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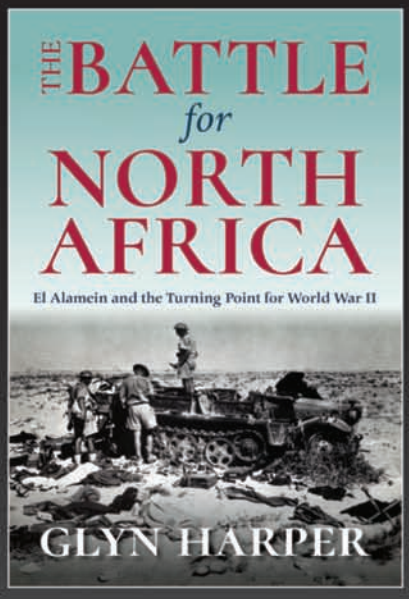

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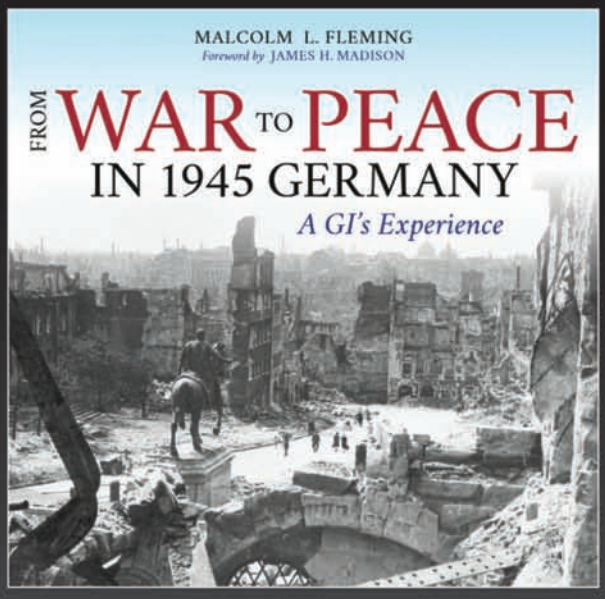

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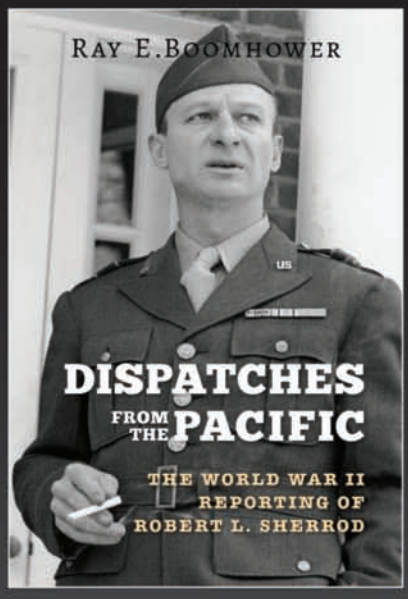

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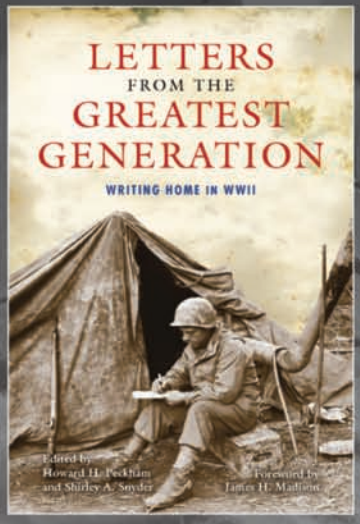

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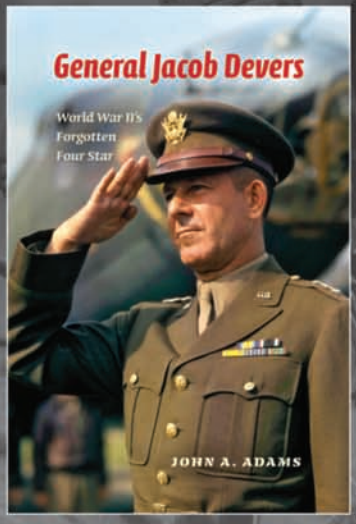

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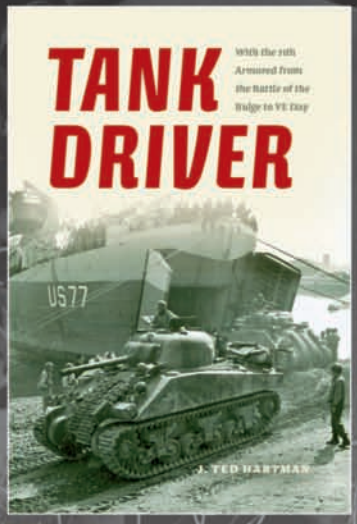

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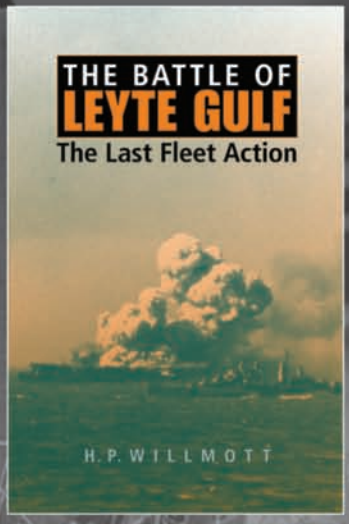

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Cover: Soldiers from the 101st Airborne Division display a German flag captured during combat two days after landing in Normandy, France.

See story page 38.
Photo: National Archives

WWII History (ISSN 1539-5456) is published six times yearly in February, April, June, August, October, and December by Sovereign Media, 6731 Whittier Ave., Suite A-100, McLean, VA 22101. (703) 964-0361. Periodical postage paid at McLean, VA, and additional mailing offices. *WWII History*, Volume 17, Number 6 © 2018 by Sovereign Media Company, Inc., all rights reserved. Copyrights to stories and illustrations are the property of their creators. The contents of this publication may not be reproduced in whole or in part without consent of the copyright owner. ***Subscription services, back issues, and information:*** **(800) 219-1187** *or* write to ***WWII History*** **Circulation, WWII History, P.O. Box 1644, Williamsport, PA 17703.** Single copies: $5.99, plus $3 for postage. Yearly subscription in U.S.A.: $24.95; Canada and Overseas: $38.95 (U.S.). Editorial Office: Send editorial mail to *WWII History*, 6731 Whittier Ave., Suite A-100, McLean, VA 22101. *WWII History* welcomes editorial submissions but assumes no responsibility for the loss or damage of unsolicited material. Material to be returned should be accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope. We suggest that you send a self-addressed, stamped envelope for a copy of our author's guidelines. **POSTMASTER: Send address changes to WWII History, P.O. Box 1644, Williamsport, PA 17703.**

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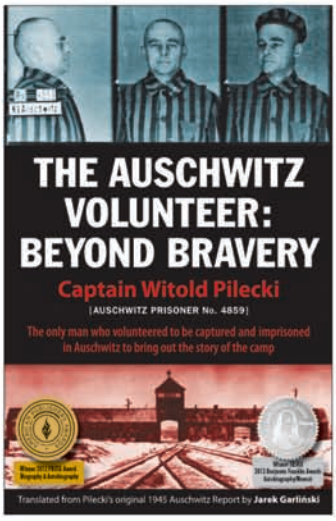

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The Soviets steal the B-29.

DURING WORLD WAR II THE ONLY SERVICEABLE FOUR-ENGINE HEAVY BOMBER the Soviet Air Force fielded was the obsolete Petlyakov Pe-8. However, as the conflict wore on Premier Josef Stalin and other Soviet leaders took note of the Allied bombers that ravaged German and Japanese cities.

Of particular interest to the Soviets was the Boeing B-29 Superfortress that rained death and destruction on the Japanese home islands from bases in the Marianas. The Soviets obtained three B-29s in 1944 when the crews made emergency landings in their territory and recovered a fourth Superfortress that crashed after its crew bailed out. Keenly aware of the technological advances inherent in the B-29, the Soviets ignored American demands for the return of the planes and proceeded to evaluate and eventually reengineer their own four-engine, long-range heavy bomber based on the American technology that had fallen into their hands.

Three of the B-29s were flown to the Tupolev Design Bureau in Moscow. One was completely taken apart, while another was left in its present condition as a standard example and the third was used to train Soviet aircrews and conduct test flights. Stalin mandated that the B-29 should be reverse engineered as soon as possible, and the leaders of the Tupolev design team immediately felt the pressure of the moment.

The development of their own heavy bomber, the ANT-64 or Tu-10 program, was shelved in favor of the reverse engineered B-29, dubbed the Tu-4. The new effort was expected to take two years, and during that time the Soviets discovered new alloys that had to be replicated and placed in production while their measurements of aluminum thickness were converted from imperial to metric. The pressurized cabin was constructed and tested, while the coveted computer-controlled defensive system was examined and then redesigned to accommodate the Nudelman NS-23, a 23mm cannon with longer range and a heavier shell than the American .50-caliber machine gun.

The first test flight of the Tu-4 took place on May 19, 1947, and, after acceptance by the military establishment and Stalin himself, entered full-scale production shortly thereafter. The reengineering project had required the full cooperation of 900 research facilities and factories across the Soviet Union, while 105,000 highly detailed drawings and schematics were produced.

The first public appearance of the Tu-4 occurred during a flyover during the Aviation Day parade in Moscow on August 3, 1947. When three large bombers flew above the crowd at Moscow's Tushino Airport, Western observers at first assumed they were the three serviceable B-29s appropriated by the Soviets in 1944. Then, a few minutes later a fourth aircraft appeared in the sky, and the visitors concluded that their hosts had succeeded in producing a long-range heavy bomber with capabilities almost identical—cloned if you will—from the captive B-29s. Yet another aircraft followed. The Tu-70 transport and passenger liner was also born of the B-29; however, this type was later cancelled.

NATO analysts codenamed the new Soviet aircraft "Bull," and British and American air officers raised the alarm that the plane was capable of bombing cities in the United States or Great Britain on a one-way mission. Exercises were held specifically to develop methods of interception by Gloster Meteor and de Havilland Vampire jet fighters.

During a service life that extended into the 1960s, the Tu-4 became the first Soviet aircraft to drop a nuclear device, the RDS-1 atomic bomb, and 847 of the bombers were constructed. Although it was superseded in its primary role by the Tu-16, the Tu-4 continued to serve as a transport aircraft and airborne laboratory. During the late 1950s, some of the planes were transferred to the People's Republic of China.

The Boeing B-29 Superfortress was a game changer not only for the U.S. Army Air Forces, but also as the progenitor of the Soviet Union's long-range, nuclear-capable bomber program.

Michael E. Haskew

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By Patrick J. Chaisson

All photos: National Archives

High-Spirited Stupidity

Paratrooper Bill Yarborough, an icon of airborne warfare, lost his command but conquered his pride.

PARATROOPER LT. COL. BILL YARBOROUGH WAS FLYING INTO HELL. AS HE prepared to jump from a Douglas C-47 transport plane then approaching the coast of Sicily, hundreds of American antiaircraft gunners below started shooting at him.

Yarborough could not believe what he was seeing. Did an enemy bomber somehow get into the U.S. troop carrier formation? How, he wondered, could those gun crews down there not recognize our C-47s for what they are?

The volume of fire only increased as Yarborough's unarmored transport aircraft neared its drop zone. "The flak became worse and worse," he recalled years later. "We were flying through a solid wall of this stuff."

Bill Yarborough watched helplessly as a C-47 on his left burst into flames and fell out of the sky. Other planes, including his own, began taking hits as their pilots desperately maneuvered to escape the deadly gunfire. Those troopers who managed to jump were scattered all along the length of Sicily's southern coast. Yarborough and his stick of 14 men came down near the walled city of Biscari, 12 miles from their intended drop zone.

This debacle, which took place on the night of July 10-11, 1943, resulted in the loss of 23 C-47 transports and 229 soldiers killed or wounded. It was one of the worst friendly fire incidents of World War II.

As he made his way toward Allied-held territory, Yarborough seethed with rage. He knew it all could have been prevented—in previous assignments he had learned from bitter experience exactly how to prevent such fratricidal contact. Yet no one in his current unit cared what this highly intelligent combat veteran had to say.

The frustration and bruised pride building inside Lt. Col. Bill Yarborough grew with every step he took on Sicily's rocky soil. These powerful emotions would soon draw him into another kind of battle, a contest of wills fought against one of the most formidable combat commanders in the U.S. Army, Maj. Gen. Matthew B. Ridgway.

William Pelham Yarborough, son of a career Army officer, was born in Seattle, Washington, on May 12, 1912. He entered the United States Military Academy in 1932, displaying both an interest in military history and a talent for mechanical design. Four years later, Yarborough graduated from West Point as a second lieutenant of Infantry, reporting for duty with the 57th Infantry Regiment at Fort McKinley in the Philippines.

Following promotion to first lieutenant and transfer to Fort Benning, Georgia, in 1940, he followed with great interest Nazi Germany's lightning advance across Poland, the Low Countries, and France during the war's first year. Yarborough was especially intrigued by Hitler's airborne forces; the aura of adventure and danger surrounding these elite "sky-soldiers" stirred him to volunteer when the U.S. Army announced it was forming its own para-

TOP: Soldiers of the 82nd Airborne Division talk during the flight from their staging area in North Africa to drop zones on the island of Sicily. ABOVE: Friendly fire lights up the night sky over the beaches at Gela, Sicily, as American gunners mistakenly open up on paratroopers of the 504th Parachute Infantry Regiment during a follow-up deployment in Operation Husky.

We found our most important watch in a soldier's pocket

It's the summer of 1944 and a weathered U.S. sergeant is walking in Rome only days after the Allied Liberation. There is a joyous mood in the streets and this tough soldier wants to remember this day. He's only weeks away from returning home. He finds an interesting timepiece in a store just off the Via Veneto and he decides to splurge a little on this memento. He loved the way it felt in his hand, and the complex movement inside the case intrigued him. He really liked the hunter's back that opened to a secret compartment. He thought that he could squeeze a picture of his wife and new daughter in the case back. He wrote home that now he could count the hours until he returned to the States. This watch went on to survive some harrowing flights in a B-24 bomber and somehow made it back to the U.S. Besides the Purple Heart and the Bronze Star, my father cherished this watch because it was a reminder of the best part of the war for any soldier—the homecoming.

He nicknamed the watch *Ritorno* for homecoming, and the rare heirloom is now valued at $42,000 according to *The Complete Guide to Watches*. But to our family, it is just a reminder that nothing is more beautiful than the smile of a healthy returning GI.

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Weighed down by their heavy packs, paratroopers of the 82nd Airborne Division make last-minute adjustments to their loads prior to boarding transport planes that will take them over drop zones near the beaches of Salerno, Italy.

chute test battalion.

Now wearing captain's bars, Yarborough for a brief time commanded Company C, 501st Parachute Infantry Battalion. On March 3, 1941, he went to Washington, D.C., on a special mission: to design and procure a qualification badge for the Army's newest airborne troopers. He swiftly sketched out a silver insignia measuring 1½ inches in length and consisting of an open parachute extending from a pair of stylized wings. Now his new design required authorization by the War Department's notoriously byzantine bureaucracy.

"I personally took the correspondence relative to the badge's approval from one office to another until the transaction was complete," Yarborough recalled. "This operation took me one entire week, eight hours a day." He then had Philadelphia jeweler Bailey, Banks, and Biddle manufacture 350 sets of jump wings in time to be presented at a battalion ceremony on March 14.

Impressed by Yarborough's resourcefulness, the commanding officer of Airborne Command's Provisional Parachute Group, Lt. Col. William C. Lee, brought him on board as a test officer. There this bright young captain developed such iconic items of airborne regalia as the paratrooper boot—a sturdy cap-toe model normally worn with bloused (tucked-in) trousers. He also fashioned a unique combat uniform for parachutists as well as several aerial delivery containers intended for heavy weapons and supplies. Yarborough later received U.S. patents for many of his inventions.

In July 1942, following temporary promotion to major, he accompanied Maj. Gen. Mark W. Clark to London as II U.S. Corps airborne adviser. In that role Yarborough helped plan Operation Torch, the Allied invasion of North Africa. He later accompanied the 2nd Battalion, 509th Parachute Infantry Regiment (2/509 PIR) on a 1,500-mile flight from England to seize vital airfields in French-held Algeria.

This mission, which took place on November 9-11, 1942, went poorly. Yarborough's C-47 transport was shot up by Vichy French fighter planes over Algeria and had to crash-land onto a dry lake bed. He then led surviving U.S. paratroopers on a punishing walk across the desert, only to discover their objective had already been taken by American tanks. On November 15, Major Yarborough jumped with 2/509 PIR onto Youks les Bains airfield near Tebessa, where a now friendly French garrison welcomed its new allies to the fight against Germany.

While the Americans' first airborne actions in North Africa resulted in mixed success at best, Bill Yarborough emerged from Operation Torch as an officer on the rise. A skillful planner, he also demonstrated tenacity and physical courage in battle. Freshly promoted Lt. Gen. Mark Clark wanted Yarborough on his Fifth Army operations staff, but the youthful paratrooper had other ideas.

All West Point graduates knew the path to higher rank and responsibility in wartime required assignment to a combat command. Only one parachute battalion existed in the Mediterranean Theater of Operations, and its commander was not going anywhere soon. For career officer Bill Yarborough, his best chance for promotion remained in one of the five airborne divisions then organizing Stateside.

He requested transfer to the 101st Airborne Division, led at the time by his old boss and mentor Bill Lee. Instead, Yarborough received orders assigning him to the 82nd Airborne Division and command of 2nd Battalion, 504th PIR. That unit, stationed at Fort Bragg, North Carolina, was preparing for overseas deployment when he arrived in February 1943.

Yarborough did not want to be there. At Fort Bragg he encountered many officers who had already advanced well past him in rank. For instance, he knew Reuben H. Tucker III as a poor student who barely managed to graduate from West Point in 1935. Now Lt. Col. Tucker (his immediate superior) was due to pin on the insignia of a full colonel as regimental commander, 504th PIR. All the while, battle-tested Bill Yarborough remained a major.

It also galled him that no one in the 82nd seemed interested in his combat experiences. Yarborough was "hoping for some kind of recognition" of those exploits, expecting people to say, "Hey, you've been in parachute operations; tell us how it was." But the "All-American Division" was a big, impersonal organization. Everyone in it was busily preparing for Operation Husky—the invasion of Sicily—set to take place that July.

Bill Yarborough's promotion to lieutenant colonel, which came in May, did little to soothe his mounting resentment. He eventually learned who was responsible for his plight when division commander Maj. Gen. Matthew B. Ridgway said he personally requisitioned Yarborough to lead the 2/504 PIR.

It was a morale-crushing piece of news. Yarborough knew his status as a pioneer of airborne warfare meant little to the 48-year-old Ridgway, who had been running the 82nd Airborne since August 1942. He also realized there was no escape from this uncompromising, ramrod-straight professional soldier who tolerated no nonsense from his subordinate officers.

Some troopers, however, adored their hard-charging commanding general. Ridgway's protégé, then colonel James M. Gavin, vividly described his boss's leadership style: "He was a great combat commander. Lots of courage. He was right up front every minute. Hard as flint and full of intensity, almost grinding his teeth with intensity."

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Matthew Ridgway demanded a similar level of commitment from his officers. Even before the All-Americans entered combat he fired several leaders who he deemed were insufficiently aggressive. "When the responsibility of command is on your shoulders," he wrote, "you cannot afford to play along with officers who won't give you all they've got."

Likewise, there was no room in Ridgway's organization for malcontents. "I learned very early that one of the attributes of military leadership is knowing when to get rid of a sorehead," the general once observed. And he already had his eye on a potential troublemaker who was unhappily serving at the head of 2/504 PIR.

The 82nd Airborne's plan for Operation Husky, its first ever parachute assault, reflected the division's aggressive spirit. On the night of July 9-10, 1943, a total of 222 C-47s of the U.S. 52nd Troop Carrier Wing would deliver Colonel Jim Gavin's 505th PIR—reinforced by 3/504 PIR, the 456th Parachute Field Artillery Battalion (PFAB), and a company of airborne engineers—behind beaches slated for invasion by American amphibious forces. The remaining two battalions of Colonel Reuben Tucker's 504th PIR (plus the 376th PFAB and Company C, 307th Airborne Engineer Battalion) were to stand ready at airfields around Kairouan, Tunisia, on call to execute a second drop should one prove necessary.

This overly complicated scheme failed to account for weather, enemy activity, or the navigational skills of inexperienced troop carrier flight crews. When Gavin's force went in shortly after midnight on July 10, a 35 mile-per-hour wind and German flak deranged the mission so badly that a mere 425 of the 3,405 troopers jumping that night landed on their designated drop zones.

Nevertheless, those few men fought like demons to take and hold a road junction at Piano Lupo that overlooked the main landing beaches. Other members of Gavin's regiment, individually or in small groups, caused untold mayhem all across Sicily while making their journey toward American lines. At Biazza Ridge on July 11, about 200 paratroopers pitted raw courage against attacking German PzKpfw. VI Tiger tanks. Miraculously, they held out long enough for General Ridgway (who had come ashore the previous morning) to summon forward American armor and artillery.

Even as the last Germans were being swept off Biazza Ridge, Ridgway gave the order for Tucker's 504th PIR to jump in that night. The winds had subsided, but enemy bombers still plagued the beachhead area. Multiple warnings

Prior to the Anzio landings in January 1944, Lt. Col. Bill Yarborough talks with Lt. Col. Roy A. Murrey, commander of the U.S. 4th Ranger Battalion.

went out to Army and Navy antiaircraft commands warning them of friendly air activity to occur after dark; later that afternoon Ridgway discovered to his horror that some gun crews still had not received the word.

Around 2230 hours, a heavy German bombing raid struck Allied ships off Sicily just as the C-47s transporting Bill Yarborough and his battalion approached their drop zone. It started a chain reaction among the jumpy Army and Navy gunners. "One .50-caliber machine gun, situated in the sand dunes several hundred yards from the shore, opened fire," remembered Captain Willard E. Harrison of the 504th PIR. "As soon as this firing began, guns along the coast as far as we could see ... opened fire and the naval craft lying off shore ... began firing anti-aircraft guns."

The slaughter lasted a full hour. When it was done, 60 of the 144 U.S. troop carrier aircraft aloft that night had been damaged—the C-47 carrying Colonel Tucker came home with more than 1,000 holes in its skin. At least 85 aircrewmen perished or were declared missing in action.

The 82nd Airborne's losses included Assistant Division Commander Brig. Gen. Charles L. Keerans, whose remains were never found. Paratroopers who survived the drop found themselves strewn across 65 miles of Sicilian coastline. It would take days for those not killed outright, captured, or injured on landing to assemble for any sort of organized action.

By July 18, the 2/504 PIR had 250 men present for duty, making it the All-American Division's most combat-ready infantry battalion. At 0400 hours the following morning, Yarborough's soldiers stepped off for the city of Trapani on Sicily's west coast. They passed rapidly through small mountain villages such as Ribera and Sciacca; here, the troopers' chief difficulty lay in their lack of motorized transportation. Supplies, rations, and especially water could not keep up with the fast-moving infantrymen, who suffered under a blazing summer sun while marching 20-25 miles per day along steep, dust-covered roads.

Their advance was mostly unopposed but nevertheless contained many dangers. Outside Sciacca on July 20, the men of 2/504 PIR ran across a roadblock seeded with land mines. Clearing that obstacle took three hours; beyond it lay an abandoned enemy tank park, artillery position, and airstrip. All evidence indicated the previous occupants had recently departed in great haste.

Yarborough's paratroopers began their day's march on July 21 at 0300 hours, with Company F in the lead. Scouts and flankers deployed as the battalion approached Tuminello Pass, a natural defensive position in the hills southwest of Santa Margherita. Dawn had just broken when Italian gunners holding the pass tripped their ambush.

A barrage of well-aimed 77mm artillery shells landed among the surprised GIs, killing six men and wounding another eight before Yarborough's troopers could find cover. For 30 minutes those cannons, along with accurate small-arms fire, kept Company F pinned down. The Americans had trouble responding; a morning fog helped conceal their dug-in foe.

Finally, Lt. Col. Yarborough got the battalion's 60mm and 81mm mortars on target while U.S. machine-gun teams began providing suppressive fire. A rifle platoon led by Lieutenant Charles Drew then rushed forward, flushing clusters of surprised soldiers out of their holes at bayonet point. Italian officers, their honor now satisfied, began raising the white flag of surrender.

By 0830 hours it was all over. Yarborough's troopers had just overwhelmed a stoutly defended enemy strongpoint, capturing hundreds of prisoners in the process. Also seized in this sharp action were five 77mm howitzers as well as vast amounts of matériel and ammunition.

Yarborough pushed out an outpost line before allowing his soldiers to break for lunch. The ration truck had just arrived; it seemed like a good time to let his men enjoy the first proper meal many of them had eaten in days.

Just then Maj. Gen. Ridgway rode up in a jeep. Observing the scene, he barked, "What's going on here?" Unsatisfied with Yarborough's answer, the general replied: "If you stay in this area here, you are going to be shelled. Why aren't you on the road?" Ridgway knew that if 2/504 PIR remained in Tuminello Pass it would make itself vulnerable to an enemy counterat-

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tack. "That's no way to do it," he scolded. "Keep moving, get going."

Grumbling, the paratroopers got up and resumed their march. Walking alongside them was a boiling mad Bill Yarborough, furious over his general's reaction to a battle he felt was well fought. It mattered little that Ridgway was right; this encounter only further enflamed Yarborough's already wounded pride.

Following the All-American Division's five-day, 150-mile trek to Sicily's western tip, Lt. Col. Yarborough found himself serving as military governor to several small villages outside Trapani. Bored with his new responsibilities, still horrified by the 504th PIR's disastrous night jump, and livid over his treatment by General Ridgway, Yarborough began mouthing off. Typically, regimental- and division-level staff officers caught the brunt of his angry, insubordinate comments.

Yarborough's "high-spirited stupidity" (as he later characterized this behavior) soon enough reached the attention of his division commander. Summoned on August 2 to Ridgway's headquarters, the troublesome young colonel received a set of orders relieving him from command of 2/504 PIR and transferring him back to Fifth Army. "I wanted to die," he remembered afterward.

A few days later, Lt. Gen. Clark sat down with the despondent officer. "I never should have assigned you to that outfit in the first place," Clark said. "You come back here with me and in due course I'll see that you get another command." Meanwhile, Yarborough would serve out his penance as Fifth Army's airborne adviser for the invasion of Italy at Salerno.

In September 1943, Yarborough put together an audacious but near-suicidal plan to drop the 82nd Airborne on Rome and wrest control of that city from its German garrison. Fortunately, this scheme was called off at the last moment. He also helped organize the 504th PIR's nighttime jump into the Salerno beachhead on September 11, followed by the 505th about 72 hours later. Both of these missions went relatively smoothly, due in no small part to Yarborough's insistence on adopting proper antiaircraft fire control measures as well as utilizing specially trained pathfinder teams to help mark the drop zones.

The 2/509 PIR, his old friends from North Africa, parachuted onto an enemy-held village called Avellino as part of the Salerno operation. A now chastened Bill Yarborough got his shot at redemption when Lt. Gen. Clark sent him forward to replace that unit's commander, known to have been taken prisoner at Avellino. He led the redesignated 509th Parachute

ABOVE: Colonel Bill Yarborough communicates with an officer of the Soviet Red Army while working as the military police chief in postwar Vienna, Austria. BELOW: Yarborough talks with President John F. Kennedy in October 1961, the month of the Cuban Missile Crisis. Yarborough is wearing the distinctive green beret that has come to symbolize the U.S. Army's Special Forces.

Infantry Battalion throughout heavy fighting in the Italian mountains, at Anzio, and on one final combat jump into southern France as part of Operation Anvil-Dragoon in August 1944.

Yarborough went home later that summer to attend an abbreviated Command and General Staff Officers' course, returning to Italy in October as head of the 473rd Infantry Regiment (which was mostly comprised of former antiaircraft gunners). He earned both promotion to colonel and a Silver Star with the 473rd.

Following war's end Yarborough remained in the Army, which sent him to strife-torn Cambodia in 1956. His study of counterinsurgency operations there brought him back to Fort Bragg in 1961 as commanding officer, United States Army Special Warfare Center. In that assignment he won both promotion to brigadier general and the title "Father of Modern U.S. Special Forces" for his groundbreaking work to expand the American military's unconventional operations capability.

Controversy continued to follow this colorful officer. Deliberately disregarding Army regulations, Yarborough and his command all wore green berets during President John F. Kennedy's visit to the Special Warfare Center on September 25, 1961. Kennedy liked their look. Calling the green beret "a mark of distinction in the fight for freedom," he directed Pentagon officials to authorize its exclusive use by Special Forces soldiers—men known ever since as the Green Berets.

William P. Yarborough reached the rank of lieutenant general before retiring in 1971. He died in 2005, a legendary figure within the elite fraternity of U.S. Army Special Forces and Airborne troopers. In his later years, Bill Yarborough examined the circumstances that led to his dismissal on Sicily.

"I deserved to be removed from command," he once told an interviewer, reflecting on the emotional immaturity and pridefulness that led him to so inappropriately challenge authority. "You can't have that kind of thing," Yarborough concluded, "and I recognized where the deficiency lay. It was with me and not with Ridgway or Tucker."

Fortunately, Bill Yarborough was given a second chance after his potentially career-ending confrontation with Maj. Gen. Ridgway. He thrived under other commanders, continuing on to eventually earn both three-star rank and a lasting reputation as one of the U.S. Army's finest airborne and special operations officers. His influence is still felt in today's armed forces.

Modern combat uniforms all have their origins in his multi-pocketed parachutist's suit. And U.S. paratroopers still wear Yarborough-designed jump wings, often pinning them to a colored cloth oval he introduced in 1941. Airborne and Special Forces qualified personnel also take great pride in blousing their trousers over a pair of highly shined jump boots—footwear he developed.

Upon earning the coveted Special Forces tab, each new Green Beret is also presented with a combat knife to symbolize his membership in the brotherhood of unconventional warriors. This individually numbered blade is known throughout the special operations community as the Yarborough Knife. It honors a man who redeemed himself in the crucible of combat, growing wise from his mistakes while rising to overcome every challenge placed before him.

Patrick J. Chaisson, a frequent contributor to WWII History, *is a retired U.S. Army officer and author from Scotia, New York.*

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By Brent Dyck

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Canada's Darkest Day

The disastrous Dieppe Raid caused tremendous casualties among the Canadian forces, and questions regarding its purpose linger.

ON THE MORNING OF AUGUST 19, 1942, THE CANADIAN 2ND DIVISION SAILED across the English Channel and attacked the Nazi-held port of Dieppe, France. What happened next was, as one historian wrote, the "nine bloodiest hours" of Canadian history. The city of Dieppe is located on a cliff with a beach below. The Canadians were massacred on the beach and in the water by German machine-gun and artillery fire as they left their landing craft.

Of the approximately 5,000 Canadian soldiers who took part in the raid, 916 were killed, 505 were wounded, and 1,946 were taken prisoner. This is a casualty rate of almost 70 percent, higher than even the worst battles of World War I. One Dieppe veteran even likened the scene he witnessed on the beach that day to a "holocaust."

The raid was doomed from the start. Originally, the Royal Air Force was supposed to use heavy bombers to pound the German defenses around Dieppe. However, by the summer of 1942, the RAF had begun launching bomber night raids over Germany with the aim of destroying enemy war production. The chief of Bomber Command, Air Marshal Sir Arthur Harris, felt that this was more important, and he refused to spare any of his bombers for the Dieppe mission. Second, the British Royal Navy was supposed to destroy the German defenses with shells from its battleships. However, due to fear that the English Channel was mine infested, the Royal Navy refused to lend any battleships for the raid.

So it was without any air or naval support that the Canadians climbed into their boats on the morning of August 19 for the impossible task of taking the port. The Canadians displayed great heroism in the face of adversity. A few dozen men of the Royal Hamilton Light Infantry managed to charge their way across the beach under a hail of gunfire, scaled the cliff, made their way into town, and captured the casino. After holding it for a few hours they retreated back to the beach. Three soldiers would be awarded the Victoria Cross, the British Commonwealth's highest award for bravery, for the heroism they showed that day.

One of the great mysteries of World War II that has troubled historians and survivors of the raid is why it happened in the first place? What was to be accomplished? Why did so many Canadians have to die?

There have been many theories as to why the tragic raid on Dieppe occurred. The official reason for the raid was put forth by British Prime Minister Winston Churchill in his 1950 book *The Hinge of Fate*. By the summer of 1942, the German Army had penetrated deep into the Soviet Union and was threatening the city of Stalingrad and the oil fields of Baku. Churchill was under intense pressure from Soviet Premier Josef Stalin to open a second front in the West

LEFT: As smoke billows from a destroyed landing craft and tank, wounded Canadian soldiers lie on the beach at the French resort town of Dieppe, scene of an abortive raid against the coast of Nazi-occupied France in August 1942. ABOVE: Men of the 2nd Canadian Division captured during the raid are marched through the streets of Dieppe only hours after the costly Allied raid was launched.

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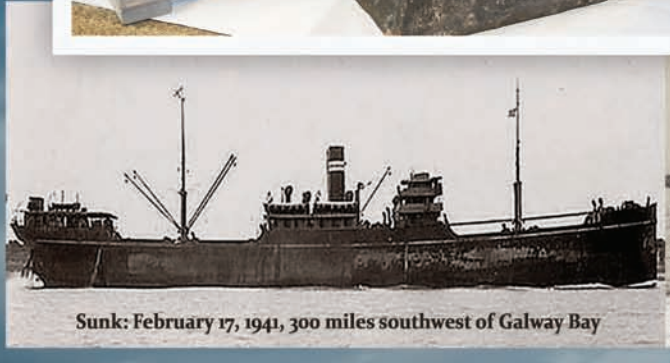
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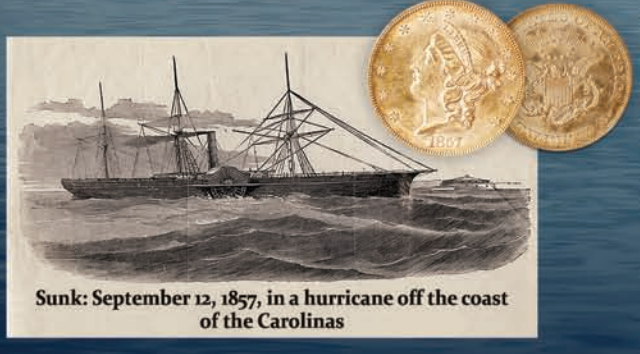
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A group of Canadian soldiers who survived the raid and returned to Britain with a German prisoner were caught on camera just as they reached safety.

to help alleviate the pressure on the Red Army. In May 1942, Soviet Foreign Minister Vyacheslav Molotov first visited Churchill in London, then went on to Washington to visit President Franklin D. Roosevelt, then visited Churchill again on his way home—all the while pleading for a second front as soon as possible.

After Molotov's visit, Roosevelt cabled Churchill, "I am more than ever anxious that BOLERO (the code name for the second front attack) proceed to definite action beginning in August and continuing so long as the weather holds in 1942." In July, Stalin once again wrote Churchill, complaining, "I must state in the most emphatic manner that the Soviet Government cannot acquiesce in the postponement of a Second Front in Europe until 1943."

In his book, Churchill writes that the attack on Dieppe was therefore undertaken to "take the weight off Russia" so that the Germans would "hold troops and resources in the West." Therefore, seen in this light, the Dieppe raid was a noble yet tragic attempt by Great Britain to help its ally, the Soviet Union.

However, in an earlier section of the book Churchill relates that he was in Moscow visiting the Soviet leader during the week of the Dieppe Raid. On August 14, he sent a message to Stalin in which he argued that a "second front" was not feasible in France in 1942. Perhaps haunted by the slaughter on the battlefields of World War I, Churchill wanted an invasion instead in Italy, against what he called the "soft underbelly" of Europe, and this would not be ready until sometime in 1943. To convince Stalin, Churchill wrote that an "attack with six or eight Anglo-American divisions on the Cherbourg peninsula and the Channel Islands would be a hazardous and futile operation. The Germans have enough troops in the West to block us in this narrow peninsula with fortified lines and would concentrate all of their air forces in the West upon us. In the opinion of all the British naval, military, and air authorities, the operation could only end in disaster. Even if the lodgment were made it would not bring a single division back from Russia."

So on one hand Churchill writes that an attack by eight divisions, or a force of 50,000 men, against the coast of France "would be hazardous and futile" and "could only end in disaster." On the other hand, five days later he sent 5,000 Canadians to attack the French port of Dieppe. How could Churchill argue that the reason for the Dieppe Raid was to "take the weight off Russia" when he acknowledged that a force 10 times greater "would not bring a single division back from Russia"? It is obvious

that this reason for the raid, to take the pressure off the Soviet Union, does not bear up to scrutiny and rings hollow.

Therefore, if taking the pressure off the Soviet Union was not the real reason for the raid then what was? One argument is that the raid was a dress rehearsal for the D-Day invasion of Normandy two years later.

In his 1948 book *Crusade in Europe*, Supreme Allied Commander General Dwight D. Eisenhower wrote that "from it [the Dieppe raid] we learned a number of lessons that we later applied to our advantage." In other words, a new myth arose that the Dieppe Raid was not a failure at all because without it the D-Day invasion would never have succeeded. This belief was echoed by Lord Louis Mountbatten, the planner of the raid code-named Operation Jubilee, as well. In a speech to Dieppe veterans in 1973 he said, "The successful landing in Normandy was won on the beaches of Dieppe." Mountbatten is also reported to have said that "for every soldier who died in Dieppe, at least 10 more must have been spared [on D-Day]."

Once again, this argument for the raid is specious. British General Frederick Morgan was appointed chief of staff to the supreme Allied commander (COSSAC) on March 12, 1943. Morgan and his team were given the task of planning the invasion of Europe. Morgan did not submit his first draft of the D-Day landing plan to the British Chiefs of Staff until mid-July 1943. Therefore, the invasion of Normandy was not even dreamed of yet, never mind planned, by the Allies when the raid on Dieppe took place. As one historian has asked, "Is it not absurd to proclaim Jubilee a rehearsal for an operation—Overlord—implemented in June 1944 but not yet conceived two years earlier, in the summer of 1942?" As well, it is possible that the planners of D-Day learned from the mistakes made at Dieppe—to use more men, to land on a beach and not a defended city, to bring their own harbors, and to include punishing aerial and naval bombardment—but these were not the purposes for the raid in the first place. It is as if these platitudes were created after the success of D-Day to justify the failure of Dieppe. Therefore, preparing for D-Day cannot be the reason for the raid.

Another theory for the Dieppe Raid was put forth by Canadian historian David O'Keefe in his 2013 book *One Day in August*. O'Keefe believes that the real reason for the raid was to try to steal a German Enigma machine or secret code books. Every regiment in the German Army possessed an Enigma machine. German headquarters sent coded secret messages to its regi-

German soldiers gaze at the wreck of a Canadian tank and the bodies of the dead crewmen on the beach at Dieppe. Conjecture still shrouds the circumstances under which the raid was approved, and the cost was high in lives and equipment.

ments through the Enigma, and if the British could capture a machine they could possibly decipher such messages and they would know the Germans' secrets and plans. According to O'Keefe, "The search for intelligence material was not a driver for the raid but indeed the driver." The British created a special unit, the 30 Assault Unit, specifically for this purpose. These soldiers were specifically taught how kill in hand-to-hand combat, pick locks, and crack safes. Therefore, O'Keefe believes that the real reason for the raid on Dieppe was to divert attention to the beaches while the 30 Assault Unit snuck into German headquarters at the Hotel Moderne and stole an Enigma machine and its code books. Unfortunately, the members of the 30 Assault Unit were pinned down on the beaches and never made it into the city. Interestingly, Ian Fleming, who later wrote the James Bond series of books after the war, was one of the leaders of the 30 Assault Unit.

One of the most controversial theories for the raid was suggested by Canadian historian Jacques Pauwels in his book *The Myth of the Good War.* As noted, by the summer of 1942 Winston Churchill was under tremendous pressure from the Soviet Union to open a second front in Western Europe. Pauwels believes that Churchill did not want to open a second front because he liked the idea that the Soviet Army "was providing the cannon fodder needed to vanquish Germany" while Great Britain waited on the sidelines. According to Pauwels, Churchill was no lover of communism, and so he was happy for both his Nazi enemy and his Soviet ally to "administer a major bloodletting to each other on the Eastern Front." Pauwels argues that Churchill "could not reveal the true reasons why they did not wish to open a second front." Instead, Churchill needed a justification or a reason to show Stalin why he could not open a second front in 1942. Therefore, Pauwels writes that the Dieppe Raid was created to fulfill a political objective, not a military one. He believes that the Dieppe Raid was purposely designed by the British government to fail—not to succeed.

Pauwels writes that by sacrificing the Canadian 2nd Division "the Dieppe tragedy was indeed a great success, even a double success. First, the operation could be, and was, presented as a selfless and heroic attempt to assist the Soviets. Second, the failure of the operation seemed to demonstrate only too clearly that the Western Allies were indeed not yet ready to open a second front. If Jubilee was intended to silence the voices clamoring for the opening of a second front, it was indeed a great success. The Dieppe disaster silenced the popular demand for a second front and allowed Churchill and Roosevelt to continue to sit on the fence as the Nazis and the Soviets slaughtered each other in the East."

Pauwels is not alone in his view that the

Dieppe raid was meant to fail. Some Canadian soldiers who lived through the raid share the same sentiment. Jack Kimberley, a private in the Royal Hamilton Light Infantry, later said, "We were sold out higher up, sold down the river." Private Jack Poolton was a soldier in the Royal Regiment of Canada. Of the 524 soldiers in the Royal Regiment only 65 made it back to England. Poolton's daughter would later claim, "My father always felt that they had been sacrificed."

Forbes West, a major at Dieppe in the Royal Regiment who later went on to become a brigadier general, said, "I feel that from the day planning began, it was intended to be a failure.... The British were being pressed by the Russians and Americans to open a second front, so we were put in with the firm intention of being destroyed. Men at the chief of staff level would consider 4,000 casualties a small price to pay for convincing the Russians and Americans an invasion would be a disaster.... I came to the conclusion that the attack was meant to be a disaster. First you have a frontal assault, which is not very good practice. It's to be supported with heavy bombing, capital ships and paratroopers, and then each of these are taken away leaving just infantry to attack a fortress with rifles and bayonets. I'm absolutely certain it was intended to be a failure."

Some people might think it is preposterous to believe that the British government would send a whole Canadian division to be slaughtered. However, recent research reveals that the British government had planned this type of activity before. Brig. Gen. Churchill Mann was the deputy military force commander for the Dieppe Raid. He wrote that two years before the raid "on May 26, 1940 [when the German army had the British and French armies trapped on the beaches of Dunkirk], the war cabinet considered that a sacrifice of a good part of the Canadians would bring the United States into the war as an ally. We at HQ1 Headquarters commenced arrangements to embark about half the divisions, using passenger-ship lifeboats, to land over open beaches without any support at all at Gravelines. Fortunately wiser counsels prevailed and this operation was cancelled."

Perhaps we will never know why this tragic raid took place. The last word on the raid belongs to Patrick Porteous, a British commando who won the Victoria Cross that day for bravery. Before he passed away he said, "The people who planned it should be shot."

Canadian author Brent Dyck is a resident of Richmond, British Columbia, and holds a history degree from the University of British Columbia.

By Duane Schultz

Daring Operation Flagpole

A secret mission in North Africa made General Mark Clark a national hero.

THE FIVE AMERICANS WERE TRAPPED IN A SMALL, DARK, EMPTY WINE CELLAR in an isolated French villa on the coast of Algiers. Upstairs, directly overhead, French police stomped back and forth across the rug that covered the trapdoor. The police were so close that the Americans could hear them questioning the owner of the house, Henri Tessier, and the senior American counselor to the Vichy French regime in Algiers, Robert Murphy, about their presence. It was Tuesday afternoon, October 23, 1942.

Tessier had instructed his Arab servants to stay away from the house for the rest of the day. That had made them suspicious enough, but when they spotted several sets of footprints crossing the sandy beach heading toward the house, they reported their suspicions to the police.

Murphy and Tessier pretended to be drunk. Murphy told the investigating officers that they had been having a party. There were women in the bedrooms upstairs, he whispered, and he pleaded with them not to embarrass a "senior American diplomat" who was only having a little fun.

The group in the cellar was led by Maj. Gen. Mark Clark. When he heard the voices, he kneeled at the bottom of the stairs, pointing his carbine toward the trapdoor. Years later he said that he was "prepared to shoot if necessary."

A few hours earlier, in a meeting in the dining room upstairs with General Charles Mast, commander of the French XIX Corps in northern Algeria, Clark had persuaded Mast not to resist the planned American invasion of North Africa. Codenamed Operation Torch, it was scheduled to take place in three weeks. But if Clark and his group were captured by the French police they would be turned over to the Germans. "If we fell into Nazi hands," Clark said, "it would be far from pleasant, and, of more importance, it would jeopardize the whole operation."

They had to get out of the house and back to the British submarine that was waiting for them offshore. With Clark were Brig. Gen. Lyman Lemnitzer, Colonel Archelaus L. Hamblen, Colonel Julius Holmes, and U.S. Navy Captain Jerauld Wright, an authority on naval gunnery, along with three British commandos. Five days earlier the group had left England for Gibraltar, where they were taken aboard HMS *Seraph,* an S-class submarine of the British Royal Navy; its commander, Lieutenant Norman Limbury Auchinleck Jewell, was known as Bill.

When Clark told Lieutenant Jewell they would be looking for a house with white walls and a red tile roof some 12 miles west of a fishing village called Cherchell, Bill said casually, "I am sure that we can get you in there and get you off again." He had arranged for three commandos of the Royal Marines—Captain C.P. Courtney, Captain R.T. Livingstone, and Lieutenant J.P. Foote—to serve as bodyguards.

To enable the group to reach the shore and later return safely to the submarine, the commandos acquainted the Americans with their collapsible two-person kayaks. The boats were constructed of hickory wood frames covered with canvas. Because they could be folded to take up less space, they would be easy to hide onshore.

"I had never been aboard a submarine before," Clark wrote, "and I soon realized that they were not made for a lanky six-foot-two man." He had to crouch, and going to the latrine found himself nearly on all fours. When the *Seraph* submerged, the air grew so stale it made the men groggy. They passed the time

TOP: General Mark Clark and Navy Captain Jerauld Wright sit in a wine cellar in Algiers while they hide from the local police.
ABOVE: Clark and his party stand aboard the submarine HMS *Seraph* in the harbor at Gibraltar before embarking on their mission to North Africa.

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playing bridge or trying to sleep.

They arrived at their destination at 4 AM on October 21. Two Algerian fishing boats were anchored where they had expected to land. There was no choice but to spend the day submerged in deep water until 10 PM. The fishing boats were gone, but now there was no signal light from the villa indicating that it was safe to come ashore.

While they waited and watched for the light, someone suggested that they change into civilian clothes. "Hell no!" Clark said. "We'll go ashore as American officers and nothing else. It will help the people we are dealing with to remember who we are and whom we represent."

That settled, Clark strapped $2,000 in Canadian gold coins and American dollars into a money belt inside his pants for use in an emergency, and a little after midnight on October 22, when the signal light finally appeared from the house, the group made their way to shore through the heavy surf, emerging soaking wet. Robert Murphy was waiting for them on the beach.

"Welcome to North Africa," he said.

Clark, who had prepared a formal statement that he had practiced in French, instead blurted out, "I'm damn glad we made it."

The meeting with General Mast seemed to go well. Mast was eager to cooperate with the planned American invasion but insisted on knowing the strength of the landing force. He knew that if it was not sufficiently large, the Germans might be able to defeat it on their own. And if the Germans won, Mast would be in trouble for not having fought alongside them.

Clark knew this was a crucial point that could make or break the agreement with the Vichy government, so he greatly exaggerated the size of the American force. "I had to keep a poker face," Clark recalled, "while saying that a half a million Allied troops would come in, and I said that we could put 2,000 planes in the air as well as plenty of U.S. Navy." He knew that only 112,000 troops would be in the landing force. He later wrote in his diary that he had been "lying like hell."

Clark's ruse worked, and Mast agreed that the Vichy French troops under his command would not fight the Americans. After a lunch of chicken served with a hot peppery sauce, red wine, and oranges, Mast left while his aides worked out the details of the agreement.

Everyone seemed pleased with the outcome of the mission until an urgent telephone call that afternoon announced that French police were on their way to the villa. Clark and his party hustled into the wine cellar just as the police car pulled up outside.

Algerian artist H. Kleiss drew this image of Captain Jerauld Wright and General Mark Clark as they rowed a British folboat toward the North African shore during their clandestine mission to the Vichy government.

While the police were still upstairs, Captain Courtney began to choke while trying to suppress a cough; they all knew the noise would give them away. Courtney whispered to Clark, "General, I'm afraid I'll choke." Clark hissed back, "I'm afraid you won't." Clark handed him a piece of chewing gum, which managed to stop the cough. Later, Courtney complained that American chewing gum was tasteless. Clark laughed and told Courtney that was because he had been chewing the gum himself for hours before he gave it to him! There is no record of Courtney's reply.

The French police left after about half an hour, warning Murphy that they still had their suspicions and might be back to continue their search of the house. Murphy opened the door to the cellar and told Clark that they had better leave. He suggested that they hide in the woods until they could return to the submarine. Clark agreed; there was no reason to stay there any longer.

When they tried to get back to the submarine, the surf was so strong that Clark took off his trousers, concerned that the money belt containing the gold would weigh him down. But they could not get into the kayaks because of the high waves.

Finally, by 4 AM on October 23, the sea had calmed down enough to try again to reach the submarine. But before they got into the kayaks again, what historian Jon Mikolashek described as "a bizarre exchange took place. Wet and [still] fearful that the gold would weigh him down, Clark rolled up his pants and ordered General Lemnitzer to drop his pants and give them to him. What followed next is a prime example of rank. Lemnitzer, now pantless, ordered a colonel to do the same. Eventually, the epic of the pants reached lowly Lieutenant Foote, who outranked no one and was forced to paddle to the submarine without any pants."

The boats finally reached the submarine, but before they could be hauled on board one of them was tossed by the waves and slammed against the sub, cracking the wooden frame. The commando manning it leaped aboard, but the kayak drifted away and sank, carrying the coins, some secret papers, and Mark Clark's pants. Clark radioed Robert Murphy and asked him to search for the lost articles in case they washed up on the beach. The pants were later retrieved, but not the papers or the gold. Murphy had the trousers cleaned and pressed, and he radioed Clark that they would be waiting for him upon his return.

The next day, October 24, the sub surfaced so that Clark could send a radio message to supreme commander General Dwight D. Eisenhower touting the success of his mission and describing how, with the arrival of the French police, they all had to hide in a wine cellar. To avoid any possible misunderstanding, however, Clark emphasized that they hid "in an empty—repeat empty—wine cellar."

When they arrived back in London, Clark

briefed Eisenhower on the mission. Clark was awarded the Distinguished Service Medal, and he and Ike were invited to Buckingham Palace to meet King George VI. When introduced, the monarch said, "I know all about you. You're the one who took that fabulous trip. Didn't you get stranded on the beach without your pants?"

On the same day, General George C. Marshall, the U.S. Army Chief of Staff, called Clark's wife, Maurine (called Renie), to assure her that her husband had returned from his mission. He warned her not to talk about it. "General Marshall made it very clear," she wrote later, "that it was a secret that had to be kept. Adding that it had not yet been decided whether the story would be made public ever."

Renie Clark had always been eager to promote her husband's accomplishments. And, fortunately for her, three days after the Torch landings began on November 8, Marshall changed his mind about publicizing Clark's secret mission.

Clark was promoted to lieutenant general on November 11, at that time the youngest three-star general in the U.S. Army. A War Department press release cited his diplomatic skill as well as his courage in undertaking the secret mission to Algiers. In response to a clamor from the press for more details, Marshall decided it would be good for public morale to release more stories of a personal nature to the public. And to start this new campaign he gave Clark permission to tell the press about his mission to Algiers, which included the story of his lost pants, which by then had been returned by Murphy, cleaned and pressed as promised.

The report of a general losing his pants on a cloak-and-dagger mission behind enemy lines immediately became headline news back in the United States. Mark Clark was suddenly a household name, a celebrity. The story captured the public imagination to such an extent that parents named their newborn sons after him, and thousands of people sent letters and gifts.

Clark's biographer, Martin Blumenson, wrote, "Every war produced an act of personal daring, ingenuity, and devotion that gave individuals a permanent place in history: Nathan Hale had been the first such American. Clark was the latest."

The celebrity Hollywood gossip columnist Louella Parsons called Clark "America's Dream Hero." *Time* magazine noted that Clark was the "only U.S. general in World War II to lose his pants in enemy territory!"

Once the secret was out, Renie Clark did everything she could to enhance her husband's newfound status. She went on war bond tours with Hollywood movie stars. "I talked five nights a week for nine months in 1943," she wrote. "It was a roadshow, a new city each night, a one-hour talk in each city." And she did the same in 1944. She was so effective that the War Department awarded her a Distinguished Service Citation for having sold more than $25 million worth of war bonds.

ABOVE: President Franklin D. Roosevelt leans from a Jeep as he pins the Distinguished Service Cross on the chest of General Mark Clark. The secret mission to the Vichy French government of North Africa made him a hero and he later served as commander of the Allied Fifth Army in the Mediterranean. BELOW: Renie Clark, wife of General Clark, was her husband's foremost press agent following the secret mission. She promoted his heroics during interviews and public lectures.

The prominent Redpath Speakers Bureau hired her to give public, paid lectures, which gave her an even larger audience. A compelling and magnetic speaker, Renie toured the country for Redpath, telling and retelling the tale of her husband's dangerous secret mission, "one of the great adventures of all time."

She talked relentlessly about his bravery and how he was winning the war. She read from his letters to adoring crowds and even displayed the famous trousers. And with that theatrical gesture she went too far; General Marshall did not like the idea of his officers being praised for losing their pants.

Marshall made his objections clear to Eisenhower, who in turn informed Clark that his reputation was being damaged by his wife and that he was becoming the butt of jokes. Clark was mortified. Even though he relished the attention and adulation, he was furious. "I do not want you to refer to me in any way in your talks," he wrote to Renie. "Positively no quotes from me, for some I have seen lately have been embarrassing."

But the damage had been done, and it fueled the already notable resentment among high-ranking officers that had started before the war when Clark was promoted from lieutenant colonel to brigadier general, skipping the rank of colonel. Less than a year later he was promoted to major general. Many officers senior in age and rank took offense.

Clark was also considered to be arrogant, vain, and overly ambitious for personal fame. Omar Bradley wrote some 40 years after the war that he thought Clark had been "too eager to impress, too hungry for the limelight, promotions and personal publicity." Even George Patton, no stranger to arrogance and vanity, believed Clark "was more preoccupied with bettering his own future than winning the war." Both Marshall and Eisenhower warned Clark on several occasions about being so overtly self-promoting.

It was hard not to notice that Clark insisted that the general's star insignia painted on his jeep had to be bigger than what most other generals had and that he kept a public relations staff of almost 50. Their job was to make sure that photographers were available for important moments like a visit to the front lines. Photos were to be taken of Clark's better side (the left) and news reports had to mention Clark's name at least three times at the outset.

The episode with the pants brought Mark Clark to the attention of the American public, which needed heroes in 1942, and also perhaps a bit of comic relief after the defeats early in the war. The story was good for morale, and it undoubtedly helped Renie and other celebrities sell war bonds, which definitely helped the war effort.

Despite Clark's admonitions to his wife, however, the story of the pants continued to reappear in the news until after the end of the

Continued on page 78

By Gregory A. Henry

National Archives

Game Changer

The gunnery system on the Boeing B-29 Superfortress was a revolutionary advancement in heavy bomber defense.

THE BOEING B-29 SUPERFORTRESS WAS A GAME CHANGER. FIRST ROLLING OFF the assembly line as a production aircraft in July 1943, the Superfortress was the answer to America's need for a high-level long-range strategic bomber. Conceived in 1938, the Superfortress was designed to increase the range, payload, and speed of its predecessors and was ultimately slated for service in the Pacific Theater of Operations only. The B-29 had a loaded range of around 4,000 miles, could carry a bomb load of up to 20,000 pounds, had a combat ceiling in excess of 36,000 feet, and travelled at a maximum speed of over 350 miles per hour with a cruising speed of 230 miles per hour. No other bomber in the world approached its capabilities.

The Superfortress also influenced American strategy in the Pacific. Already masters of the Solomon, Gilbert, and Marshall Islands, American strategists elected to bypass the Japanese stronghold in the Caroline Islands and instead turn their attention to the Marianas Islands. Their decision was influenced in part by the availability of the new B-29 bomber, which could easily reach the mainland of Japan some 1,500 miles away from the Marianas islands of Saipan, Tinian, and Guam.

The B-29 also brought a number of technological innovations to America's existing air arsenal. It was the first plane to feature a heated, pressurized crew cabin, which greatly improved crew comfort and combat effectiveness while decreasing their fatigue. With pressurization, the B-29 could operate at significantly higher altitudes than previous bombers and often above the ceiling of enemy fighters. It was also the first bomber to pioneer dual-wheeled tricycle landing gear. Previously, the B-17 Flying Fortress featured a tail wheel and the B-24 Liberator a single nose wheel, which made the latter notoriously unstable on landing. Without discounting these aeronautical innovations, what really distinguished the B-29 from every other bomber in the world was its state-of-the-art gunnery system, which made it quite literally a flying superfortress.

The aircraft featured a General Electric Company model 2CFR55B1 centralized fire-control system, or CFC, which transformed bomber defensive gunnery from a loose collection of independent guns into an integrated gunnery system. The major components of the CFC system were five gunsights, five remotely controlled turrets, five targeting computers, and an electric gun-switching system. Each of the five turrets was operated remotely by a gunner stationed in one of five sighting stations located throughout the aircraft. The firing trajectory was calculated by five targeting computers, each associated with a sighting station and each connected to one or more turrets that could be operated from that single sighting station.

Two turrets were located in the forward section of the aircraft, with the upper forward turret on top of the fuselage and the lower forward turret on the bottom, both positioned slightly aft of the forward pressurized crew compartment where the pilot, co-pilot, flight engineer, and navigator sat. Similarly, the upper aft and lower aft turrets were located on the top and bottom of the fuselage toward the rear of the aircraft forward of its tail fin. The fifth was mounted in the tail facing the rear.

The B-29 carried a crew of 11 airmen, five of whom were gunners. The fire control officer, also called the ring gunner or top gunner, sighted through a plexiglass blister on top of the fuselage and were seated in the middle pressurized crew compartment in a tall chair known as the "barber chair." The right- and left-side gunners, or blister gunners, were stationed below the top gunner, sighting through blisters on opposite sides of the fuselage. The bombardier sat in the nose of the aircraft, forward of the pilot and co-pilot, and functioned as the nose gunner when not engaged in the actual bombing run. The nose gunner's gunsight retracted to be stowed out of the way when he turned his attention to the bombsight, which was affixed to the floor between his feet. Finally, the tail

Linda Truxell

TOP: B-29 Superfortress bombers rain destruction on Japan in 1945. ABOVE: Corporal Bob Truxell was among the first to work on the B-29's advanced computerized fire-control systems.

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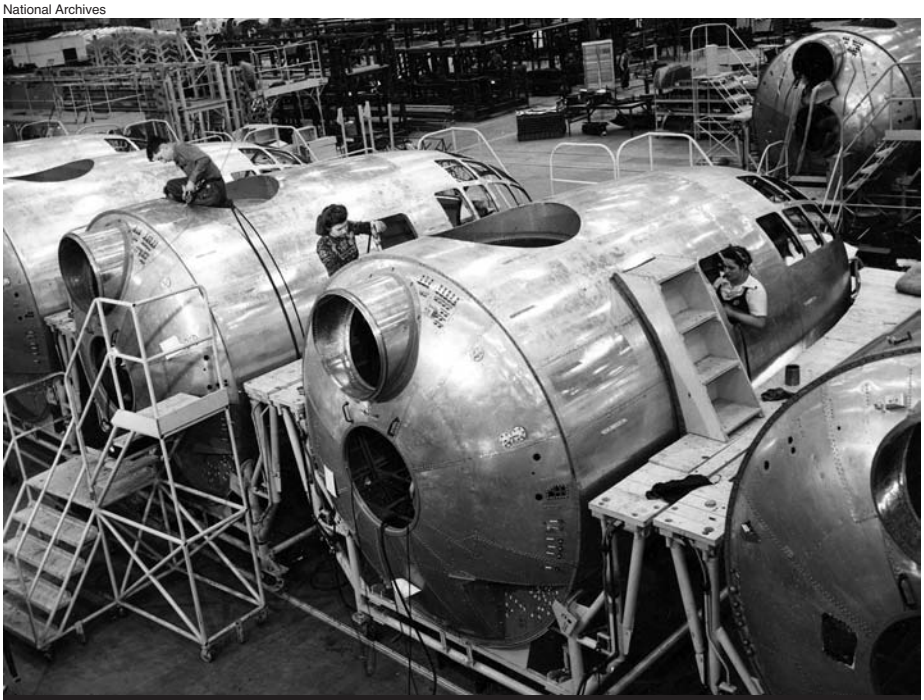

Along with the computerized system that controlled and coordinated the fire of the B-29's defensive machine guns, the bomber was also the first operational plane of its type with a pressurized cabin. These factory workers are assembling a pressurized cockpit on their factory floor.

gunner sat in the rear of the airplane alone in the aft pressurized compartment.

One gunner was assigned primary control or "first call" on the use of each of the five turrets. Through a series of electrical switches, control of the turret could be passed to a secondary gunner who could operate it alone or in conjunction with his primary turret. The nose gunner had primary control of both forward turrets. Secondary control of the upper forward turret fell to the top gunner; the lower forward turret was controlled by either of the side gunners. The top gunner had primary control of the upper aft turret and secondary control of the upper forward turret. The side gunners had primary control of the lower aft turret with secondary control of the lower forward turret and the tail turret. The tail gunner could only control the tail turret.

With all the overlapping fire control possibilities, proper communication among the gunners via the aircraft's interphone system was paramount, with the fire control officer quarterbacking the whole process. The gun positioning system, with the exception of the tail mount, contained fire interrupter cams, which prohibited the guns from firing on their own aircraft's wings or tail. However, the guns could fire on their own formation if the weapons were active at the time when control switched between gunners and the guns swung around to the second gunner's targeting position.

Each of the five turrets featured two air-cooled Browning M2 .50-caliber machine guns. In response to the relative effectiveness of frontal attacks, later versions of the aircraft included two additional .50s in the upper forward turret. To avoid overheating the guns, gunners were instructed to fire in short bursts and then count to three before firing again. Hot gun barrels would expand, decreasing accuracy, or could rupture completely or "cook off" the next round by thermally induced firing. A maximum of 25 rounds could be fired at once but then required at least 15 seconds of cooling off, which must have seemed like eternity when engaged with the enemy. Early B-29 models also included a 20mm cannon in the tail mount. The cannon was controlled by the same sighting and firing mechanism as the rear machine gun turret and could be fired in conjunction with the machine guns but not alone. The 20mm round weighed about twice as much as the .50-caliber round but packed nearly three times its force.

Each gunner manually operated a gunsight, which was connected electrically to the CFC system and contained a 2-inch by 3-inch glass eyepiece. The glass optics had two interchangeable sky filters, enabling the gunner to maintain a clear view of his target through the optics in nearly dark conditions or even sighting an enemy attacking from out of the sun. A reticle consisting of a circle of dots aligned around a center dot, similar to the crosshairs on a rifle scope or the focusing marks on a camera viewfinder, was reflected on the optical glass by a reticle lamp of adjustable illumination.

When a target was encountered, the gunner was required to first visually identify the type of enemy aircraft and then adjust the target size knob on the gunsight from 35 feet to 150 feet to correspond with the wingspan of the target aircraft. The projected reticle size changed as the target size knob was adjusted, showing the current target size setting in feet at the 12 o'clock position on the reticle circle. Placing the center dot of the reticle on the center of the target, the gunner would then adjust the gunsight's range wheel until the target aircraft's wings completely filled the reticle circle.

Tracking the target then required the smooth movement of the gunsight on both the vertical axis, or elevation, and on the horizontal axis, or azimuth, to keep the target aircraft centered in the reticle and properly ranged within the bounds of the reticle circle. Changes in azimuth were affected by the gunner rotating the gunsight horizontally along with his body, while changes in elevation required moving the gunsight vertically by rotating the two hand wheel grips that were located on the outsides of the gunsight frame. Friction adjustments allowed the gunner to customize the touch of the gunsight's movements to his preference.

Each movement in the gunsight, whether in elevation or in azimuth, resulted in an electrically activated corresponding movement to the guns (elevation), the turret (azimuth), or both. The mechanism for transmitting these movements involved differential selsyn generators in the gunsight and at the gun emplacement as well as a servo amplifier and two amplidyne generators, which drove the two motors that moved the guns.

With the exception of the tail mount, the turrets could rotate 360 degrees in azimuth and the guns could incline to 90 degrees in elevation relative to the body of the aircraft. The firing triggers were not "pulled" per se, but rather were buttons located adjacent to the hand wheels and depressed by either of the gunner's thumbs. An action switch depressed by the gunner's left palm while in contact with the hand wheel served as a control override for the sighting station. If the action switch was not depressed, such as in the event the gunner was incapacitated, the guns could not be fired from that sighting station. Control of the turret(s) then passed to another gunner's sighting station regardless of the current settings of the electrical control switches, ensuring that all turrets remained operational.

While in contact with the enemy, the gunner simply needed to properly size, range, and track

the target with his gunsight and then fire at the appropriate effective range. The CFC system moved the guns while the computer continuously calculated all the corrections needed for the fired projectile to hit the target. With computer-calculated targeting, the effective range of the guns was 900 yards, 50 percent farther than manually sighted guns and over twice the effective range of most enemy fighters' guns.

The computer introduced the correction as a deviation from the parallel mirroring movements between the gunsight and the guns as transmitted by the system of selsyns. The total calculated correction was the sum of individual corrections for ballistics, parallax, and lead. Ballistics corrections compensated for the deflection of the projectile caused by gravity and by wind as the projectile exited an aircraft traveling around 250 miles per hour. Since the guns themselves were remote from the gunsights, parallax correction allowed for the distance along the length of the aircraft between the gunsight and the gun barrels. Lead correction allowed for the travel distance of the target aircraft during the time the projectile was in the air.

To perform its correction calculations, the computer required a number of pieces of input information obtained from several different sources. These inputs included the current position of the guns in both elevation and azimuth; the aircraft's true air speed, altitude, and outside temperature, which were input by the aircraft's navigator; the range to the target obtained from the gunsight as the gunner tracked the target and adjusted the range wheel; and the relative velocity of the target received from two gyroscopes located on the gunsight as the gunner tracked the target.

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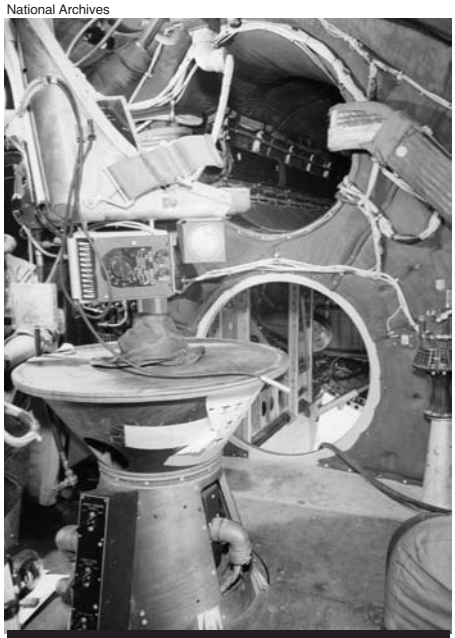

The fire control officer's position was located in the middle crew compartment of the B-29. His "barber chair" position is visible in this image.

Depending on the type of parallax, two different models of computers were used. A single-parallax computer, the General Electric model 2CH1C1, was used at sighting stations that had parallax between the gunsight and only one gun location, such as the tail gunner station, which controlled only one turret, or the nose gunner station, whose two turrets were located above and below each other almost equidistant longitudinally from the gunsight. A double-parallax computer, the model 2CH1D1, was used for the three top and side gunners' sighting stations since all three gunners could simultaneously control two turrets of differing parallax from their gunsight. Although the side gunners were capable of controlling three different turrets via the control switching system, they could only operate two at any one time.

All inputs to the computer were electrical, but the computer itself performed its calculations mechanically since a purely electrical calculator lay outside the reach of existing technology in the era of vacuum tubes with their

appetite for electrical current and enormous heat output. Aboard an aircraft, size and weight were further concerns. Conversion of the electrical inputs into the mechanical calculation system was achieved through an array of selsyns and potentiometers.

The computer itself was really several separate but interconnected calculating units contained within the same chassis, which was the size of a suitcase and weighed more than 50 pounds. The ballistic calculating unit was programmed with the known effects of gravity and the ballistic characteristics of a .50-caliber shell fired from the Browning M2, such as its muzzle velocity. To make the ballistics correction calculation, the ballistic unit needed to know the current gun position for the angle of initial velocity, the range to the target, the current true air speed, which affected windage, and the aircraft's current altitude and outside temperature, which affected the air density and thus the drag on the bullet. Similarly, the parallax computing unit was programmed with the longitudinal distance(s) between its gunsight and the turret(s) that sight could control, but it needed to know the current gun position and the range to the target to compute the parallax correction trigonometrically. Finally, the lead calculating unit computed the lead correction from the range and the relative velocity of the target along with the ballistic characteristics, which affected the time of the projectile to the target.

The computer's output, which consisted of the parallel signal received from the gunsight selsyn adjusted for the sum of the three calculated corrections, was then converted back into electrical impulses, which fed a servo amplifier, or feedback controller, that drove the two gun-positioning motors, one for elevation and one for azimuth. Thus the computer's correction was introduced as an alteration to the position of the guns and of the turret from that which would have been exactly parallel to the gunsight's position.

Because they were connected electrically, the computers did not have to be physically located with either the gunsights or the turrets. The nose gunner's computer was located in the forward pressurized cabin aft of the pilot's armor, while the other four computers were placed under the floor in the radar operator's compartment near the back of the middle pressurized cabin surrounded by armor. In case of a computer failure or combat damage, an override switch allowed the gunner to bypass the computer completely and operate the guns without its correction using a retractable flip-down peep sight on the gunsight.

According to U.S. Army Air Forces records,

a total of 3,760 production Superfortresses were delivered, around 70 percent of which were built by Boeing at its plants in Wichita, Kansas, and Renton, Washington. The rest were produced in Marietta, Georgia, by the Bell Aircraft Company and in Omaha, Nebraska, by the Glenn L. Martin Company, later part of Martin-Marietta.

After assembly was complete but before the aircraft was combat ready, the guns were harmonized and the targeting computers tested. First, both guns in a single turret were aligned to parallel target marks by use of a bore sighting tool with alignment made by changes to adjustment screws. Then each turret was aligned with each of the sighting stations that could control it by using a predefined harmonization target placed at least 100 feet away from the aircraft. Adjustments were made to either the selsyn at the sighting station or to the one at the turret, depending on which gunsight and turret combination was being adjusted. After the guns and sighting stations were harmonized, the targeting computers along with all the input systems and calculating components were tested using a comprehensive testing device containing on its face over 50 dials, meters, and switches.

Aircraft production quickly outpaced the manufacturers' capacity to set up the revolutionary CFC systems, so the USAAF began training its own crews to ensure that the otherwise combat-ready bombers were not delayed in deployment. USAAF Corporal Robert W. "Bob" Truxell of Lansing, Michigan, was part of the first class to graduate from the B-29 CFC and computer training schools at Lowry Field in Denver, Colorado. Truxell had previously washed out of air cadet pilot training due to a three-month bout with rheumatic fever, which

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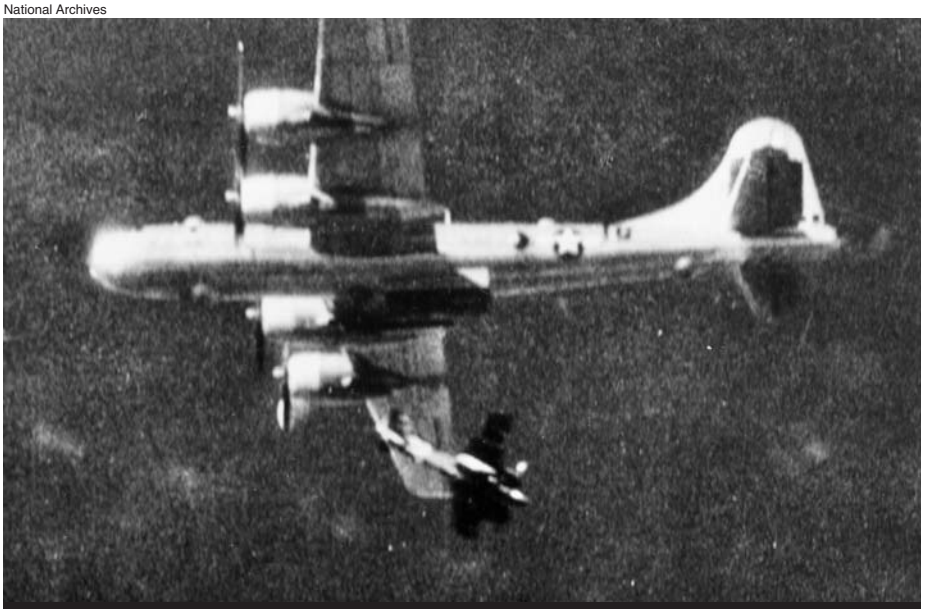

Visible just below the wings of this B-29 Superfortress, a Japanese fighter passes close to its intended victim. However, the computerized fire control system installed in the B-29 made missions extremely hazardous for attacking Japanese pilots.

THE three Soviet tanks edged forward slowly as the drivers scanned for the concealed Germans that lay ahead. The lead tank suddenly clanked to a stop and swung its long barrel around. It looked much like one of Hannibal's elephants with its trunk raised, sniffing the air before its planned lunge forward toward the hapless enemy.

The Wehrmacht troops were in a precarious situation. They lacked air support there as the Soviets mounted a heavy attack in mid-August 1943 along the length of the Donets Front in eastern Ukraine.

Antitank panzerfausts were not available to the 3rd Gebirgsjager (Mountain) Division, and the unit had few, if any, sticky charges to blow the tracks from the Soviet T-34 tanks. All they had were their wits and their bolt-action Mauser rifles against the three steel titans that loomed in front of them with scores of Red Army soldiers trailing.

Suddenly, the lead tank's hatch opened about 10 inches and a head appeared with binoculars to scan the scene. Sniper Josef "Sepp" Allerberger brought the Soviet tanker's head into the center of his scope, and at some 500 feet he squeezed off a round. A splat of blood hit the hatch as the head sank into the bowels of the tank.

That single shot marked the beginning of yet another wild melee on the Eastern Front. The tanks lobbed a few shots toward the German positions, but after a few minutes they gunned their engines and left the field to the

A TALE OF TWO German Snipers

SURVIVAL ON THE EASTERN FRONT WAS PERILOUS AT BEST, ESPECIALLY IN THE ROLE OF THE SNIPER. BY PHIL ZIMMER

exposed and largely doomed Soviet riflemen who did not fare well against the well-entrenched Germans.

The battle might have gone the other way had it not been for the young 19-year-old Austrian sniper who singlehandedly changed the course of the engagement by likely taking out the commander of the three tanks. His timely, well-aimed bullet negated the Soviets' heavy initial advantage in firepower and maneuverability.

Snipers have often been "force multipliers" in warfare with their ability to take out key military leaders or crucial signal and communications officers. For example, the course of the crucial Battle of Saratoga in the American Revolution was dramatically changed when an American sniper killed British General Simon Fraser at a distance of some 300 yards. During the American Civil War, Union General John Sedgwick fatally fell to a sniper's round at the Battle of Spotsylvania Court House just after he remarkably stated the enemy "couldn't hit an elephant at this distance."

Allerberger and Matthaus Hetzenauer, another skilled Austrian sniper in the same division, were officially credited with killing more than 600 enemy soldiers during the Soviet advance toward Berlin in the latter stages of World War II. And their sniper totals did not include scores and scores of Soviets who fell to their rapid-fire machine pistol efforts during numerous determined and often foolish Russian frontal assaults.

Both young Austrians received the prestigious Knight's Cross for their efforts, and unlike most snipers they left rather detailed descriptions of their work on the Eastern Front. Most snipers, like Finland's Simo Hayha—dubbed "White Death" for his more than 505 confirmed kills in the Winter War just prior to the start of World War II—were reluctant to discuss their work which many considered underhanded or unmanly.

Allerberger, perhaps, left a more compelling firsthand account than Hetzenauer, who has been credited with 346 official kills, some 89 more than his fellow Austrian. But it was Hetzenauer, the highest scoring Axis sniper of the war, who left more detailed information on sniper techniques, training, and tactics—all told after he endured five years of captivity and forced labor at the hands of the Soviets. Both were fortunate to have endured the war at all because of the traditional heavy loss of snipers and the nature of the four-year-long bloodbath on the Eastern Front that took millions of lives on both sides.

During a training exercise, a German sniper takes aim from his hide. Snipers took great pains to perfect the art of camouflage to protect themselves from retaliatory enemy fire.

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Hetzenauer preferred a K98k Mauser rifle with a six-powered scope, while many German snipers preferred a four-powered scope on the Mauser. Occasionally he did use a German-built Gewehr 43, a 10-round semiautomatic rifle with a four-powered Zielfernrohr scope. The weapon was copied somewhat after the Soviet Tokarev self-loading rifle SVT-38.

Neither the Soviet nor the German self-loading rifles were ever capable of the accuracy of a bolt-action rifle. The bolt-action rifles had fewer moving parts and so could be fine-tuned by a skilled gunsmith to create the consistently accurate weapon needed by snipers. In close fighting, an SVT-38 type weapon, or perhaps even a machine pistol like the German MP-40, could prove invaluable for snipers and others when they needed a high rate of fire.

Ironically, the precise engineering and exceptionally close tolerances of the Mauser rifle occasionally proved to be its own shortcoming during minus 40-degree and lower temperatures on the Eastern Front, and the extended periods of freezes and thaws that often turned roads into canals of mud and coated men and weapons equally with the sludge. The Soviet Mosin Nagant rifles had more liberal manufacturing tolerances and came with lubricants that could better withstand Russia's extreme cold. This made them a preferred weapon for many Germans, as well as most Soviet snipers. This was especially true of the prewar Nagants produced at Tula Arms Plant, whose history traced back to 1712 when it was founded by Tsar Peter I. Famed Finnish sniper Hayha logged most of his official kills over the iron sights of a Mosin Nagant. He contended that scopes too often fogged up in harsh conditions and the restricted view of a scope limited the weapon's usefulness in close in situations.

For his part, Allerberger initially preferred a captured Soviet sniper rifle, a Mosin Nagant with a scope, coupled with a semiautomatic Gewehr 43 for rapid, close-in support because of its 10-round magazine. Both snipers took great pains to prepare advanced hiding places for their sniper rifles, knowing that German snipers who fell into enemy hands would be faced with long, drawn-out torture and eventual death.

Allerberger was frank about the use of his Gewehr 43 when faced with large waves of charging Soviets. At times, the first two enemy waves were armed and the next two waves of men were instructed—because of a lack of weapons—to charge forward nevertheless and pick up and use weapons from their fallen comrades. Soviet machine gunners in the back, directed by the feared NKVD, or Soviet secret police, ensured that the orders were carried out for the Motherland.

Allerberger noted that by early October 1943 the Germans had come to realize that the Russians had an apparent nearly inexhaustible reservoir of manpower that was still often used recklessly against them. He recalled one battle during which waves of dead and dying Russians began piling up in front of German positions. They created near walls that succeeding Russian attackers had to climb up to get to the Germans. And Russian T-34 tanks further afield crushed the fallen bodies of the dead and wounded alike, "their bones snapping like dry wood" as the tanks clanked forward while riflemen ran out of ammunition and went at the enemy with bayonets and shovels.

Allerberger used his Gewehr 43 to shoot at the stomachs of the men in the attacking waves. As the men fell and screamed in prolonged and agonizing pain, it caused their comrades to falter and fall back. Hetzenauer also used those tactics, but he most often employed a German MP40 machine pistol in that role. Hetzenauer curtly contended that "snipers do not need a semi-automatic weapon" if they are employed properly as snipers.

Because of the fierce nature of the fighting on the Eastern Front, both sides did, on occasion, resort to armor-piercing, tracer, and explosive bullets. That was also true in the Winter War as Finnish sniper Hayha suffered a near fatal injury when an explosive bullet from a Soviet sniper took off part of his jaw and forced him into retirement.

Hetzenauer, for one, largely refrained from using tracers because it could help reveal a sniper's location. He did use armor-piercing ammunition when going against Soviet machine gunners and observers who often worked behind armored steel loophole plates to help protect them while providing a small opening for observation and firing. Rather surprisingly, he also used outdated German antitank rifles (panzerbuchse) against bunkers and loopholes because of their high-velocity, armor-piercing ammunition. Hetzenauer insisted that he used explosive ammunition only for observation and to clear Soviets from thatched farmhouses by setting the roofs aflame.

In the United States and Britain, snipers were volunteers, but the Germans often took a good shooter from the front and sent him back to Germany for training, as occurred with Hetzenauer. There they were taught the finer points of shooting, as well as camouflage and deception.

Hetzenauer's three and one-half months of official sniper training occurred during the second quarter of 1944 in a troop training depot in southern Austria. There he learned the necessity of patience and perseverance while he honed his shooting skills under the watch-

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LEFT: German sniper Matthaus Hetzenauer was credited with killing dozens of Soviet soldiers on the Eastern Front. Along with fellow sniper Josef "Sepp" Allerberger, the two were responsible for approximately 600 kills. RIGHT: Finnish sniper Simo Hayha was nicknamed "White Death" and killed more than 500 Soviet soldiers during the Winter War prior to the outbreak of World War II.

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Somewhere in France a well-camouflaged German sniper peers through the scope of his rifle. Sepp Allerberger modified an umbrella to hold brush collected on site to hide his position.

ful eyes of experienced snipers. The students were expected to hit a small target without fail at 325-435 yards. He was taught how to estimate distances and use deception, making the best use of terrain, and employing dummies that could be moved about with ropes and equipped with rifles that could be remotely fired with wires.

Allerberger, already a successful sniper, was assigned in the last quarter of 1943 to a four-week training program near Judenburg, Austria, not far from his home. That was done with a wink and a nod from his commanding officer because it would give the young sniper a needed break from the killing and mayhem on the Eastern Front. He was often called upon by the instructors in sniper school to share his experiences. Many of the instructors had also served in that capacity on the Eastern Front. For his part, Allerberger was surprised by the school's "shooting garden," a miniature landscape complete with a village and roads where they had to shoot the "enemy" with small caliber sporting guns as they appeared in windows, doorways, and behind trees. Because of his frontline experience, he shined at those exercises. Throughout the training, the instructors revised and rebuilt the landscapes to make them more interesting and challenging.

Allerberger's sniper class was instructed to record their observations on terrain, weather conditions, and hits in notebooks that they carried with them. As an experienced sniper, he cautioned the need to encode their entries in case of capture because of the treatment snipers received at the hands of the Soviets.

During the war both sides made considerable use of deception, ranging from a helmet hoisted on a stick that only fooled inexperienced snipers on the other side to elaborate devices such as dummies that could appear to be smoking. Hetzenauer made a point not to use steel loophole plates because they were awkward in the field and rather vulnerable to enemy observation. He used German 6x30 binoculars for general observation and a small captured Soviet periscope while close to the enemy in no-man's land.

Allerberger, for one, fairly early on developed an interesting way to use an old umbrella to assist with his camouflage efforts. He stripped away the cloth and used local plants and grass woven into the wire frame to provide local cover. It proved exceptionally functional and could easily be updated to conform to a specific terrain when he changed locations in the field.

But there was more to sniping that a keen eye and good training. Germans who came directly from training without firsthand experience in combat often managed to squeeze off 15-20 sniper rounds before being felled by an experienced opponent—and the Soviets had many of them. The invaluable experience of remaining exceptionally cool under fire and having carefully prepared a firing position with one or possibly more options for concealed "slipaways" often made the difference between life and death.

Allerberger would often crawl into no man's land at night to prepare his holes in preparation for his own withdrawal when necessary. He often added hand grenades and trip wires to cover approaches to his hide. These could be used for protection or for distraction should he need to make a quick exit.

Experienced snipers also knew how and when to jump to a predetermined safe position in a move the Germans called the rabbit jump (hasensprung). Quick swerves and occasional double backs were often part of that move that required quickness, will power and nerves of steel. Less experienced snipers would often cringe in place, work to endure sustained, concentrated rifle, mortar, and artillery fire, and suffer the often deadly consequences.

Hetzenauer, Allerberger, and Haya were insistent that snipers should not position themselves in trees despite the fact that the higher elevation would provide a better view of the enemy. Such a position could rather easily be identified and isolated, preventing a sniper from slipping away to fight another day. Despite that common sense admonition, Allerberger did encounter one situation northwest of Bakalovo, where 11 men in the leading company were brought down within minutes by well-aimed head and chest shots. Then two company commanders were lost to explosive bullets when they rose to look through their binoculars. It was quickly apparent that the Germans were facing scores of Soviet snipers, something they had heard about but had never encountered.

Efforts to dislodge the snipers from the thick evergreens before them proved fruitless, and worse yet resulted in the deaths of several Ger-

These female Soviet snipers posed for the photographer with grim determination. Allerberger took out a group of female snipers firing at German soldiers from trees.

National Archives

man machine gunners. The unit lacked artillery or even heavy mortars to dislodge the enemy, so everyone hunkered down until Allerberger made it to the scene. The Austrian sized up the situation and knew he had to get closer to better assess the situation. He took five grenade bags and filled them with grass, adding helmets and fake faces. He left those behind with assistants while he carefully crawled forward. When Allerberger gave the prearranged signal, the dummies were raised, and he could identify where the enemy snipers were lodged when the upper branches swayed from the pressure waves of the gunfire.

He then carefully crawled some 200 yards back to safety and informed his superiors of his plan of attack. He placed five machine guns in well-concealed positions and crawled forward yet again after relocating the men with the dummies. Once in position to one side, he signaled to his assistants, who raised the dummies slightly. When a sniper fired, he clearly identified the sniper's position and fired while the German machine gunners laced the treetops liberally to cover the sound of his deadly Mauser. The Soviet snipers fell "like sacks" from their elevated positions. After a short period of time, Allerberger repositioned himself and the process started again. In total, he took out 18 enemy snipers within an hour.

After an extended period of quiet, the Germans cautiously advanced toward the forest and began collecting the enemy's sniper rifles and equipment. As one stepped over a sniper's apparent lifeless body, he discovered the face of a woman who had been shot in the chest. She suddenly pulled an automatic pistol from her jacket and squeezed off a round, nicking the German in the buttocks as he finished her off with his MP40.

Although it was the first time these Germans had encountered a squad of female snipers, they had heard of such units. In fact, the Soviets trained and employed more than 2,000 female snipers before the war was over. Many of the women proved tenacious and exceptionally accurate shots as they diligently worked to avenge the deaths of family and loved ones at the hands of the invaders.

Lyudmila Pavlichenko, the most successful female sniper in history, was dubbed "Lady Death" for her confirmed 309 kills that reportedly included 36 enemy snipers. She even conducted a goodwill tour of Allied nations during the war that included a stop at the White House.

At one point, Allerberger and marksman Josef Roth joined forces to deal with a Soviet sniper who had taken down a number of men and had made life miserable for Germans on the front lines. After hours of scanning the landscape and peering through binoculars, they discovered the man's hide. He had ingeniously secured himself in an earthen cave dug through a dam.

The Germans needed to have the sniper show himself a bit further and decided to employ a large bread bag stuffed with a stick and grass with a cap placed on top. At a prearranged time, a third man raised the dummy upward. The Soviet fired, exposing his precise position, and the two Germans fired explosive rounds from two slightly different angles. A dull thud was heard in the cave, and then there was some rather hectic activity on the Soviet side as something was carried away. An unwary Soviet observer then lifted his binoculars to his eyes and paid for the error with his life. With that, the deadly sniper fire ceased from the Soviet side.

As the war progressed, the German snipers took on an even more crucial role in resisting the seemingly ever-growing Red wave. They were often left behind to slow or even stop the Soviet advances, if for only a few hours, while larger forces pulled back to safer positions.

Hetzenauer was captured in the Donets Basin area and spent five years as a laborer in Soviet captivity. He managed against all odds to keep knowledge of his sniper work from his masters, who had worked him down to some 100 pounds when released. Allerberger was more fortunate. At war's end, he managed to elude Soviet troops and safely found his way home to Austria from central Czechoslovakia.

Author Phil Zimmer is a U.S. Army veteran and a former newspaper reporter. He has written on a number of World War II topics.

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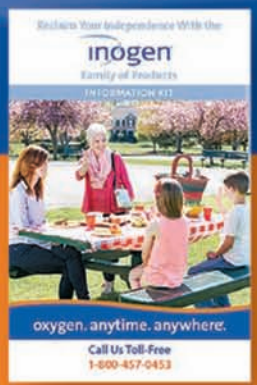

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BY KEVIN M. HYMEL

"You're Gonna DIE HERE!"

The Band of Brothers fought their way into the strategically vital French town of Carentan to support the expansion of the Omaha and Utah D-Day beachheads.

"Move out!" shouted Lieutenant Richard "Dick" Winters to the men of Easy Company. It was 6 o'clock on the morning of June 12, 1944, and Easy Company's paratroopers braced themselves to attack the southern section of Carentan. Lieutenant Harry Welsh dashed forward, leading his 1st Platoon over a small rise and down the slope into the town. His men followed until someone yelled, "Look o-o-o-u-u-u-t!" A German machine gunner in a second-story window perpendicular to the road opened up, firing rounds straight down the street. Bullets popped by the men's ears and struck the ground, spraying them with dirt and rocks.

Six of the charging paratroopers stayed with Welsh while the rest dove for ditches on either side of the road, hiding from the fire. "Keep moving! Keep moving!" Winters shouted at the men. When they wouldn't budge he jumped into middle of the road and furiously shouted, "Move out! Move out!" and started cursing. No one moved, some even burrowed into the ground with their hands. The battalion officers, seeing the critical breakdown, shouted at Winters. "Get them moving, Winters! Get them moving!"

Tossing off his gear, Winters dashed to the ditches on the left side of road and, while kicking some of the cowering men, shouted, "Get going!" and spouted more expletives. Then he ran to the right side of the road and continued cajoling the men to join the attack. Enraged and unable to reinforce Welsh's tiny force, Winters crossed back to the left side, enemy bullets snapping by or ricocheting off the road, and tried again.

Up ahead, Welsh and a handful of his men dueled with the machine gunner, while Welsh tried to figure out what happened to the rest of his platoon.

It was a desperate moment for Winters. His company was divided and frozen. He had led some of these men on a successful attack just six days earlier and nothing like this had happened. If he could not get the rest of his company to join the isolated spearhead, those men would be killed and the attack delayed. Worse, the men bunched up along the road made for a perfect stationary target. If he could not get them moving, the Germans would eventually start picking them off. "You're gonna die here! Move!" he shouted at them.

Other units were already attacking the vital town. To the north, two companies of the 327th Glider Regiment were pushing south, while on Easy's left, Fox Company was also attacking. Somehow Winters had to get his men moving.

Carentan stood like an island of resistance between the two slowly expanding American D-Day beachheads at Omaha and Utah Beaches in France's Normandy region. The German grip on the town prevented the two American forces from uniting. With their two main forces divided, the Americans were susceptible to enemy flank attacks while they rapidly built up strength on the shore. The Americans had to take Carentan, not only to unite their forces, but also to access the town's important crossroads linking the American, British, and Canadian beaches with the Cherbourg Peninsula to the west. Once the Americans held Cherbourg's harbor, they could start bringing in more supplies for their advancing armies.

Home to some 3,200 French citizens living mostly in old stone three-story row homes above shops, Carentan also possessed a road heading south, away from the Normandy hedgerows, the tree-covered dirt mounds that divided Normandy's farms into

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Three 101st Airborne Division "Screaming Eagle" paratroopers relax underneath a World War I monument after their two-pronged assault liberated the town. The men of Easy Company, 506th Parachute Infantry Regiment, assaulted the town from the southwest.

National Archives

Keith Buchanan

ABOVE: Paratroopers with the 101st Airborne Division advance through Ste. Marie-du-Mont on their war to assault Carentan the day before their attack. RIGHT: Easy Company's route into Carentan is shown in a recent photograph. The Germans set up a machine-gun nest in the second-story window of the center building with the red awning. Lieutenant Richard Winters had to furiously cajole his men forward down the road to the left. Easy Company men eventually knocked out the nest by firing rifle grenades at it from across the street.

a checkerboard pattern, making them a formidable defense grid for the Germans. An east-west railroad line bisected the town, and the Douve River flows to its south. The Germans used Carentan as an armor repair depot and kept several self-propelled guns there. Man-made swamps surrounded the town, and drainage ditches, streams, and canals confined any attacker to the roads. Hedgerows hemmed the town's southern approaches.

Well before the Normandy landings, Lt. Gen. Omar Bradley had planned for Maj. Gen. Maxwell Taylor's 101st Airborne Division, the Screaming Eagles, to take Carentan. By June 11, the division had fought continuously since parachuting into Normandy five days earlier on June 6—D-Day, but this would mark the first time the division attacked as a whole. General Taylor planned a three-pronged attack into Carentan for June 12. Two companies of Colonel Joseph "Bud" Harper's 327th Glider Regiment would attack from the north while two battalions of Colonel Robert Sink's 506th Parachute Infantry Regiment attacked from south. Sink's 2nd Battalion, under Lt. Col. Robert Strayer, would attack from the southwest while his 3rd Battalion, commanded by Captain Robert Harwick, attacked from the southeast. Colonel Howard Johnson's 501st Regiment, on Sink's right, would also attack north. All three regiments would press forward at dawn.

Lieutenant Winters' Easy Company would be part of Strayer's attack. Winters commanded a little more than 100 paratroopers in three platoons: Lieutenant Harry Welsh's 1st Platoon, Lieutenant Lynn "Buck" Compton's 2nd Platoon, and Lieutenant Robert Matthews' 3rd Platoon. Matthews had been killed, so Sergeant Buck Taylor had taken temporary command.

The day before the attack, Gen. Taylor's paratroopers had already made contact with troops coming up from Omaha Beach. On June 11, at 12:45 PM, Captain Herbert Sobel, who had trained Easy Company from its formation in Toccoa, Georgia, to its training in England, reported that he was "in visual contact with units of the 29th Div[ision]."

The Germans, too, prepared for battle. Major Friedrich von der Heydte, commander of the German 6th Parachute Regiment, had been ordered to defend Carentan to the last man, but he thought otherwise. After American division artillery, tank destroyers, mortars, and naval guns had blasted the town on June 11, and with his men dangerously low on ammunition, he ordered them to evacuate and regroup to the southwest, hoping to counterattack the Americans once support arrived. He left a 150-man rearguard force, consisting mostly of machine gunners and snipers, to occupy key intersections and avenues of approach.

Lieutenant Winters and his company would have to march two miles southwest from Saint-Come-du-Mont with the rest of the battalion to reach their attack positions. It would be no easy trek. They started marching south as the sun set on June 11, staying on the only dry road, D974, passing through flooded fields and over blown bridges where Lt. Col. Robert Cole's 3rd Battalion, 502nd Parachute Infantry Regiment had fought a two-day running battle to clear the roadway of Germans.

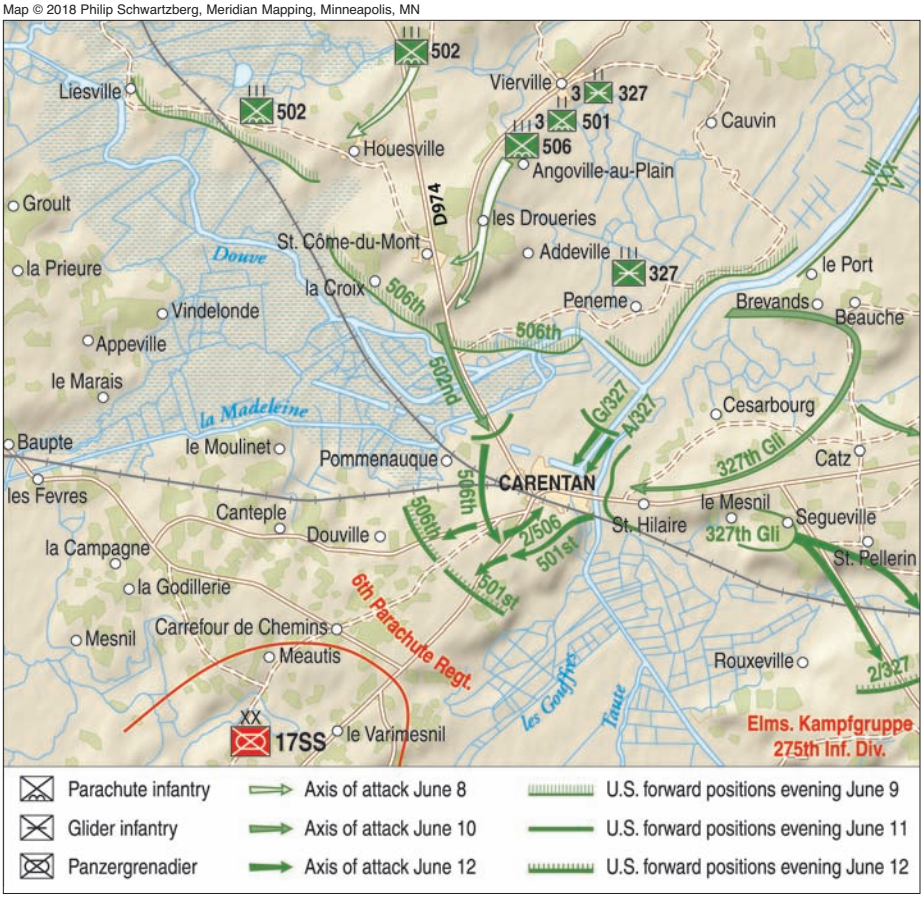
Winters' company followed Captain Marion Grodowski's Fox Company in the line of march, but in the broken terrain the two units became separated and Easy Company's lead scouts got lost. A soldier from Fox Company went back, found Easy, and got its men pointed in the correct direction. (Although Winters would later blame the confusion on non-Easy Company officers who had "crapped out" on their night training, the regimental files clearly state that it was Easy Company that became lost.)

Reaching the damaged bridges, the men quietly advanced past the evidence of Cole's attack. Weapons, destroyed equipment, and German bicycles littered the fields. Dead Germans were stacked like cordwood. When German machine-gun fire cracked in the distance, Sergeant Carwood Lipton, the acting company sergeant, ordered one of his machine gunners to set up and point in that direction. The paratrooper followed orders, but once his weapon was ready, he cocked it. A loud double-clanking sound echoed across the swamps. Lipton looked on in horror, thinking the sound could be heard for a half mile in the still air. "All our attempts at being quiet and surprising the Germans were for nothing," he thought. Yet, no attack came.

Adding to the company's difficulties, at a corner where the paratroopers turned right a dead German soldier stood, pointing his rifle at each man as they turned. Some men slowed or froze completely; others ducked and dodged until realizing their mistake.

While that German was dead, an enemy sniper was very much alive and taking shots at the paratroopers, forcing them to dash across

Map © 2018 Philip Schwartzberg, Meridian Mapping, Minneapolis, MN



ABOVE: Lieutenant Winters led Easy Company from Saint-Come-du-Mont, on Road D974, to a position southwest of Carentan. The next morning, his men attacked the Y intersection and pushed north across the train tracks before meeting up with glider troops pushing south. They then pivoted east, driving the Germans from the town. BELOW: German paratroopers, distinct by their non-coal-scuttle helmets, prepare to disperse and defend an area of Normandy. In Carentan, paratroopers of the 6th Parachute Regiment manned positions at intersections and avenues of approach to resist Easy Company and other elements of the 101st Airborne Division.

Bundesarchiv Bild 101I-586-2208-33A, Photo: Appe

the road individually. Private Edward Tipper, weighed down by his bazooka, rockets, and M1 rifle, was sure the snipers would get him, but he made it across unharmed. Sergeant Robert Burr Smith was not so lucky. A bullet or a piece of shrapnel tore into him. "I'm hit! I'm hit!" he called out from a ditch.

The exhausted and battle-experienced paratroopers continued to their destination, discovering another dead German. This one was a paratrooper lying on his back with his arm sticking up. Most of the Easy men tried to step over him, but Sergeant Wayne Sisk stepped squarely on the man's stomach while shaking his hand. "Sorry buddy," he told the corpse.

At 2:30 AM on June 12, Colonel Sink called his battalion and company commanders together to review the plan of attack. While the officers conferred, their men dropped where they stood and fell asleep. Captain Clarence Hester, the operations officer, gave out the orders from under a raincoat. Sink planned to have Lt. Col. Robert Strayer's 2nd Battalion attack from the west while Lt. Col. William Turner's 1st Battalion stayed on Hill 30 outside the town. Sink wanted Winters' Easy and Grodowski's Fox Companies to attack side by side, with Easy on the right and Fox on the left. Lieutenant Joe McMillan's Dog Company would follow the attack. The meeting broke up, and the officers returned to their units.

As Easy Company approached the town in the darkness, Sergeant Lipton, again concerned about a German armored counterattack, ordered his only bazooka man, Private Tipper, to guard a bend in the road. "Tipper," instructed Lipton, "we're depending on you. Don't miss." Tipper assured him he would not.

Easy Company closed in on its jump-off spot at 5 AM, just as two companies of the 327th Glider started their attack from the north. When Germans in a pillbox halted their attack, a gliderman shot a bazooka round into the structure, killing the enemy. The men continued their advance. General Taylor, who accompanied the attack, counted only two German corpses.

Winters' exhausted men reached their jump-off location at 5:30 AM. Their target: a Y intersection defended by the German machine gun overlooking their approach. Winters' men would have to charge over the crest of the hill and down 100 yards on a sloping road (today's Rue d'Auvers) straight to the Y intersection (today's Rue de Périérs). Shallow ditches lined the sides of the road. Once through the intersection, Winters' men would advance north and link up with the two glider companies.

As the men of Easy hastily prepared to

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ABOVE: A gliderman from the 101st Airborne stands guard at a crossroad. Glidertroops liberated the northern section of the town and pushed south to link up with elements of the 506th Parachute Infantry Regiment. Note the folding-stock M1 Carbine rifle under the man's arm, unique to airborne units.
RIGHT: Left, German Major Friedrich von der Heydte, the commander of the 6th Parachute Regiment, retreated from Carentan but left a 150-man rear guard in the town. Right, Easy Company's Private Darrell "Shifty" Powers killed a German sniper and enjoyed some French wine during Carentan's liberation.

attack, Winters and Grodowski were called back to Sink's headquarters. As they headed off, an enemy sniper fired two shots close to them. When they reached the headquarters, Sink told the two company commanders that their attack had been pushed back to 6 AM.

Winters returned to his company and prepared for the attack. With the clock ticking down, he had no time to reconnoiter the area. He and his men would be going in blind. To add to their troubles, they would have no tank support and little artillery support, although one of the batteries firing into Carentan included a German 105mm gun that some 506th paratroopers had captured.

As the two airborne companies prepared to strike, the Germans struck first. They fired phosphorous shells, burning several Fox men. Then one of the battalion officers, Lieutenant George Lavenson, headed into a field, dropped his pants, and squatted to relieve himself. A German sniper found Lavenson's buttocks in his crosshairs and fired. Several men had to drag the wounded Lavenson to safety. The Germans knew the Americans were coming.

Winters gathered his platoon leaders. "You've got the honors, Harry," he told Welsh. He would follow Welsh with Compton's 2nd Platoon and Taylor's 3rd Platoon. "Get in there fast, all of you," he told them. "When you hit the ["Y"] intersection, secure it and fan out to the right. Fox Company will handle our left." With that the men dispersed and made final preparations.

At exactly 6 AM Welsh led his charge, and the German machine-gun fire paralyzed the rest of the company. The men ducked, and Winters raged as he crisscrossed the street, yelling, screaming, and kicking his men into action.

As Winters tried to will his men forward, he grew angrier and angrier. The men in the ditches did not rise; they only looked up at their company commander. Winters saw the mix of surprise and fear in their faces. "Come on! Move out! Now!" he shouted with more interspersed curses. His rage shocked them. Winters was considered a mild-mannered officer who never cursed. Few, if any, had ever heard him raise his voice. Now he was cursing at the top of his lungs. It finally did the trick. Sergeant Robert Rader, inspired (or shamed) by his commander's fearlessness, rose and started forward, and others followed. The attack was on. Easy Company was soon united again.

With the machine gunners focused on the angry lieutenant crossing and recrossing the road, Welsh's men burst into a house across the street and fired rifle grenades at the gunners until the machine gun stopped. The surviving Germans withdrew, opening the southern entrance to Carentan. The intense fire at the Y intersection may have helped Grodowski's Fox Company. His attack got off 20 minutes late but made good progress through the town with the Germans so focused on Winters' men.

As the Easy men advanced down the narrow streets, they became intermixed with Fox and Dog Companies. The Americans began breaking down doors and searching inside, cursing as they went. Stone rubble filled the sidewalks and streets. Whenever the Germans opened fire, the paratroopers ducked into the doorways and alleys before resuming their charge. The paratroopers fired at any windows they saw, whether they spotted Germans in them or not. They tossed hand grenades through windows and doors and then charged into the homes and shops looking for Germans, sometimes finding civilians in the basements.

Sergeants Lipton and Taylor worked together clearing buildings. At one with an outside staircase, Lipton told Taylor he would head up the stairs and wait for Taylor to throw a hand grenade through the window before he entered. Lipton raced up the stairs, and when he heard the grenade explode, he burst through the door, rifle pointed and ready to fire. Unfortunately, he could not see anything. The room was filled with blinding dust and smoke. It was, however, empty.

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The southern section of the town was surprisingly empty. Once past the machine-gun nest, many of the follow-up men did not fire their weapons; they merely walked. Lieutenant Compton described Carentan as a shambles. "Crumbled buildings, dead Germans lying all over. It was already slaughter alley," he wrote. He calculated that he saw an enemy dead body about every 10 feet or less, most with missing limbs or heads. Blood was everywhere. "Without a doubt," he said, "it looked like the town didn't belong to the Germans anymore."

Private Clancy Lyall reached Rue Holgate, which ended at the railroad, the phase line for the southern attack. When he saw Germans fir-

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ABOVE: A gliderman from the 101st Airborne stands guard at a crossroad. Glidertroops liberated the northern section of the town and pushed south to link up with elements of the 506th Parachute Infantry Regiment. Note the folding-stock M1 Carbine rifle under the man's arm, unique to airborne units.
RIGHT: Left, German Major Friedrich von der Heydte, the commander of the 6th Parachute Regiment, retreated from Carentan but left a 150-man rear guard in the town. Right, Easy Company's Private Darrell "Shifty" Powers killed a German sniper and enjoyed some French wine during Carentan's liberation.

attack, Winters and Grodowski were called back to Sink's headquarters. As they headed off, an enemy sniper fired two shots close to them. When they reached the headquarters, Sink told the two company commanders that their attack had been pushed back to 6 AM.

Winters returned to his company and prepared for the attack. With the clock ticking down, he had no time to reconnoiter the area. He and his men would be going in blind. To add to their troubles, they would have no tank support and little artillery support, although one of the batteries firing into Carentan included a German 105mm gun that some 506th paratroopers had captured.

As the two airborne companies prepared to strike, the Germans struck first. They fired phosphorous shells, burning several Fox men. Then one of the battalion officers, a Lieutenant Lavenson, headed into a field, dropped his pants, and squatted to relieve himself. A German sniper found Lavenson's buttocks in his crosshairs and fired. Several men had to drag the wounded Lavenson to safety. The Germans knew the Americans were coming.

Winters gathered his platoon leaders. "You've got the honors, Harry," he told Welsh. He would follow Welsh with Compton's 2nd Platoon and Taylor's 3rd Platoon. "Get in there fast, all of you," he told them. "When you hit the ["Y"] intersection, secure it and fan out to the right. Fox Company will handle our left." With that the men dispersed and made final preparations.

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ing a machine gun down the road at his fellow paratroopers, he dropped his gear, grabbed a hand grenade, and bolted around a corner where he expected to find a machine-gun nest in a window. Instead, he ran straight into an enemy bayonet. It was attached to a rifle held by a surprised German. The bayonet penetrated an eighth of an inch above Lyall's stomach. Both men stood in shock, until Lyall fired his rile. The German fell back, pulling out the bayonet in the process, and then shot Lyall in the leg. Lyall dragged himself to a partially destroyed stone shop, where he injected himself with morphine and hollered for a medic. Eugene Roe reached him and administered more morphine.

Winters crossed the tracks and reached another intersection in the heart of Carentan. He ordered the rest of Welsh's 1st Platoon to turn left and Compton's 2nd Platoon to turn right. Sergeant Talbert and some of the men of Taylor's 3rd Platoon charged past Winters. "Which way when we hit the intersection?" Talbert asked the company commander. "Turn right," Winters responded. Privates Tipper and Joseph Liebgott followed Talbert to the right.

Easy men continued heading north until they reached Carentan's main square, dominated by the statue of a winged angel holding an olive branch, honoring the town's World War I dead. The trees in the square had been shattered by shellfire. Talbert reached the square and spotted a German's shoulder protruding from behind a tree. He took aim and fired. The German spun to the ground, writhing in pain. When he reached for his weapon, Talbert shot him again, killing him. "He looked so young," Talbert later said.

How Company from Captain Harwick's 3rd Battalion joined the Easy and Fox men and helped them surround a German sniper hiding in a tree. The German surrendered and had to run down the street while a gauntlet of paratroopers kicked, smacked, and jeered him. Winters was having none of it. "Secure this intersection," he called out. "Clear those buildings to the right!"

Paratroopers from both Easy and Fox Companies continued heading north until machine-gun fire swept the center of the street. A Fox Company paratrooper, thinking it sounded familiar, tossed an orange smoke grenade out in the open. The firing stopped, and glidermen from the 327th approached and greeted their brothers pushing north. The link had been made, but there were still Germans fighting in the town. They had to be cleared out.

Near the town's center, Private Darrell "Shifty" Powers ran past a chicken coop next

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ABOVE: A paratrooper, medical truck, and jeep with a trailer pass torn-up homes in the heart of Carentan. Paratroopers from Fox Company tossed an orange smoke grenade to signal glider troops pushing south of their position. BELOW: German troops, armed with rifles and a Panzerfaust, make their way through the rubble of Carentan's train station. Germans hid in windows and trees to fire at the American paratroopers.

Ullstein

to a building and noticed a burst of fire coming from a warehouse's second story. He pushed his shoulder into the building's corner, stopping his momentum. Then he dropped to one knee and poked his head around the corner to range the target and ducked back. "The shot was mine," Powers later recalled. Holding his breath, he raised his rifle, spun around the corner, fired, and ducked behind the corner again. He made the shot, but before he could celebrate another machine gun opened up from a different window, spraying the street in front of him with brick shards. He froze. Men rushed by him calling, "We gotta take that warehouse!" When they noticed Powers standing still, one yelled to him, "Shifty! Shifty! You okay?" Powers shook it off and followed them.

Technical Sergeant Ralph Stafford entered a house and heard voices in the basement. He quietly descended the stairs to find a German looking out a small window onto the street. The German spun around, but Stafford fired

first. The German dropped to the ground, and Stafford headed back up the stairs without checking to see if he was dead.

As the men advanced through the city, enemy small-arms fire began to die down, but mortar and artillery fire increased. The first explosion rocked the center of town. "Mortars!" yelled Winters. "Get down!" Before Corporal Dewitt Lowrey could react, shrapnel smacked into his head, and he collapsed. Other Easy men ducked for cover.

Private Tipper was exiting a row home when the mortars started exploding. He and Private Liebgott had been working together. Tipper had thrown a grenade through the home's window while Liebgott kicked in the door. They both entered the house, but Liebgott soon departed while Tipper checked out the second floor and backyard, finding nothing but an out-

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Paratroopers in a captured German Kübelwagen patrol Carentan's streets after the battle. Other resting paratroopers, exhausted from the fighting and a lack of sleep, look on.

house-looking shed. He shouted a warning and fired a few rounds through it before exiting out the front door. He had just stepped out and was waving to Liebgott when a mortar exploded in front of him, throwing him back into the house and tearing off his helmet. Despite feeling like a train had hit him in the chest, he felt no pain. Everything went silent. Somehow, he was still standing with rifle in hand. Thinking that a German hiding in the shed had tossed a grenade at him, Tipper, bleeding and wounded, turned around and raised his rifle. Leibgott came up behind him, walked him outside, and helped him to the ground. Leibgott shouted for a medic. While he reassured Tipper he would be alright, Tipper reached up and touched his head, finding it mushy like a pumpkin and twice its usual size. His right eye was missing.

Mortars continued to explode around them. Lieutenant Welsh rushed over. "You're going to make it," he told Tipper. "We'll get you to an aid station." Tipper tried to tell him he could walk as Welsh injected him with morphine. While a medic bandaged Tipper's head, Sergeant Lipton hurried over and told him he would be well taken care of. Welsh and Liebgott then helped carry him down the street to an aid station. Tipper could feel the broken bones in his legs grinding together as they walked. With enemy artillery continuing to rain down, they had to duck behind walls several times as bullets and shrapnel zinged above their heads. Once in the aid station on the southern side of the railroad tracks, a Fox Company paratrooper entered, hoping to use the building's domed second floor to fire his machine gun at the remaining Germans. The doctors in the aid station talked him out of it, reasoning that they were a noncombat facility.

Sergeant Lipton, after telling Tipper he would be alright, continued forward until he noticed an explosion against a building near an intersection where a group of Easy men stood. Lipton, kitty-corner from them, hollered for them to get moving, but before he could finish a mortar round detonated a few feet in front of him, tossing him backward. Shrapnel tore into his face, wrist, leg, and crotch. The blast tore his rifle from his hand, and it clattered loudly on the sidewalk. He landed in the street, then shook his head to regain his senses and checked his injuries. As he felt a hole in his cheek with his left hand, his right hand spurted blood.

Floyd Talbert raced to him and put a tourniquet on his hand. Lipton then dropped his left hand to his crotch, and it came up bloody. "Talbert, I may be hit bad," he told him. Talbert cut away Lipton's pants with a knife and reported, "You're okay," to Lipton's great relief. Talbert then threw his company leader over his shoulder and took him back to the medical station set up by the railroad tracks. Lipton asked Talbert to take over the platoon.

While Talbert worked on Lipton, the enemy mortar rounds ceased. Paratroopers ran past the two men, searching houses and ducking behind walls to fire on escaping Germans. One paratrooper, a pale-faced Private Albert Blithe, crumpled against a wall, his eyes staring at nothing. Private Powers thought he looked like a man who "wasn't in his own body anymore." Blithe had suddenly become blind. Some men helped him to the aid station.

Meanwhile, Liebgott departed the aid station and joined Sergeant Walter Hendrix and another man looking for snipers, hoping to bring back a prisoner. As they advanced under fire, the man following Hendrix crawled over a mine that exploded, killing him. Hendrix and Liebgott soon spotted two German snipers and killed one. The other surrendered. Liebgott, possibly angry over the loss of Tipper, wanted to kill the German, but Hendrix refused. "I was never trigger happy," Hendrix later explained.

As the firing died down, paratroopers from Lt. Col. Julian Ewell's 3rd Battalion, 501st Parachute Infantry Regiment entered Carentan. His men had taken Hill 30 south of the town and then made their approach.

The town's dwindling number of Germans caused headaches for the paratroopers. When a group of surrounded Germans refused to surrender their building, the men fired a bazooka round into the door. A German stumbled out, and a pistol-wielding paratrooper shot him. Elsewhere, a German sniper tried to hit Private Powers and another soldier by ricocheting shots at their location, to the two men's amusement. They had broken into a wine shop and were sampling their findings as the German fired vainly. "We kind of enjoyed that," Powers later said.

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Celebrating victory! An American soldier swigs some wine in liberated Carentan. Screaming Eagle paratroopers used stocks of wine and cognac to toast their success.

As Sergeant Don Malarkey advanced through the town, he heard an odd sound above the moans of the wounded and the occasional rifle fire. A calm, stoic voice kept repeating, "Hail Mary, mother of Jesus, full of grace." It was Father John Maloney, the regimental chaplain, walking down the center of the street holding a cross and administering last rites to the dying as bullets ricocheted around him. "Never seen anything like it," Malarkey wrote later.

Lieutenant Winters and Sergeant Denver "Bull" Randleman reached the town church and turned right, down a street lined with houses. Randleman spotted Private Richard Bray and ordered him to check behind the houses for Germans. Once Winters and Randleman reached the edge of town, they went into the last house, climbed to the second floor, and watched escaping Germans running across a field. Randleman fired several rifle grenades at them. As the two men left the house, Randleman asked a paratrooper about Bray, and the paratrooper said Bray had been hit. "Is nobody going to get him?" Randleman asked. The paratroopers around him said no.

Randleman went behind the houses and found Bray, who had been hit in the leg. He gathered the man up, put him over his shoulder, and ran him to the aid station, where he cut a hole in Bray's pants with a knife and poured sulfa powder on his wound. He then handed Bray his morphine syrette and told him to stick himself if the pain became unbearable while waiting for a medic.

While Randleman worked on Bray, Winters headed back to the center of town to check on the company's ammunition supply. As he walked down a sidewalk, Lt. Col. Strayer called to him, "Lieutenant Winters, is it safe to cross?" The battalion commander and his staff were crouching against a wall across the street. "Yes, sir." Winter's replied and stepped into the street to demonstrate, a little irritated after fighting exposed for the last few hours. Strayer and his staff hurried across.

Winters was standing alone in the street when a bullet slammed into his left shin. He gasped in pain, hobbled to the side of the road, and blurted out "Goddammit!" He knew he had exposed himself needlessly. Lieutenant Welsh hurried over and helped him into a sitting position before removing Winters' boot. "It's not that deep," Welsh explained. "Maybe I can get it." He started probing the wound with his knife until Winters told him to stop. "Harry, you're all thumbs," said Winters as he winced in pain. "Just help me to the aid station."

Once there, Lieutenant (Dr.) Jackson Neavles pulled the bullet out of Winters' shin. Winters noticed the blind Private Blithe as he prepared to leave. He asked him what was wrong, and Blithe explained that everything had gone dark. Winters patted him on the shoulder, told him he would be sent back to England, and said, "Hang tough." As Winters left, Blithe called out, "I can see. It's okay. I can see. I think I'll be all right." Winters returned and looked into Blithe's eyes. He agreed that he could see but insisted that he go back to England. Blithe pleaded to be sent back to his unit, and Winters finally relented.

Before noon on June 12, 1944, Carentan had been substantially cleared of the enemy, but there was one thing the Screaming Eagles needed to do: celebrate. Like Private Powers, the men discovered stocks of wine and cognac in the basements around town. They cheered their success and drank heartily. Some lunched on liberated bread. General Taylor and Colonel Sink were not to be left out of the festivities. They used the liberated liquid to toast their victory. The American front was now completely connected.

While the Germans did not put up a stout defense, they did take a toll on Winters' men. Easy Company suffered eight wounded (including one case of temporary blindness) from both artillery and German rifle fire. Still, Winters had proven his leadership again to his men, first by prying them off the ground during the initial attack, then by coordinating the battle under fire, and finally helping restore sight to a blind man, an impressive act not many officers could attest.

Despite the jump-off jitters, the men of Easy Company performed admirably. Although exhausted and lacking artillery and armor support (and with little, if any, house-to-house combat training), the men rushed the town and efficiently searched the buildings. While they clearly had a numerical advantage over the Germans, they did not waste it or commit any mistakes of judgment or rashness. They were becoming veterans of the battlefield.

The victory celebrations in the heart of Carentan did not last long. The Americans headed out to take more objectives six miles to the west and southwest, but a German counterattack stopped them approximately 1,000 yards outside of Carentan. Von der Heydte had been reinforced by the 17th SS Panzergrenadier Division and was determined to retake Carentan. The paratroopers set up defensive positions. In less than 24 hours the Germans would attack. Lieutenant Winters and the men of Easy Company would soon be tested again in battle.

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Rising to throw a hand grenade, a Red Army soldier prepares to lead a group of men forward against German positions amid the rubble of Stalingrad. The soldier immediately behind carries a submachine gun that gave Soviet infantry squads plenty of firepower.

When Adolf Hitler invaded Russia in the summer of 1941, he expected a swift and stunning victory. At Stalingrad, his troops ran headlong into the Russians' best commander: General Winter.

BY JOHN WALKER

Apocalypse ON THE VOLGA

AFTER ADOLF HITLER'S AUDACIOUS INVASION OF RUSSIA FINALLY ground to a halt in December 1941 on the forested outskirts of Moscow, the exhausted German Army stabilized its winter front in a line running roughly from Leningrad in the north to Rostov in the south. The strain of the harsh winter campaign upon the ill-prepared Wehrmacht, as well as the severe strain placed on the Luftwaffe in its prolonged efforts to air-supply the army's string of city-bastions along the front, was tremendous. But despite the horrendous losses they had suffered in the heavy fighting of 1941—a staggering 850,000 casualties—the Germans remained confident that they would master the Red Army once winter conditions no longer hindered their mobility.

Hitler's decision to resume offensive operations on the Eastern Front crystallized in the early months of 1942 after his economic advisers convinced him that Germany could not continue the war unless it captured vital oil supplies, wheat, and ore from Russia's Caucasus region. Conceding that another all-out offensive was out of the question, Hitler limited the scope of the renewed offensive to just one flank, an idea that ran contrary to traditional German strategy. The Nazi armies in the center and left would hold their ground while the main thrust took place on the southern front near the Black Sea, a drive down the corridor between the Donetz and Don Rivers. After reaching the Don, German armies would turn south toward the Caucasus oil fields and advance east toward the great industrial city of Stalingrad, on the west bank of the Volga.

The capture of Stalingrad, a vital communications center that commanded the land bridge between the Volga and the Don and was a critical transport route between the Caspian Sea and northern Russia, was not part of Hitler's original plan. The advance to the Volga by General Friedrich von Paulus's Sixth Army was meant to provide strategic flank cover for the all-important advance into the Caucasus, where a successful offensive would complete the takeover of the Ukraine, interdict grain supplies from much of the Soviet bread basket, and cut off fuel to Joseph Stalin's war machine.

Alamy

The drive into southern Russia could only be carried out if the Germans drew heavily upon their allies—the Romanian Third and Fourth Armies, the Italian Eighth Army, the Hungarian Second Army, and the 369th Croatian Legion—to furnish most of the rearward cover for the flanks of the advance. The problem was that the foreign units were clearly inferior to their German counterparts. The potential for the offensive's success improved considerably when a Russian Army numbering 640,000 men launched an overly ambitious offensive of its own on May 12, 1942, in the direction of Kharkov. The assault, which struck Paulus's Sixth Army, absorbed great numbers of Russians reserves. Two complete Soviet armies, plus parts of two others, were cut to pieces, and by the end of May some 241,000 Red Army soldiers had been captured. The failure of the Soviet offensive meant that few reserves were available when the Germans launched their own sledgehammer blow, code-named Operation Blue, on June 28.

The German southern flank ran obliquely from the coast near Taganrog in the south, along the Donetz River north toward Kharkov and Kursk. It was a battlefront in echelon—the parts farthest back, on the left, were to move first, while the advance units on the right would wait for the left wing to come up before moving forward. On the German far right was the Seventeenth Army; next in line to its left and farther back, was the First Panzer Army. These two armies composed Field Marshal Wilhelm List's Army Group A, destined to invade the Caucasus. On its left was Field Marshal Fedor von Bock's Army Group B, which included Paulus's Sixth Army and the Second Army, the latter consisting of the German Fourth Panzer Army and the Hungarian, Italian, and Romanian satellite armies. The two panzer armies were to deliver the decisive thrusts against the Russians' most advanced positions, after which the infantry armies would follow.

A siege assault was launched against Sevastopol on June 7 as a preliminary to the main offensive. Despite fierce Soviet resistance, the fortress fell on July 4 and with it the whole of the Crimea, thus depriving the Russians of their chief naval base on the Black Sea. Meanwhile, the Germans forced the passage of the Donetz River, established a bridgehead on the north bank, and delivered a powerful armored stroke northward 40 miles to the city of Kupiansk, gaining invaluable flanking leverage to assist the easterly thrust of the main offensive, where heavy fighting raged for several days before the Fourth Panzer Army broke through between Kursk and Belgorod. After that the armored advance swept rapidly across a 100-mile stretch of plain to the Don River, near Voronezh. At Voronezh, three Soviet armies resisted fiercely against the onslaught of the combined forces of the Fourth and Seventeenth Panzer Armies and Paulus's Sixth Army, believing the attack was a prelude to a German advance upon Moscow. To avoid encirclement, the three Soviet armies withdrew eastward in the direction of Stalingrad.

Now Hitler split Army Group South into Groups A and B. After the Hungarian Second Army came up and relieved the Fourth Panzer Army, the Fourth then wheeled southeastward down the corridor between the Don and the Donetz, followed by Paulus's army. The Sixth Army, the Fourth Panzer Army, and the Axis satellite armies then began their push east toward Stalingrad. As Army Group A pushed far into the Caucasus, its advance slowed as its supply lines grew overextended, and the two German army groups were not positioned to support one another due to the great distances involved. The Führer, obsessed and impatient to capture the Caucasus, had divided Operation

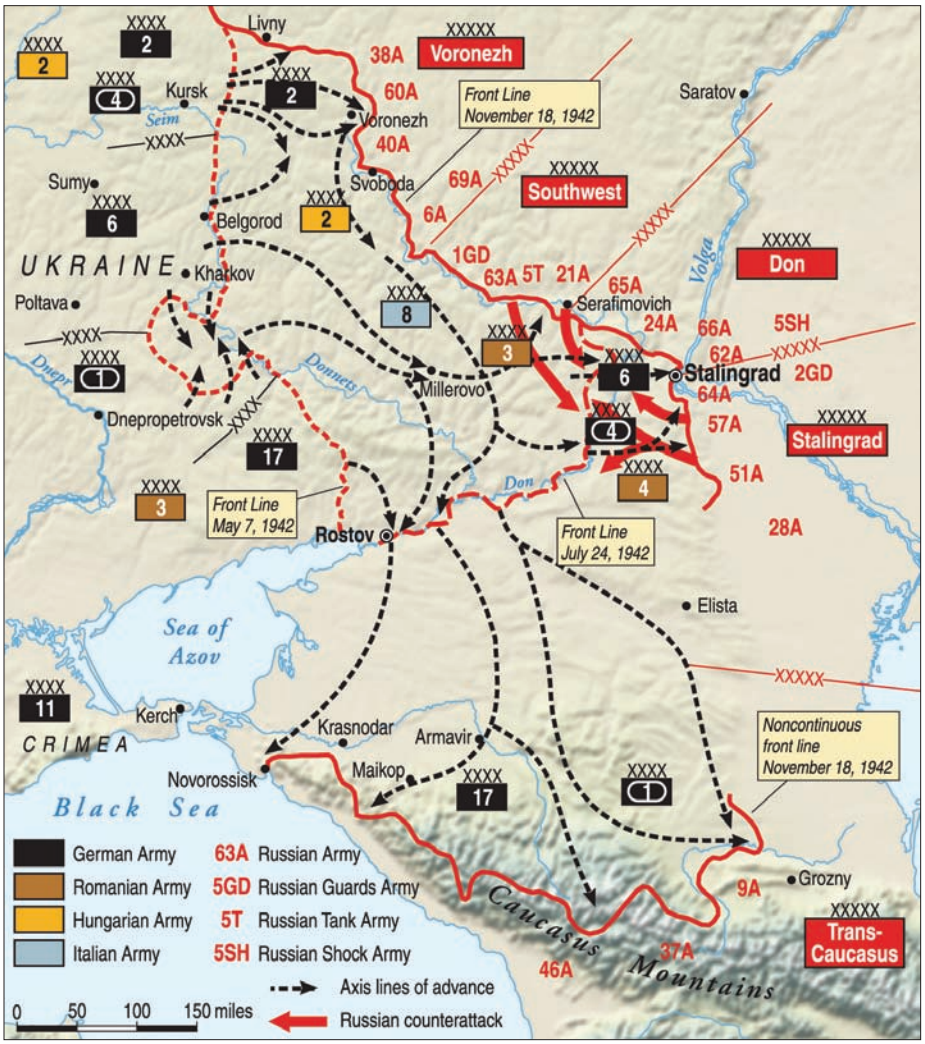
German infantrymen follow their armored vehicles on the advance into Stalingrad. Few if any of the Nazi soldiers would survive the meat-grinder battle.

Blue from a coherent, two-stage whole into two separate parts, changing the organization, timing, and sequence of the offensive, much to the chagrin of his top generals. Consistently underestimating the resilience of his Russian enemy, Hitler decided that the city of Stalingrad would have to be taken.

Marshal Andrei Yeremenko, commander of the Soviet southern front, searched for a strategy to keep the 700,000 soldiers in the Axis armies currently pushing toward Stalingrad from overwhelming South Russia's last natural line of defense, the Volga. As the Germans neared the city in August 1942, the primary defense of the city fell to the Soviet Sixty-second Army. Yeremenko, needing a commander with the spirit and tenacity to rally the Russians and hold the Volga at all costs, chose Lt. Gen. Vasily Chuikov. Yeremenko immediately issued a terse directive to his army commanders—"Not a step back"—and instructed the Soviet secret police force, the dreaded NKVD, to shoot anyone who failed to comply. (Soviet authorities eventually executed 13,500 soldiers during the Stalingrad fighting, the equivalent of a full division.) Chuikov, convinced that he could not match the Wehrmacht's firepower on the open steppes, laid plans for a street battle, picking out future strongpoints the enemy would be forced to pass en route to the Volga. He positioned his artillery in sectors where the Germans would be concentrated in the greatest numbers. The Soviet Sixty-fourth Army would defend Stalingrad's southern sectors.

At the time, Stalingrad was the Soviet Union's third-largest city, sprawling along a narrow band 20 miles long and five miles deep on the Volga riverfront. Although Soviet officials had considered evacuating children and nonessential citizens, some 600,000 of the city's population of 850,000 still remained. A massive, sustained Luftwaffe carpet-bomb attack on August 23 set downtown Stalingrad aflame, reducing much of it to rubble and killing thousands of noncombatants. The reason so many citizens and refugees still remained on the west bank of the Volga was typical of the Soviet regime: the NKVD had commandeered almost all river craft for its own use while allotting low priority to the civil population.

Joseph Stalin, deciding that no panic would be allowed, refused to permit further evacuation of citizens across the Volga. This, he believed, would force his troops, especially locally raised militia, to defend the city even more desperately. Throughout the region, the civilian population was mobilized; all available men and women between 16 and 55 years



Russian defenders trapped the German Sixth Army inside a giant pincer movement west of Stalingrad in late November 1942. Only 91,000 Germans were left to surrender.

of age—nearly 200,000—were formed into workers' columns organized by their district Communist Party committees. As in Moscow the year before, women and older children were marched out and given long-handled shovels and baskets for digging antitank trenches over six feet deep in the sandy earth. While the women dug, Army sappers laid heavy antitank mines on the western side. Younger schoolchildren were put to work building earth walls around petroleum-storage tanks on the river. Those workers not directly involved in producing weapons were mobilized into special militia brigades. Some ammunition and rifles were distributed, but many men were able to arm themselves only after a comrade was killed.

The German Sixth Army, combined with two corps from the Fourth Panzer Army, was the largest formation in the Wehrmacht, with nearly a third of a million men. It pushed down the north side of the corridor between the Don and the Donetz rivers toward Stalingrad, supported by an armored drive farther south. At first Paulus made good progress. As the advance continued, however, its strength dwindled as more and more German divisions had to be detached to cover the ever-extending northern, or left, flank, which extended along the Don all the way back to Voronezh. Long, rapid marches in severe heat, as well as battle losses caused by stiffening Russian resistance, added to the German wastage.

On August 23, the Germans began the final stage of their advance upon Stalingrad. It took the form of a pincer attack by the Sixth Army from the northwest and the Fourth Panzer Army from the southwest. That night German mobile units reached the banks of the Volga, 30 miles above the city, and neared the bend of the Volga, 15 miles south. While Russian resistance kept the pincers from closing, German pressure on Stalingrad was intense. Attacks fell in endless succession, and the city became a

Both: National Archives

ABOVE: Already showing the strains of continuous battle, these German soldiers clamber through captured Russian ordnance works in October 1942. Winter was coming soon. BELOW: Russian civilians join soldiers during the defense of Stalingrad. By the end of the battle, only 1,500 citizens remained alive in the ruined city.

hypnotic symbol for the Germans, and especially for Hitler who lost all sight of strategy and regard for the future. It was an obsession for which Germany would pay dearly.

Despite immense losses, the Soviets' reserves of manpower remained far greater than the Germans'. As the end of summer neared, an increasing flow of equipment came from Soviet factories to the east as well as from American and British suppliers, and the volume of new divisions arriving from Asia also increased. The Germans, being the attackers, suffered proportionately higher losses, which they could ill afford. Back in Berlin, General Franz Halder, chief of the Army General Staff, attempted unsuccessfully to warn Hitler of the potential dangers his armies now faced. As winter approached, the German concentration at Stalingrad drained reserves from the flank-cover, itself already strained to the breaking point. The general's warning to Hitler that it would be impossible to hold the line during the winter fell on deaf ears; all defensive considerations were subordinated to the aim of capturing Stalingrad.

By September 1, the Soviet Sixty-second Army was fully engaged throughout the city. With the panzers unable to maneuver quickly through the debris-choked streets, the traditional German war of rapid movement ended. Germans gains began being measured in feet and yards, as the determined Russians fought viciously for every house and building that remained standing. When Stuka dive-bombers hammered Russian strongpoints, inflicting huge losses, surviving defenders merely found new places to hide in the rubble. Although they were suffering horrendous losses themselves, the Germans systematically leveled the city, block by block, and pressed relentlessly toward the Volga. While it was still capable of production, the Krasny Oktybar plant continued to produce its formidable Soviet T-34 tanks, driving them directly from the production line into battle crewed by the very workers who had built them.

Chuikov struggled to maintain contact with his beleaguered forces as they were driven back through the city. Many Russians continued fighting for weeks without orders, reinforcements, or supplies, inflicting heavy losses on their attackers before running out of food and ammunition and being wiped out themselves. As reinforcements and supplies finally began flowing toward Stalingrad from every region of the Soviet Union, the struggle for the city became a test of wills between Stalin and Hitler. Ample matériel was available to the Soviets on the east side of the Volga, but with the Germans

in control of the river to the north and south, everything had to be funneled through a single ferry landing into central Stalingrad. The east bank of the Volga became a vast marshaling yard for men and materials as well as the location of a huge field hospital and a launching point for batteries of newly developed Katyusha rockets. Dubbed "Stalin's organs," the truck-launched, 130mm rockets fired 16 at a time. Nearly five feet in length, the missiles were deadly accurate, and the horrific screech they emitted from launch to impact became a considerable psychological weapon as they rained down day and night on German-held sectors of the city.

The Soviet Air Force had finally been supplied with modern aircraft such as the Yak 1 and began to contest the Luftwaffe for air superiority over the city. For the first time in the war, German ground forces began receiving the same punishment from the air that the Luftwaffe had been inflicting upon their enemies. With bombs, rockets, and shells pouring into Stalingrad around the clock, the city cast a macabre glow that could be seen from 30 miles away at night. The gruesome pall of smoke and dust that churned up from the embattled city panicked many Russian reinforcements being ferried into the city from the Volga's east bank. Hoping to escape the fighting, hundreds jumped from the shuttle boats into the Volga's frigid waters, only to be shot by NKVD officers.

Both Paulus and Chuikov had ample forces at their disposal, but the Germans' narrow approaches to the city and the Russians' bottleneck at the river crossing forced both commanders to feed their units into battle piecemeal. The Germans slowly gained ground, at an enormous cost in blood, while Chuikov's delaying tactics worked well, but at a tremendous cost of Russian casualties. Chuikov worked to funnel and fragment German massed attacks with "breakwaters," fortified buildings manned by infantrymen armed with machine guns and antitank weapons to deflect attackers into channels where camouflaged T-34 tanks and antitank guns waited, half buried in the rubble.

The battle was being closely monitored in Berlin, where Halder repeatedly expressed grave concerns to Hitler about the exposed German left flank. With no end in sight, Hitler in mid-October dismissed Halder, replacing him with General Kurt Zeitzler, a timid yes-man, and announced prematurely to the German people that victory in the East was almost at hand. In Stalingrad, however, although the Soviet Sixty-second Army was being forced back into several small sectors of ground near the west bank of the Volga, the battle itself was far from over.

With German infantry and panzers in control of 90 percent of the city, Chuikov's troops struggled to hold onto their precarious footholds. Prolonged street fighting had reduced the city almost entirely to rubble, and the smell of charred buildings and the sickly stench of decaying corpses was overpowering. Chuikov instructed his troops to close with the enemy and seek hand-to-hand combat at every opportunity, and the Wehrmacht was unable to call in artillery or air strikes for fear of hitting their own men. The battle became a vicious war of attrition involving hundreds of brutal, small-unit actions. If Paulus could bleed the Russian Army to death before the Volga froze over, he could take the city before the onset of winter. But Soviet artillery, snipers, and booby traps had already sent German casualty lists soaring far beyond what they had anticipated. If the German losses were heavy, Russian casualties were staggering: as many as 80,000 Soviet soldiers had been killed in action by the middle of October 1942. The combined toll on Russian civilians, Red Army soldiers, and Axis forces had already reached a quarter of a million people.

German infantry units now controlled the summit of Mamaev Kurgan, also called the Tartar Mound, a towering hill in central Stalingrad, as well as the southern suburbs, and had broken through to the Volga north of the city. With his command split, Chuikov held downtown Stalingrad, the all-important ferry landing, the Barrikady Metal Works, and much of the Krasny Oktybar plant, all of which were reduced to rubble. At one point, German ground forces pushed to within 200 yards of Chuikov's command bunker and were seem-

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LEFT: German General Friedrich von Paulus was promoted to field marshal mere days before he surrendered—the first of his to rank ever do so. RIGHT: A Russian soldier with the much-feared PPSh41 sub-machine gun crouches in the rubble of a ruined building in Stalingrad. Fighting was house to house and street to street.

ingly on the verge of victory, but isolated Russian strongholds thwarted the final conquest of the city. A platoon of the 42nd Guards took possession of a three-story downtown building that commanded all approaches to the Volga, turning it into an almost-impenetrable fortress bristling with machine-gun nests and snipers. With all its officers killed or incapacitated, Sergeant Yakov Pavlov assumed command of the platoon and held the building for 59 days before being relieved. He had discovered early on that an antitank rifle mounted on the rooftop could destroy German panzers with impunity, since a tank approaching the building could not elevate its barrel sufficiently to reach the rooftop.

By early September, the Sixth Army found itself trapped at the edge of a huge salient, with few reserves, fighting an intense battle of attrition and dependent upon a single railway line that crossed the Don at Kalach, 60 miles from the Soviet lines. Paulus had no illusions about the prospects of maintaining his army through the winter in a devastated city still contested by a stubborn enemy. By this time, he had already committed eight divisions to the fighting and 11 more manned nearly 130 miles of front stretching across various river bends and over the sprawling Russian steppes.

To bring an end to the exhausting battle, Paulus called in several battalions of elite pioneer combat engineers, experts in demolition and street fighting, and used them to spearhead a last major attempt to capture Stalingrad. In a furious assault on the burrowing Russians, the German engineers poured gasoline into sewers and ignited them, ripped up floorboards, and threw satchel charges into cellars to root out defenders. Paulus followed on November 11 with an attack by five divisions into the factory district. The ensuing breach in the Russian lines was expanded, and Chuikov's command was split in two. Still the Russians held on, despite appalling losses. Spent and exhausted, the Germans regrouped while Paulus pondered his next move.

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Ice had begun forming on the Volga, and by November 14 all boat traffic ceased—the river was impassable. Efforts were made to air-drop supplies to the Sixty-second Army, but with the Soviet foothold reduced to such a narrow margin, most of the matériel fell into German hands. While Chuikov fought to hold the city until relief arrived, German reconnaissance planes and intelligence reports began detecting signs of a huge Soviet buildup northwest of Stalingrad. The exposed left flank that had worried Halder was showing unmistakable signs of becoming a ripe target for a massive Russian counterattack.

Back in Berlin, Hitler was made aware of the Soviet buildup, and his response was typical: remain on the offensive. On November 17 he sent a dispatch to Paulus urging him to quickly complete the conquest of the city. Paulus circulated the Führer's exhortation to his unit commanders, but they never had a chance to act on it. On the morning of November 19, the rumble of heavy artillery to the northwest could be heard rolling across the steppes. The deafening explosions were the opening salvos of a well-prepared, overwhelming Soviet counterattack, one that would seal the fate of Paulus and his men.

While Chuikov had been fighting for time, Stalin, General Georgi Zhukov, and Soviet Supreme General Staff chief General Alexander Vasilevsky had assembled the forces necessary to close an impenetrable iron ring around Stalingrad. Massive Soviet forces had been clandestinely deployed in the steppes north and south of the city. To the north was the Southwest Front under General Nikolai Vatutin. Next was the Don Front under General Konstantin Rokossovsky, and to the south of the city was the Southeast Front under Andrei Yeremenko. While just enough men and supplies were funneled to Chuikov to enable him to hold the city, over a million fresh troops, 1,500 tanks, 2,500 big guns, and three air armies deployed along a front almost 150 miles wide. The Soviets intended to attack the German flanks at their two weakest points—100 miles west of Stalingrad and 100 miles south of it—in sectors held by the

Romanian Third and Fourth Armies.

On November 19, the Red Army unleashed Operation Uranus in a blinding snowstorm. The attacking Soviet units on Vatutin's front—three complete armies—swept southeast from the Serafimovich bridgehead, shattering the Romanian Third Army along a 40-mile-wide stretch of the Don on Paulus's northern flank. The next morning, a second Soviet offensive—two complete armies of Yeremenko's Southeast Front—got under way from the south of the city, advancing northwestward against positions held by the Romanian Fourth Army.

Under the sudden pressure of the massive Russian artillery and advancing tank columns, the Romanian forces collapsed almost immediately. The two Soviet fronts raced west in a huge pincer movement and met four days later near the town of Kalach, sealing the ring around Stalingrad. Meanwhile, troops of Rokossovsky's Don Front had spread over the country west of the Don in a multipronged drive southward into the Don-Donetz corridor, linking up on the Chui River with the left pincer thrusting in from Kalach. The movement dropped an iron curtain across the most direct routes that any relieving German forces might use to come to the aid of Paulus and his army.

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ABOVE: Few airlifted supplies could reach German lines at Stalingrad. Luftwaffe General Wolfram von Richthofen called the Führer's relief orders "stark, raving madness." OPPOSITE: A Russian Guards mortar team lobs shells toward the German lines. The immovable, well-supplied Russians gave the enemy no relief.

As Paulus flew to a new command post to escape the onrushing Soviet tide, he saw for himself the extent of the rout and knew that it would be a matter of only days before the Sixth Army was completely surrounded and cut off. He radioed headquarters, urgently requesting permission to withdraw his forces 100 miles to the west before the Russian ring around his troops became unbreakable. Hitler dismissed the request and ordered Paulus to assume a "hedgehog" defense. The Sixth Army slowly ran out of time while Hitler moved his own headquarters to East Prussia to get a better look. In the meantime, he named Field Marshal Erich von Manstein head of the newly formed Army Group Don, which left Paulus under Manstein's operational control but did not materially affect the situation.

Hitler's decision to hold Paulus in place left no alternative but to attempt to sustain the Sixth Army from the air. Paulus, his army trapped within a tightening ring of Soviet armor, informed Hitler that he had only six days' worth of food remaining for his men. Morale, said Paulus, remained high, since the men believed they would be saved by other German armies. The Germans dubbed their position der Kessel—the kettle. General Wolfram von Richthofen, commanding Luftflotte 4, tried to fulfill Hitler's promise to sustain Paulus by air, but from the outset he realized the task was hopeless. Paulus needed a minimum of 500 tons of supplies daily just to sustain his army in a defensive posture and prolong the Soviet effort to liquidate the pocket.

When the Russians captured the Kalach Bridge on November 23, Paulus's army and a corps of the Fourth Panzer Army were sealed inside a pocket some 30 by 40 miles wide, the nearest German reinforcements more than 40 miles away. After expanding the corridor separating the Sixth Army and the rest of the German forces to a width of over 100 miles, the Russians moved 60 divisions and 1,000 tanks into position to attack Paulus's army. Fierce fighting began to shrink the pocket. Although convinced that Hitler's orders would lead to the total destruction of his army, Paulus remained intent upon obeying the Führer, saying simply, "A Prussian general does not mutiny."

Despite Richthofen's efforts, the airlift never had a chance for success. The shortage of aircraft, horrible flying weather, and the sheer distances involved doomed it from the outset. Pilot fatigue, improperly trained air crews, icy buildup, and Soviet fighters left a trail of downed Luftwaffe aircraft strewn across the steppes on the approaches to Stalingrad. As the airlift sputtered out, Paulus cut his troops' rations in an effort to conserve food. Ammunition stockpiles were steadily depleted, and the Sixth Army's capacity to resist began to dwindle accordingly. Orders went out to return fire only when essential and then to take only "sure shots."

Although Hitler added to the confusion by issuing orders that were ever more absurd and self-contradictory, German morale received a boost when word spread that the Führer had ordered Manstein to mount a relief operation and open a supply corridor to Paulus by punching a hole in the encirclement. Operation Winter Storm, launched on December 16, proved as hopeless as the airlift. Manstein's division-size force of panzers was inadequate to pierce the ring of Soviet artillery and armor. Meanwhile, the Sixth Army's fuel and ammunition situation had deteriorated to the point that most heavy equipment, trucks, and armor would have to be abandoned if a breakout was attempted. Hitler steadfastly refused to consider the withdrawal of Sixth Army from Stalingrad, saying that without their heavy guns and armor such a retreat would have a "Napoleonic ending." In this, at least, he would prove correct.

As Christmas 1942 approached, the Sixth Army's situation became increasingly desperate. The relief column had retreated, supplies arriving by air were diminishing, and starvation had begun to thin the ranks. As the full impact of the harsh Russian winter set in, the trapped German Army rapidly ran out of heat-

ing fuel and medical supplies, and thousands of the Army's remaining effectives began suffering the effects of frostbite, malnutrition, and disease. With no fodder for their horses, the Germans began slaughtering the animals for food, and on Christmas Eve Paulus ordered the last of the horses killed to provide a makeshift Christmas dinner for his men. The following day, he ordered yet another cut in the men's rations; the food allotment for each man was now a bowl of thin soup and 100 grams of bread per day. German doctors, coping with an increasing number of wounded men and diminishing stocks of medicine with which to treat them, were forced to give first priority to wounded soldiers who stood the best chance of recovering and being returned to battle. It was a triage of the damned.

Rokossovsky and Yeremenko, meanwhile, tightened the noose around the Germans daily, shrinking the perimeter Paulus had to defend. Additional Soviet advances swept the Axis flank defenders—Romanians, Italians, and Hungarians—almost entirely out of the Don-Donetz corridor, threatening the rear of the German forces on the lower Don and in the Caucasus. Hitler at last realized the inevitability of a disaster even greater than that of the Stalingrad encirclement. The decision was made to withdraw from the Caucasus just in time for Army Group B to escape being cut off itself. That withdrawal made it clear to the world that the German tide of conquest was on the ebb.

On January 10, 1943, Rokossovsky issued a call for Paulus to surrender, promising food and medical treatment for all the defenders and allowing German officers to retain their badges of rank and decorations. Paulus radioed Hitler, asking permission to surrender and thus save the lives of his remaining men, but again the Führer refused, ordering Paulus to stand and fight where he was—to the last man and the last bullet, if need be. Hitler dispatched Luftwaffe Field Marshal Erhard Milch to the front to revive the flagging airlift effort, but not even Milch could figure out a way to stanch the bleeding caused by worsening winter weather and the dominance of Soviet fighters controlling the skies around Stalingrad.

As the attempt at resupply by air faded away, the proud army that Paulus had led to the edge of the Volga disintegrated. The elite soldiers of the German Sixth Army were now a tattered collection of emaciated, walking skeletons. With starvation, disease, and despair stalking the Army, desertions, unauthorized surrenders, and an occasional local mutiny diminished the Sixth Army's capacity for organized resistance. In the meantime, the Red Army relentlessly closed the ring around the city.

His demand for surrender rebuffed, Rokossovsky ramped up the pressure on the Stalingrad pocket. On January 10, the Soviets attacked the city with 47 divisions, and by mid-January the remnant of Paulus's command held an area just 10 miles square. Staff officers at Army headquarters in Berlin, tacitly admitting to themselves that Sixth Army was lost, tried to salvage what they could of its technicians and specialists while abandoning the rank and file to their fates. They stepped up evacuation of officers with rare skills and ability, giving them priority on flights out of the pocket ahead of the wounded. General Hans Hube, commander of the 16th Panzer Division, was one such officer. After being ordered to abandon his command and fly out of Stalingrad, Hube refused, only to be evacuated forcibly by a squad of Gestapo agents sent to the city. By the end of January, the starved, frozen, and exhausted survivors of the Sixth Army were on the verge of collapse.

Paulus dispatched an aide to speak directly to the Führer, hoping that a firsthand account of the dire situation might change Hitler's mind. Hitler was unmoved, replying that the Sixth Army's ordeal was tying down Soviet forces that might otherwise prevent the planned evacuation of the German Army Group then in the Caucasus. German airlift operations struggled

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on until January 24. Immediately after two Ju-52s managed to lumber off the runway at Pitomnik airfield, a Soviet T-34 tank broke through the outer defense ring of the airfield and began shooting up the control tower and makeshift airport facilities. More tanks and Soviet infantry followed, and the airfield fell into Soviet hands, bringing the German airlift to an abrupt and final halt.

With all hope of relief or rescue now gone, Paulus radioed a message to Hitler: "The troops are out of ammunition and food, effective command is no longer possible. There are 18,000 wounded without any supplies, dressings or drugs. Further defense senseless. Collapse inevitable. Army requests permission to surrender in order to save the lives of the remaining troops." Hitler gave the same response he had made to all similar requests: "Surrender is forbidden. Sixth Army will hold their positions to the last man and last round and by their heroic resistance make an unforgettable contribution towards the establishment of a defensive front and the salvation of the Western world."

In an unprecedented, if cynical, show of generosity, Hitler gave promotions to dozens of senior officers of the Sixth Army, most notably a field marshal's baton for Paulus. In the entire history of the German Army, Hitler noted, no field marshal had ever surrendered or been taken alive. The implication was clear, but Paulus had no intention of throwing himself onto his own funeral pyre. A few days later, Soviet forces closed in on his command post, a cellar in the bombed-out ruins of a store in downtown Stalingrad. On the verge of collapse, dirty and unshaven, Paulus surrendered, and on February 2 the last German resistance in Stalingrad ceased. Of the nearly 350,000 soldiers who had followed Paulus to Stalingrad, barely 91,000 survived to surrender to the Soviets.

After Stalin announced to the world the news of Paulus's surrender and the Soviet victory at Stalingrad, a sense of foreboding fell over the Third Reich. The German people were finally informed of the loss of the German Sixth Army, and a three-day mourning period went into effect. While Paulus relaxed in a warm suburb of Moscow, the soldiers of the Sixth Army who had been promised food and shelter were not so fortunate. The Russians put 20,000 of them to work rebuilding the destroyed city, and the rest were dispatched to POW camps scattered from Siberia to central Asia. Many died shortly after the surrender from a typhus epidemic brought on by lice and the unsanitary conditions experienced during the battle. Many more would perish from malnutrition, disease, and neglect in the various Soviet prison camps. Of the 91,000 men who surrendered with Paulus, only 5,000 survived to eventually return to Germany in 1955.

ABOVE: Casualties for the Germans and their Axis allies during the fight for Stalingrad are estimated to be more than 500,000. Russian Army casualities are estimated to be more than double that number. OPPOSITE: Victorious members of the Soviet Sixty-Second Army advance through the rubble of Stalingrad in what is probably a staged photo taken after the battle.

For their role in the great Soviet victory, Chuikov and his Sixty-second Army received the highest honors the Red Army could bestow upon its soldiers. It was renamed the 8th Guards Army for the heroic defense of the city, and Chuikov led his men on a march across Europe that ultimately reached Berlin. His troops had the honor of capturing the Reichstag and planting the hammer and sickle atop the building in the fallen capital of the Third Reich.

From the Soviet perspective, the struggle for Stalingrad carried implications far beyond its borders. It defined the major, psychological turning point of World War II in Europe. By halting the advance of one of Germany's elite armies and ultimately defeating it, the Russians proved that the Nazis were not invincible, and in doing so they gained the confidence and skills they would need to ultimately defeat Germany. Conversely, the disaster at Stalingrad shattered the myth of Hitler's infallibility among the Germans themselves. Indeed, the path to the Soviet Union's rise to the status of a true superpower began on the banks of the Volga River.

The monumental scale of the battle lived on in the ruins of the shattered city. Although a panel of the Supreme Soviet determined that it would be easier to abandon the city and build a new one elsewhere, Stalin's ego and determination brought about the ultimate reconstruction of the city. But buried among the ruins was the horrendous price the Russians had paid for their victory. It will never be known how many people died at Stalingrad. Some postwar estimates claim that Chuikov lost over a million soldiers in his effort to hold the city, but that figure is almost certainly exaggerated. Still, the loss of life was appalling.

The casualty figures for the German Sixth Army, the Fourth Panzer Army, and their Axis auxiliaries that supported the march to the Volga were staggering. The Germans lost about 400,000 men; the Italians, Hungarians, and Romanians about 120,000 each. According to archival figures, the Red Army suffered a total of 1,129,619 total casualties—478,741 killed and missing and 650,878 wounded—in the greater Stalingrad area. In the city itself, 750,000 Russians were killed, wounded, or captured. The most horrendous toll fell on the city's civilian inhabitants. Of Stalingrad's estimated 850,000 residents in 1940, only 1,500 citizens remained in the pile of rubble that once was Stalingrad. □

In this painting of the Battle of Midway, forces of the Imperial Japanese Navy are under attack by American aircraft. During the battle, the cruiser *Mogami* and her sister *Mikuma* collided. *Mikuma* was eventually sunk, while *Mogami* was heavily damaged.

JAPAN'S LUCKLESS CRUISER

Naval History and Heritage Command

She was the lead ship of her class, built under the 1930 London Naval Treaty, which imposed limits on cruiser, destroyer, and submarine tonnage for the United States, Great Britain, and Japan. Four ships were built in the class, with *Mogami* slipping down the ways on March 14, 1934, at Kure Navy Yard. *Mogami* would go on to a lengthy but luckless career in the Imperial Japanese Navy.

The *Mogami*, like her sisters, displaced 13,440 tons, could crack the waves at 35 knots, and packed 10 8-inch guns and 12 Long Lance torpedoes. With her bulky superstructure, she vaguely resembled a battleship and was a formidable weapon of war.

She was also a popular assignment for her 850-man crew. *Mogami* and her sisters were air conditioned and had steel tube bunks in place of hammocks for the seamen, cold water drinking fountains dispersed throughout the ship, and more extensive refrigeration spaces for food, which meant better chow. Like all Japanese ships, *Mogami* had several pickle lockers in different parts of the ship, for careful study had found that a crew that ate pickles daily was more efficient than one that did not. The air conditioners proved noisy and were not installed on future ship classes.

THE CAREER OF THE *MOGAMI* WAS MARKED BY MISHAPS AND BATTLES WITH THE U.S. NAVY.

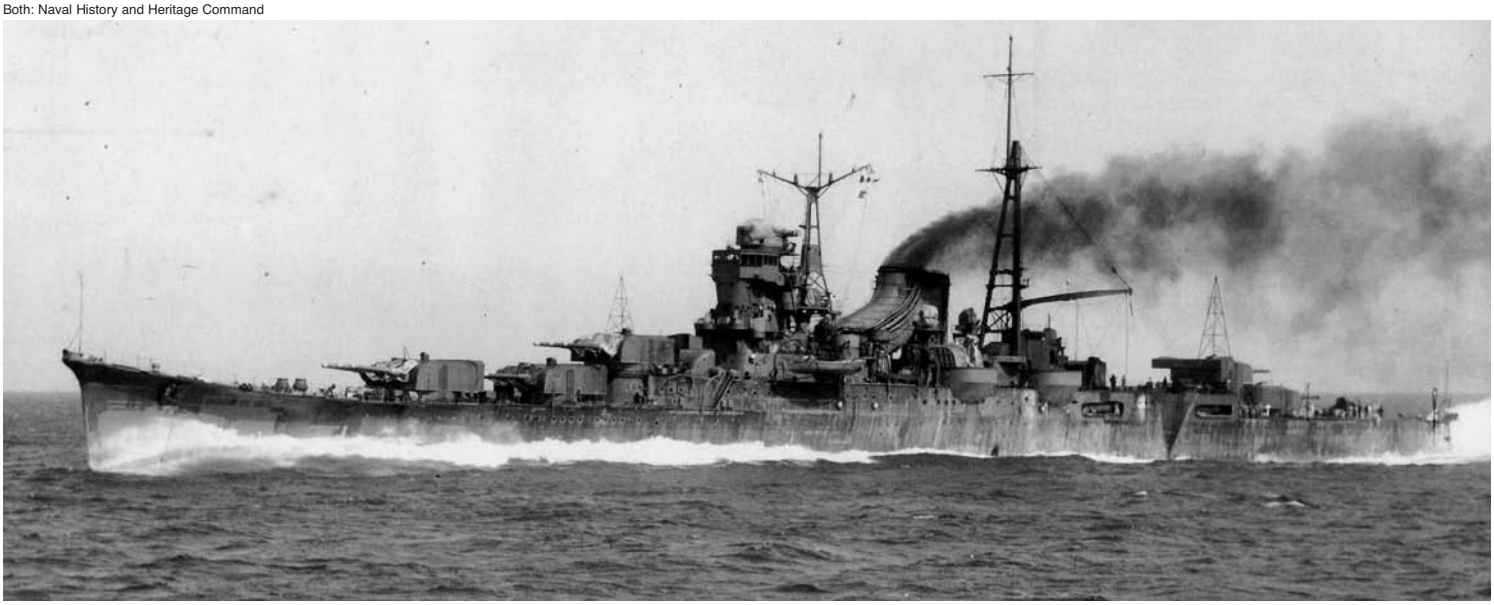
BY DAVID H. LIPPMAN

All four ships of the class—*Mogami*, *Mikuma*, *Kumano*, and *Suzuya*—were assigned together as Cruiser Division 7 (CruDiv 7). Bad luck began right away. In late 1935, *Mogami* suffered typhoon damage, her bow crumpled in her first deployment due to poor welding. The crew found the hull had warped so badly they could not train her turrets. An investigative board ordered the ship disarmed and drydocked for massive reconstruction.

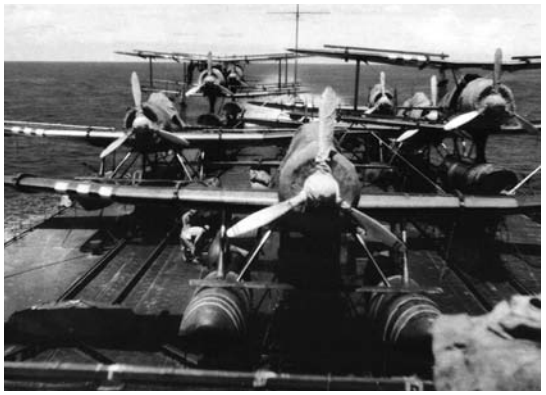
By now *Mogami* had a reputation as an unlucky ship, but when war broke out she flew the flag of Rear Admiral Shigenoshi Inoue in the assault on Malaya and Borneo. Her 8-inch guns covered landings in these invasions.

Her next stop was the Sunda Strait battle, where she and *Mikuma* were covering the Japanese landing at Bantam Bay in Java. Some 50 Japanese transports of various sizes were unload-

Both: Naval History and Heritage Command



ABOVE: The Japanese heavy cruiser *Mogami,* photographed before the outbreak of World War II, steams high speed. *Mogami* 's career was lengthy but plagued with mishaps. RIGHT: Japanese aircraft are secured to the flight deck that was added to the aft portion of the *Mogami* in the spring of 1943, following heavy losses in aircraft carriers at the Battle of Midway.



ing troops. The American heavy cruiser USS *Houston* and the Australian light cruiser HMAS *Perth,* fleeing Java by way of the strait, came upon these targets and charged, hurling shells. The Japanese transports and their close escort, the destroyer *Fubuki,* called for help, and *Mogami* and *Mikuma* raced to the scene, joined by the light cruiser *Natori* and 10 destroyers.

Mogami fired a spread of six torpedoes at the Allied ships; the salvo scored several hits, sinking five targets. Unfortunately, they were the Japanese Army landing ship *Ryujo Maru,* the Army transports *Sakura Maru, Tatsuno Maru,* and *Horai Maru,* and the Navy minesweeper *W-2*. Also dumped unceremoniously in the drink was Lt. Gen. Hitsohi Imamura, commanding the 16th Army. He clung to a piece of driftwood for 20 minutes and was picked up by a passing boat. That vessel, overloaded with heavy equipment, listed more and cascaded its gear and the general into the sea "with a dreadful sound." Once ashore, the soggy general sat down on a bamboo pile, and his aide "limped over to him and congratulated him on his successful landing."

Commander Shukichi Toshikawa, who commanded the 5th Destroyer Flotilla, was later chosen to apologize to Imamura on behalf of the Imperial Navy for the incident and approached Imamura's chief of staff to do so.

"Don't tell General Imamura," responded the chief of staff, in alarm. "He thinks the American cruiser *Houston* did it. Let her have the credit." *Houston* carried no torpedoes, however.

However, *Houston* and *Perth* were soon surrounded by *Mogami* and other Japanese warships and subjected to a massive barrage of shells and torpedoes. *Perth* went down five minutes after midnight, on March 1, and *Houston* hung on a little longer, until 12:33 AM, when Seaman William F. Stafford, standing on the sloping fantail, sounded "Abandon Ship" with his bugle. The "Ghost of the Sunda Strait" sank 12 minutes later, her battle flags still flying.

Interestingly, one of *Houston*'s prewar captains was Jesse Oldendorf, who avenged the destruction of his old command at Surigao Strait in 1944 by sinking her tormentor, the *Mogami*.

After that, *Mogami* joined Rear Admiral Jisaburo Ozawa's cruiser force, assigned to support Vice Admiral Chuichi Nagumo's April 1942 raid into the Indian Ocean. Nagumo took five carriers into battle, sinking a British carrier and two cruisers. *Mogami* joined in the April 6 sinking of two Norwegian cargo ships, the 4,434-ton *Dagfred* and the 1,515-ton *Hermod*. All of the crewmembers of both ships survived their sinkings.

Mogami's next assignment was with CruDiv 7, under Rear Admiral Takeo Kurita, at the Battle of Midway. CruDiv 7's job was to carry out a nighttime bombardment of the American-held atoll prior to the scheduled Japanese invasion. After the Japanese carrier force was slaughtered on June 4, the bombardment mission was ordered for the next evening anyway. Sanity prevailed, and Kurita's ships were recalled when they were about 90 miles from Midway.

As the cruisers steamed homeward at 28 knots in the dim moonlight, escorted by the destroyers *Asashio* and *Arashio*, at 2:15 AM on June 5, a lookout on *Kumano* spotted a surfaced submarine just off her starboard bow, the USS *Tambor.* Kurita blinkered a 45-degree turn to port to all his ships, *Mogami* last in line. Her navigator, Lt. Cmdr. Masaki Yamauchi, elbowed his officer of the deck aside and took over the tricky maneuver himself. As he turned, he thought he saw too much distance between himself and *Mikuma,* just ahead. He adjusted course a little to starboard—and then realized he was not looking at *Mikuma* at all, but *Suzuya*. *Mikuma* lay between the two cruisers, directly ahead of *Mogami*.

Yamauchi bellowed, "Port the helm ... hard-a-port ... full astern!" But it was too late. *Mogami*'s bow knifed into *Mikuma*'s port side aft of the bridge, crushing *Mogami*'s bow from the captain's cabin forward and bending it to port. *Mikuma* suffered a ruptured fuel tank, leaving a trail of oil.

Mogami had 40 feet of her bow crumpled in. Lt. Cmdr. Masayushi Saruwatari, the cruiser's damage control officer, dashed forward to find the fore station crew, not knowing what to do

and totally disoriented. The Imperial Japanese Navy stressed combat training but was weaker on damage control procedures.

Acting quickly, Saruwatari ordered his men to patch up the holes and straighten out the compartment next to the damaged one. He ordered all possible explosives and inflammables jettisoned overboard, including depth charges and torpedoes, which irritated the skipper, Captain Arika Soji.

When the damage control team was finished, Kurita took stock—*Mogami* could only do 12 knots and *Mikuma* was leaking oil. Kurita was in a hurry to rendezvous with the main fleet. He detached *Mikuma* and both destroyers to escort the battered *Mogami* and hurried on through the night with *Kumano* and *Suzuya*.

Meanwhile, the observant *Tambor*'s skipper, Lt. Cmdr. John W. Murphy, fired off a message to his chain of command, which topped out with Rear Admiral Raymond A. Spruance, who was commanding the U.S. fleet off Midway. Spruance took great personal interest in the messages—his son, Edward D. Spruance, was a lieutenant aboard *Tambor.*

The message also reached Midway, and the atoll's commanders sortied 12 Boeing B-17 Flying Fortress bombers and several patrol planes to locate the enemy. At 6:30 AM, a patrol plane reported, "Sighted 2 battleships bearing 264, distance 125 miles, course 168, speed 15. Ships damaged, streaming oil."

Midway sent a squadron of 12 Marine Vought SB2U Vindicator dive bombers under Captain Marshall Tyler to attack. They scored no hits, and on the way down Japanese flak set Captain Robert Fleming's Vindicator on fire. He dropped his bomb and then, his plane flaming, slammed into the *Mikuma*'s after turret, exploding the plane.

"Very brave," was the reaction of *Mogami*'s Captain Soji, whose ship suffered splinters from near misses. The crash dive started a fire on *Mikuma* that spread down the intake of the starboard engine room, igniting gas fumes, killing the crew, and reducing the ship's speed.

Next, eight B-17s under Lt. Col. Brooke Allen attacked the hapless cruisers, scoring one near miss that killed two men on *Mogami*.

On the flag bridge of the aircraft carrier *Enterprise,* Spruance weighed the various reports. One of them indicated that the two cruisers were two blazing battleships and a carrier, which meant big game.

But Spruance was not able to get into position to attack until June 6, and the carriers *Enterprise* and *Hornet* hurled 57 dive bombers escorted by 20 fighters to hit the Japanese force. The American pilots reported their targets as 31,000-ton battleships, not the 12,000-ton cruisers they actually were, but were delighted to find the ships barely mobile, putting up little resistance.

American radio frequencies turned blue with excited aviator chatter as the dive bombers swooped down, dropping bombs on *Mikuma* and *Mogami*. "Boy, that's swell. Boy, oh boy. You son of a gun, you're going up ... wish I had a camera along," one pilot radioed.

Believing *Mikuma* to be a battleship, the Americans concentrated heavily on her, killing the skipper, Captain Shakao Sakayama, but bombs fell on *Mogami* as well, punching out her No. 5 Turret, damaging the torpedo tubes, and starting fires below decks.

Saruwatari saw the worst hit of all—a bomb that plunged through the seaplane deck and started a raging fire, incinerating the sickbay full of wounded, doctors, medics, and patients. Unable to control the fire, Saruwatari ordered the entire damaged compartment sealed off, which trapped men inside, leading to their deaths. Saruwatari saw an engineering sub-lieutenant commit hara-kiri. "I trembled with great sorrow," said Saruwatari later.

The rain of bombs and destruction had immense impact on *Mikuma*. The executive

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ABOVE: During the Japanese naval raids into the Indian Ocean in 1942, the British aircraft carrier *Hermes* was sunk. BELOW: Gunners aboard a Japanese naval vessel fire at the cruiser USS *Houston,* sunk during the Battle of Sunda Strait. The *Mogami* participated in the sinking of *Houston* but also sank or damaged friendly transports with its torpedoes.

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officer, Commander Hideo Takashima, ordered his men to abandon ship. Despite her wounds, *Mogami* assisted the two destroyers in rescuing 300 men from the shattered cruiser. But the intense American attack prevented them from pulling 100 to 150 sailors out of the drink. One *Mikuma* sailor, Lieutenant Masao Koyama, drew his samurai sword and committed suicide on the forward turret. He became a folk hero in Japan, as historian Gordon W. Prange caustically wrote, "by thus assisting the U.S. Navy to kill off promising Japanese naval officers."

The American attackers left behind a sickening scene of devastated cruisers covered with wreckage and smoke and helpless sailors in the water trying to avoid drowning amid pools of oil. The scene was captured for posterity when Spruance sent Lieutenant (j.g.) Edwin Kroeger in a dive bomber, with Mr. A.D. Brick of Fox Movietone News, equipped to take movies of the fireside and haven't enough ambition to go out and repeat the performance."

The resulting photographs were among the most memorable of the entire war, but they irritated Spruance, as he could tell that he had sent a massive force to polish off two battered heavy cruisers, not two battleships and a carrier.

Nevertheless, *Mikuma* sank shortly after sunset, while *Mogami* staggered away, having suffered 800 holes and the loss of 90 men killed and 101 wounded. *Mogami* owed her survival to Saruwatari's damage control—had he not jettisoned the torpedoes and sealed off key compartments the cruiser probably would have sunk. Battered and burned, *Mogami* sailed to Truk in the Caroline Islands and safety.

Five weeks of repair work there made *Mogami* seaworthy enough to head for Sasebo Navy Yard in Japan. The cruiser was in dockyard hands from August 1942 to April 1943, preparing to sail to the Aleutian Islands in response to the expected American landing on Attu. Her bad luck continued. She rammed the oiler *Toa Maru* on May 22. *Mogami* was also present in Hashirajima Bay on June 8, when the mighty battleship *Mutsu* suffered a magazine explosion in her No. 3 turret, sinking her. *Mogami* launched boats to rescue survivors but found none.

The Americans did not invade the Aleutians in April, so *Mogami*'s flight deck made her useful in transporting Army troops to Rabaul in July. She was back at Rabaul on November 5, 1943, when planes from the American carrier *Saratoga* raided the harbor. One of *Saratoga*'s dive bombers slammed a 500-pound bomb between *Mogami*'s two forward turrets, starting a severe fire. The damage control men had to flood both magazines, submerging the cruiser's bow. Some 19 crewmen were killed.

Mogami headed for Truk for emergency repairs, which took a month. She was sent to Kure Navy Yard for full repairs, where she received more antiaircraft guns, for a total of 38. She was in Kure dockyard from December 1943 to February 17, 1944.

Mogami escorted the Japanese carrier fleet in the Battle of the Philippine Sea but played no role of importance in the engagement. Due to material shortages, she only carried five seaplanes. After the Philippine Sea disaster, *Mogami* was assigned to the battle line, under Vice Admiral Takeo Kurita, at Lingga Roads, close to the oil stocks in neighboring Borneo.

When the Americans invaded the Philippines on October 20, 1944, *Mogami* was assigned to the Third Section of Vice Admiral Shoji Nishimura, which was to make up the southern jaw of a nautical pincer counterattack on the American invasion fleet off the island of Leyte. The complex Japanese plan, Sho Ichi Go, or Victory One, called for the surviving carriers to make a demonstration off the Philippines, drawing away the American carriers. Meanwhile, the battleships would slam into the unguarded American transports off Leyte, with one task force steaming through the San Bernardino Strait, the other, under Nishimura, through the Surigao Strait. Nishimura's task force consisted of two elderly battleships, the *Fuso* and *Yamashiro,* flying his flag, *Mogami*, and four destroyers.

To back up Nishimura's force, another squadron would follow behind it under Rear Admiral Kiyohide Shima, centered on two heavy cruisers and one light cruiser. The task forces were not coordinated with each other. Kurita took his battleships from Singapore to Brunei, where they refueled and split into their

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In this painting by artist John Hamilton, the Japanese cruisers *Mogami* and *Mikuma* writhe under heavy American air attack on the last day of the Battle of Midway. *Mikuma* was sunk, but the seriously damaged *Mogami* managed to limp away to safety.

the destruction. Joining them was Lieutenant (j.g.) Cleo Dobson, who was angry over the immense losses his carrier's air wing had taken in the battle. Dobson planned to avenge the Japanese strafing of shipwrecked American sailors by doing the same to the Japanese.

But when Dobson arrived at the battle site, he saw that "about 400 to 500 sailors were in the water, all around the ship. After flying over those poor devils in the water, I was chicken hearted and couldn't make myself open up on them." Dobson later wrote in his diary, "Boy, sure would hate to be in the shoes of those fellows in the water. I shouldn't feel so sorry for them, because I might be in their shoes some day. I'll enjoy reading this when I'm sitting by

missing the Guadalcanal campaign in its entirety. Her sisters *Kumano* and *Suzuya* were assigned to escort the surviving aircraft carriers.

While in the drydock, *Mogami* had a major rebuild as Japan sought shortcuts to make up for the aircraft carriers lost at Midway.

Mogami's two aft turrets, one of them destroyed at Midway, were removed, and her aircraft deck extended all the way to the stern. She was given more antiaircraft armament and new air search radar. Now she could carry 11 seaplanes, which could serve as reconnaissance aircraft or fighters. The armored barbettes under the turret rings became bomb stowage areas and gasoline tanks for the seaplanes.

In May 1943, *Mogami* went back to work,

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ABOVE: American PT-boats like the one in this artist's rendering struck the first blows during the Battle of Surigao Strait. The *Mogami* was severely damaged in the one-sided battle and later her blackened hulk was sunk. LEFT: The Japanese battleship *Fuso* and heavy cruiser *Mogami* endure air attack by U.S. Navy planes just prior to the Battle of Surigao Strait in October 1944. The Surigao Strait action was a component of the larger Battle of Leyte Gulf.

two sections.

Nishimura's ships steamed for battle from Brunei Bay on October 22 and immediately ran into trouble in the form of air strikes from *Mogami*'s old antagonist from Midway, USS *Enterprise,* and the newer carrier USS *Lexington*. The American air strikes did not impede the Japanese advance but alerted the Americans to Nishimura's move.

To defeat the attack, Rear Admiral Oldendorf deployed his ships in a vast gauntlet, using the Surigao Strait's narrow geography to channel the Japanese warships. They would first meet PT boats, then destroyers, and finally a cap of six battleships, five of them Pearl Harbor survivors, four heavy cruisers, and four light cruisers. For Oldendorf, there might have been some personal thoughts in the battle. *Mogami* had sunk his old command. He had skippered USS *Houston* in the balmy peacetime years, transporting President Franklin D. Roosevelt on fleet inspections.

Oldendorf's plan was simple: "My theory was that of the old-time gambler: Never give a sucker a chance. If my opponent is foolish enough to come at me with an inferior force, I'm certainly not going to give him an even break."

Nishimura's force hurtled into Surigao Strait shortly after midnight on October 25, 1944, and was immediately spotted by PT boats, which harried the Japanese, reporting their position.

The Japanese used searchlights to try to illuminate their hounds, hurling shells at the nearest pursuers. Neither side scored hits, but the scrapping frayed Japanese nerves. Nishimura was afraid that *Mogami* would mistake him for the enemy in the deteriorating visibility. Sure enough, at 1:05 AM, *Fuso* lookouts saw a suspicious silhouette off the port bow. Trained to recognize enemy ships but not to distinguish Japanese vessels, they reported the silhouette as American. The battleship hurled 6-inch shells in that direction and got an angry voice-radio message back, "Cease firing, cease firing! Friendly ships!" It was *Mogami*. Unfortunately, just as the message got transmitted another 6-inch shell hit the perpetually ill-starred cruiser, killing three sailors who were lying in sickbay, wounded in the morning's American air attack.

Nishimura ordered his ships to cease fire, and the entire Japanese formation regrouped and resumed heading north with the battleships in the lead and *Mogami* behind.

At 2:11 AM, Nishimura shuffled his ships into battle formation for the dash up Surigao Strait. At 2:58 AM, the Americans attacked, destroyers loosing 27 torpedoes at the advancing Japanese. The American torpedo barrage was devastating. The torpedoes tore apart *Fuso* and two destroyers and damaged a third destroyer.

While *Fuso* turned out of the battle line to sink, Nishimura, aboard *Yamashiro* with *Mogami* following him, pressed on, dodging American torpedoes.

At 3:53 AM, Nishimura's force hit the American battle line and felt the full impact of Oldendorf's big guns. The 16-inch and 14-inch shells from the American dreadnoughts lit up the night and slammed down on the Japanese ships, joined by the cacophony of 8-inch and 6-inch guns from the American cruisers. On *Mogami*, the American barrage was seen as distant flashes like light rows of a switchboard turning on one after another in a dark room. The light show was followed by the whistle and hiss of incoming shells. Those shells that missed sent up huge walls of white water.

Most of the American shells detonated on *Yamashiro,* which enabled *Mogami* to unmask her torpedo tubes.

The Americans did not ignore the cruiser. Destroyers spotted *Mogami*, illuminated by *Yamashiro*'s fires, bearing down on the onrushing *Hutchins*. The destroyers *Daly* and *Bache* opened fire on *Mogami*. On the cruiser, Captain Ryo Toma wondered if he was steaming toward Japanese or American ships in the confusion. To be sure, he flashed two large searchlights and a red Verey star. The Americans answered his signals with a hail of shells. *Mogami* took a hit on her mainmast, and the steel structure began to sag. Other shells blasted her two radio rooms and antiaircraft mounts. Toma decided to make a wide loop away to try to launch torpedoes from his port side. But the fire and smoke drew a fusillade of 6-inch and 8-inch shells from Oldendorf's cruisers, which added to *Mogami*'s pain. Hits were scored on No. 3 turret, knocking it out of action, and on the deck near the starboard after engine room's air intake, which sent smoke into the engine room,

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U.S. Navy warships, including several battleships that were survivors of the infamous Pearl Harbor attack three years earlier, rained heavy-caliber shells on the hapless Japanese vessels that ventured into Surigao Strait. In this image, the flashes from the guns of American cruisers light up the night sky.

forcing the crew to evacuate. Main lighting failed, and emergency lights clicked on, casting a dull orange glow.

On *Mogami*'s bridge, Toma and his officers argued over what they should do—continue the attack or withdraw? Toma wanted to withdraw, but his officers believed they could still fight their way past the Americans. Toma yielded to their Bushido spirit. *Mogami* turned around and headed north at 4 AM.

At 4:02 AM, two shells from the cruiser *Portland* smashed *Mogami*'s compass bridge, and a third tore into the air defense center, killing almost all at both positions, including Toma, his executive officer, Uroko Hashimoto, navigator Nobuyuki Nakano, torpedo officer Konji Uehara, and four more key officers. Lookout Akiyoshi Nishikawa staggered to his feet to find most of the 16 men around him dead and his pal Yoshida missing a foot. Only four signalmen who happened to be on the signaling platform were left alive and standing. *Mogami* was steaming along out of control, nobody in command.

Chief Petty Officer 1st Class Shuichi Yamamoto, the chief signalman, took the reins. He ran onto the smashed bridge and found the steering mechanism power had failed. He contacted the armored wheelhouse two decks below on the sound-powered phone and called for manual steering and for someone to find the ranking senior officer. Meanwhile, Yamamoto realized he had to make the decisions for the moment and did so, ordering the gutted cruiser to retire.

Shuddering from repeated hits, *Mogami* swung out of line just as heavy shells slammed into the cruiser's forward engine room, sending high-pressure steam spewing in all directions, killing trapped engineers. Flames spread to the No. 9 boiler room, and choking black smoke poured out. Boiler tenders shut down the furnace.

At 4:03, another shell knocked out all lights in the port after engine room. *Mogami* had lost three engine rooms in as many minutes. The engineers in the port forward engine room ignored smoke and heat to provide *Mogami* with engine power. As the shaking cruiser rattled away, Lt. Cmdr. Giichiro Arai, the gunnery officer, was told he was in command. But with the ship's guns firing, he could not report to the bridge. Yamamoto would have to keep the conn.

As *Mogami* retired from the action, American guns and torpedoes sent *Yamashiro* and Admiral Nishimura to the bottom, capping the last duel between dreadnoughts in history. The Japanese had failed to score a single hit, and the Americans only suffered 39 fatal casualties, 34 of them on the destroyer *Albert W. Grant,* which was hit by friendly fire. The Battle of Surigao Strait was one of the most one-sided naval victories in history, with Japan losing three destroyers and two battleships.

Mogami, meanwhile, was trying to survive. She and the destroyer *Shigure* were now the only vessels of Nishimura's force left afloat, and both were withdrawing. *Shigure* took an 8-inch shell in her fantail, and her skipper logged "decided to retire." The battered cruiser and destroyer headed south, and at 4:15 their lookouts were astonished to see a destroyer racing toward them at 30 knots. It was Shima's lead ship, the *Shiranuhi*. Behind her was Shima's flagship, the cruiser *Nachi,* starting the next phase of the battle.

Shima's ships advanced through smoke screens. Oil fires blazed on the ocean. The ships passed by the badly damaged and helpless destroyer *Asagumo*. Then radar spotted two contacts dead ahead at 4:15 AM. Figuring it was the enemy, Shima ordered, "All ships attack!" Two of Shima's four destroyers dashed forward, unmasked their torpedo batteries, and fired their Long Lance torpedoes, which had caused so much havoc in the grueling struggles for Guadalcanal. The torpedoes had eight miles to run.

As it happened, their target was Oldendorf's flagship, the cruiser *Louisville*. But the torpedoes missed. Shima and his men peered into the smoke and mist to observe results—and out of the smoke came *Mogami*, her No. 3 gun turret a ruin, gun barrels blackened, forecastle riddled with holes, flames smoldering from her flight deck aft.

With Chief Petty Officer Yamamoto still on the bridge, the blasted *Mogami* was retiring at last. Crewmen on *Nachi* howled banzais of encouragement as the two ships closed the range. On *Nachi*'s bridge, Captain Enpei Kanooka thought that he would pass *Mogami* a little too close, figuring that *Mogami* was dead in the water. But to everyone's amazement, *Mogami* was actually steaming along—just barely—and right for *Nachi*.

Kanooka shouted, "Full reverse!" and right rudder to avoid *Nachi*'s sister. Too late. At 4:23, *Nachi*'s anchor deck converged with *Mogami*'s starboard at No. 1 turret, and the two ships collided with a sickening, jarring crunch. The collision added more dents to *Mogami*'s battered hide, wrecked *Nachi*'s No. 2 antiaircraft mount, and ripped a 15-meter gash in *Nachi*'s port bow at the waterline. Flooding alarms went off, and the two cruisers pulled themselves apart.

On *Mogami*'s bridge, Yamamoto bawled through a megaphone, "This is *Mogami*! Captain and XO killed! Gunnery officer in charge. Steering destroyed. Steering by engine. Sorry!"

Shima and Kanooka, exasperated, accepted the blame. *Nachi* began crawling southward at five knots. *Mogami* struggled to get in line behind her two sisters. Everyone listened for explosions from the 16 torpedoes fired, but there was no sound.

At 4:35, Shima signaled his destroyers, "Reverse course to the south and rejoin." The irritated destroyer skippers did so, pulling out of American range.

On *Nachi,* Shima was assessing the situation. His flagship was damaged from the collision but could still do 18 knots. But it was clear disaster already reigned, as exemplified by the battered *Mogami*. Shima and his officers conferred. Torpedo officer Kokichi Mori said to Shima, "Admiral, up ahead the enemy must be waiting for us with open arms. Nishimura's force is almost totally destroyed. It is obvious that we will fall into a trap. We may die anytime. In any case, it is foolish to go ahead now." Shima got the point. Time to withdraw.

At 4:41, Shima ordered his ships to follow behind *Nachi*. Hobbling along at 20 knots, they were retreating at a slow speed. On the battered *Mogami* ammunition started cooking off, hampering repairs and endangering the crew. Because of damaged engine rooms and steam pipes, the fire pumps did not function, and firefighters had to rely on portable pumps and water buckets. Arai ordered his men to jettison torpedoes to prevent them from exploding, but four of them exploded, adding to the smoldering fires. Down in the sole operational engine room, the temperature was hitting 140 degrees Farenheit, and the "black gang" could no longer take the heat.

The crew set the main engine running and evacuated. Incredibly, the engines kept turning, and Arai used hand steering to maneuver his ship.

The Americans pursued cautiously, sinking the destroyer *Asagumo*. By 5:20 AM, the *Louisville* was eight miles west of Esconchada Point, where *Nachi* and *Mogami* had collided an hour earlier. Oldendorf studied the scene through his binoculars and told his column to turn right and prepare to shell the fleeing Japanese with full broadsides.

The "open fire" gongs rang at 5:29, and the Americans hurled more shells at *Mogami*, scoring several direct hits. To Oldendorf, *Mogami* was "burning like a city block." Yet the cruiser survived this latest bombardment, cranking up to 14 knots.

By now, Shima's weary collection of ships was heading out of Surigao Strait into the Mindanao Sea, enduring further brushes with PT boats. First up was *PT-491,* which charged *Mogami* and fired its torpedoes. *Mogami* hit back with 8-inch shells, and *PT-491* retreated.

More PT boats popped out from Shima's flanks, pestering him with torpedoes, doing no damage but fraying nerves. Edgy lookouts reported bamboo poles as American submarine periscopes.

Shima's retreating ships awaited the one certainty of the morning—American air attack. Shima radioed for fighter cover but instead received an attack of nine Grumman TBF Avenger torpedo bombers and four Grumman F6F Hellcat fighters from the escort carrier USS *Santee* and two Avengers and six Hellcats from USS *Sangamon*, launched at 5:45 AM. They pounced on Shima's battered vessels and incorrectly reported them as two battleships. That happened often—Japanese heavy cruisers had massive superstructures and looked like battleships to airmen.

The Americans swooped in to attack. Srafing killed nine and wounded 25 on the destroyer *Shiranuhi,* and the luckless *Mogami* took yet another torpedo hit.

Ten Avengers and five Grumman FM-2 Wildcats from USS *Ommaney Bay* came next, storming down on the smoking *Mogami*, scoring two more hits and starting fires and bringing the ship to a halt. The destroyer *Akebono* sprayed water on the cruiser. The men evacuated *Mogami*'s No. 2 engine room, finding the ladder and hatch red hot. Everyone but the antiaircraft crews fought the fires.

The American bombs smashed into the cruiser's oil tanks, setting them ablaze. Gunnery officer and acting commanding officer Arai ordered the three forward 8-inch magazines flooded to prevent an explosion, but the warped bulkheads meant that the valves for No. 1 gun room would not open. The cruiser was blazing and could sink at any moment.

In tears, Arai ordered his men to abandon ship at 10:30 AM. With her davits broken, *Mogami* could not use her cutter, so *Akebono* closed *Mogami*'s port quarter to take aboard the cruiser's crew.

On *Mogami* the exhausted crew mustered topside on weather decks to abandon ship after three hours of desperate fire fighting, shuffling aboard *Akebono*. At 12:56, *Akebono* fired a Long Lance into *Mogami*'s port side, and the cruiser began to sink, her demise hastened by an explosion in No. 1 magazine. At 1:07, as her crew stood by on *Akebono,* watching and crying, *Mogami* slipped beneath the waves.

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The Japanese cruiser *Nachi,* seriously damaged at Surigao Strait, survived a few days longer before American bombers sent her to the bottom of Manila Bay at the end of October 1944.

The cruiser had performed bravely in her final battle, enduring the loss of her skipper and senior officers, withstanding more than 100 shells of various calibers, its own torpedoes exploding, three bomb hits, and a collision. All but 20 officers, 171 enlisted men, and one civilian of *Mogami*'s 850-man crew were saved by *Akebono*.

Nachi lasted a little longer, steaming to Manila. En route, she suffered an American air attack on October 29, which did little damage but added to her indignities and pain.

At Manila, *Nachi* was shoved into dock

Continued on page 78

Stalling Hitler's P

AMERICANS FROM THE 30TH INFANTRY DIVISION TOOK A TOLL ON GERMAN TANKS AT A SIMPLE FRENCH CROSSROADS. BY KEVIN M. HYMEL

A column of German Mark V Panther tanks advanced through a thick fog north of the French town of Mortain, blindly firing their machine guns. Suddenly, the lead tank took a hit from an unseen American antitank round, penetrating the frontal armor and stopping it. A tank retriever approached the smoking tank only to come under fire. Then, crews of three tanks dismounted and gathered to discuss options. As they spoke, an American bazooka man fired a round into the group, killing some and scattering the rest. The bazooka man then dispatched two of the three stationary tanks. The 1st SS Panzer Division's attack ground to a halt.

What was supposed to be Adolf Hitler's master stroke to cut off the American drive across France met an unexpected powerful resistance from the men of the American 30th Infantry Division—the "Old Hickory" division. The German attack successfully encircled Mortain on August 7, 1944, but resistance at places like the crossroads town of St. Barthelemy bled the Germans dry. Some 700 Old Hickory Americans of Lt. Col. Robert Ernest Frankland's 1st Battalion, 117th Infantry Regiment, and 200 more of the 823rd Tank Destroyer Battalion, armed with rifles, machine guns, bazookas, and four M5 three-inch antitank guns, exacted a heavy toll on the panzers.

The Germans tried again. This time the 2nd Panzer Division joined the 1st SS in a two-pronged attack, but the Americans managed

ABOVE: Tanks were not the only victims of American firepower. A German half-track and amphibious vehicle were both wrecked by the Americans. Bullet holes speckle the vehicle. TOP: Children stand at the crossroad at Saint Barthelemy a week after the battle. RIGHT: A burned-out Panzer Mark V tank straddles a short ridge along the road. It may have been trying to get off the road to evade Allied fighter bombers.

anzers at Mortain

to knock out one of the lead tanks with a single shot. As the German infantry attacked, an American bazooka man kept his cool, throwing away his faulty bazooka and finding another to dispatch a tank. The Germans, however, wiped out 100 men and flanked the position, entering St. Barthelmy.

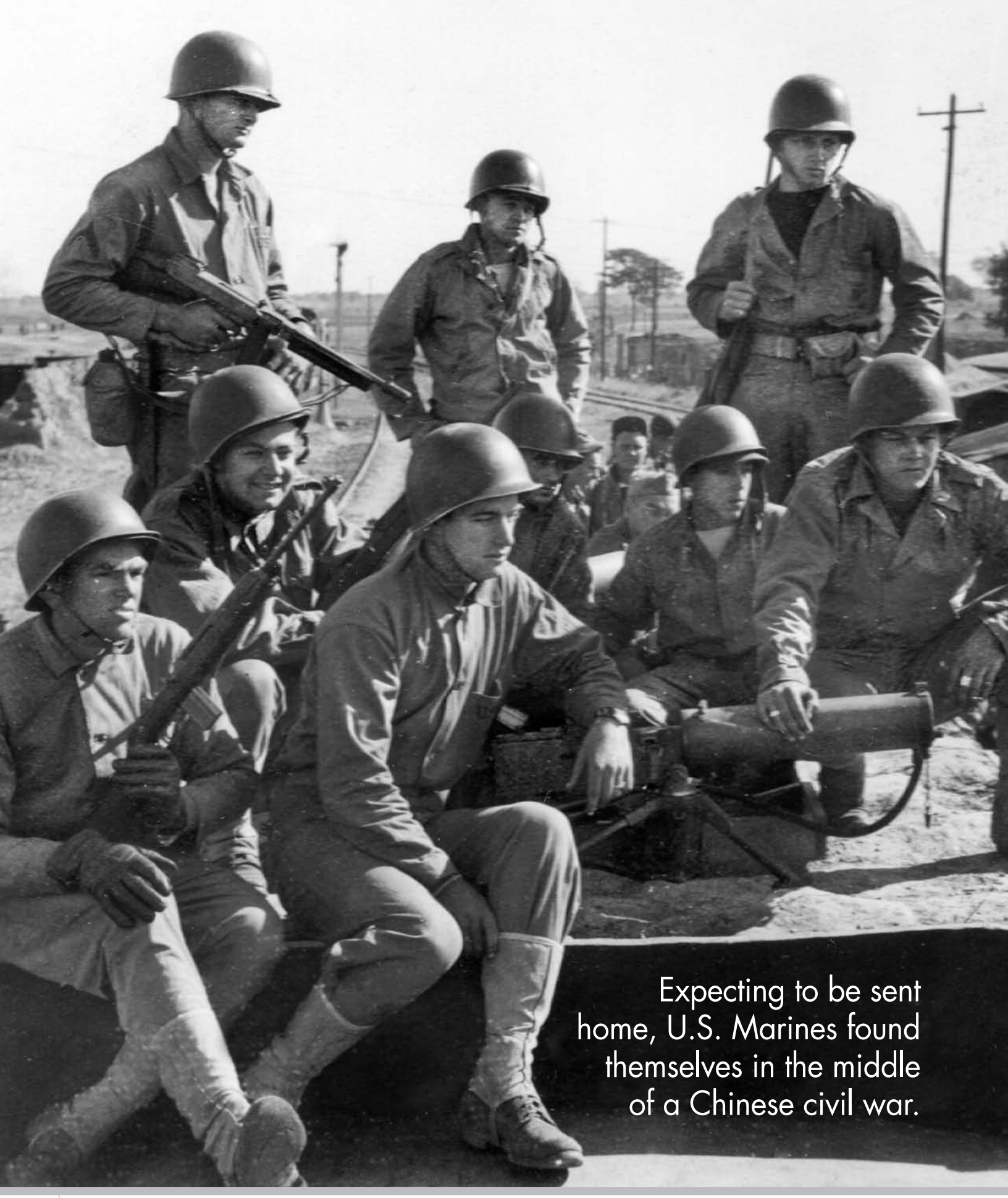
Most of the Americans pulled back north of the town and continued to fight. Lt. Col. Robert E. Frankland, the battalion commander, used his .45 pistol to shoot a German commander standing in a turret hatch. He then jumped onto the tank and shot down into it, killing the entire crew. South of St. Barthelmy, two antitank gun teams knocked out two more Panthers, one only 50 yards away. A late arriving gun team was able to knock out one German tank before being overrun by supporting infantry. The Germans then knocked out two of the Americans' antitank guns, scoring a direct hit on one. The two remaining guns destroyed two more tanks before one was captured and the other withdrawn. Before the firing ended, two bazooka men dispatched two more tanks.

The Germans took the crossroads but at a terrible price. The American bazooka men and antitank gun teams had destroyed at least 13 German tanks. When American relief troops reached the area seven days later they discovered a panzer graveyard. It's where part of Hitler's grand offensive died. □

A demolished American M10 tank destroyer stands behind a Panther Mark V tank after exchanging fire in an intense firefight.

ABOVE: Two German Panther Mark V tanks and a half-track stand motionless in a field near the crossroad at St. Barthelemy. Two American soldiers examine the tank on the right. LEFT: With both its tracks torn off, a Panther Mark V stands as a stark reminder of the intense fighting. American bazookas were mostly useless against the tank's sloping armor. Only the tracks were vulnerable to bazooka fire.

All photos: National Archives



Expecting to be sent home, U.S. Marines found themselves in the middle of a Chinese civil war.

Caught *in the* Conflict

BY ERIC NIDEROST

ON September 2, 1945, Japanese representatives boarded the battleship USS *Missouri,* riding at anchor in Tokyo Bay, to sign an instrument of unconditional surrender. World War II had been brought to a swift conclusion thanks to the atomic bombs that had been dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki. To the men of the III Marine Amphibious Corps (IIIAC), already training for the proposed invasion of Japan, this was welcome news indeed.

The leathernecks knew that an invasion of the Japanese home islands would have been bloody. It was projected that the invasion might cost the Allies a million casualties and prolong the war by two or three years. Now the nightmare seemed over, and the Marines looked forward to returning to the States.

But instead of going home, the IIIAC Marines found that they were going to be sent to China instead. This was a bitter disappointment for many, but some actually looked forward to an adventure in the Far East. Private Harold Stevens of the 29th Marines was thrilled that he was not going back to his family's farm in Pennsylvania. He was only 19 but was already a veteran of the bloody battles that secured Okinawa.

ABOVE: Japanese Maj. Gen. Ginosu Uchida signs surrender documents in the city of Tientsin, China, as World War II comes to an end. General Keller Rockey, commander of the U.S. Marine III Amphibious Corps, watches the proceedings. OPPOSITE: American Marines armed with a Browning .30-caliber water-cooled machine gun and other light weapons pose during efforts to evacuate former Japanese Army personnel after their surrender in China following World War II.

To many Americans of Stevens' generation, China was still the land of mystery and romance, of exotic sights and beautiful women. It was a place that had enthralled Marco Polo. Now Stevens, a farm boy, was about to be sent there. He could hardly believe his good fortune.

The story of the postwar Marine involvement in China is interesting but anything but romantic. It began when Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, leader of China during World War II, requested American help in securing northern China. There were more than two million Japanese there who had to be repatriated to Japan, including a substantial number of soldiers. But Chiang was also thinking of his chief rival, Communist leader Mao Zedong. The communists were particularly strong in the north. With American help, directly or indirectly, Chiang hoped to seize the important cities of northern China before the communists could gain control.

While the U.S government did help transport Chiang's Nationalist troops to various

All photos: National Archives

locations, in general the American military was to maintain strict neutrality. In October 1945, the U.S. Fourteenth Air Force airlifted 50,000 men of the 92nd and 94th Chinese Nationalist Armies to Peiping (Beijing) and other key strategic points. While "cooperating" with Chiang and the Nationalists, the Americans thought they could bring about a permanent peace in China.

In fact, on November 1945, President Harry Truman appointed General George C. Marshal as a special representative to mediate the differences between the communists and Nationalists. Truman felt it was in the most "vital interest" of the United States and all the United Nations that the people of China overlook no opportunity to adjust their internal differences promptly through peaceful negotiation.

American foreign policy over the last 70 years has often been based on naïve thinking and well-meaning blundering. There is an underlying assumption that Americans have the "know how" to solve the insoluble. Deep cultural, religious, ethnic, and political differences are all too often downplayed or ignored in favor of an optimism that is almost always misplaced.

Such was the case in Vietnam, and such was the case in China from 1945-1949. The Truman administration was certain that General Marshall could negotiate a lasting peace between the bitterest of enemies, foes who mistrusted each other and who were stalling for time to gain a decisive advantage over their rivals. As a result, the Marine IIIAC was left "holding the bag," trying to maintain a precarious neutrality in the face of a swiftly deteriorating situation.

In fairness, there were some "Old China hands" in the State Department who recognized that the Chinese government was riddled with corruption and warned the Truman administration accordingly. They were ignored. Though Chiang was no "prize," he was anti-communist, and that's all that seemed to matter. The Cold War was starting and with it a new "Red Scare" that communism would spread throughout the world.

The Marine IIIAC Corps headquarters together with the 1st Marine Division would occupy positions in and around Tangku, Tientsin, Peiping, and Chingwangtao in Hopeh Province. Air Support would be provided by the 1st Marine Aircraft Wing flying Grumman F7F Tigercats and other planes. The airmen would be stationed at airfields in the Tsingtao, Tientsin, and Peiping areas.

In the meantime, the 29th Marine Regiment, 6th Division was supposed to have landed at Chefoo, but plans had to be changed. The communists had already seized the city, and they were extremely uncooperative. And so it was that young private Stevens and the 29th Marines found themselves at Tsingtao (now Qingdao), a port on China's Yellow Sea coast.

Tsingtao had been the administrative center of the German Concession that lasted from 1898 to 1914. These "concessions," technically leased from China, were actually quasi-colonies of the various European powers. Even today, Tsingtao is noted for its historic German colonial buildings. Not everything the Europeans did was bad. In 1903 the Germania Brewery was founded and started to produce a beer that is the most popular brand in China today.

In the early afternoon of October 11, 1945, the first Marines landed at Tsingtao. When the main body arrived on October 15, they were given a tumultuous welcome by the Chinese population. Private Stevens tried to learn a few words of Chinese on the trip. When Colonel Roston, the battalion commander, heard that Stevens "knew Chinese"—a great exaggeration—he appointed the young leatherneck as official interpreter. Stevens did his best, even though all he knew were a few stock phrases like, "Do you have your own rice bowl?"

Though World War II was over, China was in turmoil. The war-ravaged economy and political uncertainty produced a raging hyperinflation. The exchange rate was 10,000 Chinese dollars to one U.S. dollar. A good meal might cost $190,000—about $19.00 U.S.

There were plenty of bars and cabarets in the various Chinese cities.

Tsingtao was a fascinating city, but some aspects took some getting used to. Ragged beggars swarmed through the streets, a number that included many impoverished children. In fact, Private Stevens' own outfit, Fox Company, 2nd Battalion, 29th Marines, unofficially adopted a little Chinese beggar who they nicknamed "Little Lew." He was cleaned, fed, and dressed in cut-down Marine uniform items.

But elsewhere in China the news was not so heartwarming. Chiang had made a major tactical mistake that would ultimately cause his regime to collapse. The generalissimo concentrated on winning back Manchuria, in the process withdrawing many of his troops from northern China. This created a power vacuum

ABOVE: American officers of the 6th Marine Division inspect Japanese soldiers at Tsingtao airfield. As Japanese soldiers were repatriated from China after World War II ended, some remained to guard rail lines against sabotage or disruption caused by the reemergence of civil war in China. LEFT: A pair of communist soldiers read a broadside describing a plan for reconciliation in post-World War II China that has been put forward by General George C. Marshall, U.S. Army Chief of Staff. OPPOSITE: In October 1945, a few weeks after the formal surrender of Japan in Tokyo Bay on September 2, American Marines march into the Chinese city of Tientsin.

that the communist Chinese were all too happy to fill. Tsingtao became a Nationalist "island" in a communist-dominated Shantung Province "sea."

Even in Hubei Province the communists were suspicious and generally uncooperative. Marine Brig. Gen. William Worton had a meeting with Zhou En-lai, later famous as Mao's right hand man and foreign minister for the People's Republic of China. Zhou was a brilliant diplomat, and he made it clear that the communists would fight hard to prevent the Marines from entering Peiping.

Worton was not intimidated, even after a stormy hour with Zhou. He pointed out that the IIIAC was a battle-hardened unit with superior air power support. He was not looking for trouble, but his Marines could push through any opposition if they had to. Zhou En-lai had met his match, and he withdrew after insisting he would have Marine orders "changed." The Marines arrived in Peiping without major incident.

The formal surrender of the 10,000-man Tsingtao Japanese garrison took place on October 25, 1945. The whole Marine 6th Division was on hand for the ceremony, conducted by division commander Maj. Gen. Lemuel Shepard and Chinese Nationalist General Chen Chao-Tsang. However, some Japanese troops were still needed to help keep the major rail lines open in Shantung. There were not enough Marines or Nationalist troops to guard all the railroads.

Even so, Marines often found themselves in the role of train guards, one of the most dangerous assignments in China. Winters were bitterly cold in China, and the great city of Shanghai, a metropolis of three million souls, needed a constant stream of northern coal to keep it going. Shanghai needed 100,000 tons of coal a month, so Marine riflemen, shivering from the icy blasts than swept in from the Gobi Desert, stood guard to keep the trains running.

Clashes between the Marines and communist Chinese insurgents started to occur and eventually became almost routine. The communists tried to sabotage the railroad tracks, and sometimes they would snipe at passing trains. In the clash later known as the Kuyeh Incident, the communists ambushed a train that was traveling from Tangshan to Chinwangtao. This was a special train carrying General Dewitt Peck, commander of the Marine 1st Division, and a Marine inspection team. The communists opened fire from the village of Kuyeh, only 500 yards from the railroad track.

A firefight erupted that lasted the better part of three hours. Air support was called in, but Marine pilots could not clearly distinguish where communist forces were lurking. There was a fear of hitting civilians too, so permission to open fire was denied. A relief force was dispatched from the 7th Marines, but when they arrived the communists had melted away into the countryside.

The train stayed overnight at Kuyeh, but when it started again the next day it was found the communists had torn up about 400 yards of railroad track. When Chinese railroad crews tried to repair the line, they were ambushed by waiting communist troops. General Peck gave up trying to reach Chinwangtao by rail. He turned back to Tangku and took a flight on an observation plane instead.

The incident showed how firm a grip the Chinese communists had on the province. General Peck felt a Nationalist offensive was needed to clear the vital rail links from communist interference. Peck contacted General Tu Li-Ming, who was in control of the Northeast China Command, to arrange such a sweep. Tu readily agreed but requested that Marines guard all large rail bridges between Tangku and Chinwangtao, a distance of about 135 miles. That way, more Chinese Nationalist troops would be freed up for the offensive.

Gradually the Marines began to realize their mission was morphing into something quite different than the original assignment. Private Stevens almost got into a fight when he men-

tioned that their main mission was to repatriate the Japanese. Hearing this, a fellow Marine exploded in anger. "Don't give me that bullshit!" he said forcefully, "Marines are in North China to support Chiang's regime."

Many Marines also started to realize that Chiang's government was so corrupt it was beyond saving. American servicemen were appalled by the extreme poverty they saw all around them, the careless indifference to human life, and practices like selling young Chinese girls into sexual slavery in brothels. Almost anything seemed better than the current government.

In 1946, the Marine forces in China were substantially reduced. The 6th Marine Division was disbanded, and the forces in Tsingtao were whittled down to a reinforced brigade. The Japanese repatriation was going well, ironically "helped" by the growing communist presence. Japanese nationals, both military and civilian, had no wish to be subject to the tender mercies of any Chinese, but they particularly feared the communists. As communist forces like the 8th Route Army advanced, the Japanese packed up and headed for Tsingtao, the main embarkation port.

The clashes between Marines and communist Chinese insurgents seemed to grow in number and seriousness. On July 13, 1946, communist raiders surprised and captured seven Marines who were guarding a railroad bridge. After some negotiations the leathernecks were released on July 24, but the communists adamantly demanded an "apology" from the U.S. government for "invading" a "liberated" area. The U.S. government ignored this posturing and issued its own strong protest in return.

Just a few days later, on July 29, 1946, a Marine convoy heading from Tientsin to Peiping was ambushed at Anping. The column consisted of cargo trucks, jeeps, and some U.S. Army staff cars carrying personnel bound for the Chinese capital. Second Lieutenant Douglas A. Corwin led the escort, which consisted of 31 men from the 1st Battalion and a 10-man 60mm mortar section from the 1st Marines. There were also some Marine replacements with the column.

The Marine convoy encountered a roadblock of oxcarts, so Corwin and an advance party went forward to investigate. Suddenly, a dozen hand grenades were thrown from some nearby bushes. Given no time to react or take cover, Corwin and the men immediately around him were all killed or wounded.

The convoy truckers and other personnel immediately jumped out of their vehicles and took cover. The convoy seemed to be trapped and was taking heavy fire from the right, left, and rear. Platoon Sergeant Cecil Flanagan now took command and ably directed return fire. The communists were apparently surprised that the column had mortars, and their attack plans were thrown off balance by well-directed rounds.

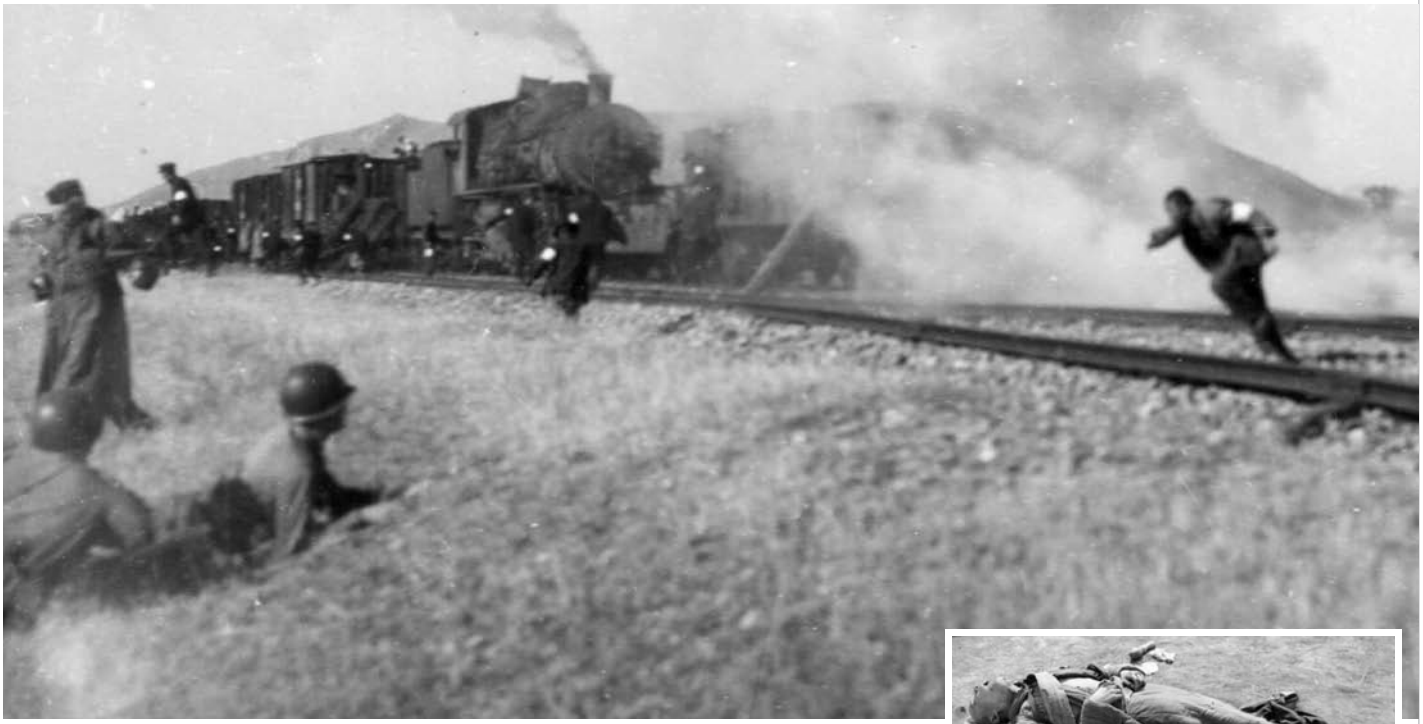
Every time the communists tried to mount an attack on the convoy, their troop concentrations were spotted before they could get far. Once spotted, the 60mm mortars went to work, lobbing round after round into enemy positions. The communists became so disoriented by this mortar fire that a Marine jeep from the rear managed to break through and go for help. The column did have radios, but unfortunately they had limited range.

The convoy battled it out with the communists for about four hours. A rescue force was dispatched immediately, and the communists finally gave up their attack. This had been the most serious incident to date. The communist force was estimated at 300, all armed with rifles, grenades, and automatic weapons. The Marine casualty count stood at five dead and 12 wounded. At least 12 communist Chinese soldiers were killed, and perhaps many more. The communists had a habit of carrying off their dead, making a good estimate extremely difficult.

By early 1947, it was clear that General Marshall's effort to reconcile the Nationalists and communists was an utter failure. As a result, President Truman ordered all U.S. military home, but the disengagement was going to be a long and tedious one. Units were shifted around and finally withdrawn. It was clear that Chiang's government was going to fall.

The last and greatest clash between American Marines and the Chinese communists took place the night of April 4-5, 1947. Mao's forces, now dubbed the People's Liberation Army (PLA), attacked an ammunition dump at Hsin Ho that was guarded by Marines. The Americans were heavily outnumbered; the attacking force was estimated at about 350 men.

ABOVE: Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, leader of the Nationalist forces fighting the communists in China, asked for American help to win the civil war. In the end, Chiang's forces were defeated, and his government and many supporters fled to the island of Formosa. LEFT: During a meeting in China in 1945, Communist leader Mao Tse-tung climbs aboard a Jeep that is carrying U.S. Ambassador Patrick Hurley and American Colonel I.V. Yeaton.



ABOVE: American troops and Chinese laborers who have been repairing a rail line take cover as they come under fire during an attack by communist soldiers between Tientsin and Chinwangtao in November 1945. INSET: Firefights sometimes broke out between American Marines and Chinese Communist forces. The bodies of two dead communist soldiers killed in a skirmish at Hsin Ho in April 1947 attest to the ferocity of one such incident.

The night's quiet was broken by the shrill notes of a Chinese bugle call. It was the PLA's style to blow bugles when launching an offensive. This same technique would be used later in the Korean War. Five Marines were killed in the initial assault, and the rest were hard pressed to keep the enemy at bay. The PLA commander had anticipated that American reinforcements would be sent, so he placed a mine in the road where relief would be expected at any moment.

Sure enough, a truck bearing a relief force made its way up the road and promptly hit the mine. The relief men jumped off the truck, and a sharp firefight ensued. The issue was in doubt several times, but the Marines finally gained the upper hand. Once again communist forces broke off the action and faded into the darkness. The enemy did manage to make off with some ammunition boxes, which seemed to be one of their main goals in the raid.

Private Stevens also had his share of adventure. He joined a small mission—only a handful of Marines—to try and rescue some nuns and Chinese orphan children in a remote place called Loh Shan. The mission failed because the nuns refused to leave. But worse was to follow. Stevens and his party were captured by bandits. All were executed, but Stevens was spared apparently because he knew Chinese.

Stevens was promptly turned over to a communist officer from the 8th Route Army. He became a prisoner with a Chinese character tattoo ID inked on his arm. Before long he found himself in a work gang on a coal storage island. The prisoners' main job was to shovel coal to flat-bottomed boats moored along the shore.

"Mao was preparing for a major naval assault against the Nationalists," Stevens says today, "and his ships needed coal to run their steam engines." It was backbreaking work, but luckily he was transferred to help fishermen work their nets. He had to escape, had to get back to his unit. After some careful deliberation, he hatched an acceptable if risky plan. He would skull out in a small boat, pretending to check the nets that were farthest out.

Once in position, he would dive into the water and hopefully get picked up by a passing junk. It all unfolded as planned, except the water proved bitterly cold. A junk did indeed pick him up, and friendly Chinese crewmen pulled him out of the water half dead with cold. Later, the junk was intercepted by a U.S. destroyer. He was free!

In November 1948, the U.S. embassy issued a statement that declared any American citizen "who does not wish to remain in North China should plan to leave at once by United States Naval vessel at Tientsin." By the end of the month, consular personnel, the remaining American civilians, and military dependents were being shipped out. The American presence in China, which dated to the first Yankee traders who sailed to Canton in the 1780s, was coming to an abrupt end. There would be no more contact with China until President Richard Nixon's visit in 1972.

By the spring of 1949, the total withdrawal of American military forces was almost complete. In February of that year, the U.S. Marine Corps Air Facility at Tsingtao was disbanded. All the ground equipment was removed, and the planes of fighter squadron VMF-211 took off for their new home, the escort carrier *Rendova*. On May 25, 1949, Company C, 7th Marines, the last remaining American unit on Chinese soil, departed Tsingtao. It was truly the end of an era.

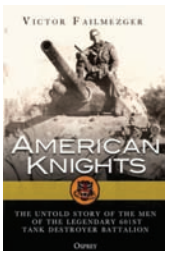
Author Eric Niderost is a frequent contributor to Sovereign Media publications. He has written on numerous historical topics and resides in Hayward, California.

By Christopher Miskimon

In the Desert and Beyond

The 601st Tank Destroyer Battalion fought across North Africa, Italy, France, and Germany.

IT WAS NEARLY DAWN ON THE MORNING OF MARCH 23, 1943, WHEN A motorcycle and sidecar bearing two soldiers of the 10th Panzer Division blundered into the American lines in front of the town of El Guettar in Tunisia. One soldier was immediately captured and the other wounded. The prisoner quickly revealed a German attack was coming at 0500, just a few minutes away. The American scouts soon spied a square formation of Nazi tanks and self-propelled guns advancing toward them in the dim light of early morning. The Yank scouts quickly fell back toward their parent unit, the 601st Tank Destroyer Battalion.



More than a hundred German armored vehicles with infantry in support approached the battalion. The Americans' main weapons of defense that morning were 31 M3 tank destroyers, half-tracks toting 75mm antitank guns. A half-dozen M6s, trucks mounting tiny 37mm guns, supported them in a battle line some two miles long. They were dug in along a ridge and ready, positioned directly in front of the 1st Infantry Division's artillery. Infantry units occupied hills on both flanks. The artillery opened fire on the approaching German tanks, but their crews only opened their formation.

Officers and men of the 601st Tank Destroyer Battalion deployed near El Guettar in 1943. An M3 Tank Destroyer is visible in the background.

Just outside the tank destroyers' range, the panzers split into two groups. The first, with 30 tanks, went left and started up the highway toward El Guettar. This group soon ran into A Company, 601st, who poured fire into the German flank. Within minutes eight tanks were knocked out and the Germans fell back, towing four of their disabled tanks with them. The rest of the panzers moved toward B and C Companies dug in along the ridge. Lines of tanks with infantry advanced as if they were on parade. The Americans opened fire with armor-piercing rounds, pelting the Germans in a deadly hail. Forward observers soon took over, calling out distances and directions to the enemy. With an idea of where to aim, a half-track would pop up to the ridgeline, fire, and then back down the ridge before the enemy could return fire.

The Germans kept up the attack, and soon the Americans were so busy they could not back down the ridge or risk being overrun. They stayed visible and covered each other as best they could. The fighting went on until noon with several tank destroyers lost. More attacks would come later in the day, including a ruse using Germans in American uniforms and driving a captured half-track. By the time the fighting was over, the 601st would lose 27 of its tank destroyers but was credited with knocking out 37 enemy tanks and helping turn the tide of the attack. The novice U.S. Army held its own at El Guettar.

The concept of the tank destroyer was still new and relatively untested in 1943. The doctrine worked well at El Guettar but soon showed its flaws elsewhere. Nevertheless, large numbers of tank destroyer battalions were already in service and so they were kept in the fight, seeing use not only in their assigned role but also as hasty artillery, assault guns to support the infantry, and sometimes as improvised transport with gangs of men loaded atop their engine decks for quick advances. The story of one of these battalions, the 601st, is fully revealed in ***American Knights: The Untold Story of the Men of the Legendary 601st Tank Destroyer Battalion*** (Victor Failmezger, Osprey Publishing, Oxford, UK, 2018, 448 pp., maps, photographs, appendices, notes, bibliography, index, $16.00, softcover).

Numerous diaries, letters and interviews were used to make this account, but the author primarily focuses on nine men who served in the unit to tell its story. The book begins with the 601st's formation, training, and equipment before launching into its time in combat, which ranged from North Africa to Italy, France, and then Ger-

From the Publishers of WWII QUARTERLY Magazine

Battle of the Bulge

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By December 1944, time and resources were running out for Adolf Hitler. The Allies had gained a solid foothold in Europe after the D-Day invasion, and his armies in the Soviet Union were being pushed back toward Germany.

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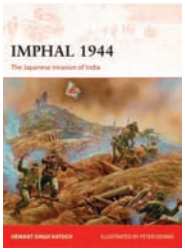
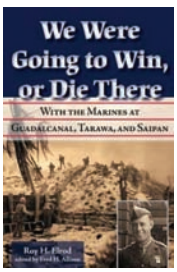
many, where it was present for the final battle of the European War. It is an effective, time-honored format for such a book, and it works well here. The reader is treated to an effective blend of the author's prose and the words of the participants, making the work a pleasure to read and easy to follow. While the tank destroyer concept was ultimately proven flawed, the bravery and dedication of the tank destroyer men was validated over and over throughout the war.

Imphal 1944: The Japanese Invasion of India (Hemant Singh Katoch, Osprey Publishing, Oxford, UK, 2018, 96 pp., maps, photographs, bibliography, index, $24.00, softcover)



The U-Go offensive was Japan's attempt to capture the Indian town of Imphal, a key piece of terrain for further Japanese attacks into India itself. Whoever held Imphal and the surrounding state of Manipur controlled the easiest point of access between India and Burma to the immediate east. The Japanese 15th Army attacked the area in March 1944, clashing with the IV Corps of the British 14th Army. The fighting went on for the next four months with more than 200,000 troops involved on both sides. It was often desperate and brutal fighting in difficult conditions, as the ground was hilly and heavily forested. When it was over, an estimated 30,000 Japanese soldiers were dead and More than 20,000 wounded, injured, or sick. Their retreat back into Burma was a terrible, grueling ordeal. This was the largest defeat the Japanese Army ever suffered on land, and afterward they could never again assume the offensive in Burma.

This is the 319th volume in Osprey's Campaign series, covering the great battles and operations of military history. The book provides an excellent overall view of the Imphal fighting through the comprehensive text, lavish photographs, and original artwork. Detailed maps keep the reader centered on the events. The author, an expert on the engagement, has pioneered battlefield tours of Imphal, and his expertise shows through in this work.



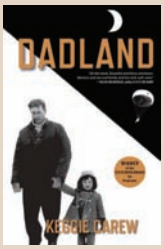
We Were Going to Win, or Die There: With the Marines at Guadalcanal, Tarawa and Saipan (Roy H. Elrod edited by Fred H. Allison, University of North Texas Press, Denton, 2017, 289 pp., maps, photographs, bibliography, index, $29.95, hardcover)

Roy Elrod, a native West Texan, enlisted in the United States Marine Corps in the summer of 1940 as war clouds thundered over Europe and began looming in the Pacific. Assigned to the 8th Marine Regiment, he rose rapidly, leading a platoon of 37mm antitank guns on Guadalcanal. With his fellow Marines Roy endured starvation, disease, and everything the enemy could throw at them, earning a Silver Star for his actions. His next fight came at Tarawa, where he and his men waded ashore with their 37mm guns. They were the only such

New and Noteworthy

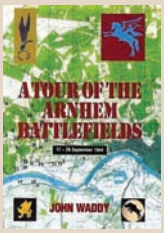
Hurricane (Paul E. Eden, Osprey Publishing 2018, $12.00, hardcover) This is a guide to the famous British fighter aircraft. It includes technical data, artwork, and photographs of surviving planes that still fly today.

Short Stirling Units of World War 2 (Jonathan Falconer, Osprey Publishing, 2018, $23.00, softcover) The Stirling was England's first four-engine heavy bomber of the war. At its peak there were 12 squadrons flying this large aircraft.

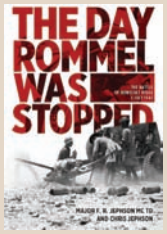


Dadland (Keggie Carew, Grove Atlantic, 2017, $17.00, softcover) The author's father was a special forces operative during World War II. This book covers his life and her journey of discovery about his past.

Wartime Broadcasting (Mike Brown, Shire Books, 2018, $14.00, softcover) This is a concise history of the BBC during World War II. It is well illustrated with photographs and wartime art.



A Tour of the Arnhem Battlefields: 17-26 September 1944 (John Waddy, Pen and Sword Books, 2017, $24.95, softcover) This is a guidebook to touring the Battlefields of Operation Market Garden. It comes with a separate set of maps to assist the tourist.

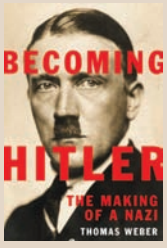


The Day Rommel Was Stopped: The Battle of Ruweisat Ridge 2 July 1942 (F.R. Jephson and Chris Jephson, Casemate Publishers, 2018, $32.95, hardcover) This action was a crucial part of the Battle of El Alamein. The lead author was a participant in the engagement.

Past and Present: Leibstandarte Ardennes 1944 (Steven Smith, Casemate Publishers, 2017, $16.95, softcover) The 1st SS Panzer Division spearheaded 6th Panzer Army's assault during the Battle of the Bulge. This book shows the action using photographs of the unit in action accompanied by images of what the area looks like now.

Rising Sun at War: The Japanese Army 1931-1945 (Philip Jowett, Pen and Sword Books, 2017, $28.95, softcover) This is a book of images from Japan's war against China and later the Allies. There is also text explaining the organization and plans of the Japanese Army during the period.

Reckonings: Legacies of Nazi Persecution and the Quest for Justice (Mary Fulbrook, Oxford University Press, 2018, $34.95, hardcover) This is a well-written guide to the search for justice after the fall of the Third Reich and the legal complexities of doing so. The author exposes many myths about the situation and shows how most Nazis never paid for their crimes.

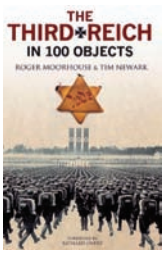


Becoming Hitler: The Making of a Nazi (Thomas Weber, Basic Books, 2017, $35.00, hardcover) The author examines how Hitler made his way to the Nazi Party, forming his ethos and aims along the way. Surprisingly, the reviled dictator was at one point an aimless loner who toyed with the politics of both left and right after World War I.

platoon to get their guns ashore and into action that day. The battle lasted four days, among the longest of the young man's life. Roy's final World War II battle was on Saipan, where he led a platoon of half-tracks carrying 75mm cannons. They were right up front with the infantry, blasting caves and pillboxes often at pointblank range. During the fighting he was wounded by enemy artillery, ending the war for him.

This is Roy Elrod's biography, painstakingly researched and written by his editor, who used hours of interviews with Roy along with his wartime letters and official sources to supplement the history. Most of the prose is Elrod's own words, which are clear and authentic, with many humorous insights of the sort any veteran will recognize. This work is engaging and readable, keeping the reader's interest page after page.

The Third Reich in 100 Objects: A Material History of Nazi Germany (Roger Moorhouse, Greenhill Books, South Yorkshire, UK, 2017, 272 pp., photographs, bibliography, $39.95, hardcover)



Nazi Germany was more than a war machine, even more, tragically, than an evil force in the world. It was the transformation of a society and the movement of that society down a path that in the end led to absolute ruin, not just for the German nation but all those destroyed and ruined through the Third Reich's efforts at world domination. It took a nation organized for destruction to do what Hitler's rule did, and such a culture produces myriad things, both outrageous and mundane. Zyklon-B gas canisters sit alongside Volkswagen Beetles. Swastikas and runic symbols adorn postcards and postage stamps. Tiger tanks rolled down the autobahn, the world's first superhighway and a civil engineering marvel.

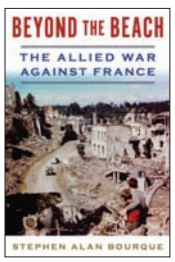
Books of "history in 100 objects" are a relatively new phenomenon, but they have quickly captured readers' attention through their fresh views of the things people used and built at the time. This work successfully delves into the psyche and outlook of one of history's most horrible regimes through what it made, both at war and during peace. The Nazis made great efforts to push the entire nation in a single direction and to that end insinuated Nazi ideology and symbolism into all facets of society. This is evident in the objects depicted in this book, all of them well chosen for their significance. Also included are items such as Hitler's paint box and his mustache brush. This work effectively demonstrates that evil is not just parades and weapons; it can actually be quite banal.

Order in Chaos: The Memoirs of General of Panzer Troops Hermann Balck (Edited by David T. Zabecki and Dieter J. Biedekarken, University Press of Kentucky, Lexington, 2015, 541 pp., maps, photographs, appendices, notes, index, $34.95, softcover)

In late November 1942, howling storms began to blow across the vast steppes of the Soviet Union. Winter had arrived. One day Hermann Balck sat comfortably in a railroad car, writing in his journal. His command was on its way "toward the next huge mess." The Russians had broken through at the great bend in the Don River and were now advancing to cut off Stalingrad, besieging hundreds of thousands of German troops inside. He worried his division, rushing to join the fight, would arrive piecemeal and uncoordinated. Their Romanian and Italian allies were unreliable and seemed likely to give way to the Red onslaught. The panzer officer noted his respect for his Soviet opponents; they had managed to coordinate a major attack along with their Anglo-American partners who were landing in North Africa. He knew what kind of effort and skill that required. Even though his men were veterans and his division was strong and confident of victory, Balck worried for the future.

Hermann Balck is considered one of World War II's finest battlefield commanders. For years he resisted sharing his experiences, but finally in 1981, only a year before his death, he published his memoir, using his detailed journals. This work is a thorough and clear translation of that memoir, rendered into readable English. It is a fascinating look at a major German officer's wartime experiences.

Beyond the Beach: The Allied War Against France (Stephen Alan Bourque, Naval Institute Press, Annapolis, MD, 2018, 353 pp., maps, photographs, appendices, notes, bibliography, index, $34.95, hardcover)



The Allied landings in Normandy on June 6, 1944, succeeded in part because the road and rail network in France, so vital to the Wehrmacht's ability to deploy reinforcements, was smashed before the invasion. Nazi troops, particularly the armored units, had a difficult time moving to where they were needed. Months before D-Day, General Dwight Eisenhower took control of the American, British, and Canadian air forces in England and set them on a campaign of destruction focusing on railroads, bridges, ports, and military bases, which significantly handicapped his enemies. This aerial assault succeeded in its goal, making German movements much longer and more dangerous than they might have been, though some argue about its true effectiveness. This success was not without cost. Some 60,000 French civilians died during this effort, and hundreds of French buildings, churches, and cultural landmarks were damaged or destroyed. It was a terrible price for victory.

The air campaign preceding D-Day is often mentioned but rarely covered in great depth; this new work corrects that omission with its careful research and well-reasoned arguments. The author provides detailed accounts from those closest to the event, including planning staffs, the pilots and aircrew who flew the missions, and most importantly the beleaguered French citizens who endured the air attacks and paid heavily for their eventual liberation. Many of them died, and the author includes their stories, drawn from their surviving relatives and friends. The book persuasively argues the Allied victory was not as clean as many have portrayed it.

U-Boat Assault on America: Why the US was Unprepared for War in the Atlantic (Ken Brown, Seaforth Publishing, Barnsley, UK, 2017, 208 pp., maps, photographs, appendix, notes, bibliography, index, $34.95, hardcover)

The first six months of 1942 were the German U-boat arm's second "Happy Time." Nazi submarines roamed the Eastern Seaboard of the United States, sinking both merchant vessels and U.S. Navy warships virtually at will. The American military was ill prepared to deal with the sudden onslaught, while civilians were initially reluctant to accept wartime exigencies. Major ports such as New York City had to adapt to the threat of not only submarine attack but also sabotage by enemy agents. The U.S. Navy had only recently begun to rearm, and it took time to organize and gather forces, initiate convoy operations, and start taking the fight to the Germans.

The author provides cogent explanations of how and why the 1942 U-Boat campaign played out the way it did. Several chapters are dedicated to the prewar political and military situation, which laid the foundation for later

Simulation Gaming

BY JOSEPH LUSTER

THE LATEST SELECTION OF WAR GAMES RUNS THE GAMUT FROM SAUSAGE PARTIES TO SERIOUS SORTIES.

SAUSAGE BOMBER
PUBLISHER KATSU ENTERTAINMENT
GENRE PUZZLE • **SYSTEM** iOS, Android, PC, Mac • **AVAILABLE** NOW

Katsu Entertainment's *Sausage Bomber* has been on the mobile market for a while now, but it recently made its way to PC and Mac. For the uninitiated, this physics-based puzzler is based on the discovery of one unlikely solution to a truly desperate wartime situation: Daylight Precision Sausage Bombing. That's right, you can take your missiles and infantry ammo and shove it all, because it's going to take a diligently dropped deli deluge to turn the tides of battle in this cartoony outing.

From the very start, *Sausage Bomber*'s setup will remind newcomers of a certain game starring some very perturbed birds. Those who aren't down with said birds might find this a more satisfying outlet for a similar style of one-tap gameplay. The alternate world scenario has invaders attempting to take over the nation of Fredonia. Naturally, the only way to successfully blow these enemies away is to unleash a hellstorm of hot meat, from hot dogs and haggis to kielbasa and a wide assortment of cured meats. It's a ridiculous premise that seems completely normal thanks to an aesthetic that complements the proceedings nicely.

Over the course of 128 missions, players will take on other themed nations, including Krautsbourg, Relishtonia, Ketchup Isles, and Dijon Terre. As you play you'll unlock more powerful sausages, which is a totally rational thing to type. The Bombers increase in power, as well, from the Spitfire and Hellcat to the formidable Lightning. The stronger your fleet, the easier it will be to cause the type of chain reactions that wipe out enemies in rapid succession and boost your score through the roof.

Sausage Bomber is a very familiarly structured game, but it's also oddly endearing. This type of time-killer will always be more suited to mobile devices like phones and tablets, but those looking for something to fool around with on their desktop or laptop will probably find themselves retrying levels repeatedly just to see if they can cause a liiiittle more chaos. If the visual style doesn't do it for you, or if you've had enough of this type of puzzler, you won't find much new to latch onto here.

SUDDEN STRIKE 4: FINLAND—WINTER STORM
PUBLISHER KALYPSO MEDIA
GENRE STRATEGY • **SYSTEM** PC
AVAILABLE NOW

Kalypso Media continues to support *Sudden Strike 4,* and the latest update takes the battle up north. *Sudden Strike 4: Finland—Winter Storm* covers the Russian advances on Finland both during and after the Winter War, taking us all the way to 1944's Vyborg Offensive. The results of this DLC offering are two fresh mini-campaigns and six missions depicting the battle between the Soviet and Finnish forces, and those who are already invested in what *Sudden Strike 4* delivers will find plenty more to enjoy here.

This heated conflict is split into two separate campaigns: Soviet and Finnish. The former tasks players with attempting to capture the village of Suomussalmi, protecting the railway to Murmansk from German attackers, and cracking the Finnish defensive lines during the Vyborg Offensive. As for the Finnish campaign, you'll have to retake and hold Suomussalmi, seize the Lähde sector, and bolster your defenses in the Battle of Talilhantala.

Backing up these new campaigns are a trio of new doctrine commanders, including renowned general Karl Lennart Oesch, artillery expert Vilho Petter Nenonen, and tank general Ruben Lagus. There are also 19 new vehicles, from the Russian KV-1 to the Finnish Stug III G. If you've been playing all the DLC *Sudden Strike 4* has had to offer since its initial launch, you're likely already deep in the Winter Storm. For everyone else, consider this a reassuring testament to Kalypso's continued efforts.

WORLD OF TANKS: MERCENARIES
PUBLISHER WARGAMING.NET
GENRE MULTIPLAYER TANK COMBAT
SYSTEM PS4, Xbox One, Xbox 360
AVAILABLE NOW

Set in an alternate history in which World War II never came to an end, *World of Tanks: Mercenaries* recently introduced a story campaign in one of the largest console updates in the history of the series. Consider this Wargaming's response to the popularity of hero-based multiplayer games, because the crews of *World of Tanks* are front and center in the latest PS4, Xbox One, and Xbox 360 (yep!) release.

Mercenaries is more than a means of captivating a new audience, though. The expansion introduces new vehicles and maps in the process, giving both new and returning players some hefty content to explore. It's clear that Wargaming is banking on this being a long-running addition to the property, and it all started in style this summer with the kick-off of the console-exclusive War Stories campaign, The Heist. This yarn has a ragtag crew of Mercenaries setting up, executing, and escaping from a raid on a secret war facility. It can be tackled alone or cooperatively with others, and it's a great first taste of what will hopefully mark a new chapter in the *World of Tanks* saga.

With its colorful cast—featuring the likes of the rapid-fire Crazy Snake and Japanese freedom fighter Storm Hunter, among others—*Mercenaries* is for anyone who needs some more interesting context to fuel their tank-battling sessions. It's both a solid place to start, and something new for players longing for a more story-based take on the property. As long as Wargaming continues to come up with new campaigns, we'll keep checking out what *Mercenaries* brings to the table. □

events. The New York City port is also given attention, including its vulnerability to sabotage and the Navy's attempt to reduce that threat by establishing a relationship with the New York Mafia. Major personalities are also covered in detail. This book is a detailed look at the beginning of America's involvement in the Battle of the Atlantic.

Flying to Victory: Raymond Collishaw and the Western Desert Campaign 1940-41 (Mike Bechthold, University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 2017, 281 pp., maps, photographs, notes, bibliography, index, $34.95, hardcover)

Raymond Collishaw was a Canadian-born pilot who spent 28 years in the Royal Air Force. During World War I he was a fighter pilot who achieved a record of 61 aerial victories in the skies over the Western Front. He remained in the service after the war, and by the beginning of World War II he was an air commodore commanding a Royal Air Force group in Egypt. The air war there did not involve air-to-air combat to the extent seen during the Battle of Britain. What it did require was a massive air-ground campaign of both close air support of Army units in battle and a deeper battle against the fragile logistics lines of the Axis forces. Collishaw contributed greatly to the British development of tactical air power and its employment. Over time this system became the basis for the later air campaigns carried out by the Allies over Europe. The Western Desert was where Collishaw learned the deadly art of air warfare.

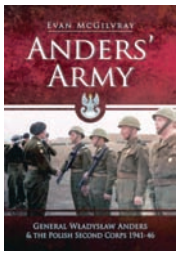
The University of Oklahoma has been publishing its Campaigns and Commanders Series for a number of years, and this is Volume 58, the latest addition to the series. It is a worthy addition, delving into the military experiences of this unsung hero of the war. The author deftly and effectively explains how Collishaw contributed to victory in the war and the historical development of air power.

SAS Zero Hour: The Secret Origins of the Special Air Service (Tim Jones, Frontline Books, South Yorkshire, UK, 2018, 240 pp., photographs, notes, bibliography, index, $22.95, softcover)

The United Kingdom's Special Air Service (SAS) is the model for special forces organizations worldwide. It had its beginnings in the early days of World War II, where many think it was the sole brainchild of one man, David Stirling. While he was instrumental in creating the SAS, other figures also played important parts in its genesis. Archibald Wavell, Claude Auchinleck, and other notable military leaders helped create an environment in which Britain's commandos could form useful units for reconnaissance, raiding, and unconventional warfare.

The author investigates the creation of the SAS and attributes its formation to a group effort rather than the idea of a single man. He uses a number of primary sources as well as the regimental histories of the unit to back his assertion and lay out the history of how the SAS came into being. The book is more than an organizational history, however. It includes a great deal of coverage of the group in action in North Africa, where it first proved its capabilities.

Anders' Army: General Wladyslaw Anders and the Polish Second Corps 1941-46 (Evan McGilvray, Pen and Sword Books, South Yorkshire, UK, 2018, 270 pp., map, photographs, notes, index, $32.95, hardcover)



The Polish people suffered greatly during World War II when the Soviet Union, then allied with Germany, invaded Poland in 1939. Wladyslaw Anders and thousands of his countrymen were imprisoned and subjected to horrible conditions, only to be freed and evacuated through Iran when the Nazi-Soviet alliance crumbled into open warfare in 1941. Anders made his way to the British Empire, where he and his fellow Poles were formed into the Polish II Corps with Anders in command. That formation was eventually committed to combat in Italy, where it fought at Monte Cassino and elsewhere. Anders naturally held a deep distrust of Josef Stalin and the Soviets and advocated war against them after the Third Reich was defeated.

This new book covers not only the battle history of the Polish II Corps but also the peculiar history of its leader. Anders took part in political intrigues, including plotting against the Polish Prime Minister Wladyslaw Sikorski and sending death squads into occupied Poland to kill potential rivals. The author examines these allegations as well, providing a detailed look at Anders both during the war and afterward, including the consequences of his actions. One of the strengths of this work is its coverage of the infighting among the Poles during the war, a subject that rarely receives much attention. □

Ordnance

Continued from page 31

permanently disqualified him from serving in a flight crew. The illness proved to be fortuitous since most of his air cadet squadron was later lost in the ill-conceived raid on the Ploesti, Romania, oil refineries on August 1, 1943. After recovering from his illness, Truxell was reassigned from air cadets to aircraft armament, where he completed the remote control turret mechanic course.

After the turret course, Truxell was tapped for the 16-week B-29 CFC specialist course because he had begun studying engineering, including taking trigonometry, at the General Motors Institute in Flint, Michigan, before enlisting in February 1943. Corporal Truxell finished first in his CFC class, earning entrance into targeting computer school and a third stripe upon its completion. Shortly thereafter he was given command of the first graduating class and a staff sergeant's rocker. The new crew's first assignment was in Georgia.

Truxell writes, "We were all sent to the [Bell Aircraft] B-29 factory in Marietta, Georgia, where completed B-29s were lined up for a mile awaiting proper alignment of the gun turrets and central computer." He vividly recalls using a fire extinguisher to flush civilians sleeping on the clock at government expense out of the bombers' pressurized crew tunnels so his crew could access the aft areas of the aircraft. Once the backlog in Georgia was cleared, the crew leapfrogged to various stateside air bases where B-29 squadrons were ready for overseas deployment—except for the final adjustment of their gunnery systems. After a particular squadron deployed, the gunnery crew moved on to the next base. Truxell calls his service a "pretty safe and interesting job."

The B-29's revolutionary gunnery system made a Japanese fighter pilot's job neither pretty safe nor interesting. According to the *Army Air Forces Statistical Digest* published in December 1945, in the 13-month period from August 1944 to the war's end in August 1945, B-29s were responsible for the destruction of 914 enemy aircraft in the air with a loss of just 72 of their own to enemy aircraft during more than 31,000 combat sorties flown.

Gregory A. Henry is a first-time contributor to WWII History *and lives in Chattanooga, Tennessee.* *The author would like to acknowledge the Commemorative Air Force's B-29/B-24 Squadron of Fort Worth, Texas, and Dave Santos of the New England Air Museum in Windsor Locks, Connecticut, for their assistance.*

Top Secret

Continued from page 25

war. An article in the *New York Times* on September 21, 1943, titled "Not Selling Clark 'Pants,'" was based on an interview with Mrs. Clark. There had apparently been public pressure for her to hold an auction for the famous pants, the proceeds of which would go to the war effort. When a reporter asked if she would sell the item, she said she was "going to give them to the Smithsonian Institution" in Washington, D.C.

On January 9, 1944, another *New York Times* piece, this one called "Pants for Posterity," noted that a spokesman for the Smithsonian said they had received many requests from visitors to see "the well-known britches [but] we have had no offers of the pants, and we, on our part, have made no steps to get them." The writer, Jay Walz, added (perhaps in an off-the-cuff remark) that "the Smithsonian has no prejudice against pants," and noted that the museum had collected some worn by George Washington.

Shortly after the war, on August 25, 1945, an article by Geoffrey Hellman and E.B. White in *The New Yorker* quoted another Smithsonian official: "[The pants] were offered, but were rejected as not being a complete exhibit." End of story.

The notoriety acquired by losing his pants does not detract from Clark's leadership in Operation Flagpole; it was a test of courage that he passed. On the day before he left England to fly to Gibraltar to board the submarine *Seraph,* Clark had written to Renie, "I am leaving in twenty minutes on a mission which is extremely hazardous. If I succeed and return, I will have done great things for my country and the Allied cause."

He was not exaggerating about the danger or the importance. Later he admitted that he had "hardly ever been less certain of the success of an operational mission in my life." More than 50 years after the war, historian Rick Atkinson described the mission as both "courageous and daft," but added that it became "one of the most celebrated clandestine operations of the war."

Duane Schultz, a psychologist, has written more than two dozen nonfiction and fiction books and numerous magazine articles on World War II. His more recent books include Crossing the Rapido: A Tragedy of World War II, Into the Fire: Ploesti, *and* Patton's Last Gamble: The Disastrous Raid on POW Camp Hammelburg. *He can be reached at www.duaneschultz.com.*

Mogami

Continued from page 63

No. 103 to have her flooded bow drained and damaged plates repaired. That was accomplished by November 2.

On November 5, Vice Admiral William F. Halsey's Task Force 38 pounded Manila with four waves of airstrikes. With her fleet commander, Rear Admiral Shima, ashore for a conference, *Nachi* got underway after the second wave, but at 12:50 PM she was caught between Manila and Corregidor and immobilized by bomb hits and torpedoes in the starboard boiler rooms. A distressed Shima watched from the beach as American bombers tore apart his flagship.

Akebono sprinted to help the ailing cruiser, but the fourth wave caught both ships, and five aerial torpedo hits were scored on the cruiser. *Nachi* sank at 2:45 PM, taking 807 men to the bottom of Manila Bay with her, including her skipper, Captain Kanooka, and 74 members of the 5th Fleet staff. Barely 220 men survived the sinking and follow-up strafing. *Akebono* was hit by two bombs and set afire but was dragged to safety ashore with the loss of one officer and 23 men killed.

Nachi's wreck, however, was of great interest to the U.S. Navy. In March 1945, after the liberation of Manila Bay, the submarine rescue ship USS *Chanticleer,* under the command of Lieutenant Luther Leroy Tyndall, a 39-year-old former Navy boatswain, anchored near the wreck.

Nachi had been a flagship, and that meant she was probably a major source of intelligence. From April 14 to May 7, 1945, *Chanticleer* conducted daily dives on the wreck, scouring the hulk for intelligence.

Chanticleer's top diver, Joseph Sidney Karneke, made the first descent, landing on the cruiser's mast. He headed toward the bridge and came upon an antiaircraft gun tub fully manned by Japanese skeletons. Shocked but undeterred, Karneke headed for the bridge and found stacks of charts spread out on the chart table and documents in drawers and on shelves. The Office of Naval Intelligence ordered *Chanticleer* to pull up everything of interest from the *Nachi.*

The divers found plenty, hauling up 20 mailbags full of sodden paper. They picked *Nachi*'s charthouse clean, including Shima's flag plot. They found a complete set of blueprints for *Nachi,* which enabled divers to plot a systematic search plan. The blueprints were invaluable—one dive only succeeded because the divers followed the path created by a 1,000-pound bomb that penetrated four decks down.

There were some blunders. Karneke found a safe, and Tyndall was determined to haul it up. Karneke had coal mining experience, and he used a plastic explosive charge to crack the safe open. When they did so, it turned out the safe contained no secret documents—just packets of Japanese currency used by the Fifth Fleet to meet the payroll, as much as two million yen in bank notes and coins. *Chanticleer* crewmen were able to give pals 10-yen notes as souvenirs. Another locked compartment turned out to contain nothing but rice bowls, which led divers to joke that the Japanese Navy left its secret documents out but locked up the rice bowls.

Nevertheless, the haul was immense, keeping a platoon of Japanese translators working. It included copies of the directive to attack Pearl Harbor, which was used at the Tokyo War Crimes Trials as the basis for the prosecution.

Also brought up were Japanese Navy regulations, standing orders and doctrine for Japanese carrier units, the manual for Japanese destroyer antisubmarine warfare, orders from the Combined Fleet command on fleet tactical doctrine, charts of mined waters, lessons-learned reports on previous battles, vast copies of Japanese Navy fleet operations orders and plans from Pearl Harbor to Leyte, *Nachi*'s ship's logs from as far back as 1937, the cruiser's radar set, and even samples of Japanese infrared and ultraviolet signal lamps, which were unknown to American intelligence.

While the intelligence haul came very late in the war—after most of the Imperial Navy had been destroyed and before the atomic bombs—had the U.S. been required to invade Japan the information would have been extremely useful for coping with the Japanese Navy during the assault. As matters developed, they became useful to historians.

Had *Mogami* not collided with *Nachi* that morning in Surigao Strait, *Nachi* would not have had to turn aside to Manila Bay for repairs and been caught there by Halsey's planes. So the intelligence coup for the Americans was yet another major millstone around *Mogami*'s neck. Her career of failure had ended with an even bigger failure.

Also liberated from *Nachi*'s hulk was Vice Admiral Shima's flag, which drooped from her masthead just before the wreck was dynamited as an obstacle to safe navigation. It was the only case in World War II of an enemy admiral's flag being taken from a warship at sea, and because *Nachi*'s demise was a direct result of the collision with *Mogami* it added one final embarrassment to *Mogami*'s ill-starred career.

New Jersey-based author David Lippman is a frequent contributor to WWII History. *He has written on numerous topics, including other battles of the Pacific War*

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