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Cover: A weary Marine carries a machine gun down a jungle trail on New Britain, part of the campaign to isolate the Japanese stronghold of Rabaul.
See story page 36.
Photo: National Archives

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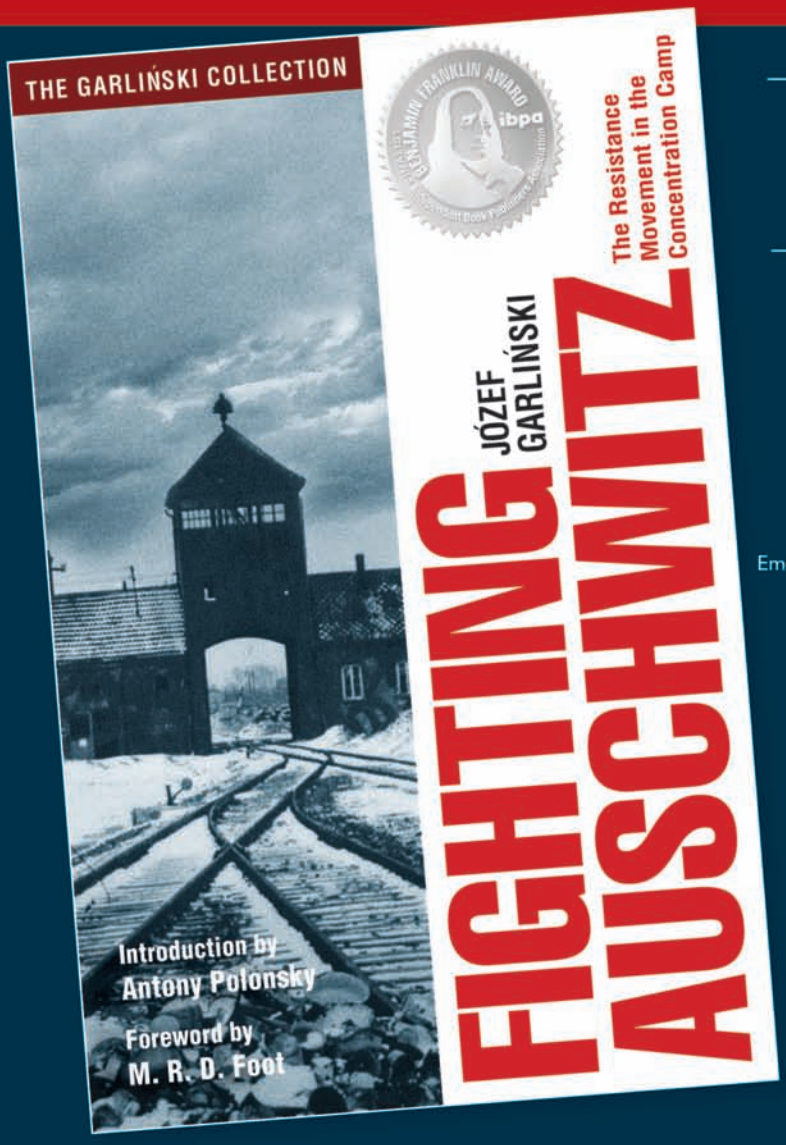

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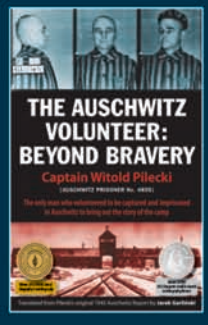

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The Legend of the Black Sheep

IN THE 1970S, ACTOR ROBERT CONRAD STARRED IN BAA BAA BLACK SHEEP, leading a band of brawling, hard-drinking U.S. Marine fighter pilots flying their Vought F4U Corsairs against the best Japanese fighter jockeys in the Solomon Islands, and the show became a staple of weeknight television viewing.

The good guys won, and they celebrated hard. Their hijinks were great fodder for the television audience, and the legend of the Black Sheep Squadron, embellished though it was by Hollywood writers, took hold. Like any good storyline for popular consumption, the Black Sheep saga is an amalgamation of fact and fiction. Still, the story of the real Black Sheep, Marine Fighter Squadron 214 (VMF-214) is quite worthy of the label of "legend."

Major Gregory "Pappy" Boyington led VMF-214 in real combat. When he transferred to the Solomons, Boyington was already a veteran fighter pilot, having flown with the American Volunteer Group, the immortal Flying Tigers, in China, where he shot down six Japanese planes. Boyington was only 31 years old by late 1943, but he was considerably older than his charges, who nicknamed him "Pappy." The pilots also named themselves the Black Sheep—not because of their hell-raising escapades on the ground but due to the circumstances in which their squadron was formed.

VMF-214 was activated on June 1, 1942, at Ewa Naval Air Station on the island of Oahu, Hawaii. Shipped to Guadalcanal, the squadron, originally called the Swashbucklers, completed a tour of duty flying from Henderson Field and then quietly disbanded. In August 1943, the squadron was reconstituted on the island of Espiritu Santo in the New Hebrides, where Boyington took charge of its 27 young pilots.

After flying combat missions from bases in the southern Solomons, the Black Sheep deployed to a forward base on the island of Vella Lavella and set to work shooting down enemy aircraft. During their first two weeks of active patrolling, hotshot VMF-214 pilots flamed 23 Japanese planes and claimed another 11 probable victories in exchange for five of their own pilots.

Boyington took the lead on his way to becoming the highest scoring Marine ace of World War II with 28 aerial victories, and he instilled the same aggressive attitude and offensive spirit among the Black Sheep pilots. Flying combat missions for 83 days from September 1943 to January 1944, the Americans accounted for 100 enemy aircraft in combat and shot up just as many on the ground during hazardous strafing runs. During one melee above the Japanese airfield at Kahili, 24 Black Sheep Corsairs tangled with 60 enemy fighters and shot down 20 without loss to themselves. The encounter sealed the Medal of Honor for Boyington.

The flamboyant Black Sheep appealed to major league baseball, asking for ball caps and offering to shoot down a Japanese plane for every cap they received. When the St. Louis Cardinals stepped up with 20 caps, the Black Sheep responded with 20 rising sun stickers, each representing a kill.

Boyington continued to set the standard, sometimes mercilessly taunting the Japanese, a number of whom could speak English, to rise into the air for combat. When they did, he etched a memorable record. During an escort mission over the island of Bougainville on October 4, 1943, he shot down three Japanese Zero fighters in the span of one minute. Then, on January 3, 1944, he scored his 28th victory—only to be shot down himself, ditching in the Pacific and hauled out of the drink by a Japanese submarine crew.

When the time came for Boyington to receive his Medal of Honor, the award was believed to be posthumous. But after the war, the hero emerged from a Japanese prison camp very much alive, adding to the mystique of the Black Sheep.

Just five days after their leader had been shot down and captured, VMF-214 flew its last combat mission. The squadron was disbanded, its now veteran pilots dispersed to other units. But the story of the Black Sheep was destined to live on. Today, the real Black Sheep are among the American heroes of World War II in the Pacific, their documented exploits looming much larger than the contrived drama of television.

—Michael E. Haskew

WWII HISTORY

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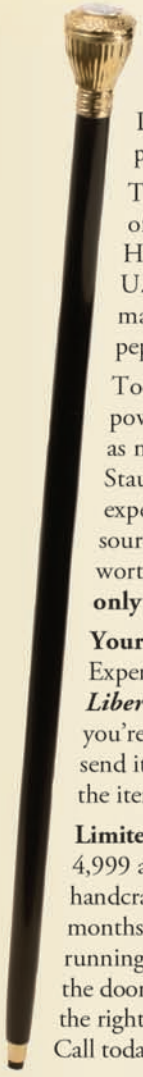

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By Mark Carlson

The *Hood* Has Blown Up!

The sinking of the pride of the Royal Navy shocked the British people, but why did it happen?

IN ONE OF THE MOST GRIPPING SCENES OF THE 1960 MOTION PICTURE *SINK the Bismarck!* the viewer is witness to the climactic moment of the Battle of the Denmark Strait on May 24, 1941. As *Bismarck*'s huge 15-inch shells scream in an unearthly howl from the skies, the mighty battlecruiser HMS *Hood,* pride of the Royal Navy, is straddled by towering columns of water. A portentous moment in time seems to freeze, then the massive warship erupts into a fireball that leaves only floating debris.

In those horrifying seconds, the lives of 1,415 British officers and seamen were ended. The sinking of *Hood* was the single worst disaster to the Royal Navy in its four centuries of existence. *Hood* was a favorite in Britain, and her loss was a terrible blow to British pride.

It was also *Bismarck*'s only victory. Three days later, she too lay on the bottom of the Atlantic, a victim of German hubris and British vengeance.

Hood was sunk three minutes after the first shot was fired. How could such a powerful warship be destroyed in the blink of an eye?

The first public announcement from the Admiralty on May 24 reported, "HMS *Hood* received an unlucky hit in a magazine and blew up."

In two best-selling books by C.S. Forester and William Shirer, the descriptions of how *Hood* died have become the stuff of seafaring folklore. Supposedly, the *Hood* had what was euphemistically called a "chink" in her deck armor on the boat deck between the two funnels. A 15-inch armor-piercing shell struck at this spot at exactly 5:56 AM and penetrated six decks and six bulkheads to explode in the main powder magazine, igniting 300 tons of high-explosive cordite. Several jets of flame and smoke burst from her superstructure, and a huge sheet of fire rose between the funnels to a height of 1,000 feet. A massive gray cloud cleared and revealed the bow and stern of *Hood* jutting out of the water like "two sharks until they sank."

These accounts have long since been accepted by the general public, but they fall short in two major areas: there was no so-called "chink" in *Hood*'s deck armor, and there was no main gun magazine in that area to destroy *Hood*. The two forward and two after gun barbettes were separated by nearly 400 feet. The intervening space under the funnels was occupied by the 24 Yarrow boilers and their uptakes. So the question remains: how could it have happened? The answer lies in the battleship-building race

Both: Naval History and Heritage Command

ABOVE: The Royal Navy battlecruiser HMS *Hood,* photographed during its transit of the Panama Canal in 1924. TOP: The guns of the German battleship *Bismarck* and the cruiser *Prinz Eugen* fire at the British battleship HMS *Prince of Wales* and battlecruiser HMS *Hood* in the Denmark Strait on May 23, 1941.

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Both: National Archives

ABOVE: Photographed during sea trials in March 1941, the German battleship *Bismarck* was one of the most powerful warships afloat when it took to the open sea two months later. LEFT: Only three British sailors survived the sinking of the battlecruiser HMS *Hood,* which was sunk during the Battle of Denmark Strait in May 1941.

between Germany and Great Britain prior to World War I.

The battlecruiser concept, which had a relatively short career in naval history, was first set down by the father of the modern Royal Navy, First Sea Lord Admiral Sir John Arbuthnot "Jacky" Fisher. After ramrodding the innovative new HMS *Dreadnought* into being in 1906, Fisher developed the idea of heavily armed but lightly armored battlecruisers. Beginning with HMS *Invincible* in 1907, Fisher had decreed that in all British battlecruisers, "weight in armor should be sacrificed to weight invested in larger guns and heavy propulsion machinery to generate higher speeds." The German Navy, on the other hand, felt that a warship's primary job was to remain afloat to fight, and therefore chose to accept lower speed and smaller gun caliber in favor of thicker armor. Larger in gross tonnage and length than battleships, battlecruisers were faster and only meant to serve as long-range scouts ahead of the main battle fleet. While they were never intended to engage enemy battleships, their big guns were too tempting for aggressive fleet commanders to discount in battle. In addition to the thinner armor, both German and British battlecruisers had one fatal flaw.

During the Battle of Dogger Bank on January 24, 1915, the SMS *Seydlitz,* flagship of the German battlecruiser force, had received a hit on one of her after gun barbettes. The flash from the explosion shot down the trunk to the shell room and powder magazines located below the waterline. The ship was in imminent danger of exploding, but prompt action by an officer flooded the magazine and saved the ship. The danger was recognized, and the German Navy began to install double sets of antiflash doors in the barbettes of every capital ship. Both doors could not be open at the same time, so an explosion in the turret was stopped before it reached the powder magazines. The Royal Navy, however, remained blissfully unaware of this fatal flaw in its capital ships.

It was at the climactic Battle of Jutland a year later that three of Admiral Sir David Beatty's battlecruisers exploded from exactly the same type of catastrophic hit on a turret. After watching HMS *Indefatigable, Invincible,* and *Queen Mary* explode, Beatty said laconically, "There seems to be something wrong with our bloody ships today." Fisher's decree was reaping a deadly harvest.

The battle also saw an hour-long duel between the battleships of the German High Seas Fleet and the British Grand Fleet, none of which were lost or seriously damaged. This was undoubtedly due to the battleships' thicker armor preventing armor-piercing shells from penetrating the turrets. In any event, Jutland patently displayed the design fault in the turrets, and changes were made throughout the fleet. Even after the disastrous losses of Jutland, Britain never considered doing away with the big, fast battlecruisers.

When *Hood* was first designed in 1916, she was to be larger, faster, and more heavily armed than the biggest battlecruiser ever built up to that time. For the four proposed Admiralty-class battlecruisers, which included *Hood*, heavier hull and deck armor were added, which increased her displacement to more than 45,000 tons, making her 3,000 tons heavier than the later King George V-class battleships (1939) and 10,000 tons more than the Nelson-class battleships (1925). But in deference to Fisher's vision, her armor was significantly thinner in order to reduce her displacement and increase her speed.

The numbers leave little doubt. In 1941, *Hood*'s main protection was along her hull against heavy shells and torpedoes. The belt was six inches thick at the bow and stern and increased to 12 inches along the most sensitive areas, such as the magazines and boilers. On deck, the steel was two inches at bow and stern and increased in thickness to just over six inches on both the main and boat decks. The barbettes, the main structure of the turret assembly, were sheathed in 12 inches of steel. The turret housings, the part that actually enclosed the guns, had 15 inches of armor on the front, which was intended to face the enemy warships, and 11 inches on the sides and rear. Despite the hard lessons of Jutland, though, Hood's turret roof armor was only five inches thick, an inch less than the deck armor plate.

While this would seem adequate, consider that a battleship of the same era usually had hull and deck plating that ran between 12 and 15 inches in thickness. This would stop or deflect the heaviest armor-piercing shells then in existence. *Bismarck* had 14 inches of steel on her hull and nearly as much on the four turrets.

There is no evidence that any of B*ismarck*'s shells penetrated *Hood*'s barbettes in those three minutes of battle. Rather, it is well established that the fatal blow struck somewhere amidships in a manner that managed to convey the detonation to one of the battlecruiser's after powder magazines, which were located six decks down in the very bowels of the vessel. Considering her size, this bears closer exam-

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In this photograph taken from the deck of the German cruiser *Prinz Eugen,* the *Bismarck* fires its 15-inch guns at the battleship *Prince of Wales* and battlecruiser *Hood.*

ination. Accounts from witnesses on the light cruisers *Suffolk* and *Norfolk* and survivors from *Bismarck* described the cataclysm. *Hood* was already 20 years old in 1941. *Bismarck* had the newest and most advanced fire-control systems. *Hood*'s only advantage was in the weight of her armor-piercing projectiles, which weighed 1,900 pounds as compared to her opponent's 1,800-pound shells. Yet even with heavier shells, *Hood*'s 29,000-yard maximum range was 6,000 yards less than *Bismarck*'s.

We must examine the actual circumstances of the battle to determine how *Hood* died. The Denmark Strait, a wide channel running northeast to southwest that separates Greenland from Iceland, was where *Bismarck* and her smaller consort, the heavy cruiser *Prinz Eugen*, were making their break for the open Atlantic. The Royal Navy had two light cruisers patrolling in the strait to shadow the two German warships until the *Hood* and battleship HMS *Prince of Wales* could arrive. There was little doubt that *Hood,* the most powerful warship in the fleet, could easily take care of *Bismarck*.

When the British and German squadrons first sighted each other at 5:30 AM, the distance was 28,000 yards (15.8 miles), which put them on each other's horizon. *Hood*, initially southeast of *Bismarck* and *Prinz Eugen*, was silhouetted against the rising dawn, while the Germans were still lost in the gloom. This gave the Germans the initial advantage. *Hood* opened fire at extreme range, but due to the fact that the slightly smaller *Prinz Eugen* had nearly the same silhouette as *Bismarck* and was in the lead, Rear Admiral Lancelot Holland, commanding the British squadron, concentrated *Hood*'s fire on the cruiser. Conversely, both German ships aimed at the distinctive shape of the *Hood,* which was ahead of the *Prince of Wales*. *Hood*'s first salvo, fired at a range of 25,000 yards at 5:52 AM, fell short. Holland, realizing they needed to be closer, ordered a 20-degree starboard turn to the southwest to bring the two Royal Navy warships closer to *Bismarck* and *Prinz Eugen*. But the turn toward the Germans masked the three after turrets of the *Prince of Wales* and *Hood,* depriving them of nearly half their firepower in the opening stage of the battle.

On *Bismarck*'s bridge, Admiral Günther Lütjens ordered Captain Ernst Lindemann to open fire on Hood at 5:55 AM. On *Hood*, Holland saw the bright flashes of *Bismarck*'s eight heavy guns. A few seconds, later he heard a roar like a speeding freight train as the huge shells screamed overhead. Tall, white waterspouts towered as high as *Hood*'s foremast. A sudden, sharp shudder shook the 45,000-ton warship. *Hood* had been hit. Still, the old battlecruiser bore in, her guns reaching out to her distant enemy. Again, the flashes, and again, the roar of heavy shells tore over *Hood*. *Prinz Eugen* added her eight smaller guns to the deadly duel but did little damage.

With their advanced fire-control systems, the two German ships were able to loose four broadsides at the British. *Prince of Wales,* fresh out of the builder's yards, was unable to get all her guns going. *Hood* was only able to use her forward turrets. The range had closed to 16,500 yards when Holland ordered a turn 20 degrees to port, unmasking the after guns. It was 5:56 AM. Then, a shell from Bismarck's fifth salvo struck close to the battlecruiser's mainmast on the boat deck. That was the killing blow. The sound of *Hood*'s destruction roared over the cold waters of the Denmark Strait and echoed off the distant icy shore of Greenland.

Three minutes later, the mighty *Hood* was gone, her torn remains settling into the icy black waters 150 fathoms below. Three survivors of her crew of more than 1,400 were picked from the freezing water.

To the majority of witnesses, the explosion was amidships near the funnels. *Hood*'s after portion seemed to break away from the main hull and sank first. Apparently one or more of the magazines had exploded in the after portion of the hull, dooming *Hood* in seconds.

P*rince of Wales*, aft of *Hood,* had a view that revealed a more accurate account. Captain John C. Leach on *Prince of Wales*' bridge later described the column of flame shooting up from the vicinity of *Hood*'s mainmast, which was on the after portion of the boat deck and just forward of the after turrets. He said the blast obscured and then obliterated the entire after portion of the *Hood*. While there were no main guns on the amidships superstructure, it did contain the 12 Mk XVI twin-mount, dual-purpose 4.1-inch guns, each of which had its own magazine holding 200 shells.

The official board of inquiry report, released on June 2, 1941, stated that "the probable cause of the loss of HMS *Hood* was direct penetration of the protection by one or more 15-inch shells at a range of 16,500 yards, resulting in the explosion of one or more of the aft magazines."

While the findings were straightforward, they came under criticism. The circumstances of the battle and its aftermath meant that there were no immediate verbatim statements taken from any of the witnesses, neither British nor German. Other theories subsequently emerged, including one in which *Hood* had been destroyed by the internal detonation of her own torpedoes, located in the hull aft of the rear funnel. *Hood* did carry 28 torpedoes, theoretically more than enough to destroy her. But from the start, there was good reason to discount this theory.

A second inquiry held in September, which took into evidence the testimony of more than 100 witnesses, was more thorough, but it came to the same conclusion. *Hood* died from an explosion in either her 4.1-inch or 15-inch after magazines. The most likely probability was that the 4.1-inch magazines, located closer to the mainmast, exploded first, starting an instantaneous chain of explosions in the larger magazine. This seems to fit the eyewitness accounts. If a shell had penetrated at this point, it would have started an intense fire in the engine room that would have torn through the ventilators into the after powder magazines. Another element that supports this theory were the multiple eruptions of smoke and fire witnessed by surviving Germans from *Bismarck* that seemed to shoot up from the engine room vents. The engine rooms were located aft of the boilers on either side of the barbettes and magazines. If

either an explosion in the after 4.1-inch magazines or the boiler rooms occurred, the blast would almost certainly have destroyed the bulkheads, which were only four inches thick.

The original long-accepted view of a "chink" in the deck armor allowing a shell to detonate the magazines must be addressed. When *Hood* exploded, the combatants were about 16,000 yards apart, which meant that *Bismarck* would have had her guns elevated to about 14 degrees. This made the shells' trajectory nearly flat. Any shell coming in from an angle of 14 degrees could not have reached *Hood*'s after magazines without first penetrating the 12-inch hull armor belt. While a so-called weak spot might have allowed a shell to enter the superstructure, the projectile would not have gone downward. At most, it would have torn across the width of the superstructure. Of course, this is where the 4.1-inch barbettes were located, with their corresponding magazines just below.

The 2001 discovery and exploration of *Hood*'s wreck revealed that her after portion is separated from the hull, which reveals that the hull broke apart on the surface. The rudder is still set at port. Curiously, *Hood*'s bow is gone just forward of "A" turret. One possibility concerns a hit on *Prince of Wales*, which was taken under fire by *Bismarck* after the destruction of

Naval History and Heritage Command

This photo shows the pall of smoke rising from the grave of the British battlecruiser *Hood,* which broke up and swiftly sank.

Hood. A 15-inch shell fell short and slid into the water 80 feet off her side and penetrated the hull 30 feet below the waterline beneath the armor belt. It tore into the warren of compartments and bulkheads but failed to explode. This could have happened to *Hood*. One shell might have struck the water off *Hood*'s starboard quarter and exploded in the after powder magazine. The wreck reveals that nearly the entire starboard hull in the region of the fuel oil tanks was torn open. If a shell did penetrate and explode under the waterline, it could have ignited the fuel from stern to bow and possibly been responsible for blowing off *Hood*'s bow.

The most likely cause of *Hood*'s destruction was the result of a hit in or near one of the 4.1-inch magazines, which then, directly or via the engine room, reached the 150 tons of cordite in the handling room of the after turrets. At that point, the blast erupted upward through the ventilators and hatches that dotted the boat deck and superstructure, creating the "sheet of flame and smoke" described by so many witnesses. That blast had obscured what was happening as the entire after portion of the hull tore open and fell away.

In any event, the explosion that killed *Hood* and more than 1,400 men was almost certainly a result of the same type of blasts that sank three British battlecruisers at Jutland almost exactly 25 years earlier. There she lies still, 9,000 feet down in a black, icy grave, the last monument to Jacky Fisher's flawed dream of the mighty battlecruiser.

Author Mark Carlson has written on numerous topics related to World War II and the history of aviation. His book Flying on Film—A Century of Aviation in the Movies 1912-2012 *was recently released. He resides in San Diego, California.*

By Richard L. Sherman

Strangers Within Our Gates

Axis prisoners of war in America were treated with kindness, and most remember their days in captivity with fondness.

FOR WILLIAM "RED" VERZOLA, FRIDAY NIGHT WAS THE LIVELIEST NIGHT OF the week. That was when a group of soldiers from Camp Myles Standish in Taunton, Massachusetts, made their regular pilgrimage to Charlie Pino's Victory Club, just up the road in the tiny town of Norton, to enjoy a few beers and a couple of hours of relaxation.

Red was actually an ex officio member of the group—a soldier, to be sure, but one who had marched to a slightly different drummer. The year was 1944, and the 24-year-old camp cook who had fought beside Rommel in Africa was an Italian prisoner of war.

By 1944, Italian POWs were being treated differently from other Axis prisoners. Italy had been reclassified as a "cobelligerent" after it surrendered in 1943. While Italian POWs remained confined, many of them were assigned to an Italian Service Corps and performed noncombat duties for the U.S. military. In this new role, the Italians enjoyed a good deal of freedom. Red Verzola even wore an American uniform outside camp.

For German prisoners, as well as the handful of Japanese POWs confined in the United States, life was not much tougher. By every measure, they were infinitely better off than either their erstwhile comrades in arms or their Allied counterparts, who remained in harm's way on battlefields around the world.

It was an irony that irritated many Americans, particularly those unaware of the Italians' new status. Scores of indignant citizens wrote to civil and military authorities to protest such spectacles as Italian soldiers being escorted to the opera in San Francisco and white-jacketed porters serving lunch to German prisoners as they rolled across America in comfortable Pullman cars.

Yet, while the complaints were understandable, there is no doubt, in retrospect, that America's treatment of its POWs served the nation well, both in wartime and in the healing years beyond.

In practice, the humane approach reflected not only America's moral sensibilities, but also its unswerving commitment to the terms of the 1929 Geneva Convention, which codified the treatment of prisoners of war.

Colonel A.M. Tollefson, assistant director of the POW division of the Provost Marshal's office, delivered a response to the protesters that was more pragmatic than pious. America intended to play by the rules, he said, and in so doing avoid giving "even the semblance of an excuse to the enemy to violate the rights of American soldiers whom they hold as prisoners of war."

Diplomacy aside, there was a practical upside to the influx of POWs. The 425,036 Axis captives who flooded America—378,156 Germans, 41,456 Italians, and 5,424 Japanese—represented a huge manpower windfall for a nation struggling with the wartime decimation of its workforce.

Since the Geneva Convention allowed prisoners to be assigned nonmilitary duties, the prisoners were put to work. For three productive years, they picked grapes and cotton. They worked at canneries, food processing plants, and foundries. They packed meat, planted crops, and chopped trees. By late 1945, more than 115,000 prisoners were working in agriculture alone, and when they finally went home they were sorely missed by the American farmers who had not only come to rely on their services, but in many instances had become their friends.

All photos: National Archives

ABOVE: Three German POWs are questioned after being recaptured following an escape attempt from their camp near Upland, California. These men had walked away from orange-picking detail.
TOP: After arriving in the United States at Hampton Roads, Virginia, German prisoners of war are marched to a temporary holding area prior to being dispersed to prison camps across the country.

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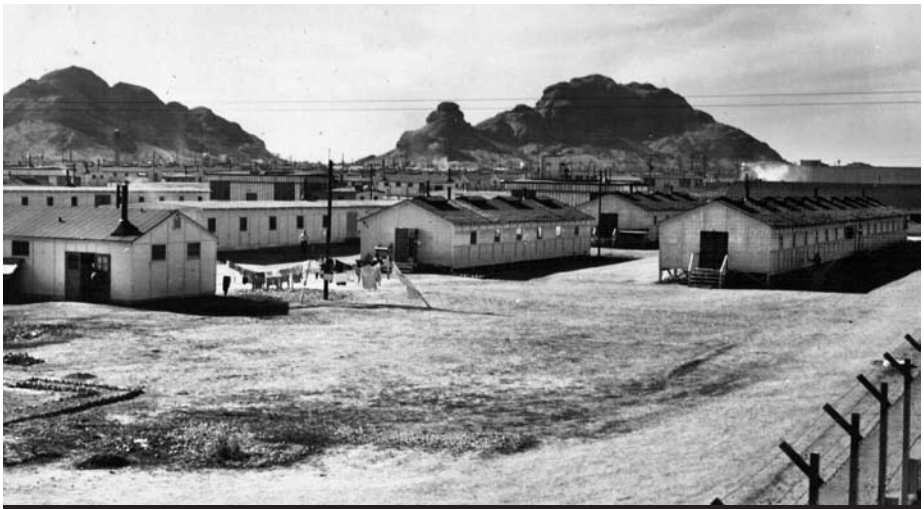

ABOVE: Twenty-five German prisoners escaped from Camp Papago Park in Arizona by digging a tunnel out of the facility. All of the escapees were eventually recaptured.
RIGHT: These Italian prisoners are working on a locomotive near their camp in Utah. Some former Axis prisoners liked the United States so much that they remained in the country after their postwar release.

As it did in every facet of mobilization, from building Liberty ships to recruiting air raid wardens, the United States responded with remarkable alacrity to the flood of Axis prisoners. Camp Concordia in north central Kansas was typical of the 155 full-scale POW camps that mushroomed across America in the early years of the war. Concordia, with its 280 barracks and 23 auxiliary buildings, including a gymnasium, library, and 350-seat theater, rose from the plains in just 90 days at a cost of $1.8 million. By war's end, 5,300 prisoners had spent time there, many of them working on neighboring farms.

Some camps did double duty. Red Verzola's temporary home, Camp Myles Standish, served as both a POW camp and staging facility for the Boston Port of Embarkation. The whirlwind pace that characterized other aspects of mobilization was clearly evident at Myles Standish. The Army announced construction plans in June

By October, the 1,600-acre compound, built to accommodate 10,000 troops, was up and running, even though workers had to take time to move 36 private homes from the site during the course of construction.

Besides the full-scale camps, the Army set up 511 auxiliary prisons in cities and towns across the nation—facilities as modest as the two-story brick building in downtown Peabody, Kansas, that had previously housed a car sales agency.

The camps were designed for security as well as utility. Specifications called for the prototypical campsite to cover 350 acres, to be located no more than five miles from a railroad and no fewer than 500 feet from any "important" public thoroughfare. For security purposes, all trees, shrubs, and tall grass were to be removed. The terrain was to feature a moderate slope to facilitate drainage.

It would be hard to argue that Uncle Sam did not go to extraordinary lengths to treat the nation's "guests" fairly. When there was not enough space to house both the prisoners and the guards, the existing barracks remained empty until additional facilities became available. In the interim, guards and prisoners alike lived in tents, again honoring the spirit of the Geneva accords, which mandated like accommodations for prisoners and guards.

Once settled in their new surroundings, the prisoners were treated generously. Their valuables were inventoried, labeled, and packaged. They were issued personal articles ranging from towels and toothbrushes to hair clippers and shoelaces. While supplying hard liquor would have been excessively indulgent, even by generous American standards, the prisoners nevertheless were allowed to purchase 3.2 beer and light wine on their own. They also received the identical medical and dental treatment provided to U.S. troops, including vaccinations and regular examinations to identify and treat communicable diseases.

Camp supervisors even counted calories: 2,000 a day for "non-workers," 2,500 for ordinary workers, and 2,850 for "heavy" workers. And camp cooks were allowed to prepare food according to the tastes of the prisoners.

As if all that were not enough, the prisoners were paid 80 cents a day for their labors and granted access to canteen supplies such as candy and tobacco, recreational equipment, and handicraft and fine arts programs. They could also receive visitors twice a month, a privilege much appreciated by prisoners with relatives in the United States.

Despite all this, a certain number of internees opted for freedom. Official records disclose that 2,827 managed to escape, climbing fences, digging tunnels, riding out of their compounds on service trucks, or simply walking away from work details. Most were rounded up within 48 hours.

The most spectacular breakout occurred in December 1944 at Papago Park on the outskirts of Phoenix, Arizona, where 25 U-boat crewmen dug a 200-foot tunnel and escaped into the barren mesquite country. All were recaptured.

In the end, U.S. authorities failed to account for just one escaped prisoner, a former German draftsman named Georg Gartner. So extraordinary was his achievement that he later wrote a book about it.

It was no wonder that the escapees did not last long on the outside. Few spoke English, and those who did were encumbered by suspicious accents. For most, the road to freedom was long and disheartening given the size of the country, the distance between oceans, and the nagging realization that even if they could pull off a logistical miracle, life was a whole lot better in the camps than back home.

Once outside, many of the prisoners acted like the Three Stooges. In his definitive *Nazi Prisoners of War in America*, Professor Arnold Krammer recalls a couple of bizarre incidents, one involving two Afrika Korps alumni who escaped a Texas camp wearing their desert uniforms—khaki shirts and shorts. Picked up by a friendly motorist, the escapees explained in heavily accented English that they were Boy Scouts en route to an international convention in Mexico. Eyeing the pair—one a six-footer,

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60-64	$17.20	$13.30	$28.00	$21.50	$55.00	$42.00	$136.00	$103.50
65-69	$20.50	$16.00	$33.50	$26.00	$66.00	$51.00	$163.50	$126.00
70-74	$27.40	$21.40	$45.00	$35.00	$89.00	$69.00	$221.00	$171.00
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Many German and Italian prisoners who travelled by rail to their prison camps marveled at their good treatment during the transfers.

the other a stocky fellow with a substantial abdomen, both with suspiciously knobby knees and hairy legs—the motorist drove them directly to the authorities.

Balky prisoners, including recaptured escapees, faced only token punishment. At Camp Campbell, Kentucky, Krammer recalls, 20 Germans were found guilty of indolence, arrogance, and property damage (carving swastikas on trees). They were confined for seven days on bread and water. One worker with an attitude problem was deprived of beer and shows for one month. For a recaptured escapee, 30 days on bread and water was considered a tough sentence.

Despite this indulgent atmosphere, the camps did spawn some ugly moments, most of them initiated by the small but militant percentage of Nazi zealots who infected the prison population. To the extent that they could identify the troublemakers, military authorities separated these hard cases from the rest of the prisoners, shipping 4,500 of them to Camp Tonkawa in Oklahoma. Conversely, they dispatched about 3,300 anti-Nazis to Fort Devens, Massachusetts, and Camp Campbell. But they could not prevent the occasional incident. In a particularly sobering footnote to the nation's POW experience, 14 of the hardliners were hanged at war's end on gallows erected in an old salvage warehouse at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, for killing fellow prisoners at camps in Oklahoma, Arizona, and South Carolina.

Military records describe an incident at Fort Knox, Kentucky, in November 1944—a clash between Nazis and anti-Nazis that ended in a confrontation between the Nazis and a young American guard. Under pressure, the guard fired his automatic weapon at a group of prisoners milling around near a perimeter fence. One prisoner died, and several were wounded. The Army's hearing on the incident generated 107 pages of testimony. Accounts were drawn from everyone even remotely involved, including the wounded Germans. While in the end the guard was absolved, it is doubtful that any other government would have devoted more time and energy to a case involving unruly prisoners of war.

For some internees the prison experience turned out to be surprisingly propitious. Red Verzola, for example, met Catherine Pellegrini during a camp-sponsored visit to her home in Mansfield, 10 miles from Myles Standish. The two fell in love, and Catherine accompanied Red back to Italy at war's end. When Red got his paperwork in order, the couple returned to the United States and settled in Mansfield. Red went to work for the Gilbane Construction Company of Providence, and the couple raised four children, one of whom graduated from the Air Force Academy.

In Kansas, a number of farm families stayed in touch with the prisoners who had worked their farms during the war years. In a recent Camp Concordia retrospective, the Wichita Eagle caught up with ex-Afrika Korps officer Franz Kramer while he was paying a sentimental visit to Kansas, one of several he had made since the war. Interned at Concordia, he had worked on the farm of Joe and Clara Melhus, about 15 miles from the camp.

"We ate with the family right here in the farmhouse," he recalled. "We had lunch and dinner with Clara and Joe, served on their dining room table. Joe and Clara were very nice to us."

Gunther Schroer, another Afrika Korps alumnus, recalled his Kansas years in the warmest of terms. One of his assignments took him to the Klaassen farm in Whitewater, where he and three other prisoners did farm work in the fall of 1944. Prisoner and farm family bonded and kept in touch for years after Schroer had returned to his native Essen, which had been devastated by Allied bombers.

Food was in such short supply in Essen that Schroer wrote to the Klaassens for help. The kindly Mennonite Kansans responded by sending Schroer packages of flour, rice, and corn. In the years since the war, the Klaassens and Schroer have nurtured the bond they forged in those unusual times. They met in Holland in 1977 and again in Kansas, when Schroer returned for a visit, laden with gifts.

Such sentimental anecdotes abound. Still, at the height of the war, plenty of Americans resented the nation's POW policies, and media reports did little to mollify them. Reposing in the National Archives are clips from such major newspapers as the New York Times, Washington Post, St. Louis Globe-Democrat, and Dallas Times Herald trumpeting such headlines as "Axis Prisoners Find Ease in Tennessee" and "Are We Coddling Nazi Prisoners?" Influential columnist Walter Winchell joined the chorus. Prisoners were said to be relaxing beside swimming pools, smoking free cigarettes, basking in "country club conditions," and enjoying free hearing aids and sumptuous holiday dinners—including, one paper clucked, pineapple fritters.

Scores of letters from indignant citizens are preserved in the National Archives.

"I am terribly upset," wrote Sam Solomon of Brooklyn, "to see a group of Italian prisoners in their shining, brand new uniforms being conducted on sightseeing tours of Manhattan. Then there are the ones in a camp near Camden (NJ) allowed the freedom of the city without guards."

Mr. Solomon added that his nephew lived in upstate New York, where German prisoners were "a pampered lot of hoodlums who refuse to work. What are we running here, anyway," he asked, "a kindergarten?"

But Edith Morse of Pittsburgh was just plain indignant after sharing a train ride with four German POWs and their guard. Ms. Morse was scandalized to see porters serving lunch to the Germans, "who seemed to have a Pullman car all to themsevles."

These German prisoners were held near the Widmer Wine vineyards in Naples, New York. Part of their regular work regimen included harvesting grapes.

The prisoners, she said, were "arrogant and contemptuous, which one could understand when it's considered that they traveled better than they could have in their own country."

On that last count, one POW, Reinhold Pabel, was in full concurrence. Pabel, Krammer recalls, arrived in Norfolk, Virginia, in January 1944 after crossing the Atlantic on the *Empress of Scotland*.

"Most of us had been transported in boxcars during military service," he recalled. "These modern, upholstered coaches were a pleasant surprise to everyone, and when the colored porter came through with coffee and sandwiches and offered them to us as though we were human beings, most of us forgot those anti-American feelings that had accumulated."

Not all prisoners became converts. Krammer cites the testimony of one dedicated Nazi, Henry Kemper, who offered this bizarre recollection of his train ride from New York to Arkansas. "All we had to eat was orange jam, which they deliberately gave us to make us sick. A few of the older men died. I saw [the guards] throw the dead bodies off the train."

Another German postulated that the trains carrying prisoners to the camps were carefully routed around the cities he was sure had been leveled by the Luftwaffe.

Hardliners who believed America had been ravaged must have found it difficult to reconcile the evidence of their own eyes as they peered out of the windows of trains that carried them through towering cityscapes, sleepy towns, and tranquil stretches of prairie en route to their prison camps.

But the hardliners were a minority. By war's end, many Germans had come to respect their captors and appreciate the blessings of democracy. U.S. authorities had done what they could to encourage these feelings. Among the diversions offered the prisoners was an education program that promoted the merits of the American system. An exit poll of 22,153 POWs conducted by the Provost Marshal General's office showed that 74 percent of the prisoners left the United States with an appreciation of democracy and a friendly attitude toward their captors.

The program, of course, had an obvious long-term objective. U.S. authorities were aware that the prisoners would exert a powerful influence on German public opinion during the peace to come.

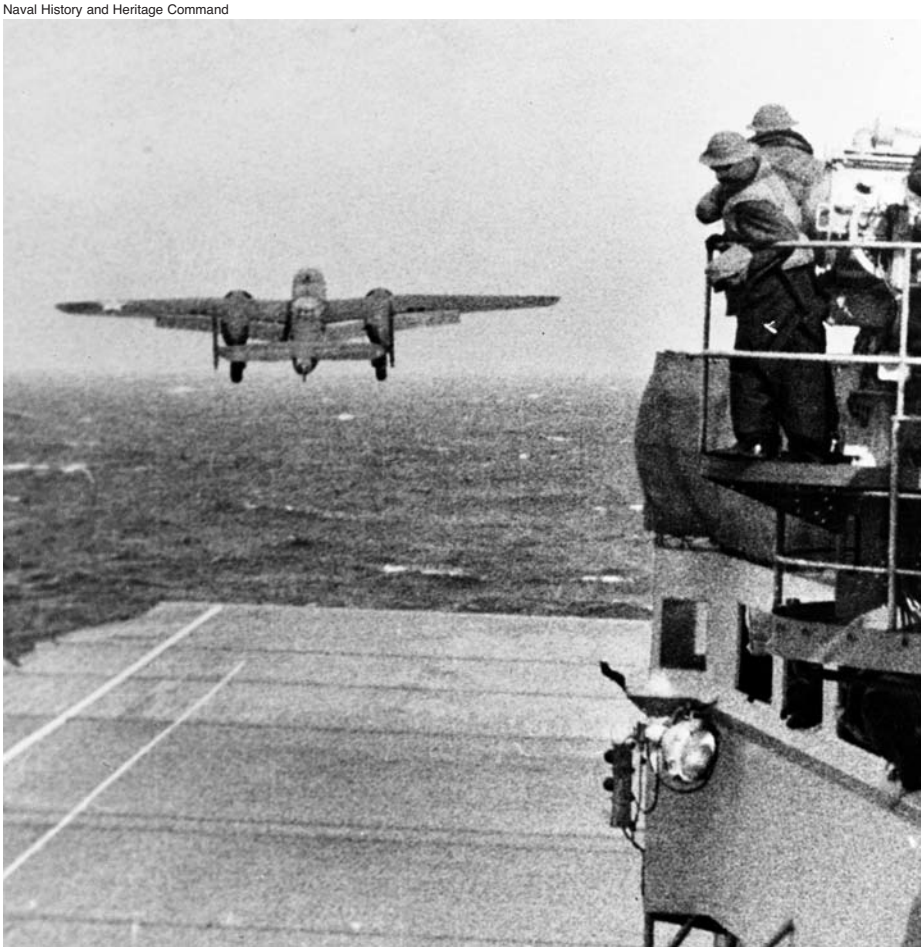
Generations after Hiroshima, millions of surviving Americans share memories of the war, some poignant, some bitter. It is easy to understand why so many of them resented America's propensity for "coddling" the POWs. Yet even the hardest of hearts would have to concede that American benevolence was not only a nonnegotiable moral imperative, but also a significant catalyst for the restoration of normal relationships among once intractable foes.

As New York University Professor Robert Hoppal asserted in a wartime letter to the Secretary of War, "The best way to build a peace is to be decent to the strangers within our gates."

Author Richard L. Sherman resides in North Attleboro, Massachusetts. This is his first contribution to WWII History.

By Michael D. Hull

Naval History and Heritage Command



Happy Warrior from Shangri-La

> General Jimmy Doolittle survived his hazardous mission to bomb Tokyo and commanded air forces in the European and Mediterranean Theaters.

SHORTLY AFTER THE JAPANESE SNEAK ATTACK ON PEARL HARBOR ON December 7, 1941, President Franklin D. Roosevelt remarked that he would like to bomb the enemy homeland in revenge as soon as possible. But the distance involved made it seem like wishful thinking, for there were no aircraft then in the U.S. arsenal with the range for undertaking such a mission. Then it occurred to Captain Francis B. Low, the operations officer on the staff of Admiral Ernest J. King, U.S. Navy commander in chief, that Army Air Force bombers could conceivably be launched from the deck of an aircraft carrier in the Pacific Ocean within range of Japan.

The idea intrigued King and AAF planners, and details were worked out by a joint Army-Navy team. Volunteers recruited for the so-called "First Special Aviation Project" were told nothing, except that they would be putting their lives on the line. It would be a one-way mission. Once the planes had left the carrier and dropped their loads on Japan, they would have to seek refuge in either China or Russia.

Twenty-four five-man crews were carefully picked, trained in handling North American B-25 Mitchell medium bombers, and sent to Eglin Air Base in Florida in March 1942. There, Navy pilots showed them how to take off from a patch of airstrip marked out as the width and 500-foot length of the flight deck of the carrier USS *Hornet*. The twin-engine B-25s were modified for the top secret strike against Japan by the removal of most of their armaments and with the loading of as many spare fuel tanks as they could safely hold.

Eventually, 16 Mitchells and crews were selected for the historic raid. On April 1, while their unchosen comrades looked on with envy, the 16 crews climbed aboard *Hornet* at the Alameda Naval Air Station in California. After breakfast the next day, the fliers gathered in an empty mess hall to learn the purpose of the mission from their leader. He was short, stocky, affable Lt. Col. James H. Doolittle, a former record-breaking aviator, mining engineer, instructor, oil company executive, and bantamweight boxer. Ironically, he had been born in Alameda.

"For the benefit of those who have not already been told or have been guessing," he announced, "we are going to bomb Japan." Thirteen B-25s, he said, would drop four bombs apiece on Tokyo, and three single planes would hit the cities of Nagoya, Osaka, and Kobe. "The

National Archives

ABOVE: Jimmy Doolittle, an accomplished aviator before the outbreak of World War II, smiles from the cockpit of his aircraft after landing in St. Louis, Missouri, in 1931. TOP: A North American B-25 Mitchell medium bomber claws its way into the sky from the deck of the aircraft carrier USS *Hornet* during the opening moments of the famed Doolittle mission to bomb Tokyo.

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D-DAY AND THE BATTLE OF NORMANDY

On June 6, 1944, more than 156,000 Allied troops from America, Great Britain, and Canada landed along a 50-mile stretch of heavily fortified coastline along the beaches of Normandy, France. During the coordinated attack known as "Operation Overlord," more than 6,500 ships and 11,000 aircraft supported the D-Day invasion. It was the largest air, land, and sea operation ever undertaken.

It took years of meticulous planning and tedious training in order for the audacious plan to succeed. But it all came down to the men . . . the brave souls who leapt from the landing crafts into the cold Atlantic waves as bullets tore through the air and through the men on either side. After reaching the shores, they faced over 200 yards of beach, where they had to run and crawl past a maze of barriers, bodies, and enemy fire to reach the meager protection of the cliffs. Surrounded by a rain of bullets and artillery, they finally had a chance to fight — and fight they did.

Allied Forces suffered nearly 10,000 casualties with more than 4,500 dead. Yet, because of the valor and sacrifice of the men who charged into the wall of bullets, the beaches were secured.

By August, all of France was liberated, and within a year, Allied forces met Russian troops in Berlin and the war in Europe was over. This limited-edition commemorative coin honors those who fought for victory during the Battle of Normandy.

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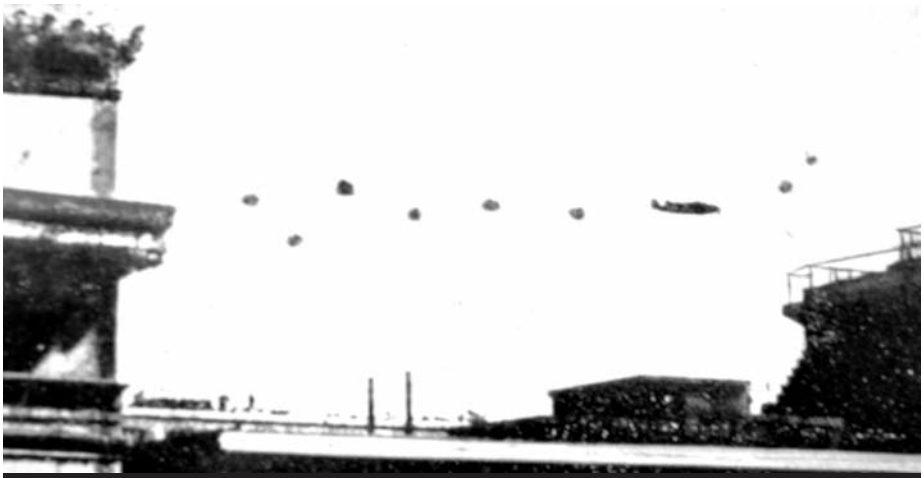


ABOVE: A B-25 streaks through the sky over Tokyo as shells from Japanese antiaircraft guns burst around it. Although no American planes were shot down, lack of fuel forced them to crash or land in various locations.BELOW: Lt. Col. Jimmy Doolittle and members of the crew of B-25 number 1 sit behind the wreckage of their bomber, strewn across a hillside in China. The Doolittle Raid shock the Japanese high command.

Navy will get us in as close as possible and launch us off the deck," said Doolittle. The raiders would not be able to return to the carrier, he added, but would overfly Japan and head for small landing fields in China. He asked if anyone wanted to back out. No one did.

The bombers were hoisted aboard *Hornet* and lashed to the flight deck. Two days later, the flattop, commanded by Captain Marc A. "Pete" Mitscher, sailed out underneath the Golden Gate Bridge escorted by two cruisers, four destroyers, and an oiler. The force headed westward into the Pacific. Less than five months after the Pearl Harbor attack, and with the loss of the Philippines, Wake Island, and Guam, American fortunes were at their lowest point. As envisioned by President Roosevelt, it was the ideal time to strike at the awakened republic's enemy in the Far East.

On April 8, another task force steamed out of shattered Pearl Harbor and headed for a rendezvous with the *Hornet* group. Under the command of Vice Admiral William F. "Bull" Halsey, it was comprised of the carrier USS *Enterprise*, two cruisers, four destroyers, and an oiler. The two groups merged on April 13 into one formidable unit, Task Force 16, and moved directly toward Tokyo.

It had been planned to launch the B-25s from 400 miles off the enemy mainland at dusk, but a chance early-morning encounter on April 18 with a Japanese patrol boat, the Nitto Maru, forced Admiral Halsey to speed things up. He could not risk losing the priceless carriers to Japanese submarines or planes alerted by the boat's radio. Salvos from the cruiser USS *Nashville* sank the boat, but the secret operation had been compromised. Halsey ordered the bombers to be launched. Doolittle's crews were now committed to a daylight attack more than 600 miles from the target island of Honshu.

As *Hornet*'s sailors cheered, Colonel Doolittle steered the first B-25 off the spray-soaked flight deck at 8:20 AM on Saturday, April 18, 1942, followed by the others, one by one, in hair-raising takeoffs as the flattop churned through heavy seas. With throttles leaned out as far as possible, the bombers skipped low over the waves at 225 miles an hour under a threatening sky. They broke into the clear as the Japanese mainland came into view.

Doolittle led the B-25s on a contour chase over the fields of Honshu until they began the run-in for Tokyo. They then climbed to 1,200 feet for the bombing run. Each Mitchell carried three 500-pound general-purpose bombs and an incendiary cluster. Using a 20-cent "Mark Twain" bombing device (more accurate than the secret Norden bombsight for a low-level operation), Doolittle began dropping his incendiaries at 12:15 PM Tokyo time, followed by a plane piloted by Lieutenant Travis Hooper. Bombs were dropped on Tokyo, Nagoya, Kobe, and Yokohama. Lieutenant Edgar E. McElroy's crews watched one of their 500-pounders hit the carrier *Ryuho,* dry-docked at Yokosuka, while other crews saw smoke billowing from factories, oil storage tanks, barracks, and other built-up areas.

The Japanese were caught off guard. Except for people near the impact areas, the citizens in the Japanese capital assumed that the American attack was just a realistic climax to an earlier air raid drill. It was a warm, pleasant Saturday. Children in schoolyards and shoppers in the crowded streets waved at the passing B-25s, mistaking their red, white, and blue roundels for the rising sun insignia. The raiders, having dropped to rooftop level, swept over Emperor Hirohito's moated palace, but nothing was dropped. Doolittle had issued explicit orders for the B-25 crews to avoid hitting the palace, hospitals, and schools.

Aided by a tailwind, the American planes, now widely dispersed, headed toward the Chinese mainland, aiming for the airfield at Chuchow. They reached the mainland, but could not make radio contact with Chuchow. It was now dark and almost 13 hours since they had left the *Hornet,* and the bombers were running out of fuel.

Unable to see the ground or contact any Chinese base, there was nothing for the B-25 crews to do but bail out and hope they were not over Japanese-held territory. Several of the bombers crash-landed, and others ditched off the coast, but Doolittle and 49 other fliers

parachuted in the darkness.

Doolittle himself splashed into a Chinese rice paddy, glad to be alive, but anguished because he thought the mission had not been successful. "When you do a bombing mission, you like to bring your airplanes home," he said later. "I had scattered mine all over different parts of China." On the morning after he bailed out, the dejected colonel sat amid the wreckage of his plane on a mountainside and said to Sergeant Paul J. Leonard, one of his crewmen, "You know what's going to happen? I'll be put in Leavenworth Prison for having missed the mission."

Only one man was killed during the Tokyo raid. A B-25 piloted by Captain Edward J. York landed safely north of Vladivostok, the only one to do so. The plane was impounded, and York and his crew were interned by the Russians. Three bombers went down in enemy-held areas of China, and eight American fliers were captured and interned in Tokyo. Three of them were beheaded, and another died in prison.

Eventually, when the facts were in, Colonel Doolittle was pleased to learn that his mission had not failed as he had feared. "The success of the raid exceeded our most optimistic expectations," he was able to report. The damage inflicted by his B-25s was minimal, but it provided a much-needed lift for morale. "It was the first good news we [the Allies] had," he said. "And for that reason, it was tremendously important. It was our first bold strike at Japan; it showed them we could do it." Admiral Halsey called the Doolittle raid "one of the most courageous deeds in all military history."

Radio Tokyo admitted on April 18 that Japan had been bombed by American planes, but there was no word from Washington. A month later, with dramatic suddenness, President Roosevelt announced that Doolittle had led the squadron that bombed Japan and presented him with the Medal of Honor. Far from winding up in Leavenworth, the gallant mission leader was a national war hero. FDR also awarded the Distinguished Service Cross to 79 other fliers who had participated.

James Harold Doolittle, the man who led America's first offensive mission of World War II, was born on December 14, 1896, in Alameda to Frank H. and Rosa C. (Shepherd) Doolittle. When Jimmy was three years old, the family moved to Alaska. The boy grew up in Nome, a "rough and tumble" mining town. He was the smallest boy in his class at school but soon learned to take care of himself with his fists. When he was eight, the family returned to California.

Jimmy attended public schools in Los Ange-

Naval History and Heritage Command

National Archives

ABOVE: Blindfolded by his Japanese captors, Lieutenant Robert L. Hite, the co-pilot of B-25 number 16, is led to a prison camp in occupied China. The pilot of Hite's plane, Lieutenant William Farrow, was executed by the Japanese. LEFT: Survivors of the Doolittle Raid, including Lt. Col. Doolittle standing at center, pose for a photograph in China. RIGHT: Lt. Col. Jimmy Doolittle was awarded the Medal of Honor for leading the raid on Tokyo. He returned to duty and commanded U.S. air forces in the Mediterranean and Western Europe.

les and studied at Los Angeles Manual Arts High School and the Los Angeles Junior College, from which he graduated in 1916. While in high school, he met tall Josephine E. Daniels, and they were married in 1917. The vigorous young man had won the high school boxing championship and decided he wanted to become a prizefighter.

But another interest took hold of Jimmy Doolittle that was to change his life. A visit to the 1910 International Air Meet at Dominguez Field near Los Angeles overthrew his thoughts of a possible career as a mining engineer. "The switch couldn't have been more extreme—from under the earth to into the skies," he recalled later. Jimmy spent several months carefully building a small hang-glider from mail-order plans. "When I got finished," he said, "I carried it to the top of a cliff near my house, got a good grip, and threw myself off. Unfortunately, the tail section hit the edge. I came down straight, and the glider ended in a ball."

He was a versatile lad. Besides flying, he was interested in blacksmithing, woodworking, puttering around in school auto and machine shops, and taking part in model airplane contests. Eventually, he buckled down to hard study in mathematics, chemistry, physics, and English history.

When the United States entered World War I early in April 1917, young Doolittle was a senior at the University of California School of Mines. He enlisted as a flying cadet-private in the Army Signal Corps Reserve on October 6, 1917. After being assigned to the School of Military Aeronautics at the University of California, he went to Rockwell Field in California for further training. He showed enthusiasm and aptitude for aviation and was commissioned a second lieutenant in the Signal Corps Aviation Section in March 1918.

Doolittle was eager to go to France, where pilots of the fledgling U.S. Air Service were fighting with their French and British comrades in the skies over the Western Front. Doolittle got as far as Hoboken, New Jersey, a major embarkation point, but because of his confidence and skill with airplanes, his superior officers decided that he would provide greater service as an instructor. So, he had to content himself with being a flight and gunnery instructor at Camp Dick, Texas; Wright Field, Ohio; Gerstner Field, Louisiana; and Rockwell Field, California. Nonetheless, he chafed at the experience. World War I proved "a great disappointment" to the energetic, ambitious young aviation officer. "I was pretty upset," he said. "While my students were going overseas and becoming heroes, I was having to stay home and make more heroes."

In November 1918, two weeks after the end of the war, Doolittle made his debut as a stunt flier in a San Diego air show dedicated to the American aviators killed in France. He was a hot pilot by then, and it was said that the spectators never forgot his performance. In 1919, Doolittle was assigned to the 104th Aero Squadron at Kelly Field, Texas, and then to the 90th Aero Squadron at Eagle Pass, Texas, during which time he served on Mexican border patrol duty.

Living conditions were crude on such frontier outposts. When Mrs. Doolittle moved to Eagle Pass, her husband was the only married officer on the post. They were assigned living quarters but no furniture was available. So, the resourceful Doolittle built some furniture while his devoted Josephine learned to cook and bake with an "old cook stove and skeet wood, which, when green, leaves a lot to be desired as fuel." Doolittle was commissioned a second lieutenant in the Regular Army Air Service on July 1, 1920, and promoted to first lieutenant on the same day. Two years later, he received a bachelor of arts degree from the University of California.

He then made the first of the many cross-country flights that brought him international fame. The Army had made two such one-day attempts that failed, and a pilot was killed. After an abortive takeoff from Jacksonville, Florida, Doolittle set off again in a De Havilland 4 from Paola Beach, Florida, at 10:03 PM on September 4, 1922. He landed to refuel at Kelly Field, Texas, and wearily touched down in San Diego 21 hours, 19 minutes after leaving Florida. He was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross for his "skill, endurance, and resourcefulness."

In 1923, Doolittle entered the prestigious Massachusetts Institute of Technology program for special engineering studies. He received a master of science degree the following year and a doctorate of science in 1925. That year, he trained in flying high-speed seaplanes and competed in the famed Schneider Trophy races. Piloting a borrowed Navy Curtiss R3C2 floatplane, he flew at an average speed of 232 miles per hour against other U.S., British, and Italian

pilots and won.

Granted a leave of absence from the Army in 1926, Doolittle went to South America for some demonstration flights. He broke both ankles in Chile but nevertheless continued to fly with his ankles in casts. After he had healed, he made an experimental flight to South America arranged by the Navy and the State and Commerce Departments. That same year, he completed a cross-country flight from New York to San Francisco. He also was the first man to fly an outside loop. Doolittle was by now a well-known name in American aviation.

The pioneer worked on the improvement of aircraft instruments with the Guggenheim Fund for the Promotion of Aeronautics at Mitchel Field, Long Island, in New York. He made dozens of flights, tested new systems, and developed basic procedures for flying "blind" (on instruments alone). On the foggy morning of September 24, 1929, Doolittle took off from Mitchel Field in the hooded cockpit of a Consolidated NY-2 biplane accompanied by Army Lieutenant Benjamin Kelsey as his safety pilot. Doolittle took off, flew 20 miles, and landed, using instruments alone and unable to see outside the cockpit. It was an unprecedented feat in aviation, heralding the end of seat-of-the-pants flying. The next day's edition of the New York Times declared, "Aviation has perhaps taken its greatest single step in safety."

In 1930, at the age of 34, Doolittle resigned his commission in the Regular Army. Commissioned as a major in the Officer Reserve Corps, he made several more experimental flights and was awarded the coveted Harmon Trophy. He was hired by Shell Oil Company to manage its aviation department, where he helped to develop aviation fuels. But he maintained his Army connections.

He made another epochal coast-to-coast flight—averaging 225 miles per hour—in 1931, winning the Bendix Trophy. The following year, the irrepressible Doolittle won the Thompson Trophy race in Cleveland, Ohio, while piloting a stubby, 800-horsepower Gee Bee Super Sportster. With an average speed of 252.68 miles per hour, he set a world speed record for land planes. He retired from air racing in 1933, commenting, "I have yet to hear of anyone engaged in this work dying of old age." He joined the Army Board in 1934 to study Air Corps organization and was elected president of the Institute of Aeronautical Sciences in January 1940. That July, with Europe at war and America starting to mobilize, Doolittle was ordered to active duty as a major in the Army Air Corps.

Finally, he got the chance to experience what

Continued on page 74

By Michael D. Hull

National Archives

Popular bandleader Glenn Miller and his orchestra entertain a crowd in England in 1943.

Hero with a Horn

Bandleader Glenn Miller raised the morale of Allied personnel and lost his life in a mysterious incident.

ONE OF THE BEST KNOWN AND MOST EFFECTIVE CHAMPIONS OF THE ALLIED cause in World War II was a dour, slightly built Iowa native wearing rimless glasses who never fired a shot in anger and collected no ribbons for gallantry.

Glenn Miller posed for this publicity photo in uniform after entering military service.

He was 40-year-old Major Glenn Miller, a leading swing music innovator who topped the charts in peacetime America and whose U.S. Army Air Forces Band lifted the spirits of Allied servicemen and civilians for more than two years in the second half of the war. Lt. Gen. James H. Doolittle, the most famous U.S. airman of the war, told Miller, "Next to a letter from home, your organization is the greatest morale builder in the ETO."

With its unique Miller "sound" and an extensive repertoire of crackling swing tunes and dreamy sentimental ballads, the AAF Band played at air bases and staging camps and on the air waves in Great Britain preceding and following the Allied invasion of Normandy on June 6, 1944. Its leader's untimely death over the English Channel on a foggy day in December 1944 stunned millions and remains one of the enduring mysteries of the 20th century.

Born in the little southwestern Iowa town of Clarinda on Tuesday, March 1, 1904, Alton Glenn Miller was raised in Fort Morgan on the South Platte River in northeastern Colorado. He attended the University of Colorado for three semesters, receiving Ds in music and As in algebra. The studious young man then mastered the trombone, worked with local bands, and began to compile a library of arrangements.

In 1926, at the age of 22, he was invited to New York to join drummer Ben Pollack's band as a trombone sideman and arranger. From that year until 1934, Miller played in the bands of Paul Ash, Red Nichols, Smith Ballew, and Benny Goodman, the "King of Swing," who recognized the ambitious horn player as "a dedicated musician."

Miller became friendly with Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey while working with them as recording studio and radio musicians. The energetic Miller helped organize and arrange for the Dorseys and the bands of Ballew and Ray Noble.

The 1930s brought the heyday of big dance bands, and Miller soon began to form his own aggregation in 1937. He was helped by Tommy Dorsey, a complex man of charm, legendary temper, and generosity. He invited Miller and his wife, Helen, to live with him at his mansion in Bernardsville, New Jersey, while the first band was struggling, and loaned him $5,000. Watching the new group perform at the Glen Island Casino in New Rochelle, New York, Dorsey predicted, "That's gonna be the next [major] band." But the band flopped.

Miller persevered and put together a second group in 1938. He borrowed money from his wife's parents, who remortgaged their home, and searched for a distinctive sound that would set the band apart from all the other groups competing for top chart ratings. After a substitute lead trumpeter in Ray Noble's band could not reach the high notes, Miller discovered the unique reed voicing of a clarinet and four saxophones. He liked what he heard and built his band around the combination. The sound would prove to be a winner.

The band jockeyed with many other groups—the Dorseys, Goodman, Duke Ellington, Harry James, Kay Kyser, Paul Whiteman, Horace Heidt, Artie Shaw, Jimmy Lunceford, Guy Lombardo, and Fletcher Henderson—on music charts and in the *Downbeat, Billboard,* and *Metronome* polls, and the competition was fierce. Dorsey fans referred to Miller's musi-

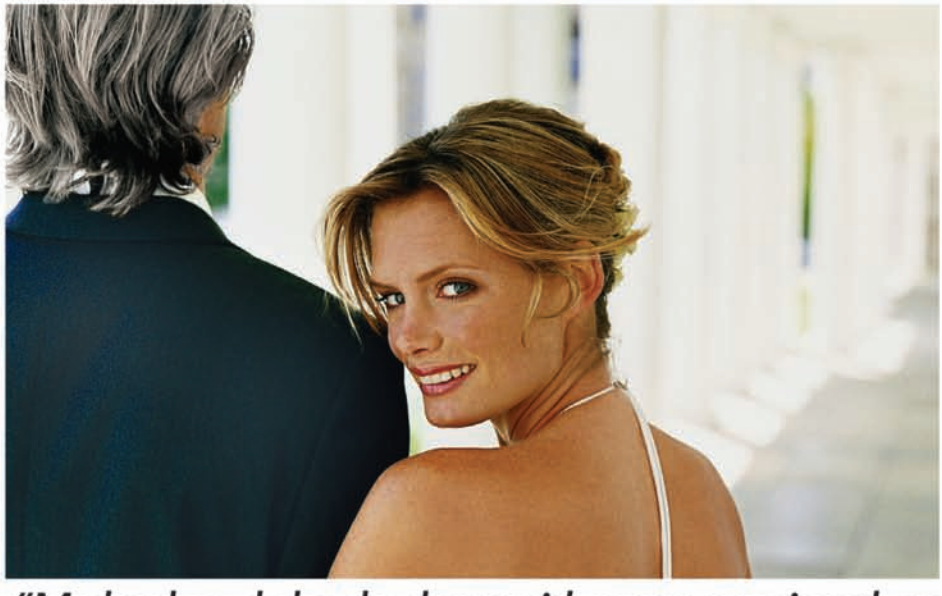
Karen James is a noted journalist and expert in sex and relationships.

Ask The Expert | Health, Marriage, and **Love After 50!**

Older Men in Italy Don't Need ED Drugs. Now We Know Why…

A Secret Any Man Can Use…

This month I got a letter from a reader in Texas about a "little secret" that has renewed her sex life with her husband!



"My husband shocked me with more passion than he's had in years. I'm so glad I discovered this new product"

Tina writes: Dear Karen,

For years my husband and I had a wonderful love life, but when he reached his 50s, he lost some of his old spark, especially in the bedroom. He tried every product available, but nothing worked. For the past few years, it's felt like we were roommates, not husband and wife.

Well, last month he came home from a business trip in Europe and shocked me with more energy and passion than he's had in years. He took me in the bedroom like we were newlyweds and gave me a night I'll never forget. It was just incredible, and our love life has been like that ever since. So here we are, closer than ever and enjoying the best sex of our lives… in our 50's!

On his trip, my husband stayed in a hotel room next to an Italian nutritionist and his wife and heard them passionately making love every night. He figured they must be in their twenties, but one morning he encountered them in the hallway and it turns out, they were in their 70s!

Instead of being embarrassed that they'd been found out, they were positively glowing and happy to share their "secret." The man pulled out a small pack from his satchel, gave it to my husband and said "These tablets come from a small town up north and are made from naturally pure extracts, packed with densely rich sexual nutrients. They will give you back your vigor in the bedroom and you will perform even better than you did as a young man. Then he laughed and said, "You will become an Italian Stallion like me!"

Karen, my husband has been taking one tablet each morning with breakfast, but the pack is almost empty and we both desperately want more. Do you know about these European tablets and how to get some in the States?

Sincerely,

Tina D., Fort Worth, TX

Tina, you're in luck, I do know about them. Ever wonder why older men from Italy and all over Europe are famous for staying energized, passionate, and sexually active well into their golden years? For decades, these men have relied on a unique blossom seed extract to enhance their bedroom power and performance.

Milled on the fertile northern plains, and sold under the brand name Provarin, these pure plant extracts have a legendary reputation throughout Europe for naturally fueling increased energy and excitement.

All-natural and safe to take, Provarin is a well-kept secret for those in the know. An old-school, family business, they still harvest product by hand and don't do any advertising. Long-time customers and word of mouth ensures their limited stock is sold out every year.

They do have a distributer here in the U.S. and Provarin is surprisingly inexpensive. A spokesman told me they were proud to produce the highest quality product for men and couples. He went on to say that if any of my readers call and mention this article, they'll be offered an additional 50% discount, free priority shipping, and a free bonus pack of 30 tablets!

Wow, so there you go, Tina - and the rest of you readers! The offer is only good while supplies last so give them a call today. The number is **1-800-716-1057.**

Aren't you glad you asked?

Karen

cians as "the Boy Scouts," while Tommy Dorsey, uneasy about his rival's newfound success, started calling Miller "Old Klondike." In 1940, while Europe was at war, the Miller band's gross income reached $800,000. As his group drew more and more fans, Miller's name became a household word.

Along with juggling an increasing number of concert and dance hall bookings all over the country, the Miller band boosted its following by way of regular radio programs. Millions tuned in to such shows as the thrice-weekly CBS concert series, *Glenn Miller's Moonlight Serenade,* and another sponsored by the Chesterfield cigarette company.

The band was riding high when America went to war on December 8, 1941. The following year, eight months after the Pearl Harbor attack, the bespectacled bandleader decided unselfishly to shelve his phenomenal career and offer his services to the armed forces. At 38 years of age, he was too old to be drafted, but he decided to join the Army Air Forces. "It is not enough," he explained, "for me to sit back and buy [war] bonds. The mere fact that I have had the privilege of exercising the rights to life and work as a free man puts me in the same position as every other man in uniform, for it was the freedom and the democratic way of life we have that enabled me to make strides in the right direction…. I'm going into this war and coming out some kind of hero."

Miller formally left the Chesterfield radio show on September 24, 1942, and broke up his band. He was commissioned a captain the following month in the Army Specialist Corps, a short-lived program aimed at recruiting highly specialized people. Miller was one of 39 bandleaders who would serve in the forces during the war.

When the Specialist Corps was terminated after only two months, an Army Air Forces officer noticed Miller's name on the list of personnel in need of assignments. The officer filed a request to have Miller transferred to the AAF, and the Army unwittingly let him go. The AAF was quick to recognize Miller's potential as a unique morale builder and permitted him to form the 418th Army Air Forces Band, also known as the "I Sustain Wings " Band. Its mission was to promote the AAF Training Command and to recruit aviation cadets and women for the Women's Auxiliary Air Corps.

Miller picked some of the top musicians who were already in the service or whom he persuaded to join. Captain Miller also recruited some first-rate musicians from symphony orchestras and recording studios. They were to constitute one of the great musical aggregations of the 1940s.

U.S. Air Force

Fans meet the famed Glenn Miller and gather around a radio broadcast area prior to one of the bandleader's shows. Miller's small plane disappeared over the English Channel in December 1944, and the circumstances of his death remain a mystery.

After playing for aviation cadets training at Yale University in New Haven, Connecticut, in 1943, the Army Air Forces Band headed out on cross-country tours and raised millions of dollars for war bond drives. But it was not enough for Miller, who felt that the band was on a fast track to nowhere. He itched to take it overseas, but his requests were turned down.

Through 1943 and into the following year, the band continued with its war bond tours, and its leader persisted in his efforts to have it sent across the Atlantic. The opportunity finally came in May 1944 when General Dwight D. Eisenhower, the supreme commander in Europe, created the Allied Expeditionary Forces Program, a radio network designed to entertain troops massing in England for the forthcoming invasion of France. Half of the programming was to be American, with the British, Canadians, and Free French providing the rest.

Troop morale was a concern of the genial Ike, and he was well aware of the great potential value of Miller's music in supporting it, so he requested that the AAF Band be shipped to England. Miller was exhilarated and wasted no time in briefing his assembled musicians. Instruments were hastily packed, and the band arrived within two weeks in England in late spring. Now with the rank of major, Miller was at the helm of his biggest aggregation ever, comprising five trumpets, four trombones, six reeds, two drummers, 20 strings, two pianists, two basses, a guitar, a French horn, three arrangers, and five vocalists.

Miller's chance to become a World War II hero came immediately. After their first night in London, some of his musicians wanted to stay there for a couple of days and rest after the grueling trip across the Atlantic. But their tireless leader insisted that they move on and play a concert at a Royal Air Force base near the town of Bedford, 40 miles northwest of London. That night, a German V-1 rocket demolished the quarters the band had left behind in London. Band manager Don Haynes attributed the near escape to the "Miller luck."

The band was an instant toe-tapping hit in England among all who heard it: American soldiers and airmen; their British, Canadian, Free French, Czech, Polish, Dutch, and Norwegian allies; and civilians of all ages. The brisk swing tunes and sentimental numbers raised the spirits of millions of listeners, and many pronounced Miller's AAF organization the best white band of all time.

Based in Bedford, the band traveled around England, playing for enthusiastic servicemen and women massed at Army camps and in canteens, airbase hangars, and open fields. Seventy-one concerts were listened to by almost a quarter of a million people in five and a half months. Miller reported that the greatest sound produced at the band's appearances was "thousands of GIs reacting with an ear-splitting, almost hysterical yell after each number." Listeners never got tired of such Miller standards as "In the Mood," "Tuxedo Junction," "Elmer's Tune," "American Patrol," and a tune

that had been sung originally in a 1942 film, Private Buckaroo, by the Andrews Sisters. When recorded by the Miller band with vocals by Tex Beneke, Marion Hutton, and the Modernaires, "Don't Sit Under the Apple Tree with Anyone Else but Me" reached second place on the charts and became one of the most popular songs of World War II.

The concerts were broadcast over the American Armed Forces radio network, beamed at troops in England and continental Europe, and carried by the British Broadcasting Corporation.

Although he hated being in the air, Miller usually flew with his band to concerts around England, sometimes in dismal weather. But he cut back on his time in the air after his plane almost landed on top of an Eighth Air Force B-17 heavy bomber taking off at Hendon Airport near London. The Miller luck held.

After the tumultuous liberation of Paris in August 1944, Miller grew impatient to take his band to entertain Allied troops in France. While waiting for orders, he complained of repeated sinus attacks and other health problems that were probably the result of overwork and the band's frantic schedule. Associates found him depressed, irritable, and exhausted, and band manager Haynes noted that Miller had lost weight and that his uniforms "didn't fit him well at all; they merely hung on him." In a letter written during the summer of 1944, the chain-smoking bandleader said, "I am totally emaciated, although I am eating enough. I have trouble breathing. I think I am very ill."

One night, Miller stayed up late discussing his postwar plans with George Voutsas, the director of his military radio programs. Miller said he wanted to form a new band and eventually retire to a ranch he had bought in California. "I don't know why I spend time making plans like this," the bandleader sighed. "You know, George, I have an awful feeling you guys are going to go home without me."

Finally, in December, the orders came for Miller to take the AAF Band to France. Manager Haynes made plans to fly to Paris and arrange for the band's arrival. The BBC had scheduled a Christmas Eve broadcast. Miller was anxious to get going and told Cecil Madden, a BBC producer, that he had also promised to attend a reception in the French capital. So, the bandleader decided to go in Haynes's place and make the arrangements. At an officers' club, he contacted Army Colonel Norman F. Baesell, who was planning to fly across the English Channel in a general's private plane on the following day, December 15, 1944. Baesell agreed to take Miller along.

National Archives

At the time of his disappearance, famed bandleader Glenn Miller was a passenger aboard a small plane similar to the Norseman C-64 shown in this photo.

On that foggy, drizzly Friday afternoon, Miller, Baesell, and the pilot, Flight Officer F.O. Morgan, gathered at Twinwood Farm, a small RAF airstrip near Bedford. The temperature was a chilly 41 degrees Fahrenheit. The plane—a single-engine, high-wing, eight-seater Noorduyn Norseman C-64 cabin monoplane—warmed up on the runway. Miller was nervous about the small aircraft, but Colonel Baesell reminded him that Charles A. Lindbergh had made it across the Atlantic Ocean on one engine in 1927. "Hey," Miller asked, "Where the hell are the parachutes?" Baesell joked, "What's the matter, Miller? Do you want to live forever?" The bandleader was uneasy also about the weather because warnings had been posted.

Just before the three men boarded the Norseman, band manager Haynes said cheerily to Miller, "Happy landings and good luck. I'll see you in Paris tomorrow." Miller replied, "Thanks, Haynesie. We may need it." The plane then rumbled along the runway, took off into the fog and rain, and was never seen again. The Miller luck had finally run out.

Three days later, Haynes took the AAF Band over to Paris, only to find out that Major Miller had not yet arrived. Stunned and distraught, Haynes waited in vain for some news. The Allied high command assumed that the Norseman's engine had failed or that the plane had simply iced up and gone down in the Channel. No word came for several days, and the BBC interrupted a broadcast just after 6 PM on Christmas Eve to announce, "Major Glenn Miller, the well-known American bandleader, is reported missing. He left England by air for Paris nine days ago."

At her home in New Jersey, Helen Miller was devastated when notified that her husband was missing. No search or inquiry into the tragedy was instituted because the Allied command was preoccupied with a much larger and more desperate problem. Early on the day after Miller had taken off, 25 German divisions had burst through the Ardennes Forest and chewed a 50-mile bulge in the American defense lines in Belgium and Luxembourg.

Friends and loyal fans of the popular bandleader were not satisfied with the official explanation, and wild rumors about his disappearance soon circulated. They said that the Norseman had been shot down by the Germans and that Miller, crippled and disfigured, was being hidden in a hospital somewhere; that he had died during a brawl in a Paris brothel; that Colonel Baesell, active in a black market delivery, had shot Miller and the pilot and landed the plane in France; or that the Allied high command had terminated Miller as a German spy. It was also suggested that Miller faked his death.

Eventually, the bizarre theories about Miller's disappearance faded, and only the unsolved mystery remained. There was never any full explanation of what happened over the English Channel on December 15, 1944. The Miller saga slipped away into the mists of history until it was dramatically revived in 1954 with the release of a motion picture.

In Universal Studios' sentimental *The Glenn Miller Story,* James Stewart convincingly portrayed the bandleader and June Allyson played his wife. Directed by Anthony Mann, it costarred Charles Drake, George Tobias, Harry Morgan, Frances Langford, Louis Armstrong, and Gene Krupa. While the film was highly popular, it played loosely with the facts, and Miller's music was the star. Tommy Dorsey told a columnist, "That was no more *The Glenn Miller Story* than *Jack in the Beanstalk*." The mystery of his disappearance then faded from the public consciousness, and it was not until the 1980s that some clues surfaced.

After seeing the James Stewart film in 1955, Fred Shaw, a Royal Air Force Bomber Command navigator in World War II, attempted to present to the press his own theory about the fate of the Norseman. He was rebuffed. Shaw moved to South Africa and in 1984 went to see the film again. This time he succeeded in getting his story picked up by the London newspapers.

Shaw reported that on December 15, 1944, he was aboard an Avro Lancaster heavy bomber returning from an aborted raid on Germany. Approaching the southern English coast, the bombardier jettisoned the payload, including a 4,000-pound "cookie" bomb, which detonated several feet above the English Channel. Shaw said that as he looked out to see the explosion, he spotted a small airplane—possibly the Norseman—flying below. A moment

Continued on page 73

Paratrooper Private Bradford Freeman from the famed "Band of Brothers" recalls fighting in Bastogne and the end of World War II in Europe.

When word reached 21-year-old Private Bradford "Brad" Freeman in Mourmelon-le-Grand, France, that the entire 101st Airborne Division was being put on 24-hour alert for movement to the front, he was neither surprised nor shocked. "They told us to go, so we went," he said.

Freeman, a farm boy from Artesia, Mississippi, served as a mortarman with Lieutenant Norman Dike's Easy Company, 506th Parachute Infantry Regiment, 101st Airborne Division, the "Screaming Eagles." He had fought in Normandy and the Netherlands, having parachuted into both, and had survived three months of combat against the Germans without serious injury. Now he was in Mourmelon enjoying his time in reserve, watching his fellow Easy Company comrades play cards and dice and cleaning his rifle and mortar.

That all changed late on December 17, 1944, when Freeman and his comrades were put on alert. Three German armies had broken through the American First Army line in Belgium and Luxembourg—the Battle of the Bulge. To counter this threat, General Dwight D. Eisenhower, commander of the Supreme Headquarters Allied Expeditionary

All photos: National Archives

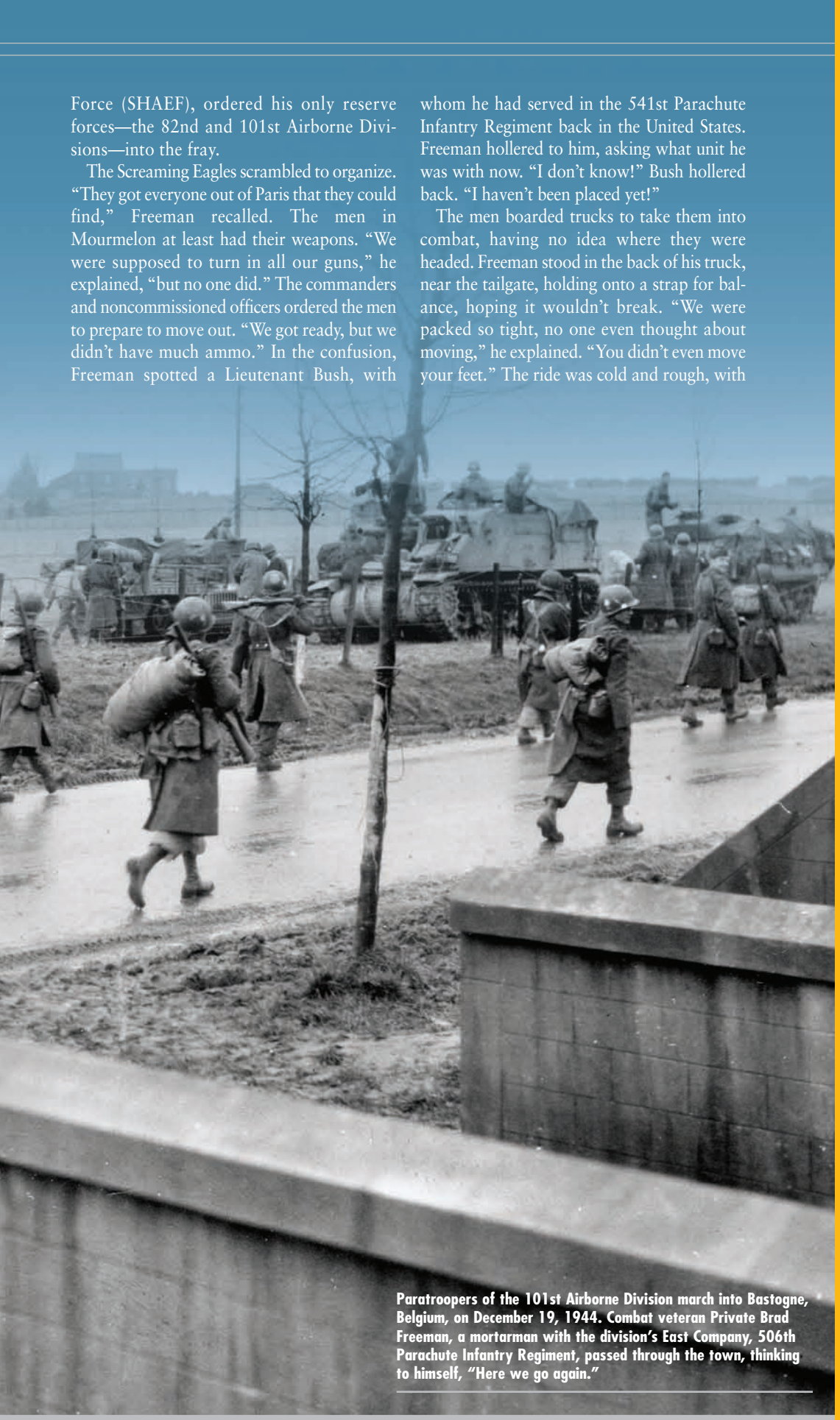
EASY COMPANY MORTARMAN PART 2

BY KEVIN M. HYMEL

Force (SHAEF), ordered his only reserve forces—the 82nd and 101st Airborne Divisions—into the fray.

The Screaming Eagles scrambled to organize. "They got everyone out of Paris that they could find," Freeman recalled. The men in Mourmelon at least had their weapons. "We were supposed to turn in all our guns," he explained, "but no one did." The commanders and noncommissioned officers ordered the men to prepare to move out. "We got ready, but we didn't have much ammo." In the confusion, Freeman spotted a Lieutenant Bush, with whom he had served in the 541st Parachute Infantry Regiment back in the United States. Freeman hollered to him, asking what unit he was with now. "I don't know!" Bush hollered back. "I haven't been placed yet!"

The men boarded trucks to take them into combat, having no idea where they were headed. Freeman stood in the back of his truck, near the tailgate, holding onto a strap for balance, hoping it wouldn't break. "We were packed so tight, no one even thought about moving," he explained. "You didn't even move your feet." The ride was cold and rough, with



Paratroopers of the 101st Airborne Division march into Bastogne, Belgium, on December 19, 1944. Combat veteran Private Brad Freeman, a mortarman with the division's East Company, 506th Parachute Infantry Regiment, passed through the town, thinking to himself, "Here we go again."

the men adapting to arriving to combat not in aircraft but in trucks. "If they went up a hill, you leaned forward," he said. "If they went down a hill, you leaned back just a little bit." Every time the truck sped dangerously around a corner, Freeman thought, "This is it!"

After an entire day of driving through light snow and freezing rain, the trucks stopped outside the small town of Bastogne, Belgium, where the men piled out. "I was tired when we stopped," said Freeman, "and was glad to get out." As they began their march into the town, a hoard of wounded and worn-out Americans, walking the other way, warned them of what lay ahead. The men were from the 28th Infantry Division and several armored units that had fought for three days to delay the Germans in their offensive toward Bastogne. Now they were spent.

One of the soldiers, a six-and-a-half-foot-tall sergeant, told the paratroopers they risked death if they advanced, "since the Germans were shooting everyone," Freeman recalled. Private Edward "Babe" Heffron, a rather short paratrooper from Philadelphia, "told him to just go wherever he was going to and we'd stop it." Freeman appreciated Heffron's attitude. "He was a funny guy."

Easy Company passed through Bastogne, where Freeman heard gunfire. "This is it again," he said to his fellow paratroopers. The men marched to a crossroads and up a hill, occupying the Bois Jacques (Jack Woods), which overlooked the village of Foy. With 2nd Battalion in reserve, Easy occupied the southern section of the woods. Freeman dug a mortar pit about four feet deep near battalion headquarters. Captain Richard "Dick" Winters, Easy Company's original combat commander whom Freeman greatly respected, had been transferred to battalion staff and occupied a headquarters foxhole. "Winters wasn't too far," said Freeman.

On December 20, Easy moved up to the front line on the northern edge of the woods. Freeman communicated with Lieutenant Dike through two-way phones, always ready to drop mortar rounds wherever Dike requested. To keep dry, Freeman and his fellow mortarmen draped tarps over their foxholes. For warmth, they burned gasoline-soaked paper in their canteen cups inside their covered holes. "Whenever you blew your nose," he recalled, "it was soot."

Soon after Easy's arrival, the Germans completed their encirclement of Bastogne. To them, Bastogne was a vital communications link, a "road octopus," in the words of the 101st's logistics officer, Lt. Col. Howard Kinnard. To the men of the Screaming Eagles, being cut off meant no more reinforcements, no supplies, and limited medical care for any wounded. Freemen spent the siege hungry, cold, and tired. Hot chow, when the men could get it, consisted mostly of hard bread and pea soup served from a five-gallon tank. "That was a good meal," said Freeman, "a few peas and some bread." The men had to leave their foxholes, alone or in pairs, to fill their cups. One night the Germans shelled Easy's position, hitting the hot food supply and destroying it right after they had eaten. "It blowed up!" recalled Freeman, his disappointment at losing the supply still sharp after 75 years.

When the skies cleared on December 23, two American Republic P-47 Thunderbolt fighter planes from the U.S. IX Air Force swooped out of the sky and strafed the German lines. "We were waving at them," Freeman recalled, "but the bullets kept coming." The aircraft rounds crossed into the American lines, kicking up snow around Easy Company. "Both those planes put bullets all around us," he said, but no one in the company was hurt. Pfc. Silas Harrellson, a replacement, was out relieving himself when the fighters attacked, and he dashed back to Easy's lines. "He came back holding his britches at half mast," said Freeman, "and he dived into his foxhole head first as a bullet hit the edge of his hole." The scene was special to Freeman. "That was the time I was scaredest and laughed the most."

Freeman heard a rumor that Colonel Robert

Sink, commander of the 506th, had devised an answer to the friendly fire from an unlikely source. "I heard [that] Sink called one of the Red Tails," said Freeman, referring to the famous Tuskegee Airmen, the African American pilots of the 332nd Fighter Group, whose North American P-51 Mustang fighters sported a distinctive red vertical stabilizer. "Sink asked him how long it would take and he said about an hour, and those boys came in, knocking the snow off the pines." However, since the famed Red Tails were flying cover for bombers in Italy during the Battle of the Bulge, these aircraft must have come from a different unit, such as the 360th Fighter Squadron, whose crews also painted their vertical stabilizers red.

The Germans attacked Easy Company on December 24, Christmas Eve. Freeman spent the battle dropping mortars on the attacking enemy. The Germans spent the rest of the siege content with firing an inaccurate artillery piece from Foy. "They covered the gun with sheets and things so you wouldn't know anything about it," explained Freeman. "It would hit in the valley, and we could see it blow up the snow. It didn't bother us."

Later that day, the men listened to Brig. Gen. Anthony McAuliffe's Christmas message to the troops. McAuliffe was in temporary command of the division, Maj. Gen. Maxwell Taylor having departed for the United States a few days before the German attack. In his message, McAuliffe extolled the exploits of the 101st and its dogged defense of Bastogne. He also revealed that he had replied to a German surrender request with a single word: "NUTS!" The men loved it. "I thought it was mighty good," said Freeman. "He let us know that we weren't giving up."

Throughout the siege, Freeman never worried that the Germans would break though. "We didn't ever see any tanks," he said. A few days after Christmas, he walked into Bastogne with a few other paratroopers. As he left, he turned around and was shocked at its transformation from the neat little town he had seen on December 19. "Bastogne was torn up and bombed," he reflected. The siege was taking a heavy toll. As they continued on their way, one of the paratroopers shot himself with his weapon. "He was fooling with his gun, and it went off." This may have been Corporal Donald Hoobler, who shot himself in the leg with a captured Belgian-made .32 automatic pistol on January 3, 1945. The pistol had no safety switch.

Once the 4th Armored Division of General George S. Patton's Third Army broke the siege from the south on December 26, Easy Company, as well as the rest of the regiment, pushed north to retake the town of Foy on January 13, 1945. Two days later, at 4 AM, Freeman was digging a new foxhole for his mortar somewhere between Bastogne and Foy when he got the word to move out. "By the time we got to the good dirt, from where we could keep the snow from melting," he said, "they told us we were going in again." Freeman was exhausted, and his clothes were soaking wet from digging.

The men headed up a road with only their weapons and ammunition. "We didn't know anything, and we were just messing around," he recalled. Then a large group of Germans appeared, walking south. Fortunately, they had already surrendered and were heading to the American rear, so Freeman and his comrades gave them the right of way. "I had to stand on the opposite side of the road while they passed."

ABOVE: Paratroopers of the 101st inspect war-torn Foy, a mile north of Bastogne, after its capture by 506th Infantry Parachute Infantry, including Easy Company. Freeman was digging a mortar pit in the snow when he was summoned back to battle. OPPOSITE: American soldiers set up a mortar in a wintery landscape. Freeman set up his mortar in the Bois Jacques (Jack Woods), ready to drop mortar rounds anywhere his company commander requested.

The 506th was attacking Noville, about a mile north of Foy. Freeman and Private Ed Joint were ordered to help clear the town of snipers once the company had captured it. As they headed through a wooded area near Recogne, northwest of Foy, they came across a horse with a broken leg. The two men were debating the most humane way to put it down when Pfc. John Sheehy walked up and shot the horse in the neck. It went down, but the bullet did not penetrate the hide. "Another paratrooper shot the animal in the head with his M1 Garand rifle," said Freeman, "killing it and putting it out of its misery."

Suddenly, two German Nebelwerfer rockets (known to the Americans as "Screaming Meemies" for their intense whistle) screeched toward them. "It was just howling when it came in," said Freeman. "I got hit in the leg." Shrapnel penetrated his right knee. "It didn't get the bone, but my foot would drag." Joint also went down with shrapnel in his arm. Easy Company medic Eugene "Doc" Roe rushed over and started cutting off Freeman's pants leg to treat his wound. "Deal with Ed! Deal with Ed!" he demanded. "Don't deal with me!" Freeman felt the stinging cold as his skin was exposed to the raw air. Roe patched up both men and ordered them to the rear.

As the two paratroopers limped away, another salvo from the Screaming Meemies screeched in. Freeman ducked between two dead mules to escape the explosion. Once the snow and dirt settled, the two paratroopers continued their journey. "I could still walk, but I couldn't control my foot," he said. Eventually, a jeep arrived and took them south to Bastogne. Freeman's war was over.

From Bastogne, Freeman was put on a boat bound for a hospital in England, where he spent

three months in recovery. Surgeons repaired his right leg and kept it stretched so it would not heal shorter than his left. "I walked on my toe for a long time," he said. "It was sticky; I felt like I had a pin in it." Once he recovered, he caught up with Easy Company on April 7, 1945. By then the company occupied the west bank of the Rhine River, across from Düsseldorf. It would soon head east by train and later by DUKW amphibious trucks through southern Germany.

On May 4, Easy Company occupied the German town of Berchtesgaden, home of Adolf Hitler's mountaintop retreat, the Berghof, with its famous "Eagle's Nest" lookout. With the Americans at the far end of a flimsy and unreliable supply line, food ran low. Freeman and some of his fellow paratroopers remedied the problem by picking up shotguns. "We went hunting, and we fed 'em good," he said. "We cooked venison, quail, and wild guinea fowl."

On May 8, Germany formally surrendered to the Allies. "I was just glad it was over with," Freeman said. Everyone started tallying their combat points, hoping to reach the magic number of 85. Soldiers earned points for time in service, battles, medals, and their number of dependents. Freeman had accumulated 126 points. He would not remain in Europe long.

Freeman ended the war with the rest of the company in Zell am Zee, Austria, where the men trained, relaxed, drank, and entertained themselves. One day some of the men planned to make a parachute jump into the town's mountain lake to test new quick-release harnesses. Freeman was supposed to make the jump but begged off. "Some fellah wanted to jump," said Freeman, "so I gave him a good blessing." Freeman was training to fight in the Pacific when he learned about the atomic bombs dropping on Japan. "I was glad," he said, "but I didn't celebrate."

With no more combat training needed, Freeman was assigned to shipping horses into Germany. He loaded horses into boxcars and rode with them to their destinations, where he passed them off to German civilians. "I didn't know where the horses were going," he said. On one delivery, Freeman opened the boxcar door and found himself in a huge railroad yard. Surprisingly, French soldiers greeted him. "We were in their territory," he recalled. "They got us off and notified the 101st."

With high-point men having already departed, what was left of the regiment headed south to the French coastal town of Marseilles to sail for the United States, but as the men arrived the French Merchant Marine went on strike, leaving them stuck for two weeks.

A German Nebelwerfer, also known as a Screaming Meme, explodes near a group of soldiers outside a Belgian village. During the battle for Noville, a Screaming Meemie exploded near Freeman, injuring his leg and taking him out of the campaign.

Finally, the men boarded a ship and headed home. As they sailed through the Mediterranean and into the Atlantic, they were treated to a wonderous sight. "We could look up and see the Rock of Gibraltar," Freeman recalled. After an uneventful trip, the ship arrived in Boston, Massachusetts. Freeman did not bother to call his parents and instead boarded a train for home. There was a simple reason: "I didn't even know they had a telephone."

After a few days, the train arrived at Camp Shelby, Mississippi. His oldest brother, Earl (Freeman had four older brothers), greeted him. "He carried me from the train and brought me home," he said. They stopped off in Meridian, where Earl called home to tell their parents of Freeman's imminent arrival. They had a phone after all.

The two brothers reached home, and as they climbed the hill in front of their house, Freeman's father walked onto the front porch. "He shook hands with me and didn't say nothing," he recalled. "He just opened the door and said, 'Go on in.'" Freeman's mother was waiting for him but could not hug her son. His brother Carry had returned a day earlier from the Pacific and hugged his mother so tightly she broke a rib. "That was hard to swallow," Freeman said. "She was rubbing my knees and seeing about me." The date was December 2, 1945. Brad Freeman was home.

On Freeman's second Sunday home, he saw Willie Gurley and reminded her that they used to play together as children. They started dating and eventually married on June 29, 1947. They had two girls, Beverly Clark in 1948 and Rebecca Louis in 1953. After more than 60 years of marriage, Willie passed away on October 5, 2008.

Upon Freeman's return from the war, he went to work driving a truck for most of 1946, then went back to college on the G.I. Bill but found himself bored. He held a number of jobs, including working as a mailman from 1954 until 1986 and drilling for oil on his grandmother's property. "I get a little check every year," he said about his oil revenues.

But his favorite job was farming. "I always liked it." Freeman tended cows and grew peaches, pears, and hay. When he wasn't farming, he hunted and fished and enjoyed just sitting on his front porch. As of 2019, at the age of 95, Freeman continues to run his farm (he ran a little late for this interview because he had to park his tractor in the barn).

In 1989, Dick Winters wrote Freeman about the upcoming book *Band of Brothers* by historian Stephen Ambrose, which chronicled Easy Company's wartime exploits. "Although your name is not mentioned under the index you have the satisfaction of knowing you were their! [sic]" wrote Winters. "You got the job done." Winters then addressed Freeman's role in Operation Pegasus, the river-crossing rescue of British paratroopers in the Netherlands. "You know many of the details about the res-

cue that your leaders and his never knew. Further more [sic] you never forgot one detail." Winters concluded with the two-word saying that became his maxim: "Hang Tough!"

Winters thought highly of Freeman. In 1990, Winters wrote fellow Screaming Eagle veteran George Koskimaki, who was finishing a book about the 101st in the Battle of the Bulge, titled *Bastogne*. Winters told Koskimaki, "Men like Brad never seem to get promotions or decorations for valor, but when the going gets tough, it's men like Brad that are always there. They got the job done and won the battles."

Freeman also thought highly of Winters, inviting him to his farm and explaining that he went to church every Sunday to give thanks for "the way my God and you looked after me," adding, "I never did give up."

Freeman found that Ambrose's *Band of Brothers* gave him a better appreciation of Easy Company's exploits. "I didn't know what was going on," he said of the war. "I just knew what I was in on." He felt the same way about the HBO miniseries of the same name that premiered in 2001.

After the miniseries, actor/producer Tom Hanks, at Dick Winters' request, personally invited Freeman to the 2009 Easy Company reunion in Erie, Pennsylvania. Freeman attended and reunited with Ed Joint, whom he had not seen since they were wounded together in 1945.

Today, Freeman takes pride in his association with the 101st Airborne Division and Easy Company. His home is a memorial to his service. Pictures, plaques, and paintings representing World War II airborne combat cover his walls. A large 101st Airborne crest stands outside his front door. Gifts arrive almost weekly from people all over the world wanting to connect with a living embodiment of Easy Company or to just thank him for his service. His friends and acquaintances call Freeman "Mr. B" out of respect.

He speaks to school classes and civic groups, explaining his role in World War II and the airborne infantry. He also attends World War II-related conventions, again sharing his story, signing memorabilia, and chatting with other veterans. He has participated in other events, like dropping the puck at a hockey game.

Despite his advanced age, Freeman still enjoys traveling to Europe and revisiting his old battlefields. His knee and leg injuries still bother him, as does his back from the rough ride into Bastogne. He appreciates the way Europeans live their lives. "They should send [American] people here to show them how clean the sides of the streets are."

Since *Band of Brothers,* Freeman has stood as an inspiration to today's Screaming Eagles. In 2017, he attended the 101st Airborne Division's annual "Day of the Eagles" at Fort Campbell, Kentucky, where he inspected the entire division with Maj. Gen. Andrew W. Pappas, the division commander. Freeman told the general that he must feed his soldiers "better then they fed us, 'cause they was big boys."

He later spent a day with today's Easy Company, 2-506 Infantry, under the command of Captain Zac Shutte. Freeman visited again with Easy's mortarmen, explaining to them the differences between World War II's and today's mortar tubes. He has also attended a change of command ceremony when Shutte transferred from Easy Company to India Company and handed Easy over to Captain Charles Bird.

When elements of Easy Company traveled to Toccoa, Georgia, where the company was born, Captain Shutte and First Sergeant Randy Shorter invited Freeman to come. Freeman slept on a cot at the local armory with the young soldiers and joined them for a run up Currahee Mountain, although Freeman rode in a vehicle. As the soldiers played tag and ran backward up the mountain, one of Freeman's friends asked him if those soldiers could have run with him back during his training. Freeman simply responded, "Oh yeah."

Today, Freeman looks back fondly on his experiences in World War II. "I volunteered for it, and I expected to do whatever it took," he said. "I'm glad that I made it."

Frequent contributor Kevin M. Hymel is a historian for Arlington National Cemetery and the author of Patton's Photographs: War As He Saw It. *He is also a historian/tour guide for Stephen Ambrose Historical Tours where he leads tours of General George S. Patton's European battlefields, including locations where Easy Company fought.*

BELOW: Farmer and Easy Company veteran Brad Freeman listens as a soldier from today's Easy Company explains the features of a modern mortar. Freeman was impressed with the condition of America's soldiers today. RIGHT: One GI signs the chest cast of another on board a hospital ship bound for England. Freeman made a similar journey when he shipped out for England for three months of treatment on his wounded leg.

REACHING BEYOND

AFTER WINNING THE BATTLE FOR GUADALCANAL, AMERICAN MILITARY PLANNERS MOVED TOWARD BOUGAINVILLE AND THE NORTHERN SOLOMONS. | BY MICHAEL E. HASKEW

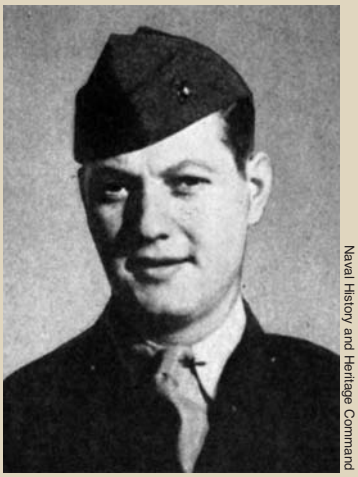
The bloody fight for Guadalcanal, where the string of Japanese conquests in the Pacific had finally run its course, was a turning point of World War II. Still, the long island road to Tokyo Bay would require fighting a tenacious foe across desolate islands, through jungles, and over vast stretches of ocean for more than three more years.

The beginning of the American offensive in the Solomon Islands heralded a grand, new strategy that would accomplish three goals. First, seizing Guadalcanal, Tulagi, and the Santa Cruz Islands would provide a springboard for further operations up the Solomons chain. Second, capturing the northeastern coast of New Guinea and the Central Solomons would provide bases and logistical support for the most ambitious and significant of the three objectives. The neutralization of the Japanese supply base at Rabaul on the eastern coast of the island of New Britain in the Bismarcks was necessary for the success of future Allied operations.

The Japanese had occupied New Britain in February 1942 and established their principal forward base in the region at Rabaul. Simpson Harbor was a superb natural anchorage for Japanese naval vessels operating in the Solomons, and aircraft flying from bases at Rabaul threatened the American effort on Guadalcanal. Japanese planes were also poised to attack supply and troop convoys and potentially sever lines of communication with Australia and New Zealand.

Rabaul also served as a shield for the vast Japanese bastion at Truk in the Caroline Islands. As long as Rabaul remained operational and in Japanese hands, American progress toward the Philippines and the Central Pacific was seriously hindered.

In the summer of 1942, the American joint chiefs of staff issued a strategic directive targeting Rabaul and describing the proposed three-stage reduction of the base. General Douglas MacArthur, the commander in chief of the Southwest Pacific Area, had previously devised the Elkton Plan as a strategic template for the neutralization of Rabaul. Naval planners added a methodology, and the early versions of the Elkton Plan evolved into a strategic initiative codenamed Operation Cartwheel. The remaining two phases of Cartwheel came under MacArthur's command after Guadalcanal was captured. Naval and Marine forces in the region were under the command of Admiral William F. "Bull" Halsey, who took charge of the tactical planning for the reduction of Rabaul.



Naval History and Heritage Command

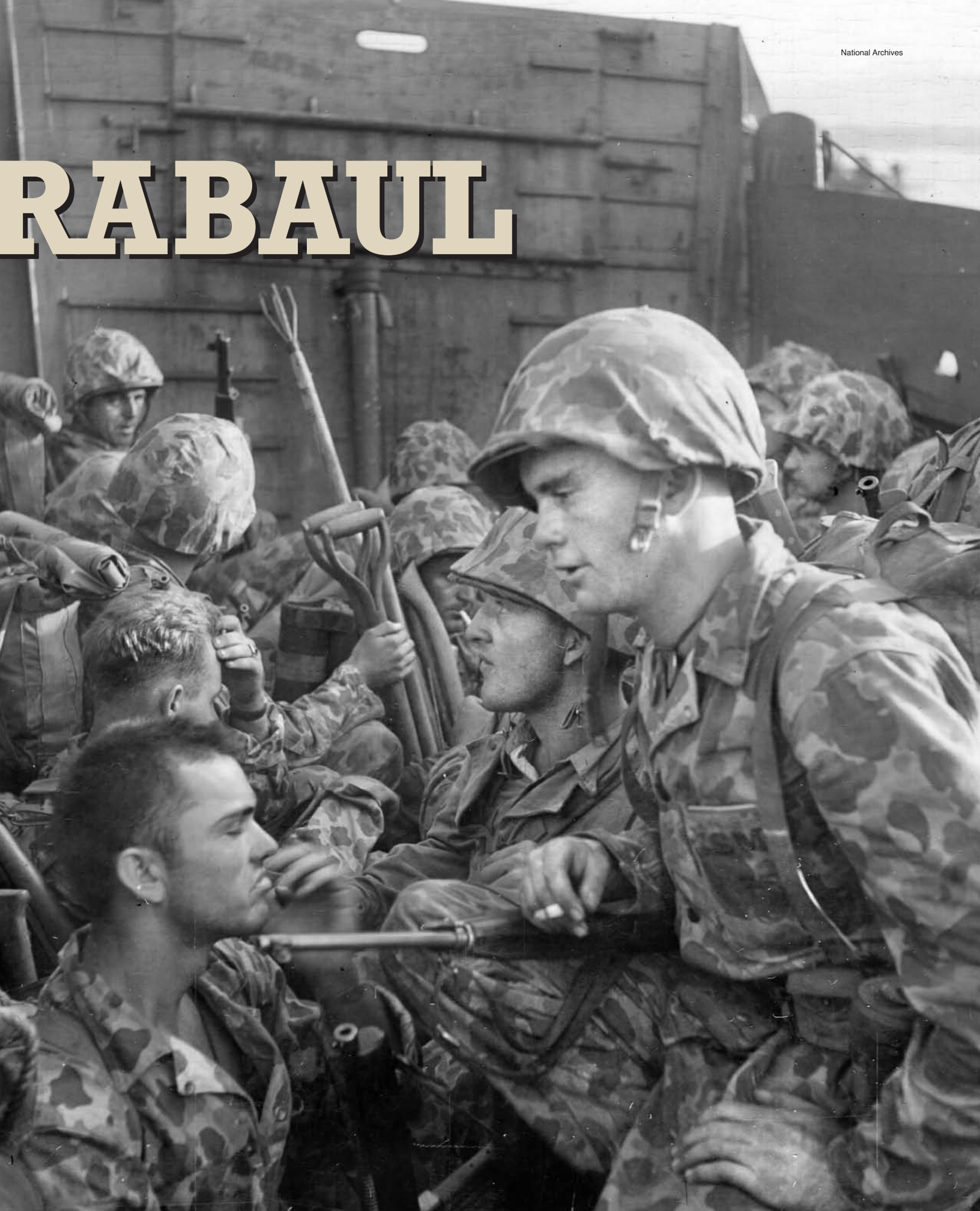
Sergeant Robert A. Owens of the U.S. Marines received a posthumous Medal of Honor for heroism on the island of Bougainville. Owens charged and captured a Japanese 75mm gun and was mortally wounded during the action. RIGHT: The strain of impending combat is readily apparent on the faces of U.S. Marines set to invade Bougainville on November 1, 1943. Neutralizing Bougainville was a key element in sustaining American offensive strategy in the Northern Solomons.

"Rabaul, a Japanese naval and air stronghold, appeared at this time to be the logical objective towards whose seizure or neutralization all efforts of both the South and Southwest Pacific Forces would be directed," commented Halsey, grasping the strategic implications of the pending Operation Cartwheel. "Until Rabaul was seized, or at least naval and air control of the New Britain area was established, the planned advance of the Southwest Pacific Forces along the New Guinea coast was impracticable."

The Cartwheel manifesto originally identified 13 distinct operations. On closer inspection, it was determined that its goals could be accomplished with only 10. Three objectives—Kavieng at the northern tip of New Ireland, the island of Kolombangara, and Rabaul itself—were deemed too heavily defended and costly to undertake. These would be bypassed and left to literally wither on the vine as American forces advanced.

To sustain their momentum following the victory at Guadalcanal, senior American military planners wasted no time putting the pieces of Cartwheel together. In late February 1943, the 3rd Raider Battalion and Army troops from the 43rd Infantry Division landed unop-

RABAUL



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posed, taking control of the Russell Islands. On June 30, the 1st and 4th Raider Battalions, the 9th Defense Battalion, a tank platoon of the 10th Defense Battalion, Marine Air Group 22 (MAG-22), and elements of the Army's 43rd Infantry Division began landing and air operations against the Japanese on the island of New Georgia, 200 miles north of Guadalcanal. The 12th Defense Battalion and Army units including the 112th Cavalry Regiment and the 158th Regimental Combat Team occupied the Trobriand and Woodlark Islands in conjunction with landings on New Guinea.

The 4th Raider Battalion took Segi Point on New Georgia and marched to secure Viru Harbor on July 1. Navy Seabees (Construction Battalions) moved in to construct an airfield. By the end of July, Army and Navy fighter and bomber squadrons were operational. The primary objective of the New Georgia operation was the airfield at Munda, and on August 5, Army troops and Marines captured it, following six weeks of stubborn Japanese resistance. Marine Raiders and elements of the 148th Infantry Regiment attacked the enemy barge base at Bairoko on July 20, but the defenders held out until the end of August, by which point the Japanese had determined they could not hold indefinitely and evacuated New Georgia.

The island of Vella Lavella was captured by 25th Infantry Division troops and soldiers of the 3rd New Zealand Division on September 3, and 10,000 Japanese troops were cut off and bypassed on Kolombangara. The Japanese effort to evacuate their remaining forces in the Central Solomons was a difficult undertaking, as the U.S. Navy sank a number of transports and contested the withdrawal. By the end of October, American air power was conducting daily raids on Rabaul. American aircraft from Guadalcanal, New Georgia, and Vella Lavella began pounding the base, and dogfights involving large numbers of planes were daily occurrences.

Operating from Henderson Field on Guadalcanal on April 7, 1943, 22-year-old VMF-221 pilot Lieutenant James E. Swett led a division of four Marine F4F Wildcat fighters on patrol over the Russell Islands. It was his first combat mission, and Swett spotted 15 Japanese Aichi D3A Val dive bombers flying in formation. He ordered the other Wildcat pilots to follow and swept in to attack. Swiftly, he flamed three of the enemy planes, cleared the scattering enemy formation, and attacked a second group of six Vals, shooting down another and then damaging a fifth.

Swett was credited with seven aerial victories during the single mission and received the Medal of Honor. His Wildcat was damaged by both the rear machine gunners in the Vals and friendly antiaircraft fire, forcing Swett to ditch in the waters off Tulagi. He returned to duty and later qualified to fly the new Vought F4U Corsair fighter, well known for its gull-wing construction and feared by the Japanese who nicknamed it "Whistling Death." Swett met with further success as VMF-221 transitioned to the powerful aircraft. He finished the war with 15.5 confirmed kills and four probable kills, retired from the Marine Corps in 1970 with the rank of colonel, and died in 2009 at the age of 88.

As the air war in the Solomons intensified, the Japanese committed at least 700 planes to the campaign during five months of fighting from June to October 1943, and many of these were shot down by American pilots.

A breakdown of the Japanese command structure was laid bare at this juncture. Without unity of command, the Japanese Army and Navy failed to coordinate their efforts. Japanese forces were now decidedly on the defensive. In the end, it was clear to Imperial General Headquarters that their defensive perimeter would inevitably contract. All efforts were to be made to slow the American advance toward their obvious target, Bougainville in the Northern Solomons astride the Allied axis of advance toward Rabaul. Japanese senior commanders were also painfully aware that the effectiveness of Rabaul as a forward base was eroding with each passing day.

Considering the new reality of American successes in the Solomons and New Guinea, the Japanese began modifying their defense in the

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ABOVE: After capturing the important Munda airstrip at Munda on the island of New Georgia, U.S. troops inspect the wreckage of a Japanese bomber destroyed during earlier fighting. BELOW: Landing craft laden with combat-ready Marines circle prior to receiving the order to make their run toward the beaches of Bougainville on November 1, 1943. OPPOSITE: Marine Raiders crouch amid thick jungle cover after landing at Cape Torokina on Bougainville.

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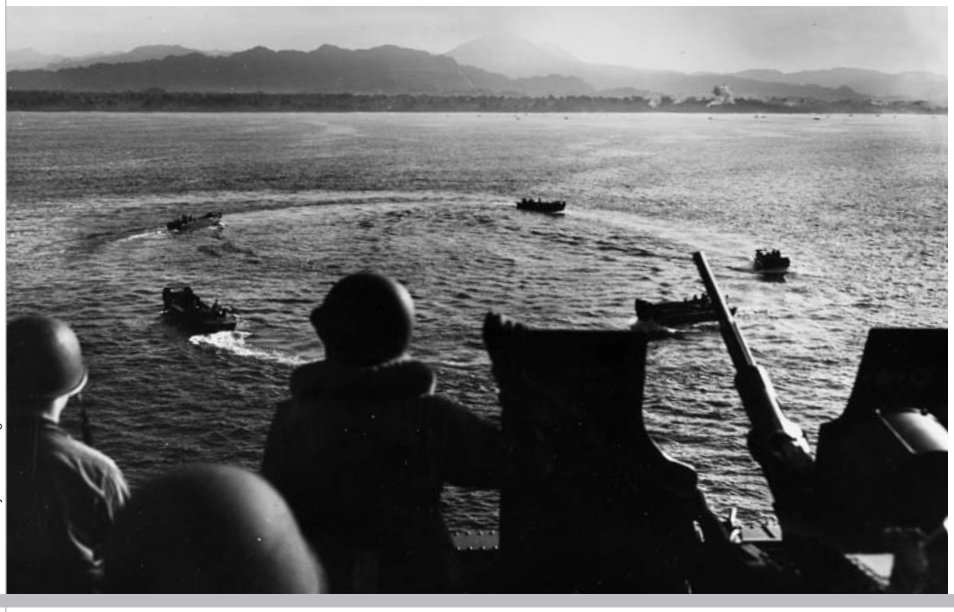

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South and Central Pacific. The principal line of resistance in the late summer of 1943 became the Caroline and Mariana island groups. Thus, the Imperial Japanese Navy was not to commit major resources in further defensive efforts in the Solomons.

In addition to its proximity to New Britain and Rabaul, Bougainville was also the center of Japanese troop strength in the Northern Solomons, particularly since troops evacuated from other islands during the previous months had been concentrated there. Lt. Gen. Haruyoshi Hyakutake, who had been defeated on Guadalcanal months earlier, commanded the 17th Army at Bougainville. Including the 6th Division, his most effective combat troops, Hyakutake's peak troop strength on Bougainville was estimated at more than 45,000.

With the completion of ground operations in the Central Solomons during the first week of October, Allied efforts then concentrated on the upcoming landings on Bougainville. The date for the invasion of the island, codenamed Operation Cherry Blossom, was set for November 1, 1943. The invasion plan was modified several times during the weeks leading up to the landings. Empress Augusta Bay was chosen as the Marine landing site because of its distance from the bulk of the island's Japanese defenders. The closest were at least 25 miles away. The area also provided a good location for a radar station and PT-boat (patrol torpedo) base.

Senior American commanders deemed it unnecessary to capture all of Bougainville. The seizure of enough ground to construct an airfield that could accommodate shorter range light and medium bombers and fighters for striking Rabaul would be sufficient.

Although the Bougainville landings were the primary thrust of the renewed offensive, secondary operations were mounted in the Treasury Islands, southeast of Bougainville at the island of Choiseul, and in the Green Islands in February 1944. Combined with air superiority in the vicinity, these landings were intended as diversions to the main operation at Bougainville and to cut the supply lines in and out of Rabaul, contributing to the containment of the garrison until the end of the war.

Major General Alexander A. Vandegrift, who had performed brilliantly in command of the American forces on Guadalcanal, was to lead the I Marine Amphibious Corps (IMAC) in the effort in the Northern Solomons. IMAC included the 3rd Marine Division under Maj. Gen. Allen H. Turnage, the 2nd Marine Raider Regiment, and the 1st Marine Parachute Regiment. Its reserve element was the Army's 37th Infantry Division. Vandegrift had been on his way to Washington, D.C., to assume the post of commandant of the Marine Corps when the sudden death of IMAC commander Maj. Gen. Charles D. Barrett necessitated his return to the combat zone. Vandegrift held the IMAC command until November 9, when he was relieved by Maj. Gen. Roy Geiger.

The landing beaches at Empress Augusta Bay stretched approximately 8,000 yards from Cape Torokina in the east to Koromokina Lagoon in the west. They were divided into 11 sections identified by a color. A 12th landing was scheduled on nearby Puruata Island just offshore. The 9th Marines, commanded by Colonel Edward A. Craig, and Lt. Col. Fred E. Bean's 3rd Raider Battalion were responsible for the five beaches on the left along with Puruata, while the 2nd Raider Regiment minus one battalion, under Colonel Alan Shapley, and the 3rd Marine Regiment, commanded by Colonel George W. McHenry, were to assault the six beaches to the right.

Before dawn on November 1, naval gunfire opened the Marine effort to secure Bougainville. Shells screamed overhead while men ate their breakfast and clambered onto the decks of their transports. When the order was passed at 7:10 AM, 7,500 Marines climbed down nets and into waiting Higgins boats for the 5,000-yard run to the beaches.

The first wave of landing craft fought heavy

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surf to reach the shoreline slightly ahead of schedule. The following waves, however, encountered serious difficulties as substantial swells tossed them into one another, throwing them off course. A number of boats were emptied on the wrong beaches, and three of the originally approved sites were abandoned as unusable. Amid the chaos, one company of the 3rd Marines ran a gauntlet of enemy fire, filtering through the zones of two other formations before reaching its assigned position.

The 9th Marines encountered little resistance, but the 3rd Marines took heavy fire from Japanese machine-gun and mortar emplacements along with a single 75mm gun at Cape Torokina. Fourteen landing craft were destroyed, and among the casualties were Major Leonard M. "Spike" Mason, commander of the 1st Battalion, 3rd Marines, and Lt. Col. Joseph McCaffery, executive officer of the 2nd Raider Regiment, who later died of his wounds.

For more than an hour, the Marines were pinned down on the beaches or took shelter in shell craters along the edges. Then, Sergeant Robert A. Owens, ignoring a serious wound, rose up and charged the bunker that housed the troublesome 75mm gun. He killed its crew but was fatally wounded in the action. Owens received a posthumous Medal of Honor for his act of courage. Elsewhere, individual Marines got moving and gained the upper hand against the defenders. As they moved inland to their initial objectives up to 1,000 yards from the shore, it became apparent that the naval bombardment had caused little or no damage to enemy strongpoints.

The Marines unloaded supplies as the sun rose, and the guns of the 12th Marine Artillery were hauled ashore. Japanese troops continued to harass the landing beaches, and enemy planes appeared overhead. An aerial melee resulted in the downing of 26 Japanese aircraft. Meanwhile, five Marines of a reinforced company of the 3rd Battalion, 2nd Raiders were killed fighting stubborn Japanese troops at Puruata Island, which was secured on November 3.

A Japanese naval force sailed from Simpson Harbor with orders to destroy the American ships off Bougainville, and during the night of November 1-2, the Battle of Empress Augusta Bay ended the threat with a decisive American victory. The Japanese lost a light cruiser and a destroyer sunk, a heavy cruiser, light cruiser, and two destroyers damaged, and 25 aircraft shot down. The Americans suffered damage to a light cruiser and a destroyer.

Although their perimeter on Bougainville was becoming well established, the Marines prepared for inevitable enemy counterattacks. They worked for a week to consolidate the beachhead and fought periodic skirmishes with the Japanese. On November 7, an enemy landing was spotted to the west between Koromokina Lagoon and the Laruma River. The landing craft were similar in construction to those used by the Americans, and one Marine antitank gun held its fire for a time as landing craft carrying 475 Japanese soldiers approached.

When the Japanese landing cut off a group of Marines, Pfc. John F. Perella swam 1,000 yards to retrieve a rescue boat that delivered his unit to safety. He received the Silver Star for his heroism. More than 30 Japanese soldiers were killed when Marines under Lt. Col. Walter Asmuth, commander of the 3rd Battalion, 9th Marines, led a company-sized assault against the enemy and called in devastating howitzer fire from the guns of the 12th Marines artillery.

The Japanese persisted, some of them yelling in English, "Marine, you die!" and the 1st Battalion, 9th Marines relieved the beleaguered 3rd Battalion just after 1 PM. During the night, Japanese soldiers infiltrated through the Marine perimeter, firing their rifles into the tents where doctors of the 3rd Medical Battalion were tending wounded men. Rear echelon Marines, including cooks and clerks, were pressed into security service, validating the assertion that every Marine is a rifleman first.

On November 8, elements of the 21st Marines had reached positions to take the offensive. Lt. Col. Ernest W. Fry's 1st Battalion stepped off with light tanks in support, following a heavy artillery and mortar barrage. Fry unleashed his Marines in an area 300 yards wide by 600 yards deep. They advanced steadily against sporadic resistance. The preliminary bombardment had literally shattered the Japanese, blowing some men to pieces and flinging bodies into nearby trees. The bodies of more than 250 dead Japanese littered the area. During the desperate fighting of November 7-9, two Marines, Sergeant Herbert J. Thomas of the 3rd Marines and Pfc. Henry Gurke of the 3rd Raider Battalion, earned posthumous Medals of Honor after smothering live hand grenades with their own bodies to shield comrades.

Simultaneously, Marines of the 2nd Raider

Regiment established a roadblock along the Piva Trail. These Marines were reinforced by other troops from the 2nd Raiders and the weapons company of the 9th Marines. An order to advance to the junction of the Piva and Numa-Numa Trails was issued, but before the Marines could move forward, the Japanese hit them hard. Hand-to-hand fighting and accurate Marine artillery fire left 550 Japanese soldiers dead.

By mid-November, the Army's 129th, 145th, and 148th Infantry Regiments, 37th Infantry Division, commanded by Maj. Gen. Robert S. Beightler, were ashore on Bougainville along with three Army field artillery battalions and their 105mm howitzers. On the 11th, a combined Marine-Army offensive went forward to seize a critical crossroads along the Numa-Numa Trail. When the Japanese sprang an ambush, the 21st Marines were locked in a vicious fight and called in air support from Marine bombers. The trail junction was secured in what became known as the Coconut Grove Battle, and the beachhead advanced another 1,500 yards in some areas.

During the last week of November, the pivotal Battle of Piva Forks led to the destruction of an entire Japanese infantry regiment. Marine patrols discovered an enemy roadblock along the East-West Trail between the two forks of the Piva River, and when elements of the 3rd Battalion, 3rd Marines had dispersed the enemy defenders, they established a roadblock of their own. A patrol then occupied the summit of a 400-foot-high ridge with commanding views of the surrounding terrain all the way to Empress Augusta Bay.

For the next four days, 1st Lt. Steve J. Cibik and a few battle-hardened Marines fought off repeated Japanese charges against the ridge's crest. The Marines held, and Cibik received the Silver Star. The high ground was renamed in his honor as Cibik Ridge.

The rest of the 3rd Marines continued to advance. With Marine Raiders and elements of the 21st Marines and the 37th Division in support, they encountered heavy resistance, but they maintained the initiative. After falling back briefly, one Marine unit positioned a machine gun to deter further Japanese attacks. The weapon cut down 74 of 75 enemy soldiers that approached to within 30 yards. Marine patrols regularly got the drop on unsuspecting Japanese troops. One mowed down scores of the enemy as they milled about nonchalantly in a chow line.

The Marines fought the Japanese and the debilitating jungle conditions, driving the defenders from objectives their commanders labeled with the phonetic alphabet, such as Dog, Easy, and Fox. By November 23, the Americans had detected a strong line of resistance with at least 1,200 Japanese defenders in place. Artillery observers on Cibik Ridge registered their weapons, and an impressive array of heavy guns was assembled nearly wheel hub to wheel hub as the Marines prepared to cross the Piva River for the assault.

At 8:35 the next morning, Thanksgiving Day, the artillery began barking incessantly. The field guns included 155mm, 105mm, and 90mm antiaircraft weapons of both the Army and the 12th Marines. Forty-four Marine machine guns began chattering. As the American heavy weapons fired 5,600 rounds at the positions occupied by the Japanese 23rd Infantry Regiment, the enemy artillery replied.

Major Donald M. Schmuck, a company commander in the 3rd Marines, remembered, "For 500 yards, the Marines moved in a macabre world of splintered trees and burned-out brush. The very earth was a churned mass of mud and human bodies. The filthy, stinking streams were cesspools of blasted corpses. Over all hung the stench of decaying flesh and powder and smoke which revolted the toughest. The first line of strong points with their grisly occupants was overrun and the 500-yard phase line was reached."

Schmuck continued, "The Japanese were not through. As the Marines moved forward, a Nambu machine gun stuttered and the enemy artillery roared, raking the Marine line. A Japanese counterattack hit the Marines' left flank. It was hand-to-hand and tree-to-tree. One company alone suffered 50 casualties, including all its officers. Still the Marines drove forward, finally halting 1,150 yards from their jump-off point, where resistance suddenly ended. The Japanese 23rd Infantry had been totally destroyed, with 1,107 men dead on the field. The Marines had incurred 115 dead and wounded. The battle for

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ABOVE: Wearing war trophies, a pair of captured Japanese helmets, two U.S. Marines pose for the camera after the capture of Hellzapoppin Ridge on Bougainville late in 1943. RIGHT: Marine Vought F4U Corsair fighters prepare for takeoff from an airstrip on the island of Vella Lavella. Their pilots have prepared to fly a mission in support of American troops fighting the Japanese on Bougainville. OPPOSITE: After moving inland from the Bougainville invasion beaches, Marines cross a river on a narrow, improvised footbridge. The patrol is in search of Japanese positions in the island's interior.

Piva Forks had ended with a dramatic, hard-fought victory which had 'broken the back of organized enemy resistance.'"

More Marine units entered the offensive, steadily stoking the momentum. On November 25, elements of the 1st Battalion, 9th Marines charged a small knoll that was known as Hand Grenade Hill from that day forward. The Marines reached within 50 yards of positions held by about 70 Japanese soldiers, who tenaciously refused to retreat and threw grenade after grenade at the Americans. In the gathering darkness, the enemy then melted into the jungle.

The anticipated limit of the previously established American defensive perimeter on Bougainville was within the Marine and Army troops' grasp as November waned. Two thousand yards distant, near the spot where the East-West Trail crossed the Torokina River, a group of hills had to be taken to consolidate the perimeter. Hill 1000 was the focus of the Marine attack spearheaded by the 1st Parachute Regiment. A spur of this high ground soon came to be known as Hellzapoppin' Ridge. With the help of three other Marine regiments, Major Robert Vance led his parachutists, who fought as ground troops, in capturing Hill 1000 on December 5.

Vance attacked the spur on December 9 and made little headway. The next day, two battalions of the 21st Marines and a supporting battalion of the 9th Marines renewed the attack. Brutal fighting raged for six more days. Dozens of Marines were killed or wounded. The bodies of the parachutists lay exposed for a time, serving as constant reminders to the ground troops of the tenacity of the Japanese defenders.

While the battle swirled on Hellzapoppin' Ridge, one of the primary objectives of the Marine presence on Bougainville was realized and began to pay a huge dividend. Corsair fighters of VMF-216, the vanguard of an aerial onslaught and the command known as Air Solomons that would ravage Rabaul, had reached the operational airstrip at Torokina on December 10. Marine planes roared in on Hellzapoppin' Ridge and dropped 100-pound bombs, some of them exploding a mere 75 yards from Marine positions. The Marine pilots flew repeated sorties for several days. The aerial bombardment was followed by a shower of 155mm artillery shells from Army howitzers set up near the mouth of the Torokina.

Finally, on December 18, two battalions of the 21st Marines advanced from Hill 1000 and executed a double envelopment of Hellzapoppin' Ridge. Those enemy soldiers who had survived the heavy Marine pounding of the preceding days were too stunned to offer much resistance. A Marine combat correspondent related, "No one knows how many Japs were killed. Some 30 bodies were found. Another dozen might have been put together from arms, legs, and torsos. The 21st suffered 12 killed and 23 wounded."

For five more days, the 3rd Marine Division fought to ferret enemy defenders out of holes and bunkers along the remaining high ground around Hill 1000. On Christmas Day, the Marines found the remaining Japanese positions abandoned.

With their mission on Bougainville accomplished, tired Marines, some of whom had spent nearly two months in the line, were withdrawn from Bougainville. The 3rd Marine Regiment departed on Christmas Day, followed by the 9th Marines on December 28, and the 21st Marines on January 9, 1944. Marine casualties on Bougainville amounted to 423 dead and 1,418 wounded. Estimates of the casualties they inflicted on the Japanese ran as high as 2,500.

After the withdrawal of the 3rd Marine Division, the Army's 37th and Americal Divisions took over on Bougainville. At first, only occasional Japanese resistance was encountered. In late February and early March 1944, though, a sizable enemy offensive was defeated on the island. From November 1944 through the end of the war, the Allied presence on Bougainville was an Australian affair. The II Corps, commanded by Lt. Gen. Sir Stanley Savige, conducted operations against a Japanese presence on the island that still numbered approximately 40,000 troops.

By the time World War II in the Pacific ended, Rabaul was an operational backwater. The Japanese on New Britain did not surrender until they received notification that the war was

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over. The tough campaign waged by the Marines of the 3rd Division in 1943, however, had long ago made their presence irrelevant.

On December 26, 1943, a year after their long fight to take Guadalcanal ended in a major victory, the Marines of the 1st Division, now under Maj. Gen. William H. Rupertus, were again on the offensive.

After rest, recuperation, and assimilating replacements, the 1st Division was hitting the two "Yellow" beaches at Cape Gloucester on the western end of the island of New Britain, 300 miles away from the major Japanese base at Rabaul. Troops of the Army's 112th Cavalry Regiment had made a diversionary landing at Cape Merkus two weeks earlier.

The Marine objective was control of the Japanese airfield complex at Tuluvu. General Douglas MacArthur, commander in chief of the Southwest Pacific Area, wanted the complex for several reasons. Chief among them were the possibility of Allied airstrikes that could be launched against Rabaul in preparation for a potential direct assault on the enemy base, as well as the strategic location of Cape Gloucester near the Dampier Strait, which Allied shipping would have to transit as MacArthur made subsequent offensive moves toward the Philippines.

After Operation Cartwheel was altered to strangle Rabaul rather than to capture the base by direct assault, MacArthur still believed that taking the two airfields at Tuluvu would allow aircraft to tighten the noose around the enemy bastion. Some historians, however, have criticized the Cape Gloucester operation as unnecessary.

More than 10,000 Japanese troops defended western New Britain. These were under the command of Maj. Gen. Iwao Matsuda and consisted of elements of the 65th Infantry Brigade, 51st Division, and the 1st and 8th Shipping Regiments. About 7,500 troops were defending the vicinity of Cape Gloucester.

After difficult landings on the narrow beaches due to rough surf that buffeted their landing craft, two battalions of the 7th Marines moved inland. They initially encountered more resistance from the difficult terrain than the Japanese. In a single day, a total of 13,000 troops and more than 7,500 tons of supplies came ashore. Air Solomons provided fighter cover, while bombers hit visible targets.

Supported by tanks and artillery, the 1st and 2nd Battalions, 5th Marines took the airfields on December 30. Heavy rains slowed further operations, but by mid-January surrounding high ground was in Marine hands. The 3rd Battalion, 7th Marines seized Hill 660 and held it against subsequent Japanese counterattacks.

The 1st Marine Division consolidated its hold in western New Britain during the coming days and succeeded in driving the Japanese from the area before withdrawing in two echelons during the first week of April and in early May. Troops of the Army's 40th Infantry Division moved in to replace them.

For the Japanese defenders in western New Britain, the cost was high: 3,100 killed and wounded. Marine casualties were 248 killed and 772 wounded.

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ABOVE: Marine Corps PBJ bombers, the Navy and Marine Corps version of the North American B-25, wing their way toward the Japanese bastion of Rabaul on the island of New Britain. The Americans decided to isolate Rabaul rather than reduce the enemy base by direct assault, and heavy air raids further neutralized its effectiveness. OPPOSITE TOP: U.S. Marines come ashore at Cape Gloucester on the western end of New Britain in the Bismarck Archipelago on December 26, 1943. OPPOSITE BOTTOM: Wading a small stream near Cape Gloucester on the island of New Britain, Marines take up positions to assault a Japanese pillbox blocking their advance.

With the success of Operation Cartwheel, the American momentum in the Pacific was sustained. The great victory at Guadalcanal was consolidated, and the might of U.S. industry and manpower were beginning to wear the enemy down with telling effect. However, much difficult and costly fighting lay ahead in the Pacific Theater.

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Canadian troops stormed ashore in Normandy on D-Day.

ASSAULT on Juno

Most students of World War II know that there were five invasion beaches included in Operation Overlord, the invasion of northwestern Europe, on June 6, 1944. There are numerous writings concerning Omaha Beach, where the 1st and 29th U.S. Infantry Divisions suffered heavily at the hands of the German defenders. The successful landings by the 4th U.S. Infantry Division at Utah Beach are also well covered. But far less has been written about the other North American beachhead that day, Juno Beach, which was assigned to the 3rd Canadian Infantry Division and the 2nd Canadian Armored Brigade.

When Great Britain was drawn into World War II in September 1939, her various dominion nations were drawn in as well. Australia, Canada, India, and New Zealand immediately offered troops in defense of the British Empire. Australian, Indian, South African, and New Zealand troops were to distinguish themselves in North Africa, Sicily, Italy, and later in the Pacific and Far East. But Canada's troops were destined for the United Kingdom itself, originally to defend the islands against the very real threat of a German invasion after the fall of France.

But Germany turned east instead, and Canadian troops languished in England training and preparing for operations that never seemed to materialize. The Canadians, who had earned a reputation as excellent combat soldiers in World War I, were anxious to participate in active operations. One result of this impatience was the assignment of the 2nd Canadian Infantry Division to the disastrous raid on the French port town of Dieppe, Operation Jubilee, which savaged that division in August 1942.

To placate the Canadians and bolster his own preferences for operating in the Mediterranean, British Prime Minister Winston S. Churchill "invited" the Canadian government to commit forces to the Mediterranean Theater of Operations. As a result, the Canadian I Corps, consisting of the 1st Canadian Infantry Division and supporting units, was sent to the Mediterranean and participated in the invasion of Sicily and the Italian campaign. Later, the 5th Canadian Armored Division would join the Canadian I Corps in Italy.

The decimated 2nd and 3rd Canadian Infantry Divisions remained in England, training for the expected cross-Channel invasion that was to come sooner or later. Soon, another

BY NATHAN N. PREFER

Beach

After overcoming heavy German resistance and securing Juno Beach on D-Day, Canadian soldiers rest briefly before striking inland. The Canadians made good progress as they advanced from the beach and enlarged their lodgment in Normandy.

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Canadian formation, the 4th Armored Division, was established in England. These were all within the First Canadian Army, commanded by Lt. Gen. Andrew McNaughton. In July 1943, General McNaughton advised the commanders involved that the 3rd Canadian Infantry Division should begin assault training for the possible inclusion in the cross-Channel invasion assault force. With the departure of the Canadian I Corps to Italy, the 3rd Canadian Infantry Division was transferred to the command of the British I Corps for assault training.

In January 1944, the senior officers who would command the cross-Channel attack arrived in England and reviewed the tentative plans for the invasion. General Dwight D. Eisenhower, the overall commander, and Field Marshal Bernard Law Montgomery, the ground forces commander, agreed that the invasion forces needed to be strengthened to ensure the establishment of a beachhead. One of the forces added to the Allied invasion contingent was the 3rd Canadian Infantry Division.

Commanding that division was Maj. Gen. Rod F.L. Keller. Born October 2, 1900, he was barely 42 years old when he was promoted from command of the 1st Canadian Infantry Brigade to lead the 3rd Canadian Infantry Division. He was the youngest division commander in the Canadian Army at that time. Born in England, he had been raised in British Columbia and had graduated from the Royal Military College of Canada in 1920. He served in Canada's Permanent Active Militia in the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry Battalion in Winnipeg. His outstanding service led him to be selected for the prestigious British Staff College at Camberley, assuring him of a fast track to promotion to higher rank. Those who served with him later described him as "young and energetic … a forceful leader whose judgment can be relied upon" and "very much a spit and polish officer who cut quite a figure in his battle dress." Appointed to command the 3rd Canadian Infantry Division on September 8, 1942, he had developed a close relationship with his command. His quartermaster general, Lt. Col. Ernest Côté, remembered, "He cared for his division and was sensitive to any slight on its reputation. He was a very proud man and always on top of the division's training."

Canadian units followed the British Army's structure. In the 1944-1945 period, British and Commonwealth infantry divisions consisted of

Canadian War Memorial

Attached to the Canadian 3rd Division, Orville Fisher was the only combat artist to come ashore with the Allied assault troops on D-Day. After sprinting from a landing craft and finding cover, he made quick sketches of the action at Juno Beach. These sketches formed the basis of this compelling painting that depicts the explosions of German shells while Canadian troops struggle toward shore amid a tangle of beach obstacles.

a division headquarters with three infantry brigades under its command. Each brigade contained three infantry battalions, making them similar to the U.S. Army's three-regiment divisional structure. The division also included a reconnaissance regiment, three field artillery regiments, an antitank regiment, and a light antiaircraft regiment, each of which were equivalent in size to a U.S. Army battalion. Additionally, each division had an engineer component divided into three field companies plus one field park company. The total number of officers (870) and enlisted personnel (17,477) in the British infantry division was 18,347, slightly larger than the standard American infantry division of the period. Armament included 1,262 light machine guns, 40 medium machine guns, 359 mortars, 72 25-pound field artillery guns, 110 antitank guns, and 125 antiaircraft guns. The 3rd Canadian Infantry Division, though, had recently converted its artillery battalions to the American M7 self-propelled 105mm gun commonly known as the "Priest," a reference to its pulpit-like machine-gun mount.

The standard maneuver element of both the British and American infantry divisions was the infantry battalion. In the British organization, the infantry battalion consisted of a headquarters company, a support company, and three rifle companies, nearly identical to the American infantry battalion. There were, however, some differences. The headquarters company consisted of a signals platoon and an administrative platoon. The support company, like the heavy weapons company of the American infantry battalion, included a mortar platoon and a carrier-mounted Bren machine-gun platoon. But the British support company also included a platoon each of 6-pound antitank guns and an assault pioneer (engineers) platoon. The rifle companies had three rifle platoons, each consisting of an officer and 36 enlisted personnel and including two light 2-inch mortars, while platoon headquarters included a light machine-gun squad. The division's 3,347 vehicles included 595 armored tracked carriers, 63 armored cars, and 1,937 trucks of various sizes.

Those independent armored brigades not belonging to an armored division like Brigadier R.A. Wyman's 2nd Canadian Armored Brigade consisted of three armored regiments and associated support and signal services. They numbered 3,400 officers and men and contained 1,200 vehicles, including 190 medium tanks and 33 light tanks. Nearly all these brigades were armed with the American M4 Sherman medium tank and the American M5 Stuart light tank. Unlike American combat commands, they contained no infantry but were trained to operate in cooperation with infantry divisions. By the time of the invasion, they were also expected to be able to cooperate with armored divisions.

The Canadians also had a further addition for D-Day: the 2nd Royal Marine Assault Squadron. These British Royal Marines were armed with 32 95mm howitzers mounted on Centaur tanks. These guns were capable of both direct and indirect fire support during the critical stages of the landing. The Royal Artillery's 62nd Antitank Regiment, armed with 48 antitank guns, was also to land with the division on D-Day, adding firepower to the organic 3rd Antitank Regiment, Royal Canadian Artillery. In total, the 3rd Canadian Infantry Division had more guns assigned to it on D-Day than any other assaulting formation.

The British Second Army was to assault the Normandy coast alongside the American First Army. The British were assigned three assault beaches, codenamed Gold, Juno, and Sword. Lt. Gen. J.T. Crocker's I (British) Corps, with the 3rd Canadian Infantry Division and 2nd Canadian Armored Brigade under its command, was assigned the center beach, Juno. That beach was a five-mile strip of low, flat, sandy countryside. It ran from the town of St. Aubin-sur-Mer in the east to the Château Vaux a mile west of the Seulles River. Two small villages, Bernières-sur-Mer and Courseulles-sur-Mer, were located within that beachhead area. In places, there were 10-foot-high dunes behind the beaches. The villages along the beach were all protected by concrete seawalls that would prove an obstacle to assault troops. So too would the underwater offshore reef that ran in front of the beach.

The assault plan was a basic two-up-front, one-in-reserve plan. Brigadier Harry W. Foster's 7th Canadian Infantry Brigade would land west of the Seulles River with a battalion landing in front of Courseulles. The Royal Winnipeg Rifles, reinforced with a rifle company from the 1st Battalion, Canadian Scottish Regiment, would land at the river, while the Regina Rifle Regiment took on Courseulles. The balance of the 1st Battalion, Canadian Scottish Regiment

would be in brigade reserve. These troops would be supported by the tanks of the 1st Hussars (6th Armored) Regiment, 2nd Canadian Armored Brigade and the 12th and 13th Field (Artillery) Regiments. The adjoining assault brigade, Brigadier K.G. Blackader's 8th Canadian Infantry Brigade, would land The Queen's Own Regiment of Canada at Berniéres and The North Shore (New Brunswick) Regiment at St. Aubin. They were to be supported by the Fort Garry Horse (10th Armored Regiment) and the 14th Field (Artillery) Regiment along with the attached 19th Field (Artillery) Regiment. The third battalion of the brigade, Le Régiment de la Chaudiére, would be in reserve.

To cover a wide gap between the Canadian beaches and the adjoining British 3rd Infantry Division on Sword Beach, General Keller was given the attached 48th (Royal Marine) Commando. Their job was to capture the town of Langrune-sur-Mer and then link up with another commando group coming from Sword Beach. Brigadier D.G. Cunningham's 9th Canadian Infantry Brigade was in reserve, scheduled to come ashore once the beach was secured.

Manning Adolf Hitler's "Atlantic Wall" along Juno Beach was the German 716th Infantry Division. Formed from older personnel in April 1941, the division had been sent directly to the Caen area in Normandy and remained there until D-Day. It consisted of the 726th and 736th Infantry Regiments and the 716th Artillery Battalion along with the usual supporting elements. The Canadians would face the 736th Infantry Regiment and one of these supporting elements, the 441st Ost (East) Battalion made up of Eastern European conscripts and former Russian prisoners of war, volunteers of doubtful loyalty to Germany. All personnel had been trained in coast defense tactics, some for years, but the division was not highly rated by Allied intelligence. It was believed to be overstrength, normally at 13,000, with the attachment of some Ost Battalions.

Nevertheless, the least motivated troops sheltered within concrete emplacements and, armed with automatic weapons, mortars, and artillery, had often given a good account of themselves against attacking troops coming at them across open beaches with little or no protection. Allied intelligence had identified at least nine such strongpoints along Juno Beach. These strongpoints were backed up by fieldworks that protected additional machine guns and mortars behind the beach itself. Finally, Allied intelligence reported a first-class assault division, the new 12th SS Panzer (Hitler Youth) Division, within a day's march of the beach and, even worse, the presence of the experienced and fully operational 21st Panzer Division less than half a day's travel from Juno Beach. Some of the latter's artillery command were within supporting distance of Juno Beach on D-Day.

On a cloudy morning with a wind from the west-northwest and moderate waves reaching nearly a foot high, the bombardment of Juno Beach began. As would happen on other beaches, particularly Omaha Beach in the American sector, the aerial bombardment largely missed Juno Beach due to cloud cover and increasing dust from the bombing itself. But planners had foreseen such a possibility and planned what the British command called "drenching fire." This was to be an overwhelming naval barrage designed to neutralize the German defenses. General Keller would later report that this was "accurate and sustained." But the naval guns did not have the power to destroy the thick concrete defenses built by the Germans on the beach. Instead, it was hoped that the bombardment would stun those defenders long enough for the Canadian infantry to get close enough to destroy them once the barrage lifted.

Eleven British and Canadian destroyers and several gunboats maintained this fire directed at the identified strongpoints along the beach. The division's field artillery battalions, aboard landing craft approaching the beach, also fired on the strongpoints as the craft sailed at a steady six knots toward that same beach. Each of the "Priests," for example, fired 120 rounds over the heads of the infantry while they approached the beach. Again, General Keller believed that they "put on the best shoot that they ever did."

BELOW: In this still frame from a D-Day newsreel, Canadian soldiers of the North Shore (New Brunswick) Regiment leave the cover of their LCA (Landing Craft, Assault) at about 8:05 AM on June 6, 1944. These troops came ashore in the Nan Red sector of Juno Beach at La Rive, near the seaside town of St. Aubin-sur-Mer. BOTTOM: This photograph of a damaged structure that once housed German defenders at Juno Beach was taken on June 11, 1944, five days after the successful Canadian assault of Juno Beach on D-Day. This concrete defensive position, disguised to look like a house, was located at Courseulles-sur-Mer.

Imperial War Museum

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Despite the impressive sound and fury of the bombardment, little was accomplished. A post-battle assessment by a special British observer group reported, "Except in a few isolated cases where weapons had been put out of action by direct hits through the embrasures (it is not possible to establish the actual time when these were made) the beach defenses were unaffected by the fire preparation. Reports have been received from all except S Beach that the defenses generally were still in action when the fire plan had been completed, and while troops were being landed. Any neutralization during the run in may have been due either to the morale effect of the bombardment or to the fact that until the leading waves were close in shore the defenses could not bear or had insufficient range. All evidence shows that the defenses were NOT destroyed."

Because of tide and beach conditions, the landing times for each assault beach varied slightly. On Juno Beach, the conditions, including the need for sufficient water over the offshore reef to allow the assault craft to sail over it, made the Canadian landing the last scheduled. Even this was delayed somewhat when assault craft arrived late due to weather delays. This caused additional difficulties since these delays allowed the tide to rise, covering many of the beach obstacles planted by the defenders. Yet enemy fire as the landing craft approached the beach was less than feared, largely because most of the German defenses were sited to fire across the beach, not out to sea.

The British Army had a unique organization in the 79th Armored Division, also known as "Hobart's Funnies" after its commander, General Percy Hobart. This was a collection of specialized armored formations, and included DD ("swimming") tanks, mine-clearing tanks, flame-throwing tanks, and several other specialized armored units that were attached to British and Canadian units as needed. The British had offered these to the American First Army, and General Omar N. Bradley, its commander, had agreed, but for reasons never explained, the Americans accepted only the DD tanks. On Juno Beach, these "funnies" would prove their worth.

The DD tanks were to be the first to land on Juno Beach, but once again, weather and tide caused some delays. With the rough seas, the naval group carrying the DD tanks with the 7th Canadian Infantry Brigade decided not to launch them at the planned 7,000 yards from the beach, and instead launched them from much closer. Major J.S. Duncan, commanding B Squadron, 1st Hussars (6th Armored Regiment) agreed to launch at 4,000 yards from Juno Beach. Nineteen tanks launched, and 14 made it to the correct beach, landing about 15 minutes before the Regina Rifle Regiment. Major W.D. Brooks, commanding A Squadron, had more trouble. His landing craft approached to within 1,500 yards of the beach, but they were disorganized and out of position. One landing craft had its bow door chains shot away after one tank launched. Another landing craft unloaded directly on the beach. Ten other tanks were launched, but only seven reached the shore, where the Royal Winnipeg Rifles welcomed them. In the 8th Canadian Infantry Brigade sector, all the tanks were carried ashore by their landing craft. Most of the tanks stopped on the beach, deflated their waterproofing, and then opened fire in support of their infantry.

Major Desmond Crofton's Company C of the 1st Canadian Scottish Regiment had been attached to the Royal Winnipeg Rifles to extend their front. Landing on the extreme western end of Juno Beach, in Mike Sector, their immediate objective, a concrete casemate housing a 75mm gun, was found to have been knocked out by the bombardment. But the rest of the assault force had no such luck. Companies B and D, Royal Winnipeg Rifles were assigned the Courseulles strongpoint. They soon realized that the bombardment had not touched this position, leaving them no option but to storm the position in a frontal attack. Faced with machine guns and mortars, which opened fire while the

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TOP: Churning surf impedes the progress of Royal Marine Commandos as they struggle ashore at Juno Beach on June 6, 1944. These Commandos came ashore at St. Aubin-sur-Mer to capture preassigned objectives. ABOVE: Struck by an Allied bomb on D-Day just moments earlier, a building burns furiously and belches smoke in the background of this photo depicting German prisoners captured by Canadian forces during the heavy fighting at Juno Beach.

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This aerial view of Juno Beach on the morning of D-Day reveals landing craft crowding the Norman coastline as soldiers of the Canadian 3rd Infantry Division run the gauntlet of German fire and wade ashore.

As he waited for the machine gun to finish him off, nothing happened. Realizing that the gun crew must be changing ammunition belts or clearing a jammed gun, he tore himself free and raced to the concrete pillbox where he tossed a grenade inside, eliminating the opposition.

Canadians were still 700 yards from the beach, many fell as they struggled to exit the landing craft. Joined by the tanks, the infantry soon cleared the opposition. Then they attacked across the Seulles bridge and cleared out the enemy on a little "island" between the river and the harbor. At the end of the battle, D Company had only one officer, Captain Philip E. Gower, and 26 men left standing. Landing with them in support, the 6th Company, Royal Canadian Engineers lost 26 men during the morning.

Companies A and C had meanwhile pushed inland against weak opposition until Company A came to the village of St. Croix-sur-Mer, where machine guns held up its advance. A call to the 1st Hussars (6th Armored) soon eliminated this opposition; despite mines and antitank guns, the battalion pushed ahead. By 5 PM, the Royal Winnipeg Rifles reached the village of Creully and consolidated a defensive position for the night.

Across the river, the other half of the Courseulles strongpoint was the responsibility of the Regina Rifle Regiment. In this sector, the tanks had arrived before the infantry as planned; they found that the bombardment in this area was as disappointing as across the river. But Lt. Col. F.M. Matheson's battalion had been well trained for this objective, with each block of the village numbered and studied by the troops that would clear it. Landing shortly after 8 AM, Company A ran into fierce opposition when it disembarked on Nan Green Beach directly in front of the strongpoint. The company commander, Major Duncan Grosch, had barely left his landing craft when he was shot in the knee. Men all around him were falling killed or wounded. His radioman was killed at his side. Unable to walk, Major Grosch saw the tide coming in and knew he would drown if he did not move. Struggling, he crawled toward the seawall, but the tide kept rising. Finally, two of his men grabbed him and pulled him to the dubious safety of the seawall.

The company's second in command, Captain Ronald Shawcross, now took command. As he landed, the six men in front of him were cut down by enemy fire. He grabbed each man and pulled him back into the landing craft to save them from drowning, then ran ashore to join his company. He soon realized that only one mortar was firing and timed the fall of the shots. He sprinted forward in the interval between incoming mortar rounds, reaching the seawall with only four other survivors of his platoon. Now he tried repeatedly to attract the attention of the supporting tanks, which were firing randomly and unaware of Company A's plight. They failed to respond, and the Reginas remained pinned down on the beach, kept from moving inland by enemy pillboxes shielded by a double apron of barbed wire and machine guns.

One of Company A's platoon leaders, Lieutenant William Grayson, found a gap in the wire and maneuvered to the rear of a house where he found himself behind the enemy. But here too, he was blocked by barbed wire and a machine gun. But like Captain Shawcross, he soon realized that the machine gun was firing in some sort of time sequence. Once he figured out the schedule, Lieutenant Grayson raced forward, only to be caught in the barbed wire. As he waited for the machine gun to finish him off, nothing happened. Realizing that the gun crew must be changing ammunition belts or clearing a jammed gun, he tore himself free and raced to the concrete pillbox where he tossed a grenade inside, eliminating the opposition. The survivors fled, followed by Lieutenant Grayson. They led him to the next fortification, an 88mm gun that was also holding up the Canadians. He followed the fleeing Germans into the gun position armed

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TOP: On the hunt for deadly German snipers concealed in the surrounding buildings, Canadian soldiers proceed warily through a French coastal town in Normandy. The blazing hulk of a Sherman tank destroyed in earlier fighting provides a bit of concealment. ABOVE: A German mortar attack halts the progress of a column of Canadian infantrymen and Commandos on June 6, 1944. Shrapnel from exploding shells was deadly, and the troops have crouched along the roadside seeking cover. OPPOSITE: The Canadian landings on Juno Beach achieved significant progress inland from the beachhead on D-Day; however, major Allied objectives such as the crossroads town of Caen proved much more difficult to capture.

only with his pistol and was greeted by 35 enemy soldiers with their hands raised.

With the machine-gun and antitank cannon out of operation, Captain Shawcross had his men jump the barbed wire and begin a deadly race through the extensive German trench system, clearing it before moving on to clear the town itself. Grayson had to later fight his way back to the beach to eliminate infiltrating Germans who had manned the abandoned machine-gun positions he had overrun earlier. For his gallantry, Lieutenant Grayson would receive the Military Cross. At the end of the day, Company A had only 28 men left of its original 120.

Although the Regina Rifle Regiment did not appreciate it at the time, the tanks of the 1st Hussars (6th Armored) had been busy on Nan Green as well. Sergeant Leo Gariépy landed and immediately fired several rounds into a pillbox. He then moved 50 yards inland and repeated his action, finally knocking it out. He then attacked a series of machine-gun positions that "were playing merry hell along the water line." Other tanks knocked out a 50mm gun that was later found to have fired more than 200 rounds before being silenced. A nearby 88mm gun position suffered the same fate.

Even while the infantry and armor struggled to clear the beach, the Royal Canadian Engineers were trying to bridge an antitank ditch in front of Courseulles that prevented the tanks from getting into the town. Using their specialized armored vehicles, they worked under constant enemy fire. They also came under fire from German troops who, after Lieutenant Grayson had cleared the enemy trenches the first time, infiltrated back into them and resumed fire on the beach. Major J.V. Love's Company D suffered the most from this fire: its commander was killed, and dozens of men were cut down as they exited the landing craft onto the beach. In fact, the company lost two landing craft to mined obstacles in the surf before even reaching shore. Lieutenant H.L. Jones reorganized the 49 survivors of D Company and moved to Courseulles, where they joined Company C, which had come ashore with little difficulty.

Even the brigade's reserve, Lt. Col. F.N. Cabeldu's 1st Battalion, Canadian Scottish Regiment found resistance still heavy when they came ashore. Mortar fire held them up for a while, and one company had to wait for an exit to be built before it could leave the beach. On the way to its objective, St. Croix-sur-Mer, it picked up its detached Company C and then pushed ahead against machine-gun and mortar fire. Passing through the Regina Rifles, the battalion continued advancing until the order came to halt for the night.

The Royal Marine Centaurs had little business on the 7th Canadian Infantry Brigade's beaches. Some were lost at sea, and others came ashore late. They answered calls for assistance, knocking out several enemy pillboxes and field positions during the day. Behind them, the plans for clearing beach obstacles and building beach exits were seriously delayed. The tide rose faster than anticipated and came up higher than expected. The Army engineers and naval beach parties were forced to wait out the rising tide before accomplishing their tasks.

On the 8th Canadian Infantry Brigade's beaches, Lt. Col. J.G. Spragge's Queen's Own Rifles of Canada landed on Nan White Beach. Company B landed directly in front of the Berniéres strongpoint and lost 65 men in the first few minutes ashore. Because of the delay in getting the tanks ashore, no armor support was immediately available. Lieutenant W.G. Herbert and two enlisted men attacked the most troublesome pillbox with grenades and Sten gun fire, knocking it out. As the battalion moved inland, it came under mortar fire that caused several casualties, in addition to those lost when mined obstacles exploded against their landing craft on the run to the beach.

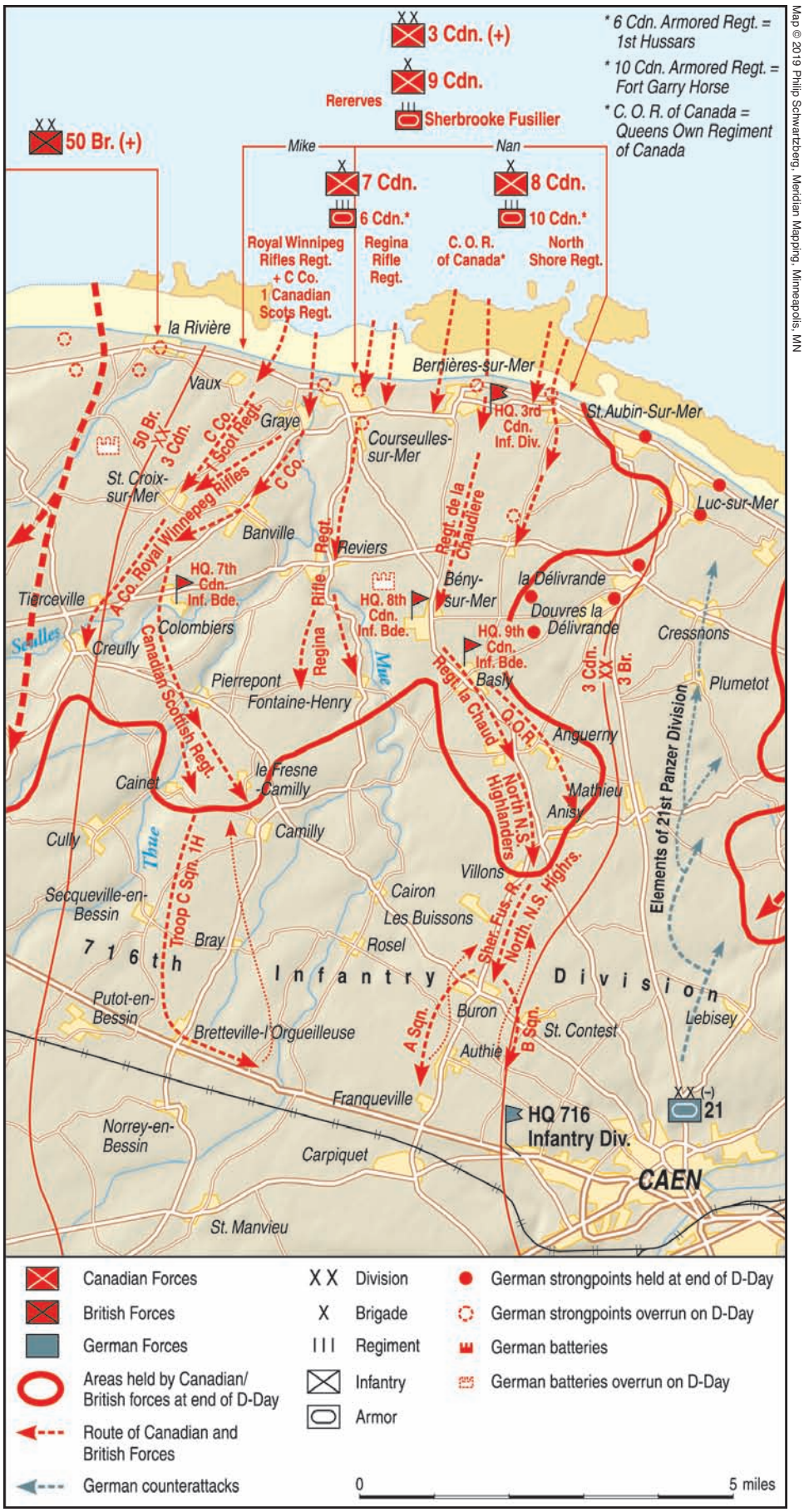
The tanks of Lt. Col. R.E.A. Morton's Fort Garry Horse (10th Armored Regiment) had been divided among the two assault battalions of the 8th Canadian Infantry Brigade. The regiment's B Squadron had been assigned to support the

Queen's Own Rifles of Canada, while C Squadron supported Lt. Col. D.B. Buell's North Shore (New Brunswick) Regiment. Although Colonel Morton would report that his tanks landed alongside the infantry, the infantry commander's reports indicate that the infantry landed first, followed shortly by the supporting tank squadrons. Since the tanks were carried directly to the beach and not launched at sea, they all arrived safely, although one landing craft missed the beach and landed at a distance.

Company A of the Queen's Own landed west of the strongpoint under mortar fire, but resistance was light, and the troops moved inland. The reserve companies, C and D, suffered somewhat from mines attached to obstacles on their way into the beach, but this did not impede their progress, and by the end of the day they had captured the battalion's objective, Anguerny. On the beach, the 5th Field Company, Royal Canadian Engineers suffered casualties from two 50mm antitank guns within the Berniéres strongpoint before the infantry captured the guns.

Next in line along the beachfront, Lt. Col. Buell's North Shore (New Brunswick) Regiment found that the St. Aubin strongpoint "appeared not to have been touched" by the bombardment. Reducing that strongpoint fell to Company B, supported by Centaurs and Armored Vehicles, Royal Engineers (AVRE), who used their heavy mortars to clear the way. "The cooperation of infantry and tanks was excellent, and the strongpoint was gradually reduced," states the official Canadian history. Enemy holdouts continued sniping at succeeding assault waves, however, until 6 that evening. Company A, landing alongside, suffered casualties from booby-trapped houses but otherwise made good progress off the beach. Reserve Companies C and D met only light opposition and were soon inland.

In the initial landing, Lieutenant M.M. Keith led his platoon of the North Shore (New Brunswick) Regiment ashore and rushed toward the seawall for protection from enemy fire. As they ran, three noncommissioned officers stepped on mines and were killed. Realizing the seawall was heavily mined and a deathtrap for his platoon, Lieutenant Keith veered toward a gap in the enemy barbed wire. Private Gordon Ellis shoved a Bangalore torpedo into the wire and ducked for cover. The resulting explosion also detonated a buried mine, and the force of the combined explosion killed Private Ellis and severely wounded Lieutenant Keith. Lance Corporal Gerry Cleveland, followed by the rest of Com-



pany A, dashed through the gap and began clearing the fortified houses beyond. Rifles, grenades, bayonets, and Bren guns were used to clear the enemy from St. Aubin.

Company B encountered a major concrete emplacement with a 50mm gun, machine guns, and 81mm mortars that commanded the beach. Steel doors barred entrance, and every conceivable approach was covered by fire. Using a series of tunnels, the Germans could easily move from position to position without exposing themselves to injury. Lieutenant Charles Richardson's platoon was barely out of the surf before they encountered this monster. With only small arms and two small mortars, the platoon was ill equipped to tackle the Germans. Lieutenant Richardson decided to outflank the position and gain safety in the houses beyond the emplacement. Lieutenant Gerry Moran had led his platoon to the seawall but found that the massive enemy emplacement had a direct line of fire down the beach, the seawall exposed to its gunfire. Seeing Companies C and D about to land, he stood in the open shouting orders to his men to get off the beach. He lasted but a moment until a sniper shot him in the arm. As he was falling a mortar round exploded nearby, giving him further wounds. Tanks were needed, but none had yet landed in this area.

The Fort Garry (10th Armored) Horse's C Squadron soon answered the call for help. The squadron had already lost four tanks—two drowned in the surf, another lost its crew to snipers, and the fourth was set afire by an antitank shell. Undaunted, squadron commander Major William Bray formed up his 16 remaining tanks along the beach while he waited for the engineers to clear a path through a minefield. But Major Bray's patience soon lapsed, and he led his command into the minefield, losing three tanks to but bringing the rest into St. Aubin and providing much needed armor support to the struggling North Shore (New Brunswick) infantrymen. An AVRE "dustbin" tank carrying a short-barreled 12-inch demolition gun lobbed several of its 40-pound shaped charges at the concrete emplacement, while the North Shore (New Brunswick) Infantry flanked the position, shooting any German who showed himself.

The 8th Canadian Infantry Brigade's reserve unit, Lt. Col. J.E.G.P. Mathieu's Le Régiment de la Chaudiére, suffered casualties even before it reached the beach. As one company commander described it, "The LCAs of the 529th flotilla (HMCS *Prince David*) struck a very bad patch of obstacles and mortar fire on Nan White, and all foundered before touching down. The troops, however, discarded their equipment and swam for the shore. They still had their knives and were quite willing to fight with this weapon." The battalion reorganized just beyond the village of Berniéres, where the French Canadians surprised the locals by speaking to them in French. Supported by Squadron A of the Fort Gary Horse (10th Armored Regiment), the battalion pushed inland, capturing some enemy gun positions as they moved.

On the beach, the Royal Marine Centaurs supported the 48th Royal Marine Commando as it cleared the village of Langrune-sur-Mer to the east of the beachhead. They also were assigned targets in St. Aubin. Here, as in the 7th Canadian Infantry Brigade's sector, the tide came in too fast and too high for the engineers to complete their work of clearing the beach obstacles and exits. The high seawall in front of Berniéres delayed clearing one of the exits until late in the day. Before dark, the four planned exits had been opened, although work on them continued. An AVRE placed a small box girder bridge over the seawall at Berniéres, enabling that exit to be used. Flail tanks, equipped with chains on a rolling bar in front, were used to clear routes through minefields.

While the assault brigades were clearing their respective beaches, Brigadier D.G. "Ben" Cunningham's 9th Canadian Infantry Brigade circled offshore waiting for orders to land. These orders came at 10:50 AM. Because of the untouched beach obstacles and cleared exits, it was decided to land the brigade over the Nan White beaches, behind the 8th Canadian Infantry Brigade. Assault craft that had been

"Movement was frequently brought to a standstill when a vehicle up ahead became stuck. It was an awful shambles and not at all like the organized rehearsals we had had. More than one uttered a fervent prayer of thanksgiving that our air umbrella was so strong."

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ABOVE: After their successful landing at Juno Beach on D-Day, Canadian troops and tanks advanced into Normandy, liberating small towns such as St. Lambert. The Canadian performance during the D-Day operation proved outstanding. TOP RIGHT: A Canadian Sherman flail tank, one of General Percy Hobart's Funnies, nicknamed the Crab and fitted with chains to detonate land mines, moves forward in Normandy, clearing the way for armor and infantry to follow. BOTTOM RIGHT: While his fellow SS panzergrenadiers of the 12th Ss Panzer Division Hitlerjugend watch, a young German soldier receives medical attention for a wound after fighting near Juno Beach. By the end of the Normandy campaign weeks after D-Day, the 12th SS Panzer Division was decimated.

waiting off Nan Red Beach and taking casualties from the St. Aubin strongpoint were diverted to Nan White. Initially, the brigade waited due to overcrowding on the beach, but shortly afterward the assault battalions landed, only to be delayed once more by overcrowding. Lieutenant Colonel C. Perch's North Nova Scotia Highlanders could not get moving until after 4 that afternoon. They were supported by the Sherbrooke Fusiliers (27th Armored) Regiment under Lt. Col. M.B.K. Gordon. Lt. Col. G.H. Christiansen's Stormont, Dundas, and Glengarry Highlanders followed, as did Lt. Col. F.M. Griffith's Highland Light Infantry of Canada.

The leading landing craft commander thought things "looked pretty chaotic. It was apparent that the planned clearance of beach obstacles had not been carried out." Carefully weaving his way through obstacles with unexploded mines on them and avoiding sunken and damaged landing craft, the North Nova Scotia Highlanders had been safely landed, even though several of the Landing Craft, Infantry (LCI) ships were severely damaged. Ninety landing craft, one in four, had been damaged or destroyed by mines, obstacles, or enemy gunfire. By the time the 9th Canadian Infantry Brigade had finished unloading, the incoming tide had narrowed the actual beach to about 25 yards.

As the Highland Light Infantry struggled ashore carrying their bicycles and equipment, they found the beach "jammed [with] troops with bicycles, vehicles and tanks all trying to move towards the exits. Movement was frequently brought to a standstill when a vehicle up ahead became stuck. It was an awful shambles and not at all like the organized rehearsals we had had. More than one uttered a fervent prayer of thanksgiving that our air umbrella was so strong. One gun ranged on the beach would have done untold damage, but the 9th CIB landed without a shot fired on them."

The 9th Canadian Infantry Brigade's ultimate objective was Carpiquet Airfield outside Caen. The North Nova Scotia Regiment boarded the tanks of the Sherbrooke Fusiliers (27th Armored) Regiment and set off for that objective. Their late start was compounded when they met resistance at Colomby-sur-Thaon, which further delayed the advance. Le Régiment de la Chaudiéres was also held up by direct fire from an 88mm antitank gun. The supporting artillery could not locate the gun, so it was left to the infantry to overcome the opposition. Lieutenant Walter Moisan led his Number 8 Platoon of Company A to attack. They got to within 200 yards of the gun when German machine guns held up the advance. Lieutenant Moisan led his men into a thicket that offered some concealment about 30 yards from the enemy gun. Accompanying a section led by Corporal Bruno Vennes, he advanced to take the gun with rifle fire when an enemy bullet ignited a white phosphorous grenade attached to his web belt. The lieutenant's clothing was set aflame, and he suffered severe burns but refused medical treatment until the gun was secured. Corporal Vennes and his men raced into the enemy trenches and began a hand-to-hand fight, which ended when Corporal Vennes killed the gun crew with rifle fire. Lieutenant Moisan received the Military Cross and Corporal Vennes the Military Medal for the afternoon's work.

By this time night was approaching, and it was too late to continue the advance. The Canadians settled into night defensive positions. On the beach, General Keller had come ashore with his advanced division headquarters and set up in a small orchard near Berniéres. The Canadians had achieved a lodgment with the landings at Juno Beach, although the battle to secure it would take several more days and require the defeat of several strong German armored counterattacks.

It is well known that the deadliest of the five invasion beaches on D-Day was Omaha, where the Americans suffered heavy casualties. But what is not so well known is that the next deadliest beach was Juno. Casualties sustained on the beach alone totaled 1,204 Canadian and British soldiers, and they increased as the troops moved inland. Of the five invasion beaches, the North Americans suffered on and secured the two most heavily defended on D-Day.

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Ullstein Bild

Nathan N. Prefer is the author of several books and articles on World War II. His latest book is titled Leyte 1944, The Soldier's Battle. *He received his Ph.D. in military history from the City University of New York and is a former Marine Corps Reservist. Dr. Prefer is now retired and resides in Fort Myers, Florida.*

A pair of New Zealand minesweepers teamed up to sink a Japanese submarine off Guadalcanal.

In this painting by New Zealand war artist Russel Clark, the minesweeper HMNZS *Kiwi* bears down on the stricken Japanese submarine *I-1* just before ramming the Japanese vessel.

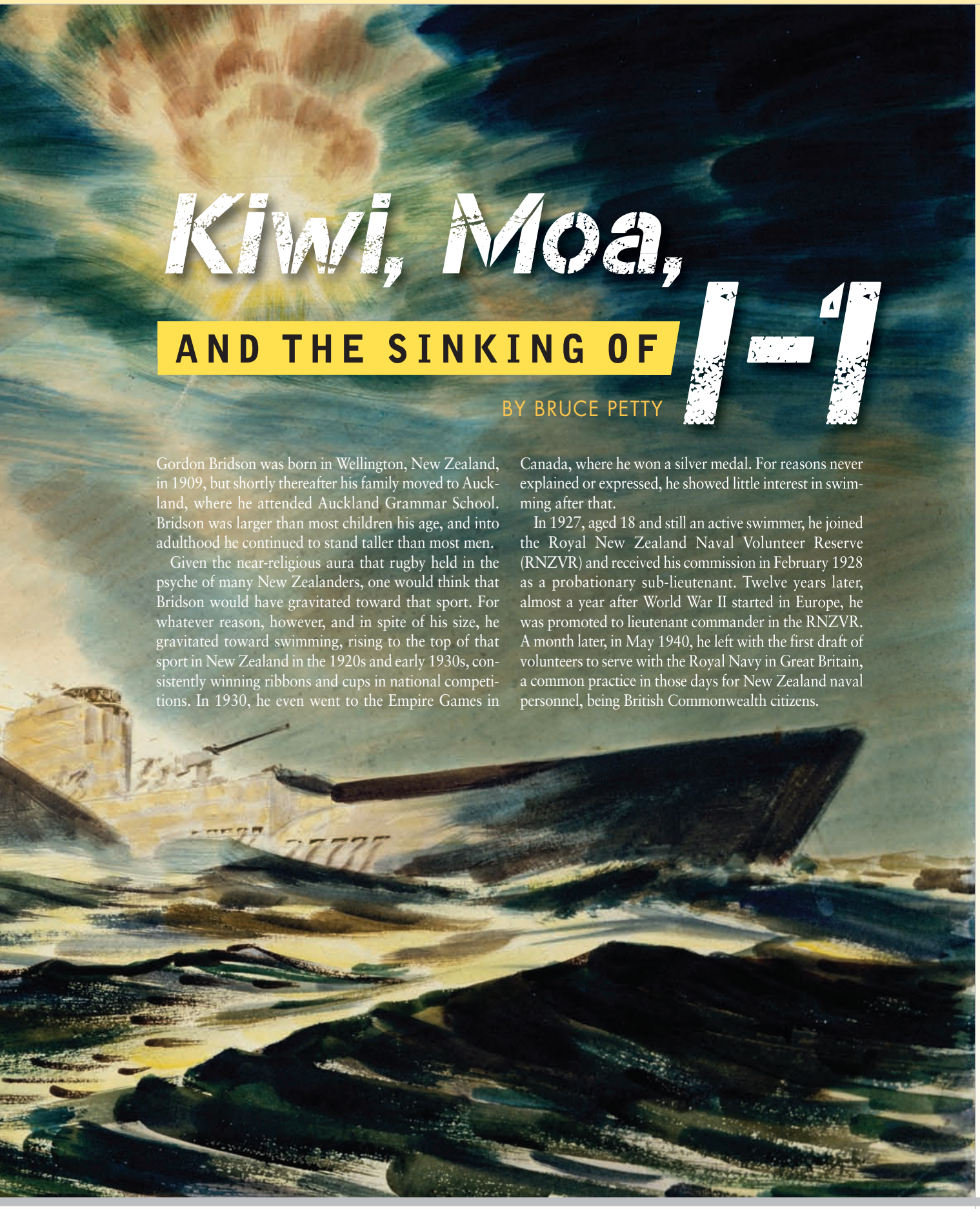
Kiwi, Moa, AND THE SINKING OF I-1

BY BRUCE PETTY

Gordon Bridson was born in Wellington, New Zealand, in 1909, but shortly thereafter his family moved to Auckland, where he attended Auckland Grammar School. Bridson was larger than most children his age, and into adulthood he continued to stand taller than most men.

Given the near-religious aura that rugby held in the psyche of many New Zealanders, one would think that Bridson would have gravitated toward that sport. For whatever reason, however, and in spite of his size, he gravitated toward swimming, rising to the top of that sport in New Zealand in the 1920s and early 1930s, consistently winning ribbons and cups in national competitions. In 1930, he even went to the Empire Games in Canada, where he won a silver medal. For reasons never explained or expressed, he showed little interest in swimming after that.

In 1927, aged 18 and still an active swimmer, he joined the Royal New Zealand Naval Volunteer Reserve (RNZVR) and received his commission in February 1928 as a probationary sub-lieutenant. Twelve years later, almost a year after World War II started in Europe, he was promoted to lieutenant commander in the RNZVR. A month later, in May 1940, he left with the first draft of volunteers to serve with the Royal Navy in Great Britain, a common practice in those days for New Zealand naval personnel, being British Commonwealth citizens.



National Museum of the Royal New Zealand Navy

As was the case in the United States, when war came to England and British Commonwealth countries, they were caught woefully unprepared. They had few ships, and even fewer, once German submarines began to sink them in large numbers. Commercial vessels were therefore appropriated and converted to military use. For example, HMNZS *Matai,* a former lighthouse tender, was converted to military use as a minesweeper.

Once in Britain, Bridson was put in command of HMS *Walnut,* which was 164 feet long, had a complement of 35 men, and did a whopping 11.5 knots when the engines were in good working order. This was also the estimated top speed of mass-produced American Liberty ships that were being launched in American shipyards at about this time. Bridson commanded *Walnut* for 14 months, from July 23, 1940 to September 26, 1941, and as the Battle of Britain was fought between July and October 1940, one can only imagine the adventures and sights these men at sea witnessed.

The *Walnut* was part of a 10-ship flotilla that escorted ships in coastal British waters, and though all the ships in this flotilla were part of the Royal Navy, they were manned for the most part by New Zealand officers and ratings. They were often attacked by German ships and planes, and it was during this time that Bridson was awarded his first of many medals, the Distinguished Service Cross.

In October 1941, less than two months before the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor and pulled the United States into World War II, Bridson took command of the newly built Bird-class minesweeper *Kiwi* (T102). Compared to *Walnut, Kiwi* was 168 feet long and was capable of a breathtaking 13 knots.

When commissioned, *Kiwi*'s armament consisted of one World War I-vintage 4-inch gun, a few machine guns, and 40 depth charges. With depth charge racks and "Y" launchers, these minesweepers, which were originally ordered as training vessels, were obviously prepared for a multitude of combat-related jobs, including antisubmarine warfare.

THE THOUGHTS OF LT. CMDR. BRIDSON AND HIS CREW MAY HAVE BEEN ON THE THREAT OF U-BOAT ATTACKS AS THEY SET OFF, BUT WHAT REALLY CAME CLOSE TO SINKING THEM WAS ONE OF THE WORST RECORDED ATLANTIC HURRICANES OF THE CENTURY.

Once *Kiwi* and her sister ship *Moa* were fitted for sea, they set out on their long voyage for the Pacific. However, before becoming involved in the fighting in Pacific waters, *Kiwi* and *Moa* first had to get there. That meant surviving a crossing of a North Atlantic infested with U-boats, which at the time looked capable of crippling Britain's war effort, as had almost happened a generation earlier during World War I.

Kiwi took up the rear of a convoy that was set to leave British waters for Halifax, Nova Scotia, in the closing days of 1941. The thoughts of Lt. Cmdr. Bridson and his crew may have been on the threat of U-boat attacks as they set off, but what really came close to sinking them was one of the worst recorded Atlantic hurricanes of the century. South of Iceland, the weather turned nasty, and *Kiwi* found herself battling seas of up to 80 feet. The crew was confined below decks, except when one of the depth charges broke loose and a work party had to be sent on deck to secure it. Then, on January 9, *Kiwi* rode the crest of a monster wave and then was sent airborne by a following sea that almost sank her. The damage was severe with bulkheads crumpled and flooding in various parts of the ship, including the bridge where windows gave way. Abandoning ship in Arctic waters would have spelled doom for any crewmen who attempted it, unless they were picked up almost immediately, and being at the end of the convoy, that was not likely. Thanks to skilled seamanship and perhaps a bit of luck, however, *Kiwi* survived.

A lull in the storm came on January 11, allowing temporary repairs to be made to damaged parts of the ship. Other members of the crew were sent topside to chip

National Museum of the Royal New Zealand Navy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LEFT: HMNZS *Moa* and other Bird-class warships rendered excellent service during the war in both the Atlantic and Pacific. Built in a shipyard at Leith, Scotland, the minesweepers were named after birds native to New Zealand. BELOW: Lieutenant Commander Gordon Bridson of the New Zealand Naval Reserve commanded HMNZS *Kiwi* during the relentless attack on the the Japanese submarine. OPPOSITE: Launched in July 1941, the minesweeper *Kiwi* was armed with a World War I-vintage 4-inch gun and a 20mm Oerlikon antiaircraft gun after reaching the Solomons.

National Museum of the Royal New Zealand Navy

away the tons of ice that had accumulated on the rigging and other parts of the ship. With all the damage done to the ship below decks, *Kiwi* did not need the risk of capsizing from the added weight of accumulated ice topside.

On January 16, *Kiwi* and her crew were in sight of Newfoundland. Escaping attack from patrolling U-boats in the area, *Kiwi* put into port where the ship spent two weeks in drydock having emergency repairs done. Likewise, the crew relaxed and caught up on much-needed sleep after the many stressful days and nights of fighting the hurricane.

On January 30, *Kiwi* left Newfoundland bound for Boston. She left through U-boat-infested waters but arrived without incident. In Boston, *Kiwi* spent an additional month in Bethlehem Shipyard undergoing further repairs before she was deemed seaworthy again. She was a lucky ship in more ways than one. Not only had she survived one of the worst hurricanes to hit the North Atlantic that century, but she also evaded the U-boats that dominated Atlantic waters at that time. In January 1942, a total of 46 ships were lost to U-boat attacks, and most of them were lost in the North Atlantic.

After a month spent in Boston to repair not only *Kiwi* but also give her crew a rest, the ship set out again, but this time for warmer waters. *Kiwi* sailed through the Caribbean and transited the Panama Canal on its long voyage to Auckland before setting off to join the U.S. Pacific Fleet in its struggle to turn the tide against Japan in the waters around the Solomon Islands.

Being a small ship that needed regular refueling stops along the way, *Kiwi* took a circuitous route to New Zealand, sailing up the west coast of Latin America to San Diego, California. She then headed west to Hawaii, then southwest to Fiji before reaching Auckland and what must have been a welcome time at home with friends and family. Bridson and many others in his crew had been away from home for almost two years.

Tulagi, a small island off the coast of the larger Florida Island in the Solomons, became the first home port for New Zealand's 25th Minesweeping Flotilla in the South Pacific Theater, then under the command of U.S. Admiral William F. "Bull" Halsey. They may have been a minesweeping flotilla, but in the early days of the Pacific War, there were not enough ships of various types to satisfy the myriad needs of a navy unprepared for a world war. As a result, these New Zealand corvettes served a variety of functions, including antisubmarine patrols.

The 25th Minesweeping Flotilla was made up of six ships. *Matai,* originally commanded by A.D. Holden, was the command ship of the flotilla. Prior to the war, *Matai* served at various times as a lighthouse tender and a governor's yacht before being requisitioned for wartime use. Likewise, HMNZS *Gale* and *Breeze* served as coastal cargo vessels and were owned by the Canterbury Steamship Company before being put to military use. Comparatively speaking, only HMNZS *Kiwi, Tui,* and *Moa* were what one might refer to as purpose-built, though even they were constructed on trawler hulls. All three were built in the Henry Robb Shipyards in Leith, Scotland.

Kiwi and *Moa* were the first of the New Zealand corvettes to see action in the South Pacific. With little in the way of armament, *Kiwi* and *Moa,* literally days before going into combat for the first time, traded several bottles of rum (some say it was gin) for some 20mm Oerlikons. As Leading Signalman J. Slater recalled, "The *Kiwi* mounted one of hers straight in front of her 4-inch gun on the foredeck, and we [aboard the *Moa*] mounted ours slightly to starboard of the 4-inch." However, Ewan Stevenson, an underwater archaeologist who has explored and photographed the sunken *Moa* more than once, says it is mounted on the bow forward of the 4-inch gun and on the centerline.

Thanks to the success of Allied code breakers, Admiral Halsey's command knew that the Japanese were reinforcing and resupplying their troops on "Starvation Island," as the Japanese came to call Guadalcanal. This was because they had failed not only to eradicate the Allied presence on Guadalcanal, but had also lost the ability to resupply their forces by conventional means. They were thus forced to pull not only many of their destroyers from

their designated task of engaging the enemy but also many of their submarines in an effort to save the situation and avoid defeat. However, what Allied intelligence did not know was that at about this time the Japanese had concluded that the situation on Guadalcanal was not salvageable. The resupply efforts would soon give way to evacuating as many troops as possible, something that was soon to be accomplished at night using destroyers.

On the night of January 29, 1943, though, *Kiwi* and *Moa* were directed by the commander of Naval Base Cactus to patrol on a line off Kamimbo Bay on the northwest coast of Guadalcanal for a distance of two miles on either side of the bay's center line. As Lt. Cmdr. Bridson related in his after-action report, *Kiwi* proceeded with *Moa* and commenced patrolling at 6:30 PM. Both Bridson aboard *Kiwi* and Lt. Cmdr. Peter Phipps (later admiral), skipper of *Moa,* agreed beforehand to patrol line-abreast with a distance of approximately one mile between them. Less than five hours into their patrol, Able Seaman E. McVinnie, the ASDIC operator aboard *Kiwi*, made a contact at 9:05 PM at a distance of 300 yards and identified it as a submarine. Soon thereafter, *Moa* confirmed the contact, and *Kiwi* then altered course 10 degrees to starboard in order to pass ahead of the submarine. *Kiwi* then attacked with depth charges, while *Moa* stood back and directed *Kiwi* with her sonar.

Interestingly enough, the submarine detection gear known as ASDIC, or sonar, was in part the World War I-era invention of a New Zealander: Ernest (later Lord) Rutherford, born near the town of Nelson on New Zealand's South Island. Rutherford today is referred to as the father of nuclear physics and won the Nobel Prize for chemistry in 1908. During World War I, he turned his attention to submarine detection, resulting in the development of sonar, and it was this innovation that came to be used by all the navies of the world to detect enemy submarines. It was sonar that allowed *Kiwi* and *Moa* to first find and then depth-charge the Japanese submarine I-1.

At the time neither Bridson nor Phipps knew that their adversary was the *I-1*. Nor did they know it was faster than and also twice as big as their two small minesweepers. All they knew was that they had found a submarine and that it was most likely Japanese. Nonetheless, they were committed, and retreat appears not to have been an option. *I-1* also had a deck gun that was much larger than anything either *Kiwi* or *Moa* had. Still, following the phosphorescent wake of the submerged submarine, *Kiwi* moved in and dropped six depth charges.

The resulting underwater detonations knocked sailors aboard I-1 off their feet, and a leak appeared in one of the aft provision spaces. *Kiwi* then pulled away to make sonar contact again. At about 400 yards, *Kiwi* reestablished contact and moved in to drop another pattern of depth charges. Further damage was done to the steering engine and port shaft of *I-1*. Pumps were disabled, and a high-pressure manifold was ruptured, filling the control room with a watery mist. The main switchboard was damaged as well, and all the lights went out on the sub. She then developed a 45-degree down angle and plunged well below her designed limit to an estimated depth of 590 feet. Leaks then appeared in her forward torpedo room. Her captain, Lt. Cmdr. Sakamoto Eiichi, ordered the forward group of main ballast tanks blown and a full reverse on the remaining drive shaft. As a result, the loss of *I-1* was prevented, if only temporarily.

I-1 surfaced, but seawater had damaged her batteries. That left only her starboard diesel engine operational, and with *Kiwi* 2,000 yards away, *I-1* made a run for it on the surface at 11 knots. Sakamoto then took the helm and ordered the sub's 125mm deck gun manned, as well as its machine guns. Simultaneously, *Kiwi* opened up with her 4-inch gun, manned by Leading Seaman W.I. Steele, Able Seaman J.W.C. Kroening, and Able Seaman J. Washer. Likewise, *Kiwi*'s 20mm Oerlikons opened up while Leading Signalman C. Buchanan illuminated I-1 with *Kiwi*'s 10-inch searchlight. *Moa* lent a hand by firing off star shells that not only illuminated *I-1* further but also illuminated *Kiwi* for the Japanese.

The opening barrage of what proved to be a close-in surface battle reminiscent of a bygone era worked to *Kiwi*'s advantage. Almost immediately, Lt. Cmdr. Sakamoto and the entire Japanese bridge crew were mowed down, including most of the gun crew. Barges lashed to the sub aft of the conning tower filled with

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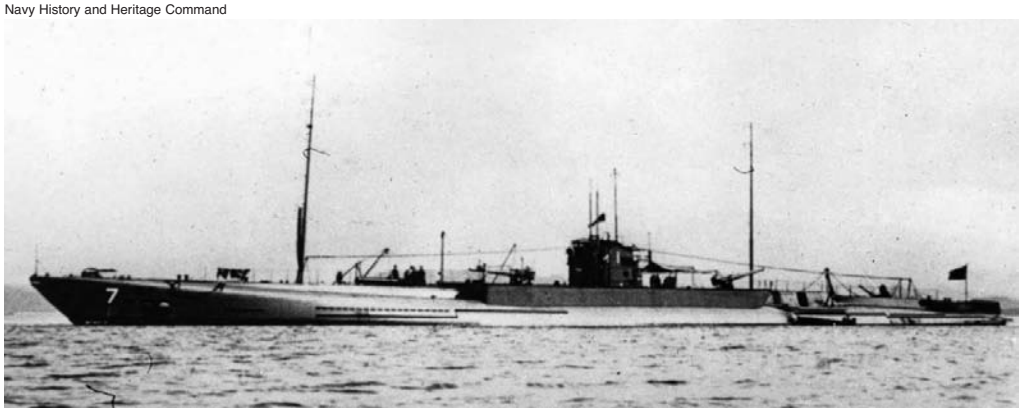


ABOVE: This photograph is believed to be of the Japanese submarine *I-1*, a vessel twice as long as its attackers. RIGHT: This illustration depicts the Japanese submarine *I-1* under attack off the island of Guadalcanal on the night of January 29, 1943. Some Japanese sailors are seen firing at the minesweeper HMNZS *Kiwi* while others are thrown into the water with the impact of the ramming that occurred during the battle.

supplies for the stranded and starving Japanese troops on Guadalcanal were set alight.

With the bridge crew either dead or wounded, *I-1* started to lose speed and drift to starboard. Lieutenant Koreeda Sadayoshi, I-1's torpedo officer, then came topside and took command. (Koreeda survived the sinking of *I-1* and commanded a number of other subs later in the war, including *RO-115* and *RO-63*.)

With *Kiwi* close aboard, Koreeda concluded that the enemy was planning to capture the sub. He ordered a reserve gun crew on deck and brought up others with rifles in an attempt to prevent the unthinkable from happening. He even sent the officers to fetch their samurai swords.

Sometime during this action, one of the gunners aboard *Kiwi* testified that he saw somebody in the conning tower of *I-1* throw a box overboard that sank immediately. Whether the box contained codebooks or other documents was never ascertained. According to W.J. Holmes in his book *Double Edged Secrets*, escaping crewmembers of I-1 took "current code books" and buried them ashore, but left behind "call lists, old code books, and charts." Allied divers later salvaged these, and they proved of great value.

At 9:20 PM, *Kiwi* altered course to ram *I-1*, hitting the sub on the port side abaft the conning tower. Soldiers meant to land on Guadalcanal along with the supply barges were seen jumping overboard at this point. Bridson in his after-action report observed as he backed off *I-1* that she was "definitely holed." *Kiwi*'s 20mm Oerlikons again raked the sub in an attempt to suppress any further return fire. However, *I-1* continued to make good speed at an estimated nine knots.

Bridson decided to ram her a second and then a third time. The second attempt was a glancing below, and Bridson reported that it was at this time that *Kiwi* suffered her first and only casualty of the battle. Leading Signalman C. Buchanan, who was manning the 10-inch searchlight, was wounded, but he continued to man his post until relieved at the conclusion of the battle. He died of his wounds two days later and was honored by both the New Zealand and American navies. He was posthumously awarded the Navy Cross, one of only nine non-Americans to be so honored in World War II.

Although Bridson was formal in his after-action report of the events that took place on the night of January 29, 1943, another account, this one by Admiral Halsey, gives a livelier picture of the events: "The skipper immediately put his helm over and rang up full speed on his telegraph, which so astonished the chief that he yelled up the speaking tube, 'What's the matter,

Watertight Productions

you bastard? Have you gone crazy?' 'Shut up!' the skipper yelled back. 'There's a weekend's leave in Auckland dead ahead of us! Give me everything you've got, or I'll come below and kick hell out of you!' Then Bridson rams again, this time 'for a week's leave.' Ramming *I-1* for the third time, he is reported as correcting himself in saying, 'Once more for a fortnight!'"

In addition to Halsey's account, another version that added to the reputation, if not the mystique, of Gordon Bridson was shared some years after the war by David Graham, who served on HMNZS *Kiwi* with Bridson. He described in part the encounter with *I-1* as follows: "He [Bridson] shouted down the voice tube, 'Stand by to ram!' When the voice replied back from the engine room, 'What the hell do you do when you ram?' he [Bridson] replied, 'I don't know, I've never done it before.'"

Also at this time, Lieutenant Sakai Toshimi, *I-1*'s navigator with sword in hand, tried to board *Kiwi* but fell into the sea as it pulled away. He was later rescued and served out the war on two other subs before going down with *RO-114* the following year.

Kiwi's third ramming of the *I-1* punctured one of the sub's main ballast tanks, and the minesweeper's hull slid up onto the sub's after deck. She tilted precariously to one side before sliding off. Her stem was badly damaged, as was her sonar gear.

By this time the battle had been going on for almost an hour, and *Kiwi*'s guns had overheated, forcing her to withdraw. *Moa* then took up the chase, firing all she had and making more hits on the sub. At 11:15 PM, *I-1* ran aground just inside Fish Reef north of Kamimbo Bay. The after part of the sub filled with water and sank, while the bow rose at a steep angle above the reef. Lieutenant Koreeda, the senior surviving officer aboard *I-1*, ordered his men to abandon ship. Sixty-six soldiers and sailors aboard the stricken *I-1* escaped to shore and were later evacuated to Rabaul.

In an interview that appeared in *The New Zealand Herald* the following March, Bridson reported that aboard *Kiwi* during this battle, there were two Guadalcanal islanders. No explanation was given for why they were aboard, other than to say that during the battle, they joined in by passing up ammunition for the guns. When *Kiwi* returned to port, the relatives of the two men came aboard "and completely ignoring George and Benny asked me if they had shown fright in front of the Japanese. I assured them they had not, and immediately the pair became centers of attention of an admiring throng."

In another interview that same month with *The Auckland Star,* Bridson expressed thanks to the Americans for always giving them timely warning if anything too big to handle might be coming their way. "They didn't waste any time," he said. "If they told us to scram, we scrammed."

Today, we know that these warnings came as a result of Allied efforts at breaking the various Japanese codes, efforts that went back to World War I when the Japanese diplomatic code was first cracked. If Bridson suspected as much, he never expressed it. At the very least, individuals serving in the Solomon Islands knew about the work of the coast watchers and, of course, Allied submarines and aircraft, many with photoreconnaissance capability, which supplemented what the codebreakers could not always provide. At the same time, the intelligence people and high-ranking military personnel on the receiving end of intelligence made sure that snooper aircraft were spotted by the enemy, making them think that their movements were detected by means other than a compromise of their codes.

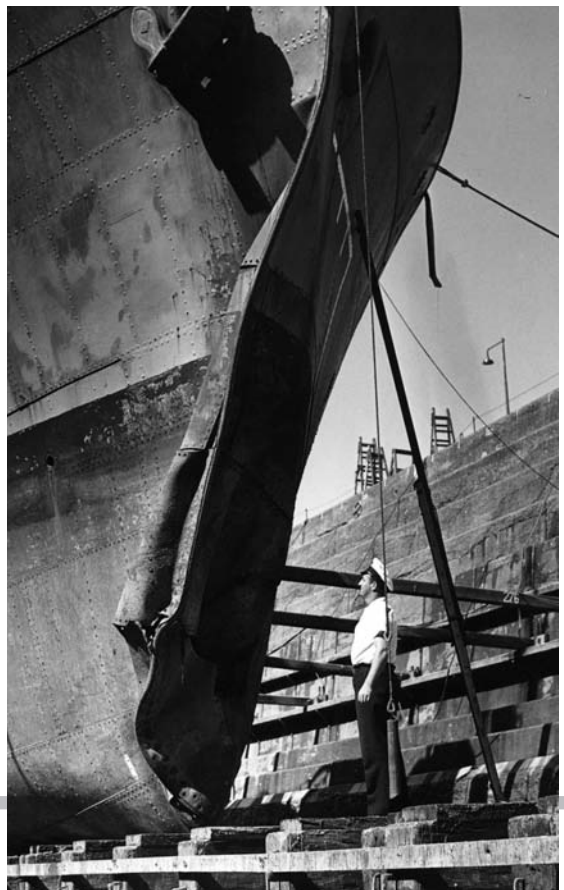
Although the two minesweepers suffered only one casualty, there easily could have been more. After the battle and damage to both ships was assessed, it was found that one of the 20mm Oerlikons had been hit more than once either by machine-gun bullets or shrapnel. Able Seaman Dalton, who was manning one of them, was therefore one lucky lad.

Besides damage to the forward part of *Kiwi* from ramming *I-1*, she also suffered damage to her stern, but not from *I-1*: it resulted from the premature detonation of one of her own depth charges. In addition, bullet holes were found above the waterline on the port bow, the shrouds on the starboard side of the foremast were shot away, windows on the starboard side of the wheelhouse were shattered, and the winch and wheel covers on the foredeck were destroyed. Most of the damage appears to have been on the starboard side of *Kiwi,* but how much was the result of hostile gunfire or of the ramming action was not made absolutely clear in the report.

Moa, on the other hand, came out relatively unscathed, even though she joined in the final stage of the battle after *Kiwi*'s guns overheated. The down side for *Moa*, however, was that she had to remain on station while *Kiwi* returned home for repairs and a hero's welcome for the officers and ratings. The sailors were greeted by large crowds and marched through Auckland in a parade dedicated to them, and this after less than two months in a combat zone. *Moa* was later sunk off the coast of Tulagi in April 1943 as a result of enemy action.

Even before the sinking of *I-1,* these little New Zealand ships had a reputation in the South Pacific. Part of it stemmed from envy by their American allies, because the New Zealand Navy, being part of the British Commonwealth, was "wet" (i.e., they allowed liquor aboard their ships), but the U.S. Navy was "dry." As a result, American naval officers were more than willing to ingratiate themselves to their counterparts in the Royal New Zealand Navy in order to receive invites to the ship's pub when in port. Of course, a couple of bottles of rum had bought 20mm Oerlikons for *Kiwi,* and another two bought some for *Moa,* making a big difference in the battle with the Japanese submarine.

Likewise, the ratings in both navies engaged in a barter system that was symbiotic. Most New Zealand Pacific War veterans confessed that American chow



LEFT: A sailor examines the damage to the bow of the minesweeper *Kiwi* sustained during the attack on *I-1* off Guadalcanal. OPPOSITE: U.S. Intelligence personnel examine the twisted remains of the Japanese submarine *I-1* after the vessel was sunk. Her hulk yielded valuable intelligence documents including the first Japanese codebooks captured by the Allies.

National Museum of the Royal New Zealand Navy

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was head and shoulders above anything they were served in their messes, whether aboard ship or ashore. Additionally, American servicemen were paid more than New Zealand servicemen, moving the enterprising New Zealanders to find a variety of ways to supplement their comparatively low wages. Robert Gordon Dunlop, who served in the Solomon Islands as part of the only New Zealand Army division to serve in the Pacific (the 3rd), related the following in a 2007 oral history interview: "We had a camp [on Guadalcanal] that was almost backed on to an American rations store, and a couple of our fellows set up a still. We would go over to the American camp and get a lot of grapefruit juice tins and put it through the still—the distiller—and then sell it back to the Yanks. They gave $30 a bottle for it. It was their own ingredients they gave to us, and then bought it back at $30 a bottle. You could put a match to it and get an almost colorless flame—pretty pure spirits, really."

Similarly, Charles Laid, who was in a Royal New Zealand Air Force squadron of Consolidated PBY Catalina flying boats based near Tulagi, commented, "The 505 Seabees were the Americans that did the net and boom [on Tulagi], and they used to come to our base. As you know, the American Navy is dry, but every week the Seabees used to bring a barge-load of booze over to us, and then on Wednesday and Saturday nights, the American servicemen would come over to our base and help us drink it. The incongruity of it occurred to me only after the war."

In the case of HMNZS *Kiwi,* the sailors from New Zealand were well known for another reason. The skipper of *Kiwi*, Lt. Cmdr. Bridson, was not as stiff and formal as one might expect from a naval officer, especially one brought up in the tradition of the Royal Navy. Talking to his oldest son Nils, one is left with the impression that he was a big man with a big heart, and also had a sense of humor that helped him and his crew through some difficult times a long way from home and loved ones. To relieve some of the tension and perhaps even some of the boredom, Bridson and two of his fellow officers aboard *Kiwi* took to holding three-man parades while in port.

Again, Admiral Halsey in his autobiography relates having been witness to at least one of these parades: "Three of the *Kiwi*'s officers—the captain, the medical officer, and the chief engineer—were famous from the Solomons to Auckland. Everyone knew them at least by sight. Not only were they the most mastodonic men I ever laid eyes on—their combined weights were close to 800 pounds—but whenever the *Kiwi* put into Noumea, these monsters would stage a three-man parade through the town, one of them puffing into a dented trombone, another tooting a jazz whistle, and the third playing a concertina."

Admiral Halsey also felt that the actions of *Kiwi* and *Moa* on the night of January 29 were important enough to deserve some recognition, not only from the New Zealand Navy, but also the U.S. Navy. He therefore recommended Bridson and Phipps for the Navy Cross. Engineering Officer W. Southward was awarded the Silver Star.

Regardless of the honor of being among the few non-Americans to be so awarded in World War II, the three New Zealanders arrived at Admiral Halsey's office for the ceremony prelubricated. As Admiral Halsey put it, "I had to support them with one hand while I pinned on the crosses with the other. They thanked me, saluted, and rumbled away. The last I saw of them, they picked up the medical officer and their musical instruments, and were forming another parade."

Bruce Petty is the author of five books, four of which concern World War II in the Pacific. He is a resident of New Plymouth, New Zealand.

The Role of the BOMB

The use of the atomic bomb played a significant role in ending World War II in the Pacific … OR DID IT?

BY ROBERT A. ROSENTHAL

How did we get to Hiroshima? Who was responsible? Where and when did it begin? The answers are complex, but the most direct link starts at a double squash court beneath the stands of Stagg Field, the University of Chicago's unused football stadium. At that unlikely place, at 3:53 PM on December 2, 1942, Enrico Fermi and his team of physicists achieved a self-sustaining nuclear chain reaction that released a controlled flow of energy from the atomic nucleus. This confirmed Albert Einstein's 1905 special theory of relativity, which states that mass and energy are equivalent, a relationship expressed by the most famous equation in history: $e = mc^2$.

On January 30, 1933, the president of Germany, Paul von Hindenburg, yielded to political pressure and appointed Adolf Hitler chancellor. Hitler moved immediately to legalize anti-Semitism and abolish the civil rights of German Jews. Within two months, the Nazis launched a national boycott of Jewish businesses, dismissed judges and lawyers from their practices, and incited attacks on Jews in the streets.

Because of this political climate, the world's most famous physicist, Albert Einstein, emigrated later that year to America, where he accepted a professorship at Princeton University's Institute for Advanced Study. Five years later, in December 1938, German physicist Otto Hahn stunned the scientific world by announcing that he and his research team had split the uranium atom, a process later designated nuclear fission. The possible uses of fission as a weapon and the awareness that the Germans possessed knowledge of this process alarmed the many scientists who had escaped from Nazi-occupied Europe. They feared the consequences of what would happen if Hitler's scientists should develop such a weapon. Einstein's best friend, physicist Leo Szilard, who also left Germany soon after the Nazis came to power, tried unsuccessfully to push U.S. government officials to begin an atomic research program.

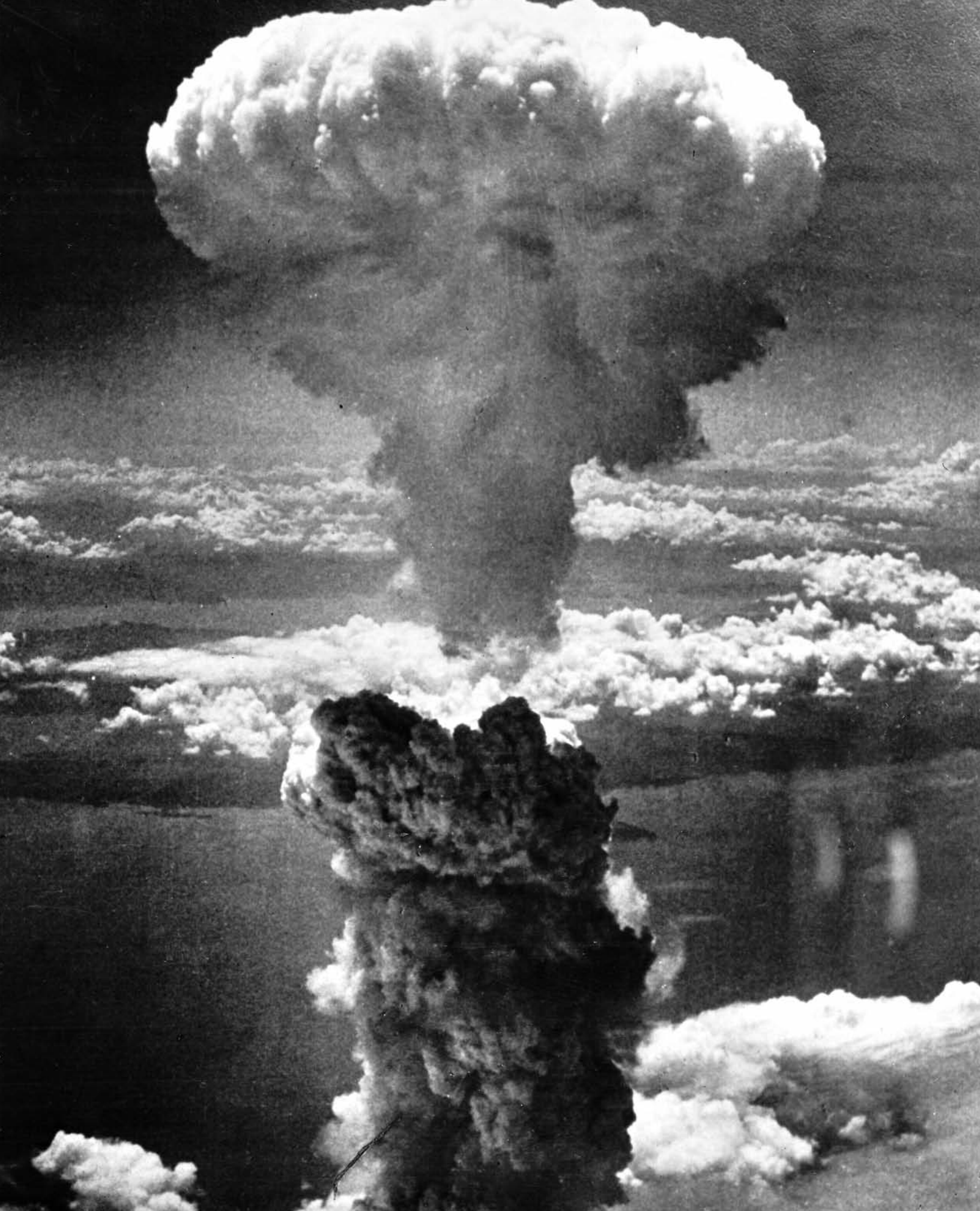
Finally, in August 1939, Szilard convinced Einstein to send a letter to President Franklin D. Roosevelt urging him to authorize a U.S. atomic research and development program. Prompted by Einstein's letter, Roosevelt ordered the War Department to put together a top secret "Uranium Committee" to investigate the use of atomic fission in weaponry. Eventually, this led to the establishment of the Manhattan Project, which was to be led by Brig. Gen. Leslie Groves, who had just been transferred from overseeing the construction of the Pentagon.

The bulk of the project's work was to be accomplished at three major facilities in the United States: bomb design was to be carried out at Los Alamos, New Mexico; the uranium separation process was assigned to a gaseous-diffusion plant in Oak Ridge, Tennessee; and nuclear reactors located in Hanford, Washington, were to produce plutonium.

Uranium has several isotopes, which are

ABOVE: Japanese General Yoshijiro Umezu signs the instrument of surrender on the deck of the battleship USS *Missouri* on September 2, 1945. General Douglas MacArthur, who presided over the ceremony, stands at left. RIGHT: The fiery mushroom cloud resulting from the August 9, 1945, detonation of the atomic bomb above Nagasaki billows skyward. The Nagasaki bomb was the second of two such weapons dropped by the U.S. near the end of the war in the Pacific.

Both: National Archives



chemically identical in form but different in the number of neutrons they contain. Naturally occurring uranium ore contains about 99 percent uranium U-238 and seven-tenths of one percent of uranium U-235. Only U-235 is easily fissionable, that is, easily converted into energy when bombarded by neutrons. Separation of uranium into U-238 and U-235 is a slow and difficult process, and by early July 1945 only 110 pounds of fissionable U-235 had been delivered to Los Alamos—not enough to make a bomb. Plutonium, which is closely related to uranium, can also be used to make nuclear weapons, but unlike uranium, virtually any combination of isotopes can be used, and it can be produced in large quantities in a nuclear reactor by bombarding uranium with neutrons. It was decided, then, to use uranium in the first bomb, then switch to plutonium for future bombs.

A uranium bomb is simple to make— build a gun that fires a subcritical mass of U-235 at another subcritical mass of U-235. When they slam together, they create a critical mass, and in a few microseconds, a fission chain reaction occurs that releases a huge amount of energy. Plutonium, however, emits so many spontaneous neutrons that the chain reaction starts to occur prematurely as the two subcritical masses approach each other, and a small explosion occurs before the mass becomes critical. This event is called a fizzle. With plutonium, a so-called gun-type bomb would not work, so the scientists had to develop a different approach for the plutonium bomb.

They came up with a scheme that used conventional explosives to crush a sphere of fissionable plutonium into a smaller and denser sphere. When the fissionable atoms are packed closer together, the rate of neutron capture is increased, and the mass becomes critical. This happens much faster than with the gun method.

Because of the complexity of constructing an implosion-type weapon, it was decided that a full-scale test was needed to prove the concept. This test was codenamed Trinity and planned for mid-July 1945 at a small Army airfield in Alamogordo, New Mexico, 250 miles south of Los Alamos. On July 16, the bomb named Fat Man (because of its size) was hoisted to the top of a 100-foot steel tower, where it exploded at 5:30 AM with an energy equivalent to about 20,000 tons of TNT.

Potsdam is a small suburb of Berlin set among many lakes and rivers. In mid-July 1945, it was the site of the third meeting of the Big Three Allied powers: the United States, Britain, and the Soviet Union. Much had changed in the five months since the earlier meeting at Yalta in the Crimea. Nazi Germany had been defeated two months earlier, Roosevelt had died and was replaced by Vice President Harry Truman, and Winston Churchill's Conservative Party was voted out of office in favor of the Labor Party, headed by Prime Minister Clement Atlee.

The conference was planned to begin on the morning of July 16, but the Soviet premier, Josef Stalin, was late due to an apparent mild heart attack the previous day, so the meeting began on July 17.

President Truman had received a report of the successful Trinity test the day before.

Uplifted by the Trinity report, Truman reportedly told Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson that it gave him an entirely new feeling of confidence. Even Churchill later wrote that when Truman got to the meeting after reading the report, he was a changed man. "He told the Russians just where they got on and off, and generally bossed the whole meeting." That night, Truman wrote to his wife Bess, "We'll end the war a year sooner now, and think of the kids who won't be killed."

The meeting concluded with a long list of conditions, including determining postwar borders in Europe, punishing Nazi war criminals, German war reparations, and the Potsdam Declaration. This last document defined the terms for the Japanese surrender and was signed by Truman, Churchill, and Chiang Kai-shek, chairman of the Nationalist government of China. Stalin did not sign it, as the Japanese-Soviet Non-Aggression Pact of 1941 had kept Russia from declaring war on Japan up to that point.

Important aspects of the declaration included the demand for "unconditional surrender and prosecution of those in authority who have deceived and misled the people of Japan into embarking on world conquest." The Japanese interpreted these ambiguous phrases to mean

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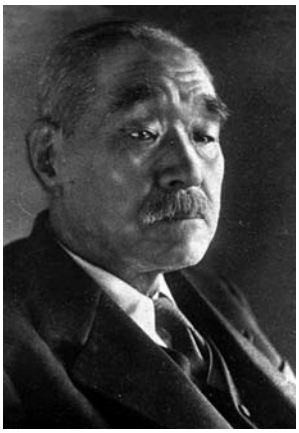

Wikimedia

Left to right, Italian-born physicist Enrico Fermi, retired Japanese Admiral and Prime Minister Kantaro Suzuki, and Emperor Hirohito were key players in the drama that unfolded near the end of the Pacific War in 1945. BELOW: Physicist J. Robert Oppenheimer and General Leslie Groves (center) inspect ground zero at the Trinity site following the atomic bomb test. Other scientists and military personnel are also gathered at the site.

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destruction of the imperial system and the likelihood that Emperor Hirohito would be tried as a war criminal and executed. To the Japanese people, the hanging of the emperor would be comparable to the crucifixion of Christ.

The Potsdam Declaration was sent to Japan via shortwave broadcast in 20 languages on July 27. All regular programs were cancelled to permit full and repeated broadcasts of the declaration, which was not delivered through diplomatic channels.

The following morning, Japanese Prime Minister Kantaro Suzuki convened the Supreme War Council, consisting of the top six members of the government who effectively ruled Japan in 1945. These men adopted a procedural rule regarding surrender that required complete unanimity among them to reach a decision. Suzuki explained the positive shift he saw from the unconditional surrender demand called for earlier to the unconditional surrender of the armed forces, which he believed indicated the preservation of the imperial structure. Not all of the council members were willing to accept this nuanced difference, and later that day Suzuki held a press conference in which he rejected the declaration by treating it with silent contempt, or *mokusatsu*. That evening, the Japanese-run Hong Kong News called the declaration a piece of unqualified impudence.

Nine days later, on the morning of August 6, Suzuki learned of the dropping of the first atomic bomb (codenamed Little Boy) on Hiroshima.

Never in its history had the United States collectively hated an enemy as it hated Japan. While U.S. propaganda took pains to differentiate between evil Nazi leaders and good Germans, no such distinction was made among the Japanese, who were portrayed as vermin, cockroaches, and rats. They were considered less than human, so the decision to drop the bomb did not trigger moral qualms about killing civilians.

Although Truman never questioned the use of the bomb, there were other members of the U.S. government and military did. General Douglas MacArthur, supreme commander of the Southwest Pacific Theater of operations, considered the bomb completely unnecessary from a military point of view, since, as he believed, the Japanese were already beaten. Others argued for dropping a demonstration bomb in Tokyo Bay or in the ocean off the east coast of Japan.

There were three main arguments against using the bomb. First, the Japanese were rapidly losing the ability to sustain military operations. They had little food, no oil, no steel, a dwindling navy, and an almost nonexistent air force. In short, they appeared ready to give up.

Second, Stalin promised Roosevelt at the Yalta Conference in February 1945 that he would be ready to attack the Japanese in Manchuria three months after the defeat of Nazi Germany. It was believed that this second front would quickly bring about the Japanese surrender.

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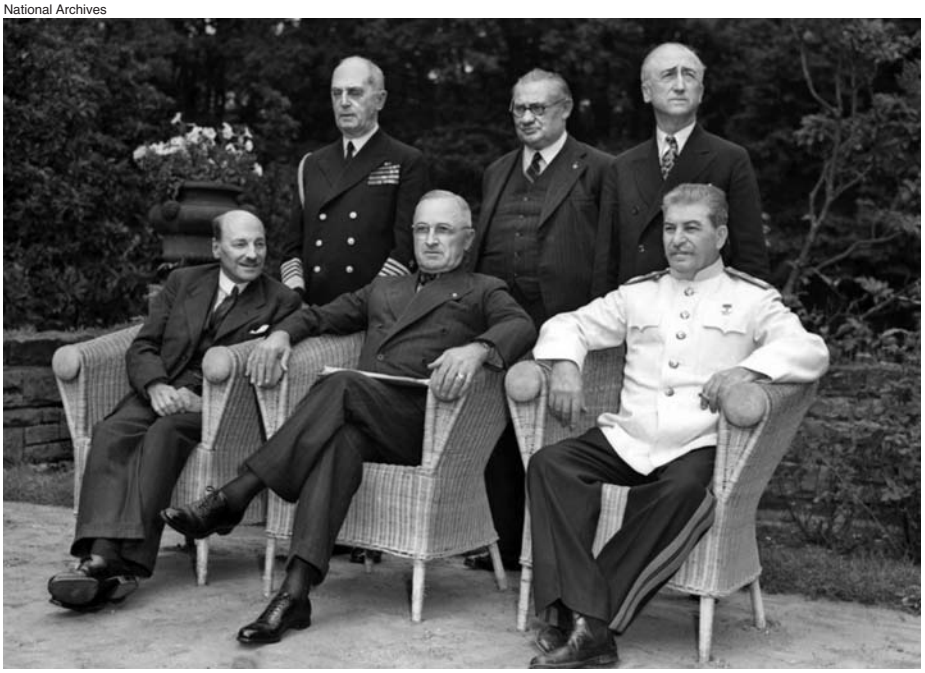

Posing for photographers at the Potsdam Conference are, seated left to right, British Prime Minister Clement Attlee, President Harry Truman, and Soviet Premier Josef Stalin. Truman officially informed Stalin that the U.S. possessed a powerful new weapon, but Stalin was already aware of the atomic bomb's existence.

Last was the moral and ethical issue of deliberately targeting civilians. Both sides had done this in Europe, and since early March, American Boeing B-29 Superfortress heavy bombers had been fire-bombing Tokyo, killing hundreds of thousands of civilians, but the prospect of bombing with the atomic bomb seemed different.

Proponents of dropping the bomb on Japanese cities responded by citing the increasing number of U.S. casualties with each successive island invasion. During the battle for Saipan and Tinian, June 15, 1944, 11,957 men were wounded and 3,752 were killed—a casualty total of 15,709. On Iwo Jima, February 19, 1945, there were 26,038 casualties—19,217 wounded, 6,821 killed. The invasion of Okinawa, April 1, 1945, saw 55,162 wounded and 12,520 killed for a total of 67,682 casualties.

In the last three major battles, total casualties increased dramatically from 15,000 to 67,000. If Japan did not surrender soon and it became necessary to invade the home islands, it was estimated that U.S. casualties could approach a million men. Many analysts believed that even this prediction was low.

Debate over how costly an invasion would have been has raged for decades. However, the 1940 census of Japan showed 73 million people with 23 million males over the age of 15, and that does not include women. Almost all of them were able to shoot a gun or wield a sword or a sharpened stick.

The most compelling reason to drop the bomb and hopefully avoid invading Japan was the Japanese soldier's observance of bushido, confirmed in the battle for Saipan. Bushido was the code of moral principles that samurai were required to observe, and it had long been central to Japanese military life. It developed in the 9th century and stressed frugality, loyalty, mastery of martial arts, and honor unto death.

Japanese military planners much preferred decisive battles on the beaches of the homeland. At worst, these tactics would salvage honor in defeat. At best, they believed the Americans would reject this invasion strategy because the cost in human casualties would be too much to pay. To underscore their resolve, Japan's War Guidelines Council approved a resolution in Hirohito's presence calling for supreme self-sacrifice and the honorable death of 100 million men, women, and children. With suicide engrained in their culture, it appeared that the entire country had embraced the imagery of national salvation through mass suicide, a willingness to die for their homeland that dwarfed anything in history.

But they were not unyielding ideologues. Japan's leaders were in fact quite savvy and aware of their difficult position. They were holding out for strategic reasons, their concern being not so much whether to end the conflict, but how to end it, hold onto territory, avoid war

crimes trials, and preserve the imperial system. It was not lost on Japanese leaders that war crimes trials were about to begin in Germany, and hanging the emperor was a real possibility.

Their hope was to convince the Soviet Union, which was still uncommitted to fighting in Asia, to mediate a settlement with the Americans. They calculated that Stalin would negotiate more favorable terms in exchange for Japanese-held territory in Asia.

To impress the Japanese hierarchy that the United States possessed an arsenal of super bombs and not just one experimental weapon, American leaders planned on delivering a second bomb soon after the first one was dropped. Since Little Boy was the only one of its kind in existence, the second would have to be a plutonium device like the Trinity prototype.

In early 1944, it was decided that the United States would establish a base in the Northern Mariana Islands, including Saipan, Tinian, and Guam, 1,500 nautical miles from Tokyo. Although the United States did not have an aircraft with that range, prototypes of the B-29 were under development. In July 1944, the islands were occupied by U.S. forces, and Tinian was chosen as the bomber base.

Two B-29s and two pilots were selected to deliver the bombs. The first, scheduled for August 6, 1945, was the *Enola Gay,* piloted by 32-year-old Colonel Paul Tibbetts and named for his mother. The second, named *Bockscar,* was to depart three days later on August 9, commanded by 26-year-old Major Charles Sweeney.

The two fissionable uranium-235 segments of Little Boy were shipped separately in two Douglas C-47 transport planes from Albuquerque, New Mexico, to San Francisco, California, where one part was loaded onto the ill-fated heavy cruiser USS *Indianapolis* for its journey to Tinian. The other part, the "bullet," was sent by air on a Douglas C-54 cargo plane from San Francisco to Hawaii, and then to Tinian, where it was unloaded on July 25. By July 27, everything had arrived at the bomb-assembly building at Tinian's North Field.

It was then discovered that the ground clearance of the B-29's bomb bay doors was too low to accommodate the 28-inch diameter of Little Boy along with its transport dolly. A nine-foot-deep loading pit was dug, the bomb was rolled into the pit, and a hydraulic lift hoisted it into the bomb bay of the airplane. Loading the bomb was delicate, and the fit was tight, but it worked in the end.

A target list of four cities was prepared. These cities had been largely untouched during nightly bombing raids against Japan, and an accurate assessment of the weapon's damage could be made. Hiroshima was selected as the primary target of the first nuclear bombing mission. At 2:45 AM on August 6, Colonel Tibbets started his takeoff roll on Tinian's North Field for the six-hour flight to Japan.

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ABOVE: Three months after the dropping of the atomic bomb, the Japanese city of Hiroshima remains a wasteland of radioactivity and ruined buildings. Thousands died in the initial blast, and more succumbed later to the effects of radiation poisoning. OPPOSITE: On August 9, 1945, as the Soviet Union declares war on Japan, a column of Red Army motorized infantry lurches across the steppes of Manchuria. Soviet Premier Josef Stalin had pledged to join the Allies in the last days of the war against Japan.

The release at 8:15 AM Tokyo time went as planned, and Little Boy, with 140 pounds of U-235, took 43 seconds to fall from the aircraft, which was flying at 31,000 feet, to the detonation altitude of 1,800 feet. The atomic age had arrived, and the world would be changed forever.

News of Hiroshima did not reach Tokyo for almost a day, not until the following morning, because the bomb had wiped out all communication within the city.

Prime Minister Suzuki was awakened at 4 AM and informed of the Hiroshima attack. He immediately called members of the Supreme War Council to schedule an emergency meeting but was told they were too busy to meet.

For some time, there was a faction in the Japanese government that wanted to enlist Russia to negotiate an end to the war with the United States. The onerous terms of the Potsdam Declaration added more impetus to this effort.

There was a division between the civilian and the military members of the Supreme War Council, although one military member, Admiral Mitsumasa Yonai, sided with the civilians. The civilians looked at the atomic bomb as an opportunity to surrender without shame, but the admirals and generals still hated unconditional surrender and refused to agree.

Since late July, the Japanese ambassador to Russia, Naotake Sato, had attempted to get a meeting with Soviet foreign minister Vyacheslav Molotov in order to get a reading on Stalin's attitude toward helping with peace negotiations. Japanese foreign minister Shigenori Togo still clung to the hope that the war could be ended through Moscow's intervention, and he continued to press Ambassador Sato to meet with Molotov. Finally, Molotov agreed to meet Sato at 8 PM on August 8. All policy makers in Japan were now waiting for Molotov's reply.

The previous day, however, Molotov had moved the time of the meeting forward three hours to 5 PM. At the appointed time, Sato arrived at the Kremlin and was ushered into Molotov's study. Molotov started to read from a paper that announced the Soviet Union would declare war on Japan, effective that evening at midnight. Sato was shocked and asked Molotov if he could send a coded cable before midnight to his government about the declaration of war, but Molotov blocked the transmission lines, and the news never reached Tokyo.

Sato, however, did not catch the important ambiguity that was intentionally omitted from the Soviet declaration of war. Sato assumed that war would begin at midnight on August 8, Moscow time. However, the sly Stalin meant it to be midnight in the Transbaikal time zone, where the invasion of Manchuria would begin, six hours ahead of Moscow time. This explains why Molotov moved the meeting with Sato from 8 PM to 5 PM, which is 11 PM in Manchuria, only one hour from the start of the Soviet invasion. Therefore, Stalin declared war on Japan before the invasion but ensured that by the time the

announcement was made public, the invasion would already be an accomplished fact.

It was not until early the following morning, August 9, that Prime Minister Suzuki received this startling news. By this time, reports of Soviet troop incursions into Japanese-held Manchuria were being received. Suzuki immediately scheduled a War Council meeting for 10:30 AM to discuss terms of a possible surrender.

The council debated all day, and though the Soviet announcement made clear the hopelessness of their situation, the military faction refused to admit defeat. Even after news arrived during the late morning that Nagasaki had also been bombed with a nuclear weapon, that stunning development could not break the deadlock and did not have much impact on the group.

The War Council agreed to convene a full cabinet meeting at 2:30 PM, but by 10 that night they still had not reached agreement, and they invited the emperor to give his divine opinion.

Hirohito arrived at the meeting 10 minutes before midnight. By 2 AM, now August 10, he agreed to a surrender, but only on the condition that the monarchy be retained. Four hours later, at 6:45 AM, this news was sent to Bern, Switzerland, and Stockholm, Sweden, the two neutral countries through which communications between Japan and the Allies were being made.

At 4:10 PM that day, Foreign Minister Togo met with the Soviet ambassador to Japan, Jacob Malik, where the two made one of the most bizarre exchanges of official messages in the annals of war. Malik handed Togo a declaration of war, and Togo handed Malik an offer of surrender.

The Japanese offer of surrender was not well received in Washington. Secretary of State James Byrnes reminded others that Roosevelt and Churchill had insisted on unconditional surrender since 1943. Byrnes said that if any conditions were to be accepted, he wanted the United States and its Allies to provide them, not Japan.

Byrnes was authorized to draft a reply to Japan's offer, which took a harder position about the emperor than Truman did. The response, however, could not be sent to Japan until the Allies approved it.

The next day, August 11, the Allied response was handed to the Swiss chargé d'affaires in Washington. The machinery of peacemaking ground slowly through the international bureaucracies, so the Japanese Foreign Ministry did not receive Washington's response until 1 AM on Sunday morning, August 12.

For three days, members of the Supreme War Council debated the response. Finally, on August 14, the Emperor intervened and announced his decision to accept the Potsdam conditions. He scheduled a session that evening to record a surrender speech that would be broadcast to the Japanese people the following day. At the same time, Japan's acceptance of unconditional surrender was sent to Washington.

At noon on August 15, many Japanese heard the emperor's high-pitched voice for the first time. He announced, "The government has been instructed to accept the terms of the Potsdam Declaration." This message created confusion in the minds of many listeners, who were now unsure whether or not Japan had actually surrendered. Adding to the confusion was the poor audio quality of the radio broadcast and the formal, courtly language in which the speech was composed.

Hirohito explained that the reason for Japan's surrender was because of the enemy's use of a new and cruel bomb that could take many innocent lives. Although the action of the Japanese War Council made it clear that the surrender was triggered by Russia's declaration of war, it was not mentioned in Hirohito's speech.

The war was over, but there were many unanswered questions.

It is commonly believed that the awesome devastation of the atomic bombs caused the Japanese government to capitulate. The traditional story of Japan's surrender has a simple timeline. On August 6, 1945, the United States dropped an atomic bomb on Hiroshima. Three days later, it dropped another on Nagasaki. The next day, August 10, the Japanese indicated their intention to surrender because of these bombs. This is the version of events that has been told by historians for more than 70 years, but if the clock is considered in addition to the calendar, a different story unfolds.

What was the real reason that Japan surrendered? Was it the atomic bombs or Russia's entry into the war in Asia? If it was the Hiroshima bomb, why did Prime Minister Suzuki wait almost three days after he learned of it in the early morning of August 7 before he convened a meeting of the Supreme War Council on August 9?

The reason could not have been the Nagasaki bomb, because he learned of this event in the late morning of August 9, after the council had begun meeting to discuss surrender. It was clear that he had scheduled the meeting before he learned of Nagasaki but almost immediately after he received word that the Soviet Union had declared war on Japan. Yet, Hirohito made no mention of the Soviet Union's action in his speech to the nation. The explanation is that both Japan and

Continued on page 74

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By Christopher Miskimon

Naval History and Heritage Command

To the Summit of Suribachi

The men who raised the flags during the Battle of Iwo Jima are given their proper due in a new book.

IN THE PREDAWN DARKNESS OF FEBRUARY 23, 1945, A PATROL WENT OUT toward the towering mass of Mount Suribachi. It was D+4, four days since the first invasion landings on the Japanese-held island of Iwo Jima took place, and the U.S. Marines who landed there had been fighting for their lives ever since. After days of struggle, the 28th Marine Regiment reached the base of the volcano and prepared to take it from the entrenched Japanese defenders. The Japanese occupied interconnected trenches, fighting positions, bunkers, and caves/tunnels that gave them a fortress-like position to repel attacks.

The first patrol included 15 men from two different squads of the 2nd Platoon, Company E. Pfc. Ira Hayes was one of the men selected. He went along with Sergeant Michael Strank, Corporal Harlon Block, Pfc. Franklin Sousley, and others. They set out from the company command post on the east side of Suribachi and made their way around to the south, winding up on the west side of the volcano. They encountered no Japanese at all. Counting their blessings for that, Ira recalled that the patrol simply returned to the command post to report.

A second patrol went out at about 8 AM. Four men of Company F led by Sergeant Sherman Watson set out to reach the summit. With no idea where the enemy might be, they climbed, hiked, and ran as fast as they could toward the heights of Suribachi. The slopes of the volcano are rocky and rough; enemy spiderholes or cave entrances would be invisible until a Marine was right upon one, and by then it might be too late to avoid a bullet, grenade, or bayonet. Still, they reached the top without enemy contact, finding an abandoned machine-gun position at the rim of the crater. Spare ammunition was still laid out neatly, ready for immediate use, but no one manned the gun. Blasted strongpoints and ruined equipment were everywhere, but no Japanese. The patrol headed back down.

While that patrol was still out, battalion commander Chandler Johnson sent out two more patrols to find different routes to the summit. He also directed Company E's commander, Captain Dave Severence to assemble a platoon-sized patrol to carry an American flag to the top. The flag was a 54-by-48-inch version received weeks earlier from their transport, the USS *Missoula*. Severence selected his 3rd Platoon, led by the company executive officer, 1st Lt. Harold Schrier. He led the men of the patrol to the command post for a pep talk from Johnson. As they moved out, Johnson gave the flag to Shrier, who tucked it down the front of his utility blouse. As Shrier turned to follow his men out on the patrol, Johnson called out to him. "If you get to the top, put it up," he said. The patrol left on its climb.

The raising of the flag over Mount Suribachi is one of the most famous moments in American military history. The iconic photograph taken by correspondent Joe Rosenthal enables this moment to endure, but few know the photo depicts the second flag raising. There was a first flag, the one carried up by Shrier and his men. The recent book and Hollywood film *Flags of Our Fathers* cast light on this fact, but many still do not know the true story. That story is now available in detail in ***Two Flags Over Iwo Jima: Solving the Mystery of the U.S. Marine Corps' Proudest Moment*** (Eric Hammel, Casemate Publishing, Havertown, PA, 2019, 175 pp., maps, photographs, appendices, notes, bibliography, index, $29.95, hardcover).

Left to Right, Lt. George Schrier, Platoon Sergeant Ernest "Boots" Thomas and Corporal Chuck Lindberg prepare to raise the first flag over Iwo Jima. It was lowered just as the larger and more famous second flag was raised.

The author has written more than 50 books on military history, many of them focused on the Marine Corps and the Pacific War. This is a worthy addition to their ranks. The book is full of firsthand accounts with clear prose and an engaging narrative connecting them. The result is a book that keeps the reader's interest throughout. There are many differences of opinion and mysteries surrounding the flag raisings, made murkier by the passage of time, the deaths of the participants, and a shortage of records common with combat situations. This book presents the facts as completely as possible and even includes the original Marine Corps investigation findings in the appendices. It is also well illustrated with images of the Marines involved and scenes of the fighting around the famous flag raisings. The book is part history and part detective story. It sheds worthy light on the men who raised both flags amid the carnage of one of the war's most difficult and bloody battles.

The Night Witches (Garth Ennis and Russ Braun, Dead Reckoning/Naval Institute Press, Annapolis, MD, 2019, 256 pp., illustrated, $24.95, softcover)

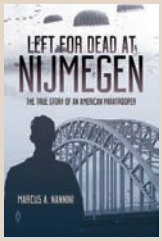
In mid-1941 the German Wehrmacht rolled into the Soviet Union and for a time drove all before them. Soviet defenders were pushed back almost to the gates of Moscow by the end of the year. During this time a squadron of obsolete biplanes arrive at the front, ready to do its part against the Nazi enemy. Unlike the rest of the Soviet Air Force, the aircrews of these planes were women, and they set out to prove they were as deadly and capable at war as any male they served alongside. They quickly became known to both sides as the Night Witches for the astounding feats they carried out after dusk. Despite their bravery and service, however, like all Soviet citizens they had as much to fear from their own side as in combat.

This is a new graphic novel from Dead Reckoning, an imprint of the prestigious Naval Institute Press. It is a fictionalized account of the famed Soviet Night Witches, written by an author renowned for his skill at graphically representing historical war stories. The book pays attention to detail and conveys the hardships these women experienced. These new "war comics" are an excellent way to introduce history to interested young adult readers.

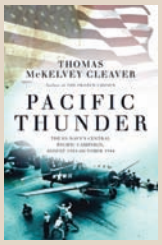
George Marshall: Defender of the Republic

New and Noteworthy

Death March Escape: The Remarkable Story of a Man Who Twice Escaped the Nazi Holocaust (Jack J. Hersch, Pen and Sword Books, 2019, $34.95, hardcover) Dave Hersch was a Hungarian Jew who was shipped to Mauthausen concentration camp in 1944. He later escaped two death marches to another camp and managed to survive the war.

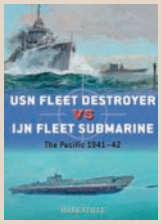


Left for Dead at Nijmegen: The True Story of an American Paratrooper (Marcus Nannini, Casemate Books, 2019, $32.95, hardcover) Gene Metcalfe parachuted into Holland as part of Operation Market Garden. Captured, he survived a harrowing ordeal, including a meeting with Heinrich Himmler.



Pacific Thunder: The US Navy's Central Pacific Campaign, August 1943-October 1944 (Thomas McKelvey Cleaver, Osprey Publishing, 2019, $18.00, softcover) This far-ranging naval campaign ended with the U.S. Navy dominant across the world's largest ocean. The author expertly recounts how this happened.

Red Sniper on the Eastern Front (Edited by Sergey Anisimov, Pen and Sword Books, 2019, $22.95, softcover) Joseph Pilyushin killed 136 Nazis and trained 380 fellow snipers during World War II. These are his memoirs.

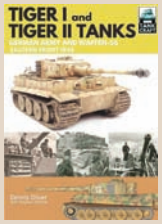


USN Fleet Destroyer vs. IJN Fleet Submarine: The Pacific 1941-42 (Mark Stille, Osprey Publishing, 2019, $20.00, softcover) This comparison of naval forces shows the effectiveness of the Japanese undersea arm in the early part of the war as the Americans learned how to combat them.

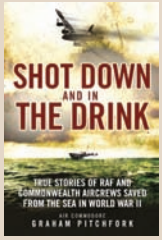
Armored Warfare in the Battle of the Bulge 1944-1945 (Anthony Tucker-Jones, Pen and Sword Books, 2019, $24.05, softcover) The Ardennes fighting involved the last major tank engagements in Western Europe during the war. This photo book vividly reveals the action.

6th SS Mountain Division Nord at War 1941-1945 (Ian Baxter, Pen and Sword Books, 2019, $24.95, softcover) This storied division fought from the Arctic Circle to eastern France. The images in the photo book document that history.

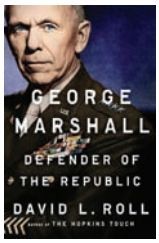
JU-88 Aces of World War II (Robert Forsyth, Osprey Publishing, 2019, $24.00, softcover) Originally designed as a bomber, the fast JU-88 was easily adapted as a fighter. Many of those who flew it had great success against Allied bomber attacks on Germany.



Tiger I and Tiger II Tanks (Dennis Oliver, Pen and Sword Books, 2019, $22.95, softcover) This book covers the last battle of the Tiger tank units in Western Europe during 1945. It also contains extensive information on building models of these vehicles.



Shot Down and in the Drink: True Stories of RAF and Commonwealth Aircrews Saved from the Sea in World War II (Graham Pitchfork, Osprey Publishing, 2018, $15.00, softcover) This is a fascinating account of air-sea rescue during the war. It covers situations from different theaters of the war.



(David L. Roll, Dutton Caliber Press, New York, 2019, 704 pp., maps, notes, bibliography, index, $34.00, hardcover)

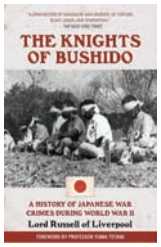
There is no shortage of compliments when it comes to George C. Marshall. President Harry Truman said Marshall was "the greatest military man this country has ever produced." British Prime Minister Winston Churchill called him the "organizer of victory." A president of Harvard University claimed Marshall was the only man who could compare favorably to George Washington as a soldier and statesman. Marshall served under 10 presidents during five decades of service to his nation, garnering a reputation so solid one of his commanding officers wrote an evaluation stating he would gladly serve under Marshall's command rather than be promoted himself. His role as the architect of victory in World War II alone earns him a place among America's greatest military officers, but his service both before and after the war are also outstanding among his peers.

George C. Marshall is one of those figures who did such a good job at every assignment that he has come to be seen as more a legendary figure than a real, flesh and blood human being. This has led some in recent years to try and criticize Marshall, to bring him down from his lofty place in American history. In this book, the author presents a balanced and authentic view of the man, neither deifying nor vilifying his subject. Marshall's actions and decisions are evaluated reasonably, resulting in a balanced view of a great American, virtues and shortcomings included.

US Soldier versus Afrikakorps Soldier: Tunisia 1943 (David Campbell, Osprey Publishing, Oxford, UK, 2019, 80 pp., maps, photographs, bibliography, index, $22.00, softcover)

The fighting in North Africa proved a crucible for the U.S. Army in 1943. It was a new and untested force, full of recently trained draftees and equipped with a mix of both new and obsolete weapons and equipment. Even its most veteran leaders had never commanded division- or larger sized units before. It was a novice force that was nevertheless energetic and flexible. Its enemy was the German Army, battle tested with years of experience but plagued by mounting logistical shortcomings and a complicated chain of command. The Germans chose to hit fast and first, leading to Axis victories at Sidi Bou Sid and Kasserine Pass. Eventually the Americans turned the tide, leading to a costly Nazi defeat at El Guettar in March 1943.

Osprey's Combat volumes are a well-established series relating historical fighting forces in actual battle. This new edition, the 38th in the series, carries on that pattern with comparisons of training, organization, leadership, and battlefield performance. It includes the publisher's innovative artwork, which shows two views of an engagement from each combatant's perspective. As usual with Osprey, there are excellent maps and plenty of photographs of the events.



The Knights of Bushido: A History of Japanese War Crimes During World War II (Lord Russell of Liverpool, Frontline Books, Yorkshire, UK, 2019, 333 pp., photographs, appendices, notes, index, $34.95, softcover)

The trials of Nazi war criminals at Nuremberg are well known to the world. Less well known are the trials that took place in Tokyo after the war. Many of the larger Japanese war crimes are understood in the Western world, such as the Nanking massacres and the Bataan Death March. These high-profile incidents are just part of a pattern of abuse, murder, and destruction carried out by the Japanese military over the course of the war. They murdered captured aircrews, conducted gruesome medical experiments, and treated both military and civilian prisoners as little more than animals. All of it was part of a martial code taken to brutal extremes by ideological extremism and a fatalism that made a Japanese soldier's own life practically forfeit.

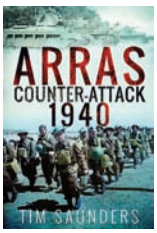
This book is considered a standard text of Japanese war crimes, cataloging myriad atrocities often overshadowed by those of the Third Reich. The original is difficult to find now, so it is reprinted here to keep knowledge of these horrific incidents alive and in memory. The book draws heavily from the records of the Tokyo trials, and while the stories captured within are often disturbing, the author does a creditable job making the narrative readable. Overall the volume is a necessary adjunct to the large body of work on Nazi war crimes and stands solidly alongside the smaller number of other works on Japanese criminality during the period.

Lake Ilmen 1942: The Wehrmacht Front to the Red Army (Oscar Gonzalez and Pablo Sagarra, Pen and Sword Books, South Yorkshire, UK, 2019, 130 pp., maps, photographs, appendices,

notes, $39.95, hardcover)

Many are unaware that Spain sent troops to fight with the Axis on the Eastern Front during World War II. This unit, known as the Blue Division, fought in numerous battles alongside its Fascist allies from Nazi Germany and other states. In January 1942, the Blue Division joined German and Latvian troops in the fighting around the Soviet city of Stelaia near Lake Ilmen. While almost unknown today against the expanse of the Eastern Front, it involved difficult combat under the harsh conditions of a Russian winter. Though largely forgotten today, the fighting here was representative of the service of the Spanish volunteers.

The Eastern Front was so large that the human stories of the combatants tend to get lost in it when authors write of corps, armies, and army groups. This book's strength lies in its coverage of a relatively small unit and personal tales of service, combat, and survival. It is superbly illustrated, including many images from personal collections. Originally published in Spain, the translation work is excellent, with a smooth narrative throughout.



Arras Counter-Attack 1940 (Tim Saunders, Pen and Sword Books, South Yorkshire, UK, 2019, 204 pp., maps, photographs, appendices, index, $19.95, softcover)

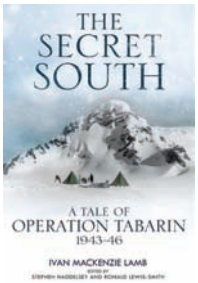
On May 21, 1940, as the Battle of France raged on and the Allied situation grew steadily worse, the British Expeditionary Force began an operation to help secure the city of Arras. Two tank regiments led the way, and despite poor coordination they struck deep into the flank of the 7th Panzer Division. The well-armored Matilda tanks stood against the German antitank guns and sowed destruction among the enemy infantry. Unfortunately, the British infantry lagged behind, so this success could not be exploited. However, when General Erwin Rommel arrived on the scene he used his characteristic energy and personal leadership to restore the situation, despite being covered in the brains of his dead aide-de-camp, killed standing next to him. Even so, Rommel later said he fought off an attack by five divisions.

This well-organized book begins with the prewar origins of the British armored force and expertly covers the expansion of the army as

war loomed. With this interesting prelude, the author then dives into the battle, giving the reader a soldier's view of the action. While it stands well as a history, the book is also intended as a tour book to be used on a visit to the battlefield. As such it is well supplied with useful maps and illustrations.

The Secret South: A Tale of Operation Tabarin 1943-46 (Ivan MacKenzie Lamb, Greenhill Books, South Yorkshire, UK, 2019, 304 pp., maps, photographs, notes, bibliography, index, $39.95, hardcover)

Few today know anything of Operation Tabarin. Launched in 1943, it was a secret wartime expedition to the Antarctic. There, British operatives established covert bases with the intent to monitor German and Japanese activities and keep out the Argentinians, who sought to seize control of territory while Great Britain was distracted by World War II. The mission was so successful it evolved into the post-war British Antarctic Survey, an important research program. It also



Simulation Gaming

BY JOSEPH LUSTER

FROM VR ACTION TO RELENTLESS ZOMBIE FIGHTING, WE'VE GOT A COUPLE OF UNIQUE WORLD WAR II NICHES TO EXPLORE.

WINTER FURY: THE LONGEST ROAD

PUBLISHER 10TH REALITY • **GENRE** VR SHOOTER • **SYSTEM** PC • **AVAILABLE** NOW (EARLY ACCESS)

With the Blitzkrieg fast approaching the Allied front, chances of survival are slimmer than ever. It's going to take a bold soldier with an experimental M-4 Sherman tank at his disposal to help increase those odds in the slightest and, as you may have guessed, that soldier is YOU. This is the brief and to the point setup for *Winter Fury: The Longest Road,* a virtual reality shooter that puts you right into the action both inside the tank and on foot.

While you're riding around in your M-4, you can look forward to blowing away enemy fortifications with cannon shells or using your .50-caliber machine gun to take down waves of approaching soldiers. These sections take place from a third-person perspective using motion controllers for combat, and much like the other areas of the game it's all about taking enemies out before they can whittle away your defenses. Should you decide to hop out of the M-4 for a change, perspective switches to first person and you have access to machine guns, handguns, and rifles. There are also sniper rifle sections that essentially turn your entire user interface into the sights, which makes the occasionally tricky aiming a little easier.

Winter Fury's campaign offers up a decent mix of large scale and close quarters combat in its current state. You can unlock more weapons to use on foot, and you'll eventually be tasked with taking down larger boss enemies such as locomotives, aircraft, and enemy tanks. The set pieces on display might not be as awe inspiring as some of the bigger budget competition out there, but you can definitely appreciate what the team is going for at this point in development.

There aren't a ton of World War II-based VR offerings at the moment, so anytime one pops up it's tempting to take a peek. *Winter Fury* is currently in Early Access on Steam, and developer Spidermonk Entertainment still has a bunch of kinks to work out. As it stands, what we have here is a pretty straightforward wave shooter with average visuals and stock sounds, but the fact that it's so immersive by design makes it oddly alluring. Through all the repetition, those with access to a VR headset and a fully 360-degree space to play in might find some charms hidden within the otherwise barebones confines of *The Longest Road.*

ZOMBIE ARMY 4: DEAD WAR

PUBLISHER REBELLION • **GENRE** SHOOTER • **SYSTEM** PC • **AVAILABLE** EARLY 2020

Just as sure as there will always be a market for World War II games, so too will there always be a little room for the occasional zombie-centric spinoff. That's why *Sniper Elite* developer Rebellion is coming back for another visit to the world of the undead in *Zombie Army 4: Dead War.* The latest entry in the horror-meets-WWII series is currently set for an early 2020 release on PlayStation 4, Xbox One, and PC, and early signs promise more of the same zombie-blasting gunplay that made previous entries such a success.

Despite the fact that the resistance ostensibly stopped the reign of Zombie Hitler and sent him back to Hell where he belongs, it should come as no surprise that a new campaign is on the way in *Zombie Army 4.* This time around, the dead are rising once again with even more determination and hunger, and the sprawling alternate history battle for survival that ensues will take the game's Survivor Brigade to a bunch of intriguing new locations in the process.

The areas in *Zombie Army 4* are spread all throughout 1940s Europe, from the canals of Italy to a straight-up Zombie Zoo (cue Tom Petty). Along the way you'll go up against more than your average run-of-the-mill zombie. Sure, there are plenty of normal undead soldiers lumbering around each location, but there are also suicide generals, shadow demons, red-hot flamethrower units, massive armored elite zombies, and more on the front lines to mix up the combat at the heart of it all.

As anyone who has enjoyed Rebellion's *Sniper Elite* games will tell you, that combat is renowned for a reason. Even in the face of a totally bonkers premise with its fair share of melee action, ballistics are very much the name of the game in *Zombie Army 4.* The weaponry and progression system surrounding it is similarly fleshed out, but none of it would be the same without the Kill Cam we've come to know and love over the years. At times this slow

helped pave the way for the Falklands War decades later.

The author was Operation Tabarin's botanist, and this work is a newly published edition of his diary. He helped establish the bases used by the expedition and took part in three major sledging operations. The book provides fascinating insight into an unknown but important sideshow during the war and uses contemporary photographs and maps to tell the story. ☐

motion, viscera spraying feature can be downright disturbing in the main *Sniper Elite* games, but there's something about taking down the rotten hordes that makes it even more enjoyable than usual.

If you've already torn your way through the entire *Zombie Army* trilogy, the fourth entry looks to offer more of the same with some extra polish and splatter-tastic action when it launches early next year. The setting is gruesome, but Rebellion puts these games together in such a way that they're not too heavy and they never forget the fast-paced teamwork that makes them special in the first place. Whether you found yourselves addicted to games like *Left 4 Dead* in the past, or you just want an excuse to test your survival skills in a historically themed zombie ambush, *Dead War* is yet another entry worth keeping your eyes on as we gradually creep toward launch. ☐

Top Secret

Continued from page 29

later, he recalled, the rear gunner asked over the Lancaster's intercom, "Did you see that kite [RAF slang for airplane] go in?" Shock waves from the explosion could have knocked the small plane out of the sky, Shaw suggested.

A member of the Glenn Miller Appreciation Society in England wrote to the Ministry of Defense and placed an advertisement in the RAF Association Journal seeking information that would confirm Shaw's story. In response, the Lancaster's pilot, Flying Officer Victor Gregory, said that he himself had seen nothing, but he confirmed the sightings by Shaw and the rear gunner. There was no debriefing because the bomber's mission had been aborted, and Gregory did not report the incident to his superiors. "Don't think me unsympathetic or callous," he was reported as saying, "but when I heard of the plane going down, I would have said that he shouldn't have been there. Forget him." Gregory's main concern was getting home safely from the raid.

Shaw's story sparked an investigation by the Defense Ministry's Air Historical Branch, but the true story of Glenn Miller's disappearance failed to emerge. The Air Ministry report concluded that the Norseman and Lancasters could have crossed in flight, or they could have been miles apart.

The mystery deepened when the *London Sunday Mirror* front-paged an interview with salvage diver Clive Ward, who claimed he had discovered by chance the Norseman lying 80 feet down in the English Channel. Ward, a former policeman living in Southampton, Hampshire, said that in 1980, he located the plane about six and a half miles west of Le Touquet on the French northern coast. The Norseman showed "little or no damage," he reported, "so it must have ditched deliberately." Ward added "categorically" that the plane was empty and that there was no sign of its three occupants.

The true facts of Miller's demise will probably never be known, and perhaps it does not matter. What is important is the musical legacy he left. The many enduring tunes played by his unrivaled band bolstered the spirits and hopes of millions in a stormy era, and, as predicted, he did in fact emerge from World War II as "some kind of hero."

Author Michael D. Hull, a longtime contributor to WWII History, *passed away recently. Mike had written on a variety of topics for more than 20 years. He resided in Enfield, Connecticut, and will be missed.*

Profiles

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he had missed in 1917: war. His first assignment was an all-air tour of British battlefronts in Europe and Asia as part of a mission led by Lt. Gen. George H. Brett. On January 2, 1942, Doolittle was promoted to temporary lieutenant colonel, and the following week he was assigned to the Washington headquarters of the Army Air Forces. That June, following the famous Tokyo raid, he was awarded the Guggenheim Medal for his "outstanding contributions to the aeronautical sciences."

Doolittle then headed back to Europe to play a key role in the Anglo-American air offensive against Nazi Germany. Soon after arriving in London on August 17, 1942, the day of the first all-American bomber raid on enemy-occupied Europe, he started organizing the U.S. Twelfth Air Force. Promoted to temporary major general, he commanded the Twelfth Air Force during Operation Torch, the Allied invasion of North Africa in November 1942. Based in Algeria, his bombers and fighters pounded Axis supply dumps, communications lines, and airfields as U.S. forces and the British Eighth Army pushed the German and Italian Armies into Tunisia and eventual capitulation.

As with everything else he had attempted, General Doolittle threw himself into his duties in the North African campaign with proven ability and vigor. He was "the little man who is everywhere," said one USAAF officer. He was the only American general there without an aide, left office chores to his staff, and ranged hundreds of miles around the war zone in a Boeing B-17 Flying Fortress heavy bomber. He kept a couple of bombs in its bay "just in case he should see something to drop them on," as one fellow officer reported. A major on Doolittle's staff said, "I wish the general would stay put long enough for me to talk to him. If he's here, he never stands still, but paces all over the place, and I have to talk and run at the same time. If I turn my back, he's off to Oran or Algiers or Casablanca or somewhere else before I can get hold of him."

Doolittle went on to lead the strategic arm of the Allied Northwest Africa Air Force under General Carl Spaatz in March-November 1943, and the Fifteenth Air Force, the strategic arm of the Allied Mediterranean Air Forces based at Foggia, Italy, from November 1943 until January 1944. Doolittle then went to England to command the powerful Eighth Air Force until the end of the European war. He was promoted to temporary lieutenant general in March 1944.

Arriving in England in January 1944, Doolittle's no-nonsense approach made itself felt immediately. He perceived that the American bombers were playing a supporting role in a final showdown between the Allied air forces and the German Luftwaffe and was not happy with a sign he saw hanging on the wall in his fighter commander's office. It read, "The first duty of the Eighth Air Force fighters is to bring the bombers back alive." Doolittle ordered it taken down, and a new sign was hung. It read, "The first duty of the Eighth Air Force fighters is to destroy German fighters."

The next five months brought the aerial war of attrition to a climax. Doolittle ordered his P-51, P-38, and P-47 fighter crews to start flying more aggressively, breaking away from the B-17 and B-24 formations and chasing the enemy whenever he showed himself. German fighter losses then mounted: 30 percent in January 1944, 30 percent in February, and 56 percent in March. By that June, 2,262 enemy fighter pilots had been killed or otherwise put out of action, an attrition rate of almost 100 percent.

When air operations ended in Europe in mid-1945, Doolittle moved with the Eighth Air Force to Okinawa. In May 1946, he returned to reserve status and rejoined Shell Oil Company as a vice president and director. He also held a number of civil and military aeronautics posts and retired from both the Air Force and Shell Oil in 1959.

The energetic, good-natured warrior spent his retirement with his beloved Josephine in a cluttered, hillside home in Carmel Valley, California, where he read voraciously and undertook occasional carpentry projects. He attended functions and gave speeches into his 80s. Although Doolittle abstained from tobacco and alcohol, a friend observed that he made his after-dinner speeches "highlights of hilarity."

Though he had gained fame as a longtime aerial daredevil and heroic combat leader, General Doolittle stated that nothing in his life gave him more satisfaction than peace. "The happiest I've ever been was when I heard the war was over and knew I'd done everything I could to end it," he said. His career had spanned the birth of aviation to the space program. "When I was younger, I would have wanted to go to the moon myself," he said. "But now, I just want to admire it from the earth." He died on September 27, 1993, at the age of 96.

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The Bomb

Continued from page 67

the United States had strong reasons to perpetuate the myth that Japan was forced to surrender because of the atomic bombs.

Hirohito was faced with two choices. He could admit that he and his advisors had failed badly and led his nation through a disastrous war with 80 percent of its cities destroyed, hundreds of thousands of its people killed, and the rest facing starvation. Or, he could blame the loss on an amazing scientific breakthrough that no one could have predicted. The bomb was the perfect explanation for losing the war.

This story served the interests of the United States as well. If the bomb was responsible for winning the war, the perception of U.S. military power would be enhanced, its diplomatic influence in the world would be strengthened, and the billions of dollars spent on the bomb and the Manhattan Project would be justified.

Importantly, if the Soviet entry in the war was advanced as the real reason Japan surrendered, then Stalin could claim that he had been able to do in four days what the United States had been unable to do in four years, and the perception of Soviet military power and diplomatic skills would be greatly improved.

If the bomb did not motivate Japan to surrender, perhaps it was not necessary to use it. Perhaps the bomb did nothing to accelerate Japan's surrender. A growing number of historians believe that Japan would have surrendered if the United States had merely waited four days until the Soviets entered the war.

Today, the *Enola Gay* is housed in the National Air and Space Museum at Washington Dulles Airport and *Bockscar* in the National U.S. Air Force Museum in Dayton, Ohio, while the runways of Tinian's North Field have been relegated to the dustbin of history.

World War II is considered by many to be the most significant event in human history. It was certainly the bloodiest, with an estimated 70 to 80 million people killed. The enormous scope of the war is almost impossible to understand in hindsight. Vast areas of Europe, Asia, the Pacific, and North Africa were devastated, and its influence touched every part of the planet.

For more than 50 years, Bob Rosenthal was an architect specializing in the design and development of healthcare facilities. Today, he is an independent filmmaker whose current project is a documentary about the end of World War II in the Pacific that was filmed on Tinian Island. He lives with his wife in Del Mar, California.

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