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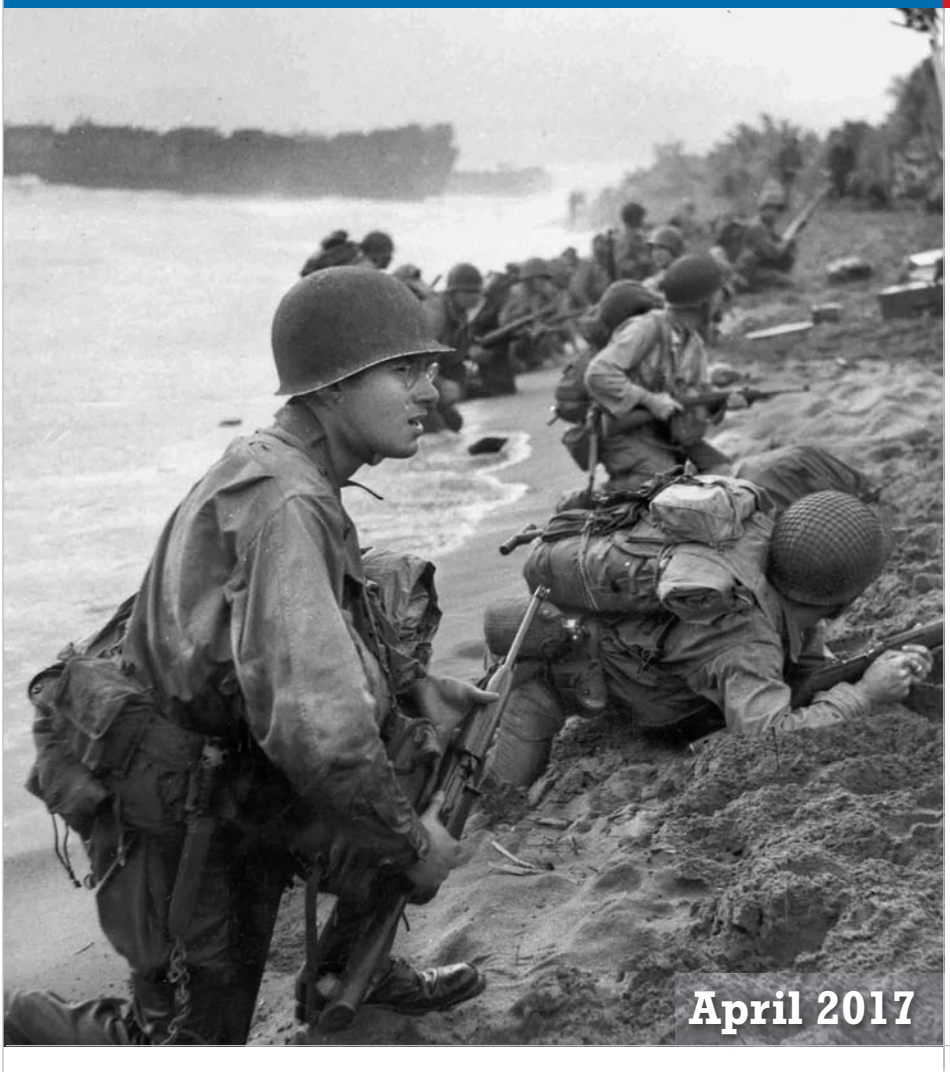

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Cover: German tanks roll into the Netherlands on May 10, 1940. The surprise German offensive took the Allies by surprise. See story page 42.

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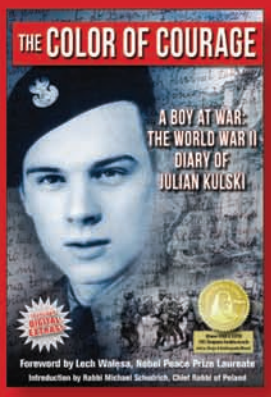

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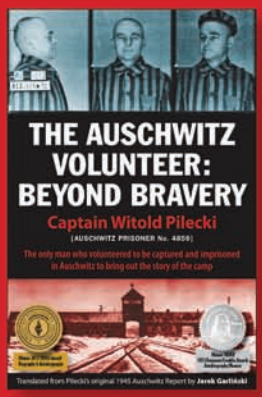

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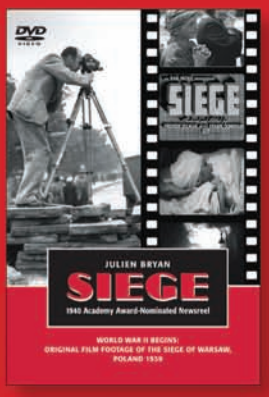

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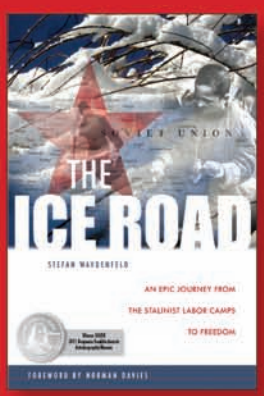

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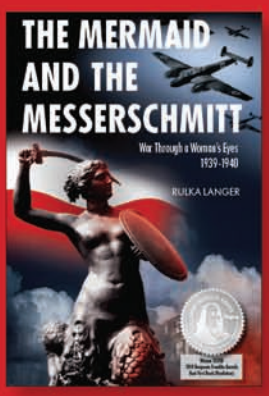

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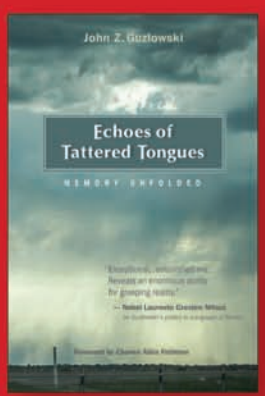

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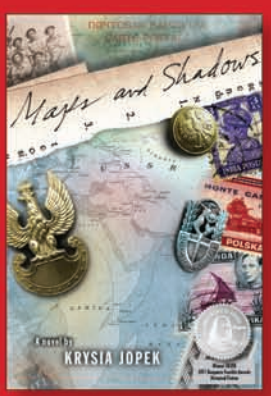

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Editorial

Desmond Doss, a conscientious objector, received the Medal of Honor for courage under fire.

ON APRIL 1, 1945, THE AMERICAN X ARMY LANDED AT OKINAWA, JUST 340 miles from the home islands of Japan. Eighty-two days of bitter fighting followed as the Japanese enemy had fortified concentric defensive lines across the southern end of the island. When the fight was over, more than 39,000 American soldiers, sailors, and airmen were killed, wounded, or missing. The Japanese suffered catastrophic casualties, 110,000 dead and an estimated 11,000 taken prisoner.

Each time the Americans cracked one line or silenced an enemy strongpoint, they seemed to encounter another. Previously innocuous geographical features received memorable nicknames, including Half Moon, Sugar Loaf, Conical Hill, The Pimple, Wana Ridge, and Wana Draw. Men fought and died by the score, encountering machine-gun nests and bunkers with interlocking fields of fire and mortar and artillery emplacements zeroed in on every avenue of approach.

Twenty-four Marines and soldiers of the U.S. Army received the Medal of Honor during the three months of combat on Okinawa, and among them was one of the most unlikely heroes to emerge from World War II. Desmond Doss was born in Lynchburg, Virginia, on February 7, 1919. When the United States entered the war, he was 22 years old. The family belonged to the Seventh Day Adventist Church, and Desmond was a conscientious objector. Still, he wanted to serve his country and enlisted in the U.S. Army with the expectation and assurance that he could serve as a medic—and that he would not be required to carry a rifle.

Soon enough, he found out differently. Ridiculed and punished during training, Doss never wavered in his commitment to his religious faith. Finally, he won the opportunity to serve in combat, and he went into harm's way unarmed. Famed actor and director Mel Gibson tells the story of Desmond Doss in the feature film *Hacksaw Ridge,* released last November, and some of the recreated combat footage is graphic. Gibson succeeds in portraying Doss as the forthright Christian man that he was, and viewers come away with a sense of the fortitude and faith it took to perform the heroic deeds with which Doss was credited on Okinawa from April 29 through May 21, 1945.

At the Maeda Escarpment, a 400-foot cliff known to GIs as Hacksaw Ridge, Doss was with the Army's 307th Infantry Regiment, 77th Division in multiple assaults against stubborn Japanese defenses. Time after time, he exposed himself to enemy fire to retrieve wounded men, carry them more than 100 yards to the edge of the cliff, and lower them to safety and treatment via a makeshift system of ropes. Wounded in both legs by grenade fragments, Doss also suffered a serious wound to his arm from a sniper's bullet. He used a broken rifle stock as a splint, and when he saw another severely injured soldier he crawled from his stretcher and instructed those nearby to place the other man on it.

When he was finally evacuated, Doss did not know how many men he had pulled to safety. Estimates ranged from 50 to 100, and the number 75 was agreed upon for use in his Medal of Honor citation. Desmond received the Medal from President Harry S. Truman on October 12, 1945. During his service, he also received two Bronze Stars and three Purple Hearts, contracted tuberculosis, and lost a lung. He spent five years undergoing medical treatment before recovering sufficiently.

For the rest of his life, Desmond Doss remained a humble man. He resisted efforts to make a movie about his exploits, fearing that Hollywood would somehow sensationalize the story and wanting all the glory that came with the Medal of Honor to go to his God. He died in 2006 at the age of 87 and is buried in the National Cemetery in Chattanooga, Tennessee.

Gibson is to be saluted for his gutsy, respectful, and long overdue portrayal of an American hero.

Michael E. Haskew

WWII HISTORY

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| By Jon Diamond |

Australian War Memorial

A Good Samaritan

Photographer George Silk captured a familiar image of World War II in the Pacific.

THE ICONIC PHOTOGRAPH *THE BLINDED SOLDIER, NEW GUINEA* TAKEN ON Christmas Day 1942, reveals a wounded and barefoot Australian soldier, Private George "Dick" Whittington of the 2/10th Battalion, being led down a path through a surrounding field of tall kunai grass to an Allied field hospital at Dobodura in Papua, the eastern third of the world's second largest island, New Guinea.

Whittington is assisted by a native Papuan, a Good Samaritan or "fuzzy-wuzzy angel" named Raphael Oimbari. The photographer, George Silk, created an indelible image of the Allied struggle to retake Papua's northern coast from the Japanese from November 1942 to January 1943. The Australian private had been wounded in the ferocious fighting for the airstrip near Buna the day before. The photograph was disseminated worldwide as *Life* magazine's "Picture of the Month," and thus informed the civilians back home about the horrific combat conditions in General Douglas MacArthur's Southwest Pacific Theater.

The photographer of the *Blinded Soldier, New Guinea,* George Silk, recalled at a later time, "As I remember that incident it was Christmas Day and I had been back at the Battalion Headquarters ... and I was making my way up to the front ... only a few hundred yards away, across this field of tall kunai grass ... I was the only person on the path and suddenly I saw these two people walking towards me ... This native is helping this man so tenderly ... I thought I've got to take a picture! But I sort of didn't want to. I didn't want to interfere ... and as I remember I took one shot."

Ironically, Silk's photograph did not initially appear in Australia, where he was employed by the Australian Department of Information as a combat photographer. Perhaps, for morale or other reasons, the Department of Information had suppressed the publication of Silk's image in Australia for almost two months. Parenthetically, Whittington recovered from his wounds incurred on December 24, 1942, but died of scrub typhus at Port Moresby on February 12, 1943. Oimbari, of the Papuan Koiari tribe, received the Order of the British Empire for his wartime assistance to Australian soldiers, and he became the international face of the Papuans, who helped the Allies immensely in the combat supply and evacuation of wounded during the early campaign on New Guinea.

Just weeks earlier, while near a dressing station at Gona, another Japanese stronghold on Papua's northern coast which before the war was an Anglican Mission, Silk witnessed an Australian soldier pick up a wounded Japanese prisoner and carry him on his back to the aid station. Silk was moved by this scene of the Australian soldier overcoming his bitterness and acting as a Good Samaritan, too. While photographing the prisoners at the aid station, Silk said, "I must get this, this is good propaganda ... Not many Japs surrendered ... if they were in good shape they would kill themselves…. The ones that were captured were mainly Korean workmen."

Moving to the European Theater, Silk took a series of close-sequence images to emphasize the drama of February 23, 1945, when American combat engineers attached to the U.S. 102nd Infantry Division on the east bank of the Roer River near the German town of Jülich captured Germans left behind who were sniping at them while a pontoon bridge was being constructed. When two of the engineers herded the three prisoners back to the pontoon bridge, one of the Germans pulled a live grenade out of his pocket and tossed it to the ground.

Australian Private George "Dick" Whittington, blinded while fighting the Japanese in Papua, New Guinea, is led to an Allied field hospital by a native Papuan in this unforgettable image captured by photographer George Silk.

The German who threw the grenade died, while the other two captured enemy soldiers were badly wounded by the shrapnel. The two escorting American engi-

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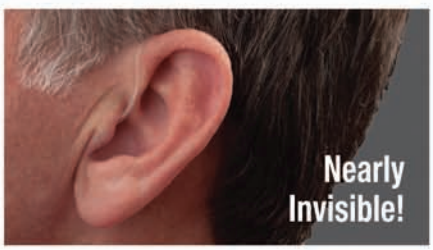

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ABOVE: Australian infantrymen take cover behind an American-built Stuart light tank during action against the Japanese in Papua, New Guinea. RIGHT: New Zealand-born photographer George Silk documented the fighting on Papua, New Guinea, and elsewhere during World War II. Silk often risked his life in the midst of combat to capture compelling images.

neers were only dazed; however, George Silk, suffered a leg wound from the shrapnel. On March 12, 1945, Silk's close sequence of still photographs memorializing this event was published by *Life,* his employer since early 1943. At that time, Silk's idea of combat photography was to be out ahead of infantrymen crossing a German river under fire.

Silk's photographs became some of the most celebrated images of World War II. Always close to the combat to capture these exquisite images of the internecine conflict between unwavering enemies either in Papua's miserable terrain, which Allied veterans referred to as a "ghastly nightmare," or across the frigid plains and waterways of northern Germany, Silk once said, "The camera is part of you, it's your skin! Emotions are powerful, they hit hard, they wash over you. They can't overwhelm you, you're doing a job…. Sometimes it was an emotion that took the picture."

Silk had a strong attachment to his vocation, believing that he "was going to save the world by [his] photographs." Colleagues commented that Silk wanted to be amid the combat action "and conquer his fears and show people what it was like." He was not immune to the horrors of war, as was evidenced by his collapse with malaria at Buna and his shrapnel wound in Germany.

George Silk was born on November 17, 1916, in Levin, New Zealand, and educated at Auckland Grammar. Tinkering with cameras from a young age, he began working in a camera shop at age 16. When the war began in 1939, he was hired as a combat photographer for the Australian Ministry of Information after showing some sports pictures that he had taken as a clerk in the camera shop.

His assignment was to follow the Australian Imperial Force (AIF) formations throughout North Africa, the Levant, and Greece, along with his close colleague Damien Parer, who was later killed in action. Both were to become the best of the AIF photographers and among the finest of World War II. Parer was primarily a movie cameraman, while Silk created still photographs. Both understood the importance of sequential images. In Libya, trapped with the Australian "Desert Rats" of Tobruk, Silk was captured by Field Marshal Erwin Rommel's forces. However, he somehow managed to escape 10 days later.

The Japanese landed on Papua's northern shore at Buna and Gona in July 1942 and drove overland to Port Moresby on the southern shore of New Guinea across the formidable Owen Stanley Range to threaten northern Australia. As Australian militiamen, followed by veteran AIF formations returning from the Middle East, drove back up the Kokoda Trail following the retreating Japanese toward their northern coastal staging areas from late September to November 1942, Silk was soon to become immersed in the hellacious combat that the "Diggers," as well as the relatively inexperienced National Guardsmen of the U.S. 32nd Infantry Division, would face against the camouflaged bunker system that housed tenacious Japanese Army infantrymen and Special Naval Landing Force (SNLF) troops at Buna and Gona under the command of Lt. Gen. Hatazo Adachi.

The Bushido code forbade the Japanese soldier to surrender. Thus, Silk photographed the suicidal combat the enemy soldiers inflicted on Australian infantrymen, first at the Anglican Mission site of Gona, and then on both American and Australian infantry and Australian-crewed M3 Stuart light tanks at Buna. Places along the Buna front with names such as the Duropa Plantation, Old and New Strips, Giropa, and Strip Points, would become forever immortalized for the valor and sheer carnage captured by Silk.

The great photographer used a Contax camera with a telephoto lens as well as a Rolleiflex camera. Both devices enabled Silk to follow the action in Papua and capture close-up images of the Diggers in candid settings. Remembering his journey from Port Moresby to the Buna-Gona front in early November 1942, Silk commented, "By the time I got up there the Australians had pushed across the top of the ranges and were about to take over Kokoda Strip. The Army told me to wait and within a couple of days I'd be able to fly into Kokoda…."

During the December 18, 1942, attack in the eastern sector of the Buna front by elements of the 18th Australian Infantry Brigade, Silk photographed some of the fiercest close combat of the war as the Aussies advanced into the Duropa Plantation and Cape Endaiadere, ground that the U.S. 32nd Division failed to capture with two infantry regiments. A big difference was that the Australians had a squadron of M3 light tanks, which pinned down Japanese machine gunners in their pillboxes with their 37mm gunfire.

Silk recalled, "I was ahead of the troops before the fighting started…. I was in front of the start line. I was running with my Rolleiflex and taking pictures…. Thank God I changed the film."

The fighting was grueling even for an unarmed combat photographer. Silk reflected, "After I did Cape Endaiadere, and the mass of [Australian] casualties, and I came out of there

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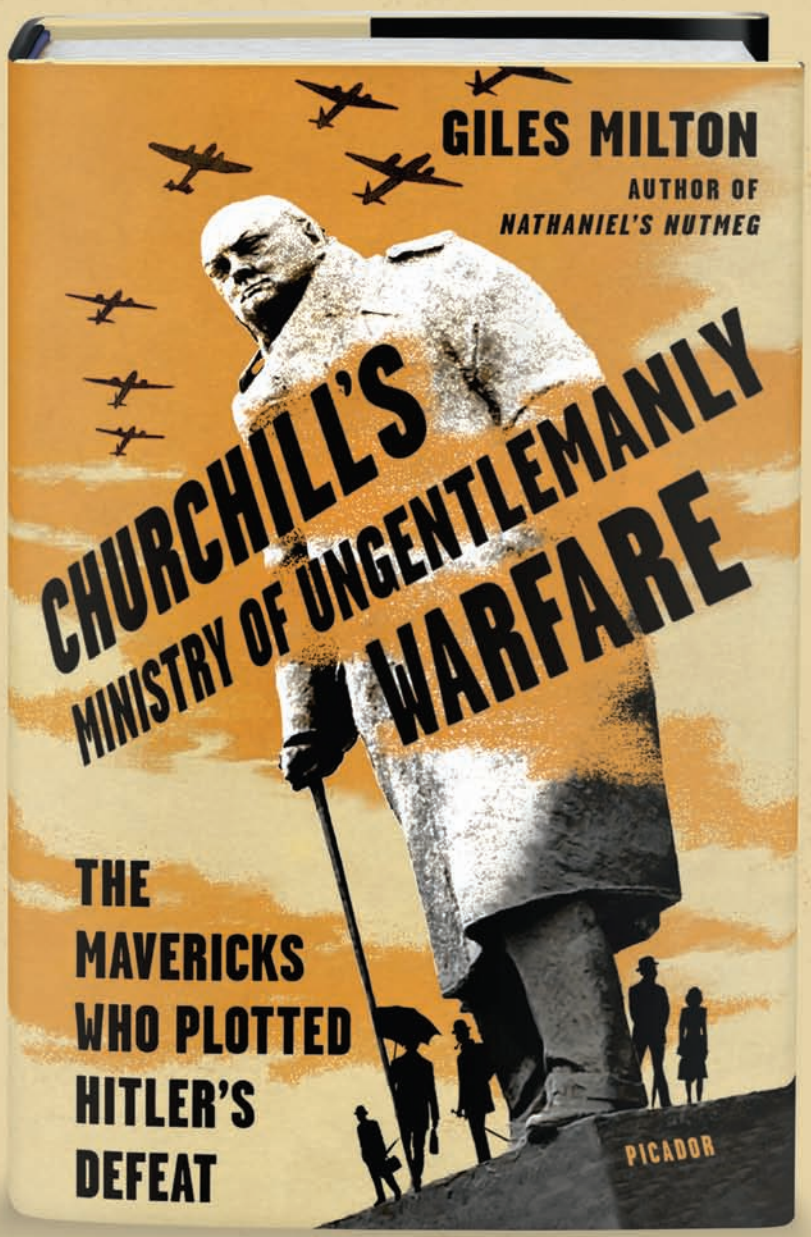

National Archives

During heavy fighting at Buna, New Guinea, on January 1, 1943, George Silk took this photograph of Australian Diggers manning a Vickers machine gun. The Australians have recently taken Japanese sniper fire, which claimed the life of the soldier sprawled at far left. This photo was initially suppressed by Australian government censors.

pretty shot up emotionally and everything else, I took off a couple of days at battalion headquarters or regimental headquarters, and then I went back into the fighting at Giropa Point."

On New Year's Day 1943, George Silk recorded the intense Australian advance through tall kunai grass and palm trees to clear Japanese pillboxes and snipers at Giropa Point before the final attack on Buna Mission (also called Government Station). The assault was made by D Company, 2/12th Battalion along with the M3 tanks of 7 Troop, B Squadron, 2/6th Armoured Regiment.

While Silk took a succession of still photographs, the Australians suffered 80-90 casualties before the leading element of the battalion captured the Government Plantation southeast of Buna Mission. Silk was behind one of the M3 tanks taking pictures of the Australian advance through the tall grass and coconut tree rows.

He remembered, "It's a pretty busy scene! Someone's just been hit here; someone's been hit there; and here's another guy behind a tank shooting…. I mean I was very much aware that this was an amazing position to be in, where you could stand up and take pictures and not get immediately shot! I expected to be shot, because, look what's going on!"

In another instance, a Vickers machine gunner, who just had one of his crew hit by a Japanese sniper in a coconut tree, yelled at Silk as he spotted him with a camera, "What the hell are you doing?... Get down, you bloody fool. They've just got my cobber!"

Late on New Year's Day, Silk's photographing of the fighting at Buna ended as he collapsed from exhaustion and was evacuated to Australia suffering from malaria. Silk recalled after the fighting at Giropa Point near the Government Plantation, "I turned around and wanted to go back. I'd had enough. I only went for a short distance and I passed out."

During his convalescence, Silk learned that the publication of his still photographs had been suppressed by Australia's Department of Information, his employer. Also, his photograph of a Vickers machine-gun crew with the limp body of a "cobber," an Australian soldier with his extended arm lying next to the gunner, was censored.

Silk was bitter. "Here I was risking my life to do the job ... that they accepted me for ... and here they wouldn't release the pictures!" The Australian government feared the repercussions from the families of killed and wounded soldiers seeing graphic photos depicting dead and wounded soldiers.

Silk was able to get the Christmas Day photograph of the *Blinded Soldier, New Guinea* passed by American censors, so it appeared in *Life*; however, the uncensored version of the dead Vickers machine-gun crewman remained suppressed by the Australian Department of Information. Nonetheless, the *Life* publication put Silk in an uneasy situation with the Australian government.

Silk commented, "And so I was up for treason from then on and I managed to escape from that, because by that stage of the game, I had all the newspapers on my side."

Amid the bureaucratic turmoil and suffering from malaria, Silk left Australia's Department of Information and joined *Life* to photograph the war in the European Theater. Australia's Department of Information attempted to compel Silk to remain with his position using the "Manpower Act." However, Silk was a New Zealand citizen, not Australian.

Additionally, many Australian newspaper editors supported Silk in his departure. His still photographs of the frontline combat and candid images of the Australian fighting men at both Buna and Gona were eventually published by a Sydney company (F.H. Johnson) with the title *War in New Guinea: Official War Photographs of the Battle for Australia,* in mid-1943. The publication included the attribution "Photographs by the Department of Information Commonwealth of Australia."

Interestingly, Silk's *Blinded Soldier, New Guinea* was the first image in the book, and it occupied an entire page. After joining *Life,* Silk never photographed Australians in combat again, and he continued to work for the American weekly periodical until it ceased publication in 1972.

Immediately after the war, Silk commandeered a Boeing B-29 bomber to take aerial photographs of a devastated Japan, including the first pictures of atomic bomb-stricken Nagasaki. He also photographed Japanese officers awaiting their war crimes trial in postwar Tokyo. In 1946, he shot an essay on famine in China's Hunnan Province. The following year, he became a U.S. citizen. In America, the National Press Photographers Association applauded his work and recognized him as the "Magazine Photographer of the Year" on four different occasions.

For the rest of his career, Silk worked primarily as a sports photographer, recapturing some of his New Zealand outdoors upbringing. In his obituary, published in the *New York Times* on October 28, 2004, Margalit Fox wrote, "Mr. Silk was fascinated by motion, and sought innovative ways to snare its rush in a photograph…. Mr. Silk adapted a racetrack's photo-finish camera [the strip or slit camera] to catch the fluid blur of an athlete in motion… Motion, Mr. Silk found, lay in the distortion."

Silk also searched for "inaccessible spots" and developed methods in which he would separate himself from his camera to enable the

Continued on page 73

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By Arnold Blumberg

Both: Wikimedia

Wunderwaffe: The Nazi Wonder Weapons

> As World War II turned against Hitler, he became desperate to develop weapons that might turn the tide. Some of the technologically advanced systems proved to be devastating.

DURING GERMANY'S EARLY STRING OF VICTORIES BETWEEN 1939 and 1941, Hitler informed the members of the nation's aerospace industry that he had decided to impose new restrictions on aircraft research and development. However, by 1942 the Führer and his Air Force High Command (Oberkommando der Luftwaffe) had recognized their mistake. With the increasing weakness in the fighter arm, Hitler saw that his old faithful aircraft like the Messerschmitt Me-109 were losing ground to the new Allied long-range fighters, such as the North American P-51 Mustang, used to escort U.S. and British bombers that were devastating Germany with little resistance.

The constant barrage of Allied bombing finally forced Hitler to invest in producing airplanes at the cutting edge of technology. These included bombers capable of carrying the war as far as America and beyond the Ural Mountains into Russia. To the German warlord, these new "wonder weapons" would mean the life or death of his Third Reich. What he wanted was a cheap, revolutionary aircraft of such advanced technology that it could be mass produced quickly and efficiently. One such aircraft pressed for by the designers was the jet fighter.

The engines of the new jet types stemmed from work carried out before the war by Britain's Sir Frank Whittle and Germany's Hans-Joachim Pabst von Ohain. Both inventors created centrifugal and axial flow turbojets, which became the obvious step forward in aircraft design and the arrival of the operational jet aircraft.

Despite the massive destruction of German industry, aircraft manufacturers rushed to build the world's first operational jet fighter. By the end of 1942, two companies had turbojet projects: Heinkel with its He-280 and Messerschmitt with the Me-262. After a number of competitive trials between the two designs, the latter plane was chosen for production mainly because test pilots preferred the Me-262's greater range and better speed delivered from its twin Junkers Jumo engines.

When the commander of the Luftwaffe's fighter force, General Adolf Galland, flew the Me-262 in May 1943, he reported that his flight in the jet was like "being pushed by angels." With a speed of over 540 miles per hour and combat capability far superior to any Allied plane "these aircraft were hailed as the Reich's best chance of turning round a lost war."

Regardless of the Me-262's promise,

LEFT: The world's first intercontinental ballistic missile, the German V-2 rocket was used by the Nazis as a terror weapon during the closing months of World War II. This reproduction is on display at the Peenemunde Museum. TOP: This restored PzKpfw. VI Tiger tank is the only operational vehicle of its type in the world. This particular Tiger was captured by British forces in Tunisia and resides in the collection of the British Tank Museum.

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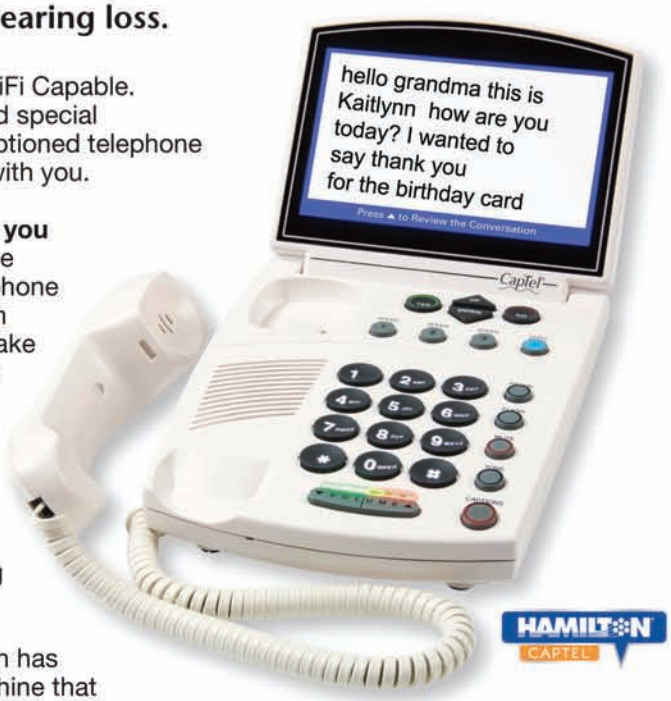

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U.S. Air Force

ABOVE: The Arado Ar.234 was designed as a twin-engine jet bomber. Although it entered service in July 1944, numbers were limited and the plane did not participate in combat operations until January 1945. This example is on display at the Smithsonian's Udvar-Hazy Center.
RIGHT: When Luftwaffe test pilot Hans Fey defected to the Allies on March 31, 1945, he flew this Messerschmitt Me-262 from Schwabisch-Hall to Frankfurt's Rhein Main airfield.

by the winter of 1943, with the increasing waves of Allied bombers over the Reich, Hitler worried about the Me-262's high fuel consumption and postponed the jet's production. However, in January 1944, after reading an article in the British press on the success of their experiments with jet aircraft, he ordered that the design be rushed into production with a goal of 1,000 being manufactured a month.

After November 26, 1943, the date Hitler first saw the aircraft, he decreed that the Me-262, which was built as fighter, be employed as a fast bomber. To that end, he directed all weapons on board the jet to be removed so it could carry a greater bomb load. His rationale was that his new jets did not have to defend themselves since with their superior speed they could avoid enemy fighters. Hitler's decision that the Me-262 should be used exclusively as a bomber caused extensive design modifications to the aircraft and delayed its production and introduction into service. By October 1944, further versions of the Me-262 were introduced: photo reconnaissance, ground attack, and two-seater radar-equipped night fighter models.

The Me 262 A-1a, built by Messerschmitt, was flown by a single pilot and was powered by two Junkers 004B-1 jet engines, giving it a thrust of 1,980 pounds. Its wingspan was 41 feet, and the aircraft was almost 35 feet long and 12 feet, 7 inches high. It weighed 6,396 pounds when fully combat loaded. It could reach an altitude of 37,565 feet and had a range of 652 miles.

The first trial unit, Erprobungskommando 262 (EK 262 or Trials Unit 262) received its complement of jets at Lechfeld in May 1944. Operating in small detachments, within three months the unit had achieved a number of aerial victories, although its missions were mainly bombing runs. With a serious lack of fuel, ammunition, and spare parts, operational policy for the Me-262 remained purely defensive until the Ardennes Offensive in December 1944. About 25 Me-262 jets supported the German ground attack during what became known as the Battle of the Bulge. The plane's effect on the struggle was minimal due to the poor weather over the Ardennes battlefield and the small number of Me-262s employed.

During the war, 1,433 Me-262s were delivered to the front; however, few became fully operational and their numbers were too few to mount significant attacks on the enemy. Some Me-262s continued in the tactical bomber role while others fought Allied air assaults over central Germany. Reports of Allied aircraft shot down top 100 bombers and fighters falling to the Me-262's four 30mm MK 108 cannons. But many of the jets were brought down by American and British piston engine fighters, destroyed by enemy fire while taking off or landing, or crashing due to mechanical problems. Lastly, during the war's final months, with only German day fighter operations allowed over the Fatherland, most Luftwaffe bomber units were disbanded, and the Me-262 bomber was almost nonexistent.

While the Me-262 was designed as a fighter jet but also employed as a bomber, the Arado Ar.234B-2 was a purpose-built bomber powered by jet engines. A revolutionary aircraft that could certainly have had some impact on the course of the war in Europe had it arrived on the battlefield at an earlier stage, surprisingly it was used relatively little.

The Arado Ar. 234B-2 "Blitz" bomber, designed by Walter Blume, was manufactured by Germany's Arado Flugzeugwerke GmbH, and was the second jet-engined aircraft in history to go into service—and the first jet bomber. Planned from 1941 onward, the prototype only flew on June 15, 1943, due to delays in the delivery of the new Junkers Jumo 004 turbojet engine. A year later the first planes of the initial production series (B) were delivered. This became the principal production model and was built in two variants: the B-1 photo reconnaissance aircraft and the B-2 bomber.

The Ar. 234B-1 was the first to go into operational use in July 1944. The bombers were

National Archives

only sent to an experimental air unit at the end of the year and did not take part in any combat until the first month of 1945 when about 20 participated in the Battle of the Bugle. By then the war was lost, and the effect of the plane in combat was marginal at best. Only 214 Ar. 234B-2s were built.

The Ar. 234B-2 was crewed by a single pilot and was powered by two Junkers Jumo 004 jet engines, creating a thrust of 1,980 pounds. With a wingspan of a little over 46 feet it was 41 1/2 feet long, 14 feet high, and when loaded weighed 18,541 pounds. Its maximum speed was 461 miles per hour with a service ceiling of 32,810 feet and a range of 1,103 miles. Its bomb load was 3,300 pounds. The plane's defensive armament consisted of two 20mm MG 151 cannons firing from its tail.

If the Me-262 jets were meant as tactical weapons to protect German skies from Allied aerial assault and blunt enemy ground attacks, Hitler's Vergeltung-Waffe or "Retaliation Weapons" were designed as instruments of terror. This deadly advance in German technology was meant as payback for British and American bombing of German cities. London would be bombed into ruins by upward of 3,000 missiles a week. On June 6, 1944, a few hours after the first Allied soldiers landed along the Normandy coast, orders were issued from the German High Command to activate these instruments of war.

Development of Hitler's "Retaliation Weapons" began with experiments in rocket technology in the early 1930s under the super-

U.S. Air Force

This Messerschmitt Me-262A is now on display at the National Museum of the U.S. Air Force at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base near Dayton, Ohio.

vision of Army Captain Walter Dornbeger and his associate, a rocket enthusiast named Wernher von Braun. By 1934 the Aggregat series of liquid-fueled, gyro-stabilized rocket prototypes had been designed. The next year, to ensure the development of the weapon would remain secret, research laboratories, testing sites, power plants, and factory facilities were set up on the isolated island of Peenemunde, just off the Baltic Sea coast of northern Germany.

By 1939, models A-1 through A-4 of the Aggregat rocket series had been produced. However, Hitler felt the program was not needed, that is until the Luftwaffe lost the Battle of Britain. That event gave the A-4 project top priority, and the testing of the missile commenced in March 1942.

The 46-foot-long, 12-ton rocket, which carried a one-ton explosive warhead up to 200 miles, became known as the V-2. After a number of failed launches, a successful one occurred in October 1942, followed by improvement to the device through 1943. In July of that year, Hitler was convinced of the weapon's potential and ordered it to be mass produced along with a number of large concrete launching bunkers.

While the Wehrmacht was developing its long-range rockets at Peenemunde, a team of Luftwaffe scientists set to work creating a weapon simpler than the V-2 rocket which could be more inexpensively manufactured and in less time than the guided missile. Within a few months the Luftwaffe designers came up with a small, cheap, pilotless aircraft designated the FZG 76-Flakzielgerat (Antiaircraft Target Device) 79, or better known as the flying bomb or V-1.

For Hitler the V-1 offered a means of retaliation for the incessant Allied bombing campaign against Germany without the risk of bomber losses on Germany's part. Codenamed Kirschen (Cherry Stone), the V-1 program was instituted at Peenemunde.

The V-1 resembled a small plane with a stove pipe over its tail and no cockpit. It was about 25 feet long, with a 17-foot wingspan. The jet engine, which was housed in the stove pipe assembly, was fueled by 80 percent octane petrol. It carried a one-ton warhead and was launched by an inclined catapult or launching ramp 158 feet in length. The bomb flew along a preset gyroscopic-controlled course. Although it was not very accurate, it was accurate enough to hit its intended objective: London.

Commencement of the missile attack on the British capital (codenamed Target 42) was scheduled for Christmas Day 1943, but endless technical difficulties in the V-1's manufacture pushed the strike date back to the summer of 1944 when 5,000 operational V-1s were finally ready to be sent against London. The operation was put under the control of Lt. Gen. Erich Heinemann's LXV Army Corps. The missile offensive would be carried out from more than 95 launch sites. These were mostly small facilities with ski-shaped buildings designed to protect the personnel firing the missiles from explosions set off by unassembled flying bombs. During December 1943, 52 of these sites were bombed by Allied air units, resulting in the complete destruction of seven sites. In response to the relentless Allied bombing, detachments of antiaircraft guns were positioned around each installation. Despite this added protection, by January 1944 a quarter of the V-1 launch sites had been put out of action by Allied aerial attacks.

On June 13, 1944, even though only 10 of the 55 V-1 launching ramps were ready for action, the first flying bombs, traveling at 360 miles per hour, flew from their bases in northern France each loaded with 2,000 pounds of high explosives. The aiming point for the V-1 was London's Tower Bridge, and it took only 22 minutes to reach this target. Of the five successfully launched flying bombs that day, one

Bundesarchiv Bild 101I-571-1721-29; Photo: Schnitzer

A PzKpfw. VI Tiger I of SS Panzer Division "Das Reich" advances along a snow-covered country road near Kirovograd, Russia.

fell into the English Channel, three landed in open areas on the English east coast, the fifth hit a railroad bridge killing six people and injuring nine. On June 15 and 16, the missile offensive was resumed from 55 operational V-1 sites, which delivered 144 bombs on southern England, 73 of which struck London.

For the next three months the battle of the flying bombs was fought over the counties of Kent and Sussex, as well as London, with the Germans firing an average of 97 bombs a day at the capital. Due to the weapon's speed, British antiaircraft artillery was helpless to combat the menace. By the end of August, 2,224 V-1s had dropped on England killing 5,476 British subjects and destroying thousands of homes and many factories. It was only repeated Allied air attacks and the advance of their ground forces in France and Belgium that caused the Germans to dismantle their V-1 bomb installations in those regions, ending the V-1 blitz by September 1.

Although the V-1 danger was finished, a far more serious missile threat was initiated by the Germans: the V-2. Fired from Holland, the V-2s used mobile launchers. In transit the 12-ton, 46-foot-long rocket was laid out on a Meillerwagen trailer, which not only transported the weapon but served as its firing platform. Any small clearing would do to launch the V-2, and it only took an hour to prepare and fire the missile, which could gain an altitude of 55 miles and a speed of 3,580 miles per hour with a range of 200 miles. Just four minutes after takeoff, the V-2 could come crashing down on London.

With the program now controlled by the SS, the first V-2s were fired at Paris and London on September 8, 1944, from the area around The Hague in the Netherlands. During the next weeks more rockets (V-1 and V-2s) hit London, with 82 falling on the city in November, killing hundreds of civilians. Antwerp was hit by 924 rockets up to the end of the year while a total of 447 were aimed at London.

The last rockets of the war were fired from The Hague on March 27, 1945. The final V-2 exploded in London, killing 134 people and injuring 94 others. In total, Hitler's V-2s killed 2,754 and wounded 6,523.

After V-1 flying bombs and V-2 guided missiles rained down on wartime Britain, Hitler had one more murderous "Retaliation Weapon" surprise: the V-3, codenamed Hochdruckpumpe (High Pressure Pump). The V-3, or London Gun as it was sometimes called, was in effect an artillery piece. Following the initial firing charge that forced the projectile up the barrel, a series of secondary charges placed in lateral chambers along the length of the barrel, spaced three yards apart and fired electronically, would detonate, adding to the propellant's pressure and thus increasing the projectile's velocity and range to a maximum of 102 miles.

The V-3's supergun projectiles were nine feet long, finned, and fitted with a 300-pound high-explosive warhead. The site for this new weapon, planned for the installation of a 50-gun battery, was a cavernous two-mile labyrinth of concrete-lined tunnels and galleries dug out by forced labor near the village of Mimoyecques in the Pas-de-Calais area of northern France.

The largest guns ever manufactured, the V-3 barrels were 412 feet long, made of soft steel with six-foot bores in diameter, and all fitted with conventional breech-loading mechanisms.

The V-3 site at Mimoyecques was first bombed by the British Royal Air Force on November 5, 1943, with negligible results. A test firing of the Mimoyecques V-3 battery by the Germans delivered seven shells onto the town of Maidstone near London on June 13, 1944. This surprise bombardment prompted a massive Allied bombing raid, using 106 Handley Page Halifax four-engine bombers against the position on July 6, 1944, which destroyed the site with Tallboy bombs. By August, the Germans, due to the extensive damage to the battery, abandoned the facility. In September the region fell into the hands of the Canadian First Army as it swept through the Pas-de-Calais from the Normandy beachhead.

While jet bombers and fighters could somewhat retard Soviet and Western Allied ground advances and V-1 and V-2 missiles could exact revenge for the massive Allied bombing of Germany, what Hitler needed most was a weapon to defeat the huge number of Russian and Allied tanks confronted by the German Army. In 1941, Hitler demanded the production of a heavy tank to replace the lighter machines of the earlier war years. The design of what was to be the Tiger I tank did not come about as a response to the Russian T-34 and KV armored fighting vehicles encountered during the German invasion of the Soviet Union in June 1941. Instead, Hitler's main concerns were combating British tanks and antitank guns. However, after the appearance of the T-34 and KV, the design and production of an effective heavy panzer was pursued with increased urgency. Preliminary work on a heavy tank design had begun in 1940.

At a meeting with Hitler on May 26, 1941, it was decided that the new heavy tank prototype should be ready by the summer of 1942. The tank's weight would be 45 tons, its frontal armor 100mm thick, with 60mm side armor, and the main gun would be the 88mm Flak 41. Lastly, the armor-piecing round had to be able to punch through the frontal armor of Allied tanks at 1,500 yards. The firms of Porsche and Henschel were contracted to design competing models for consideration. Porsche had a head start in the process since Hitler had commissioned the company in late 1940 to work on such a design. In fact, in 1941 Porsche had received a government contract to produce 100 heavy tanks.

In October 1942, the German Army tank development department ran comparative trials at its training center at the Boblingen Tank Testing Grounds outside the city of Stuttgart and decided the Henschel heavy tank was superior to the Porsche model. The Henschel model, designated VK 45.01 (H), was not created through a controlled design process defined by careful systematic conceptual design stages. Instead, it

was a rush job, quickly assembled from a mixture of components available from a previous medium panzer design for a 36-ton tank Henchel planned to produce. Now this design—along with other heavy tank technology made for different tank models—was to be transformed into a heavy 45-ton armored fighting vehicle. For example, a previous 30-ton tank design from Henschel came with the Maybach Olvar 40 12 16 transmission, steering gears, and suspension system. From the Porsche design came the 100mm turret gun mantel mounting the 88mm KwK 36 L/56 cannon, even though the Army wanted the more effective 88mm Flak 41 model to be used. The only new major components in the Henschel were the Maybach HL 210 P45, 12-cylinder powerplant, fuel tanks, cooling system, and deep fording equipment for crossing rivers.

The VK 45.01 (H) driver's front plate armor was 100mm sloped at nine degrees. Other protection included front nose plate armor of 100mm at 25 degrees, side armor at 80mm at 0 degrees, hull plate armor of 60mm at 0 degrees, rear armor of 80mm at nine degrees, and deck plates of 25mm at 90 degrees horizontal.

Ninety-two rounds of ammunition (46 armor-piercing and 46 high-explosive) were stored in the vehicle. An MG-34 heavy machine gun was placed coaxially to the right of the main gun while another MG-34 could be mounted on the cupola ring for antiaircraft defense. At 57 tons, this armored beast could move at a maximum road speed of 28 miles per hour and off-road speed of 13 miles per hour and had a range of 120 miles. In early March 1942, the design was identified as Tiger. The Panzerkampfwagen VI Tiger I (88mm L/56) (SdKfz 182) Ausfuhrung E was introduced in March 1943. Between April 1942 and August 1944, a total of 1,350 Tiger Is were delivered to combat units on all fighting fronts.

Under combat conditions the Tiger I's shooting capability was accurate at 1,000mm. This was enhanced because the turret traverse was outfitted with a hydraulic motor for the turret drive. The speed of traverse was dependent on the engine speed.

The ability of the Tiger I to negotiate obstacles and cross terrain was as good as or better than most German and Allied tanks. For example, it could cross a two-yard-wide ditch, ford a waterway a yard deep, and climb gradients up to 35 degrees. Initial automotive problems with brakes, drive chain, and leaking seals made the tank hard to maintain in the field, but following modification of the defective parts a Tiger could be kept operational in combat for as long as most World War II armored fighting vehicles.

Muckleburgh Collection

ABOVE: The V-1 flying bomb was powered by a pulse jet engine with just enough fuel to reach its destination. As the V-1 ran out of fuel, it plummeted indiscriminately to earth and exploded with devastating results. Many V-1s hit London and other British cities, causing civilian casualties. BELOW: A German V-2 rocket is raised into launching position at Cuxhaven in the Luneburg District of Lower Saxony.

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Battlefield survivability was a key asset of the Tiger I. Its main 88mm gun assured it could destroy any Soviet or Allied tank with a frontal shot out to 200 yards, while American-made Sherman tanks with their improved 76mm cannons had to be within 100 yards to do the same to a Tiger I. Against Russian tanks such as the T 34/85 and JS-122, the Tiger could penetrate frontal armor up to 400 and 100 yards, respectively, whereas the T 34/85 had to be within 100 yards and the JS-122 500 yards to knock out a Tiger frontally.

The Tiger I made its combat debut near Leningrad on August 29, 1942. The original goal for the Tiger was to form strike groups of 20 tanks to act as spearheads for the panzer division's lighter tanks. By June 1943, Tiger companies contained 14 tanks. During the war Tiger Is were employed in Tunisia, Sicily, Italy, Russia, and northwestern Europe. They constituted 11 Schwere Panzer Abteilungen (Heavy Tank Battalions) with about 45 tanks in each outfit, three SS heavy tank battalions, and five ad hoc tank companies.

A measure of the worth of the Tiger I was revealed in the kill number of Soviet tanks reported destroyed by the 503rd and 506th Heavy Tank Battalions in Russia for the period July 1943 to early January 1944. A total of 714 enemy tanks and 582 antitank guns were destroyed in exchange for 37 Tiger Is knocked out. On the Western Front "Tiger Panic"

Bundesarchiv Bild 101I-721-0398-27A; Photo: Wagner

ABOVE: This PzKpfw. VI Tiger II sits at the edge of a French forest in June 1944, while crewmen appear to be changing the camouflage scheme. Although its 88mm high-velocity cannon was formidable, the tank was heavy, ponderously slow, and prone to mechanical failure in cross-country operations.
BELOW: Engineers and dignitaries inspect the massive hulk of the Maus, an experimental tank of tremendous proportions. The concept of the Maus proved impractical, and only four prototypes were ever built.

National Archives

gripped every GI and Tommy that faced the Tiger, and it usually took three or more Allied tanks, working in concert and angling for a rear or side shot, to bring down one of these iron behemoths.

Not satisfied with the Tiger I, the German hierarchy demanded a bigger tank. The designers at Henschel obliged with the Tiger II, more popularly referred to as the King Tiger. Built on the same chassis as the Tiger I, and using almost the same automotive parts as that vehicle, the essentially modified Tiger I weighed in at 70 tons when fully combat loaded.

Armor protection was increased on the upper and lower hull to 150mm and 100mm respectively, sloped at 40 degrees. Side and rear armor was 80mm, while the front turret plate was 180mm thick at 80 degrees and its sides were 80mm at a 60-degree angle. The powerful 88mm KwK 43 L/71 cannon served as its main armament and 78 rounds were carried. Two 7.92mm machine guns were mounted on the vehicle to deal with enemy infantry.

With a maximum cruising range of 106 miles, the Tiger II traveled at a rate of 26 miles per hour on roads and about 10 miles per hour cross country. Its ability to negotiate obstacles was about the same as that of the Tiger I.

About 500 King Tigers were produced during the war, most serving with the German heavy tank battalions on the Eastern Front. Like the Tiger I, the Tiger II was a terrifying weapon on the battlefield but far too costly and time consuming to build to alter the course of the war in Europe.

If there is any doubt that the crazed minds running the Third Reich, especially that of Adolf Hitler, never gave up the quest to have the biggest and best engines of war, the Maus puts that issue to rest. The Maus, or Mouse tank, weighed 180 tons. Hitler first saw a full-scale wooden model of this monster armored fighting vehicle at the Führer Headquarters in East Prussia in May 1943. He was ecstatic over the model.

The Maus could only be built in late 1944. Its top speed was only 12 miles per hour, and it was plagued with mechanical problems, according to Albert Speer, Reich Minister for Armaments and War Production. Speer and Inspector General of Panzer Forces, Colonel General Heinz Guderian, were vehemently opposed to the Maus tank program, but Speer's own deputy, Carl Otto Saur, who secretly coveted his boss's post, encouraged Hitler to demand the weapon be produced.

Porsche, one of Germany's premiere prewar car designers and manufacturers, and since 1939 a major arms producer, was tasked with building the Maus, first designated the Type 205 Maus. Referring to the Maus concept, Hitler exclaimed to Porsche: "If I had a hundred of these, I could turn back the Russians!" But by the time the war ended, Nazi Germany had built only four Maus prototypes, none of which every saw action.

The Panzer VII, as the Maus was also known, at 33 feet long and 12 feet wide, was 50 percent larger than the King Tiger. It weighed 207 tons when prepared for combat. It was massively protected with 200mm of armor plate on its front at a 35-degree angle, 180mm on its sides, and 160mm safeguarding its rear. The turret's front was covered by 240mm of armor; the sides of the turret had 200mm of protective armor.

The Maus's main gun was a 128mm cannon, later intended to be replaced by a 150mm cannon. Instead of the usual pair of machine guns found on most tanks of the time, the Maus would sport two 75mm antitank weapons along with a cannon mounted on the turret's roof to act as an antiaircraft weapon.

Engineer Joseph Kaes of Porsche designed the 44.5-liter engine for the Maus, which was built by Daimler-Benz. Its output was 1,080 bhp at 2,300 rpm. The decision to build the Maus gave rise to an immediate problem—that of transporting it. The only way this beast could be moved any distance was by rail since any ordinary bridge would collapse under its weight. At the time, Germany had no railway car capable of carrying a tank 33 feet long and 12 feet wide. Porsche therefore had to design an 88-foot long flatbed railway carriage with 14 axles to transport it.

Speer remembered, "By way of pleasing and reassuring Hitler, Porsche undertook to design a super heavy tank which weighed over a hundred tons, and hence could only be built in small numbers, one by one. For security purposes, this new monster was assigned the codename Mouse. In any case, Porsche had personally taken over Hitler's bias for super heaviness,

and would occasionally bring the Führer reports about parallel developments on the part of the enemy."

Speer later noted in his secret Spandau Prison diary, "I recall a characteristic episode that took place in May 1943 in the East Prussian headquarters…. Hitler was being shown a full-size wooden model of a 180-ton tank that he himself had insisted on. Nobody in the tank forces displayed any interest in the production of these monsters, for each of them would have tied up the productive capacity needed to build six or seven Tiger tanks, and in addition would have presented insoluble supply and spare parts problems."

"The thing would be much too heavy," continued Speer, "much too slow, and moreover could only be built from the autumn of 1944 on. We—that is Professor Porsche, General Guderian, Chief of Staff Zeitzler, and I—had agreed before the beginning of the inspection to express our skepticism, at least by extreme reserve. In keeping with our arrangement, Porsche, when asked by Hitler what he thought of the vehicle, replied tersely in a noncommittal tone, 'Of course, mein Führer, we can build such tanks. The rest of us stood silently in a circle.'"

Speer also recalled that at that point Otto Sauer, observing Hitler's disappointment, began to rant about the good chances of manufacturing the Maus and the importance of developing new weapons technology. Buoyed by Sauer's enthusiasm, Hitler was soon euphorically talking of building tanks weighing 1,500 tons and using them to overpower the Russians. He dismissed the problem of transporting them by declaring that they would be moved by rail in sections and put together just before being committed to battle!

At the conclusion of the conference, a Panzer colonel, just returning from the Russian Front and brought to the meeting at Speer's request, told Hitler that a single hand grenade or incendiary charge exploded anywhere near the Maus's ventilator opening could set fire to the oil vapors of the vehicle, rendering it hors de combat. Clearly disturbed by this unwanted revelation, Hitler blurted, "Then we'll equip these tanks with machine guns that can be guided automatically in all directions from inside [the tank]."

The Maus was never to see action, and only four prototypes were made. The Type 205, when contrasted with the humble Soviet T-34 tank, proved that in matters of weapons evolution, quantity matters as much as quality.

Arnold Blumberg is an attorney with the Maryland State government and resides with his wife in Baltimore County, Maryland.

By Jennifer F. McKinnon & Della A. Scott-Ireton

Ships of Exploration and Discovery

Saipan's Maritime Heritage Trail

Relics of the fierce World War II battle lie underwater, waiting for exploration.

SAIPAN'S SHALLOW, TROPICAL LAGOONS ARE A VERITABLE WATERPARK FOR World War II enthusiasts who do not mind getting wet. Littering the seabed in water as shallow as a few feet or up to 35 feet lie aircraft, amphibious vehicles, ships, and tanks, all of which met their demise during the decisive Battle of Saipan in the Mariana Islands. The battle for control of the island began with aerial assaults followed by offshore bombardment, an amphibious invasion, and hand-to-hand combat lasting for about a month in June and July of 1944. These engagements have left a lasting legacy on the land and seascape of Saipan.

In 2009 an international team of archaeologists partnered with local marine management agencies in Saipan to create a World War II Maritime Heritage Trail. Heritage trails are great educational and tourism products that introduce the public and divers to the exciting underwater world of shipwrecks and other submerged cultural heritage. Underwater trails have been used for decades in places like Florida and Australia to promote and protect underwater cultural and natural sites through public engagement and education. Much like terrestrial parks and trails, underwater trails usually feature guides with educational components that highlight the history of sites and events, their importance, and how and why they are protected.

A rusting M4 Sherman tank lies partially submerged in a lagoon off the island of Saipan in the Marianas. A focal point in the World War II Maritime Heritage Trail, the Sherman is one of numerous relics of the war that are visited by divers.

The island of Saipan, part of the United States' Commonwealth of the Northern Mariana Islands, is a perfect location for an underwater heritage trail. Inhabited for thousands of years by the Chamorro people, the island still possesses evidence of their culture in the form of latte stone pillars for structures, ceramics, and other artifacts. Colonized by the Spanish in the 16th century, Saipan became home to immigrants from the Caroline and Philippine islands, German settlers, and Japanese industrialists before being claimed by the United States as a result of the World War II battle in 1944. All of these cultures are represented in Saipan's archaeology, and the battle in particular left an amazing and poignant variety of relics in the lagoon and surrounding waters. Additionally, the clear, calm, blue water boasts a variety of marine life which now inhabits the sunken military vehicles, making Saipan a major diving destination.

The interpretation of Saipan's underwater World War II heritage resources accomplishes several goals. The project to record and research the sunken craft was funded by a National Park Service (NPS) American Battlefield Protection Program grant, and the resulting information and public interpretation dovetails with the efforts of the existing NPS American Memorial Park to "honor the sacrifices made during the Marianas Campaign." The project also enabled graduate student research into cultural heritage management and conflict site interpretation. The information products contribute to the island's economy through enhanced opportunities for heritage tourism and to the island's history through education of its citizens and visitors. With an eye toward long-term conservation and management, Saipan's diving industry was engaged as active stewards of the sites, and diving operators were provided with underwater historic preservation training to help foster appreciation and protection.

The World War II Maritime Heritage Trail: Battle of Saipan con-

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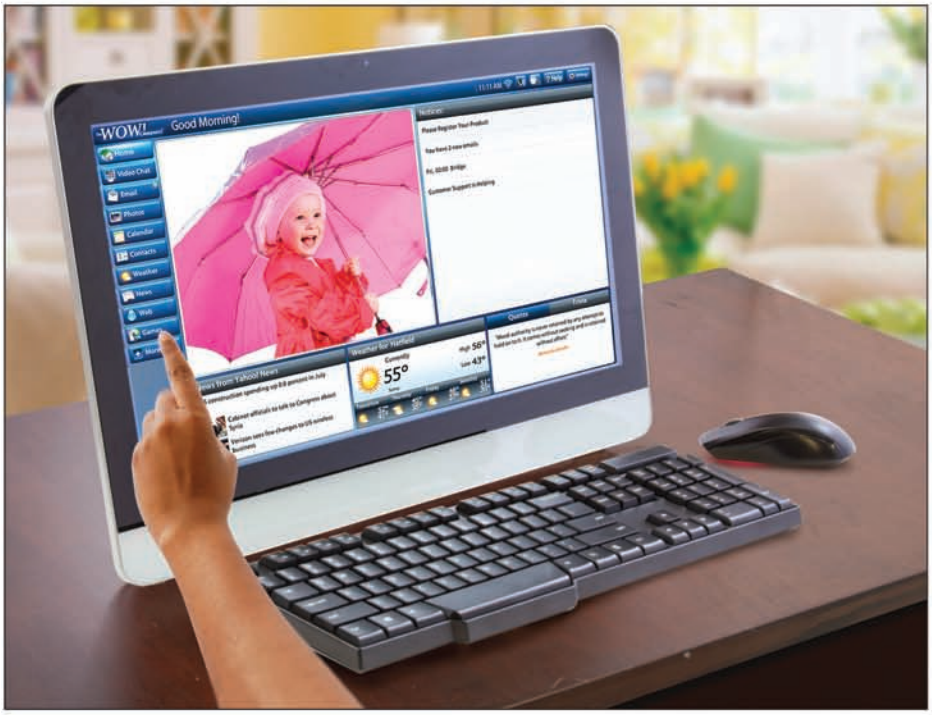

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Brett Seymour, National Park Service

This LVT (A)-4 "Marianas Model" amphibious landing craft lies where it sank off the island of Saipan. The vehicle was capable of traversing coral reefs, delivering men and supplies to embattled beaches in the Pacific.

sists of nine stops with 12 vehicles or vessels, including a Japanese Aichi E13A Jake floatplane, a U.S. Grumman TBM Avenger torpedo bomber, a Japanese Kawanishi H8K Emily flying boat, a U.S. Martin PBM Mariner flying boat, two Japanese Daihatsu Landing Craft, a U.S. LVT(A)-4 (landing vehicle, tracked), a Japanese freighter, three U.S. M4 Sherman medium tanks, and a possible Japanese auxiliary submarine chaser.

The Aichi E13A was a single-engine, twin-float, long-range reconnaissance seaplane that made its combat debut in 1941. The Imperial Japanese Navy (IJN) operated more aircraft of this type than any other during World War II. This aircraft participated in a number of significant operations, including reconnaissance patrols over Pearl Harbor. Operated by a crew of three, the Jake could carry a 550-pound bomb load. Located in 23 feet of water, this Jake lies upside down, and many of its features are still intact. Clues to the aircraft's demise may be found near the tail section, where bullet holes and an odd crimped area suggest battle damage and possible salvage or disposal attempts. The study of archaeology can reveal interesting clues as to its demise and is particularly relevant because postbattle activities are scarce in historical documentation. After carefully mapping the site, archaeologists surmised that the aircraft may have been towed or barged out to the site and discarded. Alternatively, the crimped area could have been an attempt to recover the sunken craft. The plane rests alone in a white sand field, providing a home for fish, corals, and sponges. Schools of colorful fish hide in the shadows of an exposed wing.

On the edge of Saipan's fringing reef, a TBM Avenger sits in about 13 feet of water. The Avenger was the most widely produced naval strike aircraft in history. Avengers had three to five crewmen and could carry 1,600 pounds of torpedoes or other munitions. Avengers played a significant role in the Battle of Saipan, participating in preinvasion bombing and strafing attacks, air support for ground troops, antisubmarine patrols, and reconnaissance missions. Avengers assigned to Vice Admiral Marc Mitscher's Task Force 58 flew numerous sorties in the Battle of the Philippine Sea. The last TBMs retired from military service in 1962. Due to the Avenger's position on the reef top in a dynamic environment, little is left of the aircraft except its frame. Upside down, its landing gear struts are fully extended, indicating it had just taken off or was attempting to land. One hypothesis is that the plane was damaged in the battle and perhaps the pilot was trying to land on the shallow, relatively flat reef. The landing gear break the surface of the water at low tide, making the site easy to locate. The main draw for this dive or snorkel is the gorgeous coral reef that surrounds the site like a vibrant, colorful garden.

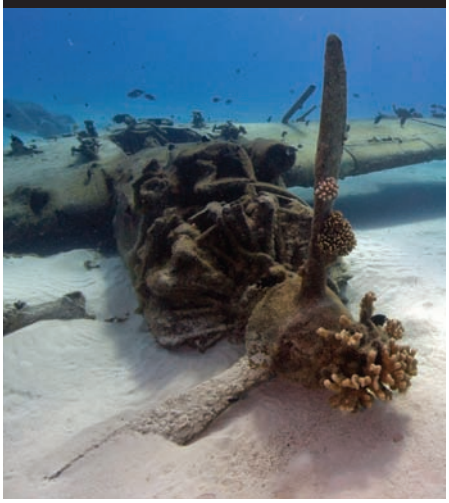
The Kawanishi H8K is one of the most visited dive sites in Saipan, resting in 29 feet of water. Its frame is upside down, and it is scattered over a wide area. Recognizable features include all four engines and propellers, the nose turret with machine gun still in place, part of the cockpit with the pilot's seat and controls, and sections of red and gray painted fuselage. Japanese and Korean monuments are located on the site as solemn reminders of those who lost their lives. The pilot's seat, once intact, now is lying flat, a casualty of divers trying to sit in it and a stark example of the need for preservation of these sites. The four enormous propellers are scattered around the fuselage and make dramatic backdrops for underwater photographs. The H8K was a large, four-engine Japanese flying boat. Used in Pacific operations for reconnaissance, bombing, and transport, it was considered the backbone of the IJN's maritime reconnaissance service. It earned a reputation among Allied forces as one of the hardest aircraft to shoot down due to its speed. With a crew of 10, it was armed with nose, dorsal, and tail machine guns.

The Martin PBM Mariner was a U.S. twin-engine flying boat dubbed the "Fighting Flying Boat" in reference to its heavily armed reconnaissance duties. The Mariner preovided many important support services during the war, including reconnaissance, patrol, troop and cargo transport, and rescue missions. In fact, these aircraft were important for post-battle operations around Saipan and the nearby island of Tinian as they ran "Dumbo" missions to recover downed Boeing B-29 bomber crews. The Mariner lies upside down in 23 feet of water and its debris field is scattered across 300 feet. Recognizable features include the central dihedral (angled) wing and two machine-gun turrets. These combined features allowed archaeologists to identify this previously unknown and little visited site. Because few divers visit the plane, artifacts still may be seen, such as piles of ammunition, plexiglass gun turret hatches, and control panel facings. These kinds of easily portable items often are removed from wreck sites by uninformed divers seeking souvenirs. Seeing them in place on the Mariner is a surprising and sobering reminder of the fierce struggle for Saipan.

Two Japanese Daihatsu landing craft sit in close proximity to each other in about 35 feet of water in Tanapag Harbor. These two landing craft are examples of how archaeologists can use historical documents, field research, and site investigations to link the underwater remains of craft with specific engagements. During the Battle of Saipan an amphibious counterattack was launched by Japanese forces using landing craft. Several craft loaded with soldiers were launched from the seaplane base to make a surprise attack farther along the coastline. However, they were discovered by U.S. forces and eventually sunk.

Both: Brett Seymour, National Park Service

ABOVE: The turret of a Japanese Kawanishi H8K Emily flying boat lies on the sea floor along the Maritime Heritage Trail. BELOW: The engine and propeller of a Japanese Aichi E13A Jake reconnaissance floatplane lie off the coast of Saipan, where the plane was lost in action during World War II.



These two landing craft are in the exact recorded location where the vessels were supposedly sunk, thus linking them with the counterattack as well as verifying U.S. combat operation reports. The Daihatsu class was a large motorized boat used by the Japanese Special Naval Landing Force. Powered by a diesel engine, it had a relatively long range for its size. The catamaran hull with a bow ramp allowed it to navigate in shallow water and easily offload troops. These features are clearly visible on one of the trail sites, while the other is more degraded with a collapsed hull.

The U.S. LVT(A)-4 eventually earned the name "Marianas Model" due to the modifica-

Valeo Films

ABOVE: The remains of an American Martin PBM Mariner flying boat lie upside down in 23 feet of water and trail a debris field 300 feet long. OPPOSITE: A sunken Japanese Daihatsu landing craft lies in a ghostly shroud off the coast of Saipan. The landing craft was probably used to move men and equipment between Saipan and the neighboring islands of Guam and Tinian in the Marianas during the war.

tions crews made to the craft in the Mariana Islands. The LVT that lies in Saipan's lagoon in 10 feet of water is a perfect example of those adaptations. After careful investigation, archaeologists noted that this LVT displays in-field battle modifications including an added gun, a makeshift boilerplate shield for the .50-caliber gun, and added boilerplate meant to protect the bow from the sharp coral reef over which the vehicles traversed. LVTs (also called amtraks) were amphibious tractors initially used in ship-to-shore cargo and troop movement, although they quickly evolved into assault and fire support vehicles. They were capable of traveling through the water and crossing shallow reefs, which made them critical to the amphibious invasion of Saipan. After the initial landing, LVTs performed critical missions during the battle, carrying supplies inland and extracting wounded soldiers. The trail LVT is located just off the Japanese seaplane ramp. Its hull is nearly intact with its stern buried in sand, although the turret is sunk into the deck below and the 75mm howitzer has been removed. The added .30-caliber machine gun port now shelters lionfish and wrasse, and the site is a nursery for small fish.

Nearly two dozen merchant vessels were sunk in Saipan's waters during World War II. The Japanese freighter site is thought to be the remains of *Shoan Maru,* a steamer of 5,624 gross tons built in 1937 and later requisitioned for use in the war. Lying on its starboard side in 35 feet of water, it was heavily damaged in the battle when it was torpedoed offshore. Towed into the lagoon for repairs, it was further damaged by aerial assaults that caused it to sink on its anchor. It also was heavily salvaged after the battle, and archaeologists have noted the telltale signs of metal cutting on the hull and deck of the ship. Interestingly, this ship

is suspected to have served as a target for secret CIA demolition training that was carried out on the island in the late 1940s. The site has a Korean monument to commemorate the conscripted Korean soldiers it was carrying at the time it was damaged. The stone block, carved with an inscription, is regularly cleaned by visiting divers to keep it legible.

Perhaps the most striking remnants of the Battle of Saipan, three M4 Sherman medium tanks, sit partially submerged just off the invasion beaches on the southwest side of the island. Visible from shore, these sites offer excellent swim or snorkel outings, particularly for those who do not dive. The M4 Sherman was the primary tank used by the U.S. Army and Marine Corps in World War II. It was operated by a crew of five, and early variants mounted 75mm guns. During the attack on Saipan, the M4s proved victorious against Japanese tanks in the largest tank battle of the Pacific Theater. Of the three sitting offshore, one is a "wet" variant, indicating the ammunition was stowed wet surrounded by a glycol liquid. The switch from dry to wet stowage was an important safety improvement because the dry bins tended to explode when hit by enemy fire. Although rusting from exposure to the sea, the trail tanks are solid and sturdy, providing a chance for visitors to peer inside the turrets and swim around the tracks and armored sides.

Brett Seymour, National Park Service

The last site featured on the trail is the most mysterious since its identity is truly unknown, although it is suspected to be an auxiliary submarine chaser. In 1931 the IJN ordered 64 purpose-built sub chasers, but they also later augmented their fleet by requisitioning more than 200 small merchant ships and pressing captured patrol boats and minesweepers into service. These vessels were used in the Pacific to patrol for submarines and to escort Japanese convoys. With its very sharp bow and sleek lines, this shipwreck closely matches the designs of polar whaling ships conscripted by the IJN for auxiliary submarine patrol. The ship is lying on its starboard side in approximately 30 feet of water on the sandy bottom. The sharp bow is clearly identifiable, but the remainder of the wreck is badly broken up. Interestingly, the aft and stern portions of the vessel are completely missing.

Continued on page 73

By Michael WIlliams

Both: Library of Congress

FDR's Confidential Crusader

> Ernest Cuneo helped the Roosevelt administration with little fanfare before, during, and after World War II.

ON MARCH 14, 1988, A SOLEMN CEREMONY TOOK PLACE AT ARLINGTON National Cemetery. Resplendent in their white caps and dress blues, the Marine body bearers laid to rest the ashes of Ernest Cuneo in the Columbarium with full military honors.

It took a special request to grant this honor because Cuneo had not become a Marine until commissioned as a major in the reserves at the age of 53 and had never served a day on active duty. Nevertheless, the 16 distinguished members of "Ernie's Gang," former comrades from America's intelligence, diplomatic, and military communities, were disappointed that their efforts had fallen short. They had hoped to secure the Presidential Medal of Freedom for their friend. As a man who kept to the shadows, Cuneo would likely have preferred the quiet dignity of the Marine internment.

Weighing more than 200 pounds, former college and NFL lineman Ernest Cuneo was a hard man to overlook. The fact that history has done so is a tribute to how well he performed his duties. During World War II Cuneo served as President Franklin D. Roosevelt's liaison among British Intelligence, the FBI, and the OSS, the forerunner of today's CIA. William Stephenson, head of British Security Coordination, and the man called "Intrepid," conferred on Cuneo the code name "Crusader."

Cuneo also performed a second secret role for FDR: shaping American public opinion by ghostwriting newspaper columns and radio broadcasts for Walter Winchell, the era's most influential journalist. Cuneo also had close ties to Washington political columnist Drew Pearson. The brawniest of FDR's brain trust, Cuneo served as conduit for the administration's covert and overt wartime policies. A gregarious, Falstaffian character equally at home quoting the classics or cutting political deals, the one thing Cuneo never sought was public recognition. "I always liked to keep out of sight," he wrote, "Anonymity is freedom."

Born in 1905 in Carlstadt, New Jersey, to Italian immigrant parents, Cuneo graduated from East Rutherford High School and attended Penn State University to play football and study law. After being booted from the team for some infraction, he continued his studies at Columbia and earned All-American honors for his play at left guard. During summers Cuneo earned money for school by writing stories for the *New York Daily News*. While completing his law degree, he played two seasons in the NFL for the Orange Tornadoes and the Brooklyn Dodgers. Then New York Congressman Fiorello LaGuardia hired Cuneo as an aide, and he continued to serve LaGuardia as a behind the scenes fixer after LaGuardia became mayor of New York City. In 1936, Party Chairman James Farley appointed Cuneo as associate general counsel to the Democratic National Committee. He helped Michigan Governor Frank Murphy mediate a historic agreement between General Motors and the United Auto Workers (UAW) to end the 1937 sit-down strike.

Cuneo joined a group of liberal Democrats who met regularly at the Hotel Lafayette in New York City to strategize how to retain control of the party once Roosevelt, as expected, stepped down after two terms as president. Cuneo suggested that the only man who could provide instant recognition to a new candidate was Walter Winchell, a controversial journalist

TOP: Cargo vessels built under President Franklin D. Roosevelt's Lend-Lease program. By November 1941 the U.S. had sent over a billion dollars in Lend-Lease materials to Britain. ABOVE: Ernest Cuneo served the Roosevelt administration quietly as a liaison to the intelligence community at home and abroad.

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All: Library of Congress

LEFT TO RIGHT: Walter Winchell, a famed but controversial radio journalist, accepted information from Cuneo. General William "Wild Bill" Donovan was chosen to head the Office of Strategic Services, the forerunner of the modern Central Intelligence Agency. FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover and Cuneo developed a working relationship following their introduction by Walter Winchell.

whose column was read by 50 million Americans and whose Sunday night radio broadcasts reached 20 million. When Tommy Corcoran objected that Winchell was "notches below the dignity of the White House," Cuneo replied, "Necessity is above the gods themselves." Cuneo met Winchell and became convinced that he possessed an intelligent and nimble mind but realized that he would have to feed Winchell's insatiable appetite for scoops if he wanted Winchell to launch trial balloons for the upcoming presidential race.

Thus, a mutually beneficial relationship began. By 1940, Winchell was paying Cuneo $10,000 a year, officially for legal services, but Cuneo also supplied inside information and even ghostwrote portions of Winchell's columns and broadcasts, particularly those dealing with national politics, defense, and international relations.

When FDR's effort to purge anti-New Deal Democrats from Congress failed miserably in 1938, Cuneo and Corcoran concluded that the only way to save liberal Democrats in 1940 was for the president to run for an unprecedented third term. Cuneo enlisted Winchell as the mouthpiece of the "Draft Roosevelt" movement to flush out the opposition. "The enemy cannot be destroyed unless he is developed," Cuneo explained. "We had nearly two full years to destroy it. We did." FDR was grateful for the role Cuneo played in his reelection and invited him to share the presidential box for the inaugural parade. Characteristically, Cuneo declined.

Winchell introduced Cuneo to another powerful Washington insider, FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover. The unlikely pair had been friends since 1934 when Hoover rewarded Winchell for his myth-making portrayals of Hoover and his intrepid G-men tirelessly hunting down gangsters and spies by securing Winchell's commission as a lieutenant in Naval Intelligence. Hoover and his deputy, Clyde Tolson, began joining Winchell for evenings at the Stork Club during their visits to New York City. Cuneo, Hoover, and Winchell all shared a deep belief in the power of secrets: discovering them, holding them, deciding when and how to disclose them.

Several of Cuneo's most important Washington links were forged during his student days at Columbia. Among his former professors were Adolf A. Berle and Drew Pearson. Berle, an expert on corporate law, had joined FDR's unofficial brain trust during the 1932 election campaign and in 1938 was appointed Assistant Secretary of State for Latin America. Berle inherited the thankless job of coordinating the intelligence input—and refereeing the ongoing turf wars—of the FBI, the Office of Naval Intelligence (ONI), and the Army's Military Intelligence Division (MID), as well as the State Department. Drew Pearson became a Washington correspondent and in 1931 anonymously coauthored a book titled *Washington Merry-Go-Round*. It and a sequel were full of muckraking exposés that led to a nationally syndicated column under the same title.

In 1940, the Roosevelt administration assigned Cuneo and Winchell a second task that overshadowed the third term debate: preparing the country for war. On March 24, Berle asked Cuneo to have Winchell "insert a stiff editorial on preparedness for the defense of the Hemisphere" into his Sunday night broadcast. Cuneo replied, "Adolf, the guy thinks he's been doing it since 1930." Later that night Cuneo phoned Berle to report that following the broadcast the lines had been jammed with favorable calls. However, these calls came from people who regularly tuned in to hear Winchell, not a scientific cross-sample of Americans. Before Germany launched its blitzkrieg attacks on Western Europe many still hoped the United States could isolate itself from the conflict.

On April 2, 1940, a 44-year-old millionaire Canadian businessman named William Stephenson arrived in America on a mission for Britain's Ministry of Supply. A mutual friend, boxer Gene Tunney, arranged a meeting between Stephenson and J. Edgar Hoover. Due to the State Department's interpretation of America's neutrality acts, official cooperation with British intelligence had been severed once Britain entered the war. Stephenson sought to reestablish those ties, but Hoover would only do so under two conditions: the president's prior approval and that business be conducted personally through Hoover, excluding all other U.S. government agencies.

Following the Allied debacle in France and the Low Countries, Winston Churchill became prime minister of Great Britain on May 10, 1940. In early June, Churchill sent Stephenson to New York to assume command of British Passport Control, a front organization for MI-6, the overseas arm of British intelligence. Foremost among his many goals was to secure America's aid and preferably its participation in the war against Hitler. Cuneo later observed, "Of course the British were trying to push the U.S. into war. If that be so, we were indeed a pushover."

Hoover and Stephenson were empire builders, and the alliance they forged proved fruitful for both at first. On June 23, Hoover stepped closer toward his goal of becoming America's sole intelligence czar when Roosevelt decreed that the FBI would assume responsibility for intelligence operations throughout the Western Hemisphere. Stephenson moved the nerve center of British Passport Control to Suite 3603 in Rockefeller Center and swiftly expanded his network to employ over 2,000 operatives throughout North and South America. Hoover suggested a name change to British Security Coordination (BSC). Over the next few years the BSC supplied the FBI with more than 100,000 reports, enabling Hoover's men to nab dozens of Axis agents in the United States and Latin America. A key source for these reports was the BSC's massive mail interception center in Bermuda, which steamed open thousands of trans-Atlantic missives.

By late August 1940, Cuneo was aware that the fix was in regarding the exchange of 50 U.S. destroyers for British naval bases. When his good friend Attorney General Robert Jackson asked Cuneo to come to his office one morning, Cuneo saw that "he was both sad and disturbed" that he would have to tell the president later that day "that the transfer of the 50 destroyers to Britain was unconstitutional. I told him not to feel too badly: that by one o'clock that day he would either reverse himself or be asked for his resig-

nation." As predicted, Jackson and the rest of FDR's cabinet fell into line. Two weeks after that deal was announced, Roosevelt signed into law America's first peacetime draft. These steps toward intervention were aided by the lack of opposition from Wendell Willkie, the Republican Party's surprise nominee for president.

Cuneo saw Roosevelt's reelection as a turning point. "Once having cleared the election barrier, FDR threw off the wraps, strapped on his helmet and went in, went in, that is, as far as he could push American opinion to permit."

Cuneo primed Walter Winchell's "broadsides" blasting isolationists, Nazi sympathizers, anti-Semites, and various other "Americans most Americans can do without" as Winchell labeled them in his weekly columns and Sunday night radio broadcasts, which combined to reach 90 percent of the American public. By November 1941, the U.S. had sent over a billion dollars in Lend-Lease materials to Britain, and American destroyers were engaging German U-boats as they helped convoy this aid. Hitler's invasion of the Soviet Union in June 1941 helped end labor opposition to U.S. aid for Britain. "Before that," Cuneo wrote, "there was tough going. The Communist-led unions were doing as much damage with strikes as a couple of U-boats in the Atlantic."

America remained technically neutral as war raged on in 1941. "For the British," wrote Cuneo, "it was a life or death struggle." Cuneo had a front row seat as the BSC "ran espionage agents, tampered with the mails, tapped telephones, smuggled propaganda into the country, disrupted public gatherings, covertly subsidized newspapers, radios, and organizations, perpetrated forgeries—even palming one off on the president of the United States (a map that outlined Nazi plans to dominate Latin America)—violated the aliens registrations act, shanghaied sailors numerous times, and possibly murdered one or more persons in this country."

It also helped create America's first intelligence agency. William J. Donovan had won the Medal of Honor in World War I, served as an assistant U.S. Attorney General under President Calvin Coolidge, and was a good friend of Frank Knox, the current Secretary of the Navy. FDR sent Donovan to Britain as a special emissary to evaluate Britain's ability to resist. Stephenson made sure Donovan met with key British leaders, including Stuart Menzies, chief of MI-6, and Churchill himself. Donovan reported that Britain could withstand Nazi Germany and became an advocate for an independent intelligence service like the one Great Britain had. After Donovan returned from a second overseas mission to the Mediterranean Theater, Roosevelt appointed him Coordinator of Information (COI) on July 11, 1941. As Stephenson cultivated his relationship with Donovan and his new agency, Hoover resented his upstart rival and began to curtail his cooperation with the BSC.

At first, FDR's eldest son James, a reserve captain in the Marine Corps, provided liaison between Donovan and other federal agencies, but immediately after Pearl Harbor he requested active duty and left his White House post. Donovan, a fellow Columbia grad, chose Cuneo to replace James as his liaison. Cuneo recalled, "I saw Berle at State, Eddie Tamm (deputy FBI director), J. Edgar [Hoover] and more often the Attorney General; on various other matters Dave Niles at the White House and Ed Foley at Treasury.... I reported to Bill Donovan ... and never in writing."

Relations between the BSC and Donovan's COI were close, and that often led to conflict with Berle, who resented Britain's growing influence over American foreign policy, and Hoover, who saw Donovan's agency thwarting his ability to expand the FBI's grip on intelligence. Cuneo had to keep the lines of communication open, promote cooperation, and soothe bruised egos from time to time.

Donovan added recruits to his agency rapidly,

concerned only about the talents they brought not personal backgrounds or political leanings. On June 13, 1942, the burgeoning COI was divided into two new agencies: the Office of War Information (OWI) headed by playwright and FDR speechwriter Robert Sherwood to manage propaganda efforts, and the Office of Strategic Services (OSS) headed by Donovan to conduct and evaluate overseas intelligence as well as to carry out sabotage. The FBI was assigned the task of screening people Donovan hired. This allowed Hoover to put OSS employees under surveillance and even plant his own agents within the organization.

Journalists, even those who supported the administration, had to contend with wartime censorship. Both Winchell and Drew Pearson often relied on anonymous sources for stories they broke in their news columns and radio broadcasts, but now official sources had to be cited for any news that could compromise military security. Sometimes they danced around the rules by claiming an item was speculation or finding a government employee to cite as a source. The Office of Censorship butted heads with Pearson more than any other reporter, marking up and filing 145 of his wartime radio scripts. In contrast, censors handled Winchell with kid gloves because they were aware he was the beneficiary of targeted leaks from the administration.

One censor complained to his boss, "Our difficulty in the matter is that Winchell finds himself in the position of being a close friend of J. Edgar Hoover and a little tin god as far as the Army and Navy are concerned." In fact, Hoover had his own agents monitor Winchell's broadcasts and columns to gather leads Cuneo had provided from the BSC or U.S. government sources to which the FBI was not privy.

When Pearson published a column critical of Secretary of State Cordell Hull in the wake of the resignation of Under Secretary Sumner Welles, President Roosevelt called Pearson "a chronic liar." Concerned that the president's comments would cut into his audience, he consulted his friend and lawyer Ernest Cuneo, who gave Pearson information he could use to make everyone forget the president's remarks. In a hospital tent in Sicily General George Patton had slapped an American soldier suffering from battle fatigue. In fact, Patton had struck two soldiers in front of many witnesses in separate incidents that had been well investigated by war correspondents who chose to suppress their accounts. Pearson's November 14, 1943, broadcast that broke the story created a storm of controversy over both Patton's actions and their publication.

The intelligence network for which Cuneo provided the nexus disintegrated in 1945. The first blow was President Roosevelt's sudden death from a cerebral hemorrhage on April 12. Shortly after Germany's surrender on May 8, President Harry Truman began making wholesale personnel changes, and within a year hardly any of Roosevelt's old guard remained. Truman told an aide, "Pearson and Winchell are too big for their britches. We are going to have a showdown as to who is running this country—me or them—and the showdown had better come now than later."

Pearson and Winchell remained influential columnists for years, but their pipeline to the Oval Office had effectively been severed. Thanks to the unrelenting opposition of Hoover and the military chiefs and the lack of Congressional support, the OSS was dismantled by Truman, who gave Donovan his walking papers on September 20, less than three weeks after Japan's surrender. Another factor in the demise of the OSS was the perception that it had been in part the creation and creature of Stephenson's BSC. As Cuneo put it, "The British may have taught us everything we know [about intelligence] but not everything they know."

During the intense period of wartime service, Cuneo met several people who became lifelong friends, including Ian Fleming, a lieutenant commander in British Naval Intelligence. In the summer and fall of 1954, Cuneo accompanied Fleming on a trip across the United States as Fleming did research for *Diamonds Are Forever,* his fourth James Bond novel. A Las Vegas cabbie in the novel is named "Ernest Curio."

Fleming credited Cuneo for many of the plot ideas in *Goldfinger* and *Thunderball,* dedicating the latter novel "to Ernest Cuneo, muse." However, the most important person Cuneo met was Margaret Watson from Winnipeg, one of many Canadian women Stephenson brought to New York to work for the BSC. She became Cuneo's wife. Great Britain, Italy, and the City of Genoa decorated Ernest Cuneo for his contributions to the Allied war effort, but in the United States his relative anonymity gave him freedom.

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LEFT TO RIGHT: Canadian William Stephenson headed up British intelligence activities in the U.S. Journalist Drew Pearson, shown during the 1960s with President Lyndon B. Johnson, broke the infamous story of General Patton slapping soldiers in Sicily. Veteran British Intelligence officer Ian Fleming credited Ernest Cuneo with creative contributions to some of his best-known James Bond spy novels.

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TEARING ACROSS EUROPE IN A TANK

BY KEVIN M. HYMEL

Sergeant Carl Erickson fought World War II as a tank driver with the 12th Armored Division.

Sergeant Carl Erickson sat in shock inside his Sherman tank as he watched emaciated people dressed in tattered, striped suits smile and feebly wave to him and his fellow tankers. "These guys were nothing but skin and bones," recalled Erickson, who served as a tank driver. "They were so skinny their eyes bulged out of their heads." He thought he had entered a hospital grounds filled with diseased patients. The air stank with the smell of rotting bodies and burned flesh, worse than anything he had smelled during the war. "It was horrible."

It was April 22, 1945, and Erickson, along with his fellow tankers of Company A, 43rd Tank Battalion, 12th Armored Division—the Hellcat Division—had just crashed the gate of the Landsberg

Well-camouflaged American Sherman tanks assault an enemy pillbox along the German Siegfried Line. Sergeant Carl Erickson drove a Sherman for the 12th Armored Division's 43rd Tank Battalion from the French border deep into the heart of Germany. INSET: American soldiers force townspeople to dig a mass grave for the deceased inmates of the Landsberg concentration camp. Carl Erickson at first thought the inmates were sick hospital patients.

sub camp, part of the Dachau concentration camp system. Erickson's company commander's voice came over the radio: "Everybody, stay in your tanks!" Everyone in Erickson's tank obeyed.

Not long after, the captain came over the radio again: "Who the hell gave them the booze?" One tanker, sympathetic to the prisoners, had given them some of his alcohol, but their bodies could not handle it. After two hours in the nightmarish compound, the tankers pulled out. Only one thing gave Erickson any kind of solace. "I heard the infantry behind us went into the town and got the townspeople to dig graves," he recalled.

Erickson had seen the worst of the war in Europe. He was a long way from his home in Des Moines, Iowa, where almost four years earlier he was working as a bellhop at the Savoy Hotel when he heard the Japanese had attacked Pearl Harbor. As the only boy in a family with five sisters, his father called him "a rose among thorns." His mother had died when he was 11. He had a girlfriend, Ruth Essick, whom he had been dating for a while. Knowing that his draft number would soon be coming up, Erickson volunteered for the Army and went to Fort Knox, Kentucky, for training and tank school. Upon completion, he remained there as a mechanic repairing M4 Sherman tanks. Ruth even came south to visit. "I thought I had it made," he said.

When he learned that the Western Allies had invaded France on June 6, 1944, D-Day, he worried about being called to the war. He did not have long to wait. Ten days later in New York City, he and 5,000 other troops boarded the SS *Louis Pasteur,* a turbine steam ship that had been converted into a troop ship. Its zig-zagging journey across the Atlantic was rough, with many soldiers succumbing to sea sickness. Yet it never bothered Erickson, who had a job as a top deck gunner. The ship arrived off the coast of western England but remained outside Liverpool for two days, waiting for the tide to rise.

National Archives Inset: The 12th Armored Division Museum

Once the ship docked, Erickson and his fellow replacements traveled across England in railcars, sailed across the English Channel, and landed at La Havre, France. At a replacement depot, he and eight other replacements stood around a table as Captain Ivan Woods from Maj. Gen. Roderick Allen's 12th Armored Division asked everyone their military occupational specialties. Erickson said he was trained as a tank mechanic.

"If you can fix 'em you can drive 'em," said Woods. Erickson was now a driver for A Company, 43rd Tank Battalion, Combat Command A (CCA). The 12th Armored fought under Lt. Gen. Alexander "Sandy" Patch's U.S. Seventh Army, which had landed in southern France on August 15, 1944, and fought its way to the German border.

The 43rd Tank Battalion was in desperate need of tankers. At the small border town of Herrlisheim in the first weeks of January 1945, German tanks of the 10th SS Panzer Division nearly destroyed the battalion and captured its commander, Lt. Col. Nicholas Novosel (originally listed as killed in action). After the battle, the Germans reported that they had captured some 300 American soldiers and destroyed 50 tanks, including some of CCB's 23rd Tank Battalion.

"No one ever said '12th Armored Division,'" explained Erickson. "They said 43rd Tank Battalion." Captain Woods, who had previously been a forward observer, introduced Erickson to his new tank crew. Today, Erickson can only remember some of their last names: Wiggins, the tank commander; Williams, the gunner; Rominelli, the loader; and the bow gunner, whose name Erickson has forgotten.

The M4A3 Sherman tank, nicknamed *Anticipation,* would be Erickson's home for the next month, "as well as my bedroom and bathroom," he recalled. The men had decorated the inside of the tank with pinups, which stood out against the white interior. Outside, spare tracks hung on the sloped frontal armor and sandbags covered certain parts, as a defense against German Panzerfausts, shoulder-fired antitank weapons.

Erickson's driver's seat was on the left side of the tank. There were only two foot pedals, one for gas and a clutch for shifting gears. He steered with two levers and shifted speeds with a gear stick next to his right leg. The top gear put the tank in reverse while the other four were for different forward speeds. To brake, he would pull back on both levers as hard as he could. The hatch above his head contained a periscope, which he found difficult to see through. He preferred to just stick his head out of the port. The dashboard included a speedometer and tachometer and oil pressure, temperature, and fuel gauges. Most important to Erickson was the storage space above and to the left of the instrument panel where he kept a bottle of booze. "I kept whatever I could find," he recalled.

After the Battle of Herrlisheim, the 12th Armored's next mission was to help capture the French city of Colmar inside a German-held 850-square-mile salient in the Allied line that had to be eliminated. While the French I Corps pressed from the south on January 20, the U.S. 28th Infantry and the French 5th Armored Divisions cleared the northern side of the bulge. On February 2, the 12th Armored joined the fight in the north and passed through Colmar, encountering little resistance. Once the Americans were through the city, however, the Germans put up a fight.

Carl Erickson

Carl Erickson

ABOVE: Carl Erickson grew up in Des Moines, Iowa, before volunteering for the U.S. Army. BELOW: Prior to driving a tank in Europe, Erickson repaired M-4 Sherman tanks at Fort Knox, Kentucky.

It was during this fighting that Erickson got to know his crew and learned just how experienced they were at tank warfare. Before their first battle, Wiggins, the commander, told Erickson to never shut off the engine in combat. "I don't want you jerking around," Wiggins told him. "We need to give the gunner time to lock on a target."

Williams, the gunner, had taught gunnery before being assigned to the tank. Once, while the tank was driving along the side of a road, he spotted three German antitank guns in a field preparing to fire. He swung the turret around and fired, knocking them out before they could get off a single round. The surviving Germans ran for the rear. "I was blessed with a good gunner," said Erickson. "He really saved our neck."

Rominelli, the loader, was also great at his job. Erickson recalled that he could load a shell just as soon as the spent casing popped out of the cannon's breech. One time he was doing his job so quickly that the projectile of one of the shells came off, pouring gunpowder all over the tank's interior. Captain Woods ordered the tank off the line. It would take two days to completely clean it.

The bow gunner, too, did his job without hesitation. When the tank ran into a unit of Germans in foxholes as the sun was setting, he opened fire. "We had to dig them out with our machine guns," said Erickson. Many Germans were killed, but a few surrendered to the armored infantry. "It kinda got to you," he recalled about seeing dead Germans. "That was the personal side of war."

During the fighting Erickson got to know the men of the Red Ball Express, African American soldiers driving trucks day and night to supply the frontline soldiers with food, fuel, and ammunition during the race across northern France. By the time of Colmar, any supply soldiers were considered Red Ballers. They arrived nightly at the front to refuel and rearm the tanks. Erickson would stand atop the rear right side of the tank as black soldiers handed up five-gallon gas cans that he poured into the gas tank. It took 37 cans to fill the Sherman's 185-gallon gas tank. While Erickson poured gas, other soldiers filled the vehicle with ammunition. One night, the Red Ball soldiers grew anxious as tracers and explosions lit up the night sky. "They were tickled to death to get out of there," said Erickson.

Erickson remembered the fighting south of Colmar simply for a lot of shooting. "We burned up a lot of ammunition," he explained. At one point his tank was recruited as a stretcher bearer. The crew put a Red Cross flag on the

tank before Erickson drove it onto an open field where the wounded were hoisted onboard for the ride back to a medical station.

Once done with Colmar, the division turned east for the German border. Erickson's tank reached the Maginot Line, the French line of concrete fortifications built in the 1930s along the German, Belgian, and Swiss borders. Erickson and a fellow tanker dismounted and went exploring, only to get lost inside one of the bunkers. They fumbled around in the poorly lit rooms, finding nothing but German ammunition.

"It was enough to spook me," he recalled. Next, they came across the Siegfried Line, Germany's line of defense. Erickson's tank rolled through a path between concrete pylons called Dragon's Teeth, which had been plowed out of the way.

Erickson wrote to Ruth whenever he could. To keep up his moral strength, he kept a small, steel-plated Bible in his pocket and would refer to it whenever he had time. In times of stress he repeated a particular verse, 2nd Timothy 1:12, which gave him solace: "For the which cause I also suffer these things: nevertheless I am not ashamed: for I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day."

For food, the men enjoyed the 10-in-1 rations "when they showed up," said Erickson, but mostly they ate C-rations. There were four kinds of C-rations, but Erickson felt he only got beans and wieners. "I got sick of them things." When the men were not eating, they smoked the cigarettes that came with their rations. "The Army learned [sic] me how to smoke," he mused.

To keep warm during the late winter and early spring, the men would close all the hatches and keep the engine running. Once the oil in its 55-gallon tank warmed up it became comfortable. Infantrymen would lean up against the tank for warmth, and when they could the crew invited a few inside to get warm.

Almost every morning Erickson could look up and see big white streaks in the sky from bomber formations. "We didn't see them drop bombs, but we could sure see the results," he recalled. The air fleets smashed German cities. In one industrial area, he saw craters in the road big enough to fit a house. "We couldn't even drive through it."

One day while Erickson drove across an open field, a blast rocked the tank. "I didn't know what happened," he recalled. They had rolled over a German teller mine. The blast had bent the undercarriage, blown off a track, and torn off a bogey wheel. Erickson's ears bled from the concussion. No one else was hurt, but he could not hear properly for days. "It was the most scared I was during the war," he said. "You get so scared that you're not scared, and that's when you're a good soldier."

Erickson and his crew received a Sherman M4A3-E8, known as an "Easy 8," as a replacement vehicle. The improved version of the Sherman had wider tracks, thicker armor, and a 76mm high-velocity cannon. It would not be long before that tank was damaged, too. Driving around a curve in a town, Erickson lost control. The tank slipped sideways, catching a streetcar track and damaging the tank's tracks. "I took out about a block of track before we stopped," he remembered.

After the battle for Colmar, the 12th Armored went into corps reserve in mid-February and remained off the line until March. During its down time, the division received several companies of African American soldiers to replenish its depleted armored infantry.

On March 17, the 12th Armored Division transferred to Lt. Gen. George S. Patton, Jr.'s Third Army to help him race for the Rhine River, the last natural barrier into Germany. Patton welcomed the 12th Armored with a fiery speech in a large field near Sierck-les-Baines, France. Erickson remembered that Patton preached to the men: "I'll reach the Rhine first if I have to take a 6-by-6 Mack Truck to haul back the dog tags!" One of Patton's first orders was for everyone to remove their division

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A Sherman tank plows through a gap in the Dragon's Teeth of the German Siegfried Line. Dragon's Teeth were no deterrent to Erickson and his tankmates.

National Archives

Four days later the tankers learned the Germans had surrendered. "Everyone went crazy!" said Erickson, but no one had anything with which to celebrate. Erickson eventually got his hands on a five-gallon pail full of potato vodka schnapps. The men rapidly killed it. "Not a soul showed up next day at roll call," he remembered. "It was a happy time."

patches to keep the Germans believing the 12th was still under Seventh Army.

The 12th started the drive for the Rhine the next day, barreling through light opposition. Erickson remembered passing through the German city of Trier, which had been captured by the 10th Armored Division two weeks earlier, but he had no recollections of seeing either the city's black gate (the Porta Nigra) or the Roman amphitheater. Elements of the 12th reached the Rhine on March 20 and four days later linked up with the 14th Armored Division coming up from the south.

Erickson crossed the river at night near the city of Worms over a treadway bridge. Guided by an infantryman, he drove slowly across the bridge. The tank rose as it approached each pontoon and dipped as it rolled off. "If I had seen that in daylight," said Erickson, "I would have gone AWOL." His one regret: "I didn't get a chance to see Patton water the Rhine," he said about the General's famous bathroom break.

Relief from the front was never long. Once while the men were resting and relaxing they received orders to relieve another armored division. Erickson's tank joined a convoy of tanks charging for the front. In the distance he could see a fork in the road where an MP with white gloves directed traffic next to a jeep in front of a house. But by the time Erickson's tank reached the fork the MP was gone, the jeep had been flattened, and the house's front steps had been crushed. The tankers did not have time to stop, much less slow down.

Once the 12th crossed the Rhine River it returned to Patch's Seventh Army on March 24. It had fought under Patton for only a week and was now the spearhead for Seventh Army. The division was given a short break before returning to battle. Erickson and his crew enjoyed themselves in Heidelberg by liberating three large beer barrels. They placed one on the front of their tank and two on the back. As they rolled along, their engine heated up the beer barrels in the rear. The cork on one of the rear barrels blew out, and a stream of beer shot 20 feet into the air. Erickson had to take an axe to the barrel to open it. "We lost half of that beer," he lamented.

In early April, Erickson's company approached the German town of Würzburg, and a Panzerfaust round exploded against the tank in front of him. The damaged tank stopped. Erickson watched as a German came out of a building and walked around the tank. Suddenly, a tanker named Allen jumped from the top of the tank onto the German. "He gave the German the Brooklyn version of the goose," explained Erickson, meaning he stuck two fingers into his eyes. Then Allen grabbed the German's Mauser pistol and shot him. "I can still see that," recalled Erickson.

The tanks used the Autobahn to penetrate deeper into Germany. One day while Erickson was cruising down the highway, he spotted a German tank, possibly a Tiger tank, open fire on him from half a mile away. Captain Woods shouted over the radio, "Get off that highway!"

Erickson turned the tank around and raced away. "I was going fast enough that my tracks made a round circle," he joked. A P-47 Thunderbolt fighter flew in and blasted the tank, then came back waving its wings. It would not be the first or last time fighter planes helped out Erickson's company. "When we got into a battle and needed them, they always seemed to be there."

Combat took a toll on the tankers. "We lost a couple of them from going berserk," said Erickson. A new second lieutenant who took over one of the platoons could not make it through his first skirmish. When the bullets started to fly, according to Erickson, "he lied [sic] down at the bottom of his tank and cried like a baby." The men pulled him out of the tank and dragged him behind a building. "That was a big thing to talk about."

The 12th continued eastward. On April 22, the tankers fought their way into the town of Dillingen on the Danube River, where they found German soldiers preparing a bridge for demolition. While Erickson and his fellow tankers fired across the river, the armored infantry charged the bridge.

"We caught them by surprise," said Erickson. Once they chased the Germans out of the area, the Americans discovered six 500-pound aircraft bombs underneath the bridge. Engineers were called in to deactivate the bombs. Erickson's crew spent the night on the west side of the bridge and crossed the next day.

Four days later, Erickson followed another tank through the gate of a large complex near Landsberg. That was when he saw the evidence of Adolf Hitler's real Germany, the Landsberg Concentration Camp. Erickson left the camp shocked at the sight of so many human beings so close to death, but he was pleased to hear the infantry had put the local populace to work digging graves.

Erickson appreciated his armored infantry for the support they gave the tanks. One day while cleaning out a town, an African American

infantryman asked Erickson if he could trade him his M1 Garand rifle for the tank's Thompson submachine gun for the day. Erickson made the swap, and before the day was out the man returned the Thompson with three empty magazines. They continued the routine for a while until the infantryman failed to show up one day. "He was too honest a fellow," Erickson lamented. "We took care of each other all the way around."

The Germans, with few tanks and almost no gas, relied more and more on Panzerfausts, which were not always effective. One tank took a hit right on the front corner where two armor plates were welded together. "That round never came in," explained Erickson. One night the Germans had dug into the side of a hill, where they fired Panzerfausts in an effort to slow the speeding tanks. It did not work.

In one of Erickson's final battles, his company ran into a unit of fanatical Hitler Youth. "We had to fight our way through them," he said. One of the American tanks fired on them with a flamethrower. "They were all little kids," Erickson explained, "but they all had guns."

As April turned to May, the German Army imploded. Erickson saw thousands of surrendered Germans walking west into prisoner of war camps. He offered them cigarettes and food. "There was no fight left in them," he explained. The division liberated more than 2,800 Allied prisoners, including 1,400 Americans. Erickson recalled seeing large numbers of liberated Americans walking on the roads in the beautiful countryside. "I really didn't think we were that close to the end of the war," he recalled.

On May 4, the 12th Armored Division went into reserve. It would be its last day of war. Four days later the tankers learned the Germans had surrendered. "Everyone went crazy!" said Erickson, but no one had anything with which to celebrate. Erickson eventually got his hands on a five-gallon pail full of potato vodka schnapps. The men rapidly killed it. "Not a soul showed up next day at roll call," he remembered. "It was a happy time."

When Erickson turned in his tank, it was missing its Thompson submachine gun but contained the African American infantryman's rifle. No one cared. "We were celebrating," said Erickson.

Erickson was put in charge of a house billeting soldiers. The woman owner served as the maid and cleaning lady. One day two of his buddies butchered two of her chickens. She furiously complained to Erickson, but he could not understand her. To make it up to her, he retrieved a can of coffee grounds from the mess hall and gave it to her. "She was tickled pink!" he laughed.

While the war in Europe had ended, Japan fought on. The 12th Armored Division was selected to be part of the invasion of the Japanese home islands. Erickson and his crew departed France in a Liberty ship headed for the United States. Halfway across the Atlantic, they learned the United States had dropped an atomic bomb on Hiroshima, and then Nagasaki. Finally, on August 10, the men learned that Japan had surrendered. The war was over. Erickson spent the trip playing cards and dice. "I had $1,400 in my pocket when I left," he recalled. "When we pulled into New York I had none." It was the last time he ever gambled.

As Erickson's ship approached New York City, he stood on deck for three hours just watching the Statue of Liberty fill the horizon. Once docked, the men disembarked and reported to Camp Shanks, where they enjoyed T-bone steaks. "It was the best steak I ever ate," he recalled.

Soon, Erickson boarded a train to Philadelphia and then transferred to one bound for St. Louis and finally to Spencer, Iowa. As the train neared its final destination, Erickson began to cry, but he decided he did not want to be a baby

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National Archives

ABOVE: A 12th Armored Division M4A3-E8 "Easy 8" tank supports African American infantry from the 66th Armored Infantry Regiment as they capture a German prisoner in the city of Erbach. OPPOSITE: A soldier guides a tank crew onto a Treadway bridge as local villagers look on. Erickson drove his tank across a similar bridge over the Rhine River at night, admitting that if he had seen the bridge in daylight he would have gone AWOL.

To Make a Fake

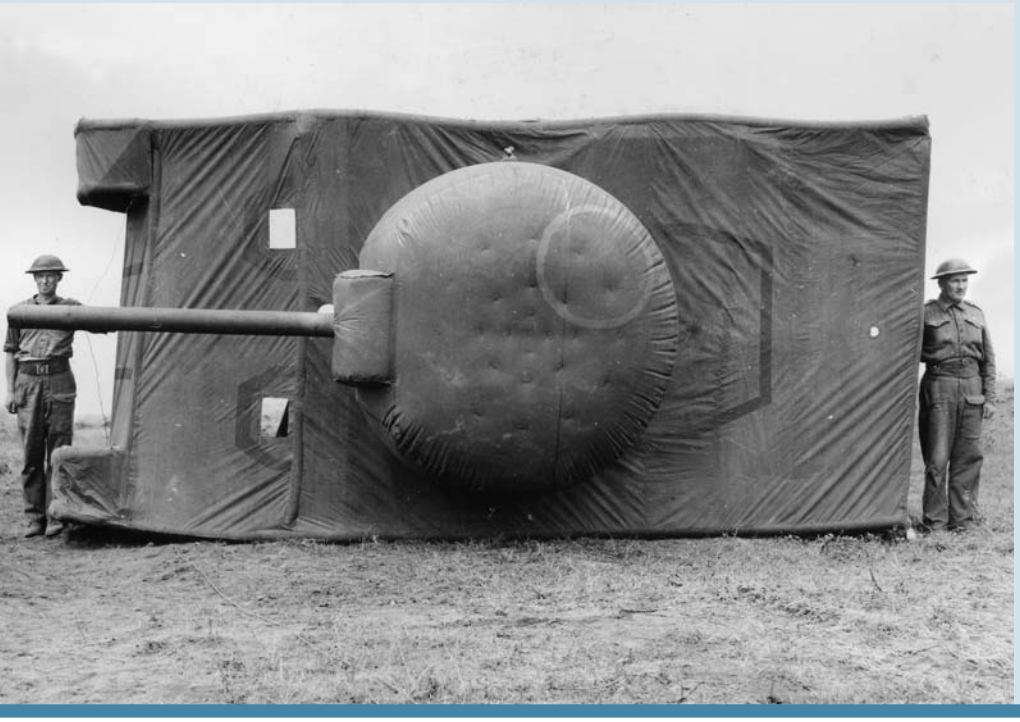
DECEPTION IS A VITAL TOOL IN war. During World War II, the British developed a dummy tank to fool enemy surveillance planes into thinking they had more tanks than they needed, were strong where they were weak, and were preparing to attack where they were not.

Made of rubber, the tank could be assembled and inflated in 20 minutes. The tank pictured was assembled in Anzio, Italy, in March 1944, where Allied forces tried to break out of their beachhead. In England, similar armies of fake tanks were being inflated in the fields of East Anglia, on Britain's southeast coast. These tanks were part of an elaborate deception, code named Operation Fortitude, that convinced Adolf Hitler the invasion of France would come at the Pas-de-Calais, far from the Normandy beaches. These rubber-and-air tanks did their job and contributed to Allied victory.

The tank's body had to be inflated through four separate individual compartments.
TOP: Ready for action! The tank will see no action but will do its part for the war effort.

All photos: National Archives

BELOW: The completed tank on it side. **RIGHT:** A soldier pumps air into the tank's turret.



Tank

INFLATABLE TANKS WERE A QUICK AND EASY WAY TO FOOL THE ENEMY.

BY KEVIN M. HYMEL

ABOVE: A soldier attaches the pump tube to one of the tank's valves. **RIGHT:** A British soldier prepares an Italian generator to inflate the fake tank body, which is still in its bag. The forge pump, in the wooden box, will be used to inflate the turret.

The First VICTORY

The Battle of Cape Esperance helped dispel the myth of Japanese naval invincibility. | BY DAVID H. LIPPMAN

BOTH SIDES NEEDED REINFORCEMENTS. For the Japanese and the Americans in October 1942, the battle for Guadalcanal was turning into a bottomless pit, demanding more and more scarce resources—in the air and at sea and, most importantly, on the ground. Control of the malarial, jungle-clad island and its airfield might determine the fate of the war in the Pacific.

The problem was that neither the Japanese nor the Americans had the resources. Both nations were trying to wage the South Pacific war on the cheap—the bulk of Japan's ground forces were committed to the endless war in China, and the United States was committed to the "Germany First" policy, which made the war in Europe the first priority. Both sides lacked troops, transports, planes, and basic supplies.

Nevertheless, as the U.S. Marines and Japanese Army units on Guadalcanal became exhausted from heavy combat and rugged conditions, it was more imperative than ever to resupply and reinforce the troops—on both sides.

As September turned to October, the Japanese moved first. The local commander, Rear Admiral Gunichi Mikawa, using destroyer transports, ordered the delivery of 10,000 men of the tough 2nd Infantry Division to Guadalcanal's Cape Esperance in eight nocturnal runs down the channel between the Solomon Islands chain, a route known to the Americans as The Slot, in a measure the Japanese called the Ant Transportation, but known to Americans then and forever as the Tokyo Express.

The Americans did not waste time in reacting. Admiral Chester Nimitz, Commander-in-Chief Pacific, ordered his top sailors on the scene to take swift action.

The task fell to Rear Admiral Norman Scott, an aggressive sailor, Indiana native, and 1911 graduate of the U.S. Naval Academy, where he was a champion fencer. He had been executive officer of the destroyer *Jacob Jones* when it was sunk by a German U-boat in 1917, naval aide to the president, commanded the heavy cruiser *Pensacola,* and had served in the office of the Chief of Naval Operations in 1941 where, according to Admiral Raymond A. Spruance, he "made things so miserable for everyone around him in Washington that he finally got what he wanted—sea duty, and his rear admiral's stars." He had been near but not present at the Savo Island debacle and learned from the disaster.

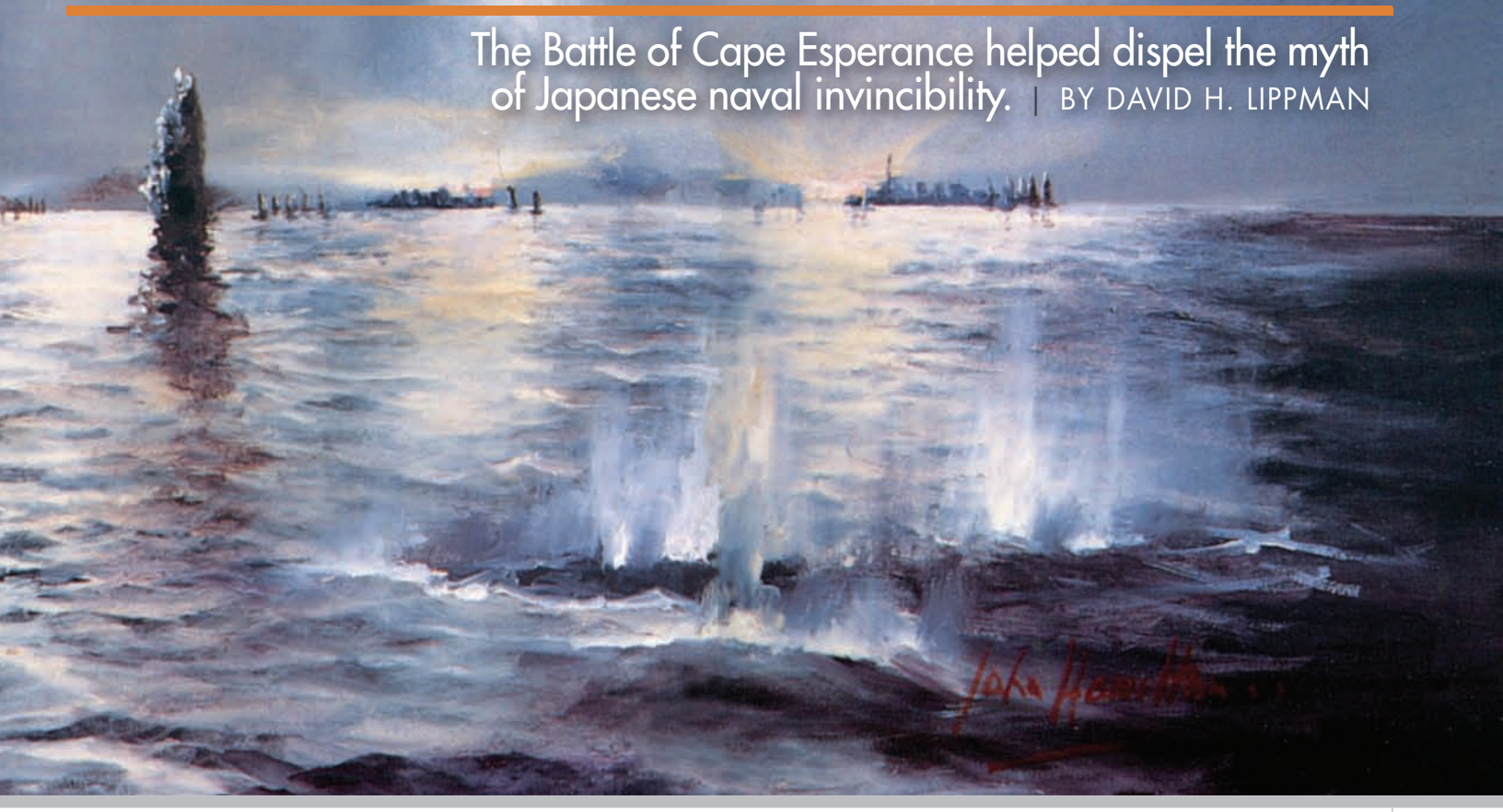
Scott's task was twofold: ensure that the U.S. Army's 164th Infantry Regiment and its 2,837 men, along with the ground crew of the 1st Marine Air Wing and assorted supplies, reached Guadalcanal safely to reinforce the Marines and attack the next convoy of Japanese reinforcements themselves. His orders: "Search for and destroy enemy ships and landing craft."

On October 9, 1942, the 164th headed from New Caledonia for Guadalcanal in two battered transports, the *McCawley* ("Wacky Mac") and the *Zeilin,* shepherded by eight destroyers. Scott's Task Force 64 arrived south of Rennell Island the same day and readied for battle.

Task Force 64 consisted of two heavy cruisers, the *San Francisco* and *Salt Lake City*, two light cruisers, the *Boise* and *Helena,* and five destroyers, *Farenholt, Buchanan, Laffey, Duncan,* and *McCalla*.

They were a well-trained group in comparison to the force that had been annihilated in August at Savo Island. Under Scott's leadership, Task Force 64 had done intensive night gunnery exercises, with men enduring general quarters from dusk to dawn. Scott had also laid down a carefully drawn battle plan. His ships would steam in column with destroyers ahead and astern. The tin cans would illuminate the Japanese targets with their searchlights, fire torpedoes at the largest enemy vessels, guns at the smaller ones, and the cruisers would open fire whenever

At the height of the Battle of Cape Esperance, October 11, 1942, a Japanese cruiser shudders beneath a torrent of naval gunfire loosed by American warships. The sky is illuminated by starshells in this rendering from combat artist John Hamilton. Cape Esperance was the first naval victory of the Pacific War for the United States.



U.S. Navy

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ABOVE, Left to Right: Rear Admiral Aritomo Goto commanded the Japanese flotilla that was pounded by American cruisers and destroyers during the Battle of Cape Esperance off Guadalcanal on October 11, 1942. Admiral Norman Scott commanded U.S. Navy Task Force 64, which defeated the Japanese at Cape Esperance. He was killed in action a month later during the First Naval Battle of Guadalcanal. Lt. Cmdr. Bruce McCandless breathed a sigh of relief when the cruiser *Salt Lake City* narrowly averted firing on his own ship, the cruiser USS *San Francisco*. BELOW: The cruiser USS *San Francisco* pounded the enemy during the opening phase of the battle. As the confused melee wore on, its gunners mistakenly fired on one of their own destroyers, USS *Farenholt*.

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they spotted an enemy ship. Cruiser floatplanes were to illuminate the battle area.

Despite the intense training and tight plans, Scott's force had weaknesses. *San Francisco* had done poorly in gunnery exercises and had been used for convoy escorting duties, complete with a depth charge rack hammered on her stern. That was not too useful, as *San Francisco* lacked sonar. The depth charges were a potential fire hazard in battle. *Boise* also had a questionable history. She had missed a major battle in the Dutch East Indies when she ran aground.

More importantly, the two heavy cruisers operated the early SC ("Sugar Charlie") radar, while the light cruisers sported the more effective and modern SG ("Sugar George") radar among the first American ships to do so. Worse, Scott, like other admirals of the time, was not overly impressed with radar, preferring the tried and effective night optics of scopes and searchlights. As a result, Scott hoisted his flag on *San Francisco,* which offered flag quarters, as opposed to the smaller cruisers, which did not. He accepted reports that the Japanese had receivers that could detect SC radars in use. So he ordered them shut off during the approach to action and only used the SG radars and narrow beamed fire control radars to supplement his lookouts. Perhaps most critically, in night naval battles in the Pacific to date, the Japanese had sunk eight Allied cruisers and three destroyers without losing a single ship.

Nonetheless, Scott was ready. On October 9-10, he made tentative advances to Cape Esperance but turned back when aerial reconnaissance and codebreakers reported no suitable Japanese targets.

There was good reason for that. Japanese convoys down The Slot were being delayed by American bombers based on Guadalcanal's Henderson Field, which irritated Mikawa. He complained to Vice Admiral Jinichi Kusaka, who headed the 11th Air Fleet at Rabaul. Kusaka said he would neutralize Henderson Field if Mikawa would run the Express.

On October 11, some 35 Japanese bombers and 30 fighters attacked Henderson Field but only managed to bomb the jungle. The Japanese lost four Mitsubishi Zero fighters and eight bombers. But they drew off the Americans, giving the Japanese ships a break to head south.

However, the naval movements caught the eye of patrolling Boeing B-17 bombers of Colonel L.G. Saunders' 11th Bombardment Group, and they reported two cruisers and six destroyers racing down The Slot. The bombers' messages went to Scott and his command. On *Helena,* Ensign Chick Morris, the radio officer, wrote about "a steady, chattering stream that kept the typewriters hopping."

The oncoming force was actually two groups. One was the "Reinforcement Group," consisting of the fast seaplane tenders *Nisshin* and *Chitose* and five troop-carrying transports. The seaplane tenders' aircraft had been removed in favor of four 150mm howitzers and their tractors, two field guns, and 280 men, which jammed the two ships' hangar spaces. The other force was a veteran group of three heavy cruisers, *Aoba, Kinugasa,* and *Furutaka,* and two destroyers, *Hatsuyuki* and *Fubuki.* Except for *Hatsuyuki,* all ships were the victors of Savo Island. Called the "Bombardment Group," their mission was to escort the reinforcements and then treat Henderson Field to a dose of heavy shellfire with their guns.

In command of this force was Rear Admiral Aritomo Goto, who graduated from the Imperial Japanese Naval Academy in 1910, 30th in a class of 149. He had commanded destroyers, served on battleships, and headed the second and successful invasion of Wake Island in 1941. It was a powerful group of well-trained sailors with victorious experience in night battles. Their job was simple: get the reinforcements in so that the Japanese 17th Army could attack Henderson Field on October 22, backed by more powerful naval and air forces.

Because of this, the Japanese cruisers and destroyers were loaded with high explosive ordnance useful for blasting ground troops and installations instead of armor-piercing ordnance needed to rip through ships' steel hulls.

For once, the Americans had the intelligence advantage—the Japanese knew nothing of Task Force 64, and Goto's force steamed southeast in utter ignorance of its enemy, in antisubmarine formation with *Aoba* and Goto in the lead, *Furutaka* behind, and *Kinugasa* in the rear.

Fubuki stood guard on the starboard side with *Hatsuyuki* to port.

Task Force 64 steamed northeast in battle line with the destroyers *Farenholt, Duncan,* and *Laffey* in the lead. Behind them were *San Francisco, Boise, Salt Lake City, Helena, Buchanan,* and *McCalla*. Scott's plan was to intercept the Tokyo Express west of Guadalcanal, cross the T of his advancing enemy, lay down a broadside of torpedoes and shells, and then countermarch—all the ships turning on one point and staying in formation—and double back to deliver a second dose of fire. Scott sent this plan by signal flag to the other ships, and Chick Morris and his fellow junior ensigns—they called themselves the Junior Board of Strategy—took a break from the tension to stand on *Helena*'s forecastle, study the plans, analyze their implications, and wonder how they would stand the fight.

Amid sunset colors, Morris wrote, "It was good to stand there and watch the ships of our formation steaming through that placid sea. And I was not alone. Other men were thinking the same thoughts. Some were sitting around anchor windlasses. Others were parked on the bitts, quietly 'batting the breeze.' One man was asleep on the steel deck, and another, nearby, was deep in a magazine of Western stories."

Evening saw a new moon behind cirrocumulus clouds and a seven-knot wind as Task Force 64 took up its northeastward course. Everyone was now at general quarters. Chick Morris described his men as "dumpy and fat in fireproof goggles, steel helmets, Mae Wests and gloves; they resembled visitors from Mars."

To reduce the possibility of their catching fire, Scott sent all but one of each cruiser's seaplanes to the American seaplane base at Tulagi. He launched the remaining planes to locate the onrushing enemy, and *San Francisco*'s plane did so. So did the cruiser's radar—one of the operators made the report, and his officer said it must be the islands the ship was passing. The radarman answered, "Well, sir, these islands are traveling at about 30 knots."

At 2330 *Salt Lake City*'s search radar made the definitive call: three clusters of steel on the water to the west and northwest—Goto's cruisers. Scott ordered his countermarch immediately, radioing his commanders, "Execute left to follow—Column left to course 230."

And with that simple order, Scott's plan disintegrated. The three lead destroyers turned on the appointed dime and stayed in column, heading south. But *San Francisco*'s skipper, Captain Charles H. "Soc" McMorris, one level up from Scott's bridge, did not get the order. He turned immediately.

Behind *San Francisco,* Captain Mike Moran of *Boise* was stunned. Should he continue as ordered or follow centuries of naval tradition and follow the flagship? The first move would leave his cruiser on its own. The second move would cut the three lead destroyers on their own. Either way, the formation would disintegrate. Figuring that keeping more of the formation together than some of it was the main goal, he turned behind *San Francisco*. So did the rest of the column.

At that moment, Goto's ships emerged from two hours of rain squalls and into American radar range. All the American ships started lighting up their radars to lock on the Japanese targets and open fire immediately. But on *San Francisco,* Scott did not know what was going on. He had no idea where his lead destroyers were, and his ship lacked SG radar to find them. There was a danger he might fire on his own vessels.

Scott immediately radioed Captain Robert Tobin, leading the destroyer squadron from *Farenholt,* asking "Are you taking station ahead?" Tobin replied, "Affirmative. Moving up on your starboard side."

That meant that three American destroyers were steaming between his cruisers and the Japanese ships. Scott signaled back: "Do not rejoin, until permission is requested giving bearing in voice code of approach."

Scott's ships could not open fire, even though their lookouts could see the Japanese pagoda forecastles and bows cutting through the water. "What are we going to do, board them?" a chief petty officer growled on *Helena.* "Do we have to see the whites of the bastards' eyes?"

That ship's skipper, a Navy Cross holder named Gilbert Hoover, had the answer. He had served in the Bureau of Ordnance and led destroyers at Midway. He understood the value of both radar and time. Over Talk Between Ships (TBS) radio, he signaled "Interrogatory Roger" to Scott, the standard request for permission to open fire. Scott signaled back, "Roger," the message to open fire. The problem was that Navy Signal Book regulations said that a voice signal of "Roger" merely meant "I have received your message." Was Scott giving permission to open fire or merely acknowledging

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ABOVE: The destroyer USS *Buchanan* steamed in formation as Task Force 64 got the drop on the Japanese and unleashed a stream of deadly gunfire during the Battle of Cape Esperance. The destroyer was one of five of the Navy's workhorses that participated in the battle. BELOW: The destroyer USS *Farenholt* was a victim of friendly fire at the Battle of Cape Esperance. Three crewmen were killed and 43 wounded.

the message? Just to be sure, Hoover made the signal a second time and got the same response.

With that, Hoover opened fire with his 15 6-inch guns, a full broadside, hurling armor-piercing shells across the ocean and spent cases onto turret decks. *Helena*'s gunnery director called for automatic continuous mode to maintain the barrage. Chick Morris described the scene: "Now suddenly it was a blazing bedlam. *Helena* herself reared and lurched sideways, trembling from the tremendous shock of recoil. In the radio shack and coding room we were sent reeling and stumbling against bulkheads, smothered by a snowstorm of books and papers from the tables. The clock leaped from its pedestal. Electric fans hit the deck with a metallic clatter. Not a man in the room had a breath left in him."

On *Salt Lake City,* Captain Ernest J. Small was reluctant to open fire, but he had a lookout chosen especially for his night vision, who yelled into his phone to the bridge, "Those are enemy cruisers, believe me! I've been studying the pictures. We got no ships like them."

That did it. *Salt Lake City* joined the bombardment, firing at *Aoba,* 4,000 yards away, reporting "all hits." *Boise* opened up next, with Captain Moran yelling at his gunnery officer, Lt. Cmdr. John J. Laffan, "Pick out the biggest and commence firing!" *Boise*'s directors were also trained on *Aoba,* and more shells whistled at her.

Down below on *Boise,* in Damage Control Central, Lt. Cmdr. Tom Wolverton, the damage control officer, relieved the tension of open-fire gongs and vibrations by recalling his nine-year-old son's first rollercoaster ride and reaction, sharing it with his men: "Daddy, I want to go home now!"

By now all of Scott's ships were blazing away. Radar obviated the prewar need to fire many ranging shots. The first *Boise* broadside hit a heavy cruiser. An "up 100" correction did even more damage. The Japanese had no time to react.

Neither did the Americans, really, as Scott still wondered and worried where his three missing destroyers were. But his sailors enjoyed the spectacle. On *McCalla,* Ensign George B. Weems "felt a wildly exultant joy in watching us let them have so much at such murderous range. If you stop and think—2,500 to 3,000 yards is point-blank range for big guns. You can hardly miss even if you wanted to!"

To Weems, the enemy ships looked like "the most dramatic Hollywood reproductions…. I saw two that worked about like this: (1) pitch darkness, (2) stream of tracers from our ships by star shells, (3) series of flashes where hits were scored, silhouetting of ships by star shells, (4) tremendous fires and explosions, (5) ship folds in two, (6) ship sinks. All in all, a much better performance." To the Americans who had endured the humiliations—at least in the news—of Pearl Harbor and Bataan, it was revenge. Had the Americans been aware that the three cruisers had helped sink 1,000 of their shipmates at Savo, it would have added to the jubilation.

On the Japanese side, the impact of the barrage was dreadful. *Aoba* was hit at least 24 times in a matter of minutes. The bombardment punched out her two main forward turrets, her main gun director, several searchlight platforms, her catapults, and several boiler rooms. The cruiser's foremast toppled down.

Goto seemed perplexed by the situation. As his ship veered to starboard to avoid further punishment, he signaled "I am *Aoba,*" probably thinking that he was a victim of "friendly fire." He yelled out "*Bakayaro*!"—Japanese for "stupid idiots!" just before an American shell smashed open the bridge, mortally wounding him. *Aoba*'s skipper, Captain Yonejiro Hisamune, ordered a smoke screen, and the battered heavy cruiser, 79 of its men dead, staggered away from the scene.

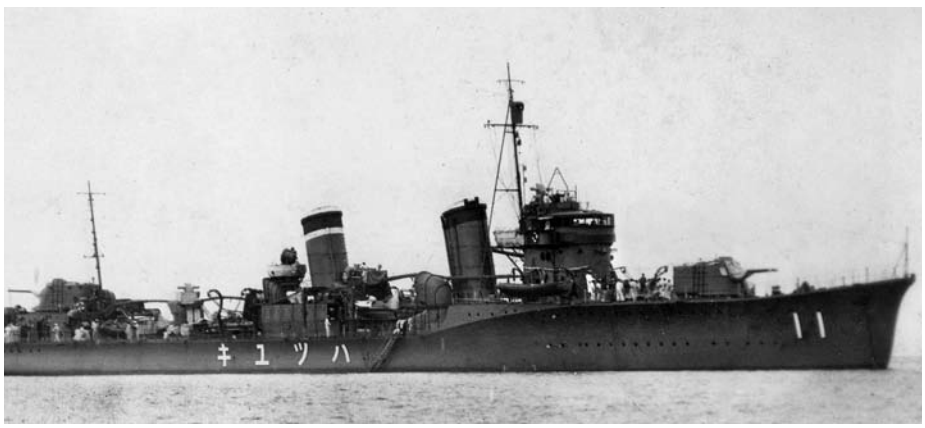
Scott was worried about friendly fire, too. He had good reason to fear that the barrage he had unleashed was killing his own men. He climbed up the ladder from the flag bridge to the main bridge to shout the order, "Cease firing, all ships," which astonished everyone in sight.

But the order was transmitted, and all ships except *Boise* obeyed. Moran was certain his ship had Japanese vessels in his sights, and he ordered, "Rapid fire continuous." Then he leaned over the rail of the bridge wing, and said, "Begging your pardon, Admiral."

Meanwhile, Tobin radioed Scott, saying, "We are on your starboard hand now, going up ahead." Scott kept repeating the cease-fire order on TBS, battling buck fever among excited sailors. "It took some time to stop our fire," Scott wrote. "In fact it never did completely stop."

Discipline was under strain—on *Farenholt*, a gun captain named Wiggens would not obey the cease-fire order, even when the skipper, Lt. Cmdr. Eugene T. Seaward, repeated it. Wiggens' wife was a Chinese national he had been forced to leave behind in Singapore when the Japanese attacked it in December. Now he had recently learned that the Japanese had killed her. "Every time he could train on that huge Japanese battle cruiser (at point-blank range) he would let go with another round," wrote Ford Richardson, a talker for *Farenholt*'s gunnery officer. "Wiggens went wild. Crazy wild. He hated Japs with a passion."

Other Americans were puzzled on this wild night, particularly the skippers and officers on the three destroyers that had gone ahead. They wondered why *San Francisco* made a strange



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ABOVE: The Japanese destroyer *Hatsuyuki* tried to render aid to the stricken cruiser *Furutaka,* but the effort was hopeless, and the stricken cruiser sank beneath the waves. BELOW: The Japanese flagship, the cruiser *Aoba,* was battered by American shells even as Admiral Goto believed he was enduring friendly fire. Goto died on the cruiser's deck during the battle.

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turn and had taken all the other ships with her. Tobin's main concern was staying out of the crossfire between American and Japanese lines. He saw *Helena* and steered right standard rudder to stay clear of her fire.

Scott called Tobin on TBS and asked the commander of Destroyer Division 12, "How are you?"

"Twelve is okay. We are going up ahead on your starboard bow. I do not know who you are firing at."

Scott ordered Tobin's ships to display their recognition lights. The three tin cans flashed the required green-and-white for a few moments. That was enough for Scott. He ordered his ships to resume firing.

The next broadside caused tragedy. In *Farenholt*'s main battery director, Ford Richardson "stood there transfixed watching the pyrotechnics. Our cruisers on one side of us were firing at the Jap ships on the other side of us." He dropped down inside the director. "At that very instant, we were hit by a 6- or 8-inch shell at the cross arm of the foremast, some 25 feet over my head!"

The airburst rattled *Farenholt*'s decks, and shrapnel tore through the rangefinder, slicing through a man standing forward of it. The man was passed down to Richardson, and he stopped the wounded man's bleeding by stuffing a T-shirt into his shipmate's gaping wound and using his belt as a compress.

The hit also sliced *Farenholt*'s radar antenna, exploding spectacularly and sending fragments that cut through a torpedo's air flask. The fish launched and slammed into the base of the destroyer's forward stack. The impact activated the torpedo's motor, and it howled for a while before burning out. Amazingly, it did not explode.

Four more American shells and near misses shredded *Farenholt,* coming from *Salt Lake City* and *San Francisco*. One hit the waterline, and she took a list to port and withdrew from the battle.

Duncan took a pasting from her shipmates and her enemies, too. The destroyer was named for a New Jersey-born hero of the 1814 Battle of Lake Champlain, Silas Duncan. American shells smacked her forward fire room while Japanese shells blasted her forward stack, gun director, radar plotting, and radio rooms, killing everyone in the latter compartment, and hit her No. 2 ammunition handling room, which set the gunpowder ablaze.

The skipper, Lt. Cmdr. Edmund B. Taylor, lost steering control and found his ship reeling out of the battle, staggering in circles, her forecastle and bridge blazing like a torch, speed dropping to 15 knots. With her phones out, the engineers had no idea what was going on above them.

Wikimedia

With a fire blazing out of control astern, the doomed Japanese cruiser *Furutaka* is bracketed by American large caliber shells during the battle. The only cruiser sunk during the fight, *Furutaka* was an early target as the Americans achieved complete surprise.

Neither did the bridge crew, who only saw fires all around them and were trapped in a bridge full of asphyxiating smoke and steam. Taylor ordered his men to abandon ship in the face of the conflagration and get the wounded into life rafts, personally joining in those efforts.

Unfortunately, nobody could hear his order amid the smoke. But Assistant Gunnery Officer Ensign Frank Andrews, seeing that "something was wrong," left his battle station to find the decks deserted, the ship smothered in flames, out of control. Believing his skipper was dead, he sent a man down to the forward engine room to tell Chief Engineer Lieutenant H.R. Kabat of the situation. Believing himself the senior officer on board, Kabat took command and ordered *Duncan* steered into shallow water to prevent her from sinking.

Duncan's sacrifice was not in vain. Just as she was hit, she cut loose with a torpedo salvo at a Japanese cruiser. "Almost immediately she was observed to crumble in the middle, then roll over and disappear," Taylor wrote. *Duncan*'s target was probably the destroyer *Fubuki,* which did sink around that time.

The torpedo attack paid great dividends, punching holes in the heavy cruiser *Furutaka* as she turned to starboard to follow the flagship *Aoba,* hitting her No. 3 turret and the port torpedo tubes, cooking off her Long Lance torpedoes.

Amid this incredible din, midnight and eight bells struck on all the ships, turning the battle over to October 12, and the Japanese were finally beginning to recover from the surprise. *Kinugasa*'s skipper, Captain Masao Sawa, realizing the gravity of the disaster, put his ship to port to maneuver away from the blazing *Furutaka* and the American battle line with *Hatsuyuki* following.

All the Japanese ships hurled shells at the Americans, lacking time to send their torpedomen to their stations. The Japanese time-fused high-explosive ordnance, set for airburst, could not punch through plate armor, but it did plenty of damage. One airburst exploded high amidships over *Salt Lake City,* killing four sailors and wounding 16 more.

But some shells hit home. *Boise* was struck by an 8-inch shell that dented and ruptured her side plating, shattering junior officers' country. Two smaller rounds blasted Moran's sea cabin and turned it into wreckage. A clock was knocked from the skipper's desk, shattering it at five minutes to midnight, forever denoting the time of impact.

During the firing lull, S*an Francisco*'s radar spotted a blip closing to 1,400 yards on a parallel course. This was the destroyer *Fubuki,* and incredibly she seemed oblivious to reality. She was sending out signals with a hooded light before turning away. *San Francisco* slapped her in a searchlight beam, and her gunners spotted the distinctive double white bands on *Fubuki*'s forward stack that identified a Japanese destroyer. With that information in hand, *San Francisco, Boise,* and other American ships opened fire on her. *Fubuki* burst into flames and began to sink.

Now Scott realized that "some shaking down was necessary in order to continue our attack successfully." He ordered fighting lights flashed and gave his ships 10 minutes to sort out his formation. Then he changed course to 280 degrees.

By now the only Japanese ship capable of fighting back was the undamaged heavy cruiser

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ABOVE: The sole American loss at the Battle of Cape Esperance was the destroyer USS *Duncan*. Rescue efforts saved nearly 200 of her crewmen, pulling them to safety from shark-infested waters. OPPOSITE: This somewhat romanticized painting is said to be an inaccurate depiction of Rear Admiral Norman Scott's Task Force 64 charging into battle at Cape Esperance. Cruisers are the focus of the image, while an escorting destroyer is seen at right.

Kinugasa, whose torpedomen had finally reached their stations. At 0006, she cut loose with her powerful Long Lance torpedoes at *Boise,* and the American cruiser heeled to starboard, paralleling the wakes. One fish cleared the port bow while the other zoomed by the starboard side, missing *Boise* by about 30 yards.

As *Boise* and *Salt Lake City* were both using their searchlights, *Kinugasa* homed in on the lights. At 0009, the Japanese cruiser opened fire with a tight pattern of 8-inch shells that straddled S*an Francisco*'s wake. Then *Kinugasa* aimed at *Boise*. At 0010, an 8-inch shell hit *Boise*'s number one barbette, crashed through a deck, landed in a turret stalk with its defective fuse hissing, and started a smoky fire. The turret officer, Lieutenant Beaverhead Thomas, pushed open the turret's small escape hatch and ordered everyone out. He reported by phone to Commander Laffin, the gunnery officer, that he had abandoned station.

"The fuse hasn't gone off yet," Thomas said. "I can still hear it spluttering." A second later the fuse and 250-pound shell went off, sending a blast through passageways, hatches, and vents, killing about 100 men.

The 11 survivors of Turret One reached the deck just as two more hits landed, one on Turret Three, just forward of and below the bridge, gashing the 6-inch guns and scattering shrapnel across the bridge. Another shell entered the water short of *Boise*.

This shell was one of Japan's distinctive weapons, the 91 Shiki (Type 91), designed with a pointed ballistic protective cap that broke off on impact and enabled it to keep its ballistic properties underwater. It hit close enough aboard to keep swimming downward and penetrate the hull nine feet below the waterline. Incredibly, this hit seems to have been the only time during the entire war that the shell worked as designed.

The shell exploded in the forward 6-inch magazines, sending another wall of flame through the forward handling rooms and up the stalks of the two forward turrets, killing everyone in Turret Two. The fire flew up as high as the flying bridge, followed by a torrent of hot seawater, debris, smoke, and sparks. Following their training, firefighters hauled out heavy hoses to address the blazes.

Moran regained his feet and composure and realized his ship would fly apart in seconds from the various explosions. He ordered the forward magazines flooded, but the men at the remote control panel who could do so were all dead.

Fire raged in the main magazines of Turrets One and Two, setting the forecastle ablaze. "Smoke, debris, hot water, and sparks flew up well above the forward directors" and hurled Moran against a bulkhead. Watching from *San Francisco,* Scott feared *Boise* would sink.

As *Boise* blazed, she came to a halt, and *Helena* raced by her in the dark. *Helena*'s crew had gotten to know *Boise*'s crew well from both training and playing softball at the New Caledonia base, and the *Helena* sailors were enraged. "The battle had been a game until then," Chick Morris wrote. Moran shouted at *Helena,* "Cruiser to starboard. Shift target!"

Lieutenant Warren Boles in *Helena*'s Spot One responded by telling his gunners, "Set 'em up in the next alley. Pour it to 'em."

A magazine explosion was the greatest calamity a warship could suffer, and Moran was determined to save his ship. Firefighters tried to quell the blazes in the turrets but could not squeeze through the charred bodies in the hatches. A gunner's mate named Edward Tyndal pleaded to enter a turret to find his younger brother Bill, who was in one of them.

Moran had to flood those forward magazines, but there was no way to do it. Then fate—and Japanese shells—took a hand. It was the devotion of the men now dead in the forward magazines who made sure there was a minimum of loose powder in those magazines and the popped holes in the hull that saved *Boise* from destruction. The Japanese shells that hit underwater let in waves of seawater that flooded all the forward hull spaces, including the magazines.

The power of the flood was such that the *Boise*'s crew thought their ship had been hit by a torpedo. Men in rescue breathers shored up bulkheads against the flood and set up pumps to push out the water.

The flood endangered the medical department, so they moved sickbay from the wardroom to the battle dressing station. A patient with a cast on his broken leg limped along on crutches. Another, who had endured appendix removal a few days before, climbed out of his hospital bunk and refused a stretcher saying, "Outta my way! I'm getting the hell out of here!"

On all the American ships, binoculars were trained on the blazing *Boise,* which appeared doomed. But her boilers and engines were intact, and with the fire out, Moran ordered flank speed, sheering out of battle line to port at

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a spanking 30 knots, outrunning another cluster of shells from *Kinugasa*. *Boise*'s after turrets maintained a steady barrage, and the ship fired more than 800 rounds in the battle.

To avoid *Boise* ahead, *Salt Lake City* turned hard right and threw the starboard engine into reverse to sharpen the turn, putting Small's ship between *Boise* and the Japanese as a shield. The Japanese slammed an 8-inch shell into *Salt Lake City*'s starboard side, which exploded, dishing in the armored plating. Another shell penetrated the hull, shot through the supply office, and clanged against the fire room's deck plating. There it exploded with a low-order blast. Nobody was hurt, but a lot of electrical cables were severed, a boiler disabled, and a fire started in the bilges, fed by 26,000 gallons of fuel oil from a ruptured transfer line. The fire blazed hot enough to warp one of the cruiser's heavy longitudinal I-beams and buckle the armored second deck.

Salt Lake City came clear of *Boise,* rang up full speed, and trained its guns on an enemy cruiser three miles off its starboard beam. The amidships secondary guns fired star shells to illuminate the target, but the Japanese fired first, hitting *Salt Lake City,* knocking out her circuits. Steering control failed, and damage control reported fires forward. Small flooded his forward magazines as a precaution, transferred helm control to the emergency steering cabin, and closed throttles to the outboard engines, leaving the two inboard screws to propel the cruiser through the water.

With that flurry of firing, the Japanese began to withdraw. Goto's chief of staff, Captain Kikunori Kijima, ordered a withdrawal as senior officer, while Goto lay dying on *Aoba*'s bridge. Then Kijima told his boss that he could die "with an easy mind" because two American cruisers had been sunk.

Actually, the only cruiser to be sunk that night was Japanese, and that was *Furutaka.* Half an hour after taking all her hits, she lost power. The destroyer *Hatsuyuki* nuzzled up to render assistance, but there was nothing left to do. *Furutaka* was hopelessly flooded. Captain Tsutau Araki ordered the ship's ensign pulled down, the emperor's portrait salvaged, and the ship abandoned. Araki himself went to his cabin to end his ordeal but found that his pistol and samurai sword had been taken from him. He climbed back to the bridge to tie himself to the compass pedestal but found no fasteners that could do the job. Araki's executive officer, however, stood there pleading for Araki to survive. He was probably the man who removed the fasteners. The officer had a point. Tokyo had issued a letter saying that a modern navy like Japan's could not afford valuable skippers committing seppuku out of pride when their skills were needed for future battles.

"THE FUSE HASN'T GONE OFF YET," THOMAS SAID. "I CAN STILL HEAR IT SPLUTTERING." A SECOND LATER THE FUSE AND 250-POUND SHELL WENT OFF, SENDING A BLAST THROUGH PASSAGEWAYS, HATCHES, AND VENTS, KILLING ABOUT 100 MEN.

As the two officers argued the merits of the Bushido code, the rising sea engulfed the bridge and Araki found himself floating alongside the bow, alive, to his disgrace.

At 0228, *Furutaka* sank stern first with 258 crewmen aboard 22 miles northwest of Savo Island. The ensign ordered to save the emperor's portrait did not accomplish his mission. He was killed by American shellfire. *Furutaka* was the first Japanese heavy warship lost to enemy guns in World War II.

The Americans were also coping with damaged and sinking ships while trying to reorganize. At 0016, Scott changed course to

330 degrees to press the enemy, but after a few more minutes of "desultory firing," he decided he had had enough. The enemy was silenced and retreating while the American formation was broken. At 0020, he chose to retire with ships flashing recognition lights in the dark. That had interesting results. *San Francisco*'s portside lights did not come on, which bothered Lt. Cmdr. Bruce McCandless. Sure enough, two star shells burst overhead, illuminating the night, a sign of incoming fire from a friendly ship. *San Francisco* fired three green flares.

"The navigator pushed the button ... harder. This time both sides lighted up," McCandless wrote later. The flares impressed the fire control teams on the *Salt Lake City,* 3,000 yards to port.

But it was. Now it was time to save ships and men. *Boise* had her forecastle fires out by 0019, but two turrets still blazed. Crewmen opened hatches of one and aimed in hoses, but bodies blocked the hatches of the other, so crewmen threaded hoses up the expended case scuttles. By 0240 all fires were out, and *Boise*'s holes plugged.

The rest of Task Force 64 located *Boise* at 0305. Scott wanted to head off at maximum speed, but *Boise* was nearly a cripple. Recovery and rescue teams were poking through the ghastly wreckage of the two forward turrets. They found some men alive, but nearly 90 percent were dead of asphyxiation or concussion. Moran slowed his ship to 20 knots to reduce sea pressure on his forward bulkheads.


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The cruiser USS *Boise* was damaged during the battle. Repaired and returned to service, the cruiser is shown firing at the enemy during another night engagement in 1944.

She was about to cut loose with a broadside when someone recognized the intruder as *San Francisco,* yelling, "Hold it! It's the *Frisco*!" *Salt Lake City* held her fire.

"For this, we will be eternally grateful," McCandless wrote.

At 0044, Scott warned, "Stand by for further action. The show may not be over."

Farenholt turned up, too, battered by friendly fire. Her crew tossed heavy gear—whale boat, depth charges—over the listing side and transferred fuel from port to starboard. They also ran portable pumps and a bucket brigade until her waterline holes were dry.

That left the sinking *Duncan,* out of action and immobile, drifting in aimless circles just northeast of the battlefield. A massive fire blazed below decks in the forward engine room. The after fireroom could not obtain boiler feed water. Steam power dropped rapidly. Lieutenant Wade N.H. Coley and Chief Water Tender A.H. Holt tried to run a boiler on seawater, pumped in by gasoline-powered handy-billy. It did not work. The medical officer pushed through heavy smoke to sickbay to procure needed drugs and was never seen again. Another group dropped over the ship's side, watched *Duncan* slow to a stop, and swam back to assist in the fire fighting.

It was clear that *Duncan* could not survive. At 0200, the ship was abandoned. Crewmen hurled anything that could float into the water to help survivors. Fortunately for all, *McCalla* turned up at this time, and her skipper, Lt. Cmdr. William G. Cooper, approached warily, fearing that *Duncan* was a Japanese vessel. At 0300, he lowered a boat with a party under his executive officer, who examined the wreck and believed it salvageable. With that, *McCalla* headed off to find *Boise,* but her crew heard *Duncan*'s survivors yelling from their lifeboats, floater nets, and Mae Wests in waters filled with sharks. Generations of Solomon Islanders had made the area a hunting ground for sharks by setting their dead adrift.

McCalla began pulling *Duncan* crewmen out of the water just in time to avoid a concentrated shark attack, saving 195 officers and men. Some 95 members of *Duncan*'s crew went to the bottom when the destroyer sank around noon after a day of smoke and rumbling explosions. A fighter pilot flying guard over the wreck said her "bow end looked cooked."

With that, *McCalla* steamed off to rejoin Scott's force, but not before spotting some shaven-headed Japanese sailors floating in the water. *McCalla* threw them some lines, but most of the Japanese preferred sharks to survival. She only took aboard three sailors. However, the minesweepers *Hovey* and *Trever,* based at nearby Tulagi, did better on the 13th, saving 108 Japanese survivors.

The Japanese, however, made strong efforts to recover their own lost men, sending the destroyers *Shirayuki* and *Murakumo* to do the job. They pulled 400 shipmates from the water, but *Murakomo* was spotted by American dive bombers from Guadalcanal, which piled into her with bombs. She had to be scuttled. Another relief destroyer, *Natsugumo,* suffered the same fate.

Meanwhile, the triumphant but battered Task Force 64 cracked on its best speed to head home, covered by fighter planes that found the ships by the trails of oil the damaged ones leaked.

Scott's ships reached Espiritu Santo on October 12. "As we pulled into harbor, we were a cocky bunch," Laffey signalman Richard Haled recalled. "We wanted to paint a couple of cruiser and destroyer symbols on the side of our mount to let everyone know that the *Laffey* was a real fighting ship. We lost all fear of battle at that point, and getting away without a scratch while pounding the enemy meant that we were ready to win the war."

As hands cleaned ships, they relived the battle. Chick Morris said they recalled "little things, remembered now in detail and passed from group to group, often distorted beyond recognition before they got very far. But it was good for the ship's morale. Anything was good that contributed to the story of the enemy's defeat." McMorris sent 20 gallons of ice cream as "reparations" from *San Francisco*'s freezers to *Farenholt* in apology for the tragic mistake that killed three of her men and wounded 43.

The victory was a major boost to American morale. Until that point, every surface encounter between the Allied navies and the Japanese had ended in disaster for the Allies. But Cape Esperance was a clear-cut victory. The Japanese had lost the destroyer *Fubuki* and the heavy cruiser *Furutaka,* while the Americans only lost the destroyer *Duncan.* Worse, following the night clash Japan lost two more destroyers to American air attacks.

Human casualties favored the Americans, too. The Japanese lost 454 dead, 258 on *Furutaka* alone, and 111 prisoners. The Americans suffered 163 dead, 107 on *Boise,* and 125 wounded.

It was time for both sides to assess what went right and wrong. For the Japanese, it was a harsh and unpleasant task, having lost four ships and its pride of "invincibility" in night surface fighting. Despite Kijima's claims of sinking two American cruisers, he was relieved. *Furutaka*'s shipwrecked Captain Araki divided blame between faulty Japanese air reconnaissance and his bosses, the desk sailors at 8th Fleet who did not understand the situation of the deck sailors—an old cliché. The battle was disheartening to the Japanese. One official source wrote, "Providence abandoned us…. The future looked bleak for our surface forces, whose forte was night warfare."

Actually, the Japanese failures were a mirror of the American failures at Savo Island two months before—poor air reconnaissance, failure to have the ships ready for action, and being caught by surprise. Admiral Matome Ugaki, the chief of staff of the Combined Fleet, wrote in his diary that the cause of the debacle was carelessness and that Goto should have followed the Japanese proverb, "Treat a stranger as a thief."

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A sailor points to damage sustained by the cruiser USS *Boise* during the Battle of Cape Esperance. This shredded bulkhead was hit by fragments from a shell that exploded only 30 feet away. This photo was taken during repairs at the Philadelphia Navy Yard.

The Americans had their share of Monday morning quarterbacking to do, too. Scott's force had done well, but *Salt Lake City, Farenholt,* and *Boise* were out of the game. *Boise* was headed all the way to Philadelphia for major repairs, where Navy public relations men would tout her as a "one-ship fleet" that had accounted for six enemy vessels in action, displaying her grinning crewmen and gruesome shellholes to impressed news reporters.

In his report, Scott credited his "crude night firing practices" for his success. *Salt Lake City*'s after-action report offered 39 paragraphs on everything from gunnery and fire control to ship handling, repairs, and communications, restricting telephone circuits to business at hand to avoid spreading uncertainty or panic ... shifting targets during loading intervals ... stretcher bearers being kept in darkened compartments or wearing night goggles to preserve their night vision.

Lost or overlooked in the analysis were the things that went wrong, which would have a harsh impact a month later in greater and more decisive naval battles. Scott's formation was too densely packed, which worked against using a destroyer's most effective weapon, its torpedoes. The reliance on recognition lights endangered American ships. The Americans needed to make better use of radar. Poor fire discipline had resulted in one American destroyer being sunk and a second gravely damaged by friendly fire. Poor communications caused Scott's formation and plan to break up. These lessons went unnoticed and ironically would lead to Scott's death a month later in the First Naval Battle of Guadalcanal, when he was killed on his ship's bridge by an 8-inch shell from his old flagship, USS *San Francisco*.

A junior officer on *Helena,* Charles Cook, wrote the most cutting analysis of Cape Esperance later, calling the engagement "a three-sided battle in which chance was the major winner."

In the greatest irony, while Cape Esperance provided Americans with a needed victory and its morale boost, the battle did little to change the course of the Guadalcanal campaign. The Japanese Reinforcement Group delivered its troops to Guadalcanal successfully, as did the American transports. Both forces headed home without interference, and both sides' troops prepared for the next round. That came near midnight on October 13, when two Japanese battleships pounded the Americans on the island with their 14-inch guns, wrecking the defenses, in a bombardment survivors would never forget.

But while the shellfire did immense damage, the Japanese troops, always hobbled by weak logistics and shortages of equipment, were unable to take advantage of the Americans' disarray and make the assault that would recapture Henderson Field for good.

Both sides needed reinforcements.

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TO DIE *with* HONOR

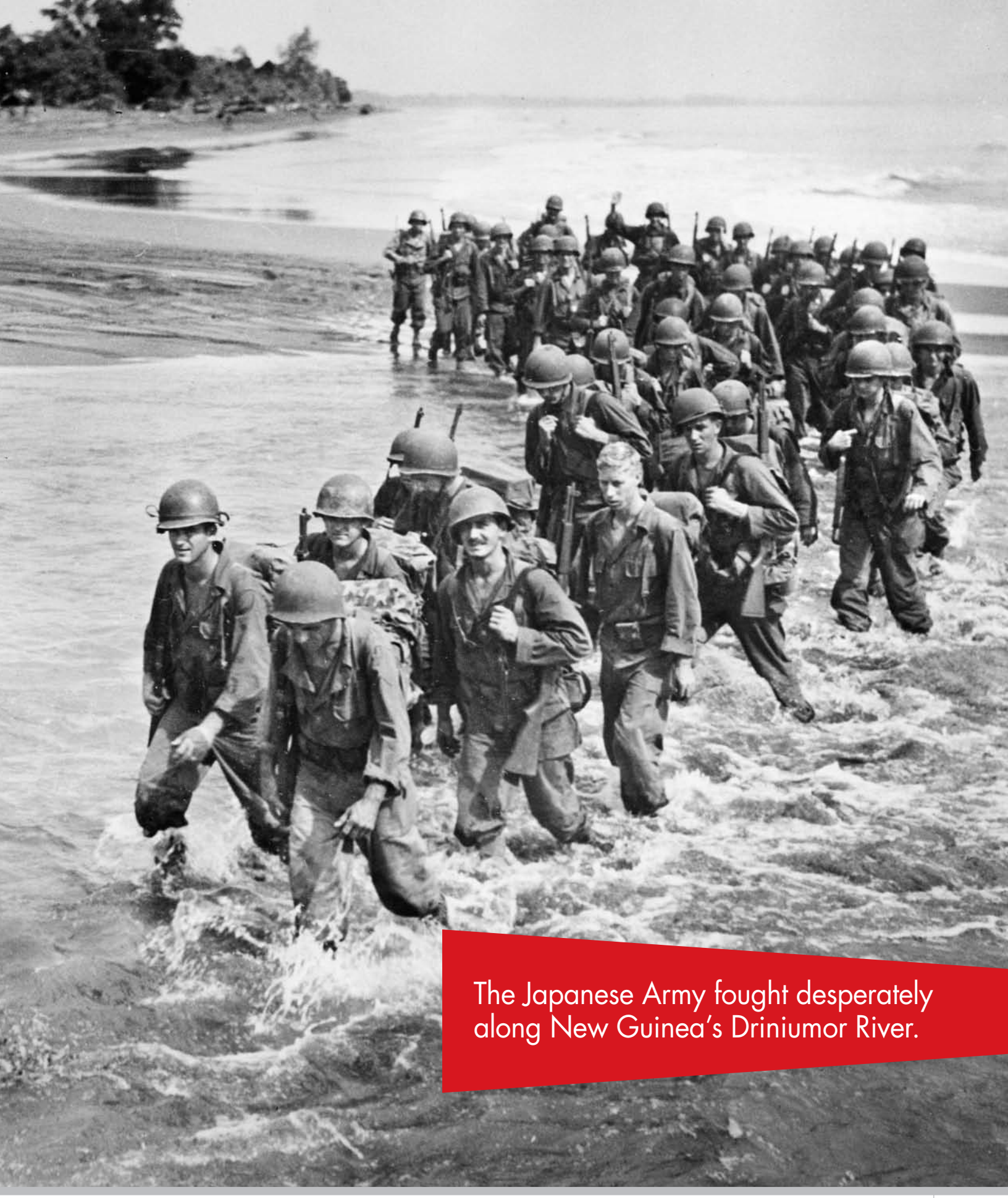
BY PATRICK J. CHAISSON

Under a midnight moon, hundreds of soldiers crept forward into position along the riverbank. Fields of tall reeds helped conceal them from observation but could not muffle the sounds of weary men slipping in the mud. Sergeants whispered orders to stay quiet while officers anxiously listened for any sign the enemy was alert to their presence.

As they waited for the signal to attack, the men of Major Moritoshi Kawahigashi's 1st Battalion, 78th Infantry Regiment felt something beside fear in their stomachs. Gnawing, incessant hunger pains tormented them fiercely. For weeks they had been reduced to eating grass and insects while making a grueling march across the rainforests and swamps of New Guinea. Supplies, what few remained, could not keep up. Only through sheer willpower and iron discipline did Kawahigashi's troops manage to get this far—but would their warrior spirit be enough to defeat the powerful American army arrayed against them?

One man crouching along the banks of the Driniumor River that night believed so. He was Lt. Gen. Hatazo Adachi, commander of the Japanese 18th Army and author of this desperate plan. During the spring of 1944, massive Allied "leapfrog" invasions across the coast of northern New Guinea had cut Adachi's command off from the rest of Japan's Southern Army. Effectively abandoned by Imperial General Headquarters, the 55,000 men of 18th Army were left to fend for themselves without hope of resupply, reinforcement, or evacuation.

American soldiers of the 32nd Infantry Division slog through a river while on patrol in the Aitape region of New Guinea. American offensive action cut off a sizable Japanese force, and the fight at the Driniumor River ensued. INSET: General Hatazo Adachi elected to undertake a grueling march and fight rather than starve.



The Japanese Army fought desperately along New Guinea's Driniumor River.

Australian War Memorial

Both: National Archives

ABOVE: American soldiers of the 32nd Infantry Division move warily off the New Guinea shoreline near Aitape in April 1944. OPPOSITE: American soldiers crouch temporarily while on patrol through the jungles of New Guinea north of Aitape. Landings at Aitape and Hollandia gave General Douglas MacArthur confidence that his enemy was fixed, particularly due to decoded radio intercepts.

On April 22, 1944, the Americans made simultaneous amphibious landings at Hollandia and Aitape in northern New Guinea. From his headquarters at Wewak, General Adachi considered all possible responses to this menace. He could do nothing and watch his soldiers slowly die of starvation and disease. He could attack the foe at Aitape, 94 miles distant. Or he might, by an arduous walk, bypass Allied lodgments and rejoin Japanese forces stationed far to the west.

None of these options appealed to the 61-year-old Army commander. Staying put in Wewak violated every principle of the Bushido (warrior) code to which he dedicated his life. Maneuvering around Aitape and Hollandia to reach friendly forces meant sending the 18th Army on a 600-mile trek through uncharted jungle terrain without adequate rations, transportation, or medical supplies. Adachi knew his men, many of whom were weakened from previous withdrawals across eastern New Guinea, simply could not accomplish such a journey.

Adachi's sole remaining course of action, then, was to attack. He had on hand two months of supplies, enough to send his strongest infantry formations against the Allies' airfields at Aitape. If successful, 18th Army could then reprovision itself with captured matériel before moving on to take Hollandia, another 120 miles to the west.

This scheme placed greater reliance on the Japanese soldier's fighting spirit than it did on sound military strategy, which indeed was a reflection of the general who devised it. Hatazo Adachi, son of an Army officer, was born in Tokyo on June 17, 1890. Raised in the samurai tradition, the tall, heavy-set youth seemed destined to follow his father's career path as a professional soldier. Following attendance at Tokyo Cadet Academy, Adachi joined the elite Imperial Guards Division as a lieutenant in 1910.

Peacetime duty emphasized the values of stoicism, self-sacrifice, and physical toughness that already were essential elements of this young officer's character. Combat service in Manchuria and China during the 1930s earned Adachi—by now a colonel and regimental commander—a reputation for bravery under fire. He usually could be found where the fighting was heaviest, leading from the front while shunning those privileges normally due officers of his rank and status. He endured the hazards of battle as well, in 1937 taking mortar fragments to his face, neck, and leg that left him with a permanent limp.

Promotion came steadily, and by 1940 Adachi wore the rank insignia of a lieutenant general. He successfully led the 37th Division in action before becoming chief of staff, South China Area Army, during the autumn of 1941. One year later he left China to command the newly formed 18th Army, then organizing on the island of New Guinea.

Upon his arrival there in January 1943, Adachi encountered for the first time a shameful reality: Japanese forces defeated on the battlefield. Enemy troops had recently seized the key port town of Buna in a brutal fight, after which the remnants of its garrison fled westward, discarding along the way most of their equipment and wounded comrades.

The tides of war were turning against Lt. Gen. Adachi and his command. He now faced the near impossible task of defending 400 miles of coastline against a foe who increasingly dominated the skies and the sea. Reinforcements had to run a gauntlet of air and naval attacks just to reach the 18th Army's area of operations. Eventually, though, Japanese combat power in eastern New Guinea totaled 60,000 men organized into three divisions—the 20th, 41st, and 51st.

Nonetheless, these units were all far understrength. The 51st Division, for example, lost 3,000 soldiers and most of its crew-served weapons when eight of the transport vessels bringing it forward were sunk during the Battle of the Bismarck Sea in March 1943. Adachi narrowly escaped a similar fate when enemy bombs crippled the destroyer carrying him and his staff to their new headquarters location.

Protecting critical airfields at Lae and Salamaua was a scratch force of 9,000 Japanese Army and Navy personnel. In June the Allies struck, putting ashore Australian and American infantry forces that threatened to trap the defenders between two rapidly advancing assault columns. Ordered to retreat overland across the forbidding Saruwaged Mountains, those men healthy enough to walk drew 10 days' rations and began an epic march toward safety. Malaria savaged their ranks, as did starvation and exposure. No one expected the Saruwageds to remain snow covered in July. Of the 8,600 troops who started this month-long odyssey, 2,200 did not live to complete it.

The Lae-Salamaua garrison's jungle ordeal opened many eyes to the challenges of waging war in this part of the world. Covering 488,244 square miles, New Guinea is the world's second largest island, and in 1943-1944 it largely remained a mystery to the outside world. Huge areas were left blank—unexplored—on Japanese maps, concealing unimaginable perils for those forced to live, fight, and die there.

Along the coast, tropical rainforests and mias-

mic swamps stretched for miles in all directions. Dense vegetation abounded, sustained by torrential downpours (the island's average annual rainfall exceeds 100 inches) and a rich, fecund soil. Little of this plant life was edible, though, prompting many Japanese soldiers to curse New Guinea as the "Green Desert."

From five to 50 miles inland, low foothills marked the beginning of the great Owen-Stanley Range, New Guinea's jagged mountain spine. From these heights a network of streams funneled rainwater into the ocean while carving steep valleys and wide rivers impassable except by boat or bridge. Occasional roads or footpaths connected small native villages or colonial ports scattered along the northern coast, although these trails quickly turned to mud during the rainy season.

Tropical diseases endemic to New Guinea defied medical treatment. Malaria-carrying mosquitoes plagued anyone without an insect net while huge feral rats spread debilitating typhus. The tropical climate itself presented myriad problems. Daytime temperatures often exceeded 100 degrees Farenheit and were normally accompanied by suffocating humidity.

Then there was the rain. "It had rained for more than half a year straight," recalled Sergeant Masatsugu Ogawa of the 79th Regiment, 20th Division. "Our guns rusted. Iron just rotted away. Wounds wouldn't heal."

Aside from issues of terrain and weather, a growing enemy presence in the skies above and seas surrounding New Guinea gave Lt. Gen. Adachi cause for concern. Throughout 1943 and early 1944, the Japanese 4th Air Army had been systematically annihilated by medium and heavy bombers of the U.S. Fifth Air Force. Roving American and Australian fighter planes, working in combination with Allied warships, likewise overwhelmed the miniscule 9th Fleet. Its remaining flotilla of cargo barges and coastal patrol craft now hugged the shore during daylight hours, emerging only after dark to transport high-priority supplies and personnel.

In late September 1943, battle-hardened "Diggers" from the 7th Australian Infantry Division landed near Finschhafen on New Guinea's Huon Peninsula. In response, Adachi ordered another fighting withdrawal. His already battered legions would again make their way west, this time to strongpoints at Madang, Hansa Bay, and Wewak. The 18th Army closed on those objectives after a three-month march, traveling mostly at night under conditions of extreme hardship.

Meanwhile, the changing fortunes of war had forced Japan's Imperial General Headquarters (IGHQ) to reevaluate its strategic position in the south. At a conference held in Tokyo on September 30, 1943, senior staff officers adjusted the Army's primary defense line across New Guinea. Its new trace now stretched hundreds of miles behind Lt. Gen. Adachi's command, essentially marooning his 55,000 soldiers.

On March 14, 1944, IGHQ transferred responsibility for 18th Army to Lt. Gen. Korechika Anami's 2nd Area Army, headquartered in Davao, western New Guinea. Hitherto, Adachi had served under Lt. Gen. Hitoshi Imamura's 8th Area Army on Rabaul, New Britain. This command change took place when it became clear that Inamura, isolated by advancing Allied forces, could no longer exert effective control over the 18th Army's operations.

In truth, IGHQ did not possess a viable strategy for the defense of New Guinea. None of the officers in Japan's high command could determine how to stop their enemy's inexorable advance with the meager assets then available. What followed in the spring of 1944 was a series of contradictory orders from Tokyo to General Anami in Davao, instructing Adachi's command to hold decisive terrain along New Guinea's northeastern coastline while simultaneously withdrawing all major combat elements westward toward the primary defense line.

These dispatches often dictated troop movements down to the smallest detail while remaining utterly oblivious to the realities of marching and fighting in New Guinea. After receiving one message requiring 18th Army to complete the 215-mile walk to Hollandia in an impossibly short span of time, a frustrated General Anami complained to his diary that "the Imperial General Headquarters is disordered like hempstrands!" Yet, while he privately protested Tokyo's impractical directives, the 2nd Area Army commander dutifully transmitted them to Lt. Gen. Adachi for execution.

Thirteen hundred miles to the east, however, the 18th Army commander saw things quite differently. As March turned to April, Japanese patrols began reporting signs of an imminent Allied invasion of Wewak. Rubber rafts, indicating the presence of seaborne reconnaissance teams, were discovered on nearby beaches while enemy aircraft filled the skies overhead in ever growing numbers. Lt. Gen. Adachi decided to disobey orders and defend the Wewak-Hansa Bay region, keeping his superiors informed by the only means left to him: radio.

Unknown to the Japanese, enemy cryptanalysts were reading every wireless message sent to or received by 18th Army. Thanks to Ultra, his top secret signals intelligence source, U.S. Army General Douglas MacArthur, supreme commander of Allied forces in the Southwest Pacific Area, knew his deception plan was working. Adachi had taken the bait—those inflatable dinghies left on likely beachheads—and was sitting tight at Wewak.

MacArthur also had in hand the approximate location and strength of every Japanese unit on New Guinea, information he soon used to his advantage. In a series of daring amphibious operations, American combat troops stormed ashore near the lightly defended airfields at Hollandia and Aitape on April 22, 1944. The Allies took a calculated risk by landing between a still formidable 18th Army and the rest of Anami's 2nd Area Army in western

New Guinea, but MacArthur felt sure his radio interception teams would provide warning of Adachi's intentions in time for U.S. forces to meet and destroy this threat.

The Japanese commanders on New Guinea also wanted to attack. Both Lt. Gen. Adachi at Wewak and his superior, Anami (who on April 25 moved his headquarters from Davao to Menado in the Celebes) believed they possessed the means to vanquish those Allied lodgments at Aitape and Hollandia. Their plan did not fit into IGHQ's way of thinking, however, and on May 2 Tokyo directed another strategic withdrawal deeper into the Vogelkop Peninsula of New Guinea. The 18th Army was again ordered to move westward and join Anami's forces defending the Vogelkop.

On May 27, the Americans invaded Biak, severing all lines of communication between 2nd Area Army and Lt. Gen. Adachi's command. Acknowledging that nothing more could be done to help 18th Army, IGHQ on June 20 subordinated that formation directly to the Southern Army Headquarters in Singapore. Tokyo's final instructions were to "simply carry out general holding operations to sustain key areas in the region." In other words, Adachi and his men were on their own.

A lifetime of service had taught Hatazo Adachi to think as well as to obey. Indeed, he was obliged by military tradition to demonstrate initiative even if it meant ignoring orders. And like all Japanese fighting men, Lt. Gen. Adachi had sworn he would die if necessary in the defense of his emperor and homeland. "We desire life. We desire honor," he wrote in May. "If we cannot have both, we should discard life and cling to honor." His choice was clear: 18th Army would attack and die with honor.

On May 5, Adachi outlined for his officers the plan to take Aitape, codenamed Operation A. Five days later several long-range reconnaissance platoons set off on foot to scout the American positions and report back their findings. At about the same time, soldiers of the 20th and 41st Divisions started moving from Madang and Hansa Bay to consolidate on the 18th Army's base at Wewak. These were Adachi's most battleworthy commands, numbering perhaps 5,000 riflemen between them, but they also had the farthest to march. Madang sits 200 trail miles from Wewak.

The 51st Division, except for one regiment, was kept back as Adachi's rear guard to delay Australian forces gradually pushing west from Sio. An additional 3,000 convalescents stayed behind in the hospital, while large numbers of healthy soldiers—as many as six men for every combatant on the front line—were detailed to serve as porters hauling ammunition, rations, and even mountain artillery pieces. Altogether, approximately 35,000 Japanese troops set out for Aitape during May and June of 1944.

Adachi's campaign suffered a serious setback on May 10 when the landing barge carrying Lt. Gen. Shigeru Katagiri, commander of the 20th Division, hit an Allied sea mine off Wewak. The explosion killed Katagiri and his entire staff. Another crisis occurred shortly thereafter when six senior officers from the 41st Division died in an enemy air strike. The loss of these experienced leaders would be felt acutely before long.

As was his custom, Lt. Gen. Adachi accompanied the main body of troops marching on Aitape. Remaining in Wewak was his able chief of staff, Lt. Gen. Kane Yoshihara. It was Yoshihara's mammoth task to keep the 18th Army supplied during its attack.

Every round of ammunition and morsel of food was borne on the backs of Yoshihara's men. It was not enough. Survivors of the 3rd Battalion, 80th Infantry Regiment recalled their daily allocation of rice amounted to less than 12 ounces, with biscuits appearing once every two or three days. Three precious cigarettes were allotted each man every 10 days. Many troops supplemented their meager rations by eating sago palm leaves, but as the dirty, exhausted columns of Japanese made their way west malnutrition started to set in.

Adachi initially directed his columns to make eight miles per night, a realistic objective given New Guinea's harsh conditions. Soon, though,

Both: National Archives

ABOVE: An emaciated Japanese prisoner, one of the lucky Japanese soldiers captured alive in the campaign that culminated with the battle at the Driniumor River, is examined by a medical officer of the 32nd Infantry Division. BELOW: Soldiers of the 32nd Infantry Division maintain their machine gun from a reinforced position in the New Guinea jungle. American firepower and supply gave them a decided advantage in the upcoming fight at the Driniumor River.

that figure was reduced by half. Countless stragglers shuffled behind every marching unit while the flow of provisions slowed to a trickle. Sorely needed salt and medicines were simply unavailable, making this jungle trek a living nightmare for those forced to endure it. Deepening everyone's misery, the skies then opened up in a summer-long deluge of rainfall.

"Marching in the rain was horrible," remembered Sergeant Masatsugu Ogawa of the 20th Division. "Drops fell from my cap mixing with my sweat. You slipped and fell, got up, went sprawling, stood up, like an army of marching mud dolls. It went on without end, just trudging through the muddy water, following the legs of somebody in front of you."

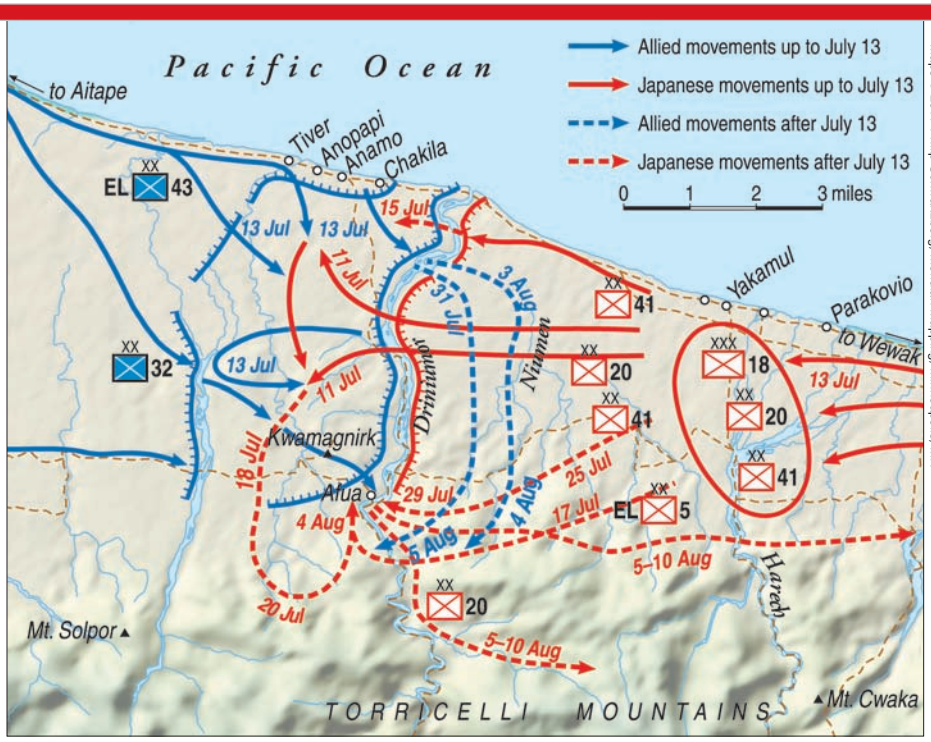
Men began to die. "Soldiers who had struggled along before us littered the sides of the trail," Ogawa continued. "It was a dreadful sight. Some were already skeletons—it was so hot that they soon rotted." The remains of his doomed comrades reminded Ogawa of road markers, beckoning him onward. "This is the way," they seemed to speak. "Just follow us corpses and you'll get there."

A combination of Japanese fighting spirit and the promise of captured American rations at Aitape helped drive the troops forward. The sight of their commanding general sharing every hardship with his men provided additional motivation. Few realized that Adachi was suffering from an excruciating hernia; hiding his pain behind a mask of stoic indifference, he walked on.

The soldiers moved by night as prowling enemy aircraft made daytime travel too hazardous. At dawn they would attempt to rest in the stifling rainforest, eating what food was available and dreaming of the feast that awaited them once their adversary was defeated. And each morning Lt. Gen. Adachi dutifully reported his progress by radio—every word of which was noted by Allied codebreakers.

Thus MacArthur knew exactly where Adachi's march columns were, as well as their attack plans. While Australian signal intercept teams tracked the Japanese troops' laborious slog across New Guinea, the Americans holding Aitape prepared to receive 18th Army's onslaught.

Facing Adachi's men were the soldiers of Task Force Persecution, commanded by U.S. Army Maj. Gen. William H. Gill of the 32nd Infantry Division. The majority of Gill's defenses were arrayed in a semicircle around the airfields at Tadji, eight miles east of Aitape. However, to provide early warning of the anticipated Japanese offensive, Gill sent a covering force 15 miles farther east to the banks of the Driniumor River. This formation, commanded by Brig. Gen. Clarence A. Martin, consisted of 3,500 riflemen backed up by artillery, armor, PT boats, and close air support provided by Bristol Beaufort bombers of the Royal Australian Air Force's No. 71 Wing.



Maps © 2017 Philip Schwartzberg, Meridian Mapping, Minneapolis, MN

The grueling march undertaken by Japanese troops under General Hatazo Adachi ended in defeat at the Driniumor River. The Japanese made some initial gains at heavy cost, but American counterattacks decimated their ranks.

First contact between the two opponents occurred on May 22 when advance elements of Adachi's 20th Division surprised and nearly cut off an American reconnaissance patrol operating near the coastal village of Nyaparake. A larger clash took place in early June when riflemen of the 78th and 80th Infantry Regiments fell on an entire U.S. battalion at Yakamul, three miles west of Nyaparake. Closing in for the kill, Japanese soldiers watched with frustration on the morning of June 5 as Allied landing craft arrived to rescue the last company of GIs trapped on the beach.

By now, Generals Gill and Martin no longer doubted that Adachi was coming. Japanese operations orders captured later in June further convinced them of this, but still in question was the assault's time and location. Enemy ground patrols could not penetrate 18th Army's tough counterreconnaissance screen, while misread Ultra intercepts lulled Allied commanders into a false sense of complacency.

MacArthur's intelligence staff thought the 18th Army would attack on or about June 15, but once this date passed quietly many U.S. officers figured the Japanese had already started retreating back to Wewak. Another predicted assault on June 27 never materialized, and by the first of July American troops had lost all contact with Adachi's forces along the Driniumor line. Mysteriously, his radio also fell silent—much to the annoyance of Allied Ultra intercept teams.

Yet there were 20,000 Japanese fighting men massing for battle in the trackless jungle east of the Driniumor River. Supply problems, delayed troop movements, and his soldiers' growing exhaustion caused Lt. Gen. Adachi to postpone the offensive several times, but by the second week of July he felt ready to strike. No longer needing a radio to communicate with his subordinates, the commanding general delivered his final attack orders personally, often within yards of the Americans' earthworks.

The 18th Army's long-range reconnaissance patrols had performed their job well. They accurately reported how many GIs were positioned around the Tadji airdromes as well as the location of all enemy command posts, supply dumps, and aid stations. The Japanese also knew their foe was overextended and vulnera-

Both: National Archives

ABOVE: An American tank destroyer and other vehicles attached to the 32nd Infantry Division are readied for an advance against Japanese positions. OPPOSITE: American artillerymen of the 152nd Field Artillery Battalion fire a 105mm howitzer at Japanese positions near Aitape. The prolonged days of fighting at the Driniumor River took their toll on both sides, but in the end the Japanese were decimated.

ble along the Driniumor, having spread three battalions out on a six-mile front. "We must go now," Lt. Gen. Adachi urged his assembled commanders, "before our adversary reinforces his weakly held river positions."

His plan called for a direct frontal assault to commence on the night of July 10-11. After a 10-minute artillery preparation, three regiments of infantry would cross the Driniumor at midnight, overpower the American defenses there, and reorganize before continuing their thrust against Task Force Persecution's main line of resistance surrounding the airfields at Tadji. A supporting attack along the coast was intended to eliminate U.S. artillery emplacements spotted near the mouth of the river.

Elements of both the 20th Division, commanded by Maj. Gen. Masutaro Nakai, and the 41st Division, under Lt. Gen. Goro Mano, would make the assault. The 237th Infantry Regiment of Mano's 41st Division, just then arriving on the Driniumor and led by Colonel Masahiko Nara, was designated to make Adachi's main effort. Advancing to Nara's left were the 20th Division's 80th and 78th Infantry Regiments, commanded by Colonels Tokutaro Ide and Matsujiro Matsumoto, respectively. The Coastal Attack Force was led by Major Iwataro Hoshino of the 41st Mountain Artillery Regiment. Members of the 51st Division's 66th Infantry Regiment acted as Army reserve.

The Driniumor River, over which Adachi's troops would cross, had its headwaters high in the Torricelli Mountains. At a collection of native huts known as Afua it bent north toward the coast, six miles distant. Here the river's current grew sluggish while its water ran no higher than waist deep. The riverbed averaged 100 yards in width, with tall reeds replacing the normal jungle understory on both sides. Several small islands, the most prominent of which was labeled "Kawanaka Shima" (Middle of the River Island) on Japanese maps, served to orient the attackers on their objective.

General Adachi understood much about his opponents but still lacked some critical information. Recently, American infantrymen had erected barbed wire obstacles in front of their fighting positions and registered likely targets for artillery. The enemy had also been reinforced—now there were five battalions (three infantry, two dismounted cavalry) dug in on the Driniumor front, with a full 3,000-man regiment in reserve nearby.

The Japanese could not know that Maj. Gen. Gill had recently been replaced as head of Task Force Persecution by Maj. Gen. Charles P. Hall, commander of the U.S. XI Corps. Bending to pressure from an impatient General MacArthur, Hall resolved to smash the 18th Army rather than let Adachi's men destroy themselves on his defensive lines. On July 10, 1944, he dispatched two battalion-sized patrols from the Persecution Covering Force—one striking out from the south near Afua, another moving along the Pacific coast—to find this phantom army, defeat it, and free up Allied soldiers needed for the impending Philippines campaign.

Hall's timing could not have been worse. In the impenetrable rainforest both of his patrols completely missed 18th Army, then making final preparations for its own assault that very evening. Inexplicably, Hall took these two battalions off the Driniumor line rather than out of his reserve, thus stripping away much of the Persecution Covering Force's combat power at a time when it was most needed.

Last-minute problems also bedeviled Adachi's attack columns. Colonel Nara's 237th Infantry, the 18th Army's strongest unit, showed up late and failed to conduct vital pre-battle reconnaissance. In the 20th Division's zone, elements of the 78th and 80th Infantry Regiments became hopelessly intermixed. No time remained for officers to sort things out before the assault commenced.

At 2350 hours on July 10, stunned GIs of the 2nd Battalion, 128th Infantry Regiment were driven deep into their foxholes by an unexpected barrage of artillery fire. Mortars and machine guns continued to suppress the Americans. Then as parachute flares lit the sky thousands of Japanese soldiers rose up and began running forward.

Starting off five minutes too early, the 400 troops of Major Moritoshi Kawahigashi's 1st Battalion, 78th Infantry Regiment initiated Adachi's attack. Just before midnight they rushed for the river, making it halfway across before incoming American artillery began to fall among them. Well-sited enemy automatic weapons also lashed the Japanese, whose assault stalled in midstream. Within minutes all but 90 of Kawahigashi's soldiers were left dead or wounded along the banks of the Driniumor.

On Kawahigashi's right flank, another group of riflemen surged through the reeds. This was the 1st Battalion, 237th Infantry, commanded by Major Shigemichi Yamashita—8th Army's main effort. In the chaos one company mistakenly strayed onto Kawanaka Shima and was wiped out by American small-arms fire. The remainder of 1st Battalion pressed into a growing avalanche of cannon, mortar, and grenade explosions.

Torrents of lethal metal fragments ripped into Yamashita's troops, stopping their attack cold. Then the enemy howitzers shifted their fire onto other targets, leaving behind an eerily silent battleground. But Adachi's second echelon was now making its appearance. American defenders watched in horror as hundreds more Japanese

fighting men emerged from the murk, stepping over the bodies of their comrades in a frantic dash onward. Their battle cries mixed with screams of pain, officers' orders, and heavy gunfire to form an ear-splitting cacophony of sound.

Smoke and dust raised by both sides' bombardment obscured barbed wire entanglements put in place to protect the GIs' foxholes. Many Japanese infantrymen died trying to clear these obstacles, but soon the weight of their numbers began to tell. American machine guns fell silent from lack of ammunition while artillery and mortars could no longer fire for fear of hitting their own people. To the north, Company E of the U.S. 128th Infantry was overrun. Adachi's men had broken through.

A follow-on assault commencing at 0500 hours further consolidated 18th Army's hold along the Driniumor. By dawn on July 11, it became clear the attackers had torn a 2,000-yard hole in their enemy's lines while forcing the Persecution Covering Force, including its two battalions sent out earlier on patrol missions, to hurriedly withdraw some three miles to the west. Left behind for the rejoicing Japanese were huge stocks of equipment, supplies, and rations.

General Adachi had achieved his first objective, albeit at a cost of more than 800 killed or wounded. Worse, those men who did make it across the Driniumor were badly scattered and disorganized. Many officers perished in the fray, while others such as Colonel Nara of the 237th Infantry got lost and did not reappear until sometimes days later. Allied howitzers and fighter bombers continually harassed the crossing sites and likely troop concentration points.

Still, the mood in Adachi's command post was one of cautious optimism. Major Hoshino's Coastal Attack Force reported ambushing a U.S. counterthrust at dawn on July 13; along with inflicting numerous casualties Hoshino claimed to have wrecked two tanks. Japanese reinforcements poured west across the Driniumor while reconnaissance patrols sent word back that the Americans were still in full retreat.

This was not an entirely accurate representation of the enemy situation. With five fullstrength infantry battalions and two cavalry squadrons then regrouping plus Allied naval vessels, aircraft, and field artillery in support, Hall and Gill were already coordinating plans for a counterattack. The Americans intended to regain the Driniumor, quickly seal the breach in their lines, and then crush 18th Army.

First to feel the foe's wrath was Major Hoshino. Late on July 13, his soldiers were pummeled by a rolling artillery barrage under which riflemen of the 1st Battalion, 128th Infantry Regiment advanced. Their assault was backed by M10 tank destroyers on the beach along with rocket-firing LCMs (Landing Craft, Mechanized) offshore. By nightfall the remnants of Hoshino's Coastal Attack Force had been cut off and rendered helpless by overwhelming Allied firepower.

With the mouth of the Driniumor once again in American hands, the 1/128th Infantry next turned south. Their objective was to link up with GIs of the 112th Cavalry, who were pushing north from their base at Afua six miles upstream. In between were thousands of Japanese fighting men, low on ammunition but flush with the heady confidence of victory. Their bellies were full of captured C-rations, and for once their skin felt dry under U.S. ponchos.

Lieutenant General Adachi took time on July 14 to reorganize his army. Acknowledging the severe losses suffered by his 78th and 80th Infantry Regiments, Adachi consolidated them into one formation under the command of Maj. Gen. Sadahiro Miyake of the 20th Division. This so-called "Miyake Force" then seized a jungle ridge northwest of Afua, directly in the path of the advancing American 112th Cavalry Regiment.

Both sides wanted Afua, lynchpin of the Driniumor River line. For nearly one month the 18th Army and a growing American combat team organized around the 112th Cavalry grappled for possession of this backcountry crossroads. Afua's 10 native huts, pounded flat by constant bombardment, changed hands at least six times throughout the remainder of July and early August. All the while Miyake Force kept losing soldiers to disease, enemy ambushes, and sheer exhaustion.

The challenges of waging a protracted battle such as the one fought along the Driniumor may have best been described by U.S. Army historian Robert Ross Smith in his official account of the New Guinea campaign. "Each side complained that the other held isolated strong points, none of which appeared to be key positions. Both sides employed inaccurate maps, and both had a great deal of difficulty obtaining effective reconnaissance. In the jungled, broken terrain near Afua, operations frequently took a vague form, a sort of shadow boxing in which physical contact of the opposing sides was oft times accidental."

By the end of July, though, both Lt. Gen. Adachi and his American opponents were eager to stage one last decisive clash for control of the Aitape region. For 18th Army this operation would be "literally a fight to the death," as Lt. Gen. Yoshihara wrote later. Adachi's men were running out of everything—absent ammunition they could not fight and lacking food they could not live.

The Japanese were also running out of time. Maj. Gen. Hall now had powerful elements of three U.S. infantry divisions and a cavalry regiment on the ground at Aitape, outnumbering his adversary almost four to one. On July 31, Hall sent four rifle battalions from the mouth of the Driniumor River to sweep around 18th Army and envelop Adachi's forces from the rear. The weakened 41st Division, guarding those approaches, could do little to stop them.

The climactic battle for Afua commenced on August 1. Firing all remaining ammunition, Japanese artillerymen plastered enemy fortifications while riflemen of the 66th Infantry Regiment positioned themselves for a desperate attempt on the Americans' flank. The 66th was Adachi's last reserve, and together with remnants of the 20th and 41st Divisions these soldiers charged across the Driniumor one final time that morning.

Three weeks of ceaseless shelling and rainfall had turned the battlefield into a perfect quagmire of shattered trees, impact craters, and knee-deep mud. Slowed by unforgiving terrain

Continued on page 74

After launching the offensive in the spring of 1940, the Nazis swept to victory in the Netherlands.

DUTCH DEBACLE

BY JOHN W. OSBORN, JR.

When world war engulfed Europe for the second time in a generation, the Netherlands placed its faith in the diplomatic delusion that it could remain neutral like it had during World War I. When that failed it counted on a military miracle that turned out to be a mirage. The price would be paid first in five days, then for five years.

The imminence of war with the signing of the Nazi-Soviet Non-aggression Pact did not make Dutch Prime Minister Dirk Jan de Geer disturb his vacation until the cabinet back in The Hague demanded that he return for the crisis. "Do you think the situation is really as bad as the newspapers say?" he asked his fellow passengers on the train home.

In fact, it was not.

It was worse.

"The Dutch hope that they would be by-passed by the German right-handed swing as in the former war was in vain," Winston Churchill was to write. Where the Dutch were thinking of neutrality Hitler had already decided on neutralizing the Netherlands.

"It is imperative for England that the war should be brought as near to the Ruhr as possible," Hitler informed his generals during his secret speech to them on May 23, 1939, announcing his intention to launch a war with Poland and, if necessary, Great Britain and France. "Declarations of neutrality must be ignored…. Therefore, if England intends to intervene in the Polish war, we must occupy Holland with lightning speed."

The Dutch did not even protest when a German magnetic mine sank a Dutch passenger steamer with 83 lives lost and instituted strict rationing. Perhaps in a pointed reminder that she granted asylum to the kaiser after World War I, Queen Wilhelmina was the only foreign leader not allied to Hitler to congratulate his escaping an assassination attempt. But, for Hitler, Holland had surrendered any claim to neutrality when a Dutch intelligence officer escorted two British agents to the border to meet Germans plotting to overthrow him.

The meeting was an SS deception and trap. The British were kidnapped, the Dutch officer killed. "When the time comes," Hitler later told his generals, "I will use all this to justify my attack. The violation of Dutch neutrality is unimportant. Nobody asks about such things after we have won."

De Geer and the government, except the defense minister and the queen, tried to act as if ignoring the problem would make it go away, even as Dutch intelligence reported the Germans were massing troops and supplies along the border, laying out pontoons that could only be used to ford the Rhine, and smuggling Dutch uniforms for the army, police, railway, and postal services into Germany. In Berlin the long-serving military attaché, Major Gijsbertus Jacobus Sas, warned, "This time we will not escape." He would have the unlikeliest ally in his efforts.

Colonel Hans Oster of the Abwehr, one of Hitler's most committed enemies in the military, had known Sas since 1932. "My dear friend," he told Sas, "you are right. This time Holland's for it too." To prove it he passed on Hitler's actual order to attack.

But in The Hague, Sas's credibility suffered from a reputation for nervousness, and as 18 dates for attack came and went it became easy to dismiss Sas as a dupe of German disinformation. "I don't believe a word of it," Dutch Commander-in-Chief, General Izaak Rejinders said, preferring the assurances from the German attaché to The Hague and even ordering the warnings be kept from the defense minister and the queen.

The Dutch at least made the gesture of building up their military "to avoid any temptation to invade," Foreign Minister Eeclo van Kleffens explained, but it had the opposite effect on Hitler. Though the army was increased to 270,000 troops, it had no tanks and only 170 obsolete aircraft. It was so short on supplies that the men were rationed a trio of grenades, and conscripts were advised to bring their own boots.

A century of peace had left the Dutch Army with few professional officers. In February 1940, General Henri Winkelman was brought back from retirement as the new commander-in-chief to face the world's most powerful army without a day's experience commanding troops in

German tanks push through the ruins of a stone wall during the early hours of the invasion of the Netherlands on May 10, 1940. The surprise German offensive against the France and the Low Countries took the opposing forces by surprise.

Bundesarchiv Bild 146-1994-010-09, Photo: Unknown

action in his life and having to rely on a military miracle for his only hope to defend Holland.

On the evening of May 9, 1940, in Berlin Sas and Oster were having dinner, "a funeral banquet," Sas would later describe it, four days after Hitler had issued his 19th attack order. "There's still a chance the thing will be postponed," Oster said, and at 9:30, the final deadline for the attack to begin, they drove to Army headquarters and Oster ran in.

Just 15 minutes later he came out as fast.

"This is really it," Oster, out of breath, told Sas. "No orders have been countermanded. The swine has left for the Western Front—this is finally it."

They shook hands, Oster expressing the hope they would meet after the war. (They would not—Oster was executed in 1945.) His last words were, "Sas, do me a favor and blow the bridges!"

Sas rushed to his embassy to place a call to the War Ministry at The Hague. "I've got only one thing to tell you. Tomorrow morning, at daybreak, watch it!"

"Hell burst loose upon us," van Kleffens would say.

The invasion started almost an hour later. The Dutch had wired numerous bridges across the Rhine with explosives that were to be detonated in case of a German attack. A sergeant in charge of one the bridges spanning the Rhine along Holland's fateful border with the Ruhr was surprised to see a pair of Dutch policemen bringing a group of German soldiers —unarmed, hands up, heads down—out of the dim dawn.

"I'm bringing back some prisoners, sergeant. We nabbed these men in our sector."

"Without weapons?"

"They threw them away. We left them in a pile on the ground. There were too many. Rifles, ammunition, grenades, a real pile. They will have to be picked up."

The sergeant assumed they were deserters. Suddenly, one of them grabbed him by the throat while the others brought weapons out from under their greatcoats. The other pair of Dutch guards was quickly overpowered, the wires to the explosives cut, then the German "deserters" waited to rejoin their Army as it rolled past them into the Netherlands.

At another bridge Dutch guards were puzzled at the approach of fellow Dutch from the German end. As the guards moved back, one of the approaching soldiers shouted in perfect Dutch, "Halt! Where is your commanding officer?"

The guards hesitated and stopped. Then, as the soldiers moved in front of them the guards were seized and disarmed. Another guard rushed to blow the bridge but was brought down, shot in the legs.

Other guards were shouting not to shoot. The leader of the "Dutch" soldiers, a German lieutenant in disguise, cut the wires to the bridge's explosives.

"That's it! We've got it!" Then Dutch fire erupted from their far end.

"Don't do anything stupid, men, or you are done for!" The guards quickly surrendered.

"There must be some means of getting those bridges into our hands," Hitler had said. The answer was the Brandenburgers, a unit specializing in stealth.

Hitler approved. "In wartime, a uniform is always the best camouflage," he remarked. "But

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LEFT: From left to right, Dutch Queen Wilhelmina fled her country as the Nazi invasion progressed; Prince Bernhard was a member of the Dutch royal family although he was of German lineage; German Colonel Hans Oster warned the Dutch of an impending attack; and Lt. Col. Dietrich von Choltitz led the German airborne troops that descended on Rotterdam. BELOW: Dutch soldiers, mobilized in an effort to prepare for a possible German invasion, pose with a Vickers 7.7mm machine gun prior to the outbreak of war. The Dutch military was effectively overwhelmed by a coordinated German offensive.

Still, skepticism about him lingered and in 90 minutes the head of the Dutch secret service clumsily called back.

"I've received such bad news about your wife's operation." Sas was a bachelor.

"So sorry to hear about it. Have you consulted all the doctors?"

Knowing that Germans were certain to be listening in, Sas, struggling to keep himself under control, answered, "Yes, and I can't see why you are bothering me in the circumstances. It's set for daybreak tomorrow."

Sas slammed the phone down.

The once complacent Prime Minister de Geer and the cabinet spent Holland's last night of peace and freedom for five years gathered in Foreign Minister van Kleffen's study behind shuttered windows.

At 4:00 AM, May 10, 1940, came the drone of incoming aircraft. All Dutch planes had been ordered grounded.

National Archives

one thing is vital—the leaders must be the spitting image of Dutch as far as language, dress, and behavior go."

The lieutenant had learned Dutch, but many did not have to. They were in fact Dutch, members of a prewar Nazi movement. "We do not want to harm the Netherlands," they claimed. "We are all of Germanic blood."

Colonel Oster's hopes were dashed as most of the bridges were captured easily. One was blown. At another the Brandenburgers were the ones captured. "Here everybody knows everyone else," the Dutch officer explained as their attempted ruse, led by a traitor, failed. ""The same company has been in the garrison town for two years."

One of the few German casualties was later tended by a Wehrmacht doctor. "There's not much left of your company."

"Company? There were nine of us."

"Impossible!"

"We are the Brandenburgers!"

With their diplomatic delusion gone, the Dutch now put their hope in the military miracle of Fortress Holland, flooding almost a quarter of the country and then holding out behind the wall of water until Allied help came. "Mr. Cojin, when as Dutch prime minister he visited me in 1937, had explained to me the marvelous efficiency of the Dutch inundation," Churchill would write. "He could, he explained, by a telephone message from the luncheon table at Chartwell, press a button which would confront an invader with impassable water obstacles. "But," Churchill went on, "this was all nonsense."

Churchill, just having become prime minister, met a delegation of Dutch ministers flown in from Amsterdam. "Haggard and worn, with horror in their eyes," he described them, "even with the recent overwhelming of Norway and-Denmark in their minds, the Dutch ministers seemed unable to understand how the great German nation, which, up to the night before, had professed nothing but friendship, should have suddenly made this brutal and frightening onslaught."

The Dutch were overwhelmed too quickly to put Fortress Holland into effect.

"The avalanche of fire and steel had rolled across the frontiers," Churchill recorded. "The country was in a state of wild confusion. The Germans broke through at every point, bridging the canals or seizing the locks and water controls. In a single day all the outer line of the Dutch defenses was mastered."

Behind the Brandenburgers the German 18th Army poured into the Netherlands. Hitler expected a one-day walkover like Denmark,

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ABOVE: In this posed photo, Dutch soldiers man a trench that is sheltered under a camouflage net, their weapons at the ready. Dutch resistance to the German invasion was spirited in some areas; however, the situation quickly deteriorated. LEFT: Shortly after their nation's military was mobilized under the threat of war, Dutch soldiers guard the border with Germany in 1939.

ordering, "Where no opposition is encountered, the invasion is to be given the character of a peaceful occupation."

The commander of the division tasked with the capture of The Hague rode in his dress uniform, expecting an audience before noon with Queen Wilhelmina. Fortress Holland, besides having no walls, was proving to have no roof. Most of the Dutch air force was swiftly destroyed on the ground, and 4,000 paratroopers rained down across Holland in history's first airborne invasion.

"As if by magic," a Dutch officer recalled, "white dots suddenly appeared like cotton wool. First there were 20, then 50, then over 100 of them!"

"It is imperative that we should succeed," the paratroopers' commander, Maj. Gen. Karl Student, said. "A failure by us would have led to the failure of the entire offensive." But, getting over their initial confusion and confounding Hitler's expectations, the Dutch began to resist, and the paratroopers' attempt to capture the campaign's main targets, The Hague and ill-fated Rotterdam 15 miles to the northwest, ended in temporary failure.

The main airfield at The Hague was successfully captured but proved useless—the ground was too soft as the first transports flying in reinforcements got stuck and further landings had to be called off.

The paratroopers missed two other airfields by miles, and the first transports to arrive were shot out of the sky. The Germans were to lose 167 of 450 transports in the campaign. Then the Dutch counterattacked. The German division commander had his dress uniform splattered with blood from his wounds, and 1,000 paratroopers were taken prisoner. The once confident hunters shipped out that night to ignominious captivity in Great Britain.

The paratroopers arriving over Rotterdam's Waalhaven Airport jumped at just 450 feet for maximum surprise. "Things went just as we had expected," their leader, Lt. Col. Dietrich von Choltitz, proudly recalled. "The sound of conflict was deafening: the howling of aero-engines

National Archives

"WE HEAR ONLY THE FRIGHTENING DRONE OF THE ENDLESSLY RETURNING AIRPLANES AND THE SHRIEKING AND EXPLOSIONS OF THE BOMBS ALL AROUND US," A 20-YEAR-OLD STUDENT REMEMBERED.

and ammunition exploding in the hangars was joined by the crash of mortar fire and the rattle of machine-gun fire plugging the planes. Speed was the thing!"

A dozen paratroopers came to a horrific end, descending helplessly into the burning hangars; it was over in just 15 minutes. A Dutch officer recalled it less proudly: "For us it was the end. Our last resistance was broken. The survivors of our brave Queen's Grenadiers put up their hands and were taken prisoner. More and more aircraft were coming in to land. Waalhaven belonged to the enemy."

Student flew in with 1,200 reinforcements, taking over a schoolhouse and directing operations from the headmaster's elevated desk, his staff looking like "a group of overage schoolboys," as a witness described it, working on the benches. While the crucial airport was taken from the air, the critical Willems Bridge was taken by 120 Germans riding up the Maas River in seaplanes.

Dutch factory workers on the way to their jobs thought the Germans were British and helped them up the embankment before realizing their mistake and running to spread the alarm. Soon they were cut off at the bridge under intense Dutch fire while Student was struggling to create a 15-mile corridor for the advancing 9th Panzer Division.

Through it all, a British correspondent noted, "People sit outside the cafés enjoying their drinks, while a quarter of a mile away the machine guns hammer at intervals." But within days, the war would fall from the sky on Rotterdam in a storm of death and destruction.

With the Dutch holding on in their Grebbe Line, a now frustrated Führer was issuing Directive 11: "The power of resistance of the Dutch Army has proven to be stronger than anticipated. Political as well as military considerations require that this resistance be broken speedily." Before it was over the Dutch drama would be played out by the retreats from The Hague of two very different princely personalities and the wrecking of Rotterdam.

King George VI was awakened inside Buckingham Palace at 5 AM on May 13 and told Queen Wilhelmina wanted to speak to him. "I did not believe him [the messenger]," he later recorded in his diary, "but went to the telephone and it was her. She begged me to send aircraft for the defense of Holland. I passed on this message to everyone concerned and went to bed. It is not often that one is rung up at that hour and especially by a Queen. But in these days anything may happen."

While the Dutch fought desperately against the Germans, another struggle was going on between their queen and government. On the throne since 1890 at just 18, Wilhelmina had always displayed the stubbornness attributed to her people. She was frustrated at the limitations of her role as constitutional monarch, constantly struggling with her ministers, almost abdicating just before the war, though proven right about the German threat.

Now she was refusing appeals to leave the country, in effect trapping the government with her. Caught in the middle was the playboy prince she had handpicked for her daughter and heiress.

The queen chose Bernhard, a prince from a tiny German state, to marry Princess Juliana in 1937, though it happily became a genuine love match.

The union was clouded by rumors—confirmed decades later—that he had been briefly in the Nazi Party and SS but would leave no doubt where his loyalties lay. Suave where the queen was stolid, he brought style to the stodgy Dutch royal family with his jet-set, as it would be later termed, lifestyle but in the end scandal when it was discovered how he had been paying for it.

Tactful where his mother-in-law was blunt, the prince had managed to persuade her earlier not to abdicate and now was trying to persuade her to escape, recognizing disaster where she saw determination. The crisis inside the palace was heightened as more Dutch traitors were sniping from rooftops, including from across the square.

Bernhard calmly aimed one of his custom hunting rifles with telescopic lens and sent one sniper falling to the street and another fleeing. But when he suggested to the queen that she was placing her daughter and two infant grand-

daughters at risk by staying, his maneuver, for once, backfired.

She point-blank ordered him to take them out of the country, in her customary dramatic way, vowing to kill herself if anything happened to them. They departed in a van with gold reserves from the state bank packed in the back and the crown jewels in a cardboard box. Bernhard remembered, "I was a trifle worried about having dinner in Buckingham Palace in a dirty shirt with no cufflinks."

Their van joined a convoy taking the nation's gold reserves out of Hitler's hands to the port of Imjuiden, usually a 30-minute drive but taking three hours on roads jammed with refugees. Bullets from passing Luftwaffe planes bounced off the armor plating of their van while Bernhard kept his wife calm.

At the port the Dutch royals were caught up in the chaos as the Germans dive bombed and the Dutch brawled over boats. In the meantime, with 165 million guilders of gold at stake, the state bank representatives and the steamship company haggled over the difference of 85,000 in the price the bank had authorized to pay and the amount the company wanted to charge to rent them two freighters.

The company finally got the price it wanted. While the gold was inventoried again before loading, another priceless cargo arrived—the industrial diamond reserves from Amsterdam. British agent Montague Chidson had spent 24 nerve-wracking hours working the combination to the vault in the diamond market and got out with the diamonds just as the Germans were coming in after them.

Soon Queen Wilhelmina arrived. The discovery of a German plot to kidnap her had finally persuaded her to leave, but only for The Hague. Still intending to stay and carry on the struggle, she boarded a British destroyer bound to join Dutch forces on Zeeland. But it was under intense Luftwaffe assault, and she reluctantly sailed for England.

It was midnight before gold, diamonds, Bernhard and the princesses were finally ready to sail. Bernhard and Juliana were taken out by ferry to the British destroyer *Codrington* under air attack. Future Queen Beatrice and her sister were too young, luckily, to comprehend and slept soundly. The danger was still not over as a German magnetic mine was dropped and exploded scarcely 100 yards away.

A long, despairing day had ended for Queen Wilhelmina, beginning five years of exile and meeting King George VI for the first time at London's Liverpool Station.

"She was naturally very upset," commented the king in one of the Dutch campaign's two great, tragic understatements.

The other was the next day. The commander of the German Eighteenth Army ordered the commander of the 9th Panzer Division "to break the resistance of Rotterdam by every means." The means would be one of the most infamous acts of World War II.

"Which Rotterdammer cannot remember that day?" a survivor would write of May 14, 1940. "It was a beautiful spring day…"

By then just 60 Germans were still left holding the Willems Bridge and an air attack was coming.

"Goering and I spent hours of heated argument over the phone as to how the attacks demanded were to be carried out, if at all," the Luftwaffe commander for the campaign, General Albert Kesselring, was to recall. "As a result I repeatedly warned the bomber wing commander to pay particular attention to the flares and signals displayed in the battle area and to keep in constant wireless contact with the Air-Landing Group. Our anxieties were increased because after Student's morn-

National Archives

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ABOVE: German airborne troops, or Fallschirmjager, round up Dutch guards at a checkpoint along the River Meuse. BELOW: German soldiers pause during their advance on May 11, 1940, the second day of their offensive against France and the Low Countries, to contemplate the corpse of a Dutch soldier killed in action during earlier fighting. OPPOSITE: The parachutes of German airborne troops billow in the sky above the city of Rotterdam on May 10, 1940.

ing message our wireless communications were cut off so that Air Command was no longer informed of what was happening in and around Rotterdam; there was the additional danger of dropping bombs on our own troops."

The attack was set for 3 PM. At 10:40, in a last-ditch attempt to avoid it, a pair of German officers crossed the lines under a white flag with an ultimatum from German General Rudolf Schmidt, commander of ground forces poised to strike Rotterdam, for the Dutch commander, Colonel Phillip Scharoo. It was almost pleading in tone for surrender, warning that his order and

Alamy

These Dutch civilians, prepared to fight in the streets of their city and resist the invading Germans, abandon a roadblock after receiving news that their country has surrendered to the invaders.

continued resistance "could result in the complete destruction of the city. I beg you, as a man with a sense of responsibility, to take the necessary steps to prevent this."

Blindfolded, the Germans were driven by circuitous route to Scharoo's underground headquarters. "We had a long and agonizing wait," one remembered, "well aware that precious time was ticking away."

Scharoo took two hours to see them. Saying he required authorization from Commander-in-Chief Winkelman at The Hague, he sent them back to report he would send his own emissary at 2 PM.

Ten minutes early, a Dutch captain appeared to confer with von Choltitz in an ice cream parlor. But Winkelman and Scharoo were confident they were holding Rotterdam, and to buy time they replied to the Germans that Schmidt's communication had been incorrectly made out. "Before such proposal can be seriously considered," was the Dutch response, "it must carry your name, rank, and signature."

When Schmidt received this nonresponse, it was already 2:15, though as far as he knew the bombing mission had been postponed. He dutifully redid his ultimatum by hand, not bothering to have it typed, closing, "I am compelled to negotiate swiftly and must insist that your decision is in my hands in three hours."

But unknown to Schmidt, it was already too late. His message for postponement had been held up by the communication problems Kesselring was worried about. On schedule, at 2 PM, 100 Heinkel He-111 bombers of the 54th Bomber Group, Luftflotte 2, had taken off for the hour-long, 200-mile flight for Rotterdam.

There was still one hope. "Just before takeoff," the leader of the first wave remembered, "we received from operations headquarters on the telephone that General Student had radioed that the Dutch had been called upon to surrender Rotterdam. On our approach we were to watch out for red Very lights.

Should they appear we had orders not to attack Rotterdam, but the alternative target of two English divisions at Antwerp."

Schmidt's actual parley message only reached the Luftflotte 15 minutes after takeoff. With the bombers tuned to the Army's frequency, the operations officer flew in a Me-109 to try to stop them.

It was the fateful hour of 3 PM, May 14, 1940, when the Dutch captain left Schmidt's new ultimatum. "The tension was appalling," von Choltitz remembered. "Would Rotterdam surrender in time?" In the distance the drone of approaching aircraft was suddenly heard.

The noise grew louder. Desperately, dozens of Vey lights were shot into the sky. "Though there were no clouds in the sky, it was unusually misty," the first wave leader later said.

Suddenly, he just caught sight of two barely visible flares. His wave pulled away, but the second, not seeing the flares, began their bombing run. "The approach is like a maneuver, quiet and secure," one pilot recalled. "The planes are searching systematically for their targets." Some 158 500-pound and 1,150 100-pound bombs, 97 tons, proceeded to rain across the center of Rotterdam.

"My God!" Schmidt exclaimed while Student watched in horror, "It's going to be a catastrophe!"

"We hear only the frightening drone of the endlessly returning airplanes and the shrieking and explosions of the bombs all around us," a 20-year-old student remembered.

The city hall, post office, railway station, and business district were flattened. Worse, a margarine factory exploded, spewing burning oil and igniting the old timber houses in a massive conflagration. "Soon the center of Rotterdam is burning in many places," a bomber pilot recalled. "Within a few minutes the center is enveloped in dense black and sulphur-yellow clouds."

When it was over, 80,000 were left homeless and it would be three months until the last embers died out. "A splendid picture of invincible strength," the German pilot smugly called it.

The world saw it differently. An erroneous report that 25,000 were killed shocked the world, and the bombing was condemned as a deliberate terror attack. The Germans answered that Rotterdam was never an open city. The high explosives dropped were not designed to cause fire.

"One of those unforeseeable coincidences of war which, I am sorry to say, occur in the armed services of all countries more frequently than one might think," Kesselring would, with embarrassment, call it.

After the war the Dutch themselves put the death toll at 814. At Nuremberg, where Göring was charged with the bombing, the analysis given to the judges concluded, "This sort of mistake was so common throughout the war

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ABOVE: The devastated city of Rotterdam bears mute testimony to German barbarism during the conquest of France and the Low Countries in the spring of 1940. Luftwaffe Junkers Ju-87 Stuka dive bombers pounded the defenseless city into rubble. LEFT: General Henri Winkelman, center, leaves his humiliating meeting with the Germans after signing the surrender documents placed before him on May 15, 1940, just five days after the Nazi invasion of the Netherlands was launched.

because of the difficulty of air-ground visual and radio communications that his explanation must be accepted as true in the absence of conclusive proof that the attack was completely political." The judges in the end said nothing in a sort of backhanded acquittal.

A broken Scharoo arrived two hours later to surrender. Schmidt consoled him. There was no sense of celebration among the Germans. "A young paratrooper grasped the flag he and his comrades had displayed to identify themselves to the bombers," von Choltitz later wrote. "He came up like a lost soul.... The survivors were dirty and worn. Together we take over the burning city."

Another military mistake led to the last German casualty in the battle for Rotterdam. Waffen SS troops entering the city encountered Dutch troops milling about, waiting to turn in their arms, and instantly fired on them. Trying to stop the shooting, Student himself fell with a bullet to the head. An operation that night performed by a Dutch surgeon barely saved his life.

With the Dutch reeling in shock and their defenses crumbling under the weight of the relentless assault, General Winkelman signed Holland's surrender at 9:30 AM on May 15, 1940.

Dutch casualties had been 4,600 military personnel and civilians killed and 2,700 wounded. "The power of a great State against a small one under modern conditions is overwhelming," Churchill was to write of the Dutch. For her part Queen Wilhelmina was never in doubt about the final outcome, saying, "In due course, with God's help, the Dutch people will regain their territory."

The queen's radio broadcasts to the Dutch kept hope alive and stiffened their resolve, and she was able to dislodge discredited Prime Minister van Geer and effectively run the government-in-exile. At her side Prince Bernhard ably organized the resistance, commanded what free Dutch forces there were, flew missions with the RAF, and was a much appreciated buffer between his mother-in-law and the Allies.

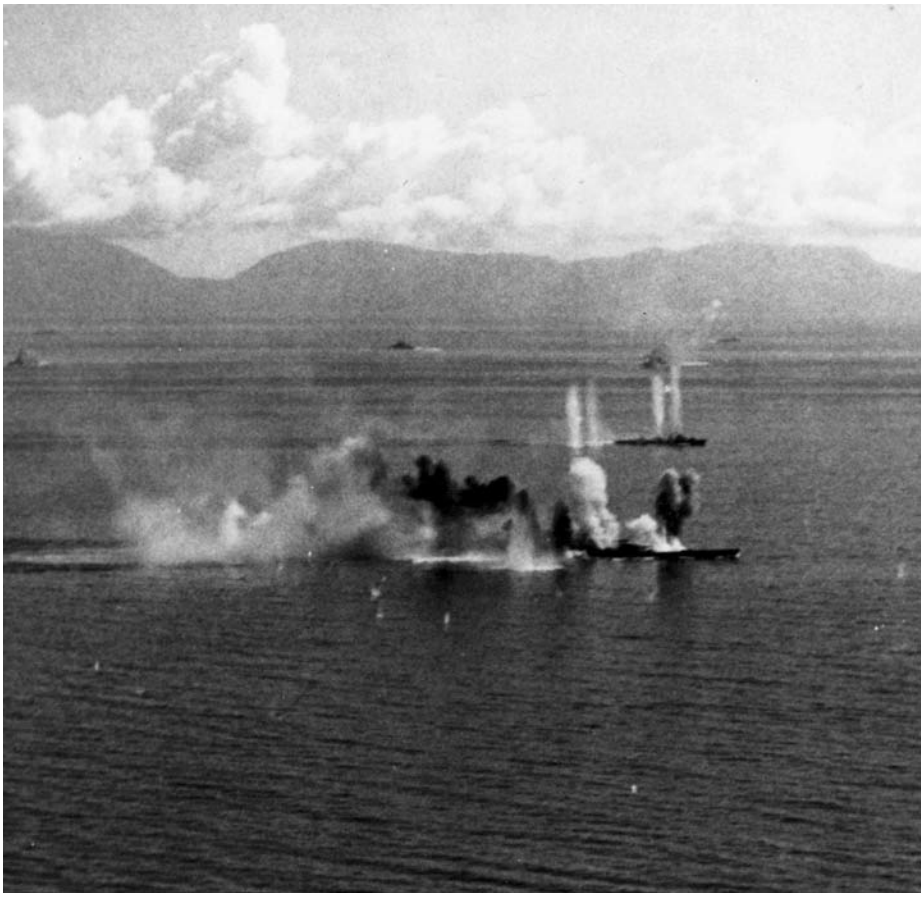
"It was hard on the nerves to be in the midst of a population that had only hatred and contempt for us," a German soldier in Holland said.

Queen Wilhelmina returned to the Netherlands in May 1945. Her hopes to play as important a political role back home as she had in exile were quickly dashed. Disappointed and frustrated, in 1948 she finally abdicated, claiming ill health (she lived until 1962) and starting a tradition of royal retirement from the throne to be followed by her daughter and granddaughter.

Prince Bernhard left public life in 1976, but in disgrace when it was finally found out how he had been living so well beyond his princely payment. As Inspector General of the Dutch Armed Forces, he had accepted $1 million in bribes for foreign contracts.

Author John W. Osborn, Jr. is a resident of Laguna Niguel, California. He has previously written for WWII History *on numerous topics.*

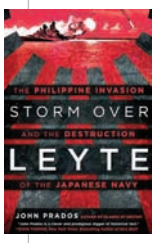
By Christopher Miskimon



Demise of the Japanese Navy

The naval combat that raged around the Philippines invasion was preceded by a game of reconnaisance, intelligence gathering, and planning.

THE JAPANESE SUPERBATTLESHIP *MUSASHI* WAS STEAMING EAST ALONG WITH A fleet of other battleships, cruisers, and destroyers on their way toward what was expected to be a climactic battle at Leyte Gulf. At 8:10 AM on October 24, 1944, *Musashi*'s captain ordered the crew to battle stations. An American scout plane had been spotted overhead. The fleet lacked its own air cover, so it had to endure the American plane and expected an attack any time. The fleet commander, Admiral Takeo Kurita, sent a message to his sailors: "Enemy attackers are approaching. Trust in the Gods and give it your best."



At 9:30 a lookout spotted a trio of what appeared to be more scout planes. Kurita requested air support from land-based fighters, but they never arrived. Less than an hour later the lookouts spotted the first wave of American planes. They were from the U.S. aircraft carriers *Intrepid* and *Cabot*, a few dozen torpedo and dive bombers escorted by 21 fighters. Within a few minutes *Musashi*'s antiaircraft guns were in action, sending rounds skyward at aircraft that plunged down to deliver their deadly payloads. A bomb hit first, but it struck the forward turret, doing no damage. Then a torpedo impacted amidships and four more bombs were near misses; their combined effects were leaks below the ship's waterline. *Musashi* developed a list of 5 1/2 degrees to starboard, but damage control crews were able to reduce that to one degree. The ship still kept pace with the fleet.

U.S. Navy Task Force 38 aircraft attack the Imperial Japanese Navy battleship *Musashi* (foreground) and a destroyer in the Sibuyan Sea, October 24, 1944.

Tragically for the crew, however, *Musashi*'s trials had only just started. Within an hour another attack occurred; a trio of torpedoes struck the port side along with two more bomb hits. The ship now listed five degrees to port and lost the port propeller. She fell behind the fleet, losing the protection of its escorts. When the next strike arrived, even the main guns fired on it, using nine sanshiki-dan, or beehive shells designed for antiaircraft fire. They had no apparent effect on this wave or the next, but more torpedo and bomb hits followed, leaving *Musashi* stricken. The goal had been to get the fleet within range of the American invasion force in Leyte Gulf and lay waste to it. The Japanese attack force would still arrive, but it would be short one battleship. *Musashi* sank beneath the waves just after 7:30 PM, a victim of overwhelming American air power.

The Pacific War extended over an immense expanse, most of it water dotted with thousands of islands, making it essentially a conflict of warships and aircraft. In 1944, the American leadership chose to strike next at the Philippines, which would sever Japan's link to its oil supply and bring the Allies one step closer to ending the war. Japan's own war leaders knew this was a likely avenue of approach for their enemy and prepared for it, but they were fast running out of ships, aircraft, and resources and had to make do with what remained on hand. Both sides used intelligence gathering, reconnaissance, and radio interception to determine what their opponent would do. Deciphering an enemy's intentions and deciding how to counter them is a complex and difficult process. How both sides tried to do this is well recounted in ***Storm Over Leyte: The Philippine Invasion and the Destruction of the Japanese Navy*** (John Prados, NAL Caliber, New York, 2016, 388 pp., maps, photographs, notes, bibliography, index, $28.00, hardcover).

There have been many books on the Leyte Gulf fighting and for good reason. The battle is full of tough decision making, extreme courage, and hard-fought actions. What makes this new book stand out is the author's extensive research into the intelligence and reconnais-

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sance efforts that took place before the fighting. The work does an excellent job showing how both sides tried to figure out what the other would do as well as how the various personalities acted, setting the stage for the Japanese navy's last major battle. The amount of detail included in the author's assessments shows the immense amount of research taken from intelligence reports and the amount of work done to correlate all the data.

The result is a thoroughly informative book that retells the prelude to the battle before delving into the fight itself in exciting prose. The author's extensive knowledge allows him to add background information as needed. It is a complete retelling of one of history's largest naval engagements.

As Good As Dead: The True WWII Story of Eleven American POWs Who Escaped from Palawan Island (Stephen L. Moore, Caliber Press, New York, 2016, 368 pp., maps, photographs, appendices, notes, bibliography, index, $27.00, hardcover)

Palawan Island in the Philippines was the site of a Japanese-run POW camp; in late 1944 that camp held 150 American prisoners. They had endured years of torture, disease, and starvation while working at forced labor. It was a hellish existence. Near the end of the year U.S. forces landed in the Philippines. The Japanese decided to murder the prisoners, herding them into small underground air raid shelters. These dugouts were then doused with gasoline and set ablaze. About 30 Americans were able to escape the flaming pits and ran for the relative safety of some nearby cliffs. As they fled Japanese soldiers turned machine guns and bayonets on them, cutting down many; yet 11 managed to get away. Their ordeal was just beginning, however.

The struggle for survival faced by these 11 men is recounted in dramatic detail in this new volume by an author well known for his works on the Pacific War. Using diaries, letters, court transcripts, and the official statements of the survivors, he has created an exciting, readable story of how these men overcame the odds against them. It is an astonishing tale of human endurance and willpower in the face of extreme adversity.

Holocaust Heroes: Resistance to Hitler's "Final Solution" (Mark Felton, Pen and Sword, South Yorkshire, UK, 2016, 174 pp., photographs, notes, bibliography, index, $34.95, hardcover)

It was 2 AM on August 16, 1943, and the SS was coming for the Jews in the Bialystok Ghetto. Operatives of the Jewish Underground noticed SS troops surrounding the ghetto and warned their comrades. The Jewish fighters had only a few small arms and hand grenades to resist their foe, which had armored vehicles and

Simulation Gaming

BY JOSEPH LUSTER

WORLD WAR II ONLINE GOES FULL STEAM AHEAD.

PUBLISHER CORNERED RAT SOFTWARE
GENRE SHOOTER • **SYSTEM** PC
AVAILABLE SUMMER (STEAM EARLY ACCESS)

We may not think too much about the arrival of a new online shooter nowadays, but back when *World War II Online* first launched in 2001, the concept was still pretty novel. Making it even more unique was the fact that it was among the early massively-multiplayer outings, allowing players to battle in real time in a persistent world alongside other players that were split between the major factions of the war. Developer Cornered Rat Software rereleased the game in 2006 as *World War II Online: Battleground Europe*, and that's the title we'll be getting when it finally makes its way to Valve's Steam service this summer.

World War II Online won't launch in the traditional Steam storefront fashion right away. Instead, its debut will be on the Steam Early Access platform, which is mostly in an effort to make the full release go as smoothly as possible. While *WWII Online* has been around for a whopping 16 years, that also means it has just as many years worth of content to bring along with it to Steam, and the game itself is just one aspect of Cornered Rat Software's ambitious content roadmap for 2017.

The team behind *WWII Online* is composed of nearly 50 active contributors, and that says a lot about the amount of work going into getting the Steam release right. Among the bullet points you'll find on their extensive roadmap are plans for integrated voice communications, improved flight controls, updated legacy artwork and in-game models, and the addition of the Italian soldier to the Axis side. In the case of the latter, the faction will be introduced on a small scale. Italian soldiers will be infantrymen with two to three load-outs that are embedded within the German Army. At the time of this writing their available weapons will include the Italian M1891 Carcano Rifle, Italian Beretta 1938/42 submachine gun, Italian Beretta Model 1934 pistol, and access to Germany's arsenal of grenades, binoculars, knives, and more.

This is just scratching the surface, so those interested in seeing everything in store will definitely want to check out the official *World War II Online* website for more details. The team's main priority is the initial Steam release, with everything else rolling into place while the game is in Early Access.

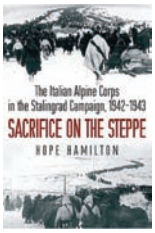
For those who haven't played the original, *World War II Online* is known for its massive half-scale map of Western Europe and its demanding team-based gameplay. Players can take on the role of troops, gunners, pilots, mission leaders, tank commanders, naval destroyer captains, and high commanders within their individual brigades. You can join an existing squad if you want, or create your own with a paid account. Joining a squad isn't always as simple as just choosing to do so, though. Trying out can be a rigorous process depending on the squad in question, further boosting the intensity and stakes of the campaign. The battles that follow aren't typical of most first-person action games. There's a great deal of strategy involved, and taking on necessary, if not entirely glamorous, roles is greatly encouraged.

artillery in support. As the SS rounded up the civilians, the fighters attacked at 10 AM. They set off a mine under a sewer manhole, forcing the tanks back for a time. Luftwaffe aircraft strafed and bombed; the Jewish warriors had no response to that. The fighting went on for several more days, varying in intensity but gradually turning against the Jewish resistance throughout the burned and blasted ghetto. Mordecai Tenenbaum, a resistance leader, committed suicide in his bunker just before the Germans captured it. He left behind words describing his determination and defiance: "We aspired to only one thing: To sell our lives for the highest possible price."

This concise but detailed history of Jewish resistance to the SS effectively shows both the danger experienced by the fighters and the boldness they demonstrated in the face of overwhelming attacks and extreme cruelty. Most works on the Holocaust focus on the plights of Jews as victims of Nazi barbarity. This new book shows how they could also be courageous and determined soldiers.

It may not be reflected in the visuals—at least not when placed side by side with some of today's graphical powerhouses—but everything from vehicle damage to the ballistic model is heavily rooted in reality. To the best of their abilities, the folks at Cornered Rat Software have implemented and regularly updated the game's in-game kinetic damage, with around a hundred vehicle models that sport all their essential components and take critical damage accordingly. Fuel tanks can be compromised, damaged flight surfaces can decrease overall performance, and so on. It's about as historically detailed as can be expected from a game that first came out nearly two decades ago. Ballistic properties that are taken into account include ammunition mass, muzzle velocity, and drag coefficient properties.

The main challenge with *World War II Online* in 2017 is one that's wholly unavoidable. When an online shooter has been out and running for this long, you can bet the competition within will be as stiff as can be. The developers have taken measures in the past to deal with the hefty learning curve, primarily in the form of an in-game tutorial system that was introduced back in 2008. There's not much more that can be done to stop the combination of an already brutal game system and skilled human opponents, so the only real solution is leaping in as boldly as possible and taking a few thousand hits for the squad until you're good enough to mount some epic online assaults of your own. *World War II Online*'s introduction to the Steam crowd should bring in some new blood this summer, though, so that might just be the best opportunity for a fresh start.



Sacrifice on the Steppe: The Italian Alpine Corps in the Stalingrad Campaign, 1942-1943 (Hope Hamilton, Casemate Publishing, Havertown, PA, 2016, 268 pp., maps, photographs, notes, bibliography, index, $18.95, softcover)

The Battle of Stalingrad is the classic struggle of Nazi Germany versus the Soviet Union, but other nations' armies were involved. Italy, Romania, and Hungary all contributed forces that guarded the German flanks as the Wehrmacht drove itself into the heart of the city. All of them were crushed under the Russian tide when their counterattack struck. All but one—the Italian Alpine Corps, known as the Alpini. These 60,000 elite mountain troops held out against punishing attacks after they were encircled and even tried to break out, all during a terrible winter. Ultimately, however, they faced capture and imprisonment just like their German allies. Only 10,000 of them would survive the POW camps and get home.

Though they fought for a doomed and wrongful cause, the valor, suffering, and sacrifice of the Alpine Corps is worthy of the retelling they receive in this book. The author sets out to tell the story of the Alpini "from the bottom up" and succeeds, with the experiences of many private soldiers, NCOs, and junior officers included, making it a human story above all. Enough higher information is provided to give the reader a sense of time and place, which blends well with the narrative of bravery and sorrow.

Wasp of the Ferry Command: Women Pilots, Uncommon Deeds (Sarah Byrn Rickman, University of North Texas Press, Denton, 2016, 440 pp., photographs, notes, bibliography, index, $29.95, hardcover)

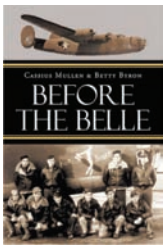
Soon after World War II began, U.S. Army Air Corps commanders realized they lacked enough pilots to carry out the mission of ferrying newly built training aircraft from the factory to the airfields where a new generation of flyers would learn to take warplanes into the air. A woman named Nancy Love gathered a group of 28 female pilots to carry out the duty. Later, a flight school for women trained more pilots to join them in this unglamorous but vital task. After production of trainer aircraft ceased, these women were retrained to fly fighters and began ferrying them to New Jersey so they could be shipped overseas for combat use. In all, more than 100 women served as Ferry Command Pilots, doing what they could to serve their country in its time of need.

This is the author's third work on the subject, and her expertise shows in the detailed narrative and clear prose. This subject has long been unexplored, and it formed one small step in the gradual sweep of social change in the 20th century, a phenomenon the war only accelerated. The dedication and perseverance of these women is shown to advantage, and the book is liberally illustrated with period photographs of the pilots performing their duties.

Fighting the Invasion: The German Army at D-Day (Edited by David C. Isby, Frontline Books, Yorkshire, UK, 2016, 256 pp., maps, photographs, index, $14.99, softcover)

Fritz Ziegelmann, a lieutenant colonel in the German Army's 352nd Infantry Division, was abruptly awakened at midnight on June 5, 1944. Enemy parachutists had been reported nearby at Caen. As a staff officer for his division, he went ahead and ordered all units to an increased air raid warning. An hour later reports of several companies of paratroopers near Carentan came in. More reports followed, and German infantry was dispatched to deal with them but they were delayed when their French truck drivers claimed "engine trouble." Over the next few hours a handful of prisoners were brought in, Americans wearing the patch of the 101st Airborne Division. Not long afterward Ziegelmann learned the beach areas were being bombarded; soon a regimental commander reported inbound landing craft. The division staff began issuing orders, but communications became spotty. For a while it seemed the Germans were holding their own against the assault, but around 11 AM the weather cleared and hordes of Allied fighter bombers attacked. It was the start of a long day for the division staff, and the beginning of the end of a long war.

Numerous books on D-Day can be found on any bookstore shelf; what makes this volume stand out is its perspective. The entire story is told from the point of view of the defending German troops. It is a compilation of after-action reports from various German officers telling their piece of the story as they saw it on that fateful day. Each section of the book covers a different topic: the preparations, how the defense was organized, the invasion itself, and the counterattacks carried out that day.



Before the Belle: The Chronicle of Hot Stuff, the First Eighth Air Force Heavy Bomber to Complete Twenty-Five Combat Missions During World War II (Cassius Mullen and Betty Byron, Page Publishing, New York, 2016, 338 pp., maps, photographs, bibliography, $18.95, softcover)

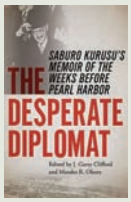
At 9:22 AM on May 3, 1943, a lone Consolidated B-24 Liberator bomber named *Hot Stuff* took off from Bovington Aerodrome in England bound for the United States. It had to stop in Iceland to refuel. The weather was bad, and the pilot took his plane down as he searched for the airfield at Keflavik. It appeared once through the heavy clouds, and the bomber circled, dropping flares to announce its intent to land. Still the weather prevented a landing. The B-24 continued to circle until the pilot decided to divert to another airfield. As the pilot turned his craft, a mountain suddenly loomed ahead. Contact with *Hot Stuff* was lost at 3:30 PM. All but one of the crew was killed, including Lt. Gen. Frank Andrews, commander of all U.S. Forces in Europe.

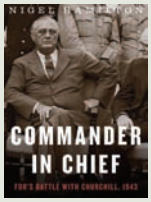
The authors present a convincing case that *Hot Stuff* was the first heavy bomber in the Eighth Air Force to complete 25 missions. In fact they maintain the bomber completed 31 missions and document each of them. Even if the reader disagrees about whether this bomber was the first to 25, the book is a fascinating look at the almost day-to-day life of a bomber crew and their aircraft, with descriptions not only of their missions, but base life, leave in London, and flights to other theaters of operation, such as the Middle East.

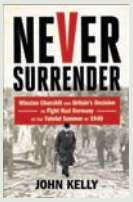
New Georgia: The Second Battle for the Solomons (Ronnie Day, Indiana University Press, Bloomington, 2016, 272 pp., maps, photographs, notes, bibliography, index, $35.00, hardcover)

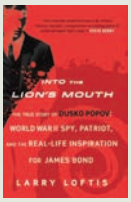
In November 1943, the Americans won the Naval Battle of Guadalcanal, a second turning point in the Pacific War after the Battle of Midway. Afterward, they attacked up the Solomons Island chain. They would fight the Japanese at New Georgia on land, sea, and air from March through October 1943. It was really a series of battles, with names such as Kula Gulf, Bairoko Harbor, and Vella Lavella. Air power would prove crucial to victory, and the skies over New Georgia were often filled with fighters and bombers engaged in equally desperate if unnamed struggles. Meanwhile, soldiers and Marines fought their Japanese counterparts in the jungles below.

Many of the engagements, landings, and fights that took place during this campaign are worthy of a book of their own; this volume takes a look at each and how these events combined to influence the final outcome. The author weaves a narrative that effectively tells the reader a complex tale in a simple, readable style. Sadly, the author, a history professor at East Tennessee State University, passed away before the publication of this work. The book is a fitting tribute to his love of history and skill as a writer. □









New and Noteworthy

Mission: Jimmy Stewart and the Fight for Europe (Robert Matzen, Goodknight Books, 2016, $28.95, hardcover) This is a biography of famous actor Jimmy Stewart's time as a bomber crewman during World War II. The author combines official records, interviews, and Stewart's own papers.

The Desperate Diplomat: Saburo Kurusu's Memoir of the Weeks Before Pearl Harbor (Edited by J. Garry Clifford, University of Missouri Press, 2016, $35.00, hardcover) This diplomat's story tells of his efforts to maintain peace between the United States and Japan in the days before the Pearl Harbor attack.

Arnhem 1944: Battle Story (Chris Brown, Dundurn Books, 2016, $14.99, softcover) This is a compact volume giving a detailed summary of the famous "Bridge Too Far." It is liberally illustrated and contains numerous informative sidebars.

Commander in Chief: FDR's Battle with Churchill, 1943 (Nigel Hamilton, Houghton Mifflin Harcourt, 2016, $30.00, hardcover) Roosevelt and Churchill were strong allies but still disagreed on how to prosecute the war. This work explores their disagreements, their consequences, and the solution.

Pathfinder Pioneer: The Memoir of a Lead Bomber Pilot in World War II (Raymond E. Brim, Casemate Books, 2016, $32.95, hardcover) The author went from working in a mine in Utah to piloting a B-17 bomber over Nazi Germany. The book highlights the struggle to complete missions and survive.

Never Surrender: Winston Churchill and Britain's Decision to Fight Nazi Germany in the Fateful Summer of 1940 (John Kelly, Scribner Books, 2016, $30.00, hardcover) Churchill once said if he could relive any time period he would choose the summer of 1940. It was a time of momentous and fateful decision.

British Submarine vs Italian Torpedo Boat: Mediterranean 1940-43 (David Greentree, Osprey Publishing, 2016, $20.00, softcover) Italy and Great Britain fought over the supply lines to North Africa. British submarines prowled the seas while Italian warships hunted them.

River Plate 1939: The Sinking of the Graf Spee (Angus Konstam, Osprey Publishing, 2016, $24.00, softcover) The commerce raider *Graf Spee* ran amok among British shipping early in the war. The hunt for it led to the first large naval battle of the conflict.

Into the Lion's Mouth: The True Story of Dusko Popov (Larry Loftis, Berkley Caliber, 2016, $27.00, hardcover) Popov was a spy whose exploits provided inspiration for the character of James Bond. This book recounts these real-life adventures during World War II.

Fighting in Ukraine: A Photographer at War (David Mitchellhill-Green, Pen and Sword, 2016, $24.95, softcover) This book gathers some 300 wartime images by photographer Walter Grimm during his time in the Ukraine. Both military and civilian scenes are included.

Profiles

Continued from page 12

photographs to be taken from almost impossible angles or vantage points such as the surface of a ski or the end of a surfboard.

In 2000, the National Gallery of Australia in Canberra put on a solo retrospective of his work titled "Going to Extremes." Further exemplifying the exhibit's title, Silk was the sole survivor of a glider crash in southern France during World War II. Also, he was the only photographer with a U.S. Air Force expedition setting up a weather station near the North Pole, where he risked -60 degrees Farenheit temperatures to capture a photograph.

For baseball fans, *Smithsonian* magazine's Michael Shapiro in 2002 reminded us that it was George Silk, atop the University of Pittsburgh's Cathedral of Learning, who took the photograph of Pittsburgh Pirate Bill Mazeroski at Forbes Field hitting New York Yankee pitcher Ralph Terry's second pitch for a home run in the seventh and deciding game of the 1960 World Series in the bottom of the ninth inning when the game was tied.

That photograph, like so many others, was published in *Life* and remains an iconic baseball memorabilia poster to this day. Ironically, Silk claimed to not like crowds. For this former combat photographer who had once said, "I liked being a participant in things I photographed," it was somewhat paradoxical for him to state, "I hated stadiums and I couldn't work with all that noise in my ears."

Perhaps it was the ghostly echoes of Buna, Gona, and all of those other combat zones that had become deafening to him.

Silk was once asked why he deliberately risked his life in the worst of combat. He answered, "I saw the soldiers fighting and dying and I was not fighting, but a civilian and drawing a captain's pay. I was ashamed. So I drove myself to show the folks at home, as best I could, how the soldiers lived and died. I reasoned that I might do some good for humanity; that perhaps, if people got a good, rough look at how wars are fought, they might stop future wars—or something like that."

Fortunately for George Silk, he died "an old man's death" from congestive heart failure at the age of 87, in Norwalk, Connecticut.

Jon Diamond practices medicine in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, and is a frequent contributor to WWII History. *His Stackpole Military Photo Series book,* New Guinea: The Allied Jungle Campaign in World War II, *was released in June 2015.*

Insight

Continued from page 27

Archaeologists suspect that it was another secret CIA explosives training site, as well as the victim of postbattle salvage operations.

Each site on the trail has been interpreted through an underwater, waterproof dive guide that is available on island at several locations or for download at www.pacificmaritimeheritagetrail.com. Likewise, the sites are included in a poster series also available for download or on the island. Combined, these 12 sites comprise the World War II Maritime Heritage Trail: Battle of Saipan. They are representative of the entire operation on both sides. Some of the sites typify the specific Battle of Saipan in the Marianas, while others speak to the multiple ethnic groups that were involved in the war as combatants, noncombatants, and conscripts. The individual sites help tell the story of the battle and serve as important reminders of the history of World War II. They are tangible reminders of a staggering conflict that now, through their serene setting and continued life as artificial reefs, bring people of all nations together in recreation, remembering, and learning. Because of this significance, these sites are protected from disturbance by Federal and Commonwealth laws and regulations.

Shipwrecks, plane wrecks, and other historic underwater heritage sites are protected just like historical sites on land. They are considered nonrenewable resources. As such, the sites in Saipan's lagoon are protected by several local and Federal laws, including the Sunken Military Craft Act of 2005, the Abandoned Shipwreck Act of 1987, the CNMI Historic Preservation Act of 1982, the Archaeological Resources Protection Act of 1979, and the National Historic Preservation Act of 1966. These laws protect archaeological sites on land and on submerged bottomlands from unauthorized disturbance, destruction, or removal of artifacts. They serve to protect our shared underwater heritage so that future generations may visit, learn from, and enjoy these unique examples of our dramatic history, national experience, and common heritage.

The Trail is open to the public year round and is free of charge. Visitors may choose their own adventure, seeing one or two sites or even all nine in a single day. Many are accessible by snorkel for the nondivers.

Authors Jennifer F. McKinnon, Ph.D., and Della A. Scott-Ireton, Ph.D. are with East Carolina University and the Florida Public Archaeology Network, respectively. This is their first contribution to WWII History.

Tearing Across Europe

Continued from page 39

and stopped. Ruth, his father, and sisters were waiting for him as he stepped off the passenger car. Erickson was home.

Within a month of returning, Erickson married Ruth. They had five boys and one girl. One of the boys, David, served with the U.S. Air Force in Vietnam where he loaded Agent Orange onto planes. He later died of cancer, most likely related to his service. Erickson also lost his daughter, and Ruth died in 1977. Erickson married his sister-in-law, Ardie, and they have been together, as of 2016, for 40 years. She brought two sons and three daughters to the marriage. Together they have 11 children, 29 grandchildren, 44 great grandchildren, and three great, great grandchildren.

Soon after returning home from the war, Erickson used the GI Bill to learn machine work and took a job in a forge. In 1960, he bought his own shop in Albert City, Iowa. He eventually sold it to his sons and bought a John Deere dealership in Montana, which he owned for five years before going back to Iowa and working in a welding shop until he retired.

Erickson never spoke about the war until one of his adult sons asked him to address a classroom about his experiences. It was hard, but Erickson faced his past and explained the horrors of World War II to the students. He has been comfortable speaking about the war ever since, although he cannot always remember all the details.

While Erickson did not always talk about the war, he did think about it from time to time. One memory that stuck with him was the African American soldier who used to borrow his Thompson submachine gun. Erickson reflected some 70 years later, "I often wondered what happened to him."

In the late 1990s, Erickson visited the 12th Armored Division Memorial Museum in Abilene, Texas. He spent three hours touring the artifacts and reading the information panels. Then he entered the museum's Holocaust Room. "It just threw me," he recalled. "I could smell it, but it was just something in my head." The war, so far behind him, could still feel immediate. The smell of dead bodies still lingered in his nostrils.

Frequent contributor Kevin M. Hymel is the historian for the U.S. Air Force Chaplain Corps and author of Patton's Photographs: War as He Saw It. *He is also a tour guide for Stephen Ambrose Historical Tours and leads a tour of General George S. Patton's battlefields.*

Driniumor River

Continued from page 59

and ferocious enemy fire, the attackers accomplished little while taking heavy casualties. By nightfall it was all over. Lt. Gen. Adachi reluctantly ordered the starving survivors of his once proud 18th Army to begin their tortuous retreat toward Wewak. While the Japanese conducted several small assaults over the next few days, these actions served chiefly to cover the main force's withdrawal.

Afterward, GIs patrolling along the Driniumor River were appalled by the destruction wrought there over the past 25 days. One member of the 112th Cavalry recalled thinking the waterway was full of logs. Looking again, he realized those "logs" were actually hundreds of Japanese corpses.

Indeed, Adachi's legions had been bled white during this campaign. Almost 10,000 of his men were reported killed or missing, although an exact reckoning of Japanese casualties may never be made. Unsurprisingly, most battle deaths occurred within 18th Army's infantry formations. The 78th Regiment, for instance, entered battle with 1,300 effectives and emerged with 350—73 percent of its combat strength was lost in action. Other units listed similar figures.

Task Force Persecution recorded its losses as 440 killed, 2,550 wounded, and 10 missing. For several weeks U.S. patrols followed the Japanese back toward Wewak, fighting several sharp but minor engagements with Adachi's rear guard. Maj. Gen. Hall declared the Aitape operation concluded on August 25.

The 18th Army's ordeal, however, continued on. In May 1945, the Australian 6th Division captured Wewak, forcing its garrison to retreat far into the mountains where they remained until the end of the war. Of the estimated 150,000 Japanese soldiers who fought with Adachi on New Guinea, a mere 13,000 survived to follow their commanding general into captivity.

Hatazo Adachi went on trial as a war criminal for atrocities committed by his men against Allied prisoners and civilians on New Guinea during World War II. Convicted, he received a life sentence but committed ritual suicide with a paring knife on September 10, 1947. Like so many of those he led in battle, Adachi never returned home—his mortal remains now "a clod of earth" in some long-forgotten Pacific gravesite.

Frequent contributor Patrick J. Chaisson is a retired U.S. Army officer who writes from his home in Scotia, New York.

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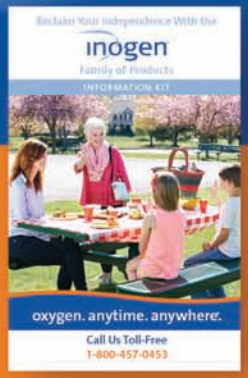

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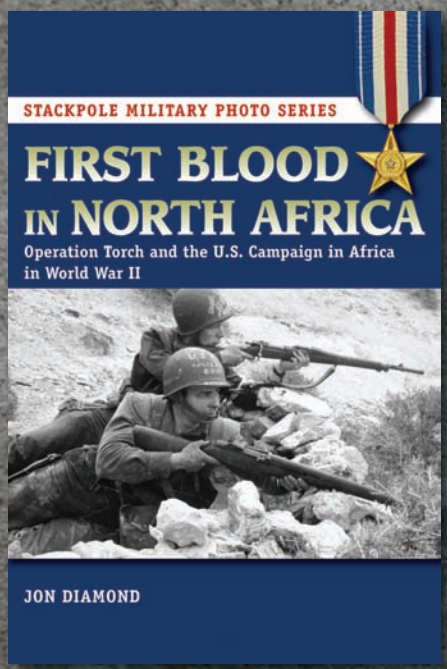

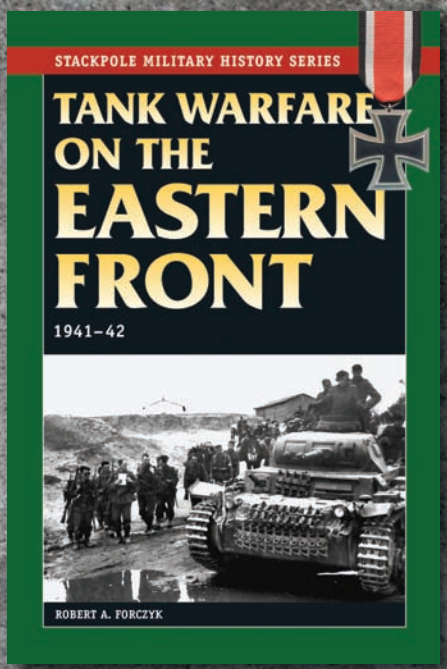

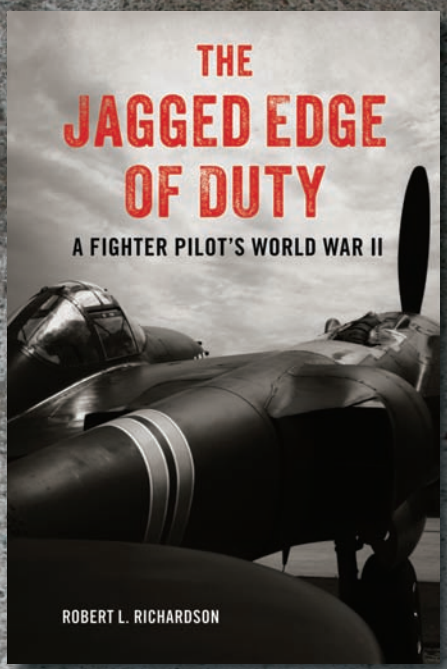

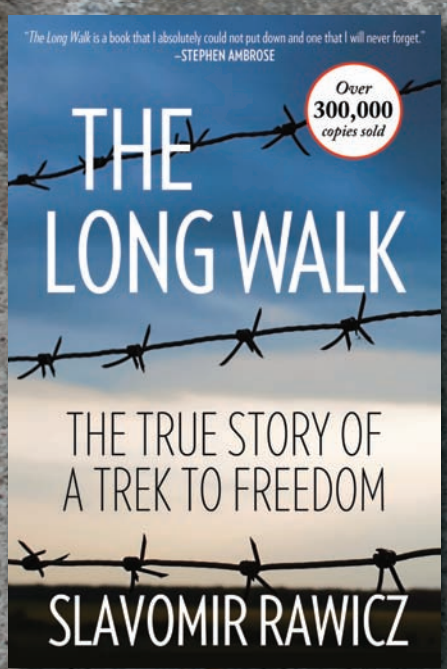

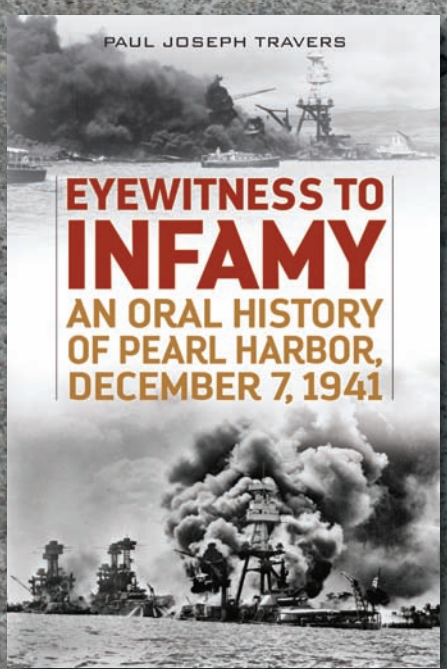

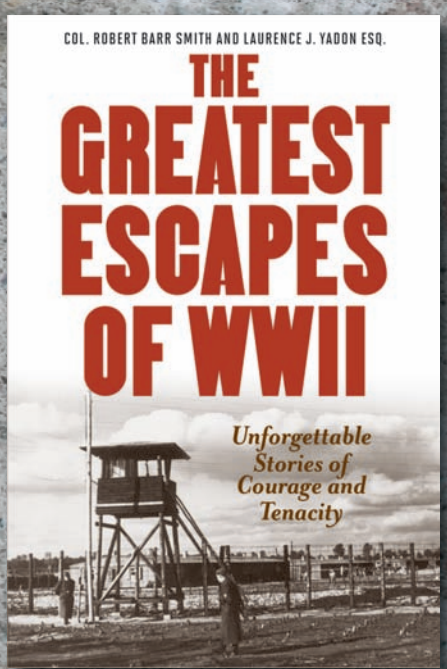

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