was to succeed. The French underground knew it too, but was ready to help. The handful of resistance leaders alerted to the raid knew only that if and when it came it would be at midday. They collected bicycles, men, and

vehicles near the prison around noon each day, ready to hide escapers and spirit them away. They included a stock of weapons, in case they had to rush gaps in the walls to help prisoners out to freedom. There was also a vast stock of identity documents, stolen or expertly forged, many with real seals.

The motor vehicles were Gazogenes, which ran grumpily on gas from a wood-burning contraption on the rear. It then pumped the gas into a peculiar looking tank perched on the roof. They were ungraceful and ran at a glacial pace, but they were all that was available to the French civilian population and at least they would not attract unwanted attention from the Germans or the Vichy police.

February 19 dawned cold and thickly overcast, miserable weather into which no civilian aircraft would ever have ventured. Nevertheless, the raid was a go, driven by the ominous knowledge that more delay, even a day, might be the deaths of more prisoners at Amiens. One frightening piece of information passed to the resistance indicated that the execution would be on the 19th, and a mass grave had already been dug.

The wing's attack was minutely orchestrated. The first squadron, 487 New Zealand, would split into two three-plane sections, each section to strike a different side of the walls. The Australians, also flying in two three-plane sections, would follow, attacking the corners of the main building. Six aircraft of 21 British were in reserve, ready to hit anything that was not destroyed or that Pickard ordered. He would orbit over the prison, identifying targets that needed more work, and a photo recon Mosquito would record the damage.

Each squadron would be covered by a squadron of burly Hawker Typhoon fighters. The big Typhoon, lineal descendant of the famous Hurricane, was designed as an interceptor. Instead it won its spurs as a low-level fighter and fighter-bomber: fast, armed to the teeth, a full match for the Luftwaffe's Focke-Wulf FW 190 at the altitudes at which the Mos-

Australian War Memorial

ABOVE: This photo, taken from inside Amiens Prison after the Operation Jericho raid, reveals serious damage to the complex. The junction of the north and west wings of the prison has been struck by several bombs. The photographer's back is to the large breach which was blasted in the outer west wall of the prison. OPPOSITE: Australian combat artist Dennis Adams captured the drama of Operation Jericho in *Breaching of Amiens Prison* as a Mosquito bomber rises from the complex, which is shrouded in smoke from bomb blasts.

quitos would operate.

Pickard would watch for prisoners running through breaches in the walls, a sure sign of success. But if, he said, there were no escapers, 21 Squadron would be ordered in to bomb the jail itself. "We have been informed," he said, "that the prisoners would rather be killed by our bombs than by German bullets." It was something nobody wanted to do, but 21 was grimly prepared to strike the heart of the prison. There would be, he added, complete radio silence, and anybody who brought a bomb back to England would answer to him personally. And when someone asked about the precise course, the answer was vintage Pickard: "Bugger the course. Just follow me—you'll be all right."

The three squadrons took off into the murk of a miserable morning. It was snowing over southeastern England, but meteorology held out hope that the weather would improve once they reached France. At the start, it could not have been worse. The snow poured in against the Mosquitos' canopies, clouds were down to 100 feet or so, and there was no hope of keeping formation. Several aircraft lost all touch with the others, including Pickard himself, and two Mosquitos narrowly avoided collision. Four crews were hopelessly lost, and at last had to turn back. They could not reach the prison in time to meet the exacting timetable of the raid.

Still another pilot lost an engine over France. Flying too slow to press on, he jettisoned his bombs and turned for home. Hit by flak on the way, with only one arm and one leg working, blood streaming from his neck, he hung on grimly. His observer managed to give him a shot of morphine, and he flew for home. Miraculously, he would make it. The rest pressed on, flying so low that their propwash kicked up great clouds of snow, skimming so near rows of power poles and lines of poplars that some of the Mosquitos had to raise one wing to avoid collision.

The attack went in as planned, the aircraft skimming over the walls as they climbed after their drop. As great breaches appeared in the walls, little figures began to run for open country, sprinting for their freedom through the gaps. "You could tell them from the Germans," said one RAF man, "because every time a bomb went off, the Germans would dive to the ground, but the prisoners kept on running like hell." The bombs blew several small breaches in the north wall of the prison, a big one in the south wall, and an enormous hole where the west and north walls came together.

One aircraft dropped its load against the guardhouse and wall and climbed hard, skimming over a sort of gargoyle figure on the wall. Climbing away, they watched one bomb blow in the guardhouse, two more in the wall.

Some of the guard force lay dead or wounded in their mess hall; others wandered aimlessly through the ruins. Meanwhile, two prisoners —one a professional thief who picked the locks on the filing cabinets—were busily burning prisoner dossiers in the commandant's office. Two more—one a professional burglar—paused in their flight long enough to burgle the Gestapo headquarters, knife a guard, crack the safe, and burn more heaps of files.

The great escape went on, prisoners by the hundreds running to nearby streets where they piled into the Gazogene fleet and vanished. Some—as many as 100—changed clothes in commercial vans thoughtfully parked for the purpose. Prisoners helped each other without distinction as to which side of the prison they came from. There were no criminals running from the building, no political prisoners, only Frenchmen. Some stripped guards' bodies of their uniforms, becoming instant Germans. One, equipped with a white cane, tapped his way to freedom as a "blind man."

A team of nine resistance members, including at least one prostitute, raided several stores, led by a professional thief called Violette Lambert ... at least that was one of her names. Many of her team were also professional criminals, the women with bags carried under their clothing to receive their loot. The men carried overcoats over their arms, the sleeves sewed closed for their booty. The stolen attire was meant to clothe the escapers, and the team of thieves stole so many articles that some had to return to their cars to unload and return for more. At last Violette saw one of her team being closely observed and shouted, "My bag's been stolen," and the man slipped away in the confusion.

Other prisoners, not so lucky or inventive, were recaptured, many of them wounded or injured. And a few chose not to escape. One doctor, unhurt and able to flee, chose to stay behind with the wounded prisoners and to help dig out wounded still trapped beneath the rubble of Amiens Prison. Other able-bodied prisoners stayed with him.

Other escapers were quickly hidden in private homes, clinics, bordellos, anyplace to get the prisoners off the street quickly. Three were sheltered in a brothel, placed, the madam said, in a room between two rooms where she would send

girls to entertain visitors from German military intelligence, "a tasty Amiens jail sandwich." The madam was an original in any case. She seldom went anywhere without her grenades, which from time to time she left under German vehicles. "Financing escapes with money the Nazis spend here," she said, "is one of my greatest pleasures—the other is killing them." Two other escapers seeking sanctuary—one a forger, the other a saboteur—were dressed in monks' habits and passed across France from monastery to monastery in the company of real priests.

Many escaped prisoners were hidden in the underground vaults of a private clinic run by the father-and-son doctors Poulain, the same vaults they had used as refuge for Jews hunted by the Nazis. The vaults were hard to find, for they were concealed below the first basement ... the morgue. Other escapers were hidden in plain sight, put to bed with their faces bandaged, victims of a "road accident." Others became "expectant mothers" mounded with covers. "When are they due to deliver?" the Gestapo asked. About three o'clock in the morning, the doctor said. Why then, asked the German. Nobody knows, said the doctor; but that was when most babies were born. The Germans bought it all.

The bombing went so well that even the demanding Pickard was satisfied. Standing by to bore in and finish the job, 21 Squadron heard Pickard calling, "Red Daddy." It was the call to turn and go; their extra bombs would not be needed. And then the wing's aircraft were on their way home, roaring across France almost on the ground, chased by flak, pursued by Luftwaffe fighters. The Typhoons fended off many of the German aircraft, and the Mosquitos fought back with their formidable armament, shooting down several of the pursuing German planes. Squadron leader Ian McRichie crashlanded in a snowy pasture, partially paralyzed, his observer dead. He would survive, a wounded prisoner.

As the remaining raiders reached the English Channel, scattered and exhausted, the weather closed down again. Gray waves and thick snow showers cut visibility to almost zero. If they dived under the shelter of the clouds, visibility disappeared altogether. And then, as the Germans turned away about mid-Channel and the earth of England passed under the Mosquitos' bellies, Hunsdon radioed landing instructions, staggering the planes' altitude to avoid collision between tired pilots and damaged aircraft. Nobody had rested at Hunsdon or over at Embry's headquarters. Everyone wondered and prayed. The raid had been a success, but nobody knew how many of the Mosquitos were coming home. Recon aircraft swept over Amiens and the homeward path of the raiders. Now Mosquitos were coming back, queuing up to land, but nobody knew what had happened to McRichie or Pickard.

But Dorothy Pickard knew. For Ming, Pickard's beloved sheepdog, had collapsed, vomiting blood. A sort of supernatural bond existed between man and dog. Ming always fretted when Pickard flew, but she relaxed when her master was back on the ground, even before his wife knew Pick was back safely. She trusted Ming's instincts. "Pick's dead," his wife said. And it was so. Somehow his dog's sixth sense knew her master was gone for good.

For Pickard had stayed too long over the target, assessing the damage to the prison walls and watching his men fly clear. Turned for home, he was bounced, as the RAF put it, by two Focke-Wulf FW 190s, diving from higher altitude to offset the greater speed of the Mosquito. Pickard made a fight of it, nailing one German fighter, which ran for home. But the

Continued on page 82

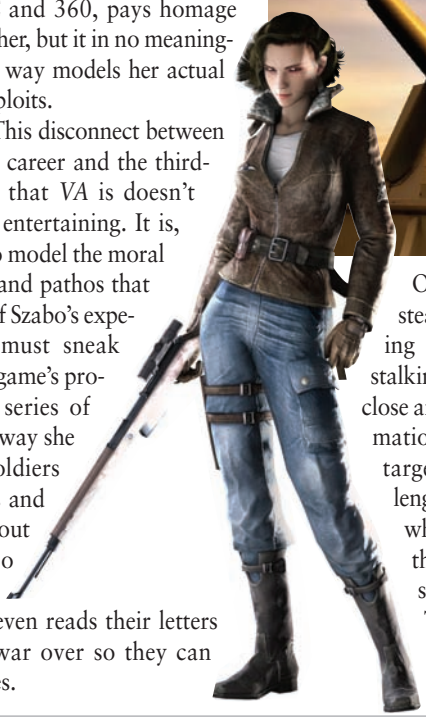
Australian War Memorial

| By Eric T. Baker |

Velvet Assassin pays homage to World War II spy Violette Szabo without re-creating her historical missions.

There is probably a good and tense game to be made about a British spy who is parachuted into occupied France during the last years of WWII. A game about how that spy rallies a shattered resistance cell and then sets about sabotaging German communications while also radioing intelligence about factory production that guides Allied bomber strikes. Violette Szabo did these things in 1944. ***Velvet Assassin,*** from South Peak Games for the PC and 360, pays homage to her, but it in no meaningful way models her actual exploits.

This disconnect between the reality of Szabo's career and the third-person stealth game that *VA* is doesn't mean the latter isn't entertaining. It is, and it does attempt to model the moral grayness and horror and pathos that must have been part of Szabo's experience. The player must sneak Violette Summer, the game's protagonist, through a series of locations. Along the way she witnesses German soldiers committing atrocities and hears them talking about others, but she also hears them being simply human, and even reads their letters about wanting the war over so they can return to their families.



Of course the game is not all stealth. Often, instead of sneaking past the enemy, Summer is stalking them. The player gets her in close and then the game plays an animation of Summer murdering the target. The sneaking is the challenge and the death is the payoff, which would be more fulfilling if the humanizing of the German soldiers had been left out.

The game is fairly easy, even for players who aren't used to controlling a single protagonist. The AI of the German soldiers is limited and they always patrol the same loops in the same interval. Players who have the patience to learn each sequence as they encounter it will seldom have to reload. Only in the rare sequences where there is a time limit, or the even rarer sections where stealth isn't an option and the player is forced to have Violette shoot her way through, will the player have to watch Violette die. So *VA* is a good game, at least partially because its moral grayness makes it an occasionally uncomfortable one.

In contrast to the grittiness of ***Velvet Assassin, Battlestations: Pacific***, from Eidos Interactive for the PC and 360, is a crunchy action game that eschews moral complexity for the simple joy of blowing things up. Big things, like battleships, but also little things like airplanes and PT boats. The hook here, as it was in the previous game, *Battlestations: Midway,* is that the player doesn't have to cause these

explosions from the controls of any one type of military vehicle. The player can hot seat from the controls of planes, ships, and submarines as the battle demands.

The game depicts the battle in the Pacific beyond Midway. There is one campaign for the American forces and another for the Japanese. The Japanese campaign assumes a Japanese victory at Midway, which certainly gives the player more options for expansion. There are 14 missions on each side with the Americans ultimately landing in Okinawa and the Japanese invading Hawaii. There is also an online mode where up to six players can battle against one another.

Not only can the player jump from unit to unit during the course of a battle, but he can also jump around inside a unit. For instance, a destroyer may have its main guns plus torpedoes and antiaircraft cannon. The player can switch between controlling each of these as the game requires. It sounds very hectic, and it can be, but the computer does a good job of fighting so that the player need only jump to where the action is thickest or most in doubt. This is a game where (except for a submarine mission) the player will never be bored.

There are five online modes in *BS:P,* but sadly there is no versus campaign mode so that two players can actually fight the whole Pacific War against each other. Instead there are smaller, less time-consuming challenges. The best of these is Island Capture where players each have an island base of their own that they attempt to defend while they are also trying to conquer the other players' bases. The chaos of the single-player game is nothing compared to action of this mode, but it is surprisingly easy to keep on top of it.

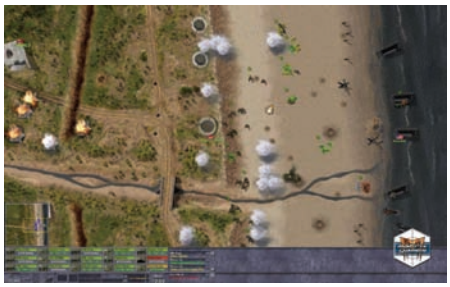
The next game is a dog fight simulation from Graffiti Entertainment for the PSP called ***Air Conflicts: Aces of World War II.*** *AC* makes no bones that it is an arcade game, so there is no long checklist to get any of the 17 historically based fighter planes into the air, and the controls are simple to make the fighting easy. All of which makes it odd that the planes are given only limited ammunition, even for their machine guns. The player can try to land to restock the ammo, but landing in *AC* is harder than in many more technical flight sims.

There are two warnings that have to be made to anyone considering buying *AC*. First is that the text in the menus and in the mission briefings is too small for the screen of the PSP. This is such an obvious problem with such a simple fix it is unknowable why it wasn't fixed right at the start of the design process, much less making it all the way to the launch version. The second problem is the load times. Most missions take a full minute to load, and then another full minute to get back to the briefing screen. And there are some missions in the game that will be over in less than the two minutes it takes to get in and out of them.

Thus warned, the four air forces available to the player are American, English, German, or Russian. The campaigns stretch from Egypt to Finland. The planes include the obvious choices like the Spitfire and the IL2, but also less common choices for games like the Gloster Meteor. The planes are unlocked as the game goes along. They can be lost in missions, but the player gets a few of each in his hanger, so it takes a real string of bad luck to completely lose a favorite plane.

The actual combat in the game is well done, particularly for such a small platform, although there are frame rate issues in missions that take place low over land. Most the planes feel right, even with the PSP's control scheme. The targeting reticule turns red when the player is properly leading the target instead of forcing the player judge when he has this right, something that is much appreciated on the smaller screen. The player has the option to advance the campaigns even if he fails a mission, which is a blessing with a couple of missions that aren't worth the load times to try to win. Overall, for players who have been wanting to dog fight on the go, *AC* maybe the game to do it, but players are probably best off renting before they buy.

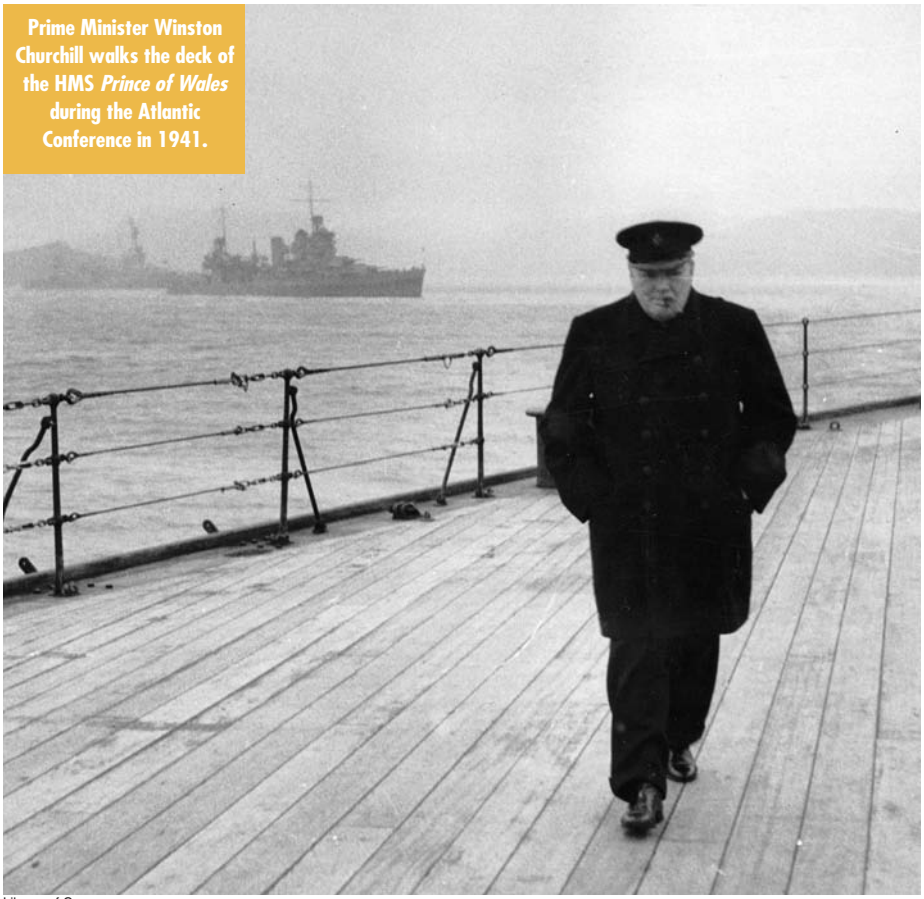
Close Combat: the Longest Day from Strategy 3 Tactics for the PC is a rebuilt and enhanced release of *Close Combat: Invasion Normandy* which was originally developed by Atomic Games. The setting is in and around D- Day. The game lets the player take on any of the individual battles, from the smaller air drops to the full beach assaults, or fight the entire invasion. The player can command the Allied or the German forces, and he can completely customize the battles.



The focus of *CC:LD* is modeling the actual units and events of the battle on a statistical rather than graphical level. Thus, *CC:LD* is more like a board game than a visual experience like *BS:P.* The graphics are legible and clear, and the tactical map includes animation and lighting effects (in night battles, units are revealed by the flare effects from their weapons fire), but the graphics are not fully modeled 3-D. The advantage of this is that *CC:LD* makes available all the units that were or could have been at Normandy.

Each battle is played in two stages. In the strategic phase, the player picks what battle he will fight and what forces he will fight it with. This is also where all the many decisions can be made about weapons, reinforcements, and AI that will determine how hard and how historically accurate the battle will be. Next is the tactic phase where the forces are deployed and given their initial orders. Once the player has done this, the battle is started and the pixels begin to move. Because it covers such a large battle at such a fine scale, and because it allows for so much customization, *CC:LD* can be played over and over without the same thing happening twice. □

By Mason B. Webb



Prime Minister Winston Churchill walks the deck of the HMS *Prince of Wales* during the Atlantic Conference in 1941.

Library of Congress

With Warts and All

A new biography presents wartime Prime Minister Winston Churchill from an objective, critical perspective.

FOR MOST PEOPLE, BRITISH PRIME MINISTER WINSTON CHURCHILL STANDS today as the towering epitome of the ideal wartime leader: tough-talking, unflappable, judicious. His jaunty "V for Victory" sign and inspiring rhetoric did much to harden Britain's resolve when the island nation faced nearly alone an overwhelming German force.

It is easy, therefore, to overlook Churchill's faults and foibles which, according to author Christopher Catherwood, were many and had a devastating legacy all their own.

In ***Winston Churchill: The Flawed Genius of World War II*** (Berkley Caliber, New York, 2009, 326 pp., photographs, bibliography, index, hardcover, $25.95), a new account of Churchill's public life, actions, and decisions, Catherwood examines the PM's policies that took effect between June 1940 and December 1941— policies that the author convincingly argues actually hindered more than helped the Allied cause.

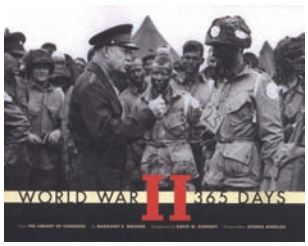
From dispatching British troops to North Africa, where they successfully engaged the enemy and then diverting many of his forces to Greece and Crete where they met with disaster, Churchill squandered numerous opportunities for victory. He also squandered valuable British and U.S. resources by his stubborn insistence on the Mediterranean Theater's importance while discounting American desires and plans to win the war in 1943.

Churchill's directives not only extended the conflict but also destabilized several regions in the Middle East that remain in chaos even at the dawn of the 21st century.

Further, Catherwood asserts that Churchill was fond of "doctoring" the wartime history he authored to make himself look even more heroic than he was. Whether one agrees with the author's conclusions or not, the book makes for fascinating and provocative reading.

World War II 365 Days, by Margaret E, Wagner, Harry N. Abrams, New York, 2009, 752 pp., photographs, bibliography, index, hardcover, $29.95.

Drawn from the vast collections of the Library of Congress, *World War II 365 Days* is a unique compilation of riveting text and more than 500 images, many in color, that reveals the drama and complexity of the greatest conflict in human history. Photographs, lithographs, political cartoons, maps, on-the-scene combat art, and other visual materials from all the major combatants, including much material rarely seen, combine to tell the interlocking stories of people caught in the global, man-made catastrophe.



Quotes from letters, diaries, speeches, and memoirs are included in the text and help capture the drama and scale of the war: the carnage and desperate bravery on battlefields from Normandy to Iwo Jima, the epic air and sea battles, the unparalleled brutality of the major Axis nations, the homefront sacrifices made by people in all walks of life and in all combatant countries, and the miracle of mobilization that made the United States the "arsenal of democracy."

The handsome, hefty, 752-page book is organized into 12 chronological and thematic chapters that extend from prewar events that led to the conflict, through a year-by-year examination of the war itself, and into its aftermath. A timeline running throughout the book highlights pivotal events.

World War II 365 Days is much more than a gallery of major figures and events; it is a vivid mosaic of the battlefield and home front experiences of the ordinary people who endured years of destruction and uncertainty.

All in all, a stunning publishing achievement.

You deserve a factual look at . . .

A Demilitarized Palestinian State (II)

Should Israel, should the world rely on it?

It is the declared policy of the United States government (and of most of the world) that in order to bring peace to the Middle East, the creation of a Palestinian state – the two-state solution – is indispensable. Even many Israelis have come to agree with that. But it is generally understood and taken for granted that such a state, which would essentially consist of Judea/Samaria (the "West Bank") and Gaza, would have to be totally demilitarized.

What are the facts?

Israel is a very small country. Israel is surrounded by enemies. It is a very small country. Including the Golan and the "West Bank," it is only one-half the size of San Bernardino county in California. Israel concluded peace with Egypt in 1978 and some years later with Jordan. Most other Arab states are still in a declared or undeclared state of war with Israel. Iran, Muslim though not Arab, is the most determined and deadly of them all. It lurks in the background, its foremost military and political objective being the destruction of the State of Israel, which is quite openly declared.

Recent events in Gaza, regrettably, are an indicator of what Israel could expect from an independent Palestinian state, even though declared to be "demilitarized." Hamas, the terror organization in control of Gaza, has lobbed close to 10,000 rockets into Israel. Until now, these rockets have been of relatively poor quality, of fairly short range, and of limited accuracy. Even so, they have caused much damage and injuries and have put the Israeli localities affected into an almost constant state of alarm, making normal life impossible.

Even after the hard lesson that Israel taught Hamas in the recent short war, the terror continues: rockets fall almost daily on the Israeli cities within range. But, supplied by Iran and China, and smuggled through tunnels from the Sinai into Gaza, much more sophisticated rockets are now making their appearance. Larger population centers such as Beersheba and Jerusalem are coming within range.

Demilitarization is a myth. Nobody can reasonably doubt that even if Israel, under the never-ending pressure of world opinion, were to relinquish control of the "West Bank," a scenario similar to what happened and continues to happen in Gaza would prevail. Even if the "West Bank" Palestinians would wish not to become an armed camp similar to Gaza, the reality is that the Arab nations would not allow that. In contrast to Gaza, which is isolated from the world and which can be reached only through tunnels made and used under the "watchful eyes" of the cooperating Egyptians, the "West Bank" is totally accessible. The "Palestinian Authority," which is in control of the "West Bank," has thousands of trained soldiers disguised as police. Those so-called police are poised to be helicoptered in minutes to positions on the border with Israel, with armed forces from Syria reaching them within the same night. But such mobilization of the "demilitarized" Palestine would not even be required. As the Gaza experience shows, the weapons of preference of the Palestinian terrorists are rockets – either the Qassam, which are raining on Israel from Gaza, the Soviet-made Katyushas – highly efficient, truck-mounted and mobile, which are ideal for hit-and-run raids against Israel – or the even more advanced Iranian and Chinese missiles, that are now in the pipeline. Israel could not prevent them from flooding the "West Bank." A look at the map makes clear that even with the missiles of present performance and a hostile and not at all "demilitarized" Palestine covering Israel with missiles from Gaza and from the Judean ridges of the "West Bank," virtually all of Israel would be under the Palestinian guns, from every point of the border, which would by then have lengthened from about 60 miles to over 200 miles. Virtually all of Israel's population centers would be within range. So would virtually all of the country's industrial centers, the military establishments and the country's only international airport. Life in Israel would quite literally grind to a standstill.

> "One can only hope that the Israeli people... and the government of "Bibi" Netanyahu will understand the peril [of a Palestinian state] and will act accordingly."

While the idea of a Palestinian state may have some merit, there is abundant proof – the most recent being the continuing rocket attacks from Gaza – that such a state, whatever the promises at its creation, would represent an immediate existential threat to Israel. There has never been such a Palestinian state and the creation of such a state is not the primary nor even the secondary goal of the Arabs. Their primary and never-changing goal – overshadowing everything else – is the destruction of Israel – "wiping it off the map," to use the fanatic Muslims' favorite phrase. After unwisely having turned Gaza over to the Palestinians, yielding the "West Bank" to its sworn enemies would make Israel indefensible. Israel would be laying the groundwork for its own destruction. Tanks, warplanes, and infantry battalions would only be needed for the final mopping-up process. In the meantime, the missile batteries located in Gaza and on the Judean ridges – Israel's proposed new borders – would suffice to paralyze life and industrial activity in Israel. One can only hope that the Israeli people and Israel's new government under "Bibi" Netanyahu will understand this peril and will act accordingly.

This message has been published and paid for by

FLAME

Facts and Logic About the Middle East
P.O. Box 590359 ■ San Francisco, CA 94159
Gerardo Joffe, President

FLAME is a tax-exempt, non-profit educational 501 (c)(3) organization. Its purpose is the research and publication of the facts regarding developments in the Middle East and exposing false propaganda that might harm the interests of the United States and its allies in that area of the world. Your tax-deductible contributions are welcome. They enable us to pursue these goals and to publish these messages in national newspapers and magazines. We have virtually no overhead. Almost all of our revenue pays for our educational work, for these clarifying messages, and for related direct mail.

To receive free FLAME updates, visit our website: www.factsandlogic.org

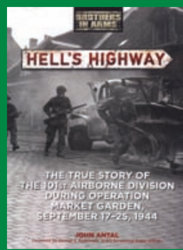
How America Saved the World: The Untold Story of U.S. Preparedness Between the World Wars, by Eric Hammel, Zenith Press, Minneapolis, 2009, 392 pp., photographs, bibliography, index, hardcover, $29.95.

Although perhaps best known as a specialist chronicling U.S. Marine Corps operations in the Pacific, Eric Hammel has shown himself to be an accomplished general historian as well.

Because the U.S. military which, until Pearl Harbor, had been portrayed as a weak, third-rate world power, suddenly became transformed into a superman capable of leaping wide oceans with a single bound, most historians and read-

Short Bursts

Hell's Highway: The True Story of the 101st Airborne Division During Operation Market Garden, Sept. 17-25, 1944, by John Antal, Zenith Press, Minneapolis, 2009, 160 pp., photographs, bibliography, index, hardcover, $24.99.



With the release of *Brothers in Arms: Hell's Highway,* millions of computer gamers are putting their virtual boots to the ground during Operation Market Garden, the September 1944 aerial invasion of Holland, and author John Antal has compiled the ultimate supplement for gamers looking for the true story behind their onscreen adventures.

Combining over 150 archival images, reenactor photos, battlefield diagrams, personal vignettes, and realistic video game screenshots from Gearbox Software, this book takes the reader/gamer onto the Dutch battlefield to recreate in stark detail all the carnage and courage that made the real battle infamous.

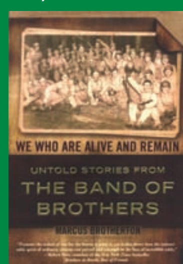
Death from the Heavens: A History of Strategic Bombing, by Kenneth P. Werrell, Naval Institute Press, 2009, 400 pp., photographs, index, hardcover, $49.95.

During World War I, the concept of bombing enemy military formations, ships, factories, and cities from the air became a practical reality. Today, such strategic aerial attacks are still being carried out by aircraft, but "smart bombs," rockets, guided missiles, and pilotless drones are taking over more and more of that role.

Starting at the beginning, when the Austrians dropped small bombs from hot air balloons in 1849, author Kenneth Werrell, a former U.S. Air Force pilot, traces the history and future of the still controversial concept of strategic bombing.

Death from the Heavens is the most complete book yet published on the subject and places a heavy emphasis on the World War II era, when whole cities were smashed by conventional and atomic bombs and when long-range missiles were first employed to devastating effect.

We Who Are Alive and Remain: Untold Stories from the Band of Brothers, by Marcus Brotherton, Berkley Caliber, New York, 2009, 294 pp., photographs, index, hardcover, $24.95.



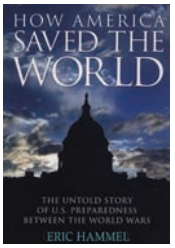
Marcus Brotherton, co-author of *Call of Duty,* the memoir of Buck Compton (featured in *WWII History,* January 2009), has crafted a fine collection of war stories as told by 23 men who served in Easy Company, 506th Parachute Infantry Regiment, 101st Airborne, the famed "Band of Brothers."

Following the late author and historian Stephen Ambrose's dictum to "always let the men speak for themselves," Brotherton does exactly that. Virtually the entire book is made up of quotes from the veterans, without any polishing or editorializing by the author. The effect is a startlingly personal one, as though one has been invited to sit around the bar at a VFW or American Legion hall or at a unit reunion and listen to the grizzled veterans "shooting the breeze."

Without holding anything back, the men trace their military careers from the time they joined up, their training, their trans-Atlantic voyage to England, their baptism of fire at Normandy, the frozen hell of the Battle of the Bulge, and their drive deep into Bavaria and the taking of Hitler's Eagle's Nest at the end of the war.

Their reflections on military service and the meaning of heroism are refreshingly candid and sure to bring a tear to the eye of many a reader. □

ers of the war's history depict that transformation as a something of a miracle. Poof! Here's your army, here's your navy, here's your air force; now go and thrash the enemy with them.



In the familiar narrative Americans have written for themselves, Uncle Sam, that peace-loving and ill-prepared sleeping giant, is suddenly and unexpectedly attacked for no reason at all, while his tiny force of gallant soldiers, sailors, and airmen hold the line with obsolescent equipment so that the draft boards and factories can cobble together an unbeatable military force.

As with most myths, this one is particularly false. Author Hammel's cool appraisal of the facts reveals that America's stunning and powerful moral response to German and Japanese aggression in the mid- and late 1930s was far less a miracle than an inexorable force of nature.

Long before the attack on Pearl Harbor, an alliance of the American government, American industry, and the American military community was already three-quarters along the road toward complete preparedness, a journey that began in November, only a little late.

This program to prepare for a war that almost everyone saw coming was overseen by the best minds the nation had in place. It was a human endeavor so, naturally, mistakes were made, things did not always go right, and plans and visions had to be scrapped or changed as obstacles and opportunities presented themselves. But there is nothing in the conduct of war that has ever run so well, so true, and so straight to the heart of victory.

Hammel's well-written, orderly narrative explains clearly how the U.S. military geared itself up for the biggest, widest ranging fight in the nation's history long before the first bombs fell on Pearl Harbor, and thus how American saved the world. Highly recommended.

Aces High: The Heroic Saga of the Two Top-Scoring American Aces of World War II, by Bill Yenne, Berkley Caliber, New York, 2009, 348 pp., photographs, bibliography, index, hardcover, $25.95.

They could not have been more dissimilar. Richard "Dick" Bong was a shy, pink-faced farm boy from Wisconsin. Thomas "Tommy" McGuire was a wisecracking, fast-talking, street kid from New Jersey.

What they shared was an extraordinary skill at piloting combat aircraft, the legendary Lockheed P-38 Lightning fighter, in the skies over the Pacific. So much did they achieve (Bong

SOVEREIGN MEDIA

Special Collector's Editions

From the publishers of* Military Heritage *Magazine* and WWII History *Magazine, Three Collector's Editions Commemorating some of history's most important battles!

D-Day 60th Anniversary • *Packed full of photos and maps of D-Day.* Ike vs. Rommel. Airborne Assault. The Landings on Easy Red & Fox Green Beaches. A Bedford Boy at Omaha Beach. Disaster at Villers-Bocage. Cherbourg's Bloody Toll. Pre-Invasion Bombardment. Tragedy at Slapton Sands. Deceiving the Reich. Touring Normandy Today and much more.

Battle of The Bulge 60th Anniversary • The 106th Infantry Division Torn to Shreds. German Airborne in the Ardennes. 551st at the Bulge. Patton's relief of Bastogne. A Rifleman at the Bulge. Avenging St. Vith. SS Panzer Escape. Germany's Tanks. The Logistic Victory. German Spies Behind American Lines. The Air War. Malmedy Massacre. Touring the Bulge. Plus Maps, Photos and much more.

Iwo Jima & Okinawa 60th Anniversary • Midway: Pacific Turning Point. Crossing the "T" at Surigao Strait. Battle of Iwo Jima. Japanese Gauntlet of Steel. The Final Conflict on Okinawa. Essex Class Carriers. Ordeal of the USS Hadley. The Sinking of the Yamato. The Atomic Bomb. Final Surrender. Plus Maps, Photos and more.

Quantities are Limited. Order Your Copies Today!

To order by phone call Toll-Free: 800-219-1187

To order by mail, use the coupon below and enclose with your check, money order, or Credit Card information.

Quantity			*Total Amount*
_____	D-Day 60th Anniversary	x $8.00/ea	$_____
_____	Battle of the Bulge 60th Anniversary	x $8.00/ea	$_____
_____	Iwo Jima & Okinawa 60th Anniversary	x $8.00/ea	$_____
		TOTAL ENCLOSED	$_____

Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____ State: _____ Zip: _____

☐ Check Enclosed -- *Make checks to: Sovereign Media*

Credit Card Payment: ☐ VISA ☐ Mastercard ☐ American Express

Cardholder: _____ Expiration: _____

Card Number: _____

Mail this coupon to: Sovereign Media, 1000 Commerce Park Dr., Suite 300, Williamsport, PA 17701 – OR call: 800-219-1187.

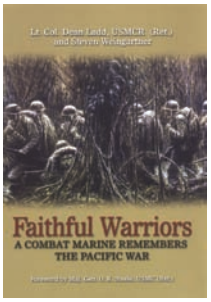
shot down 40 enemy aircraft, McGuire 38) that both were awarded the Medal of Honor.

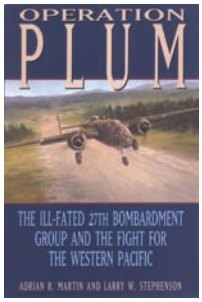
Between them, Bong and McGuire, in different squadrons, shared an intensely followed rivalry to see who would tally the most kills—and see if either of them would live to enjoy victory and peace.

The prolific Bill Yenne has drafted a remarkable dual biography of these two intrepid aviators, taking the reader through their formative years when both were inspired to become pilots by following the exploits of Charles Lindbergh, their military flight training, and their deployment to a combat zone where they honed their craft.

Tragically, McGuire disappeared on a mission over the Philippines in January 1945, while Bong, although he survived the war, died in California testing a P-80A jet fighter for Lockheed on August 6, 1945, the same day that an atomic bomb was dropped on Hiroshima.

Yenne's book is an outstanding tribute to two American heroes whose lives were cut much too short.





Faithful Warriors: A Combat Marine Remembers the Pacific War, by Dean Ladd and Steven Weingartner, Naval Institute Press, 2009, 304 pp., photographs, index, hardcover, $29.95.

As a junior officer, Dean Ladd (Lt. Col., USMC, Ret.) saw combat in the Pacific with the 8th Marines, 2nd Marine Division, and survived, barely, the Battles of Guadalcanal, Tarawa, Saipan, and Tinian.

As such, he is eminently qualified to write a leatherneck's-eye memoir about the savagery of island fighting. For example, here he gives the reader an insightful, up close and personal account of the tension that accompanied the Marines' seaborne invasion of Saipan:

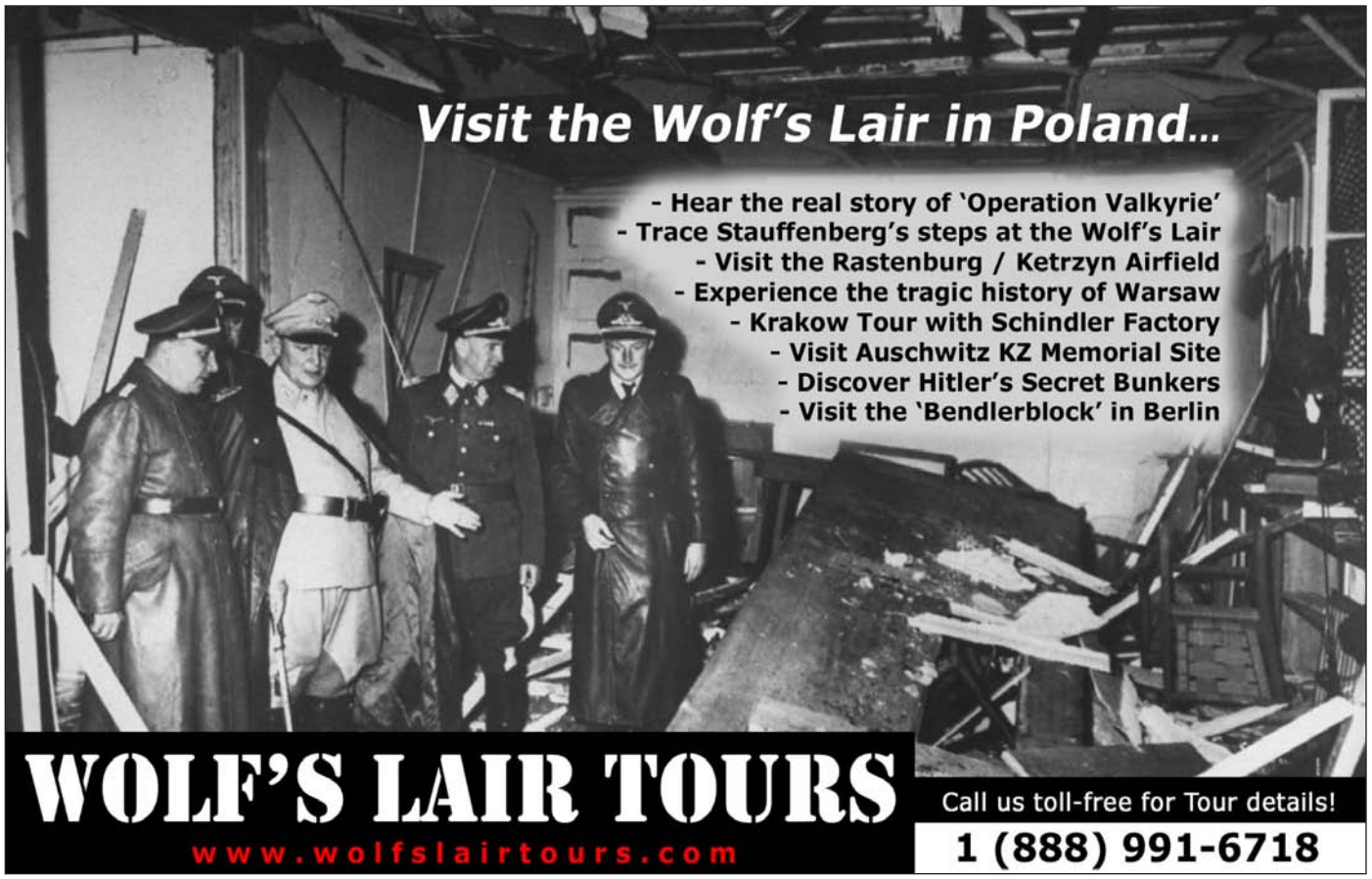
"When my amtrac reached the reef we were all crouched below the sides. There was too much metal flying through the air to risk popping up for a look around. The guys had their heads pulled down between their shoulders, and they stared at each other with big eyes and said nothing.

"The veterans of Tarawa had been through this before and were probably having a harder time of it precisely because of the prior experience—because they knew how bad things could get. The new kids were mostly better off, because they didn't have a clue. Certainly they were scared, but they were also fascinated and awestruck by all the noise and commotion, and these emotions blunted their fear."

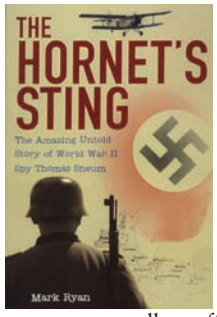
From Ladd's clear and concise narrative, the reader gains a new appreciation of the incomparable character of men who mustered the courage to scramble down the nets into the bobbing landing craft, all the while knowing the ferocity that was about to be unleashed and facing the fear that one's luck in surviving the next battle must surely run out.

A description of the hell of combat has never been more accurately conveyed than in Faithful Warriors. A definite must-read.

Operation Plum: The Ill-Fated 27th Bombardment Group and the Fight for the Western Pacific, by Adrian R. Martin and Larry W. Stephenson, Texas A&M University Press, College Station, 2009, 364 pp., photographs, bibliography, index, hardcover, $29.95.



The U.S. Army Air Corps' 27th Bombardment Group arrived in the Philippines in November 1941 with 1,209 aviators. At war's end, only 20 returned to the United States. The rest were either dead, missing, or struggling to stay alive in horrendous enemy POW camps.



The story of the 27th's ordeal begins with the Japanese raid on the Philippines designed to knock out American bases in the western Pacific on the same morning as the attack on Pearl Harbor. While about half of the 27th's pilots went to retrieve their planes that had been diverted by the attack to Australia, their comrades left behind in the Philippines found themselves fighting as infantrymen on the retreat to the Bataan Peninsula.

Allied air routes to the Philippines were soon cut by the Japanese, and the men on Bataan were taken prisoner and forced into the infamous Death March. Those who survived this ordeal spent the rest of the war in POW camps. But the 27th, and other such units, were pivotal in delaying the Japanese timetable for conquest, a delay that undoubtedly changed the course of the war in the Pacific.

Co-author Stephenson's uncle, Glenwood Stephenson, was a squadron leader in the 27th and managed to be evacuated before the fall of the Philippines, but died in an aircraft crash in April 1942.

Based largely on primary materials, *Operation Plum* is a heart-pounding account of a little known aspect of heroism above and beyond the call of duty.

To Keep the British Isles Afloat: FDR's Men in Churchill's London, 1941, by Thomas Parrish, Smithsonian Books, New York, 2009, 336 pp., photographs, bibliography, index, hardcover, $26.99.

In the dark days of 1940 and 1941, after the fall of France and before the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor, London was the center of world political theater. The great question was: Could Britain, with the help of officially neutral America, hold out against the might of Nazi Germany?

To keep the antiwar U.S. Congress happy, President Franklin D. Roosevelt had to walk a fine line between neutrality and all-out involvement in the conflict. His solution was ingenious: a "Lend-Lease" program that provided Britain with the arms and other supplies she needed to defend herself.

But was Prime Minister Winston Churchill, widely regarded as a reckless politician and perhaps even a drunkard, a good bet? To find the answer, Roosevelt dispatched his closest associate, Harry Hopkins, to Britain. Hopkins' endorsement of Churchill ended all of FDR's doubts and, after the passage of the Lend-Lease Act, the President sent Averell Harriman, a wealthy financier and entrepreneur, to London "to keep the British Isles afloat."

Filled with vivid details about what went on behind the scenes of this all-important alliance, Parrish's book explores, by focusing on Harriman's and Hopkins's diplomatic efforts, the still misunderstood beginnings of British-American friendship that exist to this day, as well as offering an intriguing new perspective on the personal relationship between Churchill and Roosevelt.

The Hornet's Sting: The Amazing Untold Story of World War II Spy Thomas Sneum, by Mark Ryan, Skyhorse Publishing, New York, 2009, 368 pp., photographs, bibliography, index, hardcover, $24.99.

James Bond, Ian Fleming's famous character, was fiction. Thomas Sneum, the hero of Mark Ryan's book, outdoes Bond, but is every inch a real person.

Danish-born Tommy Sneum was an enigma to Britain's shadowy Secret Intelligence Service (SIS) for which he worked. Assassination by crossbow, refueling battered planes in midair, escaping across a frozen sea, mother and daughter seduction—Sneum did it all, and it made him a legend in espionage circles.

After years of interviews with Sneum, author Ryan describes the spy's incredible escape from Nazi-occupied Denmark in a beat-up old Hornet Moth aircraft, which he had to refuel in midair by climbing onto the wing. Later, having returned again to Denmark for the Allies, he escaped to freedom a second time by walking across a treacherous frozen sea upon which two of his companions perished.

Sneum's sleuthing gave the Allies precious intelligence about Nazi radar stations and the Germans' efforts to develop an atomic bomb. His reward, though, was imprisonment in England and a threatened execution for being suspected as a double agent.

As Ryan says, "Was Sneum a hero or a traitor; a scapegoat or a villain? When it comes to the dark world of spooks, where does perception end and reality begin?"

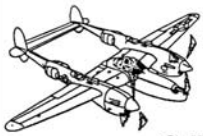
Seeking information on

FREDERICK R. HANSON

(1909-1964)

of Nebraska, Montreal, and New York, who served as a psychiatrist with the II Corps in the North African and Mediterranean theaters. Research is ongoing for a book; any information would be appreciated.

Katherine Boone
frhresearch@gmail.com
202-422-2277



Aviation Models
PO Box 4078
College Point, NY 11356
Desktop, Diecast, Balsa Kits & Custom Models
www.aviation-models.com
(800) 591-4823
Check out our sister web site
The Aviation History Online Museum
www.aviation-history.com

Merriam Press

Publisher of World War II and Military History Books and Publications since 1968

- 20+ memoirs by veterans (Army - Navy - Air Force - Marine - Civilian)
- 100+ titles on battles, units, weapons, etc
- 300+ high quality PDF files of manuals, publications and documents on CD disk
- bi-monthly *World War II Archives* with dozens of articles and hundreds of photos available on CD disk

Merriam Press
133 Elm Street Apt 3R
Bennington VT 05201-2250
Send LSASE for catalog or go to merriam-press.com

iwo jima

Continued from page 41

More than the sound of a rifle shot, it was the spank of a bullet hitting the sand at their feet and the warning of a Japanese sniper lurking nearby that sent Pennock and Waite running for their ship. Their sprint for safety was interrupted by Japanese mortars. Finding safety under a wrecked truck, they waited for an eternally long few seconds, then the shells exploded in the sand not 50 yards away. Marines who looked like they had been in combat for months cursed the Coast Guardsmen for drawing fire and interrupting their few minutes of downtime.

Plowing through knee-deep sand, Waite started down the embankment near the beach and nearly stumbled over a dead Marine whose face was half buried in the coarse black sand. This time, Waite could not look away. Waite focused on the Marine's fingers lying limp on the sand. Waite's stomach tightened, and, even though the Marine was in his gaze for a few seconds, he knew that the image would never fade, no matter how long he lived.

By the middle of the afternoon, *LST 792* had offloaded its cargo and pulled back about a mile offshore where it would lie at anchor awaiting orders to join a convoy. During the afternoon of D-day plus six, perhaps to show that they were still up to the challenge, Japanese artillerymen fired their weapon. Without the gunner's normal need to bracket, make corrections, and then fire subsequent rounds, the first shell hit *LST 792*. The 5-inch shell blew a large hole in the port side a few feet above the waterline. Fortunately, the damaged space had been unoccupied.

On D-day plus nine, *LST 792* joined a convoy returning to Saipan where, rumor had it, the ship was to be found beyond repair and would be scrapped. The rumor proved to be false. With the invasion of Okinawa just over the horizon and LSTs in short supply, the ship was patched up and headed west.

By the time *LST 792* had completed her tour, she would earn two battle stars and shoot down several Japanese planes although she got official credit for only one. Almost a third of her crew had been wounded. On the final leg of her journey home from the war, the ship needed a tow into the harbor at San Diego, California. □

Rod Carlson resides in White Plains, New York. He served as an intelligence officer and pilot with the United States Marine Corps in Vietnam.

air power

Continued from page 47

Lampedusa are included, over 16,000 Axis soldiers were captured.

As for airpower's overall effectiveness during Operation Corkscrew, postcampaign analysis showed varying results. While all the mission objectives for airpower were achieved, only 108 Axis soldiers were killed and 200 wounded by Allied air attacks. Considering the size of the garrison and the weight of the bombing, these were meager casualties indeed.

Zuckerman's analysis of the bombings showed very little damage to the underground facilities. As a matter of fact, the underground hangar and related facilities proved impervious to the Allied bombing. Most above-ground installations were devastated. The data showed surprising results as to which type of bombing platform was the most effective. While bombing had been predicted to place 10 percent of the ordnance within a 100-yard radius of the enemy gun batteries, this was rarely achieved.

Medium bombers did the best with 6.4 percent of their bombs within 100 yards. The B-17s were second at 3.3 percent, while fighter-bombers were last at 1.6 percent. For the entire campaign, a total of 5,285 sorties were flown against the island with a total of 6,200 tons of bombs dropped. U.S. bombers flew 83 percent of the sorties and dropped 80 percent of the bombs.

It was agreed during the postoperation analysis that the most important factor enabling the Allies to conquer Pantelleria from the air was the low morale of the garrison. It would have been nearly impossible to compel the surrender of a fanatical enemy, entrenched behind hardened and deeply buried works, by airpower alone.

Airpower had won a decisive tactical and operational victory on Pantelleria Island. It was also a victory of strategic significance for the Allies in that it opened the door to Sicily. Some airpower proponents could also claim a historic, albeit disputed, achievement that the victory was obtained almost exclusively by airpower.

The valuable lessons learned during Operation Corkscrew would be applied to all future Allied invasions in Europe. While the controversies about airpower effectiveness continued, the Allies had earned the right to pop a few corks in celebration of Operation Corkscrew. □

Robert F. McEniry is a retired lieutenant colonel in the U.S. Air Force. He is currently employed with the Department of Defense at Offutt Air Force Base, Nebraska.

Continued from page 63

Donald, too, has kept that faith to you and to all of us who had faith in him, and today, almost a year later, his nation is paying him the greatest tribute possible for a soldier to receive.

"Today ... I was just reading several letters that I received from Donald while he was in the service, and one written just a few days before he was mortally wounded. He starts out, 'Dear Dad;' He always called me that while here at the Republic, and I believe that he thought calling me 'Dad' was his assurance that he was going to be the man whom any father would be proud to call 'son.'"

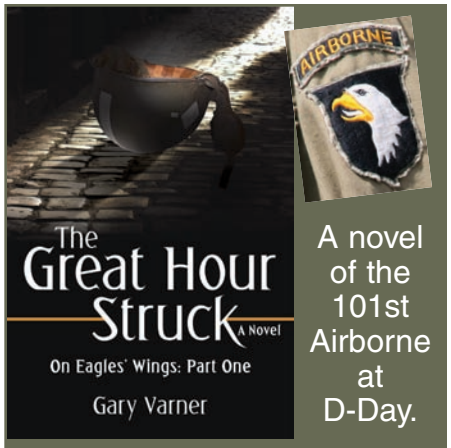
In 1949, at the request of his mother, Lobaugh's remains were returned to Pennsylvania where three holders of the Medal of Honor met his body at the Pittsburgh train station. They were World War II recipients Charles E. "Commando" Kelly and Leonard J. Funk, along with World War I recipient Sterling Morelack. All three served as pallbearers, as did Prasse, the man Lobaugh referred to as "Dad."

Following funeral services in his hometown of Freeport, the casket was escorted from the church by an honor guard from the Western Pennsylvania Military District and his body reinterred in the family's plot at Rimersburg Cemetery, Clarion County, about 70 miles northeast of Pittsburgh.

In 2004, a request for Lobaugh's individual deceased personnel file (IDPF) under the Freedom of Information Act was answered by the U.S. Army's Human Resources Command in Alexandria, Virginia. Contained in the 62-page document is the official cause of death along with a short list of Lobaugh's sparse personal effects, which were placed in a cardboard carton and shipped to his mother on March 16, 1945. It included 16 pictures, five letters, one American Legion card, one sewing kit, one fountain pen, and a pamphlet of the school where he had learned the merits of citizenship, dedication to purpose, and hard work: George Junior Republic.

Today, Private Lobaugh's Medal of Honor is on permanent display in the town library at Freeport, Pennsylvania, a gift from his nephew, Sidney E. Elder. The school that Lobaugh attended celebrates its 100th year of operation in 2009 and is home to approximately 450 troubled youths aged 8 to 18 from one third of the United States. □

Richard A. Beranty resides in Kittanning, Pennsylvania. He is an English and journalism teacher with the Kiski Area School District.



★ INTERNATIONAL MILITARY ANTIQUES ★

• We have the worlds largest selection of hard to find WWII collectibles at great prices!
• Visit our web site to view our full product selection, complete with color photos. Call or visit our web site to receive a copy of our print catalog, FREE, featuring our unique cartoon illustrations.
www.ima-usa.com
1000 VALLEY ROAD • GILLETTE, NJ 07933
908-903-1200 • FAX 908-903-0106

Kampfgruppe
Medals and Badges
High Quality German World War II Militaria
Steve Mezey
358 Speedvale Ave. E. Suite 26021
Guelph, ON, Canada N1E 6W1
Phone: (519) 823-8249 • Fax: (519) 823-8249
Email: info@kampfgruppemedals.com
www.kampfgruppemedals.com


WW 2 GERMAN MILITARIA
Uniforms, hats, insignia, posters, flags, books, T-shirts. Camouflage smocks, hats & helmet covers.
Send $4 ($5 foreign) for the world's most complete
WW 2 MILITARIA CATALOG
www.krupper.com & ww2px.com
KRUPPER Box 11177-HE Syracuse NY 13218 USA

WW2 Books and Manuals
Hard-to-Get and Out-of-Print Books! (Incl. post WW2)
ALSO Specialists in Historic U.S. Military Vehicles
Largest Selection of These Manuals in the World…
Full Size 56 Page Illustrated Catalog & Order Form - $3 ($5 Overseas Air)

PORTRAYAL PRESS
Box 1190W, Andover, N.J. 07821
WWW.PORTRAYAL.COM ph/fax: 973-579-5781

Historical Reproductions by FUNDOMS

German WW1 & WW2 and Titanic
Uniforms • Hats • Medals
Tel. 519-208-6291
We accept major credit cards
www.FundomsMilitary.com

MOVING?
Please notify us of your move 6 weeks in advance, so we can keep
WWII HISTORY
coming to you.
Send us your old and new address, and the date of your move to:

WWII HISTORY
Sovereign Media Company, Inc.
1000 Commerce Park Drive
Suite 300
Williamsport, PA 17701

weapons

Continued from page 14

than the original, was produced in theater at a steel mill in Belgium. Another partial solution was to attach additional maintenance personnel to the battalions.

A third issue to arise was with the ammunition. Bombs were exploding either in the tubes or just after exiting upon firing. Suspect ammunition was impounded, but the problem continued to occur. Faulty fuses were the culprit, and artillery fuses were substituted.

In the Pacific, the 82nd Chemical Mortar Battalion first saw action in New Georgia in September 1943. It went on to fight at Bougainville, where captured Japanese documents stressed to their own artillery to concentrate fire on mortar units whenever possible.

More mortar battalions and companies saw action in the Philippines. The weapons were even used to seal cave entrances, entombing Japanese defenders who refused to surrender. Similar to Europe, problems were encountered with the fuses, especially in the wet, humid conditions of the Pacific. At times ammunition shortages were the biggest handicap.

An innovative use of the M2 was as a fire support weapon for amphibious landings. This gave troops assaulting beaches a weapon to fill the gap between the time shore bombardment stopped and artillery was in place ashore. Mounted on LCIs (landing craft, infantry), the chemical mortars first saw action at Peleliu. The LCIs each mounted three mortars that fired forward over the bow. They would accompany the assault waves toward shore, firing preplanned bombardment on the beach and inland just ahead of the troops. Their fire proved so effective that the original group of four LCI(M)s (the M standing for mortar) was expanded to 60 boats by the end of the war. Many of these took part in the invasions of the Philippines, Iwo Jima, and Okinawa.

Though originally intended to fire only gas and smoke rounds, the four-deuce proved itself a valuable close-support weapon with the firepower of an artillery piece. It was so useful that a succeeding design, the M30, served the U.S. Army into the 1990s in the battalion mortar platoons of armored and mechanized units before being replaced by a 120mm weapon. The M2 helped prove the utility of the large-caliber mortar. □

Christopher Miskimon has served in both the infantry and field artillery branches of the U.S. Army. He resides in Denver, Colorado, and is currently deployed in Iraq.

mosquitos

Continued from page 71

cannon of the second Luftwaffe aircraft ripped the tail from Pick's aircraft and the plane smashed into the ground and burst into flame. There was very little left.

Local civilians rushed to help, using sticks to try to pull out the bodies of Pick and his long-time navigator, Flight Lieutenant Alan Bradley, but the flames were too hot and the Mosquito's remaining ammunition began to cook off from the heat. Only later could they recover the remains of the crew, and one of them cut Pickard's wings and ribbons from his uniform, hoping to hinder any identification by the Germans. In time, the girl who removed them sent them to his wife.

Pickard was awarded the Distinguished Service Order and two Distinguished Flying Crosses over an illustrious career, and many thought he should have been given the Victoria Cross for Amiens. Long after the raid, French citizens came to put flowers on the graves of Pickard and Bradley; they even went so far as to expunge the German grave markings and substitute their own.

He was gone now, and the world was much the poorer, but the success of the Amiens raid was his best memorial. The German guard force had suffered heavily, an estimated 20 killed and 70 wounded, even though the Germans publicly said they had no casualties at all. But even the Germans' own records admitted that more than 250 prisoners had gotten away and had not been recaptured. In fact, the total was substantially greater.

Eighty-seven had died in the bombing and received a mass funeral carefully orchestrated by the French authorities. Predictably, the tame French press fulminated at the British, carefully parroting the party line that the raid was a crime. The funeral was a sad time, but even it had its bright side, for in the cortege of one of the dead, six wanted men walked piously away from the convent where they had been hidden.

Whatever the supine French press said, the French Resistance and most of the French people knew better. And 15 weeks after the strike at Amiens, the Allies came ashore in Normandy. It was the beginning of the end. □

Colonel Robert Barr Smith attended Stanford University, earning a BA in history and a Doctor of Laws. For many years he served as senior lawyer in judge advocate offices in the United States, Germany, and Vietnam. He is the published author of more than 100 articles on military and western history, and 11 books.

A GRAND STRATEGY GAME

HEARTS OF IRON III

COMING THIS FALL

RATING PENDING
RP
CONTENT RATED BY ESRB

May contain content inappropriate for children. Visit www.esrb.org for rating information.

PC CD-ROM SOFTWARE

WWW.PARADOXPLAZA.COM

HTTP://FORUM.PARADOXPLAZA.COM/FORUM/

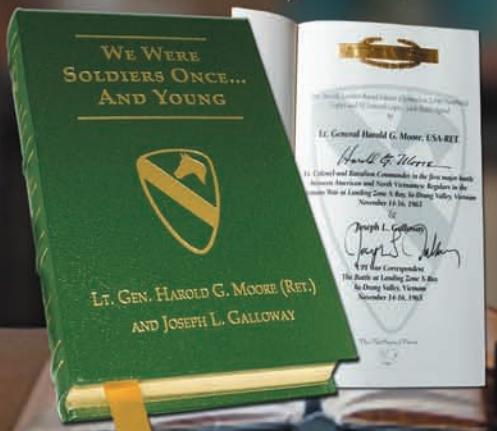
paradox INTERACTIVE

© Paradox Interactive 2009. All rights reserved. Hearts Of Iron 3 is a trademark of Paradox Interactive.

Invest In A Piece Of American History!

We Were Soldiers Once...and Young

Signed By Hal Moore & Joe Galloway



This FlatSigned Press limited-edition copy of *We Were Soldiers Once…And Young* is a great collector's item, a wonderful investment, and a family heirloom to be passed on for generations. Each luxurious copy is bound in 100% leather and features gilt page edges, silk moiré end sheets, thread-sewn pages, a satin ribbon marker, and a dual-hologram tamper proof security **Certificate of Authentication** with a lifetime guarantee. Each book has been hand signed by Lt. Gen. Harold G.Moore (Ret.) & Joseph L. Galloway and comes with an original photo of the book signing.

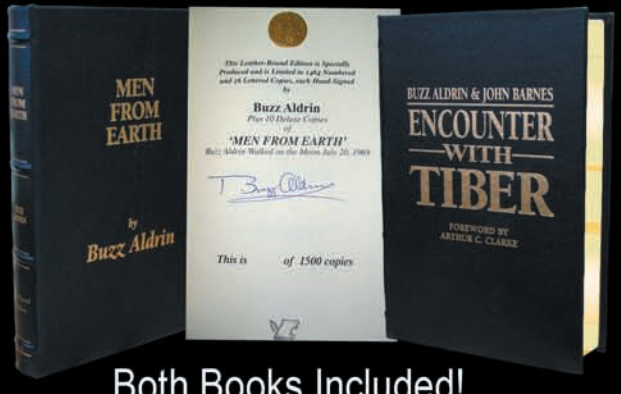
Order Today! Four Monthly EZ Payments Of Only $49

Act Now! 3,000 Copies Were Printed and ONLY 1,900 Remain!

Men From Earth & Encounter With Tiber

Signed By Moonwalker Buzz Aldrin

FlatSigned Press is proud to offer you both of these of limited-edition, hand signed Buzz Aldrin books together. *Men From Earth* and *Encounter with Tiber* by Astronaut Buzz Aldrin are great collector's items, wonderful investments, and a family heirloom to be passed on for generations. Each luxurious copy is bound in 100% leather and features gilt page edges, silk moiré end sheets, thread-sewn pages, a satin ribbon marker, and a dual-hologram tamper proof security **Certificate of Authentication** with a lifetime guarantee.



Both Books Included!

Order Today! Four Monthly EZ Payments Of Only $75

Act Now! 1,500 Sets Were Printed and ONLY 500 Remain!

FlatSigned Press

Treasures of a Lifetime

View our entire collection at

www.FlatSigned.com

All Orders Can Be Made Via Website

Call Toll Free 1 888 568 3048

Books Ship After All Payments Are Made OR Make All Payments At Once, Get Your Books Immediately