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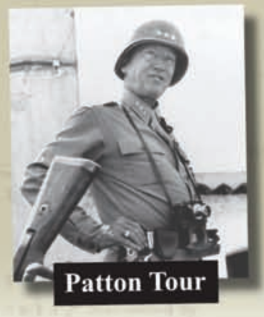
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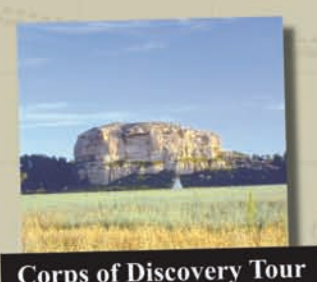
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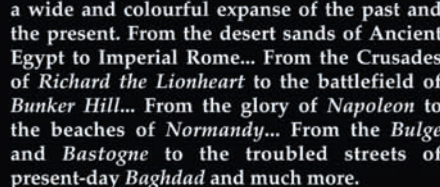

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Cover: Artist Jack Fellows depicts 348th Fighter Group Commander Neel Kearby downing a Japanese "Oscar" on October 11, 1943. Flying his P-47 Thunderbolt, Kearby had a total of six victories that day and won a Medal of Honor. See story page 10.

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Editorial

A rare death photo of Ernie Pyle surfaces after years in obscurity.

IN FEBRUARY OF THIS YEAR, DECADES AFTER HIS DEATH ON THE PACIFIC island of Ie Shima in 1945, a photo of famed war correspondent Ernie Pyle surfaced. Shortly after he was killed by a Japanese machine gun bullet, Pyle's body is seen lying in repose, hands folded and clutching a cloth cap. A telltale trickle of blood from his mouth is the only visible evidence of his fatal wound.

When he died, Pyle was at the height of his fame, having chronicled the toils and tribulations of the common soldier during wartime, receiving a Pulitzer Prize in 1944 and preserving his reports in the books *Brave Men, Here Is Your War,* and *Ernie Pyle in England*. His writing is frank, poignant, starkly real, and still capable of conveying deep emotion. It provided a glimpse of the soldier's life to those at home in the U.S., and the GIs loved Pyle for it.

On April 18, 1945, Pyle was riding in a jeep along a coast road on Ie Shima, near the embattled island of Okinawa, with Lt. Col. Joseph B. Coolidge, commander of the 305th Infantry Regiment, and two other officers. Less than half a mile away, a Japanese machine gun opened fire on the road, which was evidently thought to be safe. Braking to a halt, the occupants of the jeep took cover in a roadside ditch. Pyle asked Coolidge if he was all right, raised his head slightly, and was struck in the left temple. He died instantly.

The announcement of Pyle's death shocked the American public and saddened men in uniform around the globe. The famed correspondent was temporarily buried on Ie Shima, then moved to a cemetery on Okinawa, and finally laid to rest in the National Memorial Cemetery of the Pacific, popularly known as the Punchbowl, on the Hawaiian island of Oahu. Pyle was interred between two unknown soldiers in the military cemetery—not because of his work as a journalist, but because of his veteran status with the U.S. Navy during World War I.

"As far as can be determined, the photograph has never been published," wrote Richard Pyle of the Associated Press, who has covered six wars for the news service and is no relation to Ernie. "Sixty-three years after Pyle was killed by the Japanese, it has surfaced—surprising historians, reminding a forgetful world of a humble correspondent who artfully and ardently told the story of a war from the foxholes…."

Richard Pyle also interviewed James Tobin, a professor at Miami University of Ohio and author of the biography *Ernie Pyle's War,* and Indiana University professor Owen V. Johnson, a collector of memorabilia related to Ernie Pyle. Both scholars asserted that they had never seen the photograph before. Further, the Associated Press reported, "Eight military museums and history centers queried by AP said the negative and photo were unknown to them. This included the National Archives & Records Administration, the most likely repository. "Considering all the photo research done on World War II, and thousands of letters requesting information about our holdings, my guess is it would have been 'discovered' by a researcher or staff member by now,' said Edward McCarter, NARA's top still-photos archivist."

Days later, Richard Pyle published a follow-up story, revealing that the obscure image, taken by U.S. Army photographer Alexander Roberts, actually did appear in two other publications 25 or more years ago. The *Daily Times-News* of Burlington, North Carolina, published the photo on December 14, 1979, along with a story about a local veteran who had received a copy of it while serving with the Navy off Okinawa. The photo also appeared in a short 1983 book by Rudy Faircloth, a retired Army and AP photographer, titled *Buddy Ernie Pyle: World War II's Most Beloved Typewriter Soldier.*

Richard Pyle also reported that the photo had been initially withheld from the public by the War Department, while the original negative had been destroyed.

The latest revelation regarding the Pyle death photograph in no way diminishes its historical significance. In fact, the timing is most appropriate as the United States is currently engaged in a war on foreign soil and the national consciousness is raised regarding concern for and appreciation of those troops who venture daily into harm's way.

Michael E. Haskew

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Dispatches

The 761st Tank Battalion

Dear Editor:

I wish to commend you for your recent article in the April/May issue on the 761st Tank Battalion. As the first African American armored unit in the history of the U.S. Army, this unit fought with great distinction. It is clear that the actions of these brave men helped pave the way for integration within all armed services.

During a recent ceremony at the French ambassador's residence, I had the honor of meeting Mr. Harold Hayward, one of the fine soldiers who fought as part of the 761st. Mr. Hayward received the French Legion of Honor, alongside Mr. Joseph L. Argenzio, a member of the 16th Regiment of the 1st Infantry Division and a veteran of the D-Day invasion, as well as our own Army chief of staff, General George W. Casey, Jr. In my discussion with Mr. Hayward, I discovered that he enlisted in the U.S. Army at the age of 21 while still attending college. Two years later, he shipped out to France and landed at Omaha Beach on October 10, 1944, as part of the 761st Armored Battalion, fighting bravely for 183 consecutive days before being relieved. Mr. Hayward's is one of the many amazing stories from the 761st that have served to shape the Army and make us what we are today: Army Strong.

As a currently serving soldier, I greatly appreciate your publication bringing to light the outstanding efforts of the gallant men of the 761st. They had a direct and positive impact on the history of our Army and that of our nation.

Anthony A. Cucolo III
Major General, U.S. Army

USS *Chatelain* and *U-505*

Dear Editor:

I read with great interest the article, "Holding the Line on the High Seas" (January 2008 issue). Someone obviously provided the author with some incorrect information. The article states, "On June 4, 1944, the *Pillsbury* forced *U-505* to the surface off the Cape Verde Islands." That is incorrect. It was the USS *Chatelain* (DE 149), on which I was serving, that located by sonar contact, dropped depth charges, and forced *U-505* to the surface off French West Africa.

Boarding parties from the USS *Pillsbury* and the aircraft carrier USS *Guadalcanal* went aboard the submarine which the Germans had been forced to abandon, leaving a scuttling valve open, and the two boarding parties were able to keep the sub afloat. It was then towed to Bermuda and left there for secret study.

The capture was not accomplished by any one ship. It was a team effort by Task Group 22.3, Atlantic Fleet. The whole task group was awarded the Presidential Unit Citation for this action.

E. Harold Roy, Pastor
Crestwood, Kentucky

Information Request

Dear Editor:

I am writing to you as a publication that deals with World War II matters in the hope that your readers may be able to provide me with some information, either as actual participants, as individuals having indirect knowledge, or as the children or grandchildren of participants. I fear I may have waited too long in this request as the World War II generation is leaving us at a rapid rate, but here goes.

There are two incidents, both occurring in Italy during World War II. In the first incident, which occurred near Anzio after the landing, a small SS unit came upon a group of U.S. soldiers hiding in a wooded area. The lieutenant described the patch worn by the Americans as blue and white stripes (3rd Infantry Division). The American lieutenant shot the SS lieutenant with his .45, striking him in his magazine pouches. He was not injured. The Americans were taken prisoner, held for several days, then released so the Germans could "break out." The SS lieutenant kept the .45 as a trophy and has it to this day. The second incident occurred in northern Italy sometime later and involved the same SS lieutenant and his unit. During the night they were surrounded by either a U.S. armored unit or mechanized infantry unit. Instead of being disarmed, the SS and Americans spent several days chasing Italian partisans until the Germans were finally disarmed in a manner the SS lieutenant referred to as "dishonorable."

In 1988 my son, an active-duty Army doctor, examined a retiree at Fort Gordon, Georgia, who confirmed the latter incident had occurred, however, my son failed to get his name.

Any help/information your readers may be able to provide would be greatly appreciated.

Wallace Brucker
Eleva, Wisconsin

Atomic Bomb Controversy

Howdy:

Hindsight is generally more accurate than foresight. In Sam McGowan's "Fateful Decision" (June/July 2008 issue) such is not the case. He gives a fairly comprehensive abstract of the progress of the Pacific War. None of his arguments that dropping the bomb was not President Truman's responsibility are wrong. Truman

could have stopped the use of the bomb had he so desired. Thank you, Harry, for giving it the go-ahead. If that is biased on my part, so be it.

I was on the island of Cebu undergoing training preparatory to the November 1945 invasion of Japan when Japan surrendered on August 14, 1945, after having had two atomic bombs detonated over two of the Japanese cities.

McGowan's article is a condemnation of that action and near the end of the article he says Japan would have surrendered by November or no later than December 1945 in any event. That is a wild-assed guess on his part as is the idea that the homeland Japanese would not have died gloriously in support of their emperor while killing as many Allied soldiers as possible in the process.

So I am one of those who disagree with McGowan's assessment of what might have been. I look reality in the face and see what was, not what might have been.

Zane E. Jacobs
Seaside, California

Dear Editor:
Sam McGowan either ignored or missed a very important part of the research for his article about the U.S. decision to use the atomic bombs on Japan! His article has a lot of correct information regarding that time in history, but, as a result of his oversight, it is very one sided and naive.

Japan had two atomic bomb research programs—one directed by the Imperial Navy and the other by the Japanese Army. (One of them was in what is today North Korea.) Although we did not know just how close they were to having a bomb, few had any doubt that, if they were successful, the Japanese would not have hesitated to use it against us.

What we did know is that on May 14, 1945, after the German surrender, one of their subs, the *U-234,* was boarded in the North Atlantic by men of the USS *Sutton,* a U.S. destroyer. It was taken to Portsmouth, N.H., where it was found to have as partial cargo 1,213 pounds of uranium oxide, enough fissionable material for two atomic bombs. The manifest of the sub gave Japan as the destination of the uranium and the crew verified that. They also told our interrogators that another sub with similar cargo had been en route to Japan at the same time. That one was never heard from again, however.

If adequate uranium fuel was all that Japan needed, the first cities to experience atomic devastation could have been American! The delivery system for the Japanese could have been one of their huge I-400 class submarines, the largest in the world at that time. Two of them had departed Japan, headed east, on July 23, 1945, and, with a range exceeding 30,000 miles, could easily have made it to our west coast. These two subs could have taken atomic bombs to San Diego and San Francisco, had they been ready by then, or later, if we had not used ours first.

President Truman undoubtedly knew about the *U-234*—how could he have made any decision other than the one he did? We could stop the insanity forthwith, and we did!

Louis M. Linxwiler, Jr.
Mesa, Arizona

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By Sam McGowan

The Flying Milk Bottle

The Republic P-47 Thunderbolt fighter was a stalwart aircraft that served around the globe during World War II.

SINCE THE END OF WORLD WAR II, THE aviation press has made the North American P-51 Mustang into the superstar Allied fighter of the war. In reality, however, the Republic P-47 Thunderbolt was the most widely used U.S.-built fighter, and in many respects it was the most capable. During the last year and a half of the war, P-47s represented nearly half of all U.S. Army fighters in overseas groups.

It was the P-47, along with the longer range Lockheed P-38 Lightning, that gained air superiority for the Allies in the skies over Western Europe. The P-47 was the second most popular fighter in the Pacific Theater, and it was the Thunderbolt that came to personify the fighter-bomber, a concept that still dominates the United States Air Force.

The Thunderbolt was Republic Aircraft's entry into the 1940 competition for an American-built fighter that would be capable of holding its own against the German fighters that dominated the air war then taking place over Europe. Based in Farmingdale, New York, Republic Aircraft was the successor to the company Russian-born aircraft designer Alexander de Seversky had founded in 1935. Seversky had designed the first modern American fighter, the Seversky P-35, and followed it with the P-43 Lancer, a design that was never purchased by the U.S. Army. In 1939, four years after founding the company, Seversky fell victim to corporate maneuvering when he was voted off the company's board. He was in Europe at the time, trying to interest the British in his design ideas. The new leaders changed the name of the company to Republic Aircraft.

Their invasion stripes prominently displayed, Republic P-47 Thunderbolt fighter planes are prepared for action on D-Day. The P-47 gained a reputation during World War II as a tough air superiority fighter as well as a superb fighter-bomber.

(LEFT: U.S. Army Art; RIGHT: Amber Books Ltd.)

Republic's initial venture into the fighter design game was a small, lightweight fighter built around the Allison V-12 engine. Designer Alexander Kartveli, who had worked closely with Seversky on the company's previous designs, was put in charge of the project. When the Army voiced concern about the demand on the liquid-cooled engines, Republic's attention turned toward the air-cooled Pratt & Whitney Double Wasp R2800 engine, which produced more than 2,000 horsepower—but which also consumed nearly twice as much fuel as the Allison.

Kartveli "borrowed" from Seversky's previous radial engine designs and came up with a design that incorporated many of the features of the P-43. The more powerful engine allowed Republic to increase the weight of its fighter design dramatically, making it the heaviest single-seat fighter built up to

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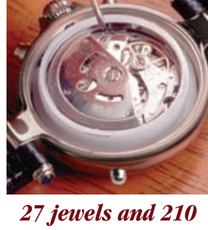
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ABOVE: The P-47N, with squared wingtips, was developed by Republic Aviation in cooperation with the Air Technical Service Command. The design progressed from the drawing board to production in a remarkable 56 days. An additional aileron provided the aircraft with increased maneuverability. RIGHT: A P-47 of the U.S. Ninth Air Force destroyed a German ammunition truck in a ball of fire on August 15, 1944. Along with eight .50-caliber machine guns, the Thunderbolt was also capable of carrying bombs. (Both: National Archives)

that time. One of the laws of aircraft performance is that rate of climb is in direct relation to the excess power available at a particular airspeed. The increased weight of the XP-47 gave the airplane a slower rate of climb than was really needed for an interceptor. However, by the time the P-47 entered combat, the necessity for interceptors had begun to decline and the heavy weight of the Thunderbolt gave the airplane other desirable features, such as increased speed in a dive and resistance to damage from gunfire.

The Thunderbolt is one airplane that truly deserves the often overused adjective "rugged." The air-cooled engines were less susceptible to engine failure in combat since there was no coolant to be lost to leaks caused by battle damage.

The first U.S. Army operations group to fly the P-47 was the 56th Pursuit Group, which was conveniently based in the vicinity of the Republic factory at Farmingdale—in fact, one squadron was right there on the field. The others were at Bridgeport, Connecticut, and Bendix, New Jersey. Initially equipped with Bell P-39s and Curtiss P-40s, the 56th began receiving P-47s in the spring of 1942, the initial deliveries nearly coinciding with the assignment of Captain Hubert "Hub" Zemke to the group after he returned from an overseas tour as an observer in Russia. Zemke's name and the P-47 would become forever linked.

It was not until early 1943, more than a year after the U.S. Army Air Corps entered combat, that the first P-47s arrived overseas. Previously, the burden of fighting the Axis had fallen to the P-39s and P-40s in the Pacific and the P-38, P-40, and British Supermarine Spitfire and Hawker Hurricane in Europe and North Africa. The first American fighters sent to England were Lockheed P-38s, but the war in North Africa sucked them all out of the British Isles, leaving only Spitfires to escort B-17 and B-24 bombers on missions over occupied Europe.

The nimble Spitfire had earned a reputation as an outstanding fighter during the Battle of Britain in 1940, but it lacked the range to go with the bombers on the long raids and was thus ineffective as an escort fighter. In fact, Spitfires were only capable of going a few miles east of the English Channel without extended-range fuel tanks. Even with the tanks, their range was limited. The veteran 56th, which had been redesignated as a fighter group, arrived in England in early 1943 but did not go into combat until April. The VIII Fighter Command decided that the airplane needed modifications—including additional armor—and the pilots needed combat training before they entered the fray.

When the 56th Fighter Group arrived in England, there were already two fighter groups there. The 78th Fighter Group had gone overseas with P-38s, but it lost them and most of its pilots to North Africa—leaving the remaining pilots without airplanes—and began re-equipping with Thunderbolts, as did the 4th Fighter Group. The 4th Fighter Group was made up of American Eagle Squadron pilots who had volunteered to fly with the British Royal Air Force before America entered the war, and to a man they all loved the Spitfire and came to hate the Thunderbolt, almost with a passion. Like their British cousins in the RAF, the young Americans thought the Spitfire was the best fighter ever built, an idea that was more truthful in spirit than in actual merit. They were not happy that they were giving up their light and maneuverable steeds for the heaviest fighter in the world.

The pilots in the 4th Fighter Group started referring derisively to their new birds as "seven-

ton milk bottles" in reference to the shape of the fuselage. It was not the P-47's milk jug shape that gave the airplane its name, however, contrary to the assertions of some writers. Many of the pilots believed they were to be sacrificed and started referring to the P-47 as a "Juggernaut," a moniker that was naturally shortened to just plain "Jug."

The first Thunderbolt missions were advanced training flights flown over German-occupied territory as theater orientation for the pilots. Initially, the German fighter pilots paid little attention to the Allied fighter formations. Their interest was in the bombers. It was not until April 15, 1943, that the P-47s had their first encounter with German fighters. Don Blakeslee, a former Eagle Squadron pilot now with the 4th Fighter Group, managed to sneak up on a Focke-Wulfe Fw-190 in a dive and shot it down.

Diving was the P-47's best asset. The heavier weight and huge, powerful engine allowed the airplane to accelerate rapidly. Nevertheless, Blakeslee's comments about the airplane were less than enthusiastic. He reportedly said, "It

oughta dive, it sure can't climb." The mission results were tilted against the Thunderbolts. One was shot down and two others lost to engine failure, a problem that was all too common during early P-47 operations. Thunderbolts were not the only U.S. fighters plagued with engine problems during their introduction to combat. Both the P-38 and P-51 suffered high engine failure rates until problems were identified and rectified.

On May 4, 1943, the P-47s were assigned to their first escort mission when 117 Thunderbolts from all three groups were sent to escort B-17s and B-24s attacking Antwerp and Paris. Fighter escort would be the primary mission for the Thunderbolts for the remainder of 1943. Unfortunately, even though the P-47s had a much greater range than the RAF Spitfires and Hurricanes, they still lacked the range to go deep into Germany. The Luftwaffe simply massed its fighter strength inside Germany and waited until the Allied fighter escorts had reached the limit of their range, then struck the bombers. During the summer of 1943, B-17 losses began to mount to the point that the Eighth Air Force temporarily abandoned daylight deep-penetration missions into Germany.

The only immediate solution to the problem was to extend the range of the P-47s, which at the time were the only fighters available, at least until P-38s could be sent to England. Their range was limited by the amount of fuel the airplanes could carry, so the solution was to increase fuel capacity. The use of external tanks, often called drop tanks because they could be jettisoned, was the simplest means of extending the operational range of the fighters. Initial efforts to develop external tanks met with problems. The resin-impregnated, paper tanks leaked and could not transfer fuel at high altitudes because they were not pressurized.

Lieutenant Colonel Cass Hough, the officer in charge of flight testing for VIII Fighter Command, developed a means of pressurizing the tanks using the airplane's vacuum system. The first tanks carried only 75 gallons, and there was a problem with availability. To alleviate the problem of supply and demand, the VIII Fighter Command adopted British-developed paper

A P-47 of the Mexican 201st Fighter Squadron flies in formation above Clark Field in the Philippine Islands. Note the bomb attached to a hard point beneath the fuselage. (National Archives)

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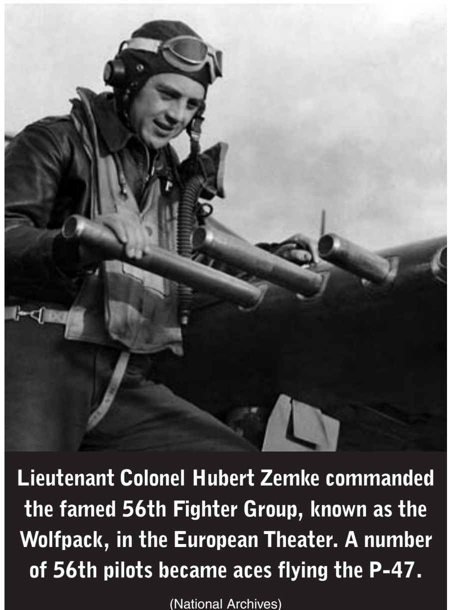
tanks that could hold 108 gallons of fuel, which allowed the Thunderbolts to go 325 miles into occupied territory. It still was not enough to take them all the way to Berlin.

One solution for extending the Thunderbolt's range was to equip the airplane with partially filled unpressurized 200-gallon external drop tanks and use their contents during the climb to altitude. This was an aerodynamically sound practice that allowed the fighters to take advantage of the slower airspeeds—and lessened parasitic drag—in the climb. The procedure allowed the Thunderbolts to arrive at altitude without the drop tanks but with nearly full internal fuel tanks and clean wings, which allowed higher speeds and increased range. This technique initially caught the German fighter pilots by surprise and resulted in some victories for the Thunderbolt pilots.

While the 4th, 56th, and 78th Fighter Groups were entering combat with P-47s in Europe, the 348th Fighter Group was on its way to the Southwest Pacific to join the famous Fifth Air Force. Unlike the VIII Fighter Command, which participated in very little combat in 1942, V Fighter Command pilots had been battling the Japanese since early 1942. Some pilots had even been in the Philippines when the war broke out and had been in combat since the beginning.

When the group arrived, Fifth Air Force commander Lt. Gen. George C. Kenney hit on a scheme to build the morale of the new arrivals and to afford the veterans, particularly the P-38 pilots, a measure of respect for the heavy Thunderbolt. He orchestrated a mock dogfight between the 348th commander, Lt. Col. Neel Kearby, and Major Tommy Lynch, who at the time was the highest scoring ace in the Fifth Air Force. The night before the fight, Kenney pulled Kearby aside and told him to lay off the booze and go to bed early, while knowing that Lynch would do just the opposite. The next morning Kearby showed the stuff that would put him among the top-scoring fighter pilots of the war. The P-47 pilots got a boost in morale and the P-38 pilots decided that the new arrivals would be an asset to the New Guinea campaign after all, rather than the liability they had imagined them to be.

Kearby and his pilots adopted tactics that had been used successfully by P-40 pilots against the Japanese, which included attacking in a dive, then breaking away from the enemy formation and refusing to engage the lightweight and highly maneuverable Japanese fighters in a dogfight. Kearby taught his men to use the inertia from their dives to zoom right back up to altitude for another attack. Similar techniques were also adopted in Europe.



Lieutenant Colonel Hubert Zemke commanded the famed 56th Fighter Group, known as the Wolfpack, in the European Theater. A number of 56th pilots became aces flying the P-47.

(National Archives)

The long, overwater legs required for combat in the Pacific dictated the need for increased range, and drop tanks were a high priority. Of all of the American combat units of World War II, the Fifth Air Force was undoubtedly the most innovative, and it had an engineering department at Brisbane that was second to none. There were 110-gallon tanks available that had been initially developed for P-39s and P-40s, but V Fighter Command wanted more capacity. The Fifth Air Force depot went to work on the problem and came up with a 200-gallon, low-profile tank that filled the bill.

In spite of their limited range in comparison with the P-38s, the P-47s proved to be a successful fighter in the Pacific. Thunderbolts replaced the P-40 and P-39 in the veteran 35th and 49th Fighter Groups and in one squadron of the 8th Group. Some V Fighter Command pilots were not enthused about the Thunderbolt, but others were. Lt. Col. Neel Kearby was undoubtedly the leading P-47 pilot in the theater and one of the top-scoring aces of the war. Unfortunately, he contracted "Bong fever," a condition that caused a fighter pilot to become obsessed with catching up and passing the score of the American ace of aces, Major Dick Bong, who had replaced Tommy Lynch at the top of the heap when Lynch was killed in action.

Kearby drove himself to shoot down Japanese planes, as did many other American aces. Although the competition no doubt led to the destruction of countless numbers of Japanese planes, it also caused the young fighter pilots to take dangerous risks, and many lost their lives. Kearby died when he was apparently shot down in a dogfight in May 1944 after he led his wingmen in an attack on a formation of Kawasaki Type 48 bombers. Kearby shot down one, and his wingmen each got another. Then they were jumped by a flight of aggressive Japanese fighters, and Kearby was shot down. He was last seen hanging in his parachute, but he was never heard from again. The wreckage of his airplane was found in March 1946.

P-47s were second only to the Lockheed P-38 Lightning in the Southwest Pacific area of operations. While the longer range of the P-38 made the Lightning the fighter of choice for bomber escort missions deep into Japanese territory, P-47s pulled their share of the load by maintaining combat air patrols over Allied airfields and escorting transports and light and medium bombers on shorter range missions. It was in New Guinea that the Army Air Forces began developing tactics to provide close air support to ground troops, and P-47s were soon adapted to this role as well as air-to-air combat.

The lack of range of the Thunderbolts was due in large measure to the operating procedures in use in the Army Air Corps. Pilots were taught to operate their airplanes at high RPMs and high manifold pressure and were told that leaning the mixture too much could damage the cylinders. While this was essentially true, most pilots failed to lean as much as they could have and thus consumed fuel at a high rate. In the summer of 1944, the famed aviator Charles Lindbergh visited the Southwest Pacific during a fact-finding tour as a factory representative for United Aircraft, a builder of the Vought F4U Corsair fighter. Previously, Lindbergh had worked as an unpaid consultant with Ford Motor Company, where he became involved with the Thunderbolt, particularly in his research on high-altitude flight.

Lindbergh became intimately acquainted with the P-47 and was shocked beyond belief when he arrived in the Pacific and discovered that the Army pilots were using techniques that led to drastically high fuel consumption. When he returned to New Guinea after a visit with General Kenney in Brisbane, Lindbergh ferried a P-47 back to the forward area. A base operations officer, who was an experienced P-47 pilot, refused to approve his flight plan, which called for a nonstop flight from Brisbane to New Guinea. But Lindbergh knew exactly how much fuel he was going to use and arrived with fuel to spare, a feat that amazed the young Army pilots.

Soon, Lindbergh was teaching his fuel management techniques to P-38 and P-47 pilots and helping increase the effective combat range of V Fighter Command. Lindbergh knew that by reducing propeller RPMs while maintaining

manifold pressure, fuel consumption would be reduced and an airplane's range would be increased considerably.

In early 1944, Thunderbolts began appearing in the skies over China. The first P-47 group in the China-Burma-India Theater was the 33rd Fighter Group, a historic group that started out in combat in North Africa flying P-40s, then transferred to the Asian theater after the Sicily campaign. The 33rd was joined by the 81st Fighter Group, which had also entered combat in North Africa with P-39s.

The two groups transferred to the CBI as part of a deployment of several combat groups from the Mediterranean to India to support British Brigadier Orde Wingate's Chindit expedition into Burma. While the 33rd was equipped with both P-47s and P-38s, the 81st was an all-Thunderbolt outfit from the time the group arrived in India in February. The 80th Fighter Group began combat operations in the CBI with P-40s and P-38s, then equipped with Thunderbolts in the spring of 1944. The 33rd Group flew P-47s only until November 1944, when it became an all-P-38 outfit. The 1st Air Commando Group, a composite unit that was organized in India in early 1944, included two fighter squadrons that started out with an older version of the North American P-51, then transitioned into P-47s later in the year.

Flying above the island of Luzon in the Philippines, P-47 Thunderbolts of the Mexican 201st Fighter Squadron wing their way toward a Japanese target. (National Archives)

Thunderbolts were also active in the Central Pacific. Because of the long distances between land bases in the region, the first P-47s to see duty in the Marianas arrived aboard the escort carriers *Manila Bay* and *Natoma Bay.* They were from the 318th Fighter Group, which transferred to Micronesia from Hawaii. Although the convoy, including the two carriers, was attacked by Japanese dive-bombers, all 111 P-47s were delivered to Aslito Airfield on Saipan, where they immediately went into action in support of the ground forces that had invaded the island.

Close air support of ground troops started in the Southwest Pacific in the summer of 1942, when modified Douglas A-20 Havoc light bombers began strafing Japanese positions opposing Australian troops on the Kokoda Track in Papua, New Guinea. General Kenney

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Although the right wing of his P-47 Thunderbolt was seriously damaged by German 20mm antiaircraft shells over France, Lieutenant Justus Foster was able to nurse his aircraft safely back to England. The survivability of the P-47 endeared the plane to those who flew it. (National Archives)

was so impressed with the tactics that he instructed the fighter groups under his command to develop ground attack tactics as well.

When American forces landed in North Africa in late 1942, Twelfth Air Force commander Lt. Gen. James H. Doolittle restricted the light and medium bombers to medium altitude attack and assigned the close air support role to the fighters because German air opposition was declining. RAF pilots taught the Americans the intricacies of close air support.

The success of the fighter bomber in the Southwest Pacific and North Africa led to the development of ground attack tactics within the fighter commands of all of the numbered air forces—with one exception. Air Corps doctrine called for each numbered air force—which was equivalent to an army—to be multifunctional, with fighter, bomber, and troop carrier commands. The exception was the Eighth Air Force, which had switched from the multifunctional role to a single-purpose command when most of its fighter groups and all of its troop carrier groups were sent to North Africa in 1942. Daylight precision bombing had become the mission of the Eighth, and the role of VIII Fighter Command was to ensure that the bombers got to and from their targets. With no Allied ground troops in occupied Europe, there was no one for whom to provide close air support.

The VIII Fighter Command did, however, begin developing tactics for ground attack against locomotives, airfields, and other targets. The first VIII Fighter Command strafing attack actually came about by accident when a P-47 pilot suffered damage and was forced down to low altitude over France; he strafed a locomotive during the flight back to England. In early 1944, VIII Fighter Command fighters began dropping down on the deck to shoot up Luftwaffe airfields and other targets after their escort missions had been completed.

In March 1944, VIII Fighter Commander Brig. Gen. Bill Kepner authorized the establishment of a special squadron of P-47s to develop strafing techniques. For a month, pilots from four groups experimented with low-level mock raids on their own airfields; then they carried out operations in France. They would go in high and then dive down to treetop altitudes while about 20 miles from their target, so as to be at strafing altitude about five miles out. On April 12, the special unit disbanded and the pilots returned to their groups to teach their squadron mates the new tactics. The VIII Fighter Command began scheduling regular fighter sweeps.

After the defeat of the Germans in North Africa and the invasions of Sicily and Italy, the Allies began turning their attention toward an invasion of Western Europe, and close air support of ground troops would be a major mission for the Army Air Forces. Planning for the invasion called for the transfer of the Ninth Air Force from the Mediterranean to England to become a tactical air force, along with the creation of a new Fifteenth Air Force to control the heavy bombers operating from Italy.

The plan also included the conversion of the Twelfth Air Force to the tactical role. By early 1944, P-47s were being turned out at an unprecedented rate, and many of the new fighter groups were equipping with them. At the same time, however, a redesigned version of the North American P-51 Mustang fighter was proving suitable for the long-range escort mission, and the P-47 units that were destined for the Eighth Air Force began converting to the P-51 before they went overseas. Consequently, the Army Air Forces began assigning P-47 groups to the newly organized XVIII Tactical Air Command of the Ninth Air Force.

Early 1944 saw a major shift in strategy in Europe as the Eighth Air Force was placed under the direct command of the Supreme Allied Commander, U.S. Army General Dwight D. Eisenhower. Eisenhower decreed that the destruction of the German air force was the main priority of the Air Corps, a decision that led to a switch in tactics by the VIII Fighter Command from fighter escort to fighter sweeps, including ground attack. The Allied air commanders wisely came to realize that an enemy aircraft destroyed was an airplane destroyed, regardless of whether the destruction took place in air-to-air combat or during a strafing or bombing attack on a fighter field.

This was a principle that the Fifth Air Force

in the Southwest Pacific—whose fighter pilots had been shooting down Japanese fighters and bombers at a far greater rate than their peers had been doing in Europe—adopted in 1942. Kenney could have cared less if his fighter pilots shot down enemy planes in the air or whether they were knocked out on the ground. Finally, nearly a year and a half after Kenney adopted this tactic, air commanders in Europe were forced to do the same. The P-47 would become the centerpiece for ground attack in Europe. While it was highly effective, the ground attack role was hazardous for both plane and pilot, and many Thunderbolts were lost to German antiaircraft fire.

The eight .50-caliber guns in the wings of the Thunderbolt were lethal enough, but the Air Corps developed new weapons to bolster the destructive power of the fighter-bombers. Hard points were installed to allow the carrying of high-explosive bombs or tubes for firing high-velocity aerial rockets, a U.S. Navy development that was adopted by the Army. Napalm, a jellied gasoline mixture, was used to firebomb enemy troop concentrations.

Operating down on the deck, the fighter-bombers, which included P-38s and P-51s as well as P-47s, attacked enemy airfields, locomotives, and trucks. Fighter-bombers operated in close support of ground forces, attacking enemy troop and tank columns and artillery positions. The fighter-bomber concept proved so destructive that in China, where every drop of fuel had to be transported by air across the Himalayas from India, the B-24s that had been used in the strategic role were taken off combat operations and assigned to transport duty. The reasoning was that the fuel they consumed could be put to better use moving fuel for the fighter-bombers.

Thunderbolts served with many nations, including Brazil and Mexico. The British Royal Air Force operated Thunderbolts in Asia. Thunderbolts equipped six fighter groups of the French Air Force after the defeat of the Vichy French in North Africa.

Although the accomplishments of the Thunderbolts have been overshadowed in the post-war media and press by the more glamorous Mustangs, the fighters that came to be known as Jugs performed admirably throughout the last three years of World War II. If the term "yeoman" should be applied to any Allied fighter of World War II, the Thunderbolt well deserves the title. □

Sam McGowan is a licensed pilot and a resident of Missouri City, Texas. He is a frequent contributor to WWII History *Magazine.*

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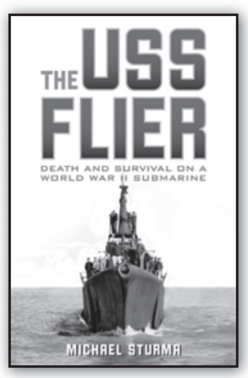

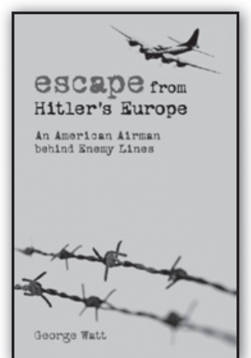

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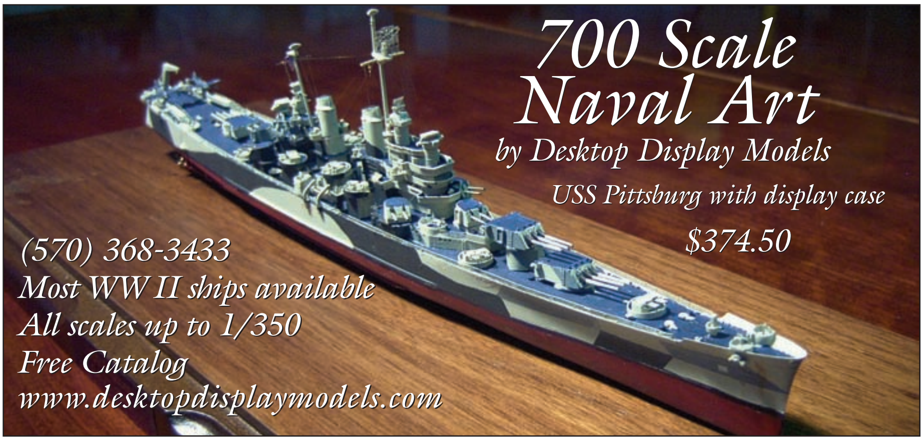
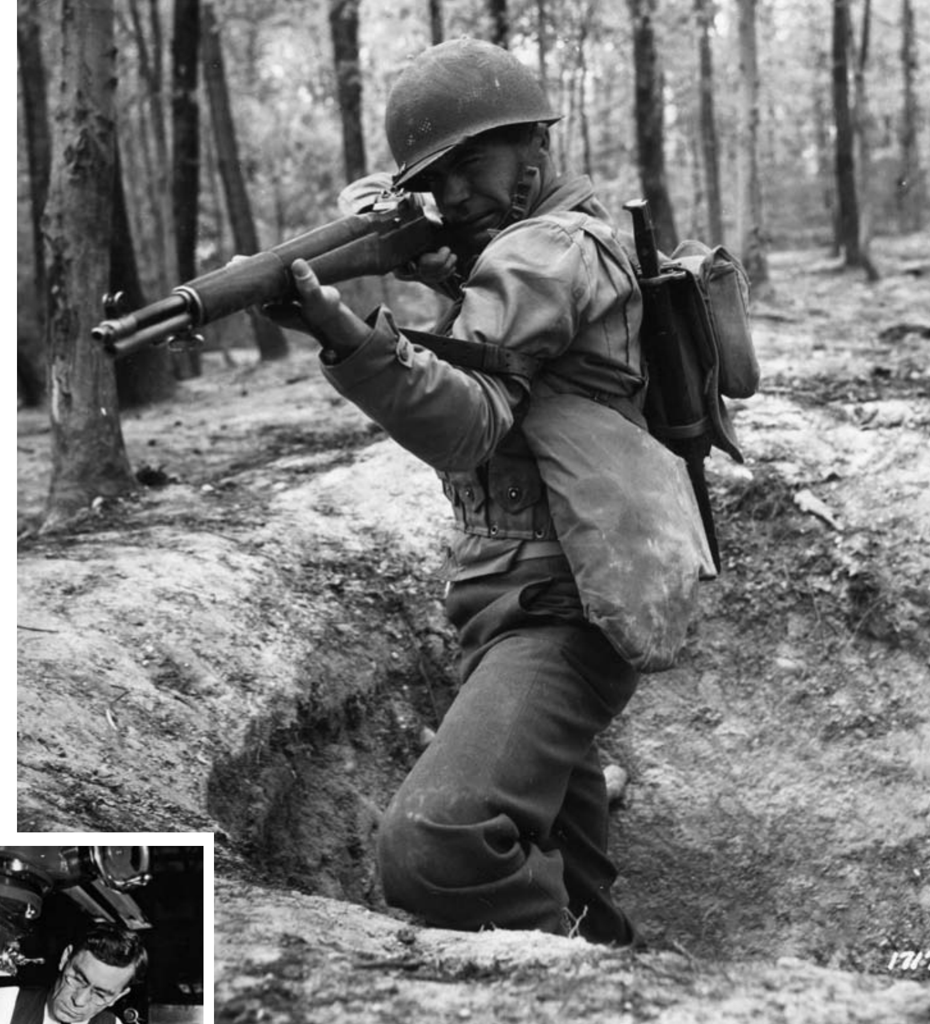


By Michael D. Hull

Garand's Wonder Weapon

The M-1 rifle proved to be one of the great firearms of World War II.



A VARIETY OF OUTSTANDING WEAPONS and pieces of equipment affected the course of World War II for both the Allies and the Axis powers.

There was the British workhorse 25-pounder field gun, the deadly Supermarine Spitfire fighter, the Avro Lancaster bomber, the universal carrier, and the dependable Bren light machine gun; the rugged Soviet T-34, regarded as the best tank of the war; the devastating German 88mm antiaircraft and artillery gun, and the formidable Tiger tank series; the feared Japanese Mitsubishi Zero carrier fighter; and, from the American "arsenal of democracy" came the ubiquitous jeep, the Sherman medium tank, the half-track, the bazooka rocket launcher, the universally used C-47 transport plane—and the Garand M-1 infantry rifle.

Designed long before the war by John C. Garand, a French Canadian engineer, the semiautomatic, gas-operated, air-cooled, clip-fed M-1 was the main infantry weapon of the U.S. Army in 1941-1945. Firing a .30-caliber cartridge in eight-round clips, it was the world's first semiautomatic rifle in military service and was used wherever American soldiers saw action, in North Africa, Sicily, Italy, the Pacific Theater, France, Belgium, Holland, and Germany.

The M-1 had a significant advantage over the bolt-action rifles used by the other Allied and enemy armies because of its semiautomatic mechanism. Its shooter could fire as fast as he could squeeze the trigger. A trained soldier was able to fire eight rounds within 20 seconds and then quickly insert a full clip without taking his sights off the target. He could also load with regular ball, tracer, armor-piercing, or incendiary ammunition, and with relative ease he could turn the weapon into a grenade launcher.

ABOVE: Working in his model shop in September 1940, a studious John C. Garand appears intent on resolving a design issue with one of his weapons. TOP LEFT: A U.S. soldier aims his M-1 Garand rifle during training exercises. During World War II, the M-1 was the standard-issue combat rifle for American troops.

(All photos: National Archives)

Although it weighed a hefty nine and a half pounds, John C. Garand's rifle was easy to maintain and was deadly accurate to a range of about 550 yards. Despite its weight, GIs loved the M-1. "I dropped five Krauts with my M-1," said one soldier in the European Theater. From the Pacific Theater came another report: "As eight Japs came charging at him with fixed bayonets, the American Marine dropped all of them with his trusty M-1 Garand. The loud 'pling' [of the ejecting clip] was heard by his comrades as the last Jap fell to the ground."

Armed with the Garand, one or two U.S. soldiers could kill an entire enemy squad before it reached its objective. In short-range jungle fighting in the Far East, where opposing forces sometimes met each other in column formation on a narrow path, the penetration of the rifle's powerful .30-06 cartridge enabled a single GI or Marine to kill up to three Japanese soldiers with a single round.

The rifle's accuracy and durability earned high praise from generals as

well as GIs. During the bitter, doomed struggle on Bataan in early 1942, General Douglas A. MacArthur, later commander of Allied ground forces in the Pacific Theater, reported on the M-1 to the U.S. Ordnance Department: "Under combat conditions, it operated with no mechanical defects, and when used in foxholes did not develop stoppages from dust or dirt. It has been in almost constant action for as much as a week without cleaning or lubrication."

Lieutenant General George S. Patton, Jr., commander of the highballing Third Army in Europe in 1944-1945, reported to the Ordnance Department on January 26, 1945: "In my opinion, the M-1 rifle is the greatest battle implement ever devised."

The M-1 was not as elegant as the Army's beloved Springfield M1903 rifle, which it replaced, but it was more rugged, better suited to mass production, three times faster in rate of fire, only slightly less accurate, and much easier for a recruit to learn to handle.

The M-1's inventor, John Cantius Garand, was born on January 1, 1888, on a small farm in the town of Saint Remi, 17 miles south of Montreal, Quebec. At the age of 11, he moved with his family to rural Connecticut. John attended school until the age of 12 and then started work, sweeping floors in a textile mill. An inquisitive boy, he became fascinated by the machinery around him and was soon using his spare time to learn about mechanics. By the age of 18, he was employed as a machinist.

John became a tool and gauge maker, took correspondence courses, and went to work at the Brown & Sharpe tool factory in Providence, Rhode Island. As a young apprentice machine-tool designer there, he found himself caught up in a revolution in machine-tool design. The growing automobile industry was demanding precision-machined components at an unprecedented cost and level of production, so the machine-tool industry had to reinvent itself.

John learned much at Brown & Sharpe, particularly the integration of design with production machinery, and his experience there would never be far from his mind. After he worked for a time in a shooting gallery, John Garand became fond of guns and target shooting. He started designing guns as a hobby. After reading about the U.S. Army's mechanical problems with weapons during the World War I era, John designed a light machine gun. The Army took bids on designs, and John's blueprint was eventually selected by the War Department.

He was given a position at the U.S. Bureau of Standards in August 1918 and the task of perfecting his weapon. Garand finished work on his prototype within 18 months, but World War I had ended by then and the Army lost interest. Nevertheless, the hard-working young inventor was kept on as a consulting engineer. He was now known in the gun-making world.

In July 1941, U.S. Army General C.M. Wesson (right) visits an arms factory and observes the activities essential in production of 1,000 M-1 Garand rifles per day. General Gilbert H. Stewart (left) accompanies Wesson.

In November 1919, Garand was assigned to the historic U.S. Armory in the western Massachusetts city of Springfield. Established in 1777 by General George Washington and his artillery chief, Colonel Henry Knox, the armory was used to store muskets, cannons, and other arms during the American Revolution. Later, cartridges, gun carriages, and 800,000 muskets were produced there. With the destruction of the Harpers Ferry Armory and Arsenal during the Civil War, the Springfield Armory became the main federal manufacturing center for small arms. It was immortalized in the poem, "The Arsenal at Springfield," by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

At Springfield, John Garand was to spend the rest of his career, become the chief ordnance officer, and make a unique contribution to American infantry firepower in World War II. When asked to design a semiautomatic infantry rifle for the Army, he drew on his Brown & Sharpe experience. Such a weapon would require precision in machining and assembly, with a design incorporating functionality and predictability. But things would have to be changed at the Springfield Armory if it was to mass produce a top-quality infantry weapon.

Garand learned that the armory, which had given its name to the legendary Springfield rifle series, had failed to turn out even a fraction of the weapons needed by the Army in World War I, and many of those it did produce were soon scrapped. The Springfield Armory manufactured more than 265,000 Springfield M1903 rifles during the war, but this was insufficient for the rapidly expanding Army's needs. So, an additional 47,251 were turned out by the Rock Island (Ill.) Arsenal. The war proved to be a blow to the Springfield Armory's prestige from which it never fully recovered, although it had warned the War Department for several years that its production capabilities were obsolete and unsuited for modern firearms.

When he started work at Springfield, the bespectacled, studious Garand found himself having to upgrade its production facilities. He concluded that the armory was producing the wrong rifle. The bolt-action Springfield M1903 was a fine infantry rifle, but it was difficult to produce using modern machine tools. It was designed to be constructed by skilled armorers at a leisurely pace and with abundant labor. Garand realized that time and skilled manpower were always in short supply in time of war, so he believed that the only logical course was to abandon the M1903 and start anew. The design of the British M1917 Enfield rifle produced during World War I had had the advantage of being built with machine tools and unskilled labor.

In 1919, Garand started design sketches on a new rifle. He became a U.S. citizen in 1920 and qualified for civil service with an annual salary of $3,500. He thus forfeited any chance of profits he would have gained as a private inventor. He trod a long, hard road toward the creation of an acceptable modern infantry rifle. His main problem was the Army Ordnance Committee, which demanded a rifle design suited to infantrymen, cavalrymen, and tank crews alike. Announcing its criteria for a new infantry rifle in 1926, the Army wanted it to use as many parts as possible from the old M1903 and to fire the standard .30-06 cartridge, millions of rounds of which were still stockpiled. So, at a time when Congress was paring the nation's military budget to minimum levels, General MacArthur, then Army chief of staff, ordered the production of a rifle chambered for the war surplus .30-caliber ammunition.

Garand spent long hours, year after year, through the 1920s and early 1930s, designing a rifle that would meet Army specifications. Doing much work in his spare time over the next 15 years, he produced preliminary designs, detail work, and further designs. While toiling

ABOVE: A factory worker uses mirrors rather than precious rounds and gunpowder to adjust the sights on this M-1 Garand rifle. When accurately sighted with no windage, a proficient marksman could hit a bull's eye at a distance of 100 yards with the M-1. **RIGHT:** In September 1940, a worker finishes the wooden gunstock of an M-1 Garand rifle. Thousands of M-1s were produced at several sites in the U.S. during World War II.

in the Springfield Armory's experimental shop, he planned new buildings and the machinery required to turn out his weapon. Eventually, the armory's Water Shops facility became one of the most advanced metalworking plants in the world.

John Garand refined prototypes of his rifle in the late 1920s and early 1930s, and it was finally patented in his name in 1934. Although officially adopted in 1932 by the Army after grueling tests as the standard infantry rifle, it did not formally enter service and replace the Springfield M1903 until 1936 after an executive decision by General MacArthur. Garand's rifle could fire more than twice as fast as its predecessor. Production started in 1937.

The first production model of the Garand M-1 rifle was successfully proof-fired, function-fired, and fired for accuracy on July 17, 1937. Production got off to a slow start, and only a small number were available in 1939. By the time the United States entered World War II the day after the Pearl Harbor attack in December 1941, M-1 rifles were still in short supply. Most Army and Marine Corps units were still equipped with Springfields.

But mass production soon got under way and was expanded on the weapon that would revolutionize U.S. infantry firepower. By the end of the war in 1945, the Springfield Armory had produced 4.5 million M-1s, with another million turned out by three arms contractors.

Many firearms experts in the 1930s had doubted the accuracy and reliability of the semiautomatic Garand rifle, but they would be proved wrong on both counts. Compared with its bolt-action counterparts of the World War II era (the trusty British Lee-Enfield .303 infantry rifle, the long-serving Russian-Belgian Mosin-Nagant, and the Springfield), Garand's weapon represented a major advance in combat rifle design. The Enfield and the German Mauser had better workmanship, but the M-1 fired faster, just as accurately, and could be easily maintained under virtually any battlefield situation. It took rough handling and still fired, and it could be field stripped in a matter of seconds.

M-1 rifles were to prove their effectiveness and reliability in the desert wastes of Tunisia and Morocco, the winter mud of Italy, the fog-shrouded Aleutian Islands, the steaming swamps and jungles of Guadalcanal and New Guinea, the baked coral of Tarawa and Okinawa, and the snow and ice of the Ardennes Forest. Contemporary semiautomatic rifles such as the German Gewehr 43 and the Russian Tokarev SVT-40 failed to measure up to the M-1's toughness and ease of use. The Japanese developed a prototype semiautomatic rifle, but it never reached the production stage. The British Army tested the Garand M-1 as a possible replacement for its Lee-Enfield No. 1 Mark III weapon but rejected it after a series of tests under simulated combat conditions.

The M-1 became an indispensable part of the American small-arms arsenal for more than two decades, seeing action in all theaters of operation, in all types of terrain and extremes of weather, and in every campaign and battle, large and small, fought by U.S. soldiers and Marines. Military commanders praised Garand's weapon, and it was acknowledged as giving the U.S. infantry a great advantage over its foes. It was used later in the 1950-1953 Korean War and in the early days of the Vietnam War. As one World War II infantry sergeant told his son, "That's a man's gun."

The compact M-1 carbine, with a 15-round magazine and also firing a rimless .30-caliber cartridge, was developed for use where it could be carried or stored within limited space. Weighing just over five pounds, it was used by paratroops, Marines, tankers, and some infantry units in many theaters. The M-1 carbine fired a 110-grain bullet at a muzzle velocity of about 1,900 feet per second. Its advantage was in its lightness and general handiness, not to mention its greater magazine capacity. A 30-round magazine was also available.

In its later incarnation as the M-2 carbine, it was capable of fully automatic fire by way of a selector switch. Joseph D. Hopkins of Cumming, Georgia, an Army armor veteran, retired journalist, and weapons expert, noted, "It was a great little weapon; as an armored vehicle commander, I was issued one, and liked it very much. But in a combat situation, I'd much prefer the Garand rifle for its accuracy, superior range, and potency." The M-1 carbine remained in active service in the U.S. Army until the early 1960s and was used later by many Third World countries' forces.

The Springfield Armory produced modest quantities of the Garand rifle in the late 1930s and ever-increasing quantities from 1940 to late 1945. Like many Allied war production plants during World War II, the Springfield Armory tapped a rich labor source—women. Up to 70 percent of its labor force was female, with

many of the WOWs (women ordnance workers) painstakingly forging the weapon that would be used by their husbands, fathers, sons, brothers, and sweethearts in uniform. The armory also employed a significant number of African Americans.

After the outbreak of the war in Europe at the beginning of September 1939, Winchester Repeating Arms Co. of New Haven, Connecticut, was awarded a contract to turn out M-1 rifles. Winchester deliveries were started in 1941 and ended in 1945.

Although soldiers groused and kidded about the weight of the M-1, Garand's weapon gave stout service wherever it was carried. Often making the difference between life and death for the men on the front lines, it played a vital tactical role and, ultimately, a decisive role in the Allied victory over the forces of Nazi Germany, Italy, and Japan. The impact of the M-1 on the battlefield stimulated both Allied and enemy forces to augment the issue of semiautomatic and fully automatic weapons then in production, as well as to develop new types of infantry firearms. The M-1 proved to be both a milestone in the development of small arms and a crucial element in the U.S. arsenal.

For his unstinting work at the Springfield Armory, Garand was awarded the Medal for Meritorious Service in 1941 and the Medal for Merit in 1944. He received no royalties or any other monetary compensation beyond his modest civil service salary, and he freely assigned all of his patents to the government. A bill was introduced in Congress to award him $100,000 in appreciation of his efforts, but it failed to pass.

Much of the M-1 inventory underwent repair or rebuilding at the end of World War II. After U.S. forces became engaged in the Korean War, the Defense Department decided that more Garand rifles were needed, so contracts were awarded to the International Harvester plant in Evansville, Indiana, and to Harrington & Richardson Arms Co. in Worcester, Massachusetts. They produced 500,000 M-1s during 1953-1956. A number of NATO countries adopted the M-1 after 1948, and a further 100,000 Garand rifles were turned out in Italy by the Beretta gun company, using Winchester Repeating Arms Co. tooling.

The Marine Corps in 1951 adopted a variant of the rifle, the M1C with telescopic sight, as its official sniper rifle, and the Navy also used the Garand rechambered for a 7.62mm NATO round. The M-1 remained in U.S. Army service until 1957, when it was replaced by the lighter, fully automatic M-14 rifle. A fully loaded 20-round magazine made the M-14's weight similar to that of a loaded M-1.

"Yes, the Garand was heavier," said veteran Hopkins, "but, as a number of World War II and Korean War veterans told me, in the chaos of close combat in desperate circumstances, it makes a 'hell of an effective club.' You certainly can't say the same for the M-16 of today, whatever its virtues. Personally, I never heard any complaints about the M-1's weight, and still believe it was the greatest infantry weapon ever devised for its time."

Several years after it went out of production, the Garand rifle remained in service with the U.S. National Guard and in the armies of many other countries, including Greece, Denmark, Turkey, Italy, Chile, Costa Rica, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, the Philippines, Taiwan, and Tunisia.

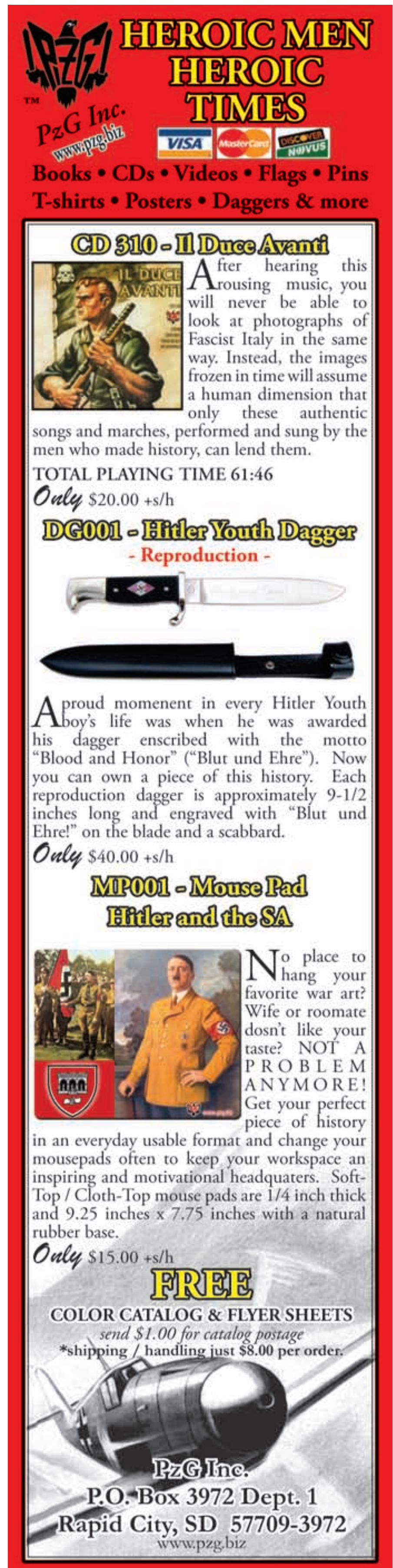
One advantage the Garand has over the M-14 is not combat related, as Hopkins pointed out. Its balance and smooth lines made it the ideal choice for complex exhibition drill, in which the rifle is spun in various directions, tossed, and caught like a baton in the hands of an expert. Said Hopkins, "I received a few lessons in the art from one sergeant first class—a tall, rangy veteran from the hills of West Virginia—but never came close to his astounding dexterity. He eventually formed a color guard within our company. As to the rifle itself, he always said he preferred the 1903 Springfield to the Garand for its superior balance in [fancy drill] movements. I've heard the same from other drill instructors."

Meanwhile, the M-1 Garand is still used by the famous U.S. Marine Corps Silent Drill Team, the Norwegian Royal Guards Drill Team, and Reserve Officer Training Corps units.

After providing the U.S. armed forces with an incomparable weapon in World War II, John Garand remained at the Springfield Armory as a consultant, believing that he would receive some kind of compensation. But, although his work was widely acknowledged, no such reward came. He retired in 1953, and died quietly at the age of 86 in Springfield on February 16, 1974.

Today, his M-1 rifle is prized by gun dealers, collectors, and shooters. Tom Laemlein, author of *The M-1 Garand*, said, "The Civilian Marksmanship Program scours the world to bring these old soldiers back home. In this new gun world of plastic and bare metal, the M-1 rifle remains a symbol of enduring beauty and American craftsmanship. From the tables at a gun show to the parade grounds to the rifle range, the M-1 rifle is an unmistakable icon of American firepower. Like the man said, it is a man's gun." □

Michael D. Hull has written extensively on World War II and resides in Enfield, Connecticut.



By Peter Kross

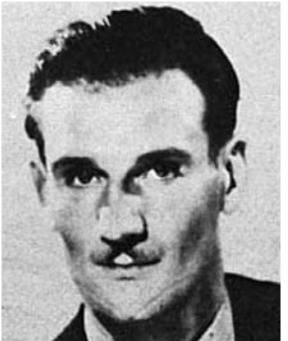
The island of Guernsey is oddly patrolled by two British bobbies and a German sentry. The Channel Islands were the only British territory to endure occupation by the Nazis during World War II. BELOW: Eddie Chapman, aka Agent Zigzag. (Both: Library of Congress)

Secret Agent Man

Petty thief, con artist, and burglar Eddie Chapman played both sides as "Fritzchen" and "Agent Zigzag." He even received the Iron Cross from the German government.

NATIONS HAVE OFTEN PRESSED UNSAVORY CHARACTERS AND criminals into service during wartime, rationalizing that such action is in the best interest of the country during extraordinary times.

During World War II, the British Secret Intelligence Service enlisted a petty thief, con man, accomplished burglar, and man of adventure named Edward "Eddie" Chapman to act as a double agent against the Germans. After the passage of time, it is still not clear where Chapman's true loyalties lay. Did he help his native Britain out of loyalty to crown and country, or was he so devoted to his German spymasters on a strictly personal basis that he would do anything they asked of him to save his own skin?



For students of espionage during World War II, the name Eddie Chapman was initially not as well known as other spies such as Elyesa Bazna aka Cicero, Richard Sorge, and Juan Pujol Garcia aka Garbo. However, all that changed when MI-5, the British Intelligence Service, finally released 1,800 previously classified papers on Eddie Chapman's role as a double agent during World War II to the British National Archives. Some of these materials were also placed in the U.S. National Archives in College Park, Maryland, and are now open for public inspection.

What these documents reveal is a deeply flawed man, a womanizer who had a child out of wedlock while having affairs with other women for whom he deeply cared. They tell a story of a man who was wined and dined by two rival intelligence services, the German Abwehr headed by Admiral Wilhelm Canaris and the British Intelligence Service, which also used Chapman for its own ends. For its part, the Abwehr sent Chapman on an intelligence mission by parachute into Great Britain with a bundle of clearly labeled German marks. On the British side, they cared for Chapman's every personal whim while they dispatched two plainclothes policemen to live with him 24 hours a day.

Eddie Chapman was born the eldest of three children on November 16, 1914, in the English village of Brunopfield. His father ran a local pub called the Clippership in the town of Roker. The establishment did not fare very well, as the elder

Lucky fisherman “catches” $100,000,000 treasure lost for 209 years under the sea

A close-up view of America’s First Silver Dollar recovered in the Gulf of Mexico by a commercial fisherman. These long-lost coins were part of the cargo of a Spanish warship that set sail for New Orleans in 1784. Experts value the treasure in excess of $100,000,000.

Vast shipwreck treasure sees light of day. It was sunrise on an August morning when a fisherman and his crew cast their nets from his trawling vessel some 50 miles south of Louisiana in the Gulf of Mexico. While trolling the depths, the net suddenly got caught and the captain could only dread the lost time and money that the damage would bring. As the tattered net emerged from the ocean depths, he spied what appeared to be clumps of rocks weighing it down.

As the net hovered slowly over the deck, the contents poured out followed by excited cries of “Coins! Coins!” The captain quickly realized they had snagged a fisherman’s dream: sunken treasure! And not just any treasure, but early American silver dollars that had gone down 209 years earlier.

In 1784, at the end of the American Revolutionary War, a heavily armed ship was bound for the port of New Orleans. On board was a fortune in Spanish Silver Dollars. These dollars were well known by Thomas Jefferson, Ben Franklin and other founding fathers of our nation. Hundreds of thousands of them were loaded for the trip to New Orleans, yet not a single one arrived.

With no survivors from the ill-fated voyage, historians can only guess at what happened. Some say powerful storms took her down while others speculate it was treasure-hungry pirates. Whatever happened, the secret – along with a treasure valued near $100,000,000 in today’s dollars – was sent to a watery grave some 300 feet below the ocean’s surface.

America’s first silver dollar. The favorite coin of colonial Americans, they were called “Spanish Milled Dollars”. Widely used and accepted as payment in the thirteen colonies, the United States government accorded them status of official legal tender.

If the story of George Washington throwing a silver dollar across the Potomac River is indeed true, then doubtless it was a silver dollar like this one that made the trip.

Unfortunately, even though they were struck in large quantities, not many Spanish Milled Dollars survive today. They were widely used in the United States through the Civil War. Then, the government withdrew them from circulation and they were melted down.

History-Making coins at a bargain price. Due to the historic discovery of this treasure, GovMint.com is releasing America’s first silver dollars to the public for an amazingly low price. It’s a legendary silver dollar that belongs in every collection. For a limited time, these authentic silver dollars minted during the American Revolutionary War are priced at $49 plus shipping and handling — a dramatic reduction from the market price of this coin anywhere else worldwide.

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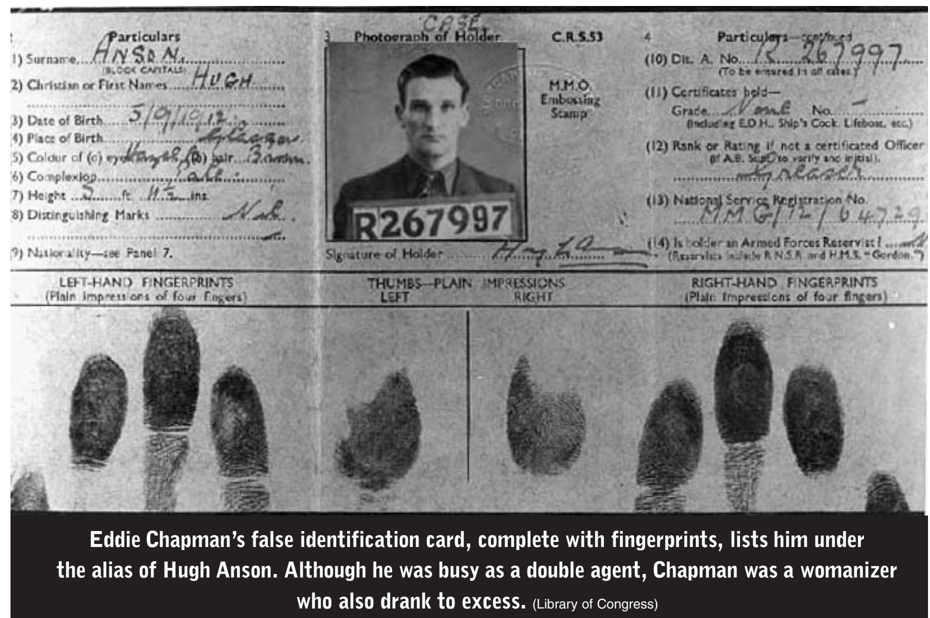
The Origin of the Dollar Sign

Ever wonder where our “$” sign originated? Numismatic experts believe that the American colonists abbreviated transactions in Spanish milled dollars by drawing a pillar wrapped with a scroll. Look carefully at the reverse of America’s first silver dollar and you will notice a pillar on each side of the crowned coat of arms. The pillar is wrapped with a scroll, approximating the symbol we use today for our national currency. Indeed, early Americans also called these coins “pillar dollars.”

Some say powerful storms took down the Spanish ship in 1784, others speculate it was blood-thirsty pirates. Whatever really happened remains a mystery.


2 Particulars
1) Surname ANSON
(BLOCK CAPITALS)
2) Christian or First Names HUGH
3) Date of Birth
4) Place of Birth
5) Colour of (a) eyes (b) hair
6) Complexion
7) Height ft. ins.
8) Distinguishing Marks
9) Nationality—see Panel 7.
3 Photograph of Holder
C.R.S.53
M.M.O. Embossing Stamp
R267997
Signature of Holder
4 Particulars—continued
(10) Dis. A. No. R 267997
(To be entered in all cases)
(11) Certificates held—
Grade None No. —
(including E.D.H., Ship's Cook, Lifeboat, etc.)
(12) Rank or Rating if not a certificated Officer (if A.B. Supt. to verify and initial).
(13) National Service Registration No.
(14) Is holder an Armed Forces Reservist?
(Reservists include R.N.S.R. and H.M.S. "Gordon.")
LEFT-HAND FINGERPRINTS
(Plain impressions of four fingers)
THUMBS—PLAIN IMPRESSIONS
LEFT
RIGHT
RIGHT-HAND FINGERPRINTS
(Plain impressions of four fingers)

Eddie Chapman's false identification card, complete with fingerprints, lists him under the alias of Hugh Anson. Although he was busy as a double agent, Chapman was a womanizer who also drank to excess. (Library of Congress)

Chapman was prone to drink more than work.

At age 17, Eddie joined the Army, entering the Second Battalion of the Coldstream Guards. After spending nine months in uniform, he was granted leave and made a beeline to London where he proceeded to meet lovely English ladies, and more important, went AWOL. He was eventually arrested and spent more than two months in the stockade. After his release, he was dishonorably discharged from the Army, and returned to the Soho district of London, where he began his new career as a petty criminal.

He took on any job available, often working as a barman, an extra in motion pictures, a dancer, a wrestler, and anything else that could keep him in booze and women. He spent most of his free time at a bar called Smokey Joe's where he met all sorts of crooks and quickly gravitated to the criminal underworld. During the 1930s, Chapman began his second career, breaking into homes and stealing whatever valuables he could find and forging checks. For his crimes, he was given light sentences and served a two-month jail term for stealing a check and for fraud. He no sooner was out of jail than he was rearrested for trespassing and locked up for an additional three months.

During this same period, Chapman joined a ruthless bunch of criminals called the Jelly Gang, whose modus operandi focused on the use of high explosives to break into safes. The leader of the Jelly Gang was Jimmy Hunt, whom Chapman later used in his bogus schemes to fool the Germans during the war. The Jelly Gang proceeded to rob various upscale stores in London, most notably Isobel's, a furrier from which they stole a number of minks and capes valued at 200 pounds. Next was a pawnbroker where the gang blew open four safes, stealing 15,000 pounds. Chapman was so pleased with his handiwork that he clipped newspaper accounts of his robberies and filed them away in a scrapbook.

In 1939, with the police hot on their trail, the members of the Jelly Gang fled toward Scotland where their luck finally ran out. While trying to rob the headquarters of the Edinburgh Cooperative Society, Chapman and four others were caught by a passing policeman who heard noise and investigated. Before they could stand trial, however, the four men escaped and fled to the wilds of Jersey in the Channel Islands.

Chapman was the subject of a huge manhunt across the marshes of Jersey before finally being captured by the police while he was staying at the Hotel de la Plage. Accompanying Chapman to Jersey was his girlfriend, Betty Farmer. Eddie was locked in a Jersey jail without any means of escape. As fate would have it, however, an event soon took place that changed his life forever.

By June 1940, while Chapman was safely in jail, the German war machine was victorious across Europe. France, Belgium, the Netherlands, and Luxembourg were securely under Hitler's dominion. In preparation for the anticipated invasion of Great Britain, the Luftwaffe began attacks on the outlying areas, including the Channel Islands, which became the only sovereign territory of the British Isles occupied by the Germans during the war. German troops soon overran Jersey, and the prisoners now became the responsibility of the German government.

While locked up, Chapman made friends with a 22-year-old fellow prisoner named Anthony Faramus, and the two followed each other's whereabouts until the end of the war.

Chapman's luck changed when he was released from prison on October 15, 1941. His buddy Faramus had been released a few months before, and both men found their new freedom intoxicating. They started a small business together, a barber shop that catered mostly to German officers and enlisted men. They also made friends with a British citizen named Douglas Stirling who was into the black market, selling whatever illicit goods he could find. The trio went into business together, operating under the table, making a good living by persuading others to buy their stolen goods.

An expressionless Eddie Chapman awaits placement in a jail cell in this unflattering mugshot. (Library of Congress)

Just when Chapman thought he was free from German observation, a freak accident changed his life. One day he was involved in a bicycle accident with a German motorist. Chapman was riding on the wrong side of the road and car and bike collided. Chapman was interrogated by the Germans, who warned him not to get into any further trouble. Fearing for their long-term safety, Chapman, Faramus, and Stirling decided to write a letter to the German authorities in the Channel Islands offering to act as spies for the Third Reich. Writing later of his decision to work for the Germans, Chapman said, "If I could work a bluff with the Germans, I could probably be sent over to Britain. Perhaps it was phony talk even then, and I don't pretend there were no other motives in the plans I began to turn over in my mind. They did not occur to me either,

in one moment, or in one mood."

Chapman and Faramus wrote a letter offering their services to the commander of German forces in the Channel Islands, General Otto von Stulpnagel. Chapman also had a brief meeting with a German officer who heard his story and then promptly said he would get back to him. Weeks passed before Chapman heard from the German authorities. When he did, however, he was not happy.

Both Chapman and Faramus were arrested on bogus charges that they had cut telephone lines in the Channel Islands. They were put on a train bound for Paris, headed to an uncertain fate.

The two were taken to a prison called Fort de Romainville on the outskirts of Paris. In time, Chapman was interrogated by members of the prison staff about his previous criminal activities. One of these men was Dr. Stephan Graumann, who also went by the name von Groning. Over time, Chapman and Graumann became close personal friends despite the fact that they were on different sides of the war.

It was during these sessions that Graumann made Eddie an offer he could not refuse. In exchange for his freedom and a handsome payday, Eddie would be sent back to Britain by German intelligence to complete certain clandestine missions that he would be told about at a later date. Seeing a chance to get out of jail and return to Great Britain, Chapman volunteered to act as a spy for the Germans. He did so out of complete vanity, accepting a once-in-a-lifetime offer.

While Faramus remained in jail and eventually wound up in a concentration camp but survived the war, Chapman was taken to his new training facility, the Villa de la Bretonniere in Nantes, France. The living conditions at the villa were luxurious. He was given a crash course in the fine art of espionage, concentrating on wireless operations, hand-to-hand combat, and the use of secret ink. His training lasted about three months under the direction of Lieutenant Walter Praetorius aka Thomas, and Karl Barton, aka Herman Wojch. Soon, Chapman was adept in all sorts of clandestine arts and was ready to take the next step for his new German masters.

For months, the Germans had intended to send someone to Britain in an undercover capacity. When they found Chapman they believed their fondest wishes had come true. They gave their new recruit his own number, V-6523, as well as his own code name, Fritzchen (Little Fritz). He was now ready for his first assignment. On the night of December 16, 1942, carrying a radio transmitter, pistol, a bottle of invisible ink, and a cyanide pill, Eddie parachuted from a plane over the English town of Cambridge. When he landed and checked his possessions, he realized that he was given a large sum of money with the German stamp clearly visible and wrapped around the bills.

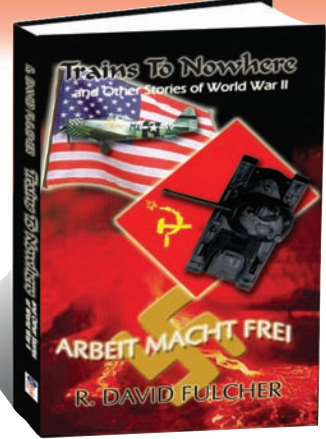
Unknown to the Abwehr and Eddie Chapman, the British knew all about his plans to enter Britain but did not yet know his exact identity. The British were able to read German cables via their ULTRA decryptions of German radio traffic and tracked German agents arriving on English shores. Using their Twenty Committee or Double Cross Organization, the British were able to arrest and "turn" German spies who then operated against their former masters under the penalty of death. Most of these spies cooperated with the British to save their own lives.

Upon landing, Chapman turned himself over to the local police who called in the Secret Intelligence Service. Chapman told them the story of being recruited by the Abwehr and offered to work for the British instead.

For the men of MI-5, Chapman was an ideal candidate to double cross. He was wanted for various and sundry crimes that had taken place on British soil, and they now had him over a

Continued on page 72

Relive The Second World War!



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Any Bonds Today?

The war bond drives of World War II helped finance the effort to defeat the Axis.

ONE OF THE MOST UNUSUAL BASEBALL GAMES EVER PLAYED WAS A THREE-way game in New York City between the New York Yankees, the New York Giants, and the Brooklyn Dodgers. Each team went to bat six times in the same nine-inning game against rotating opponents. The final score was Dodgers 5, Yankees 1, and Giants 0, and the U.S. government was $56,500,000 richer in war bond sales.

When Japan attacked Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941, the median income in the United States was about $2,000 a year. Those who were reasonably well off might be earning 85.3 cents an hour, the average hourly rate in 25 leading industries. Those who worked in a defense plant, one of many that kicked into high gear when Germany conquered France in 1940, could be making about $40.00 per week. Those who were far less fortunate could be one of the 7.5 million wage earners not covered by the legal minimum wage of 40 cents per hour, that is, $16 for a 40-hour week. In that case, these workers tried to get by on 15 cents an hour or even less.

In any event, the total population of the United States, about 134 million, would be asked to help pay for the war effort during World War II by buying war bonds. Those who could not afford bonds were asked to buy stamps. These stamps, which sold from a dime up, could be saved toward the purchase of a bond. Everybody from President Franklin D. Roosevelt down through artists and movie stars to young women at makeshift stands pleaded with Americans to "buy war bonds."

The war bonds the government wanted Americans to buy were the Series E bonds. On May 1, 1941, Secretary of the Treasury Henry Morgenthau sold the first Series E bond to President Roosevelt. The bonds were accrual or zero-coupon bonds that sold at 75 percent of their face value in denominations of $10, $25, $50, $75, $100, $200, $500, $1,000, $10,000, and $100,000.

The War Finance Committee was given the job of supervising the sale of the bonds. The committee's first task was to determine who would pay for the advertising campaign. Would the government pay or seek space and time contributions from newspapers and magazines or the radio networks? It was estimated that the cost of a nationwide advertising campaign could reach about $4 million a year, so the committee decided to solicit help from the media for the advertising.

The advertising campaign turned into a mammoth task. At first it focused on radio and newspapers since these appealed to a broad audience and could keep up with rapid changes in the news. However, the advertising was soon expanded to include magazines aimed at specific audiences and, since these diverse publications came out weekly, bi-weekly, or monthly, the campaign mushroomed. The magazine campaign with its varying needs proved to be far more complex than the radio-newspaper campaign.

TOP LEFT: The Bethlehem Steel company was one of many that created its own internal advertising to promote the purchase of war bonds by employees. ABOVE: The Series E war bond, featuring a portrait of President Franklin D. Roosevelt, was initially offered for sale to the general public on May 1, 1941, seven months before U.S. entry into World War II.

(LEFT: U.S. Army Art; ABOVE: National Archives)

The bond campaign was unique. Both the government and private companies created advertisements. Those who contributed advertising space felt they were doing more for the war effort since the money they would have been paid by the government could be channeled into military spending. The organizations

that made up their own war bond advertising felt they could use this to show their patriotism to the public.

The campaign succeeded. Over a quarter billion dollars worth of advertising was donated during the first three years of the Defense Savings Program. To make the advertising appeal to the public, the government enlisted the help of New York's best advertising agencies, dozens of entertainers, and even familiar comic strip characters. Bond rallies were held throughout the country, often led by entertainment personalities, usually Hollywood film stars. The advertising was effective. After one month of massive publicity, a poll revealed that over 90 percent of those questioned were aware of the War Bond Payroll Savings Plan (payroll deductions). The advertising for the bonds was often simple. Those who purchased a bond for $18.75 would get back $25.00 in 10 years. The New York Stock Exchange ran advertisements encouraging purchasers not to cash in their bonds.

In September 1942, some eight months after film star Carole Lombard was killed in a plane crash while returning from a bond rally in January 1942, a rally in which she had raised some $2.5 million, Hollywood went over the top with a Stars Over America "bond blitz." A total of 337 stars took part. They often worked 18 hours a day and were mobbed by the crowds of admiring fans that constantly engulfed them. Film stars Greer Garson, Bette Davis, and Rita Hayworth suffered varying degrees of physical and nervous exhaustion. Free movie days were often held, with the admission being a bond.

The Hollywood quota during the drive was $775 million, but more than $838 million in bonds were sold. Throughout the war, Hollywood stars made seven tours across 300 cities and towns. Glamour girl Dorothy Lamour, famous for her sarong, was credited with personally selling over $350 million in bonds. Another glamorous star, Hedy Lamarr, gave kisses to buyers of $25,000 bonds. One man became extremely excited and fainted before he could collect. Hollywood was not alone. Professional football and major league baseball did their share. Special games were held in which a war bond was the price of admission.

On January 6, 1941, President Franklin D. Roosevelt spoke of a world based on four freedoms in his message to Congress. "We look forward to a world founded upon four essential human freedoms," he said. "The first is freedom of speech and expression everywhere in the world. The second is freedom of every person to worship God in his own way everywhere

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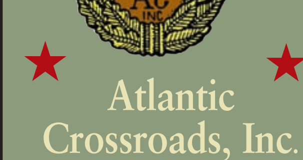

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ABOVE: Colonel Leslie G. Mulzer, commander of the Oklahoma City Air Technical Service Command, accepts a Minute Man pennant in recognition of record participation during the Sixth War Loan. Civilian and military personnel watch the ceremony, which, in itself, generated additional war bond sales. RIGHT: At the Bausch & Lomb plant in Rochester, New York, actress Dorothy Lamour makes an appearance to kick off a week-long campaign to sell war bonds. Bausch & Lomb Vice President Carl S. Hallauer presents the actress with a memento of her visit. (Both: National Archives)

in the world. The third is freedom from want everywhere in the world. The fourth is freedom from fear anywhere in the world."

Roosevelt's speech so inspired the artist-illustrator Norman Rockwell that he created a series of paintings based on his idea of the "Four Freedoms" theme. In his four paintings, he translated the abstract concepts of freedom into four scenes of everyday American life. Although the government initially rejected Rockwell's offer to create the paintings, the images were publicly circulated when *The Saturday Evening Post,* one of the nation's most popular magazines, reproduced them. The public loved them. After winning tremendous public approval, the paintings became a centerpiece in advertising the massive U.S. war bond drives. *The Saturday Evening Post*'s publishers produced copyrighted war bond posters using these paintings.

While Norman Rockwell was the war bond drives' most notable artist, Irving Berlin was their most celebrated composer. In 1941, as his contribution to the national defense effort, Berlin, composer of "God Bless America" in 1939, wrote "Any Bonds Today?" This song became the theme song of the Department of the Treasury's National Defense Savings Program. Many copies of the sheet music were distributed to help the government make the public aware of the savings bonds and savings stamp programs. In publishing this song, Berlin copyrighted it in the name of "Henry Morgenthau, Jr., Secretary of the Treasury, Washington, D.C." Although it was sung by many others, the famous Andrews Sisters were the primary performers known for this historic song. "The tall man with the high hat and the whiskers on his chin will soon be knocking at your door and you ought to be in. The tall man with the high hat will be coming down your way. Get your savings out when you hear him shout, 'Any bonds today?'"

Of course, the "tall man" is Uncle Sam.

The government organized a series of eight loan drives. The First War Loan began on November 30, 1942, and continued to December 23, 1942. The last drive, the Eighth or Victory Loan drive, took place October 29, 1945, through December 8, 1945. The war was over, but the last drive, like all the other drives, was a success. The quota for the Victory Loan was $11 billion. Over $21 billion was raised, an achievement of over 191 percent of the goal and the highest rate of success in any of the war loan drives.

In total, the eight war bond drives raised more than $156.4 billion, while over $180 million was donated by the private sector for advertising. A look at the Second and Third War Loan drives shows the magnitude of the task. The Second War Loan drive was completed on May 1, 1943, with over $18 billion being invested, $5.5 billion more than its goal. The Third War Loan drive, with its "Back the Attack" slogan, had a $15 billion goal. This meant that over 40 million Americans, about 30 percent of the population, would have to buy a $100 bond. President Roosevelt spoke on the radio on the evening of September 8, 1943, to start the drive, but the most successful single event by far was a 16-hour marathon

radio broadcast on CBS featuring singer Kate Smith, who was already famous for her moving rendition of "God Bless America." During her marathon, nearly $40 million in war bonds were sold. Approximately $23.4 million in advertising was donated, and the drive made sales of almost $19 billion.

When President Roosevelt launched the voluntary sales program in 1941, his advisers feared there would be a resurgence of the unfair pressures that had been put upon those who did not participate in the voluntary World War I Liberty Bond program. Many who did not buy bonds at that time had their property damaged or painted yellow by people wishing to humiliate them. However, Morgenthau insisted that the World War II bond program operate on a voluntary basis to "make the country war-minded and give peo-

Corporate advertising was instrumental in bolstering sales of war bonds, which financed the huge expenses incurred by the U.S. government during World War II. In this campaign poster, a cheerful serviceman urges civilian workers to contribute as they are able. (U.S. Army Art)

ple an opportunity to do something."

Every type of ballyhoo and hype was used to sell bonds, and the tireless and repeated hammering aimed at saturating every media of communication—radio, newspapers, magazines, and movies—continually carried the message with pleas and exhortations to "Buy War Bonds." Even matchbox covers and milk bottle caps were drafted into service to carry the message. Because of the low prices at the bottom of its range, the Series E Bond was considered the "little man's bond," and without the little man America could not have paid for the war. Eight of every 13 Americans purchased bonds totaling over $185.7 billion.

The Series E bond was withdrawn on June 30, 1980. The Series EE Bond replaced it, and the war bond became history. Although it is now a part of American and world history, it is easy to imagine sitting in a darkened movie theater at the height of the war, perhaps a theater that was open 24 hours a day because the defense plants around it were operating continual shifts and people getting off work needed to unwind. The film is just ending; two lines suddenly fill the screen: THE END. Buy War Bonds and Stamps at This Theater. □

Herb Kugel has done extensive research on the successful War Bond drives during World War II. He resides in Granville Ferry, Nova Scotia, Canada.

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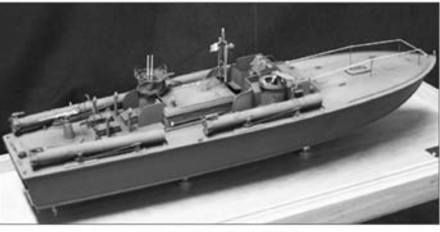

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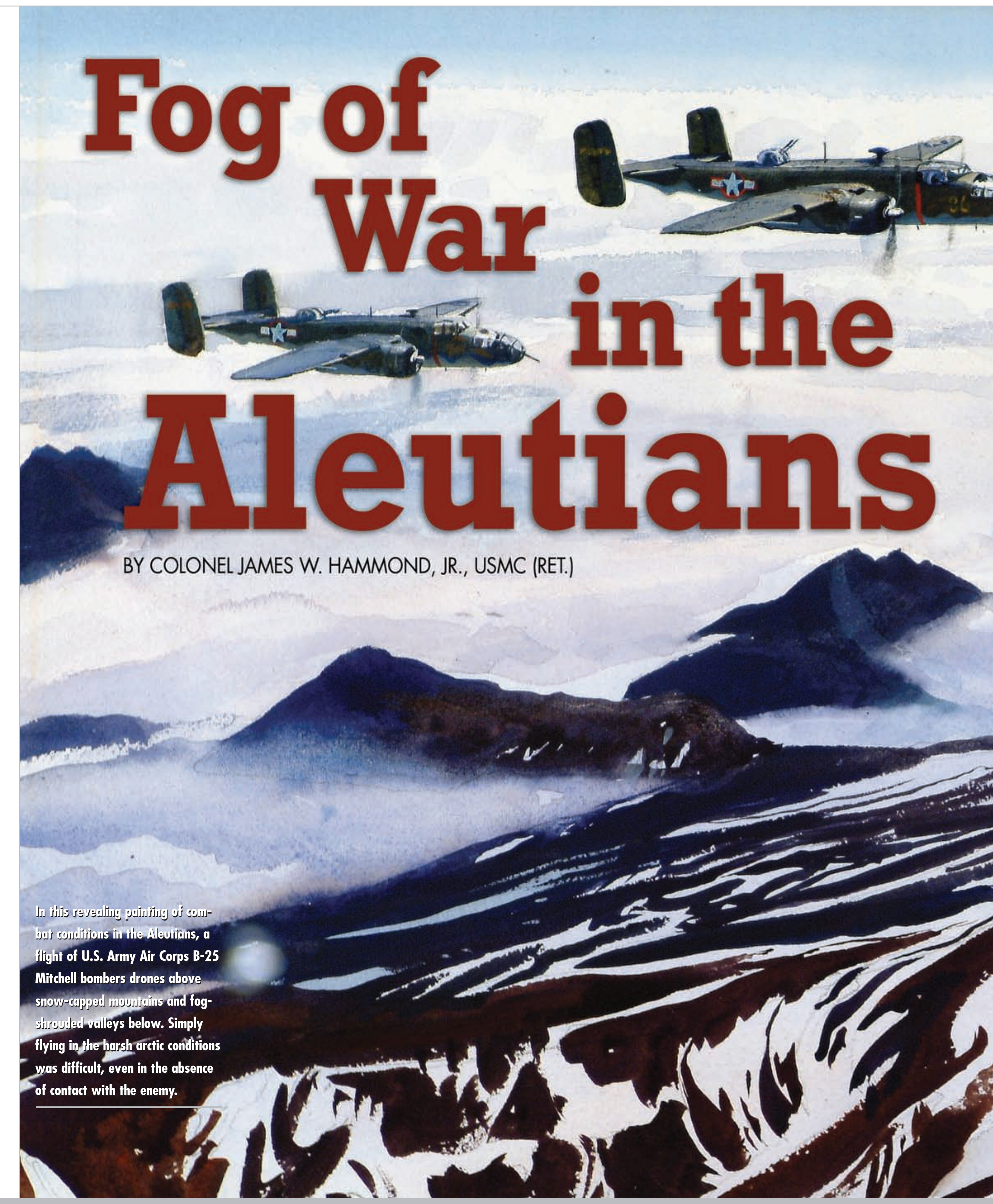
Fog of War in the Aleutians

BY COLONEL JAMES W. HAMMOND, JR., USMC (RET.)



In this revealing painting of combat conditions in the Aleutians, a flight of U.S. Army Air Corps B-25 Mitchell bombers drones above snow-capped mountains and fog-shrouded valleys below. Simply flying in the harsh arctic conditions was difficult, even in the absence of contact with the enemy.

The media and public opinion influenced the conduct of the fighting in the Northern Pacific, amid a shroud of secrecy and limited information.

For decades Americans have been spoiled by the instant coverage of war in the media. The stark reality of Vietnam entered homes with the evening news. A plethora of military experts, including many retired senior officers, analyzed every nuance and possibility of American and Allied actions both before and after the jump-off against Iraq in the desert war. Front pages of newspapers reported the carnage of the "highway of death" as the Iraqis retreated from Kuwait. Americans have come to accept almost "being there" when the nation's armed forces are committed. Such was not always the case.

An excellent example of the fog of war is the media coverage of the fighting in Alaska and the Aleutian Islands during 1942-1943. Instead of being covered by a host of reporters, each competing to be heard or read, there was scant coverage of these events. The fog of war was as literal as it was figurative. Actual visibility was shrouded by poor weather. Information visibility was clouded by a lack of press on the scene, other wartime events of greater significance to editors, or official press releases designed to buoy sagging morale without providing valuable information to the enemy. It was fertile ground for rumor and speculation, both of which found their way into the media. When the fighting in Alaska and the Aleutians was over, the war moved on.

News was delayed, censored, and incomplete, while Americans knew comparatively little of what really happened during fighting on their own soil.

On Thursday, June 4, 1942, the front page of *The New York Times* published an ominous box with the heading, "Coast Radios Silenced." The Fourth Army Fighter Command in San Francisco had ordered all radio stations off the air lest they guide unidentified aircraft (later found to be friendly) to western cities.

A battle was raging at Midway 1,100 miles west of Hawaii. Another component of the Japanese offensive against Midway

U.S. Army Art

was taking place several thousand miles to the north. To Americans, the two widely separated actions seemed like a spectacular wide-front advance of the yet unbeaten enemy. To some newspapers, however, they were two distinctly different events. The action to the north of Midway was a daylight raid on Dutch Harbor in the territory of Alaska. A terse Navy release said, "… no further details at this time."

The *San Francisco Chronicle,* while filled with news of Midway, told of the attack on Dutch Harbor, warning, "War comes closer to home." It said the Alaska attack was no surprise. Hanson Baldwin of *The New York Times* also thought the actions at Midway and Alaska were not unexpected inasmuch as they were retaliation for the April air raid on Tokyo by Jimmy Doolittle, which had been launched from the aircraft carrier USS *Hornet*. Baldwin felt that Dutch Harbor was merely a feint.

The next day, headlines proclaimed the victory at Midway and a Navy denial of another Dutch Harbor raid. Another radio blackout on the West Coast was reported as well, with Seattle being on a full war footing because of Dutch Harbor. No Navy releases were issued, and the absence of reporters in the formerly quiet Alaska sector caused the press to speculate that Dutch Harbor was a ploy to draw U.S. forces away from Midway. Many West Coast residents were convinced that they were next to be attacked following Dutch Harbor.

The most sensational story of all was published in the *Chicago Tribune* and reprinted in the *San Francisco Chronicle*. It said that the Navy knew of the Japanese plan and was waiting to meet the main Japanese force at Midway. Since the main thrust was known to be at Midway, American forces concentrated there and Dutch Harbor was ignored. Senior Navy commanders were enraged that such a story should appear but were compelled to maintain silence to avoid potentially compromising the fact that code breakers had cracked the Japanese naval code and were aware of the enemy's intentions.

Given the paucity of reporters on site, the Navy obsession with secrecy and the other significant events worldwide, news from the Aleutians was sketchy. What appeared in the newspapers and aired over the radio emanated from Washington and came from Army and Navy releases subsequently distributed by the wire services to their subscribers. Thus, the public, no matter what its access to news, was being fed the same information throughout the country. The wire services also picked up broadcasts from enemy sources. Americans dismissed most of these as propaganda, but this was not always so.

On June 9, Berlin radio said Japanese forces had occupied islands in the western Aleutians. The Japanese then announced their occupation, which drew a Navy denial: "None of our inhabited islands are troubled with uninvited visitors at this time." The Japanese were claiming that the Dutch Harbor raid had destroyed bases posing threats to Japan and that the Midway operation had prevented U.S. reinforcement of Alaska.

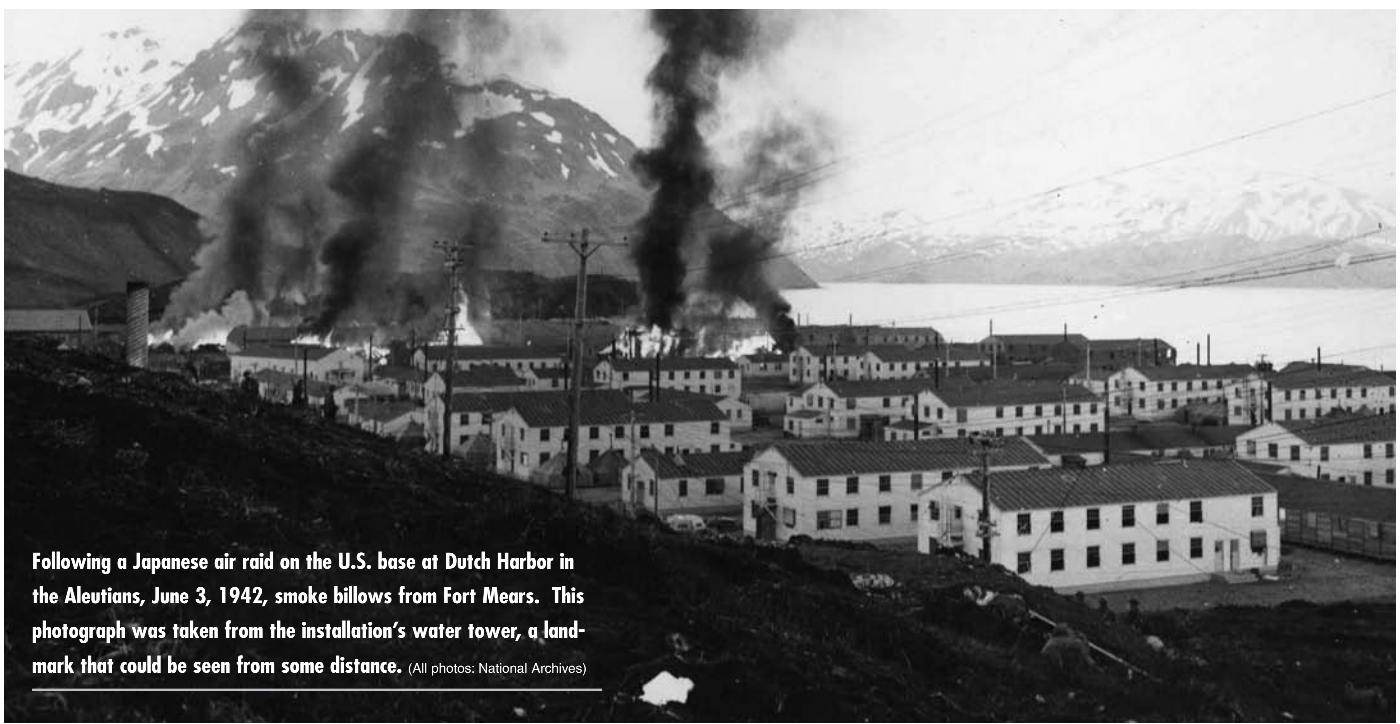
Press speculation said that the Aleutian fog could be hiding Japanese forces. It raised a question of an attack on Russia. It assumed that all inhabited islands in the chain were defended. On June 13, the Navy admitted the Japanese landings on Attu and Kiska, saying that weather had delayed verification. Japanese forces were on Attu and ships were in Kiska harbor. A headline the next day was timely and prophetic: "Silence Shrouding Fight in Aleutians."

The Army reported that its aircraft were trying to dislodge the invaders. The Navy called the landing "face saving." The press speculated it was a toehold for future attacks on the mainland, while Alaska's congressional delegate warned against complacency toward this invasion of American soil.

The Navy was not being complacent. It reported that an air attack had damaged six warships, including three Japanese cruisers, asserting that the action was a smaller version of the Midway victory but pragmatically noting, "The general situation in the Aleutians remains unchanged."

In discounting the menace, Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson told the press that the enemy had only small forces in "one of the cloudiest places in the world." He asked for patience: "I appeal to you for charity toward a communiqué under such circumstances." The Japanese, having missed their opportunity to destroy the oil tank farm at Pearl Harbor, gloated over their destruction of the oil tanks at Dutch Harbor.

On June 20, a Navy statement said the enemy forces would be dealt with when the fog lifted. "The so-called mystery of the Aleutian



Following a Japanese air raid on the U.S. base at Dutch Harbor in the Aleutians, June 3, 1942, smoke billows from Fort Mears. This photograph was taken from the installation's water tower, a landmark that could be seen from some distance. (All photos: National Archives)

battles is merely a mystery of weather, of fog, and snow coupled with a desire to keep the enemy in the dark. If the public is confused about the situation in western Alaska then so is the enemy—that is all to the good." The assurances that Admiral Ernest J. King, Chief of Naval Operations, was not surprised by the attack did not allay the fears of people on the West Coast who considered the possibility of air raids from Japanese planes based in the Aleutians very real. Ten days after the fact, the Navy announced that Kiska and Attu had been occupied on June 12.

The lack of information caused problems that were fed by press speculation. Kiska could become a Japanese submarine base astride the Lend-Lease route to the Soviet Union. Its recapture could provide a submarine base for U.S. forays into Japanese waters. The once-ignored Aleutians were assuming huge importance in the press.

Senator D.I. Walsh (D-Mass.) of the Naval Affairs Committee defended the Navy policy of withholding information about the fight in the fog. "If the information given to this committee could be made public, which cannot be done without giving information to the enemy, the people would realize that with the vast problems confronting the Navy and with the tools and equipment [it] possesses at this time, there would be every reason for gratification for what has been done to date."

The New York Times was still unhappy with the inaction when Hanson Baldwin editorialized at the end of June: "It is not weather alone that shrouds the Islands in fog. An obscurity of official comment also veils them." He cited four instances. First, there were no "inhabitable" islands occupied. Then, it was a "face-saving" operation. It was just another experience of "too little and too late." He rejected the excuse that the terrain was too rugged to benefit the Japanese.

During July and August, Navy and Army press releases reported air strikes as weather permitted. On August 1, the Navy release estimated about 10,000 invaders in the Aleutians but denied the rumor of a landing in the Pribilof Islands. On August 9, a Navy release said a surface task force had shelled Kiska. It implied that enough shipping had been in the harbor to justify an attack, but it added, "Nothing further is known about the results of the attack on Kiska." Amplification a few days later said U.S. cruisers and destroyers in a bombardment "over the weekend" had damaged a destroyer and wrecked ground installations. The press provided twin assessments of the surface attack. First, the attack was to gain information because aerial reconnaissance was so poor in the fog. Second, Japanese airfields were not yet completed because the Navy would not risk surface ships under the threat of attack by land-based aircraft.

Trailing smoke, a stricken Japanese aircraft appears headed for a crash during the raid on Dutch Harbor. The opening shots of the Battle of Midway were fired in the Aleutians.

On August 20, the Navy claimed the sinking of a Japanese destroyer or light cruiser by a U.S. submarine and the downing of three Japanese planes. Three days later the Navy released a summary of Japanese ships sunk in Alaska since June.

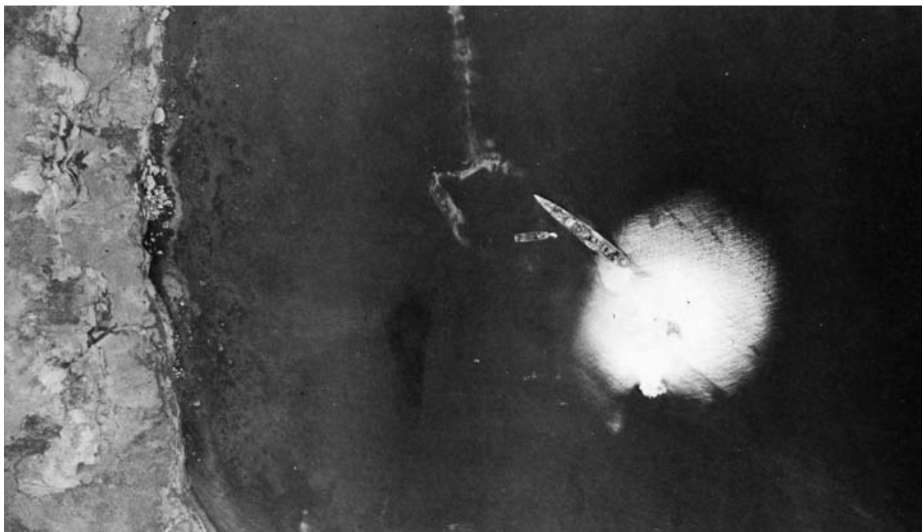
Official releases during the autumn continued to minimize the Japanese threat and to point out the peril facing the Japanese garrison. It had inadequate supplies. The Navy attack on Kiska was costly to the Japanese at no loss to the United States. Then, U.S. counteraction was announced at the end of September. The Army had landed in the Adreanof Islands and built an airfield close to Kiska. The Japanese were pulling back.

The Navy announced, "Withdrawal from Attu and Agattu several weeks ago is indicated. There were no signs of enemy from aerial reconnaissance." But there was bad news too. Several days later the Navy said that new buildings on Kiska indicated reinforcements. A submarine base was reported there. In late November, activity was discovered on Attu revealing that "apparently Japanese float planes returned to Attu after abandoning it earlier." One year after Pearl Harbor, Admiral Chester Nimitz, the U.S. Navy commander in chief in the Pacific, promised ouster of the Japanese from the islands. Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox told reporters, "Only dead Japs will remain permanently in the Aleutians." Lack of shipping was reported to have stranded the Japanese garrison on Kiska.

The new year brought bad news from the Navy. Float planes had reinforced Kiska, and apparently the Japanese had no intention of giving the island up without a fight. Their planes attacked U.S. ships and bases. In early February, the U.S. Navy reported its surface units of unspecified type were operating against the enemy and cited the float plane usage as an indication that no airstrips existed. On February 21, Navy warships shelled Attu in the first surface attack since August.

During March the Navy was silent, but the Associated Press broke a story contradicting the float plane theory. It said that an airstrip had been under construction on Kiska for a month. At the end of the month, the Navy made a cryptic comment about a surface action between ships west of Attu. After encountering an American force, four Japanese cruisers and four destroyers had retired west from Attu. There was no elaboration, and details would be revealed "when such information will not be of value to the enemy." The press thought the appearance of a formidable enemy force was a surprise and was either escorting a convoy to Kiska or was the prelude to further naval involvement.

Two weeks later the Navy admitted there was airfield construction on Kiska and Attu. A long fighter strip was being laid out on Kiska and a longer bomber strip on Attu to the west. It was restated that the Navy had turned back a convoy on March 28. Fliers still reported



ABOVE: A bomb explodes near a Japanese warship anchored off the Aleutian island of Kiska during a raid by U.S. bombers on October 9, 1942. RIGHT: Hundreds of shell casings litter the deck of the cruiser USS *Honolulu,* evidence of the heavy bombardment of Kiska prior to the landing of Allied forces on August 8, 1942.

operations hampered by weather, but more antiaircraft fire indicated an increased Japanese presence.

During the first week in May, details of the March surface action were released. A story by a reporter aboard one of the ships had a dateline of March 26, 1943 (Delayed), giving an eyewitness account of the battle. More news was coming out of the Aleutians. The Navy reported unopposed American landings on Adak and Amchitka, which had taken place in January. There were now U.S. air bases just 70 miles from Kiska.

More good news, although tardy, was released. Four days after the fact, the Navy revealed that Attu had been assaulted on May 11. U.S. progress was satisfactory and "details would be released as the situation clarifies." Banner headlines proclaimed the "Battle of the Fog" as reporters with the landing forces filed stories. Secretary Knox defended the secrecy and delay in revealing the invasion. He reasoned that the Japanese were surprised and the delay in giving out details was "sound." The battle ashore raged for a month. Daily reports of the fighting were printed as they cleared the censors. A running account of the battle appeared every day until the island was declared secure.

The press speculated that Japan "apparently intends to let the Aleutians go by default." This was based on a Navy release that no resupply attempts to Kiska had occurred since the sea battle in late March. The Navy noted also that the abundant salmon in Kiska's streams could keep the Japanese from starving.

The fog in July held up raids on Kiska. Surface ships shelled the island in preparation for an assault. On July 7, Japanese shore batteries did not reply. Three days later fire was returned from shore. During the shelling on July 12, four Japanese ships were reported hit. Three days later, the enemy was silent, "as sometimes in the past." Navy releases reported constant raids and shelling through July and then went silent on reports at the end of the month.

On August 22, during the Quebec Conference, President Franklin D. Roosevelt announced that American and Canadian forces had landed unopposed on Kiska on August 15. The official statement was brief. The Navy release was lacking in details, saying that the landing force had found that the enemy had fled in the fog. It assumed that the capture of Attu, astride the line of communications, had made Kiska untenable.

The Navy was unaware of the evacuation since bombing "had apparently destroyed Japanese radio equipment on Kiska." It had assumed that the isolated garrisons "were not in contact with the homeland." Thus, no release about American operations had been made since July 31. During daily bombings, the last antiaircraft fire had been observed on August 13. The landing took place on August 15, and the size of the landing force was not revealed. The Navy thought that evacuation had begun after Attu fell.

A reporter speculated that the Japanese garrison had evacuated in large submarines. Air reconnaissance had reported gradual abandonment of the main camp, but it was assumed that enemy troops were digging in in the hills. The initial landing waves were thought to have surprised the enemy, but as the troops moved inland they became suspicious that the enemy had gone. In hindsight, it was noted that barges had begun disappearing in July but a voyage to Japan in such craft was believed out of the question. The Japanese later explained that their troops had departed in July "for action elsewhere."

A banner headline told it all. "Kiska Is Reoccupied, Japs Flee Without a Battle." As far as the press and the public were concerned the battle in the fog was over and it disappeared from the pages as more important events occupied the space.

Baldwin of *The New York Times* offered one postmortem on September 1. He noted, "all sorts of errors." The Attu landing, he asserted, was confused and uncoordinated. He reserved his biggest blast for Kiska. It was a gross failure in elementary intelligence work. Fog covered the evacuation. It could have covered small amphibious reconnaissance parties in covert landings to determine enemy strength. Bombing had done little damage. It did not force evacuation. The enemy left when resupply became impossible and the position untenable.

With that, the fog of war once more closed over the Aleutians and passed to the realm of the historian and historical research.

As Stanley Johnston had so indiscreetly said in reference to the Japanese occupation of Attu and Kiska, we knew they were coming. Admiral Nimitz in Pearl Harbor had read the messages containing the plans of the Imperial Japanese Navy and deployed his naval forces to meet them. Nimitz was aware of the impending Japanese reaction to the Doolittle raid on Tokyo in April.

Japanese reaction was a change in strategic planning. Previously, Japan's aims had been to

acquire the natural resources of the Dutch East Indies, eliminate the threat of Guam and the Philippines as potential U.S. bases in the Western Pacific, and remain secure inside a protective screen of occupied territory to await the Allied acceptance of a fait accompli. Japan would emerge as the dominant power in the Western Pacific and on the East Asian mainland. The Doolittle raid poked a hole in this theory of safety behind an inner defense perimeter. Hence, Japan decided to extend the perimeter to the east, southeast, and northeast.

The southeast extension was thwarted, in part, at the Battle of the Coral Sea in early May 1942. Although unable to penetrate around New Guinea to Port Moresby, the Japanese established a base on Tulagi in the lower Solomon Islands, later to extend to Guadalcanal. The expansion east and northeast was to occur in June and include occupation of Midway, 1,100 miles west of Hawaii, and of islands in the Aleutians. Kiska was to anchor the northern end of the new outer defense perimeter as well as to obstruct U.S.-Soviet military collaboration. Tactically, the strike at Dutch Harbor was to deliver a blow that would distract Nimitz from the forces approaching Midway and confuse him as to the location of the main attack on Midway. Another Japanese force lay between the Aleutians and Midway to destroy American forces that were shifted from one to the other.

Initially, Nimitz became aware of an impending major thrust but in April was not sure as to where or when. In Alaska, he suspected three Japanese objectives based on his own analysis. These were Makushing Bay, Cold Harbor, and Dutch Harbor. On May 21, 1942, Nimitz formed Task Force 8. Its commander, Rear Admiral R.A. Theobold, had heavy cruisers *Indianapolis* and *Louisville*; light cruisers *Honolulu, St. Louis,* and *Nashville*; and 10 destroyers. They were designated for duty in the North Pacific. Meanwhile, the code breakers had informed Nimitz that the main attack was to be at Midway. Nimitz correctly decided that the Aleutian operation was a feint. He did, however, inform Theobold of Japanese intentions to occupy Kiska and Attu. Nimitz knew that the Japanese Northern Area Force included the light carriers *Ryujo* and *Junyo*, heavy cruisers *Takao* and *Maya*, and three destroyers. He knew it would strike soon after June 1.

The Japanese launched their air strikes on Dutch Harbor early on the morning of June 3. Bad weather caused one group to return to its carrier. Another group of 12 made the initial raid. A second attack came across an airstrip at Otter Bay. It was surprised by U.S. Army fighters and lost four aircraft without finding Dutch Harbor in the fog.

The carriers had been discovered by a U.S. patrol plane before launching their first strike. While the Japanese were searching for Dutch Harbor, U.S. bombers were attacking the carriers but scored no hits. The sighting of the Japanese task force caused Theobold to speed to their reported position, but the Japanese had withdrawn.

The Japanese believed that American defenders were on Adak, Kiska, and Attu in strength. They planned to hit Adak by air before the carriers retired from the area to support the later landings on Attu and Kiska. If advantageous, a landing was also contemplated on Adak, but the presence of the airstrip at Otter Bay canceled the Adak landing. Weather also canceled the air raid on Adak. Better weather was forecast for Dutch Harbor, and the Japanese hit it again on the afternoon of June 4.

Meanwhile, disaster at Midway caused Admiral Isoroku Yamamoto, commander in chief of the combined fleet, to "temporarily postpone" landing there or in the Aleutians. The Northern Area Force was ordered south to cover the retirement from Midway. Four hours later, the order was countermanded and the invasion of the Aleutians rescheduled.

The Kiska Occupation Force consisted of the light cruisers *Kiso* and *Tama,* the auxiliary cruiser *Asaka Maru,* and three destroyers. Five hundred marines of the Special Landing Force and 700 labor corps troops were in two transports. They assaulted Kiska expecting to fight a battalion of U.S. Marines. Instead, they found 10 members of a weather station team. The combined Attu-Adak forces consisted of the light cruiser *Abukuma*, five destroyers, the seaplane carrier *Kimikawa Maru* with six float planes, and two transports carrying 1,200 army personnel including construction troops.

Americans became aware that Attu and

An overzealous reporter and a negligent naval officer nearly caused an intelligence disaster for the U.S.

STANLEY JOHNSTON, a reporter for the *Chicago Tribune* accredited to the Navy as a correspondent, had made two forays into the South Pacific aboard the aircraft carrier *Lexington*. He was rescued when the ship was sunk in the Battle of the Coral Sea in May 1942. He and other survivors returned to San Diego via Noumea. En route, Johnston's roommate aboard the cruiser *Chester* was Commander Morton Seligman, executive officer of the sunken carrier. Seligman had a copy of Admiral Nimitz's operation order to the Midway forces. The message was top secret. Whether Seligman actually showed it to Johnston or left it adrift in the stateroom for Johnston to read is moot. The fact that security was compromised almost had terrifying results and could have reversed the course of the war.

The ability to continue to read Japanese messages since several enemy codes had been broken was crucial to victory, and Johnston almost gave that secret away. He filed a story on the victory at Midway with the *Chicago Tribune*. It was picked up by the *San Francisco Chronicle* and run on its front page.

Johnston's exclusive said that the Navy knew of the Japanese plan for Midway beforehand and was waiting to meet the enemy there. It was an almost verbatim text of the top secret message. Anyone who read it could infer that the Japanese codes had been broken. What else could the headline, "Navy Had Word of Jap Plan to Strike at Sea" imply?

There was talk of bringing *Chicago Tribune* owner Robert R. McCormick and Johnston to trial for endangering national security. The only vestige of hope that the Navy had was that the Japanese did not read American newspapers and that Americans would soon regard the headline as "yesterday's news." Evidently, the Japanese did not pick up on the blunder, and the attention of the American public was diverted.

McCormick and Johnston were never tried lest it highlight an incident which the Navy wanted to bury. Johnston became persona non grata to the Navy. Proposals that the Navy requisition the ships bringing timber for newsprint across the Great Lakes for the *Tribune* or that Canada suspend delivery of pulp to McCormick never came to fruition. Admiral Ernest J. King decreed that Seligman would never be promoted to captain and retired him in 1944.

Seligman had received a Navy Cross in World War I, two more later and a Purple Heart in early 1942. Under statutes that remained in effect until 1958, as a decorated officer of the Navy, Mort Seligman became a "tombstone" captain. He held the rank and privileges but not the pay of a retired Navy captain. □

Kiska had fallen when weather reports were not received on June 8. Two days later, a patrol plane reported four enemy ships in Kiska harbor and tents on Attu. The campaign then settled into the fog of war. The Army flew missions against Attu and Kiska for the next two months. Half of them returned without finding targets because of poor visibility.

The Japanese did leave Attu on September 10, 1942, but went back late in October after reorganizing their Northern Pacific command. In the meantime, Americans were moving. Since the Japanese did not want Adak, the Army occupied it on August 30, 1942. An airstrip for fighters and bombers was built immediately to keep Kiska and Attu under attack. Another unopposed landing was made on Amchitka on January 9, 1943, and an airfield was built there.

The Japanese were moving too. Prior to the temporary abandoning of Attu, shipping had left Kiska in June after aircraft had sunk a transport. A seaplane tender moved her brood to nearby Agattu until the weather closed in on Kiska and that base could be developed safe from attack.

The summer weather had hampered surface engagements as well as air attacks. On July 21, 1942, Theobold, his flag aboard *Indianapolis,* left Kodiak. With him were *Louisville, Honolulu, St. Louis,* and *Nashville* plus five destroyers, four destroyer minesweepers, and an oiler. Approaching Kiska in a thick fog, they refueled from the oiler *Guadalupe*. Theobold postponed the bombardment of Kiska and retired eastward. He returned on the 27th, but again the fog was too thick. He canceled the mission and headed back to Kodiak. In the fog, two of the destroyer minesweepers collided. The destroyer *Monaghan* was also involved in an accident. The return of the task force was retarded by the reduced speed of the four damaged ships.

Theobold moved his flag ashore and turned Task Force 8 over to Rear Admiral William W. "Poco" Smith, who sortied with the same ships less the four damaged ones on August 3. They shelled Kiska on August 7. The cruisers catapulted spotting planes, but the enemy Mitsubishi Zero floatplane fighters kept them too busy to do their job. The ships fired indirectly with mediocre results. A freighter was set afire and later sunk. Barracks and barges were destroyed, as were three flying boats. Two destroyers, three sub chasers, and several midget submarines were unharmed. Several of the U.S. ships were slightly damaged by near misses from shore batteries. One spotting plane was lost, and all the others were holed by machine guns. The next bombardment did not take place until February 18, 1943. By then, more Navy surface units were available because of new construction and the easing of requirements for heavier ships and destroyers off Guadalcanal.

A salvo from the cruiser USS *Indianapolis* is loosed against reported Japanese positions on Kiska. During the intense prelanding shelling of the island, the *Indianapolis* was on station astern of the cruiser USS *Salt Lake City,* from which this photograph was taken. INSET: Admiral C.H. McMorris commanded the U.S. naval contingent that won the Battle of the Komandorski Islands in March 1943, preventing Japanese resupply efforts in the Aleutians.

In the interim, fog, wind, and weather were hard on the Navy. Four ships were lost. On June 19, 1942, the submarine *S-27* grounded off Amchitka. On December 29, the destroyer minesweeper *Wasmuth* foundered in heavy seas. Two days later, the submarine rescue ship *Rescuer* grounded and was abandoned. On January 12, 1943, the destroyer *Worden* grounded and later sank.

In late March 1943, Rear Admiral C.H. McMorris, his flag aboard the light cruiser *Richmond,* in company with the heavy cruiser *Salt Lake City* and four destroyers, including repaired *Monaghan,* was west of Attu and south of the Komandorski Islands. McMorris was between the northern Japanese base at Paramushiro and the Japanese garrisons in the Aleutians when he ran into a powerfully escorted resupply convoy. Two transports and a slower freighter were escorted by the heavy cruisers *Nachi* and *Maya*, the light cruisers *Tama* and *Abukuma*, and five destroyers. Both *Nachi* and *Maya* were a few knots faster than their American counterparts, and their combined 20 8-inch guns were double the 10 aboard *Salt Lake City*. The Americans had radar, while the Japanese did not. However, in a daylight fight with good visibility, firepower could compensate. Still, McMorris decided to engage.

Here again was demonstrated the difference in naval philosophy between the Japanese and the Americans. American commanders were inculcated with the principle of exercising initiative in attacking enemy ships when the opportunity arose instead of slavishly adhering to prior orders issued without regard to a changing situation. Boldness was the watchword. Japanese commanders were no less bold, but they usually did not disregard their original orders despite an opportunity for destroying the enemy. In this case, the mission of the Japanese commander was to protect the convoy. He fought the engagement with that handicap.

The battle opened on the morning of March 26, 1943, with the American column overtaking the convoy, which was sailing in column but tied to the speed of the slower transports. The Japanese warships turned east and then south toward McMorris to place themselves between the Americans and the transports, which continued northwest. The Japanese ships kept themselves north of the Americans during the fight, and the heavy cruisers concentrated their fire on *Salt Lake City*, which returned the compliment. During the almost four-hour engagement, *Salt Lake City* was hit at least four times. *Nachi*, the Japanese flagship, was hit

In contrast to the Kiska operation, the fighting on the island of Attu was intense. Here, American troops and supplies are landed on the beach at Massacre Bay on Attu. Massacre Bay was one of two locations where Allied soldiers came ashore and succeeded in cornering the Japanese.

early in the fight, and both Japanese heavy cruisers took several hits. The fight ended at noon, 60 miles west of where it began, with the Japanese headed away to the west and home while *Salt Lake City* was dead in the water and taken under tow by *Richmond*.

The Japanese succeeded in protecting the convoy, but the convoy did not get through to Kiska and returned to Japan. The damaged U.S. ships returned home across the international date line on the same day they had won the Battle of the Komandorski Islands. This was the March sea battle whose report had been delayed by the Navy in Washington.

A week later, the U.S. 7th Infantry Division stormed ashore on Attu. The Navy was there in force to support the amphibious landing. Operation Landcrab was under the command of Rear Admiral Thomas C. Kincaid, who also commanded Task Force 16. Shore-based Army air units, Navy patrol squadrons and submarines, and two covering groups were part of Task Force 16. The Southern Covering Group, Task Group 16.2, included the light cruisers *Raleigh, Richmond,* and *Detroit* and five destroyers. The Northern Covering Group, Task Group 16.7, was more powerful with the heavy cruisers *Wichita, San Francisco,* and *Louisville* plus four destroyers. The assault force, Task Force 51, under Rear Admiral F.W. Rockwell, softened up the beaches for the troops. Its muscle included three battleships, *Nevada, Pennsylvania,* and *Idaho*. The escort carrier *Nassau* had 26 Grumman F4F Wildcat fighter planes. Eight destroyers screened the force and provided fire support to the battalions on the beach. The fight ashore lasted until the end of the month.

With Attu gone, Kiska was isolated. Task Group 16.7 conducted the first bombardment of Kiska in almost a year on July 6, 1943. The shelling lasted 22 minutes, and no return fire was received.

A bigger bombardment was scheduled for July 2. Task Group 16.7 was again to take part,

What had led to this blunder? Had American intelligence, with its interception and decoding of Japanese message traffic, failed?

but the battleships *Mississippi* and *New Mexico* with the heavy cruiser *Portland* and several destroyers were to provide the big punch. No return fire was directed at the ships. A half hour after the ships retired, Army fighters and medium bombers attacked Japanese targets. One U.S. fighter was shot down.

On Sunday, August 15, American and Canadian troops waded ashore on Kiska. There was no enemy to fight. The Japanese had evacuated more than two weeks earlier. What had led to this blunder, which repeated that of the Japanese 15 months before when they expected to find Marines but found only a weather crew? Had American intelligence, with its interception and decoding of Japanese message traffic, failed?

After the loss of Attu and the turning back of their reinforcement effort at the Komandorskis, the Japanese deemed Kiska untenable. Thus, on May 26, even before the firefights on Attu, they began to withdraw the Kiska troops. Large I-class submarines had been running the blockade submerged and delivering a modicum of supplies. Each could take out 60 men on return. Of the 13 boats used in this way, four, *I-9, I-24, I-31,* and *I-7,* were sunk by U.S. destroyers and a sub chaser most likely guided by decoded intercepts. Three other I-class submarines suffered damage or scraped bottom in Kiska Harbor and had to turn back. The Japanese canceled the submarine evacuation after removing only 820 men.

The Japanese were faced with the dilemma of either trying to breach the surface blockade or leaving their troops to fend for themselves. The U.S. Navy controlled the approaches to Kiska and with radar in its 1943 state could satisfactorily detect any surface incursions.

It was radar that was to provide the help

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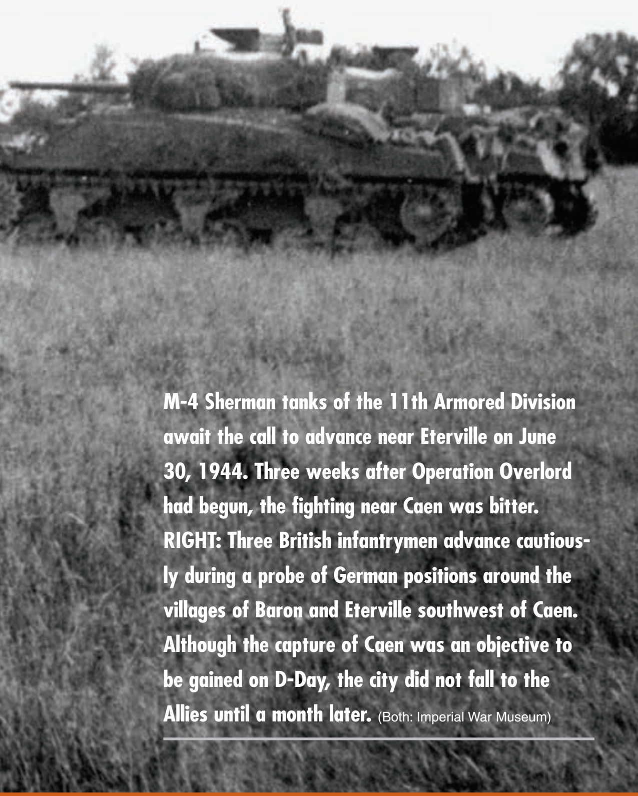
>> Crown of

Thorns

BY JON LATIMER

British troops struggled mightily for control of strategically vital Hill 112 in Normandy.



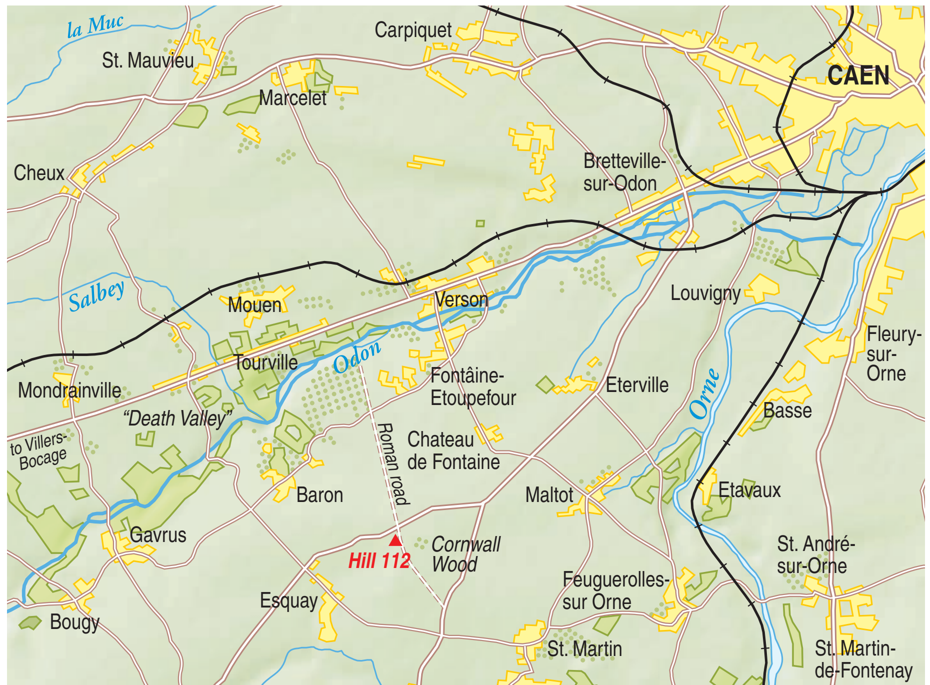
M-4 Sherman tanks of the 11th Armored Division await the call to advance near Eterville on June 30, 1944. Three weeks after Operation Overlord had begun, the fighting near Caen was bitter. RIGHT: Three British infantrymen advance cautiously during a probe of German positions around the villages of Baron and Eterville southwest of Caen. Although the capture of Caen was an objective to be gained on D-Day, the city did not fall to the Allies until a month later. (Both: Imperial War Museum)

The Allied landings in Normandy on June 6, 1944, produced a bitter struggle for control of the invasion beachhead. Slowly, the Allies expanded and reinforced, fighting all the time in dense bocage country dominated by hills and hedgerows against an enemy whose skill and determination extracted a high price in men and equipment.

However, the price was at least as high for the defenders. The German Seventh Army had not been expected to face the main effort of the Allies and was itself starved of reinforcements. Thanks to Allied deception, for "seven decisive weeks" as General Omar N. Bradley would later describe them, the 19 divisions of the German Fifteenth Army maintained a fruitless coast watch in the Pas de Calais, barely 200 miles to the north, awaiting an invasion that never came. Seventh Army, meanwhile, was battered by repeated assaults supported by enormous firepower, which steadily whittled away its strength as the Allies gathered strength for a breakout from Normandy into open country.

Outside the city of Caen, the River Odon meanders along its valley to join the River Orne east of the city. Along the southern bank lies a low, rolling ridge at whose eastern end the ground rises to form a plateau, the summit being marked on operational maps as Hill 112. The road from Caen to Evrecy crosses the hill east to west, intersected to the north by a track, the straightness of which belies its Roman origins. Standing at the intersection is a calvary, the Croix de Filandriers, and as the track moves southward up to the summit, it reaches a small orchard surrounded by a tree-lined hedge.

German Field Marshal Erwin Rommel declared that whoever held Hill 112 would hold the key to the whole of Normandy. From its summit are commanding views of the surrounding countryside in every direction. Beyond it, the ground is much less cramped, the better to unleash armored forces. It was inevitable that this small feature would become the scene of one of the fiercest battles of the campaign.



Southwest of the crossroads town of Caen, Hill 112 was the scene of a prolonged and heroic struggle between British troops and veteran German soldiers of the Waffen SS. (Map © 2008 Philip Schwartzberg, Meridian Mapping, Minneapolis, MN)

The British first drew up to Hill 112 during Operation Epsom, when VIII Corps, supported by more than 700 guns, drove in the outlying German defenses. The Germans held on only by committing the remains of the I SS Panzer Corps. Further operations in the following days led to the 23rd Hussars and 8th Battalion, Rifle Brigade climbing to the summit on June 28. The Hussars were relieved by the 3rd Battalion, Royal Tank Regiment, which together with 8th Rifle Brigade captured the little wood. The German response was to plaster the area with rounds from every available artillery piece. The following day, the 44th Battalion, Royal Tank Regiment joined its comrades on the hill, but at 10 PM that evening, after efforts to consolidate neighboring positions had proved unsuccessful, they were ordered to withdraw.

The men on the summit were shocked, believing they could continue and reach the Orne. But Lt. Gen. Sir Richard O'Connor was deeply concerned that his narrow salient was vulnerable to counterattack from the flanks, and intelligence suggested the immediate threat from the II SS Panzer Corps was extreme. By now, elements of no fewer than six panzer divisions were grouped around VIII Corps, including from east to west the 12th SS Panzer Division Hitlerjügend, the 1st SS Panzer Division Leibstandarte Adolf Hitler, the 10th SS Panzer Division Frundsberg, the 9th SS Panzer Division Hohenstaufen, the 2nd SS Panzer Division Das Reich, and the Panzer Lehr Division of the German Army.

The counterattack had been forestalled by Operation Epsom and was unable to really get going. Starting on June 29, it was over by July 1 as the Germans discovered the difficulties of attacking in the close countryside, filled with concealed antitank guns and infantry armed with the antitank PIAT weapon. Wherever a minor breakthrough was achieved, it would swiftly be pinched out and everything done under the hammer of heavy guns from the Royal Artillery and Royal Navy.

The commander of Seventh Army, SS General Paul Hasser, said, "The murderous fire from naval guns in the Channel and the terrible British artillery destroyed the bulk of our attacking forces in the assembly area." One regiment counted no fewer than 8,000 incoming rounds in three hours. Casualties had been heavy on both sides, but the British could take comfort from the success of their strategy of pulling the German armor onto their front and whittling it down. The Germans were being forced to hold the line with their armored formations at great cost.

Following an enormous bombing raid, Caen by July 9 was isolated and occupied by British troops, with the exception of its southern suburbs. However, the Americans were finding it difficult to progress to their start line for the eventual breakout, and Das Reich was known to have left the British sector to move opposite the Americans with Panzer Lehr due to move as well. Field Marshal Bernard Montgomery, commander of Twenty-First Army Group, decided to reapply the pressure on Hill 112, ordering O'Connor to capture it along with the surrounding villages, and proceed to the Orne beyond. Operation Jupiter would be a four-phase mission conducted by the 43rd (Wessex) Division in its first setpiece battle.

A prewar Territorial formation mostly comprising men from the West Country of England, all the soldiers of the 43rd Infantry were Territorials with the exception of 1st Battalion, Worcestershire Regiment, and each battalion had a strong local character. It had been in long, hard training for years for precisely this moment. It was commanded by one of the most controversial British officers of the period, Maj. Gen. Ivo Thomas. Described by Lt. Gen. Brian Horrocks in his book *Corps Commander* as "an immensely able divisional commander though a very difficult man," Thomas may have generated respect but certainly never affection. Nicknamed "Von Thoma" by some, he was called "The Butcher" by others.

For the operation, two brigades of the 4th Armored (equipped with Shermans) and the 31st Tank (equipped with Churchills) Regiments were attached to the 43rd Division, together with field artillery from three other divisions and two army groups of the Royal Artillery (eight regiments of mediums and heavies). Facing them were elements of the Frundsberg and Hitlerjügend panzer divisions. To the west, Hohenstaufen was in the process of being relieved by the 277th Infantry Division, a Wehrmacht formation. The defenders' divisional artillery was largely intact and supplemented by two brigades of *nebelwerfers*, the multiple rocket launchers capable of producing a devastating fire.

On the night before Operation Jupiter began, 30 Tiger tanks of SS Schwerepanzerabteilung 102 (102nd SS Heavy Tank Battalion) moved south of Hill 112. Armed with 88mm guns, these monsters could destroy any British tank at long range, while their armor was only susceptible at close quarters. Their presence would prove a crucial factor in what was to come.

"It was grand to hear the section commanders shouting their orders: 'Hold your fire chaps, until you can see the buggers' eyes.'"

Phase I of Operation Jupiter commenced at 5 AM on July 10, with the 129th Brigade securing the right flank and the village of Baron. In the center, the 4th Battalion, Somerset Light Infantry (Prince Albert's) had to advance across some 1,500 yards of open ground supported by the Churchills of the 7th Battalion, Royal Tank Regiment. Closely following a rolling artillery barrage, they unwittingly bypassed a number of German positions so that when the defenders emerged bitter actions followed.

By the time these positions were silenced, the British troops had killed some 100 SS men but suffered crippling casualties in the process. Three out of four rifle company commanders were down, as were most platoon commanders. One company was now commanded by a sergeant. They could not move forward and began to dig in around the crossroads.

Tank action continued around them as the Churchills were engaged by Frundsberg's Mark IV and Panther medium tanks supported by the 102nd Battalion's Tigers, forcing the British to retire to hull-down positions. The 4th Somerset Light Infantry's antitank gunners managed a measure of revenge, however. Their commander, Captain Clifford Perks, recalled, "The corn was so high that we couldn't use the gun sights. We aimed by guesswork. Soon three German tanks were in flames and a fourth was beating a hasty retreat with smoke pouring out of the turret." A supporting Achilles tank destroyer also accounted for a Tiger, which had advanced to within 40 yards of battalion headquarters. The German crewmen showed determination to fight to the death and were obliged by a burst from a Sten gun.

Meanwhile, on the brigade's left, the 4th Battalion, Wiltshire Regiment (Duke of Edinburgh's) was learning the nature of fighting SS men. As their regimental historian later noted, "The first appearance of victory was most deceptive. The growing corn, red with poppies, concealed numerous carefully dug positions. These might consist of a single narrow hole containing a desperate man who was quite ready to hide until several hours after the attack had passed over him, and then start sniping. Other and more elaborate positions were deep dugouts in the center of a web of roofed-over crawl trenches leading to weapon pits ready to be manned by Spandau (machine-gun) teams when the leading wave had passed."

The historian continued, noting that "no inert body could be presumed dead unless it bore the most easily visible wound. Wounded SS men would throw grenades at stretcher-bearers coming up to attend them. Soon the battalion was committed to in-fighting throughout its depth."

Lieutenant J.P. Williams, going forward to accept the surrender of men, wearing Red Cross brassards, who had raised their hands, was mortally wounded. A stretcher bearer who attended to him was in turn attacked by two wounded panzergrenadiers whom he was forced to kill in self-defense. This merciless, unnecessary incident, repeated wherever the SS were found, generated a grim, determined fury among the British infantry. By 9:30 AM, the Wiltshires were digging in on their objective to spend the rest of the day under constant mortar and shell fire. German counterattacks were easily broken up by their supporting artillery.

On the left, the 130th Brigade supported by Churchills from the 9th Battalion, Royal Tank Regiment initially made excellent progress as the 5th Battalion, Dorsetshire Regiment signaled the taking of the strongpoint at Château de Fontaine by 6:15. This marked the commencement of the 4th Battalion, Dorsetshire Regiment's attack on Eterville. The Germans were shaken by the steady flow of soldiers retreating from in front of the 5th Dorsets amid the fearsome British artillery bombardment. The presence of Crocodile flame-throwing tanks of the 141st Battalion, Royal Armored Corps (The Buffs) broke the will of the survivors.

Until this point, the existence of the Crocodiles in Normandy had been kept a closely guarded secret. The only feature distinguishing them from ordinary Churchill tanks was the fuel trailer behind them—until they started spouting 120-yard jets of flame and oily black smoke that consumed everything in their path. Finally, at 8:15 it was the turn of the 7th Battalion, Hampshire Regiment to advance, supported by a squadron of 44th Royal Tank Regiment, passing between the Château de Fontaine and Eterville.

Unknown to anyone in VIII Corps, these troops were heading into a killing ground. In the woods beside the Orne was concealed a panzergrenadier unit from the Leibstandarte, and in a wood near Maltot lay the remnants of the Hitlerjügend's panzer regiment with some 30 tanks. Furthermore, the commander of Frundsberg had dispatched a strong force to counterattack Maltot, and the two forces converged on the village.

The British force was soon shorn of tank support as these were rapidly knocked out, and the Hampshires attempted to form a perimeter on the crossroads in the center of the village but withdrew to the north to find better fields of fire. The radio link to brigade was destroyed, and two of the artillery observation officers

Taking cover from a German mortar barrage on July 10, 1944, troops of the 130th Brigade, 43rd (Wessex) Division await the inevitable explosion of the lethal shells. The 43rd Division was heavily engaged during the fight for Hill 112. (Imperial War Museum)

were killed. It took some time to obtain fire support as the enemy closed in. Just as the Germans were poised to break the British line, the shells began to fall among them and broke up their assault. German shelling resumed on what was proving an untenable position, and at 3:30 PM, having lost their commanding officer and 225 other casualties, the Hampshires were given permission to withdraw.

Somehow, as they were pulling back, an order reached the 4th Dorsets and a squadron of the 9th Royal Tank Regiment to reinforce them. For the German tanks now in position around Maltot, it was a shooting gallery. Armored vehicles were blown apart. Twelve of 14 Churchill tanks were knocked out before a squadron of Royal Air Force rocket-firing Hawker Typhoons, observing movement in an area reported clear of friendly troops, added to the carnage. Incredibly, the Dorsets fought their way into Maltot and held on for three hours. When an order to withdraw finally arrived, many men in the forward positions did not receive it and were captured. Only five officers and 70 men were mustered that evening.

With the 130th Brigade battered, Thomas reinforced them with elements of the 214th Brigade, leaving only the 5th Battalion, Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry in reserve. Reinforcements were available from the 46th Brigade, 15th (Scottish) Division, and these proved vital in holding off German counterattacks during the night. However, following a conference at around 3 PM, Thomas decided that the only way to secure Maltot was to capture Hill 112, and there was only the 5th Battalion, Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry available to do it. At the same time, the II SS Panzer Corps was preparing its counterattack with instructions that Eterville might be given up but Hill 112 must not be lost under any circumstances.

The commanding officer of the Cornishmen was 26-year-old Lt. Col. R.W. James, appointed just two weeks previously. A hasty reconnaissance was followed by a meeting of officers, during which nobody was under any illusion as to the nature of the task before them. Taking the old Roman road as the centerline, the battalion would advance with B and C Companies forward supported by tanks. Unfortunately, these were delayed. At 8:30 PM, the lead infantry, anxious to make use of the cover provided by a preliminary artillery barrage, moved off so that the tanks were forced to tag onto the second wave.

Machine-gun fire made immediate gaps in the attacking lines. A Company deployed to clear the German positions, enabling B (now reduced to a mere 40 men) and C Companies to establish themselves in the wood while the supporting companies began to dig in a ditch bisecting it. James set up a tactical headquarters nearby, and the signalers laid landline back to 4th Somerset's position. Antitank guns were hurriedly placed on the flanks.

The Germans were quick to react. Their planned counterattack had been delayed by traffic congestion behind the lines, but they put in an immediate assault with what was at hand. This was broken up by a combination of the tank support, artillery concentrations, and the accurate fire of the infantry. As Major Bob Roberts commanding A Company noted, "We had no difficulty repulsing the infantry, the fire discipline being absolutely first class and both companies giving the Boche absolute hell. It was grand to hear the section commanders shouting out their orders: 'Hold your fire chaps, until you can see the buggers' eyes.' It did fearful execution." Somewhere in the darkness, its supporting infantry pinned down around it, a Panther fell victim to a PIAT.

At 11:30 PM, following the accepted British doctrine that tanks could not fight at night, James released his supporting tanks to carefully retire through the uncollected wounded to a forward rallying area. It was something all would regret later. Around midnight, a second German counterattack came in. With tanks raking the woods with machine-gun fire from the flanks, the infantry once more attempted to press home its assault only to be driven off.

Further German attacks were mounted with such regularity that they seemed to merge one into another. Mortar and artillery fire was continual in its efforts to separate the attacking infantry from its armored support. Despite the rain of illumination rounds the difficulty remained for observers to gain a clear view of the hill's eastern and southern slopes where the Germans were forming up. James solved the problem by personally climbing a tree with a field telephone—a reckless act, but in character for a man who would not ask someone to do something he was not prepared to do himself.

When some Tigers broke into the woods, their vulnerability at night was exposed. Only their strong armor saved them from destruction as they trundled aimlessly about. One halted within 15 yards of battalion headquarters, but the PIAT bomb fired at it failed to explode. However, it quickly took the hint and moved away. Two more wandered into the 4th Wiltshire's area, overturning a priceless mug of hot tea and drawing a string of oaths from its owner, a Private Pipe, who mistook the offending vehicle for British.

The German tanks were once more engaged with PIATs before trundling into the 4th Somerset area where one of the beasts crushed Captain Clifford Perks's binoculars and compass without harming the fortunate officer in the bottom of his slit trench. A 17-pounder round struck one of the Tigers under the glare of a 2-inch mortar illumination flare, but once more it survived and retired.

Suddenly, the Tigers were gone. None had taken any offensive action, unable to see clearly in the darkness and risking destruction from the swarming British troops through which they passed. Within the wood, two Tigers

ABOVE: Supported by a Panther medium tank, a pair of SS panzergrenadiers man a well-camouflaged machine-gun position and await an Allied attack. This photo was taken in July 1944. OPPOSITE: The Crocodile, a Churchill tank modified to employ a flamethrower and tow its own tank of flammable liquid, was utilized in Normandy against fixed German positions. The Crocodile was capable of spewing its flame a distance of 120 feet. (Above: ullstein-bild / Opposite: National Archives)

almost destroyed each other, one getting off two shots at close range. However, the nervous gunner had failed to adjust his complex optical sights before his target got off a recognition flare. The news that their tanks had penetrated the wood led to a report arriving at German Panzer Group West that the hill was back in their hands, and the Tigers were withdrawn.

Later, when the truth became apparent, an even heavier attack was planned for the morning. In the meantime, the Cornishmen were under constant mortar and artillery fire, and from about 3 AM, German machine-gun teams added to the crescendo from a stone wall just 100 yards from the forward Cornish trenches.

Requests for assistance from James brought a squadron of the Royal Scots Greys (2nd Dragoons), whose charge was tragically reminiscent of their action at Waterloo more than a century earlier. Their Shermans roared past the flanks of the little wood and silenced the annoying machine gunners, but from the valley below they were exposed to the fire of German armor and five were quickly knocked out. They withdrew to hull-down positions to give what support they could.

At 6:15 AM, German counterattacks resumed from the east and south. Panzergrenadiers strongly supported by mortars and artillery were thrown back by British artillery concentrations and the accurate Cornish rifle fire. The Tigers rejoined the attack, with other tanks providing high explosive fire support. The southern portion of the attack was hammered by a particularly violent artillery concentration directed by an airborne British observer. But the Tigers pressed their attack home, taking on the Greys in a one-sided duel before blasting the antitank guns that dared to oppose them and then systematically destroying the Cornish carrier platoon as it attempted to deliver supplies and evacuate the wounded.

During these fierce attacks, James was shot dead in his treetop vantage point. With their popular commander killed and few senior officers still standing, the rumor that an order to withdraw had been received raced forward to the companies. The 4th Somerset, which had seen the Cornish walking wounded returning through their positions throughout the morning, noted larger groups of men, some running toward the rear. One officer seen trying to halt them could not be understood because part of his lower jaw had been shot away. A sergeant in the 4th Somerset, seeing how jumpy his own men were becoming, threatened to "shoot the first bastard that moved."

Lieutenant Colonel C.G. Lipscomb, commanding the 4th Somerset, could see that the Cornishmen were not panicking. After repelling at least 12 separate attacks, they were simply confused, exhausted, and near the end of their physical endurance. One soldier recalled of Lt. Col. Lipscomb, "Lippy was outstanding in many difficult situations and none more so than when the remnants of 5th DCLI after a terrible time in Cornwall Wood on Hill 112, came back into our positions." Quietly, Lipscomb rallied them and divided them into company groups, none more than a platoon strong, before being led back to the wood to reoccupy their positions. The few panzergrenadiers that had infiltrated the wood in their absence had certainly had enough and quickly surrendered.

For a while, the Cornishmen were left in relatively undisturbed possession of the wood. At 2 PM, however, increased enemy fire heralded another attack. This time it came from Maltot supported by assault guns. The remaining antitank guns on this side of the hill could not be depressed enough to fire, and so, under cover of a smoke screen, a 17-pounder was manhandled forward until it could engage the Germans. It knocked out three assault guns before succumbing itself.

Four German assault guns remained active, and these were to prove too much for the tattered remnants on the hill. By now, Roberts had been wounded and his command reduced to around 100 men. Runners were sent to urge the brigade commander to either relieve or withdraw them.

No answer was received. Fry, now the senior officer, was faced with the terrible dilemma of saving the remains of the battalion or being overrun. Since the wood was about to fall into German hands anyway, he ordered a smoke-

Continued on page 73

Assault of the

A U.S. Navy submarine torpedoed and sank the giant aircraft carrier *Shinano.*

BY KELLY BELL

The first torpedo struck farthest aft. Over the next 30 seconds three more warheads detonated against the massive aircraft carrier's hull, working their way forward. The explosions and instant flooding immediately killed scores of men, many asleep in their bunks.

As tons of seawater cascaded into the wounded colossus, men below deck could see the extent of the damage, were seized with panic, and stampeded topside. The missiles had hit 10 feet below the water line, and on the bridge and upper levels the commander and his officers were not yet aware of how sorely they were hurt. Many had survived earlier torpedo attacks, and aboard less formidable vessels than this one. Even as their gargantuan ship began to list, they remained optimistic.

As 1944 neared its end, the tottering Japanese empire toiled terribly to find ways to hold off U.S. forces as they advanced ever closer to the Home Islands. U.S. troops under General Douglas MacArthur were resolutely reclaiming the Philippines. Huge Boeing B-29 Superfortress bombers were beginning the destruction of Japan's major cities. Perhaps most devastating were the omnipresent U.S. Navy submarines that were sweeping Japanese shipping from the Pacific. Yet, if the Imperial Navy could produce a single monster of a warship perhaps it could at least temporarily stem the advance of the enemy. Maybe this floating megaweapon could even check or turn back the Philippine liberation and abort the anticipated attack on Okinawa.

The aircraft carrier *Shinano* started out as the third sister of a planned trio of super battleships that included the 70,000-ton *Musashi* and the *Yamato*. After the crippling loss of aircraft carriers inflicted on the Japanese Navy at the Battle of Midway, *Shinano*'s construction was altered to instead make her into the largest carrier ever to float.

Huge geysers leap skyward as torpedoes from the submarine USS *Archer-Fish* strike home against the mammoth Japanese aircraft carrier Shinano. The carrier had initially been slated as the third super battleship of the Imperial Japanese Navy.

Archer-Fish

Named for a province of medieval Japan, *Shinano*'s builders hoped to have her seaworthy in her redesigned state by February 1945, yet rapidly waning military fortunes resulted in a quickened pace of construction. Overworked shipyard workers toiled in 16-hour shifts to complete the great warship.

Captain Toshio Abe, a graduate of the Japanese naval academy, was assigned to command *Shinano*. A survivor of the crushing defeat at Midway, where he had commanded a destroyer, he was a humorless, undiplomatic, and highly competent career officer. His newly assigned medical officer, Lt. Cmdr. Takamasa Yasuma, later described him as "expressing the flavor of an ancient samurai. He seemed to be a man of strong will and apparently was respected by his officers and men."

Abe's future adversary, Joseph Francis Enright, was a 1933 graduate of the U.S. Naval Academy at Annapolis. As a lieutenant he was given his first command, the submarine *S-22*, immediately after Midway. She was an old sub used for training young sailors in undersea warfare. In the spring of 1943, Enright was promoted to lieutenant commander and placed in command of the submarine USS *Dace*. Embarking on his first war patrol late that year, he was not pleased with his own performance. He stalked and lost a succession of ripe military and merchant targets. At one point, because of an overcautious approach during which he ignored his gut instinct to attack aggressively and instead made a time-consuming, by-the-book stalk, he botched an excellent opportunity to attack the aircraft carrier *Shokaku*. Enright returned to Midway on December 11 without having fired a shot.

On his own recommendation, Enright was relieved of his command. He was then promoted to full commander and assigned the desk job of executive officer of Midway's submarine base. In a study of wartime irony, Enright's career at sea was rescued by a poker game.

His spirits were lower than ever late in the summer of 1944. His mother had died suddenly back in the States, and he was stuck in an administrative position where he could make no significant contribution to the war effort. He wrote a letter to the Midway naval base's commander, Admiral Charles Lockwood, requesting another submarine command, but received no response. Then Enright wound up in a late-night card game with one of Lockwood's subordinate commanders, a Captain Pace, who was impressed with Enright's fearless and aggressive style of poker playing. At the game's conclusion Pace asked Enright,

U.S. Naval Historical Center Photograph

"Joe, would you run a submarine the way you play poker?"

"Yes, sir."

"Okay Joe, I like your spirit. You can have the next available submarine."

On September 24, 1944, Enright was discharged from his desk and given command of the USS *Archer-Fish,* which was just returning from her fourth war patrol. He rode his new boat from Midway to Pearl Harbor, where she was intensively serviced, her stores replenished, and her crew rested and rotated. Under her new skipper she set forth on her fifth war cruise on October 30, 1944. She and her men had a whale of an adventure awaiting them.

ABOVE: Officers of the submarine USS *Archer-Fish* pose for a photograph on deck during commissioning ceremonies at New Hampshire's Portsmouth Navy Yard on September 4, 1943. RIGHT: Commander Joseph Enright served as captain of the *Archer-Fish* during its stalk and kill against the *Shinano.* (All National Archives)

Almost as crucial as *Shinano*'s weaponry was the secrecy under which she was built. If the Americans learned of her presence in dry dock no. 6 of Yokosuka Naval Shipyard on the west shore of Tokyo Bay, they would dispatch their B-29s to pound her into rubble before she could take to her native element. Besides, if she could be completed and sent into action without the Allies knowing, her sudden appearance off the Philippines would be a devastating shock for them.

Shinano was constructed within a massive, roofed concrete fence. Her dry dock was off limits to anyone not involved in her building. Imperial Kempei secret police patrolled the construction site, ensuring none of the sequestered workers left its confines, where they lived and worked seven days per week. The laborers were threatened with imprisonment or execution if they revealed the ship's existence. Cameras were forbidden. *Shinano* was the only major warship built during the 20th century that was never officially photographed while under construction.

The carrier was a formidable weapon. She was fitted with an eight-inch-thick belt of armor above and below her water line. She bristled with 16 5-inch, high-angle guns; 145 25mm cannons; and 12 4.7-inch rocket launchers capable of firing salvos of up to 30 projectiles. She was also fast. Her four main steam turbines could produce 150,000 shaft horsepower to push her along at up to 27 knots. Multiple fuel tanks gave her a range of 10,000 miles. With a full-load displacement of 71,890 tons, *Shinano* was the biggest aircraft carrier built up to that time. Not until 1961, when the nuclear-powered USS *Enterprise* was launched, would any carrier exceed her in size.

With the war going badly for Japan, the naval high command ordered the shipyard to deliver the behemoth four months earlier than planned. On October 5, 1944, the massive maiden made a memorable entrance into her native element. At 8:00 that morning, the 5,000-ton caisson being used as a dry dock gate suddenly gave way with a shattering crash as its sealed dry dock seat unexpectedly yielded to the enormous force of water pressure. With the level of water in the bay much higher than the floor of the dry dock, tons of seawater flowed into the dock, lifting massive *Shinano* and hurling her forward like a cork 100 feet into the dock's headwall while 140 mooring lines snapped. As the invading water surged into the confined dry dock, it hurled the carrier back and forth three times until the water level inside and outside the dock equalized and the motion died down. By some miracle nobody was killed, although scores of sailors and workmen on the

Underway at full speed, the submarine USS *Archer-Fish* leaves a white wake as it churns along the surface. *Archer-Fish* survived World War II and was sunk during a torpedo test in the 1960s.

ship and in the dry dock were injured.

New workers and sailors were conscripted to replace the wounded. None came willingly, for as *Shinano*'s self-inflicted damage was being hastily repaired superstitious seamen were already whispering that the accident was an ill omen and this mammoth maiden was jinxed. When she put to sea, her crew's morale would be affected accordingly, and many of her men were not surprised when her fate (and theirs) came quickly.

The carrier steamed from the shipyard for builder's trials on November 11, and civilian authorities delivered her to the Navy nine days later. That same day intelligence officers briefed Captain Abe on reports that American submarines had sortied from Saipan and Guam on November 10 and 11, presumably headed for the Home Islands. In hopes of evading these predators, Abe waited until after nightfall on November 28 to take his ship out of Tokyo harbor and head south. His course was to sail past Iro Saki and To Shima and finally into the Inland Sea port city of Kure to the west, where he would take on his aircraft.

Shinano was to carry 20 fighters, 20 bombers, and seven scout planes. She already packed 50 Ohka suicide planes and six Shinyo suicide speedboats. Destroyers *Isokaze, Yukikaze,* and *Hamakaze* escorted the carrier. Had they suddenly popped up off some contested island, *Shinano* and her destroyers would have been a bitter shock to the Allies. First, though, Abe had to get his fleet fully armed.

The weather was ideal on the night of November 28. The almost full moon provided excellent visibility for both sides. At 10:48 PM, the radar operator aboard *Archer-Fish* detected a substantial surface craft 12 miles to the northeast. Peering through binoculars, lookouts on the sub's deck could see "a small bump" on the horizon. The tracking crew calculated the surface contact moving southwest at approximately 20 knots. After studying it through the distance and darkness, Commander Enright suspected the sighting was a Japanese oil tanker with a single escort. Eager to prove himself, he immediately set out on the surface in pursuit.

At about this time Abe's officer of the deck was informing him the ship's radar detector had reported the signature of an Allied radar apparatus. "The frequency and the pulse rate indicate that it originated from an American submarine radar. No bearing," the man told his captain. Abe ordered all topside hands to keep a lookout; then, recalling the report of a group of U.S. subs recently having left Saipan and Guam, he opined to his navigator, Captain Nakamura, that at least seven submarines were stalking them. Abe suspected just one of this hypothetical pack was using its radar in hopes of deceiving the Japanese into assuming there was only one sub.

"No doubt he intends to act as a decoy at some point to lure away our screening destroyers. That accomplished, his comrades can approach *Shinano* unopposed. We must guard against any such ploy," grumbled the thoughtful skipper.

Enright began to wonder if his target really was a tanker. Would an oiler be large enough to be detected by radar and spotted from a full 12 miles? He knew the massive battleship *Musashi* had been sunk in the recent Battle of Leyte Gulf, but her twin sister *Yamato* had escaped with moderate damage. Could it be *Yamato* he was chasing? It had taken more American torpedo planes and dive-bombers to sink *Musashi* than the Japanese had used in the entire attack on Pearl Harbor. Enright would have been relieved to know that the *Shinano* had armor only half as thick as the 16-inch layer of steel wrapped around *Yamato*. He did know the enemy had a major shipyard at Yokosuka on Tokyo Bay. Could this be something new?

Conferring with his executive officer, Lt. Cmdr. Bob Bobczynski, he outlined his initial attack plan: "First, we'll pull off the track, to the west. That will place the target down moon from us, and those dark clouds over the land to the northwest will tend to hide our dark hull from their lookouts." After closing to five miles he would allow the leading escort to pass by, then he would charge in and attack. Enright passed on this plan to his officer of the deck,

who bellowed through the hatch, "All hands to battle stations! Torpedo!"

Just before 10 PM, a lookout on the Japanese carrier's deck screamed, "Periscope! Starboard bow!" However, when the ensign in charge of the watchers could see nothing through his binoculars he told the man he had seen nothing but "two waves colliding."

Abe's executive officer, Captain Mikami, was having misgivings about the ship's watertight compartments. Like every man on board, he knew they were traversing waters teeming with American submarines. Because of the rush to get *Shinano* into action, the high command had cancelled the standard air pressure tests that would ordinarily ensure the compartments were indeed watertight. As the officer in charge of the untested watertight doors, he was worried they might not stand up to a sudden, drastic flow of seawater from a torpedo wound. He also fretted over the unusual construction of the passageways running the length of the vessel. Rather than the usual single main passageway, *Shinano* had been built with two major internal thoroughfares. There had been no time to drill the crew on escape procedures in case of an emergency. If the ship were to founder, a hefty percentage of the crew would doubtless become lost and trapped below decks.

Furthermore, only eight of the carrier's 12 boilers were operational, and only six of these were being used. Once again the rush to get her seaborne had circumvented completion of needed tasks. With just eight boilers she could make only 21 knots, insufficient speed with which to launch planes unless there was a strong headwind. Her hurried completion had resulted in numerous ongoing malfunctions of various systems, yet there was nothing Abe and Mikami could do after receiving their orders. It was unthinkable for an officer of the Imperial Japanese Navy to defy the will of the high command.

Abe's destroyer escorts had just participated in the Battle of Leyte Gulf. During this enormous engagement *Hamakaze* and *Isokaze* had both had their radar and sonar knocked out. All three destroyers had varying degrees of battle damage, and their crews were exhausted, but there had been no time for rest or repairs.

The commander would continue southward until some distance from the Japanese coastline, then veer southeast as if bound for Formosa. She would eventually turn due west and make for Kure to pick up the rest of her aircraft. Strangely, despite the spectacular success of the U.S. Navy's submarine arm over the past two years, Abe was contemptuous of the quality of American torpedoes. Basing his opinion on his examination of older torpedoes captured during the conquest of the Philippines, it apparently never occurred to him that the Americans might have upgraded their torpedoes.

Before embarking, Abe had menacingly ordered his destroyer commanders not to stray from their positions close to the carrier. "If I believe an escort has left her assigned position I will call for her immediate return. The signal will be made by *Shinano*'s red truck light, which will be turned on and off for about 10 seconds. I strongly suggest that you do not make this signal necessary."

Thinking back on how he had ignored his instincts and as a result lost a chance at sinking *Shokaku,* Enright tossed the book aside and concentrated on what route the carrier would take.

At 10:45 PM, a phone call from the lookout bridge sent the ship's senior officers scurrying for their binoculars. The lookout supervisor had told Mikami there was an unidentified object about nine miles off the starboard bow. "Quickly, up to the lookout bridge!" barked Abe.

As the officers strained to see the mystery vessel's outline in the blackness, a lookout shouted, "Captain Abe, *Isokaze!* She's left formation! She's running at full speed for the unidentified ship!" The lead destroyer had sheered from her screening position dead ahead of the carrier and was charging at her full speed of 35 knots toward the intruder.

The men on *Archer-Fish*'s conning tower had just realized their quarry was a big aircraft carrier rather than a tanker when a lookout told Enright, "Skipper, the lead destroyer, I think she's coming our way!" As the Americans frantically scrambled to secure general quarters, Enright was mystified by the sight of the carrier suddenly flashing a bright red light atop her main mast. At first he thought it was a signal for the destroyer to open fire, but a lieutenant cried, "She's turning, skipper! She's turning away!" The submariners were further baffled to see the destroyer (which by then was only three miles distant) head back toward the carrier, aborting what might well have been a successful attack. Saved by Abe's caution, the Americans resumed shadowing their target.

With *Shinano* steaming at 20 knots and *Archer-Fish* straining mightily to maintain her top surface speed of slightly over 19 knots, the carrier would have steadily outdistanced her pursuer had she not been slowed by her antisubmarine zigzag course. Thinking back on how he had ignored his instincts and as a result lost a chance at sinking *Shokaku,* Enright tossed the book aside and concentrated on what route he suspected the carrier would take. He and Bobczynski put their heads together and agreed that the carrier's present 210-degree southwesterly heading was her base course. She was certain to veer off to her port in a continuation of her weaving antisubmarine procedure, but eventually would likely swing back to the right onto her apparent base heading.

If *Archer-Fish* continued on the 210-degree southwesterly course after the carrier turned away she would be able to pull ahead of *Shinano,* whose crew, as the distance subsequently widened between the two vessels, would lose sight of the sub and presumably think they had outrun her. If the Japanese later did as anticipated and swerved back onto 210 southwest, they would then be headed back toward the submarine.

With so many American subs plying the oceans around Japan, the airwaves were filled with their radio transmissions and radar beams. With such a volume of wireless signals coming in from so many directions, Abe had given up trying to react to them. Furthermore, his hastily constructed ship was not fitted with the equipment needed to ascertain the distance or bearing of intercepted broadcasts. This meant Enright could use his radar to keep track of the carrier without scaring her off. For this same reason he could also safely use his radio, so he sent off a coded message to Lockwood back at Pearl Harbor to inform him of *Archer-Fish*'s present location and activities and those of her intended target in case another sub was in a better position to intercept *Shinano.* Despite his burning desire to bag the gigantic carrier, Enright refused to be greedy or selfish.

Abe was still convinced he was being targeted by a group of subs and that the one they had sighted was trying to lure the escorts away from their priceless charge. He was accordingly enraged at *Isokaze*'s Captain Shintani both for disobeying direct orders and for falling for the ruse. Abe made a mental note to later severely reprimand or court martial his subordinate.

The captain was also certain that a lone submarine armed with inferior American torpedoes would never be able to fatally wound the *Shinano.* Yet, he feared a pack of submarines

might be able to do it. He also suspected the raiders were tracking him on radar but that this would not matter because his superior speed would allow him to pull away from them.

At 11:22 PM, the machinery division's chief, Lt. Cmdr. Miura, noticed that one of the main shaft bearings was overheating. Operating on just six of her dozen boilers, the carrier's best speed was barely faster than a surfaced submarine. The malfunctioning shaft bearing slowed the warship to just 18 knots. Her slight speed advantage had vanished.

As Abe pondered this development, he also realized, now that he had turned away from the sub they had spotted and had lost sight of it, that there were two possibilities. Either he had outdistanced the craft before being forced to cut his speed, or the enemy commander had deliberately continued on the 210-degree course to the southwest in hopes of getting ahead of the *Shinano* in anticipation of her veering back toward the sub. Abe hoped the boat they had seen was alone and hence of no great consequence to the carrier. In any case, he had no choice but to return to his original heading if he was to reach his destination.

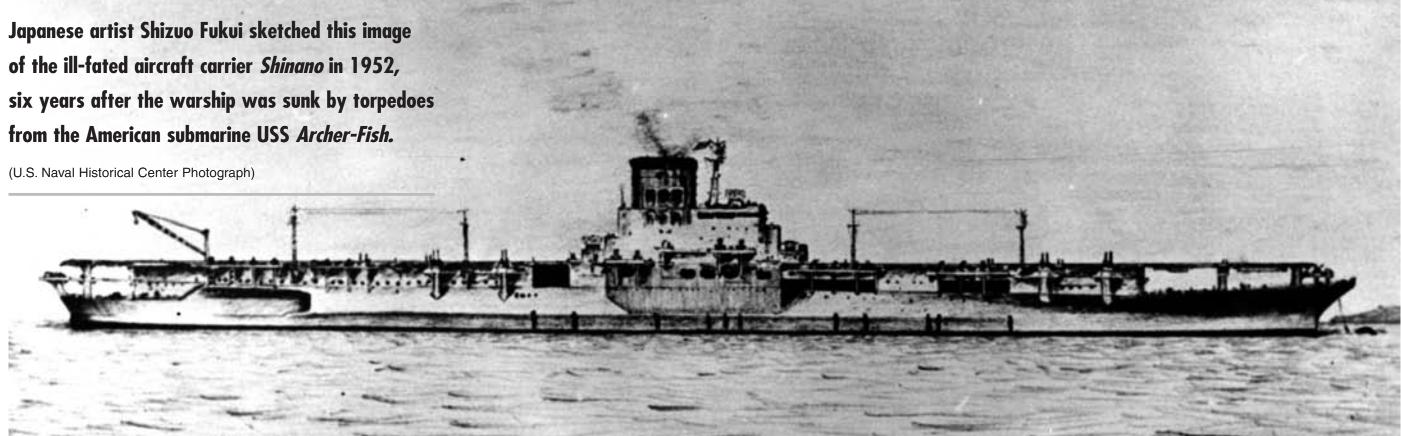
Enright was still puzzled by the strange actions of the destroyer. Could sheering off from its attack run mean it had been an American ship? Could the nearby U.S. Third Fleet have scheduled a surprise landing on or bombardment of the Japanese mainland? Surely if this had been the case the commanders of the numerous American submarines in the area would have been informed.

It was just before midnight as Enright pored over these factors. He was jolted from his musings when his radar operator stuck his head through the top hatch and announced, "We've got lucky, skipper! Based on radar the target's made a sharp change of course. Almost straight west. The range is 13,000 yards, bearing 060 true, and his angle on the bow is 40 port."

Enright and his officers clustered around the plotting table as they calculated the carrier's approach and planned their attack run. Patting the rosary beads in his pocket, Enright bounded back up the ladder to the bridge.

The Japanese warships were plainly visible in the bright moonlight. After making more quick calculations, Enright told Bobczynski, "We'll remain on course 210 degrees until we reach a track nine miles south and parallel to his track, then change course to 270. For him to make a reasonably good distance along his base course he can't remain on a zig 60 degrees off that track for long, so he may come toward us at any time." At straight-up midnight Bobczynski ordered the helmsman, "Come right to course 270 degrees. Parallel his course. Flank speed."

Unaware that a malfunctioning shaft bearing was slowing *Shinano,* the Americans assumed she could still outrun them. Enright kept having visions of *Shokaku* steaming over the horizon and escaping him the year before. He was terrified this carrier would do the same thing. Before long, though, he could see the tar-



Japanese artist Shizuo Fukui sketched this image of the ill-fated aircraft carrier *Shinano* in 1952, six years after the warship was sunk by torpedoes from the American submarine USS *Archer-Fish.*

(U.S. Naval Historical Center Photograph)

The crew of the ill-fated *Shinano* received unjust blame for her sinking.

On December 28, 1944, a group of 30 of *Shinano*'s surviving officers and petty officers was summoned to the Imperial Naval Ministry in Tokyo for an investigation into their ship's loss. Vice Admiral Gunichi Mikawa, who had won a victory against the U.S. Navy off Guadalcanal two years earlier, was one of 12 high-ranking officers who made up the presiding panel.

The board bombarded the survivors with questions that insinuated the carrier had been lost through incompetence and cowardice on the part of her crew. Ensign Singo Shoda later recounted that he felt like a defendant under indictment as, repeatedly, he was barely given time to answer one accusatory question before another was flung at him. He described how he trembled with rage throughout his cross-examination and thought, "… those who are truly responsible for *Shinano*'s being attacked and sunk are trying us here today."

Mikawa's panel prepared just five copies of its findings and did not share them with the surviving crewmen. One copy was given to Commander M. Chihaya, who was an operations staff officer at Imperial Japanese Combined Fleet Headquarters. In 1980, Chihaya revealed that this report actually placed the blame for the carrier's loss on "her builder, her crew, and the Yokosuka Naval Station Headquarters, which had been in charge of her steaming operations." Although the surviving crewmen were included in the report as being at fault for their ship's sinking (this was because they had been hastily and inadequately trained owing to the rush to get the carrier into action), at the time of the inquest they were led to believe they were being held solely responsible for her destruction.

In 1946, the U.S. Technical Mission to Japan examined *Shinano*'s plans and schematics and concluded that her antitorpedo armor had been inadequate. The joint between the eight-inch antiprojectile armor and the antitorpedo armor below the waterline was poorly designed. Running at just 10 feet, *Archer-Fish*'s torpedoes had impacted directly on this joint. Enright had set his torpedoes to strike his target's most vulnerable spot.

Rather than give credit to the Americans who destroyed their prized vessel, the high command unjustly castigated her luckless crew. □

get had slowed, and he allowed his hopes to rise. His plan of attack was dependent on the ship returning to her base course of 210 degrees. When she did, *Archer-Fish* would be in optimum position with the carrier headed directly at her.

If Enright approached the Japanese on the surface they would spot him, but if he submerged his boat she would lose speed and the carrier might outrun him. He had to continue his passive, shadowing approach and pray for the carrier to swing his way.

Enright was pondering how the moon was due to set at 4:30 AM, and at that point he would lose the moonlight he needed for a torpedo attack. Soon after that, the sky would begin to brighten, bathing the sub in sunlight and giving away her position to the enemy. He was staring forlornly at his wristwatch. It was 2:56 AM, November 29, 1944. When he peered through his binoculars for the hundredth time he saw his prayers answered. The carrier was turning toward him. She returned to her heading of 210 degrees southwest. His prey and her escorts were now churning directly at him. At 3:05, *Archer-Fish* submerged and prepared to attack.

Leveling off at a depth of 60 feet, Enright yelled, "Flood the tubes! Set depth on the torpedoes at 10 feet!" Such a shallow depth setting befuddled some of the crewmen, but Enright was thinking back to a conversation he had a year earlier with Rear Admiral Freeland Daubin. The admiral had opined that torpedo hits on a carrier should come just under the water line because the great weight of the flight deck would destabilize the ship in the event of flooding high in her hull. This would make the vessel prone to capsizing and sinking more rapidly than flooding in the lower decks, which would result in her settling slowly in the water in an upright position. Enright was also aware that his Mark 14 torpedoes were known to run deeper than the depths for which they were set. He figured the 10-foot depth setting would cater to both considerations.

When the nervous Abe next ordered a 30-degree turn to port, he inadvertently turned his ship broadside to the submarine. Waiting for the carrier to pass in front of him, Enright had time to study her minutely through the attack periscope. Her outline did not match any in the recognition manual, so he drew a quick sketch of her. Ensign Gordon Crosby squinted at the drawing, noting the ship's peculiar rounded bow designed to cut down wind resistance, and remarked, "The Japanese don't have anything like that."

"The hell they don't. I'm looking at it," Enright retorted.

At this point *Archer-Fish* had to drop beneath periscope depth as a destroyer passed directly over her, so close its prop wash shook the submarine. Luckily for the Americans, the destroyer was one of those whose sonar was inoperable from recent battle damage, and she blithely churned away from the sub.

The destroyer's passing forced Enright to attack about a minute later than he had intended, but the carrier still filled the periscope's field of view as he barked, "Fire one!" The firing plunger was pushed four times at eight-second intervals. The crew hastily reloaded the tubes, and two more torpedoes were fired.

His eyes glued to the periscope, Enright watched the first two balls of fire erupt against the vessel's hull and was stunned at how quickly she listed. He resisted the temptation to keep watching and, delighted by the sound of additional strikes, ordered, "Take her down to 400 feet! Rig for depth charge attack." Patting his rosary, he looked at his watch. It was 3:22 AM, November 29, 1944.

On *Shinano*'s bridge Captain Abe was reflecting on how the looming dawn would reveal his ship to B-29s when he was ripped from his thoughts of air attack by the first torpedo crashing against his stern. At eight-second intervals three more tore open gaping wounds along the length of his starboard hull. The first missile blew open an empty fuel storage reservoir and the ship's refrigeration plant, which instantly flooded. The second wrecked the starboard outboard engine room, which also flooded. The third opened the no. 3 fireroom to the sea, killing every man on duty there and also inundating no. 1 and no. 7 firerooms. The last Mark 14 punched through the starboard air compressor room, causing instant flooding to it and to the no. 2 damage control station. This final shot also blew open the starboard ready fuel tank.

His eyes glued to the periscope, Enright watched the first two balls of fire erupt against the vessel's hull and was stunned at how quickly she listed. He resisted the temptation to keep watching.

Abe had heard and felt torpedo explosions before and refused to lose his composure. Steadfast in his belief that American torpedoes were incapable of sinking his ship, he calmly announced, "Enemy torpedoes, gentlemen. Sound battle stations—all hands. Damage control status reports immediately. Casualties. Get to it!" Then, looking through the bridge's frontal window, he was stunned to see the ocean tilted in front of him. *Shinano* was listing already.

Mikami rushed below to see for himself how sorely the vessel was hurt. Wind was whistling through the ship's corridors as tons of incoming seawater forced air from the lower decks. He had a hard time keeping his balance as the list increased to 13 degrees despite the best efforts of the pump crews. After determining that the pumpers were doing their best, he headed, now knee deep in oil-coated seawater, to the no. 1 damage control station where he received a phone call from Abe. "We're going to try to make Shiono Point," said the skipper. "Do everything possible to right the ship."

The crew's efforts to save their ship were hampered by crowds of panicked civilian barbers and laundrymen as well as conscripted Korean laborers who could not understand orders shouted in Japanese. They had good reason for their terror. Miura later recalled, "The torpedoes pierced the hull like fists through a shoji screen."

Water pressure was compounding the damage caused by the explosions as the inrushing ocean smashed through one compartment after another. With *Shinano* still maintaining her 18-knot speed, her velocity made the water pressure far greater than it would have been had she been motionless. Moments after Abe's phone call to Mikami, the ship's pumps failed.

The skipper announced over the loudspeaker that *sooin* (all hands) were to assemble on the flight deck. In the chaos, however, he misspoke. He had meant to say *kooin* (all civilians.) He wanted to get the milling nonmilitary personnel out of the way below deck as his crew sought to salvage the vessel. Instead, many sailors and officers who soon would have been trapped below began to make their way topside. Abe's slip of the tongue saved hundreds of lives.

Mikami returned to the bridge and gave his dismal report to the commander. "Bad as it can be, captain. Four hits, and three of them struck in the citadel." The citadel was the ship's heart. It was a large section containing her boilers, engines, steering equipment, electronic and communication gear, and ammunition magazines. The torpedoes could hardly have been better aimed. Amazingly, Abe still thought *Shi-*

nano could survive. Calmly, he ordered a message transmitted to Yokosuka Naval Station: "SHINANO TORPEDOED AT 0317 X POSITION 108 MILES BEARING 198 DEGREES FROM OMAE ZAKI LIGHT."

Two destroyers were now above the Americans, who could hear depth charges splashing into the sea. What the submariners did not know was that the warships attacking them had no operable sonar, but they soon figured it out as they counted 14 depth charge explosions over a 15-minute stretch. None came anywhere near *Archer-Fish*. "They don't know where we are," breathed a relieved Enright. "Damned if they don't know where we are." Virtually the entire crew whispered, "Praise the Lord."

For 20 minutes the sailors listened to the fading sounds of depth charges and of the carrier breaking up. As realization of their success dawned on the crew, the sub reverberated with war whoops, rebel yells, and the patter of thousands of back slaps. Soon, however, the men grew silent as they began to contemplate the magnitude of their accomplishment. They were heroes, but only slowly did they gain total awareness of the hard-earned status.

At 6:10 AM, Enright eased his vessel to periscope depth but, despite excellent visibility in the morning sunlight, could spot nothing in any direction. Exhausted, he headed for his bunk. At 10:55 a sailor woke him to say, "Cap'n, sonar heard—in fact we all heard—a deep rumbling explosion pretty far off. The officer on duty said to tell you he thinks it was our target going to the bottom." The skipper smiled and went back to sleep.

An hour after the attack Abe finally allowed himself to realize the gravity of the situation. A vessel one-thirtieth the size of his had defeated him. The scorned American torpedoes had mortally wounded his carrier. Her list was now 20 degrees, and her speed down to 10 knots. At 6 AM he ordered her course changed to the northwest in hopes of beaching the *Shinano* off Cape Ushio. Water poured through countless small internal leaks that there had been no time to find and fix in the shipyard, and crewmen desperately resorted to forming bucket brigades. The water kept rising.

At 8 AM, Abe ordered the flooding of the outboard port boiler rooms in a frantic bid to reduce the list by counterflooding. Briefly the carrier did right herself, but soon the torrent pouring through the four gaping wounds in the starboard hull began pulling her aslant again.

By 9 AM, she was dead in the water and her list was 20 degrees. Throughout *Shinano*'s vast interior men who had feared all along that their ship was hexed were struggling upward, hoping to make it to the deck before she capsized. *Hamakaze* and *Isokaze* made a pathetic effort to tow the carrier to shallow water, but with a combined weight of just 5,000 tons they could not budge the 72,000-ton vessel, which was made heavier still by the addition of thousands of tons of seawater.

The crew of the USS *Archer-Fish* poses with the submarine's battle flag, which prominently displays its victories against Japanese naval vessels and merchant shipping. The *Archer-Fish* was moored in Tokyo Bay alongside the submarine tender USS *Proteus* when this photograph was taken on September 1, 1945. (U.S. Naval Historical Center Photograph)

At 10:18, Abe gave the general order to abandon ship. Aboard *Yukikaze*, Captain Terauchi ordered his executive officer, "Lieutenant, don't pick up any sailors who cry or call for help. Such faint hearts can do the Navy no good. Pick up only the strong ones who remain calm and courageous." Many more men drowned than were rescued. Abe was among 1,435 men who went down with their ship.

Shinano is the biggest warship ever sunk by a submarine. She foundered 17 hours into her maiden voyage on Wednesday, November 29, 1944, 65 miles off the coast of the Japanese Home Island of Honshu.

Archer-Fish arrived at Guam on December 15. After her crew went ashore, Commander John Corbus, operations officer for the local Subordinate Command, shocked Enright by telling him, "I'm sorry, Joe, but Navy Intelligence won't support your claim that you sank a carrier. They're saying there wasn't any carrier in Tokyo Bay, so how could you have sunk one? Will you settle for a cruiser?"

Enright and his men made it clear they were in no mood to settle for anything except the trophy they knew they had bagged. Enright still had the pencil sketches he had made of *Shinano*. He gave them to Corbus, who attached them to the patrol report he forwarded to Naval Intelligence in Pearl Harbor. When the intelligence officers saw the distinctive, bulbous clipper bow Enright had drawn, they realized his kill had been the suspected third super warship of the Yamato class and that the Japanese had converted her to an aircraft carrier, although the intelligence people seriously underestimated her weight at 28,000 tons. Further confirmation came from an intercepted Japanese radio transmission from November 29: "*Shinano* sunk."

After the war, the United States Technical Mission to Japan interviewed surviving Japanese naval personnel and, based on information from these interrogations, upgraded the size of *Archer-Fish*'s trophy to 70,755 tons. For his triumph, Enright was awarded the Navy Cross, and his submarine received a Presidential Unit Citation.

In peacetime *Archer-Fish* served as an oceanographic research vessel and was decommissioned on May 1, 1968. Later that year the Navy used her as a target in the test firing of an experimental torpedo fired by the nuclear submarine *Snook*. The USS *Archer-Fish* was towed to a point several miles off the coast of San Diego and anchored. The new torpedo broke her in two. □

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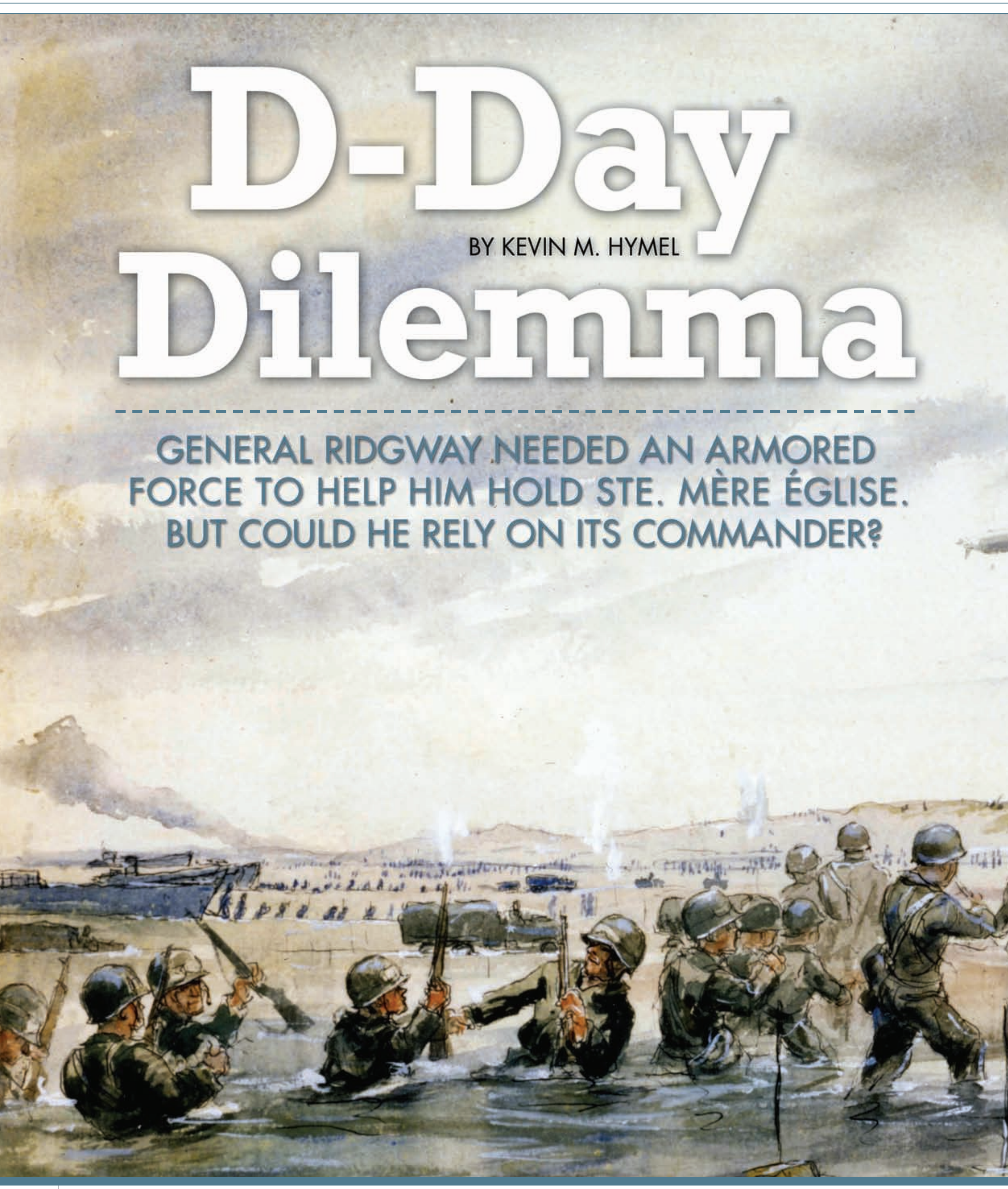
D-Day Dilemma

BY KEVIN M. HYMEL

GENERAL RIDGWAY NEEDED AN ARMORED FORCE TO HELP HIM HOLD STE. MÈRE ÉGLISE. BUT COULD HE RELY ON ITS COMMANDER?



The first tank of Task Force Raff splashed out of its landing craft and roared onto Utah Beach on D-Day, June 6, 1944. Several more followed with armored scout cars and jeeps in tow. Leading this small force was Colonel Edson Raff, an experienced paratrooper whose mission was to race for besieged Ste. Mère Église, where surrounded soldiers of the 82nd Airborne Division, under Maj. Gen. Matthew Ridgway, were desperately fighting off German counterattacks. Raff's mission was vital to the success of D-Day, and he hated it.

To the 38-year-old Raff, this was no way to enter a war. Landing by sea was a waste of his talents and training, whereas jumping out of a plane came naturally to him, "like getting out of the bed in the morning." He was America's most experienced paratrooper. He had led the first American airborne operation in history in Oran, North Africa, and followed it up with another jump into Tunisia. He even wrote a popular memoir, one of the first of the war, *We Jumped to Fight*. Why then was he deprived of "hitting the silk" into France along with the rest of the division?

A native New Yorker, Edson Duncan Raff graduated from West Point in 1933. Short and bullet-headed, he earned his jump wings while the airborne battalions were being formed. As commander of the 2nd Battalion, 503rd Parachute Infantry Regiment, he was tenacious and a tough disciplinarian. His men considered him fearless and aggressive. One of his officers, William Yarboro, called him "a human dynamo" who "just wanted Nazi hides." His short stature earned him nicknames like the Little Colonel and Little Caesar.

Raff was a first-rate instructor and leader of men. In England, prior to the invasion of North Africa, he trained his paratroopers hard, leading them on long night marches over stone wall-bordered fields, teaching them to use knives and drive locomotives. He also taught the men to jump with mortars, grenades, and antitank weapons. When a *Time* magazine reporter asked him why he pushed his men so hard, he answered, "We want to keep them from being eliminated any quicker than they have to."

Soldiers of the U.S. 4th Infantry Division wade through surf at Utah Beach on D-Day as barrage balloons float in the distance. The capture and defense of the town of Ste. Mere Eglise were essential to the success of Operation Overlord. INSET: Colonel Edson D. Raff, a trained airborne soldier, commanded the U.S. jump into the city of Oran, Algeria, during Operation Torch. Raff may have been ill-suited for his command of a task force in Normandy.

U.S. Army Art

Commanding the first airborne operation of the war, which was also the most daring, Raff led his battalion into Oran as part of Operation Torch, the Allied landings in North Africa, on November 8, 1942. It would be the longest combat parachute mission of the entire war, with 39 planes taking off in England, flying over 1,100 miles and dropping 556 soldiers on two airfields near Oran.

The mission took the planes over neutral Spain, at night, with little or no navigational assistance. The inexperienced pilots scattered while dodging thunderstorms. Once over North Africa some of the planes landed in Gibraltar or Spanish Morocco without disgorging their troops. Nine planes made it close to their drop zones in Oran, where Raff saw an armored force bearing down on a group of paratroopers. Raff ordered his pilot to drop him and his men behind the tanks. He jumped first and his parachute opened safely, but he smashed into a large rock upon landing and cracked a rib, causing him to spit up blood. The tanks turned out to be American and were already on their way to capture his two airfields. The airborne mission was a failure.

Raff's second drop was more of a success. General Dwight D. Eisenhower, Supreme Allied Commander in the Mediterranean Theater, needed a force to protect the southern flank of British General Kenneth Anderson's First Army and ordered Raff to jump into Tébessa. Anderson, who frequently clashed with Raff, ordered the attack scrubbed, but Raff turned a deaf ear to Anderson and proceeded with the drop. Upon landing, Raff organized his men and headed for Gafsa. With the help of a tank destroyer unit and well coordinated air cover, Raff enveloped the town. He later entered the town in a half-track "like leading a triumphal parade," he recalled. Realizing Raff's success, Anderson told him to hold Gafsa and not to advance. Again, Raff ignored the order and gave the Germans a bloody nose at Faid Pass.

During a demonstration jump in North Africa, a paratrooper of the 82nd Airborne Division prepares to exit a transport aircraft. Note the array of gear and the weapon he carries. (All photos: National Archives)

Raff's defiance of Anderson became the hallmark of his personality. He did not care for superiors who did not share his vision of attack. Anderson complained to Eisenhower, who called Raff to his headquarters in Algiers. Eisenhower lectured Raff on his attitude, stressing one word—humility. He told Raff to change his attitude, and the humble response was, "Yes, sir." Ike promoted Raff to colonel for his success on the battlefield but sent him home to teach at the parachute school at Fort Bragg, North Carolina.

Before Raff left North Africa, he and his staff met with Maj. Gen. Ridgway and the staff of the 82nd "All American" Airborne Division, which had arrived to prepare for the drop into Sicily. Like Raff, Ridgway was a West Pointer. The son of an Army officer, he was also considered a tough trainer of men with little patience for human weakness. His soldiers would joke, "There's a right way, a wrong way, and a Ridgway." He had served several times with the Army Chief of Staff, General George C. Marshall, and was considered one of "Marshall's boys."

Ridgway had served as assistant commander of the 82nd Division in January 1941, and took over the division five months later when the commander, Maj. Gen. Omar Bradley, transferred. Soon after, the Army designated the unit as its first airborne division. Ridgway was its first soldier to jump from an airplane. He continued to train the unit, developing airborne techniques and doctrine, until it arrived in Tunisia.

The meeting between Raff and Ridgway did not go well. Raff presented a technique he had been working on called "pathfinder." It called for dropping specially trained paratroopers into a carefully selected drop zone to use flares and whatever communications devices they could carry to mark it off for the following paratroopers. Ridgway and his staff rejected the idea, and Raff accused Ridgway of surrounding himself with yes men.

The animosity was mutual. Ridgway immediately disliked Raff and his brusque manner toward superiors, but Ridgway was too busy preparing for the Sicily drop to worry about the Little Caesar, who would soon be going home. While the tension between the two would build until the D-Day invasion, Ridgway did incorporate some of Raff's men into the ranks of the 82nd Airborne.

Many of the men in Raff's unit, which had been redesignated the 509th, felt Ridgway was

jealous of Raff, an attitude Raff did not discourage. Tensions grew when they learned that Raff would be sent home and they would serve only as the reserve force in Sicily because Ridgway picked the 505th to lead the invasion. They were also rankled by a rumor that James Gavin, the commander of the 505th, was Ridgway's brother-in-law. He was not.

Ridgway proved his mettle in Sicily. Opting to go ashore with the amphibious forces while the 505th dropped in the night before, he went forward on foot to find Gavin while the ground

forces had yet to make contact with a single paratrooper. With only one soldier as a bodyguard, Ridgway walked deep into enemy territory, looking for his men. Eventually, he found small groups of paratroopers and assigned them to the ground forces.

Once Ridgway found Gavin and the two gathered up the rest of the division, Ridgway always led from the front. He relieved commanders he thought were not aggressive enough or who slowed the division's progress across the island. At the town of Trapani, Ridgway and Gavin brought up several guns to counter Italian artillery fire. When the Italians zeroed in on the guns' location, sending the airborne artillerymen scattering, Ridgway calmly strolled up to the guns while shells burst all around him. His brave act encouraged the men to return. Oddly enough, Ridgway's bravery brought a rebuke from, of all people, Lt. Gen. George S. Patton, Jr., another commander known for exposing himself to fire. Ridgway considered the reprimand a compliment.

Ridgway next sent his men into Italy, parachuting behind American lines in the Salerno beachhead. This time, he turned to Raff's

ABOVE: An American Sherman tank exits the cargo hold of a landing craft on the beach at Normandy. The deployment of armor was essential to the Allied foothold on Europe. BELOW: French General Edouard Welvert presents the Legion of Honor to American Colonel Edson D. Raff, who led the first U.S. airborne unit into North Africa. This ceremony took place in Algeria while Raff remained at odds with General Matthew B. Ridgway, pictured at LEFT.

pathfinder idea and assigned specially trained paratroopers to light the drop zones for his two regiments. The idea worked. The "All Americans" fought in Italy for three months before most of them were transferred to England to prepare for the Normandy invasion.

Meanwhile, Raff penned W*e Jumped to Fight,* his memoir about his fighting in North Africa. It included a "Lessons Learned" section with pointers on fighting the Axis. Raff suggested night offensive operations. "The Germans dislike darkness. Americans can beat them at it." On defense, Raff wrote, "Your defense must be active. Patrol! Patrol!" Raff had lived these lessons in North Africa. It could be assumed that if he got another field command, he would put them to use.

After his time at Fort Bragg, Raff returned to England as the billeting officer for the U.S. 101st Airborne Division. Although experienced and battle-hardened, no one wanted him in a field command. He was denied a regiment, so he became an airborne planner for Bradley, now the commander of the First Army. When Raff volunteered to go into Normandy as a "spare" colonel with a regular infantry division, Bradley transferred him to the 82nd Airborne, virtually forcing him on Ridgway.

Ridgway was busy preparing the 82nd for its role at Utah Beach. The invasion plan called for 82nd and 101st Airborne Divisions to parachute into Normandy at midnight. Their mission was to secure vital bridges and roads and to wreak as much havoc in the enemy's rear as possible. In the midst of all this confusion, the U.S. 4th Infantry Division would assault the beach and push inland to link up with the two airborne units. The largest town inland was Ste. Mère Église, the target of the 82nd. If they could take it, the Americans could disrupt any German advance north or south along the main roads inland. Also, with its great cathedral tower, the town was a perfect guidepost for the amphibious troops moving inland. Last, it was an excellent launching point for attacks west. Ridgway knew that once his lightly armed paratroops captured the town the Germans would try to retake it. He needed big guns and armor to hold the town, weapons that could not be parachuted.

To guarantee success, Ridgway put Raff in

ABOVE: Task Force Raff faced a challenging assignment in coming to the aid of paratroopers at Ste. Mere Eglise. An ad hoc force containing a mixture of units, the Americans faced stubborn German resistance. BELOW: With infantrymen hitching a ride, a Sherman tank moves across a slope in Normandy headed for the front lines. Colonel Edson Raff commanded a task force charged with supporting airborne troops at the town of Ste. Mere Eglise during Operation Overlord. (Map © 2008 Philip Schwartzberg, Meridian Mapping, Minneapolis, MN)

command of an armored task force and ordered him to race for Ste. Mère Église, where he would give the paratroopers the extra punch they needed. Task Force Raff had a secondary mission: between Ste. Mère Église and the beach lay an open field designated Landing Zone W, where a flight of American gliders was scheduled to land at 9 PM on D-Day. Raff's men were to secure the airfield and protect it from German crossfire. Maj. Gen. J. Lawton Collins, the commander of VII Corps, which was responsible for Utah Beach, considered Raff's mission vital to success.

The task force Raff received was an amalgamation of Army units. It consisted of 17 tanks from the 746th Tank Battalion, four six-wheeled Greyhound armored scout cars from the 4th Cavalry Squadron, and 41 soldiers from the 401st Glider Infantry. The glidermen would ride on the tanks and jump off at the first sign of trouble.

Ridgway met with Raff to explain his assignment and his mission. Their second meeting did not go much better than the first. Raff came away convinced that Ridgway was a "conceited, self-centered narcissistic man," who had almost no use for him. "God help us if we get into combat under him," Raff later said. His nonairborne role in the invasion was enough "to condemn a man forever." Raff's attitude and style earned him a new nickname—Ridgway's Croaker—a complainer.

Was Ridgway putting Raff in charge of this force as a punishment, like Raff suspected? Possibly. More likely, Ridgway knew Raff had led his own ragtag armored force in North Africa. Ridgway had probably also read Raff's memoir and was hoping Raff would recreate the same successful strike force he led in Tunisia.

The landings on June 6 were a success. The airborne troops, though scattered, captured Ste. Mère Église and completed most of their assigned missions. The first landing craft of the amphibious invasion hit the beach around 6:30 AM, and men and equipment of Maj. Gen. Raymond O. Barton's 4th Infantry Division began advancing inland. German troops, shocked and confused, put up resistance but could only slow, not stop, the Americans.

Ridgway landed by parachute this time and set up a command post in an apple orchard west of Ste. Mère Église. Without communications equipment, he had no idea how the night drop had gone, much less if the amphibious assault had even taken place. He could not even contact his regimental commanders. "I could only be where the fighting seemed the hottest," he recalled.

Ste. Mère Église was captured by only 150 men in a quick assault that killed 30 Germans and captured another 30. Coincidentally, a number of paratroopers had landed directly in the town earlier, only to be shot as they landed or burned to death when they came down on a burning house.

For the rest of the night, the Germans assaulted the town, trying to retake it. At dawn, German armored assaults hit from the north and west, but Ridgway's men stopped them cold using small arms, bazookas, and six glider-landed antitank guns. Naval gunfire even contributed to the fight as the battleship USS *Nevada,* directed by a naval liaison officer who jumped into Normandy, smashed the German assaults. The fighting lasted all day. Ridgway, despite his confidence in the ability of his command to hold out, needed Raff's force, but where was it?

Raff's tanks and vehicles began rolling off their Landing Ship Tanks (LSTs) at 1 PM, seven hours after the initial assault. The beach was secure yet hectic as scores of men and machines jammed the few safe roads. German artillery fire exploded as the men disgorged from their landing craft. One of the landing craft holding Raff's tanks and 54 of his men became separated from

the task force and was pinned down on the beach for three hours. Despite the confusion, momentum was clearly in the hands of the Americans, but Ste. Mère Église was still surrounded and getting squeezed by the Germans.

Raff had no idea what was happening in Ste. Mère Église. He did not know if the town was secure or even if Ridgway was alive. But the task force's mission was clear. Despite the confusion and congestion that reigned on Utah, Raff's men were able to roll off the beach within the hour. The glidermen mounted the Shermans as Raff and his executive officer, Major Ralph Ingersoll, manned their armored jeep with its .50-caliber machine gun and drove near the head of the column.

Raff's first landmark was the town of Ste. Marie du Mont, where the town's church steeple stood distinctly over the treetops. The steeple was now less distinct. Shellfire had torn off its top. As the column roared inland, paratroopers who had dropped the night before climbed onto the tanks to help. Once in the town, Ingersoll noticed a dead German who had been "ironed flat like a figure in a comic strip" by passing tanks, trucks, and jeeps. A military policeman waved the column through an alley and into open ground where it rocked and roared for three miles until it came to the crossroads of Les Forges.

The column had covered more than half the distance to Ste. Mère Église and had encountered no Germans. At Les Forges, the column turned right and aimed for its goal less than two miles away. Ahead, the road dipped, and a wooded ridge, Hill 20, loomed over the last half mile with a small creek crossing the route of advance. Task Force Raff was now approaching Landing Zone W, where the gliders would come down at 9 PM. There were already a few wrecked gliders strewn across the valley from previous landings. Raff's tankers slowed as the ridge came into view. They knew if the Germans were to make a stand, this would be the perfect location for it.

Raff encountered a tanker from another unit who told him: "I got this far, and then some GI flagged me down; he said there's something on that hill that's stopping the infantry." Raff ordered a scout car and a tank forward. The two vehicles roared about 300 yards down the twisting road when suddenly the Germans opened fire. With a crack, an 88mm gun fired, hitting the scout car. The shell did not explode, but the force of the impact hurled the car backward into the tank, ripping off one of its tracks. The crews of the two vehicles made it back to Raff's jeep.

Raff had only about two hours before the gliders began landing. He ordered the men to assemble for an attack, but the confines of the hedgerow country delayed preparations until 7:30. Once the tanks were spread out with the glidermen riding on top, Raff ordered: "Move up the left, away from the main road, use the cover of the hedgerows, move crossfields and take the enemy in flank."

Laden with supplies and reinforcements, U.S. gliders approach a landing zone in Normandy. Aircraft that have previously landed are seen on the ground below.

Five tanks rolled off the road and into a field to the left, another five to the right. They spread out and began to engage the enemy guns. Cannon fire echoed across the valley as the American 75s dueled with the German 88s. Rapidly, two tanks on the right were struck and one hit a mine. A gliderman saw the first one erupt, killing the commander and wounding several of the men. The tanks on the left halted at the creek as one tank bogged down in the soft soil. The rest of the tanks stuck close to the road and fired at the flashes on the ridge. Raff raced forward to assess the situation, where a captain assured him that the fields ahead were probably mined.

One tank from the column, under the command of a Staff Sergeant Buza, made it across the creek and closed on the ridge, roaring up to the high ground. Buza then went on a tear, knocking out four German guns and several vehicles while his machine gunner raked the area, killing and wounding scores of enemy soldiers. Buza radioed his captain, asking for instructions. He told the captain he was alone. None of the other tanks could make it forward in support. He could not proceed to Ste. Mère Église by himself. The captain ordered him back.

Raff was stymied and now had a crisis on his hands. He knew the gliders would soon come soaring down between his force and the town. Surprisingly, Colonel James Van Fleet of the 4th Division's 8th Infantry Regiment arrived on a reconnaissance patrol, and Raff pleaded with him to launch an attack against the enemy guns. Van Fleet declined. His men had been fighting all day. They had reached all their

assigned objectives with limited casualties but were exhausted. Van Fleet was not willing to risk them on an ad hoc mission while he was trying to secure his positions against enemy counterattacks.

In Ste. Mère Église, Ridgway, too, realized the looming danger facing the gliders. He had no way of contacting anyone about the predicament, and his men were incapable of securing the landing zone if Raff could not. Ridgway ordered his men to mark the drop zone northwest of the town where the 505th had landed that night, but it was in vain.

At 9 PM, Raff's worst fear was realized. Right on time, C-47 transports appeared, flying low over the valley and towing British Horsa and American Waco gliders. Enemy guns fired at the large, steady, and slow-moving planes and gliders. Raff looked across the valley and realized his burning tanks looked like LZ markers in the fading light, "So unerringly did they [the C-47 pilots] release the gliders over the valley," he said. In a last attempt, Raff and his men tossed orange smoke grenades into the fields to their rear hoping it would divert the gliders to a safe area. This too was in vain.

The Germans concentrated their fire on the C-47s as the glider pilots released their tow cables and descended. The C-47s, relieved of their strain, circled above and headed back to England. German fire caught two of the planes, and they exploded over the enemy-held ridge. Gliders soared in, not making a sound except for the wind rustling over their wings. The Germans held their fire until the silent planes came into range. Suddenly, they erupted again. The gliders ran the gauntlet, skidding along the fields and crashing into the far corners of the hedgerows. Most of the British Horsas, made entirely of wood, smashed into splinters and disintegrated before stopping. Raff's men and tanks opened up with everything they had on the Germans in hopes of reducing their fire. Dazed glidermen stumbled from the wrecks and ran for Raff's troops, the others joined with the paratroopers defending Ste. Mère Église.

With his attack stalled and the sun setting, Raff circled his tanks and settled in for the night. His force had penetrated further into enemy territory that day than any other unit from Utah Beach. But Raff's mission was not complete. To compound matters, he did not send out a patrol to at least try to reach Ridgway to let him know that help was tantalizingly close. He ignored his own rule of "Patrol! Patrol!" And he forgot his rule that Germans disliked darkness. On this evening, Raff did not even challenge them.

Ridgway did. After defending his besieged position for almost 24 hours, he ordered one of his staffers, Walter Winton, to lead a patrol to find the 4th Infantry Division command post and report on the 82nd's situation, find artillery support, and determine Raff's whereabouts. Winton set out and successfully reached Barton's command post after midnight, delivering the news about the airborne assault. Barton vowed to send help at first light, then reported the information to Collins, who was aboard a ship offshore.

Brigadier General Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., gained fame for leading the 4th Infantry Division ashore on D-Day. He is shown at his command post in Ste. Mere Eglise on July 12, 1944, the day he died of a heart attack.

Early the next morning, Raff met again with Van Fleet about a joint assault. While they conferred, one of Raff's staff officers led an unsuccessful flank attack on Hill 20. Although most of the Germans had fled, those who remained easily repulsed the small force. At 6:30 AM, Raff's force advanced cautiously while Van Fleet's troops took the ridge. Raff's force now had company; right behind his command jeep rolled a half-track carrying Van Fleet and Collins, who had come ashore.

Surprisingly, the first American ground soldier into Ste. Mère Église was not the Little Caesar, but instead a paternal general. Fifty-seven-year-old Brig. Gen. Teddy Roosevelt Jr., the son of the 26th President of the United States, rode his jeep, "Rough Rider," into Ridgway's perimeter early on D+1. Stopping among a group of paratroopers, Roosevelt pushed his helmet back on his head and asked, "Fellows, where's the picnic?"

Roosevelt had landed with the first wave of troops on Utah Beach to encourage men forward and direct traffic. Before the war, Ridgway had served under Roosevelt in the Philippines, and Roosevelt, impressed with Ridgway, recommended him for the Army Command and General Staff School. On the morning of June 7, Roosevelt looked at Ridgway "as if the bullet that could kill him had not been made." The meeting between the old mentor and his protégé was probably more pleasant than if Raff had been the first one through the line.

Raff's entrance into Ste. Mère Église around 9 AM was anticlimactic. There was no triumphal parade like he experienced in Gasfa. There was work to be done. The men of the 401st Glider Battalion were happy to greet their comrades in the besieged town. The next day Task Force Raff was disbanded.

But what to do with Raff? Ridgway could not send him home. He was too much of a celebrity and combat veteran. Ridgway added him temporarily to his staff, but the friction between them soon disrupted unit cohesion. The answer came on June 22, when the commander of the 507th Parachute Infantry Regiment was killed in combat. Ridgway placed Raff in charge of the unit and then transferred it to the 13th Airborne Division. While the paratroopers of the 507th were furious to be out of the 82nd (they would always consider themselves "All Americans") Raff was pleased to be separated from Ridgway.

Raff breathed fresh life into the 507th. He commanded the unit well during the Battle of the Bulge and became the first American paratrooper to jump into Germany on March 14, 1945, when he led it in Operation Varsity, Field Marshal Bernard Law Montgomery's crossing of the Rhine River. Ridgway, for his part, went on to command the XVIII Airborne Corps and led it successfully for the rest of the war.

In retrospect, Ridgway was wrong to assign the armored thrust against Ste. Mère Église to Raff, a paratrooper, no matter how daring and brave he was. He compounded his mistake by piecing together a force from different units. Glidermen, who were supposed to be flown into battle stealthily, were crowded onto tanks. Cavalrymen, whose job it was to scout the enemy and report back to headquarters, were assigned an offensive mission. Tankers from an

ABOVE: The devastation of the village of Ste. Mere Eglise in Normandy is evidenced in this photograph. The town was eventually occupied by American forces and held against German counterattacks. LEFT: The body of an American glider pilot lies in the wreckage of aircraft after crash landing in a field in France on August 7, 1944. Flying gliders proved to be hazardous duty during the Normandy invasion.

independent tank battalion, who were trained to support the infantry, moving at the same pace as foot soldiers, were ordered to charge forward, carrying their infantry. No element of Task Force Raff was specifically designed for Ridgway's precision operation.

Ridgway would have been better served had he assigned elements of a tank division the mission given to Task Force Raff. Tank divisions were specifically trained to make headlong dashes, bypassing resistance and racing for objectives, leaving the bypassed enemy for follow-up troops. They were also assigned their own armored infantry, which rode in armored half-tracks. If resistance was too strong to be bypassed, armored infantrymen knew to dismount and engage the enemy in concert with the tanks. Simply put, a task force from an armored division was perfectly suited for the mission.

The disruptive relationship between Ridgway and Raff cannot be overstated. In war, command relations can be just as important as technology and firepower. Commanders who get along have an advantage over those who do not. While there is no graph or chart to show that a more trusted subordinate would have tried harder to reach Ridgway on D-Day, Raff's disdain for Ridgway might have clouded his determination.

There is also no evidence that Raff spurred on his men by filling them with a sense of urgency. A few days after D-Day, a group of 82nd Airborne paratroopers under Lt. Col. Charles Timmes was surrounded in an apple orchard on the Merderet River. Lt. Col. Arthur Maloney, another "All American," planned an assault across the La Fiere Causeway to reach Timmes. When one of Maloney's subordinates balked, explaining that the attack would be a slaughter, Maloney replied, "I know. But Timmes is over there and we must go to his help." Such sentiments never came from Raff's mouth when his commander needed him most.

After the war, Ridgway rose to higher command levels. He took command of the Eighth Army in Korea and reinvigorated it after it was battered by the Chinese. He was given command of all United Nations forces in Korea after President Harry Truman sacked General Douglas MacArthur. In 1952, he replaced Eisenhower as the Supreme Allied Commander in Europe before becoming the Army's Chief of Staff. An American icon, Ridgway was the face of the American airborne forces in World War II and a leader in the early days of the Cold War. He retired in 1955 as a four-star general.

Raff did not achieve the level of fame that Ridgway enjoyed. Kept at the rank of colonel, he went on to command the 77th Special Forces Group, Airborne, and the Psychological Warfare Center at Fort Bragg, where he was a major proponent of issuing green berets to Special Forces soldiers. He retired from the service in 1958. When recalling his World War II exploits, Raff, who led the first and last combat jumps in the European Theater, would skim over his D-Day assignment. The ground job was just too painful a memory for the proud paratrooper. □

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A Memorable Marine

The loyal companion of the 4th Marines, Soochow had a talent for survival.

BY ERIC NIDEROST

Soochow was a mongrel dog with a remarkable gift for self-preservation. A homeless stray, he attached himself to some U.S. Marines, men of the Fourth Regiment who were stationed in China. The dog was first tolerated, then accepted, and finally celebrated as a full-fledged leatherneck. Soochow eventually became a "sergeant," but he earned his stripes in one of the most remarkable tales of survival and courage of World War II.

The story begins in 1930s Shanghai, then an international city dominated by foreign interests. China was in turmoil, with Chiang Kai-shek's Nationalists battling Communists for control of the country. Sensing weakness, Japan began a series of aggressive moves on the stricken nation. Manchuria was seized in 1931-1932, but the Western powers were too self-absorbed in the Depression and its economic crisis to do much about it.

Soochow was probably born in the summer of 1937, a decidedly inauspicious time to enter the world. He probably saw the light of day along Soochow (now Suzhou) Creek, a sinuous waterway that snakes its way though Shanghai before emptying into the Whangpoo (Huangpu) River. Soochow Creek went through the heart of the International Settlement, a special territory ruled by a body called the Shanghai Municipal Council. The council was a thinly disguised oligarchy of British and Ameri-

Dressed in traditional garb, a lone Chinese man seeks the protection of a sandbag barricade in the International Settlement of Shanghai on August 12, 1937. Adjacent to the civilian are a British soldier and two American Marines who have donned their helmets. (© Bettmann/CORBIS)

Mascot

ABOVE: Soochow, the famous Marine mascot, is shown here out of uniform. The adventures of the small dog include incredible stories of escape and survival. (Author's Collection)

can businessmen, though the Chinese and even Japanese had some seats.

The Settlement and the neighboring French Concession were the calm eye of China's political hurricane, islands of relative safety and peace. This condition was due in no small part to the presence of foreign troops, including contingents from the United States, Great Britain, France, and Italy. The 4th Regiment of the United States Marines had been stationed in Shanghai since 1927, its primary mission to safeguard the lives and property of Americans there.

Soochow Creek was home to an entire population of Chinese, boat people who rarely seemed to venture onto dry land. Clustered together in makeshift floating communities, they used the waterway as a toilet and source of water. The creek was little more than a sewer, and the boat people were desperate enough to eat anything that would assuage their constant hunger. Poverty and disease were ever present.

How Soochow managed to survive his first two or three months is some-

Left lying where they fell, Chinese victims of a Japanese execution lie bound and lifeless on a city street. The line of Chinese refugees fleeing the fighting seems hardly to take notice. (National Archives)

thing of a mystery—and a miracle. It was a credit to his mother that she managed to keep her litter, if indeed Soochow had any brothers and sisters, out of the stew pot. Puppies are particularly vulnerable the first two weeks or so of their lives, when their eyes are closed.

Soochow was a mongrel, probably a bulldog-terrier mix, with a dash of one or two other breeds. He was short and stocky, never weighing more than about 35 pounds when fully grown. His fur was largely white, with some dark spots, and his ears drooped down like a hound's. He was an ugly dog in some respects, but his face was redeemed by large, black, expressive eyes, gleaming with intelligence.

Soochow's birth coincided with the outbreak of the Sino-Japanese War. Hoping to gain Western sympathy and support, Chiang confronted the Japanese Army at Shanghai. During the late summer and early fall of 1937, Shanghai was the scene of some of the bloodiest urban fighting ever recorded. Soochow Creek became a kind of unintentional border, separating the war-torn Japanese-held areas from the Settlement's southern segment largely controlled by the Anglo-Americans.

Eventually the Chinese were forced to retreat to the west, but Soochow Creek remained a barrier as potent as the Berlin Wall was to become decades later. Bridges across the creek were still intact but were closely guarded as checkpoints. The 4th Marines were assigned a defense sector along the creek, which included the Wu Chin Bridge. The southern end of the span was guarded by a U.S. Marine sentry, while the other side was patrolled by a Japanese soldier.

There are several different versions of how Soochow "joined" the Marine Corps, but they differ in detail, not substance. In one popular version, Soochow, then an underfed puppy, took shelter in the Marine sentry box during a heavy rainstorm. Some stories omit the rain but agree the little mutt guarded the box with the tenacity of a bulldog. It seems the puppy did not like Chinese people, barking his head off when they passed by.

The post was manned by Marines of B Company, 4th Regiment, and Soochow probably went through several guard changes before someone had the bright idea to adopt him. One version maintains it was a Private Ford who smuggled Soochow into the B Company billet. No matter. Once established, the little dog, dubbed Soochow or "Sooch" for short, made himself at home.

This was strictly against regulations—official regulations, anyway. Somehow, company commander Captain Joseph P. McCaffery was won over, and the dog became a kind of unofficial mascot. No one Marine was his master; he was friendly to all. He also liked to travel around, sometimes visiting Headquarters Company, or even Motor Transport a couple of blocks away. Nightfall would find him back in the B Company compound, a converted mansion of sorts.

Sooch was friendly to those he knew, but was also an independent cuss who was not particularly lovable. There are lots of stories about Soochow, tall tales that would put Lassie to shame. There are accounts of him standing to attention during reviews and even lifting a paw in salute. Pure fantasy. As one Marine put it, "Soochow was worthless. He couldn't fight his way out of a wet paper sack. He was ugly as sin, but the guys loved him."

Soochow's life was in some respects like any

China Marine. Shanghai was a sought-after duty station because it was a fabulous city where even a private's meager $21.00 a month could go a long way. Food, drink, and entertainment were cheap, even by 1930s Depression standards. Shanghai was one of the great cities of the world, and for many young Marines, many of them literally off the farm, it was a movable feast of sights, sounds, and experiences.

And there were temptations. If Shanghai was the "Paris of the East," it was also called the "Whore of the East," where gambling dens, prostitution, and opium consumption were common. It was tough to keep a regiment in fighting trim in such an urban environment, especially after the Japanese Army occupied the area surrounding the International Settlement, making Shanghai a lonely island.

Still, such matters were an officer's concern. The average leatherneck simply enjoyed the experience, and Soochow was along for the ride. Besides guard duty, Marines would participate in route marches, to the order of "route step, keep step." Once a week there would be a 20-mile hike with fully loaded packs. Soochow would march right along, and in many cases he would be the first out of the compound gate.

When trouble was afoot, it was thought best to have Marines in uniform at all times. Before 1937, the men had been permitted to wear civilian clothes, but times had changed. The men of Company B decided that Soochow needed a uniform, too, and so they all chipped in to get him outfitted. Even today, a person can get fine tailor-made clothes in Shanghai, and this was also true in 1938. A Chinese tailor made three outfits: greens, khakis, and dress blue for formal occasions.

It was said that Soochow enjoyed wearing a uniform, though he did not wear one all the time. After a time Sooch was promoted to private first class, and a red chevron was sewn on his uniform just above his front legs. Unfortunately he would sometimes get in a dog fight, have his uniform ripped, and get into trouble with the brass. Punishment included being busted back to buck private!

Soochow accompanied the men when they went on liberty, his buddies making sure he was properly uniformed for the outing. They made the rounds of various bars and clubs, Sooch at their side. The dog sometimes might be given a bowl of rum and Coca-Cola, but he generally preferred beer. Sometimes he would get drunk, much to the delight of his equally inebriated fellow leathernecks. They would roar with laughter as Soochow tried to walk with rubbery legs, falling over every few shaky steps.

During one of these excursions the boys decided it would be great fun to send Soochow back to the barracks alone, riding a rickshaw. Shanghai was no stranger to exotic sights, but to see a uniformed little mutt proudly riding around town must have puzzled the natives. One can imagine the local Chinese thinking to themselves, "These foreigners are ugly, but this one takes the cake!" The ride was so successful

Soochow was not the only mascot in Marine Corps history.

Soochow was a remarkable animal, but he was neither the first, nor the last, mascot in Marine Corps history. In fact, some of the animals have been exotic and reflect the leatherneck's far-flung missions around the world. One Marine group even made a mascot of a somewhat bedraggled "moth eaten" lion. During the early 20th century the Marines were in Latin America and quickly acquired pets from that region.

Around 1914, there was Jimmy the coatimundi, a Latin American relative of the raccoon. It had a red furry body, a long tail, and a somewhat pig-like snout, but by all accounts was very intelligent. Jimmy was acquired in Veracruz, when President Wilson ordered a seizure of the port over a dispute with the Mexican government.

Coatimundi subsist largely on insects, but Jimmy soon became used to a more varied fare of frogs and hardtack, corned beef, pie, and beetles. He also went to Haiti and was apparently present with the leathernecks in France during World War I. Contemporary accounts insist he was not only a good mascot, but he "assisted" in subduing the Haitian rebels. It is not known what contributions, if any, Jimmy really made.

Jimmy had a habit of extinguishing cigars and cigarettes with his front paws, which like a raccoon's can be very much like human hands. The trick was not so popular when a Marine dropped a 100 franc note near the animal. Within seconds the note was history, torn to a shreds.

Marine legends also tell of a foul-mouthed cockatoo who would greet visitors with "F@#* you, By crackee!" at every opportunity.

Some mascots have been a bit more conventional. A sorrel mare called Reckless was used as a pack animal during the Korean War. Purchased from a Korean family, Reckless carried shells for a recoilless rifle and was often near the battlefront. When she got her baptism of fire, she rolled her eyes white and showed some agitation but soon settled down. She took the noise, smoke, and shock of battle like a veteran. When the recoilless rifle fired, Reckless stood her ground in spite of the concussive blasts of air that struck her. She soon became an indispensable member of the Marine team.

Reckless was so heroic she was taken back to the United States when the Korean War ended in 1953. She lived in honored retirement in the rolling hills of Camp Pendleton, California.

Though leathernecks have had many kinds of mascots, dogs occupy a special place in Marine lore. This is partly due to the nickname *teufelhunden,* "Devil Dogs," that German opponents gave them in World War I. Before long, the English bulldog became the quintessential mascot, though of course many kinds of dogs, especially mongrels like Soochow, were cherished.

Sergeant Major Jiggs was the first mascot that was really recognized as such, though even then his status was, as one pamphlet put it, "unofficially official." He was born on May 22, 1922, and was "inducted" into the Corps a few months later. His enlistment papers were signed by Brig. Gen. Smedley Butler, something of a Marine Corps legend in his own right. There are a number of photos with the General leading Jiggs on a leash.

Jiggs became something of a celebrity, and pictures still exist of him wearing campaign hats, football helmets, and other gear. He even won a role in *Tell It to the Marines,* a 1926 movie that starred Lon Chaney.. But Jiggs's glory days were literally short-lived, and he died just before his fifth birthday, mourned by the whole Corps.

Sergeant Major Jiggs was replaced by another bulldog named Private Padgett. In an interesting twist, this bulldog was a gift from Britain's Royal Marines to their American counterparts. But Soochow was a lot more typical of Marine mascots—mongrels with no pedigree but plenty of heart. □

U.S. Marines of Company B, 4th Regiment pose proudly with their mascot, the indomitable Soochow. A uniform was specially made for the famous canine, who survived World War II and died at age 11 in 1948.
(Author's Collection)

it was repeated many times thereafter.

But the rickshaw story does not end there. Most rickshaw pullers were honest, but a few tried to dump Sooch far short of the Company B billet entrance. The dog would refuse to get off, his snarling and growling sending an unmistakable message to be delivered to the right address. He would only be satisfied when an obviously chastened rickshaw puller deposited him at the compound gate.

The Marine Club on 722 Bubbling Well Road was a favorite liberty spot, a converted mansion that featured such amenities as a bowling alley, library, restaurant, billiard room, NCO bar, and private's bar. As long as visitors obeyed the rules, all were welcome. Marines would come to the club with beautiful Chinese or White Russian girlfriends on their arms. The club, quite luxurious and famed throughout the Far East, also boasted the finest soda fountain in Asia.

Soochow was usually welcomed, but once he peed on a table leg and incurred the wrath of Sergeant Kenneth W. Mize of the Service Company, a club manager. Old Sooch was suspended in a harness an inch or so above the floor, not in any discomfort but plainly embarrassed by the situation. The "crime" was not repeated.

Some of Soochow's character was revealed when he suffered a terrible accident in the fall of 1940. He was doing his usual patrol rounds, playfully barking and nipping at passing rickshaw pullers or Chinese on bicycles when a Marine truck accidentally ran him over. Soochow had a fractured spine and was taken immediately to the veterinary hospital on Gordon Road. The doctors felt there was no hope and suggested putting the dog to sleep.

The Marines refused, knowing Soochow's indomitable courage and will to live. After a time in the hospital, he was taken back to the Company B barracks for further recuperation. Soochow pulled through with the help of his buddies and was pretty much his old self.

Soochow's attitude was always aloof and dignified. He played no favorites, visiting various Marine locations and units. He could be friendly and even wag his tail, but only on his own terms. In that way, he was much like a cat. Soochow was not the stereotypical faithful hound, eager to please his masters like a Lassie or Rin Tin Tin.

The dog's most serious trouble with the brass came when 4th Marines commander Colonel Eugene Collier caught Soochow "saluting" the flagpole with a raised hind leg. The dog was summoned to the CO's office and given a good dressing down. "If you are going to be a Marine, you are going to be treated as a Marine, and Marines do not piss on the flagpole. Ten days cake and wine!"

This was time in the brig, and the term "cake and wine" meant a diet of bread and water. The brig was at the Motor Transport compound, where the mess was located. Marines felt sorry for Soochow and saved choice tidbits to feed him though the bars. Soochow actually gained weight in the brig, prompting this directive: "Will men please refrain from tossing food in the brig. The deck is cluttered with so much chow there's no room for the prisoner to lie down."

Shanghai's International Settlement seemed immune to the war and bloodshed that plagued China and much of the world, but it was not to last. World War II broke out in Europe, and relations between Japan and the United States began to sour. Japanese agents infiltrated the Settlement, wreaking havoc. Anyone who spoke out against Japanese aggression, including many Americans, was targeted for assassination.

By mid-1941, it was plain that the United States and Japan were on a collision course. Admiral Thomas Hart, commander of the U.S. Asiatic Fleet, tried to persuade Washington to withdraw the 4th Marines. Simply put, their position was untenable. Some 700-odd Marines could not hope to hold off the 300,000 Japanese troops stationed in the area.

The regiment was finally withdrawn in late November 1941. The destination was the Philippines, not the States, which was unfortunate in light of future events. The 2nd Battalion left Shanghai on November 27 aboard the liner *President Madison*. A day later, Colonel Samuel Howard and 1st Battalion marched down Nanking Road to the Bund waterfront, their band playing martial tunes.

When they arrived on the docks, a lighter took them to the waiting *President Harrison* for their journey to the Philippines. The night before, a certain Private First Class Soochow had been smuggled aboard. For better or worse, the dog was about to share his regiment's fate.

Japanese warships shadowed the *President Harrison* but finally wearied of the cat-and-mouse game and departed. The rest of the trip was uneventful, and the Marines arrived safely at Olongapo in the Philippines on December 1. Olongapo was a naval base on Subic Bay on the island of Luzon.

The Marines were mostly in canvas tents, and their personal belongings were housed in a great warehouse. Soochow quickly adapted, and though he visited other companies he still bunked with Company B. News of Pearl Harbor arrived on December 8, 1941, because the Philippines are across the International Date Line. The United States was at war with Japan. A large Japanese invasion force soon appeared

at Lingayen Gulf off Northern Luzon. The enemy proved impossible to stop, so General Douglas MacArthur ordered a withdrawal to the Bataan Peninsula.

MacArthur was commander of the U.S. Army Forces in the Far East (USAFFE), composed of some 31,000 U.S. Army troops and 120,000 men of the Philippine national army. He wanted operational control of all naval and Marine units, and eventually Admiral Hart granted his wishes.

The 4th Marines were withdrawn from Subic Bay and placed on Corregidor, the island fortress that guarded Manila Bay. Located about two miles from the Bataan shore, this tadpole-shaped real estate was honeycombed with artillery batteries, many boasting 12-inch guns on disappearing carriages and powerful mortars. There had been some attempt at modernization in the 1930s, but most of the emplacements were of World War I vintage or earlier.

The widest part of the island was known as topside, while middleside was a small plateau containing more batteries and some barracks. The lowest part of Corregidor, named bottomside, was where the docks and a small town called San Jose were located.

Japanese aerial bombardment began on December 29, 1941, an attack that lasted two hours. Many buildings on Corregidor were badly damaged or destroyed. Other attacks followed, though the month of January could be considered the relative lull before the storm. The real onslaught began in February, when Japanese heavy artillery added their shells to the rain of bombs. Corregidor became a moon-cratered hell on earth where ear-splitting roars and eviscerated, rumbling earth became part of daily life.

It is almost unbelievable that Soochow could have survived all this, and if he escaped a Japanese shell or bomb he could have fallen prey to the cooking pot. Supplies grew short, and rations were cut until the men were living on 31 ounces of food a day. Cavalry horses were soon slaughtered and their meat distributed to the garrison.

Under these conditions it is not surprising that Sooch might have ended up on the menu. The Marines would never, ever have done this, but there were plenty of other personnel with less emotional attachment to the dog. The Marines were told that some Army cooks wanted Soochow as their mascot. To win him over, the cooks fed the dog scraps from their meager supplies, and it was said at times Soochow was so full he could barely walk.

Soochow accepted the bribes but never abandoned his Company B buddies. Every night he would waddle back to where the Marines were entrenched. Old Sooch was loyal to his friends, but maybe he also sensed that he was being fattened up for other purposes and stayed away. It was said that Soochow was the only member of the Corregidor garrison who gained weight.

The Marines also discovered that Sooch had a hidden talent. He had a kind of canine radar that could detect incoming Japanese bombers long before they were over Corregidor. Soochow might be taking a noontime siesta and then suddenly cock an ear, stand up, and point north. Once up, Sooch would start whining and then seek shelter in the nearest foxhole. Word quickly passed up and down the line that Japanese bombers were on their way.

In the early days of the siege some doubted Soochow's abilities, but after the dog successfully predicted several air raids most became true believers. Many of the Marine companies were on the beach areas, where they were joined by other personnel. This included U.S. Navy sailors, whose ships had been sunk or scuttled in the opening weeks of the war.

One bluejacket recalled Soochow's uncanny ability to walk on minefields unscathed. "The little bastard used to come up to my foxhole," the sailor remembered, "starts barking and it scared the heck out of me! You'd have thought I was a Jap the way he carried on! Then, I see him walking up and down the beach, and I just knew he'd step on one of those mines and blow himself up but I guess he didn't weigh enough to touch one off."

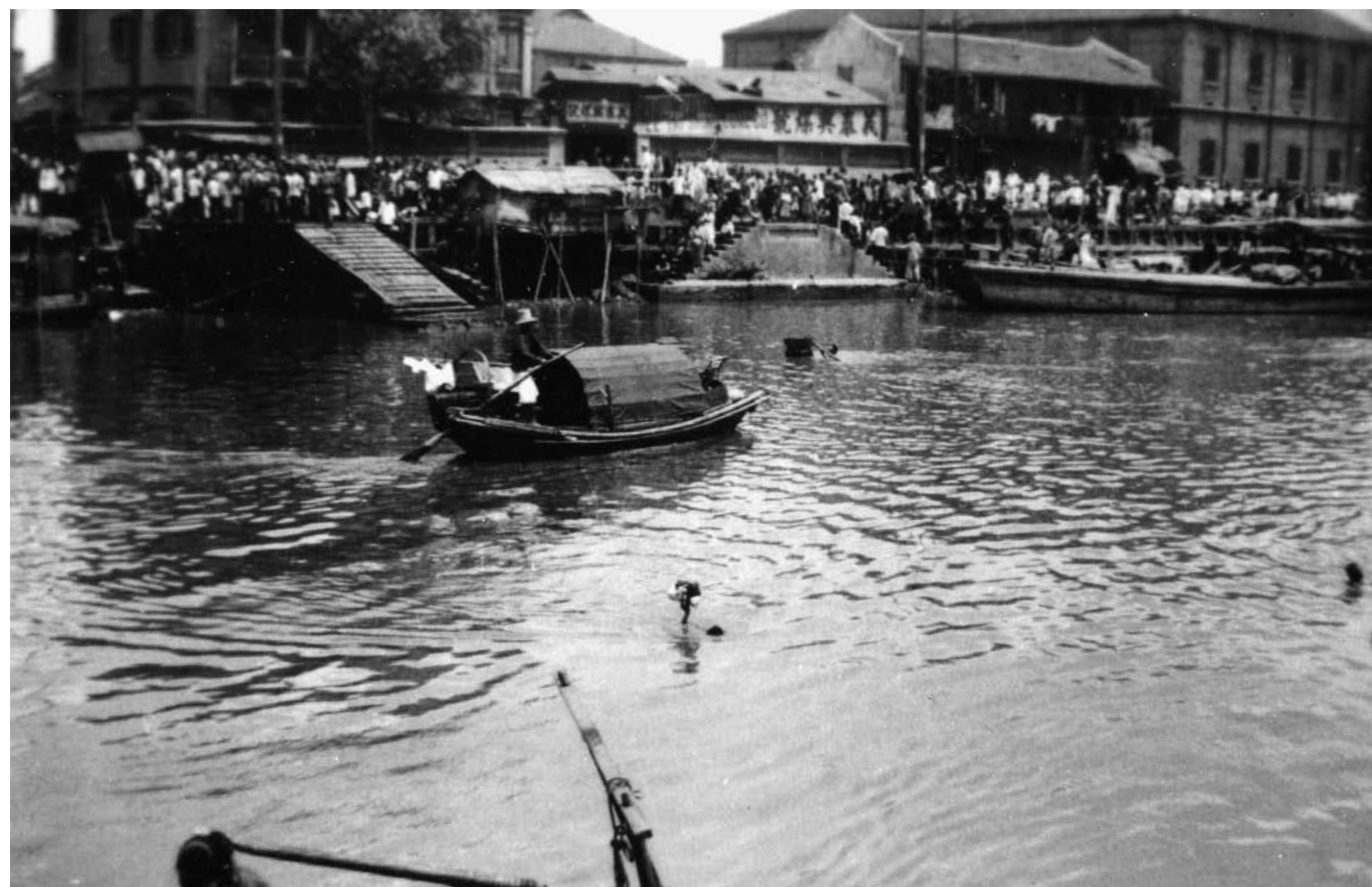
The heroic defense of the Philippines had delayed the Japanese timetable of conquest, but by May 1942 it was clear Corregidor could not hold out much longer. The island was being pounded daily.

Lieutenant General Masaharu Homma organized a Japanese amphibious assault on Corregidor for the night of May 5, 1942. There is some evidence to conclude that Soochow was placed in the Navy intercept tunnel near Monkey Point for his own protection. Sooch was lucky to have such buddies because within a few hours all hell broke loose.

After heavy fighting the Japanese managed to secure a foothold on Corregidor, though their casualties were high. But once they managed to successfully land some tanks, there was no doubt about the eventual outcome. Lt. Gen. Jonathan M. Wainwright, who succeeded MacArthur as commander of U.S. and Filipino forces, sadly surrendered to prevent a slaughter of his men.

The Japanese assembled all their prisoners, some 15,000, at what was called the 92nd garage area. It was on an island beach, nothing more than a large field of some two or three acres that was surfaced in concrete. It had once been a landing area for amphibious seaplanes, then it was a motor pool. Some Filipinos and officers found shelter in some bullet-riddled

During a pause in the frenzied flight of Chinese refugees from fighting between the Japanese and Allied forces, U.S. Marines take cover behind a barricade of sandbags and man a machine gun near a bridge across Soochow Creek. (National Archives)



Crowding the banks of Soochow Creek, near Shanghai's International Settlement, sampans carry Chinese civilians attempting to escape the Japanese by water. The Chinese often formed boat trains to navigate the creek to safety. (National Archives))

hangars. The rest had to spend days exposed to the broiling tropical sun and intermittent torrential rains.

The Japanese guards were lax at first, permitting POWs to scrounge for food around the island. But the men were finally shipped across Manila Bay to begin their long, brutal imprisonment. Ragged and hungry, they were marched through the streets of Manila in a vain attempt to humiliate them and break their spirits. They finally were placed in Bilibid Prison, but this prewar facility was only a brief stop to their ultimate destination.

The American POWs were marched to Manila Station, where they were packed like sardines into boxcars. The temperatures soared above 100 degrees Farenheit, and they were packed so tightly that men who passed out remained upright. Many were suffering from diarrhea and dysentery. The heat, starvation, exhaustion, and sickening stench had to be endured for the whole journey, a living hell that lasted 10 hours. Their final destination was Cabanatuan, where a large POW camp was located. It had once been a Filipino Army depot but had been converted for more sinister purposes. Once they arrived, they had to endure a forced march of seven miles before reaching the camp gates.

The camp was basically a compound surrounded on all sides by barbed wire. The accommodations were rude shacks, with no beds or bedding or even flooring in some cases. Toilet facilities were open ditches that quickly filled with human waste. Japanese rules were draconian. Beatings and executions were regular occurrences.

Soochow was at Cabanatuan, but how he got there remains something of a mystery. Marine testimony after the war credited Pfc. Robert Snyder, who was from B Company. Witnesses maintain that it was he who smuggled Sooch aboard ship when they left Shanghai, and it was he who took the dog to Corregidor. But how he managed to keep Soochow alive after the surrender is nothing short of a miracle.

Life at Cabanatuan was grim, and death was ever present. The POWs were starving, and a gnawing hunger became a way of life. Cats, dogs, and even rats were all fair game for the cooking pot. A cat was considered something of a rare treat, even a delicacy, because the animals were wary and very hard to catch. Under these conditions Soochow's life was in grave danger, and usually one of his Marine buddies had to keep an eye on him.

The Japanese guards did not particularly like Soochow, and sometimes they made halfhearted attempts to bayonet him. Maybe it was a game to them, or maybe they just were going through the motions. Certainly, they knew if they killed Sooch they would probably have a major riot on their hands. If they had really wanted to get him, they could have, but for some reason they tolerated the little brown and white mutt.

Getting food for Soochow became more and more of a problem. He was a full-fledged member of the Marines, but in Japanese eyes he did not merit a food ration. To keep the dog alive Snyder would go around and collect a grain or two of rice from each man. This was difficult because rations were so scanty and even a few grains were precious. But the Marines gladly contributed because Soochow was their buddy, a symbol of the regiment and its Shanghai glory days.

Soochow learned to eat whatever he could catch, including bugs and lizards. It was a far cry from the days when he would eat thick steaks and lap beer, but the cruel conditions

never broke his spirit or lessened his courage. This was evident during *tenko,* or prisoner roll call. The emaciated POWs would assemble in ranks as Japanese guards counted them off. Summoning what strength he had, Soochow would come up and bark at the guards, an act of defiance that the prisoners must have appreciated. He also kept his dignity, an aloofness that rose above the terrible situation.

The arduous existence had begun to take its toll, and by 1944-1945 Soochow was a shadow of his former self. He was nearly skeletal, wasted away to the point where his ribs could be counted. Scurvy caused his hair to fall out in patches, and sores erupted over his body. Yet, even then he could be heard scrambling under the prison barracks in search of rats or other vermin to eat. His large brown eyes expressed his courage and resolution, and he could still manage to weakly wag his tail.

Late in the war the Japanese began to evacuate American POWs to Japan. They were transported aboard the notorious hell ships, where hundreds of men were packed in foul holds with little if any food and water. The hell ships were also unmarked, which led many to be tragically sunk by unsuspecting American submarines.

Cabanatuan was slowly being emptied, and among the truckloads of departing prisoners was Marine "Frenchy" Dupont and his canine companion Soochow. Eventually Soochow found himself back in Bilibid, where the Marines had briefly been incarcerated in 1942. It was at Bilibid that Soochow had his closest brush with death. He got into a fight with a large rat and was badly wounded. Poor Soochow's shoulder was torn open, the bloody wound susceptible to infection in the dirty conditions.

His Marine friends did what they could, but there was no medicine for humans, much less for animals. It was touch and go for a time, but somehow Soochow pulled through. He was still underweight, scurvy-ridden, and pock-marked with sores. Sooch had a strong will to live, but by January 1945, it was clear that he could not have survived many more months. The same could be said of the human prisoners.

The POWs saw more American warplanes over Manila and knew liberation must be near. Their greatest fear was to be evacuated to Japan at the eleventh hour. On February 3, 1945, the Bilibid prisoners heard the sounds of small-arms fire. The next day, elements of the American 37th Infantry Division stumbled on Bilibid and liberated it. Almost three nightmare years were over at last.

Good food and medical care did wonders, and Soochow and his human friends began to recover from their ordeal. Soon, the former POWs were ready to be transported back to the States. However, after going through so much, Soochow was almost stopped by the most formidable enemy of all—military regulations.

Soochow was on the dock when a young Navy lieutenant flatly refused permission for him to come aboard. The Marine ex-POWs protested, telling the lieutenant who the dog was and what he had experienced since Shanghai. The Navy man was sympathetic and referred the matter to his captain. "Regulations are regulations!" was the answer, so Soochow was sent back. But the young lieutenant privately assured the ex-POWs that something would be worked out.

High and dry for the moment, a U.S. Marine rides through floodwaters along a street in Shanghai sometime in 1937. The Americans were part of an international force sent to protect foreign nationals during perilous times on the Asian mainland.
(National Archives)

Things were worked out, indeed. Instead of a long sea voyage, Soochow was given the VIP treatment and sent home by air. He was accompanied by Technical Sergeant Paul "Pappy" Wells, an old friend from the Shanghai days. The U.S. Army transport airplane landed in San Francisco in March 1945. It was the first time Wells had been home since 1938. After the plane taxied to a stop, Wells and Soochow stepped out to be greeted by personnel from the Mare Island Navy Base.

It was said that Soochow wore the remains of his old Shanghai uniform, the Pfc. stripe still visible amid the rags. After a proper welcome the pair was sent by train to the Marine Corps Recruit Depot at San Diego. Wells and Soochow parted company, but the dog stayed on to become the depot's mascot.

He was now a corporal, all POWs being given a one-grade promotion, but the dog was still the same old Sooch in many ways. Soochow would post himself by garbage cans near the mess hall, and woe betides any boot who tried to throw away food. The corporal would bark and carry on, alerting the drill instructors to the recruit's transgression.

Depot personnel tried to set Soochow up with a blind date, but the rendezvous was not very successful. His "girlfriend" was supposed to be a white-haired mongrel WAF called Stormy Weather. They posed for pictures, a Marine cap perched on Soochow's brow, but after the photo session the pair did not hit it off. In fact, the two dogs disliked each other and soon got into a fight. As one viewer put it, "There goes the love life of a China Marine!"

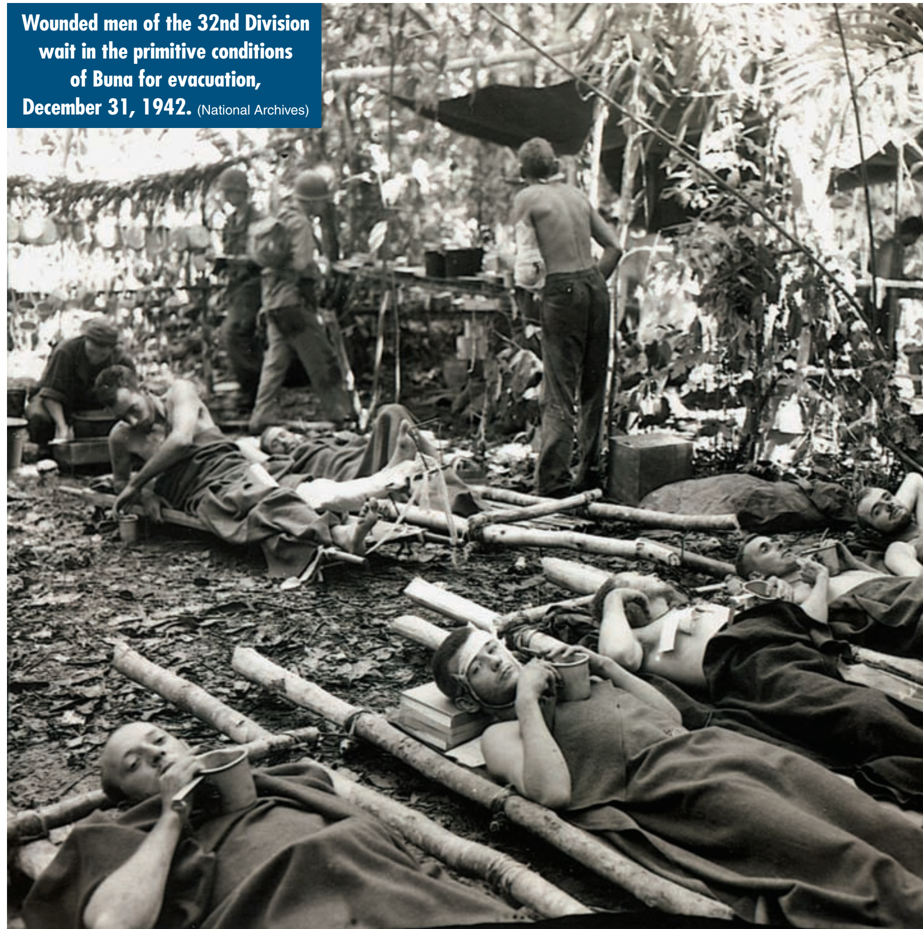
Soochow's heroism was officially recognized, and he was promoted to sergeant. The citation read: "For exceptional ability, sound judgment, aggressive initiative, and unwavering devotion to duty in carrying out his obligations as Corporal, canine … Corporal Soochow is hereby promoted … to the rank of Sergeant, Line, United States Marine Corps."

The newly minted sergeant received a rare honor when the whole depot turned out and paraded. The date was October 29, 1946, and it was the first time a mascot was given such a ceremony. It was well deserved. Presumably Sooch also had cleared immigration. He was Chinese, after all, and no doubt was also a U.S. citizen by virtue of his service in the military.

Soochow enjoyed his years at San Diego, where he was honored and loved as a true veteran. He probably followed his Shanghai routine, as far as time and altered circumstances would permit. But the years were catching up with old Sooch, and he probably was not as fast while chasing cats as he had once been. His body probably also suffered from the long-term effects of imprisonment. Soochow was tough, but his life as a POW had taken its toll. There is no way of knowing how much longer he would have lived without the Philippine years.

Sergeant Soochow, United States Marine Corps, died on April 21, 1948. He was 11 years old, and with his passing another link to the old 4th Regiment and Shanghai was gone. Yet, the memories of the dog, the regiment, and its colorful duty station have been kept forever green by the telling and retelling of Soochow's amazing story. Here was one Marine who lived up to the celebrated motto of the Corps: Semper Fidelis—always faithful. □

Eric Niderost is a frequent contributor to WWII History *magazine. He writes from Hayward, California, where he is also a college professor.*

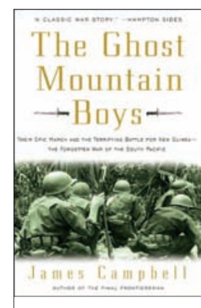


Wounded men of the 32nd Division wait in the primitive conditions of Buna for evacuation, December 31, 1942. (National Archives)

The Red Arrows in Green Hell

A powerful new book recalls the ghastly combat conditions in New Guinea.

DURING THE WHOLE OF THE PACIFIC CAMPAIGN, NO SINGLE MISSION WAS MORE difficult or challenging than the mission assigned to a unit of American GIs in New Guinea.



With the Japanese Imperial Army poised to invade Australia from New Guinea, General Douglas MacArthur sent the untried 32nd Infantry "Red Arrow" Division—a composite of the Wisconsin and Michigan National Guard—to that island nation in September 1942 in a desperate effort to forestall the enemy invasion. It was an act that earned MacArthur the division's undying hatred. What happened thereafter staggers the imagination.

Totally unprepared for war in the "green hell" of New Guinea, the Red Arrow boys were plunged into what one historian has called "some of the harshest terrain ever faced by land armies in the history of the war"—the steep, formidable, jungle-choked, disease-ridden, and unbearably hot and humid Owen Stanley mountain range that forms the crest of New Guinea. In ***The Ghost Mountain Boys: The Terrifying Battle for Buna—The Forgotten War of the South Pacific*** (Crown, New York, 2007, 384 pp., photographs, maps, bibliography, index, hardcover, $25.95), author James Campbell recounts the harrowing ordeal of the 32nd Division.

While the six-month battle for nearby Guadalcanal was considered one of the most brutal battles ever fought, the battle for New Guinea was every bit as harsh—or worse. So difficult were the conditions that one 32nd Division veteran said, "If I owned New Guinea and I owned hell, I would live in hell and rent out New Guinea."

Just getting to the enemy and closing with him required super-human effort. One soldier said, "In the beginning, we were all young, healthy GIs, eager to conquer the world ... In a matter of weeks, long before we met the enemy force, all of us had been transformed into ghosts of our former selves."

On New Guinea, the terrain rendered tanks and artillery useless. When men met the enemy it was often at point-blank range and at arm's length, with the weapons being grenades, bayonets, even bare hands. The GIs did not even have insect repellent with which to keep the ferocious insects at bay.

Yet, despite the conditions and privations, the men of the 32nd Division managed to prevail—but just barely. The campaigns to take Buna and Sananandа cost the Red Arrows heavily; out of 11,000 men in the division's three regimental combat teams, there were 9,688 casualties (over 7,000 due to disease—malaria, dengue fever, blackwater fever, dysentery, scrub typhus, hookworms, and more). Of the 131 officers and 3,040 enlisted men of the 126th Infantry Regiment who went into battle in November 1942, only 32 officers and 579 enlisted men were still standing by January 1943.

Campbell's extraordinary, well-crafted story is made all the more vivid by the fact that he retraced the route taken by the Ghost Mountain Boys, something that no other author has ever done. He discovered a forbidding wilderness virtually unchanged during the past 60 years.

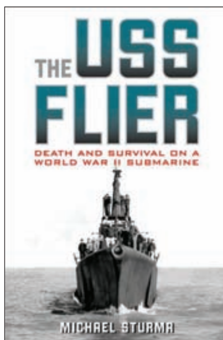
This book highlights one of the great untold stories of World War II and pays tribute to the extreme sacrifices of everyone who fought the battles of New Guinea.

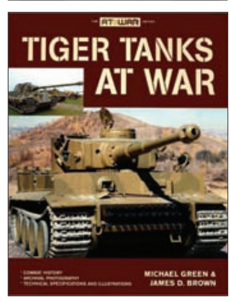
The USS Flier: Death and Survival on a World War II Submarine, by Michael Sturma, University Press of Kentucky, Lexington, 2008, 232 pp., photographs, maps, bibliography, index, hardcover, $25.95.

Following his gripping story of the loss of the

submarine USS *Harder* (*Death at a Distance,* 2007), Michael Sturma has created another tale of tragedy below the waves.

On August 13, 1944, the USS *Flier,* on only its third war patrol, struck a mine in the Philippines' Sulu Sea and began its fatal plunge. Only 14 men managed to escape, leaving the other 72 to their doom. Of these 14, six died in the water from exposure, wounds, fatigue, and other causes. After enduring 18 hours afloat, the eight remaining survivors were able to swim to Mantangule, a small nearby island that was crawling with enemy soldiers.





Like shipwrecked sailors over the centuries, the crew of the *Flier* found themselves confronted with a life-or-death challenge. Without food or drinking water, and with capture and instant death just a heartbeat away, the crew's struggle to live had just begun. Using their last reserves of strength to escape to another island not occupied by the Japanese, the Americans were found and aided by local Philippine guerrillas, who were being supplied by Allied submarines in exchange for information and the safekeeping of stranded sailors.

The persistence and ingenuity of the handful of men in the face of overwhelming odds has all the elements of a classic World War II adventure—sudden disaster, physical deprivation, a ruthless enemy, friendly natives, and a dramatic escape behind enemy lines.

Sturma's story of the *Flier*'s sinking and the survival of eight men sheds light on the nature of submarine warfare and naval protocol, demonstrating the high degree of cooperation that existed between submariners, coast watchers, and Philippine guerrillas. This is one book that is hard to put down.

Hitler, Dönitz, and the Baltic Sea: The Third Reich's Last Hope, 1944-1945, by Howard D. Grier, Naval Institute Press, Annapolis, 2007, 289 pp., photographs, maps, bibliography, index, hardcover, $34.95.

Why Adolf Hitler, in the last days of the Third Reich, appointed Admiral Karl Dönitz to become Führer upon Hitler's death has long been something of a mystery. With the publication of Grier's *Hitler, Dönitz, and the Baltic Sea,* the mystery is solved.

In this, his first book, Grier, a professor of history at South Carolina's Erskine College, persuasively argues that, far from being the deranged ideas of a madman, Hitler's plan to win the war was actually well reasoned. Indeed, Hitler believed even until the final months of his regime that Germany could salvage victory from the jaws of impending defeat, with the maintaining of control of the Baltic Sea crucial to his plan.

The key to victory, Hitler and Dönitz believed, was a fleet of an entirely new class of U-boats that the Nazis were confident would sweep the seas of Allied ships, cut the supply lifeline and force Britain and the Soviet Union into starvation, and prevent additional American troops from reaching Europe.

To test the new submarines and train the crews, the Nazis needed to control the Baltic Sea and its ports. To launch their renewed U-boat offensive, the Germans also needed to maintain control of Norway, the only suitable location for U-boat pens following the loss of France in 1944.

But the new submarines came too late and in too few numbers to save the Third Reich. Hitler's strategy to win the war by holding on to the Baltic failed.

The only disappointment is that the book contains just four photos, all of them of German Type XXI submarine U-3008. Disregarding that minor shortcoming, *Hitler, Dönitz, and the Baltic Sea* is a fascinating, well-written, and deeply researched book filled with important information that deserves to be more widely known and considered.

Tiger Tanks at War, by Michael Green and James D. Brown, Zenith, Osceola, Wisconsin, 2008, 128 pp., photographs, index, softcover, $19.95.

The Tiger tanks produced by Nazi Germany during World War II are legendary. As with all legends, however, there is as much myth as truth in their story. Part of the Tiger tank's mystique originated during the war, when what little information the Germans gave out was

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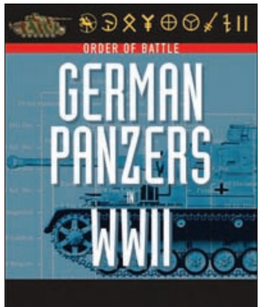
exaggerated for propaganda purposes and to strike fear into the hearts of the enemy soldiers who would have to face these iron beasts.



Authors Green and Brown say that the truth lies somewhere between a machine that was considered almost impossible to knock out and one with plenty of vulnerabilities.

Tiger Tanks at War is filled with photos (scores of which are high-quality color views of restored tanks at museums and reenactments in the U.S. and Europe) that illustrate many points: the Tiger's design and development, armament, armor, mechanics, operation, performance, strengths, weaknesses, and tactical employment.

Also included are numerous schematic drawings that show every detail of this famous panzer, plus text that spotlights some of Germany's outstanding tankers as well as the vehicle's successes and failures on the war's far-flung battlefields. As an added bonus, there are also descriptive text and photos of American, British, and Soviet armor, and information about how Allied tanks and antitank weapons fared against the Germans.

Although not an exhaustive technical or detailed combat history of the Tiger tanks, the authors have done a fine job in providing the reader with a better understanding of how the vehicles and their crews actually functioned in combat. Anyone with an interest in armor will

Short Bursts

The Souvenir: A Daughter Discovers Her Father's War, by Louise Steinman, North Atlantic Books, Berkeley, California, 2008, 224 pp., bibliography, softcover, $15.95.

There seems to be a plethora of books recently by children of World War II veterans setting out to write about their fathers' wartime experiences, experiences that their fathers were reluctant to write or even talk about. Many of these books were written by authors with a burning desire to honor their fathers' memories but who lack the skills of a professional writer.

Within this genre comes *The Souvenir: A Daughter Discovers Her Father's War.* Happily, the author's abilities as a writer make this book a standout among the competition.

The "souvenir" in the title refers to a Japanese flag that her father, an enlisted man who served with the 25th Infantry Division, picked up somewhere on a battlefield and which the author decides to return to the fallen soldier's family in Japan. Swinging expertly between her father's letters to his wife, the historical record, and her own journey to follow her father's footsteps back to the Pacific, Steinman has crafted a tremendously moving, poignant memoir of what war does to the human psyche and spirit.

Even if one has never heard of the battle for Balete Pass on the Philippine island of Luzon or has no interest in the Pacific Campaign, this is a book not to be missed.

U.S. Navy PBY Catalina Units of the Pacific War, by Louis B. Dorny, and **U.S. Navy PBY Catalina Units of the Atlantic War,** by Ragnar J. Ragnarsson, both from Osprey, Botley, Oxford, U.K., 2007, 96 pp. each, photographs, illustrations, index, softcover, $20.95.

For anyone with an interest in naval aviation, these two books fill a glaring hole in our knowledge of the aircraft of World War II. While much has been written about B-17s, B-24s, Corsairs, P-51s, P-38s, Thunderbolts, and the other so-called "glamorous" American warplanes, Consolidated Aircraft's PBY Catalina flying boats have received short shrift when it comes to portraying their contributions to the war effort.

In fact, it is probably safe to say that many readers do not even consider the PBYs to be combat aircraft, so closely are they associated with reconnaissance and rescue missions and the guarding of convoys. Yet, the relatively slow and lumbering PBYs valiantly performed numerous combat missions—everything from being the very first U.S. Navy aircraft credited with shooting down an Imperial Japanese Navy Mitsubishi A6M Zero (on December 10, 1941) to bombing German U-boat wolfpacks.

As Dorny and Ragnarsson point out in their separate books, the PBYs were the unsung workhorses in both ocean campaigns, performing a variety of tasks in yeomanlike fashion. Besides providing a history of the development of seagoing aircraft, the authors describe many of the combat actions in which the PBYs were

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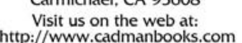
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want *Tiger Tanks at War* on their bookshelf.

Order of Battle: German Panzers in WWII, by Chris Bishop, Zenith, Osceola, Wisconsin, 2008, 192 pp., photographs, maps, index, softcover, $19.95.

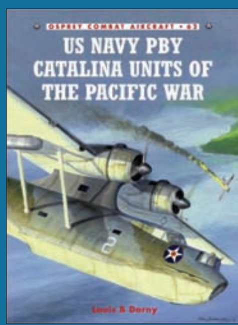
A superb companion piece to *Tiger Tanks at War* is Bishop's detailed study of German armored formations deployed with devastating effect in all European, North African, and Mediterranean theaters during the whole of the war.

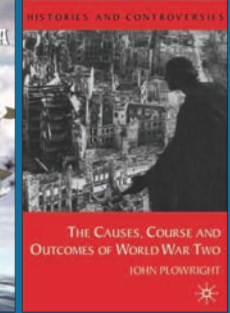
This lavish, graphic depiction of German armor is a rich compendium showing how the Panzerwaffe organizations worked and how armored warfare evolved from the stunning Blitzkrieg victories in 1939 and 1940 until Germany's defeat in 1945.

The first entry in Zenith's new "Order of Battle" series, Bishop's book examines the organization and strength of the German tank forces that took part in each major German campaign, from the first thrust into Poland to the last-ditch gamble of the "Bulge" offensive in December 1944. Extensive coverage is also given to battles on the Eastern Front.

For each campaign, the author describes the panzer forces used, giving strength and orders of battle for the formations along with easily understood charts and 100 full-color detailed maps of the campaigns and battles.

Illustrated with over 150 photos of panzers in action, this dazzling, fact-filled book will appeal to both the scholar and military buff—and anyone with an interest in armored warfare, particularly its changing role in the German armed forces as the tide of war turned against them. Highly recommended. □





involved, and the wealth of photos and color illustrations depict the unit markings and other features in fine detail.

The Causes, Course and Outcomes of World War Two, by John Plowright, Palgrave, New York, 2007, 230 pp., maps, bibliography, index, softcover, $19.95.

Anyone looking for a brief and readable history of World War II will be well advised to peruse this book by the former head of the history department at Britain's Repton School.

Within its 230 pages, the book provides concise chapters dealing with a range of topics: the Versailles Conference of 1919 which effectively ended the Great War and planted the seeds for the next world war; Nazi foreign policy; appeasement by the French and British which emboldened Hitler; the fall of France; Britain facing Germany alone; the Eastern Front; the strategic bombing offensive against Germany; the Holocaust; the Pacific War; and the impact of the war on Great Britain, its empire, and the United States, and its role as a springboard toward the Cold War and today's world situation.

Although these topics are well known to the majority of World War II buffs, Plowright's cogent text will be welcomed by readers seeking a generalized coverage of the major issues.

King of the Oilers: The Story of the USS Chiwawa AO-68, by Jon L. Strupp, Beaver's Pond Press, Edina, Minnesota, 2007, 166 pp., photographs, maps, softcover, $22.00.

Suffice it to say, there were no gas stations in the middle of the oceans where warships could stop and fill up. It is also safe to say that very few, if any, books have been written until now about America's fleet of oilers, seagoing vessels whose mission it was to make sure that the battleships, aircraft carriers, cruisers, destroyers, transports, and more had the fuel oil they needed to carry out their combat assignments.

Jon L. Strupp's well-written and profusely illustrated book about his father's ship, the USS *Chiwawa* (pronounced shee-wa-wa), which served in both the Atlantic and Pacific during the war, is a loving tribute to the ship, to the men who served aboard her, and to all of the millions of unsung men who toiled in anonymity to provide the logistical support without which the war could not have been won. □

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top secret

Continued from page 25

barrel. He could either work with the British, feeding false information to the Abwehr, or he could spend a considerable amount of time in jail. Chapman opted for the first choice and decided to work with his fellow countrymen.

Chapman was sent to a secret installation dubbed Camp 020, where all captured German agents were kept. The official name of the location was Latchmere House, a large, rambling home near Ham Common in West London. It was here that Eddie would be taught the intricacies of British tradecraft and then sent on future assignments.

Chapman told his interrogators that the primary mission given him by the Abwehr was to destroy the De Havilland aircraft works that built the agile Mosquito aircraft. The Mosquito was made of wood, which gave it tremendous speed and maneuverability. His job was to blow up the factory, which was located in Hatfield, Hertfordshire.

The British, with a little help from a magician named Jasper Maskelyne, allowed Chapman to pretend that he had blown up the Mosquito factory. Maskelyne came from a family known for its magical talent. During the war, Maskelyne helped the British fool the Germans by "hiding" the Suez Canal and deceiving the enemy during the Battle of El Alamein.

Maskelyne worked closely with various components of the British military, including the Air Ministry's camouflage section, to create a false set of explosions that, when viewed by German reconnaissance aircraft, would look like the De Havilland plant had been destroyed. Maskelyne and his crew erected fake tarpaulins to create the aura of complete devastation at the Mosquito plant. Chapman did his part, sending a wireless message to the Abwehr using his prearranged code that all had gone well. He wrote, "FFFFF WALTER BLOWN IN TWO PLACES." When Graumann heard the good news, he sent a congratulatory message to his favorite spy. To completely fool the Germans, the British arranged for a false news item about the "destruction" of the De Havilland factory to be published in the *London Daily Express* edition of February 1, 1943. The paper reached Graumann via Lisbon, and he read with interest how well his master spy had done. For his exceptional work, the German government awarded Eddie Chapman the Iron Cross.

Chapman's superiors and teachers at Camp 020 were some of the most important members of the British Secret Service. Among them were Colonel Robin "Tin Eye" Stephens, the commander of the base; Lord Victor Rothschild, a scientist who helped Eddie with explosive techniques; and Captain Ronnie Reed, who was an expert in wireless radios. One British officer, however, wanted nothing to do with Chapman. Major Michael Ryde was, in spy parlance, Chapman's case officer, and the two of them took an instant dislike to each other. Ryde did not like the fact that Chapman was a drunk who loved to frequent the bars in London seeking out prostitutes. He said that Chapman "seemed most discontented at the moment; he was expansive, moody, and certainly disreputable." Ryde wrote to Thomas Robertson, who babysat Chapman throughout the latter's stay in England, "The Zigzag case must be closed down at the earliest possible moment." Ryde's superiors quickly made him see things differently.

When he was not plying his secret trade, Chapman found time to woo a number of women, all of whom he cared for very much. He fell for a beautiful Norwegian, who was also a German agent, named Dagmar Lahlum, and he worked with her when he was sent to Norway by Graumann. He later confided to Dagmar that he was a British agent, a confession that she kept to herself. Another sweetheart was Freda Stevenson, who had a baby—named Diane—with Eddie. After the war ended, Eddie married Betty Farmer, whom he had abandoned at the Hotel de la Plage in Jersey several years earlier.

When the Abwehr ordered Chapman to return to Germany, he did so with the blessing of the British government. He then spent some time at a spy school in Oslo, Norway, where he met Dagmar and learned how to sail a yacht.

At one point, Chapman offered his services to kill Adolf Hitler by exploding a bomb while he attended a rally. It seems that Dr. Graumann offered to take Chapman to one of Hitler's rallies and obtain a seat in the front row for him. Was Graumann, who did not like Hitler or the Nazis, offering up Chapman as an assassin who would surely die in any attempt on Hitler's life? When he told Ronnie Reed of his plan, Reed told him that it would almost certainly lead to his own death. Chapman responded, "Ah, but what a way out."

The Zigzag case was made known to British Prime Minister Winston Churchill via Duff Cooper, who was a leading member of the intelligence establishment. Cooper said that he had discussed Zigzag at some length with the prime minister who showed considerable interest in the case.

In 1944, Graumann told Chapman that he was going to be sent back to England on

another intelligence mission. The Abwehr still did not realize that Chapman was working for British intelligence, and Chapman's new assignment was to learn as much as he could about Britain's latest efforts to track German U-boats. He was also to obtain, if possible, the apparatus used by the Royal Air Force in its new night fighters. Lastly, he was tasked to report on the effectiveness of the V-1 buzz bomb attacks against British cities. Chapman fed false information to Germany that reduced the effectiveness of the V-1 and, later, the V-2 rocket attacks.

On June 29, 1944, Chapman was dropped by a German plane over England near the town of Cambridge. As in his first landing, he met with the local police who then made contact with London. Chapman told his handlers about his new mission, and an elaborate disinformation campaign was launched to fool the men in Berlin.

By now, Agent Zigzag was growing irritable and tense. He wanted to go back to Paris and continue his undercover operations. That request was vetoed by MI-5, and it was decided after much heated debate that Chapman's role as a double agent should end. In November 1944, Agent Zigzag was informed that his services were no longer needed by the British government. Eddie left with 6,000 pounds in cash from the British along with 1,000 pounds that remained from the money given to him by the Abwehr. When Graumann failed to hear from Chapman after several long months of waiting, he believed that his prize agent had been either killed or captured.

After the war ended, Chapman returned to his career in crime. He dabbled in black market activities and the protection rackets in London, rejoining his old friends from years before. He and Betty had a daughter named Suzanne, born in October 1954. He illegally transported gold across the Mediterranean and bought a share in a ship called the *Flamingo,* which was used for illegal activities. In the 1960s, the family moved to South Africa.

In 1966, Eddie wrote his memoirs, *The Real Eddie Chapman Story*, leaving out much of the juicy material that would become public much later. His life story was made into a movie called *Triple Cross* starring Christopher Plummer. Agent Zigzag died in December 1997, at the age of 83, closing the book on a unique espionage story of World War II. □

Peter Kross is the author of Spies Traitors and Moles *and* The Encyclopedia of World War 2 Spies. *His new book,*Target Fidel, *is scheduled for publication this year.*

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screen and pulled his survivors and all the wounded they could carry back to a position behind the 4th Somerset Light Infantry. The Cornishmen had suffered 320 casualties in and around the wood. Only one of these had been taken prisoner. Effectively, Operation Jupiter had come to an end.

Although the British had failed to secure the summit of Hill 112, they at least succeeded in denying it to the Germans, and it remained a no-man's-land. More important, they had pinned the German armor once more to the front and prevented its movement westward. Fighting erupted once more on July 15 and continued spasmodically for another two weeks. At the same time, with the summit masked by intense high explosives and smoke, the 43rd, 15th, and 53rd (Welsh) Divisions all launched heavy raids on neighboring villages, which succeeded in provoking fierce counterattacks that further wore down the German armor.

The start of Montgomery's Operation Goodwood on July 18 further convinced the Germans that the breakout would be aimed to the east of Caen. The actual breakout, codenamed Operation Cobra, was launched on July 25, achieving complete success. Replacements arrived. The 4th Somerset Light Infantry needed 19 officers and 479 other ranks. Among them was Sydney Jary, who was told, "Your life expectancy from the day you join the battalion will be precisely three weeks."

Having been severely mauled in the difficult battle for Hill 112, the II SS Panzer Corps was finally withdrawn from the area on the night of August 3, its divisions reduced to mere battalion-sized battlegroups with a handful of tanks between them. They were sent to the Netherlands to refit near Arnhem.

A few nights later, the Assault Pioneer Platoon of the 5th Duke of Cornwall Light Infantry erected a sign showing the regimental badge, a light infantry bugle surmounted by a Roman *corona muralis,* and the words CORNWALL HILL, JULY 10TH-11TH 1944. Many regiments felt they had a claim to that unholy acre of land, but none would take the sign down, and all refer to the hill in their own regimental histories as Cornwall Hill. A granite memorial to the 43rd (Wessex) Division has since been placed on the same site. □

Jon Latimer is the author of several books on World War II. His most recent work is Burma: The Forgotten War. *He lives, writes, and teaches in Great Britain.*

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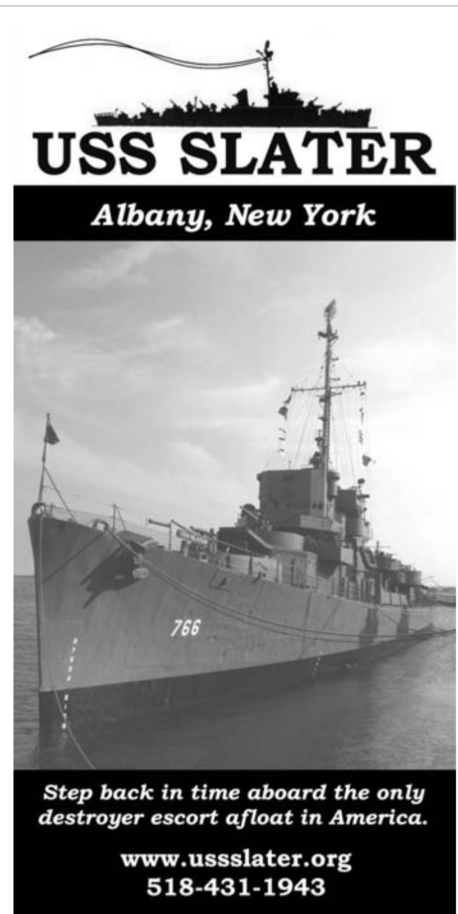

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the Japanese rescue effort needed. On the evening of July 25, the battleships *Mississippi* and *Idaho* with the heavy cruisers *San Francisco, Wichita,* and *Portland* and an escort of destroyers was southwest of Kiska barring any approach to or retirement from there. Just after midnight, the battleship radar reported mysterious blips less than 15 miles distant. The U.S. ships went to general quarters and opened fire. The shell splashes created more blips, and firing continued for half an hour until the radar screens were clear.

A daylight search of the target area found nothing. Evidently, inexperienced radar operators, abetted by officers unfamiliar with the new electronics, misread reflections from nearby islands as targets. Remarkably, neither the *San Francisco* nor any of the destroyers, all ships with battle-seasoned crews, reported seeing the mysterious blips. The Battle of the Blips, which occurred on July 26, depleted the magazines of the task group as well as the oil bunkers. The ships left station for a refueling and replenishment rendezvous, opening the gate for the Japanese evacuation force.

The Japanese had made the decision to evacuate their troops in a bold move under the predicted fog. Cruisers and destroyers were to dash into Kiska, load troops, and head back to Paramushiro under the shroud of mist. The old light cruisers *Tama, Abukuma,* and *Kiso* with six destroyers were assigned the task. They would refuel en route before making the final run. While the fog hid them, it was not completely friendly. Two destroyers collided at the same time that the Americans were firing at phantoms, forcing one to return to Japan and the other to join the oiler's screen.

At noon on the 28th, fog moved over the harbor while the ships made the final 50-mile dash. Troops were ready, their demolition charges set, and they were on board in less than an hour. As the fog lifted briefly, the 5,183 men in the cruisers and destroyers left to the sound of explosions ashore as the base was leveled by their charges. By the end of the month, they debarked at Paramushiro.

The feat remained a secret for three weeks. It is doubtful that it was really a secret among the highest echelons of the American command, particularly those who were privy to the breaking of the Japanese codes. But any action based on the knowledge of the evacuation would severely compromise the fact that the codes had been broken. Secrecy would also provide a convenient cover up of the embarrassing Battle of the Blips.

In the meantime, preparations for the Allied invasion of Kiska went ahead, but the rest of the Navy began to have some suspicions. A break in the fog after August 2 allowed aerial photoreconnaissance. This indicated greater destruction than previously noted. It was attributed to the 14-inch shells of the battleships and not the Japanese demolition. There was also the question of radio traffic after July 28. There had also been no return fire from shore batteries after the latest bombardment although Army aviators swore they had received fire during bombing missions after the 28th.

The Navy feared Japanese trickery and was wary that the enemy lay in wait for an invasion force. The haze over the island reduced the resolution of aerial photos. Radio silence deprived the radio interceptors of any clues, but in all probability the invasion went forward because cancellation could tip the Japanese to the fact that the Americans were already aware of the evacuation and that their communications had been compromised.

Major General Holland M. "Howlin' Mad" Smith, a Marine amphibious warfare expert, was an observer with the landing force. He distrusted the accuracy of Army aerial reconnaissance and wanted to send small amphibious recon teams ashore in rubber boats to determine the extent of enemy activity. This recommendation was discounted.

The troops landed and searched for two days before conceding that the enemy had vanished. It was not bloodless, however. Friendly fire resulted in about two dozen deaths and the same number of wounded.

The occupation of the Aleutians wounded American pride and aroused indignation. Attu and Kiska posed such slight danger to the United States that they probably could have been ignored without affecting the outcome of the war. They were an example of press and public opinion influencing how the war was to be fought.

The Aleutians did become a base for harassing Japan. After September 1943, a series of air raids was delivered against Paramushiro. In February 1944, a striking force of light cruisers *Richmond* and *Raleigh* with seven destroyers shelled that base in the Kurile Islands.

The fact that the United States had cracked the Japanese naval code remained a secret for more than a generation, contributing to the perpetuation of the fog of war. □

Retired U.S. Marine Colonel James W. Hammond, Jr., is a veteran of the Vietnam War who also served as Plans Officer, Fleet Marine Force, Pacific. He resides in Reno, Nevada.

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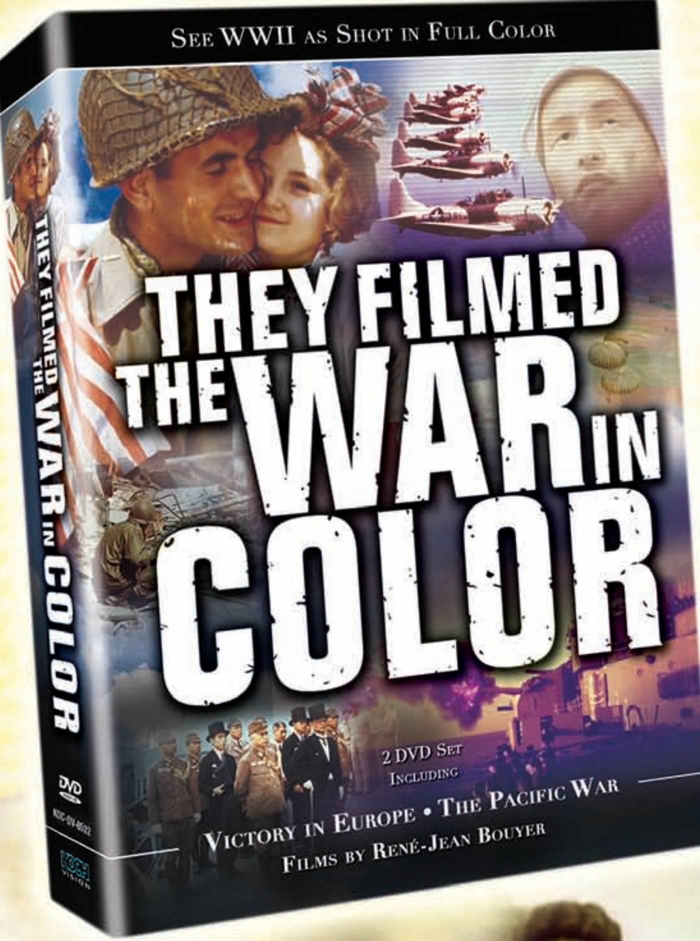

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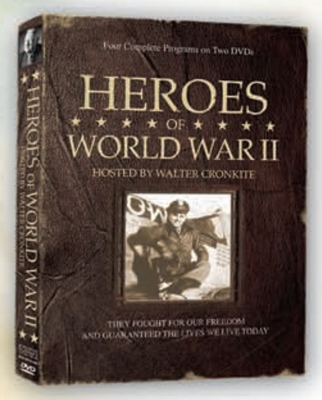

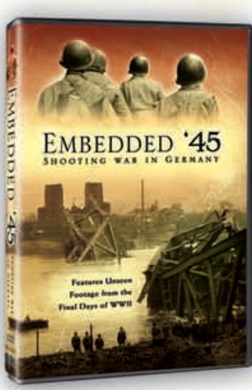

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