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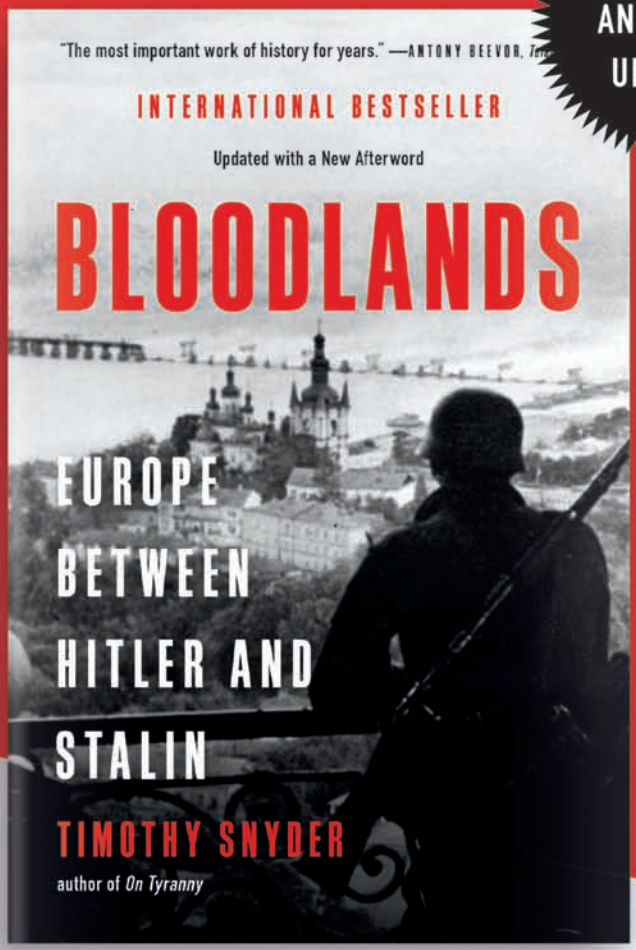

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Cover: Private George Mateyek, 75th Infantry Division, cleans his M-1 Garand behind the cover of a building near Datteln, Germany. See story page 34. Photo: National Archives

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Joe Rochefort: Unsung Hero of World War II

EIGHTY YEARS AGO THIS MONTH, THE U.S. NAVY INFLICTED THE DECISIVE defeat of World War II in the Pacific against the marauding Japanese. At the Battle of Midway, the Imperial Japanese Navy lost four aircraft carriers and irreplaceable planes, pilots, and aircrews. The defeat was total, and it wrested the initiative for the prosecution of the war from the Japanese enemy.

The victory at Midway was a near-run thing. And much of the credit for it goes to the cryptanalysts at Station Hypo in Hawaii, ground zero of U.S. Naval Intelligence in the Pacific, headed by Commander Joseph J. Rochefort, the epitome of the eccentric, nonconformist officer who spurned convention—but more than compensated for it with absolute brilliance—later paying a heavy price for his perspective on Navy protocol.

He was detailed to cryptanalytic training, and his aptitude for codebreaking led to a long association with OP-20-G, the organization created within naval communications in the mid-1920s. He became fluent in Japanese. An early success was the cracking of a substantial percentage of top-secret Japanese radio traffic in JN25B, their naval operations code.

After Pearl Harbor, the U.S. Navy was crippled. However, a defensive effort had to be mounted to first stem the Japanese advance toward Port Moresby, New Guinea, and the threat of an invasion of Australia. The Battle of the Coral Sea in May 1942, ended in a tactical Japanese victory but a strategic victory for the U.S. in that the invasion force headed for Port Moresby was turned around.

At the same time, Admiral Isoroku Yamamoto, commander-in-chief of the Imperial Navy's Combined Fleet, had devised a plan to seize Midway and threaten the Hawaiian Islands. Rochefort knew something was afoot, but the questions were just what the Japanese intended to do, where, and when.

Station Hypo played a hunch that a repeated JN25B reference to "AF" was indicative of an offensive move against Midway atoll. Rochefort convinced Admiral Chester Nimitz to bait the Japanese with a false message regarding a shortage of fresh water at Midway. The transmission caught Japanese attention, and soon there was a pronounced buzz concerning the shortage of fresh water at "AF." Further, Rochefort gleaned the approximate date of the Midway offensive as early June, probably the 3rd or 4th. Again, he was correct.

Nimitz deployed the limited resources available, Task Forces 16 and 17, to a rendezvous at "Point Luck," northeast of Midway. The rest, as they say, is history.

As for Rochefort, his unconventional style made ripples through the crusty naval hierarchy. He often padded around Station Hypo wearing a bathrobe and slippers. He spent hours at a time immersed in cryptanalysis, without emerging to see the light of day. His intelligence coup was at odds with the brain trust at OP-20-G in Washington, and when he was proven correct it was an embarrassment to the officers in charge there.

In the aftermath of the Midway success, Nimitz recommended Rochefort for the Distinguished Service Medal, but King quashed the initiative. Redmon even took it upon himself to voice complaints about the operation at Station Hypo, and Rochefort was shuffled out and given command of a floating drydock in San Francisco Bay. He retired from the Navy in 1947 but came back in 1950, concluding his service three years later with the rank of captain. He died at the age of 76 in 1976.

Regardless of Rochefort's contribution to the victory at Midway and therefore to the triumph in the Pacific War, it was only over the vehement objection of King that Rochefort received the Legion of Merit as the war ended. Still, it took 43 years for Rochefort to receive the Distinguished Service Medal. That took place in 1985. A year later, he received a posthumous award of the Presidential Medal of Freedom.

Both were long overdue, and it seems a miscarriage of justice that personal enmity should strangle the recognition due Rochefort and all those who made such monumental contributions to victory in the Pacific at Station Hypo.

—Michael E. Haskew

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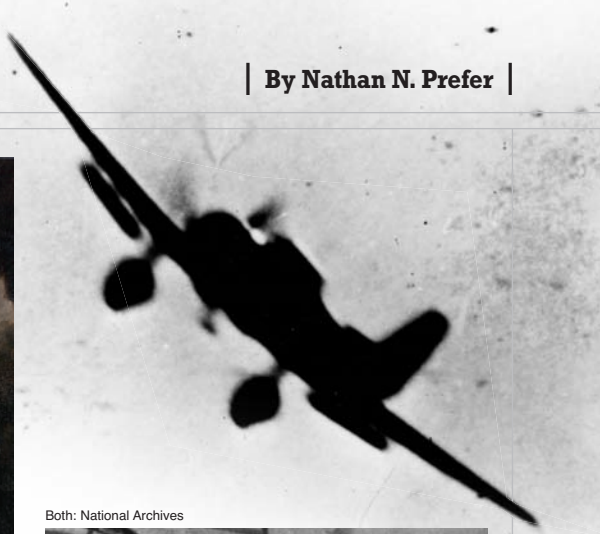

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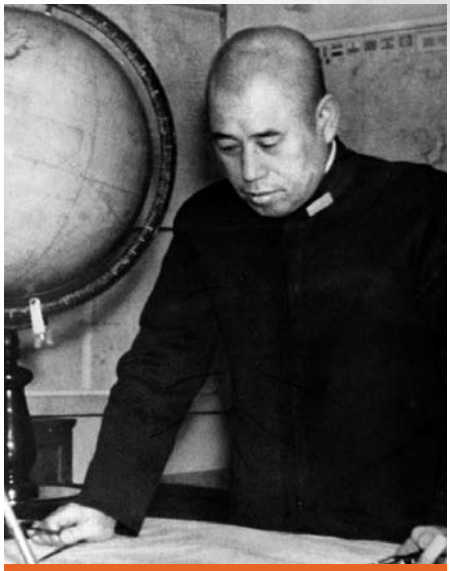

TOP LEFT: In this painting by James Dietz, Japanese planes wreak havoc on Battleship Row at Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941. TOP RIGHT: A Japanese Aichi D3 Type 99 Val during the attack. ABOVE: Admiral Isoroku Yamamoto, commander of the Imperial Japanese Navy's Combined Fleet.

Admiral Yamamoto and the Path to War

Reluctantly, Japanese Admiral Isoroku Yamamoto executed the Attack on Pearl Harbor and brought war with the United States.

FOR MANY AMERICANS IN LATE 1941 AND EARLY 1942, HE WAS THE MOST HATED— and feared—man in the world. More than Adolf Hitler, Benito Mussolini, or Josef Stalin. Many believed that he was just off the Pacific Coast with a huge fleet of warships, ready to pounce at any moment on United States soil. His name was Admiral Isoroku Yamamoto, and he was the man who planned the attack on Pearl Harbor.

This dangerous man was born April 4, 1884, to schoolmaster Sadakichi Takano and his second wife, Mineko. He was the family's seventh child, and when asked for a name for this new son, Mister Takano, at the time 56 years of age, decided to name him after his age. In Japanese, the name Isoroku means "fifty-six" (I = 5; so = 10; roku = 6). The boy grew up regaled by tales of the battles of the Echigo clan, to which his family belonged, as they fought against the unification of Japan just a few decades earlier. Now, the family was poor, and young Isoroku had to borrow his schoolbooks as there was no money to purchase them.

There was little contact with the outside world, and only one Westerner, an American missionary named Newell, lived in the village. It was from this contact that the future admiral would later gain his interest in Christianity. It was also at this stage that he developed his interest in fishing and the sea in general.

By the age of 15, Isoroku decided to apply to the Japanese Naval Academy and entered the naval academy in 1901. The four-year course demanded that the cadets neither drink, smoke, eat sweets, or go out with girls.

Isoroku Nakano graduated seventh in his class from Etajima in 1904. His timing was excellent, for Japan was about to go to war with Russia. Ensign Nakano was posted to the cruiser *Nisshin*, part of Admiral Heihachiro Togo's battle fleet, which was to face the Russian Baltic Fleet in the epic Battle of Tsushima. In less than an hour, the Russians were defeated, and the Japanese navy had a

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ABOVE: During the epic Battle of Tsushima during the Russo-Japanese War, Ensign Yamamoto served aboard the Japanese cruiser *Nisshin*. He lost two fingers from his left hand during the great victory and was wounded in the leg. RIGHT: Early in his naval career, Yamamoto served as a naval liaison in Washington, D.C., and studied at Harvard.

new laurel to add to its flags.

Ensign Nakano distinguished himself in this, his first battle. He wrote to his family afterward, "When the shells began to fly above me I found that I was not afraid. The ship was damaged by shells and many were killed. At 6:15 in the evening a shell hit the *Nisshin* and knocked me unconscious. When I recovered I found that I was wounded in the right leg and two fingers of my left hand were missing. But the Russian ships were completely defeated, and many wounded and dead were floating on the sea. But when victory was announced at 2 a.m., even the wounded cheered."

After two months recovering in the hospital, Ensign Takano went home, where he spent several more months resting. During this period, he studied many Western books, including the Bible. When criticized for this, he would reply that Western books had a great deal to teach Japan.

Training cruises to Korea and China filled the next few years. At age 26, he visited America, then Australia. In 1913, his father, Sadakichi, died at the age of 85 and, according to Japanese custom, the 30-year-old naval officer accepted an invitation to be adopted by a locally prominent family named *Yamamoto* (Base of the Mountain). The Yamamoto clan was wealthy and could trace its origins back to local clan chieftains, one of whom had been a general during the Shogun wars.

Newly promoted Lieutenant Commander Yamamoto was now in his thirties but unmarried, unusual for a Japanese officer at that age. Eventually he married the daughter of a hometown dairy farmer, Reiko Mihashi, on August 31, 1918, at the Navy Club in Shiba, Tokyo. Despite four children over the next 14 years, the couple seemed estranged from the early days. Shortly after his marriage, Commander Yamamoto was ordered to attend a two-year course at Harvard University. Wives did not accompany their husbands on these assignments.

After a brief visit to Washington, D.C., he went on to Boston where, in addition to his studies, he became an avid poker player. During one vacation, he hitchhiked to Mexico, where he toured the oil fields there. Before he left after his two-year course, he was so knowledgeable about oil that several American oil companies offered him a job. He also studied reports from World War I, then just ending, about airplanes and their use in war. With this began his first beliefs that the airplane would replace the battleship in future naval wars.

In 1923, at the age of 39, came promotion to captain and Yamamoto's first major assignment, as executive officer of the air-training school at Kasumigaura. This school, copied from the Royal Air Force, taught flying to young recruits. Captain Yamamoto studied flying at night and performed his executive-officer duties during the day. Yamamoto participated in all the sports events at the school and took part in the pilots' group parties, although he did not drink. He remarked, "I have not drunk since I was commissioned. I found that I was not strong in the head and made a fool of myself, so I stopped." While at the school, Captain Yamamoto insisted that every pilot be trained in night flying, then unheard of in aviation circles.

Captain Yamamoto was again posted to the United States from 1925 to 1927. He was naval attaché at the Japanese embassy in Washington, D.C. His job was to learn everything he could about the policies, ship building, and defense programs of the United States Navy.

Yamamoto's excellent command of English got him assigned as a representative to the London Naval Conference of 1930, where he prevailed on equality in light cruisers and submarines with the other world powers. Command of the First Air Fleet followed, and once again Captain Yamamoto stepped up

training. When some of his pilots complained that the training for carrier landings was too difficult, he remarked to them, "The Japanese fleet lags a long way behind the West …. There is very little time to attain their level. That is why I regard death in training the same as a hero's death in action. The Japanese spirit should not fear death."

Promotion to rear admiral and assignment to the Imperial Navy's technical branch followed in 1931. Again, Yamamoto pushed the development of aircraft, particularly fighters and torpedo planes. One result of this pressure was the development of the famous Mitsubishi Zero fighter plane of World War II. In 1934, now-Vice Admiral Yamamoto was selected as

the chief delegate for Japan at the new London Naval Conference. Already known for criticizing the earlier conference's limits on Japan, he was questioned about the speeches of General William "Billy" Mitchell, who had claimed that the United States needed to develop aircraft for the coming war with Japan.

Admiral Yamamoto replied to the reporters, "I do not look upon the relations between the United States and Japan from the same angle as General Mitchell. I have never thought of America as a potential enemy, and the naval plans of Japan have never included the possibility of an American-Japanese war."

Upon his return to Japan, Yamamoto found that the Imperial Japanese Navy was building warships at an increasing rate. Now Vice Minister of that navy, he opposed the building of more and larger battleships. He told subordinates, "These ships are like elaborate religious scrolls which old people hang up in their homes. They are of no proved worth. They are purely a matter of faith—not reality." Instead, he demanded that the navy build more aircraft carriers, which eventually they did, launching the new *Shokaku* and *Zuikaku*, the biggest and fastest carriers Japan had yet produced.

Vice Admiral Yamamoto was also a leading proponent of avoiding war with the United States. In fact, many of the higher-ranking officers of the Imperial Japanese Navy were against a war with the United States. They believed that their navy was too weak to defeat the American navy and would be for some time. But Japan, led by the Imperial Japanese Army, was already on a collision course with America.

Next, in 1940, came the Tripartite Pact with Germany and Italy, an agreement strongly opposed by Admiral Yamamoto and many naval officers. But they were overridden by the much-more politically powerful Imperial Japanese Army. Admiral Yamamoto now began to regret recently accepting the job of Commander-in-Chief of the Imperial Japanese Combined Fleet. To avoid assassination, a tactic of the extremist Japanese political and military cliques, he remained aboard his flagship, the cruiser *Nagato*, nearly constantly.

The Prime Minister at this time, Prince Fumimaro Konoye, called Admiral Yamamoto to his office and asked bluntly what chance Japan had of victory in a war with the United States. Admiral Yamamoto replied, "I can raise havoc with them for one year or at most 18 months. After that I can give no one any guarantees." Based on Yamamoto's statement, Prince Konoye tried to avert a war with the United States, but things had already gone too far. Soon he was replaced by an army officer, General Hideki Tojo.

Captain Yamamoto, left, photographed in the U.S. with Secretary of the Navy Curtis Wilbur, Captain Kiyoshi Hasegawa, and Admiral Edward Walter Eberle, Chief of Naval Operations. Yamamoto was serving as naval attache at the Japanese embassy and traveled extensively in the United States during his tenure.

Despite the repeated warnings by Admiral Yamamoto, the nation drifted toward war. Once again, this time to a group of senior admirals, he reiterated, "If it is necessary to fight, in the first six months to a year of war against the United States and England I will run wild. I will show you an uninterrupted succession of victories. But I must also tell you that if the war be prolonged for two or three years I have no confidence in our ultimate victory."

Realizing that he was facing an inevitable conflict, he turned his attention to at least giving Japan a fighting chance. He knew that Japan's best, indeed only, chance lay in disabling the American fleet at the opening moments of such a war. And so, he began the planning for what was to become America's "Day of Infamy." It was then that he gave a speech at his former Middle School in Nagaoka in which he said, "Most people think Americans love luxury and that their culture is shallow and meaningless. It is a mistake to regard the Americans as luxury-loving and weak. I can tell you Americans are full of the spirit of justice, fight and adventure. Also their thinking is very advanced and scientific. Lindbergh's solo crossing of the Atlantic is the sort of valiant act which is normal for them. That is typically American adventure based on science. Do not forget American industry is much more developed that ours—and unlike us they have all the oil they want. Japan cannot beat America. Therefore she should not fight America."

Admiral Yamamoto began planning the Pearl Harbor attack around May 1940, when during annual maneuvers he saw how warships at sea could dodge torpedo attacks, even from the practiced and experienced Japanese pilots. When discussing this with his staff, who felt that such attacks would not achieve decisive results, he remarked, "An even more crushing blow could be struck against an unsuspecting enemy force by mass torpedo attack." Admiral Yamamoto was thinking of the American Pacific Fleet and how to best disable it. He was also implementing his long-held beliefs that air power would be the decisive element in the coming war. But for a while, nothing came of this thought.

In November 1940, the British Royal Navy attacked the Italian Navy while it was in port at Taranto. A small group of carrier-borne aircraft struck suddenly and sank or damaged three Italian battleships as they lay docked. This caught the attention of Admiral Yamamoto, who immediately called for detailed reports from the Japanese naval attachés in Rome and London. Clearly, if the British could do this, so could the Imperial Japanese Navy. Then he checked on the new base of the U. S. Pacific Fleet at Pearl Harbor, Hawaii. The water depth, a key element in any torpedo attack, was nearly the same as that at Taranto. If Japanese torpe-

After suffering wounds at the Battle of Tsushima, Yamamoto received the wound badge. In this photograph, a Japanese naval officer adjusts the decoration on his tunic.

does were modified to run at shallow depths and the attack was sudden, there was every reason to expect success.

Admiral Yamamoto was not the only one who understood the significance of the Taranto attack. American naval officers also understood what possibilities now existed for an attack on the enemy's harbors. Rear Admiral Patrick L. N. Bellinger, then commanding patrol bombers at Pearl Harbor, and Major General Frederick L. Martin, commanding Army Air Forces in Hawaii, wrote a joint report in which they concluded that Japan could declare war and immediately launch a surprise attack on Pearl Harbor, that this attack would be directed at both American warships at anchor and their supporting installations, and that the most likely form of attack would be by carrier-borne aircraft from undiscovered fleet units. Finally, they concluded that such an attack was best launched at dawn. It was almost as if they were reading Admiral Yamamoto's mind. But this report was ignored.

It was not until after the November 1940 Taranto attack that Admiral Yamamoto brought up Pearl Harbor. In an impromptu staff meeting, he suddenly remarked, "An air attack on Pearl Harbor might be possible now, especially as our air training has turned out so successfully." He immediately ordered his staff, under the strictest secrecy, to begin to study such an operation and come up with all possible problems, concerns, and issues. One of Japan's premier flying officers, Rear Admiral Takijiro Ohnishi, was given the task of creating a plan for aircraft to attack Pearl Harbor from carriers at sea. Later, Admiral Ohnishi would be the leading proponent of the desperate Kamikaze tactic.

Six of Japan's aircraft carriers were selected to participate in the attack. Admiral Yamamoto, the inveterate gambler, was again gambling, for if these carriers were lost, Japan would be nearly defenseless against an American naval advance upon her shores. The most competent and best-trained flyers were selected for the attack force. Secrecy was paramount. Only a handful of senior officers knew what they were training for, or where it would take place. Reports were gathered from naval attachés in the United States, Hawaii, and the Philippines.

There were some scares, however. In early 1941, a Japanese interpreter assigned to the Peruvian embassy drank too much and suddenly blurted out, "The American fleet will disappear!" Peru's Minister to Japan began to ask questions and eventually submitted a report to the American Ambassador to Japan, Joseph C. Grew, that he suspected an attack on Pearl Harbor was being planned. But, fortunately for the Japanese, the report was discounted by the Division of Naval Intelligence.

By the end of April 1941, the final plans were being discussed. There remained two problems. First, making the necessary adjustments to the torpedoes to run in the shallow waters of Pearl Harbor. Second, how best to get close enough to Hawaii to launch a surprise attack on the American bases there. Staff officers were giving the plan at best a 60 percent chance of success. Most gave it less than a 40 percent chance of success. But Admiral Yamamoto, after carefully studying the plan, believed it stood a good chance of success. Still opposed to the war, he also believed that since it seemed unavoidable, it was his duty to give Japan the best possible chance of success.

In August 1941 the Imperial Navy planners established their planning headquarters in Tokyo, where they conducted numerous war games to test their plan. These sessions brought out significant opposition to Admiral Yamamoto's plans for Pearl Harbor. Most senior navy men believed it too risky. The Naval General Staff was completely opposed to it. Even Vice Admiral Chuichi Nagumo, who would command the attack on Pearl Harbor, was against the idea. He believed that the carriers were too vulnerable to a few bomb hits and that losses would be significant. He would be proven correct later at Midway.

Admiral Yamamoto stood by his plan. He believed that Japan's only chance was to cripple the American fleet in the opening hours of the war. To wait for them to come to Japan would be the death of the Imperial Japanese Navy. If the U. S. fleet were crippled at Pearl Harbor it would give Japan the opportunity to take Malaya, the Philippines, and Java and the East Indies, with their oil.

The attack on Pearl Harbor has been described as either a great strategic success or a blunder that would cost Japan dearly in the coming years. It did cripple the U. S. fleet for many months, but it did not do much damage to the critical aircraft carriers on which Admiral Yamamoto knew the rest of the war depended. But as he predicted, for the next six months the Imperial Japanese Navy "ran wild" in the western Pacific, conquering island after island, gaining the much-desired oil reserves and other war materiel they would need to bring this war to a satisfactory conclusion. The American Asiatic Fleet was eliminated, the Philippines seized, and Australia threatened.

The Pearl Harbor success also gave Admiral Yamamoto unusual power within the navy. In theory, he reported to the Naval General Staff, but after Pearl Harbor it was he and his staff who made all the decisions about Japan's naval war. But this brought other problems. Although he never wavered from his pre-war thoughts about a victory, his staff—indeed, most of the Japanese military leaders at this time—began to suffer from "Victory Disease," a notion of true invincibility. With this, they planned oper-

ation after operation under the assumption that they could not be stopped. And for months, they were correct.

Early in the war a press release by Japanese radio purported to detail a message from Admiral Yamamoto, now a national hero, which said in part, "Any time war breaks out between Japan and the United States I shall not be content to capture Guam and the Philippines and to occupy Hawaii and San Francisco. I am looking forward to dictating peace to the United States at the White House in Washington."

Although widely believed, even today, to be Admiral Yamamoto's words, they in fact were written as part of a much longer letter to an acquaintance and taken out of context by Army propagandists. This letter, written before the war on January 24, 1941, by the admiral actually said, "Should hostilities break out between Japan and the United States it is not enough that we take Guam and the Philippines or even Hawaii and San Francisco. We would have to march into Washington and sign the treaty in the White House. I wonder if our politicians who speak so lightly of a Japanese-American war have confidence as to the outcome and are prepared to make the necessary sacrifices?"

Admiral Yamamoto was still undecided about where to go next when the issue was resolved for him. All along, he had been seeking what the Japanese called a "decisive battle" in which the striking power of the American fleet was destroyed. The Pearl Harbor attack, which had missed the aircraft carriers and American oil reserves in Hawaii, had not accomplished this, despite its otherwise successful results. Seeking to lure the enemy into such a battle, Admiral Yamamoto chose for his target the lonely Pacific outpost of Midway

A Japanese Type 97 Nakajima Kate torpedo bomber takes off from the deck of the aircraft carrier *Shokaku* on the morning of December 7, 1941. The attack on Pearl Harbor was masterminded by Yamamoto, who also warned against a long war with the U.S.

ABOVE: In this painting by artist Roy Grinnell, the Mitsubishi G4M Betty bomber carrying Yamamoto on an inspection tour in 1943 begins a death spiral into the jungle of Bougainville, shot down by American Lockheed P-38 Lightning fighter planes. RIGHT: Yamamoto was a gambler, who received his pilots wings at the age of 40. His complex plan at Midway led in part to the undoing of Japanese designs in the Pacific.

atoll, where he would strike and hope that the American fleet would respond. Even as his staff prepared the Midway plan, American bombers appeared over Tokyo. This was a severe blow to Admiral Yamamoto, who had always believed that it was vital that no harm come to the Japanese Emperor. Then an American task force under Admiral William F. Halsey attacked Marcus Island, barely 1,000 miles from Tokyo. The threat was clear.

Admiral Yamamoto sent his own carriers looking for the Americans who had dared enter Japanese home waters. Fleet carriers were sent to the Solomons, and in early May came the Battle of the Coral Sea. Generally considered a draw, the battle drew Admiral Yamamoto's attention to the lowered skill of many of his pilots. Two fleet carriers, originally destined to participate in the Midway operation, needed repairs and had to be dropped from that plan. Disappointed with the results of his aviators' bombing and torpedo efforts, he began to realize that time was running out. To offset this, he needed another chance to cripple the American fleet.

Once again, over the objections of many senior naval staff members, he went ahead with his Midway plan. But the Americans knew they were coming, and the Combined Fleet was smashed, with a loss of four fleet carriers. Many of the most experienced aviators were lost as well. Sailing some 300 miles behind his attack force, Admiral Yamamoto took no part in the actual battle until the Japanese carriers began to burn, one after another. Determined to win, he kept up the battle even after his scouts reported five American carriers (there were just two) participating.

Disgusted with Admiral Nagumo's performance, he relieved him of his command and replaced him with Admiral Nobutake Kondo, who went racing toward the embattled Japanese fleet. Then Admiral Yamamoto decided on a night battle, in which the Japanese excelled, with his large warships, including the *Yamato*. But that did not work out either, and soon he was ordering a withdrawal. So severe was this defeat that for months it was hidden from the Japanese public.

Admiral Yamamoto was one of the earliest proponents of a withdrawal from Guadalcanal. The steady attrition of the Imperial Japanese Navy while trying to support and supply the army had become critical. But once again, the Army prevailed and insisted that these futile attempts continue. Only months after Admiral Yamamoto wanted to withdraw did the Army finally face the inevitable and evacuate Japanese troops from that deadly island. Even in that withdrawal, skillfully conducted by the navy, additional ships, aircraft, and aircrew were lost.

This defeat caused Admiral Yamamoto to become concerned about the morale of his men on the fighting front, and he decided upon a tour of the frontline bases in the Solomons to do what he could to maintain that morale. Not all his staff agreed with this trip, but the admiral insisted, and it was scheduled. Unfortunately, his schedule was signaled to these frontline bases, and those signals were being read by American intelligence.

On April 18, 1943, Admiral Yamamoto and his staff boarded two Mitsubishi G4M "Betty" bombers and went on this long-planned inspection trip of his frontline installations in the Solomons. Once again, American code breakers had learned of his plans, and a decision had been taken to kill the man most feared by Americans. The Japanese bombers and their fighter escort planes flew along the west coast of the island of Bougainville. They were suddenly attacked by a group of American Lockheed P-38 Lightning fighter aircraft from Guadalcanal. Both bombers were shot down. According to a survivor, one plane landed in the jungle and the other in the water.

Search parties were immediately dispatched, and two days later the aircraft in the jungle was located. Only one occupant had been thrown clear, still strapped into his seat. "Dead bodies were lying about the wreckage. Among them was a high-ranking officer. He sat as though abstracted, still strapped into his seat, amidst the trees. He had medal ribbons on his chest and wore white gloves. His left hand grasped his sword, and his right hand rested lightly on it. His head lolled forward as though he was sunk in thought, but he was dead. This officer was the only one who had been thrown out of the plane in his seat." Admiral Isoruku Yamamoto had died as he had lived, a naval officer to the end. □

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.*

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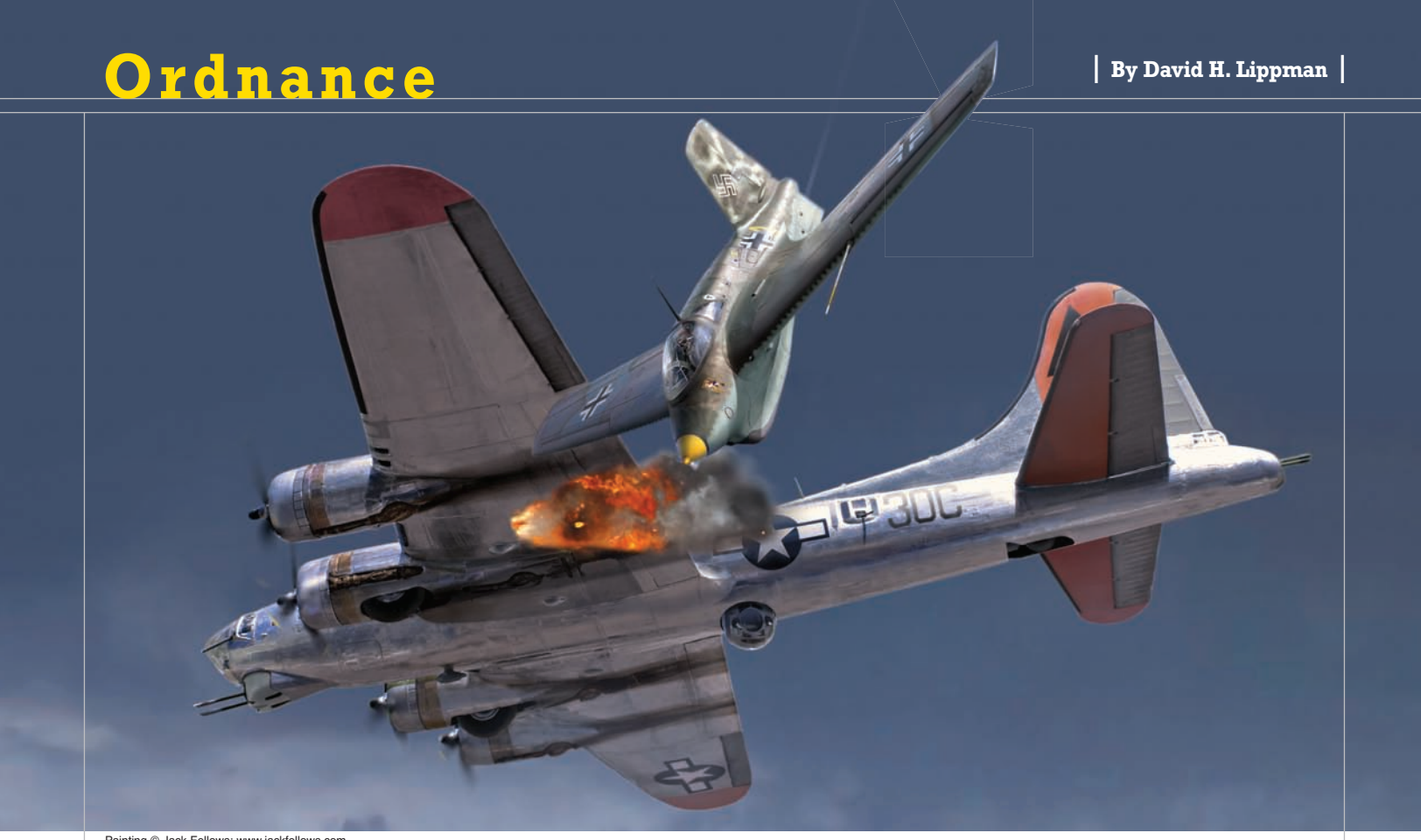

Painting © Jack Fellows; www.jackfellows.com

Me-163: The Devil's Broomstick

> The Rocket-powered Messerschmitt Me-163 Komet was an amazing innovation intended to decimate Allied bomber formations attacking the Third Reich.

National Archives

ABOVE: This Messerschmitt Me-163 Komet is captured in the gun-camera footage of a Republic P-47 Thunderbolt fighter plane of the U.S. Army Air Forces. TOP: Fire streams from an engine and wing of a Boeing B-17 Flying Fortress bomber as a rocket-powered Messerschmitt Me-163 fighter aircraft streaks past. Painting by artist Jack Fellows.

THE GERMANS CALLED IT THE "KOMET" AND THE "DEVIL'S BROOMSTICK," FOR the incredible speed with which it reached its altitude of 30,000 feet, achieving 0.84 Mach while doing so.

The Americans called it the "Powdered Egg" for its blue color and egg shape.

But postwar historians would rightly regard the German Me-163B rocket fighter as a failed attempt at achieving a revolution in air combat and one of the greatest debacles in military history.

When a new war began to develop in the 1930s, the Germans, Soviets, and even the Americans began to study the exciting possibilities generated by rocket engines as a means to power fighter aircraft at high speeds.

The Germans, who closely studied the works of two titans in the field, Romania's Hermann Oberth and America's Robert Goddard, were first off the mark, flying Opel and Espenlaub rocket planes that were little more than gliders with rocket engines attached in the tail. They flew at low altitude over their test areas in the late 1920s but had a tendency to crash.

After that, however, the German Army took over the program, putting it under Captain (later General) Walter Dornberger, whose acolyte, Werner von Braun, was developing the V-1 and V-2 missiles. As part of the Army Weapons Department's Ballistic Weapons Council, the rocket aircraft program moved to its base at Kummersdorf and went under a secrecy level that was so high that staff members, engineers, and scientists quipped that their reports and memos were "to be burned before reading."

Three major engineers led Germany's drive: Alexander Lippisch, an expert on glider design; Hellmuth Walter, who had developed an efficient, small, liquid-powered rocket engine; and the awesome power of Willy Messerschmidt and

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ABOVE: This Me-163 fighter is equipped with R4M rockets for use against Allied bomber formations. The 30mm Mk 108 cannon that was initially mounted in the rocket-propelled fighter added considerable weight to the airframe. BELOW: This Me-163B Komet, in the collection of the U.S. Air Force, bears evidence of sabotage, as forced laborers apparently used contaminated glue in the wing structure and lodged a rock between the volatile fuel tank and a support strap.

United States Air Force

his company, whose assembly lines were punching out the legendary Bf-109 fighter aircraft and could easily produce rocket-powered planes.

Working under the lowest priority, the three powers designed a rocket-powered interceptor fighter, which could provide point defense for major targets in the Third Reich such as factories, oil refineries, coal mines, shipyards, and cities.

The first major problem was fuel. A chemical combination that was 80 percent hydrogen peroxide, called "T-Stoff," would be used with a solution of calcium permanganate, methyl alcohol, hydrazine hydrate, and water—called "Z-Stoff"—to power the aircraft. On meeting in the combustion chamber, these fuels would enable the engine to have a thrust of 600 to 800 pounds.

The two fuels were powerful, corrosive, and had a high potential to explode on the ground or in the air. They had to be kept apart as much as possible. Fuel storage was no simple feat. T-Stoff had to be put in aluminum tanks, or it would corrode away or burst into flames. Z-Stoff had to be placed in glass containers for the same reason. Z-Stoff would also corrode aluminum.

The engines were tested in the fuselage of an He-112 fighter and the first two were destroyed in tests. In March 1937, ace test pilot Erich Warsitz climbed into the cockpit between the alcohol and liquid oxygen tanks. To take off, the plane used the usual Junkers Jumo piston engine as a safety measure. Warsitz fastened his straps, ran through his checklist, gave a thumbs-up, warmed up the Junkers engine, followed von Braun's instructions on how to power up the rocket engine, and the whole aircraft exploded.

Incredibly, Warsitz was flung clear of the wreck and survived with only a few cuts and bruises. Warsitz tried again at the end of April, when a new He-112 with a Daimler-Benz engine was ready. This time the plane took off. At 2,000 feet, Warsitz leveled off, cut the DB engine, ignited the rocket, and felt "like he had been kicked in the backside." The rocket engine fired for 30 seconds, and he raced through the air at 285 miles per hour for a successful flight.

By June, Warsitz was taking off on rocket power alone. When the plane used up its fuel, he would glide in to perfect landings on a precise cross painted on the runway. Its pilot had to sit in a semi-recumbent position, and Warsitz found the cockpit so cramped that he could not enter and exit if he had his wallet in his pocket.

Meanwhile, Lippisch and his colleagues worked hard on Project X, the delta-wing interceptor plane, basing it on pre-war gliders. These would use the same rocket engines as the He-112 variations.

On June 20, 1939, Warsitz flew an He-176 in a test at Peenemunde that lasted 50 seconds but barely exceeded 170 miles per hour. In attendance were Field Marshal Erhard Milch, second-in-command of the Luftwaffe, and Field Marshal Ernst Udet, the Luftwaffe's chief of procurement, who owed his position to having been a Great War fighter ace in Hermann Goering's squadron and thus becoming a lifelong friend of the head of the Luftwaffe.

Udet was the very last person one would seek as a procurement chief. While a brave pilot, charming dinner guest, and talented cartoonist, he was also a hard-drinking womanizer who ignored modern technology and never met an open-cockpit biplane he didn't like.

Before Warsitz took off, Udet stalked over to the plane and yelled at everyone, "You want to fly with that? It has no wings … those are running boards!"

After the flight, Udet was even harder. "That is no airplane! Leave it alone! I forbid you to fly it again!" he shouted.

With the rocket fighter now in a bureaucratic purgatory, it would take high drama to save it from limbo. Heinkel spoke up for his creation to be flown at a big aircraft display set for the Luftwaffe's main fighter base outside Berlin at Rechlin, before the whole Luftwaffe top brass and Adolf Hitler himself. Incredibly, Udet agreed, seeing that doing so was an opportunity to showcase something newer than the propeller-driven planes the Fuehrer had seen at Nazi Party rallies for years.

"The Fuehrer must be shown something new, and I suddenly remembered your comical bird! If it can get around the airfield, that will be good enough!" Udet told Heinkel.

On the big day, Warsitz rocketed his He-176 to 2,500 feet, circuited the airfield at full power,

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Both: United States Air Force

ABOVE: This side view of the Me-163B in the Air Force collection gives some perspective on the diminutive size of the aircraft. RIGHT: The cockpit of the Me-163B in the Air Force collection is remarkably cramped.

and glided to a neat landing. Hitler asked Heinkel, "What does Warsitz get for this flight?" With that, the rocket fighter had the support it needed, and the engineers got to work on what would become the Me-163.

While Hitler's panzers drove across Europe in 1941, test planes were readied for flight at Peenemunde with their new rocket engines, and soon test pilot Heini Dittmar was setting speed records of 500 and 550 miles per hour with the egg-shaped machine. He was also discovering it had major problems. The plane took off on a dolly with tires. After leaping into the air, the Me-163 jettisoned the dolly and landed on two skids, which made for a bumpy and dangerous return if it flipped on its sides or on its top. All takeoffs had to be made into a strong headwind, during which pilots had to sit passively in their cockpits. Otherwise, the Me-163 would veer off course because the rudder had no impact until the plane achieved a certain speed.

The Me-163A weighed 3,197 pounds empty, but with its 140 gallons of T-Stoff and Z-Stoff loaded, that went up to 5,291 pounds. That load gave the Me-163 fuel for four minutes and 30 seconds of powered flight. That meant that from a ground takeoff, it could hit 570 miles per hour.

On October 2, 1941, a twin-engine Me-110 fighter acted as tow plane for a test flight, hauling Dittmar's Komet into the air. At the right time, the Me-110 loosed the Komet, Dittmar fired his engine, and it accelerated to an incredible 624 miles per hour, Mach 0.84 on the meter, setting a new speed record. It also endangered Dittmar's life, as he lost stability and control of the plane, and it went into a steep dive. Dittmar cut the engine and glided down until he could fire it again, emptied the fuel tanks, and landed.

In Berlin, the Luftwaffe's leaders were astounded. Even Udet, who was suffering a massive depression that would lead to his suicide weeks later, was exhilarated, demanding that the combat version of the Me-163 be developed immediately.

Lippisch was happy to oblige Udet, but there were still problems with the Komet. It kept plunging into uncontrollable dives. Pilots had no way to bail out of a damaged aircraft. The T-Stoff and Z-Stoff had a tendency to spontaneously exploding on their own. And worst of all, the prototype Me-163A had no weaponry.

The solution was to design the Me-163B, which had a slightly different engine, less prone to explosions; parachute packs in case pilots had to "hit the silk;" better ailerons to prevent uncontrollable dives; and most importantly, 30mm cannon to give it combat value.

In December 1941, Dittmar was joined at Peenemunde by another crack Luftwaffe test pilot, glider expert Rudolf "Pitz" Opitz. The pair test-flew the Me-163B during 1942, with mixed success. One flight ended with Opitz's plane landing in a turnip field. Opitz walked away. Dittmar was less fortunate in another test: the ailerons worked, but when he landed in front of Lippisch and his team, the plane stalled at 12 feet, resulting in a crash that put Dittmar in the hospital for two years.

The ground crews had trouble with the Me-163B, as well. Known as "Black Men" for their uniforms, they had to fuel the Komet with the colorless and volatile fuels. One day a "black man" poured one fuel into a tank that still had a minute quantity of the other fuel in it, which killed him and destroyed the shed in a flash.

All through 1943, test pilots struggled with the plane, some of the flights nearly turning into disasters. Despite this, the Me-163B was accepted for production, and *sklavenarbeiter* ("slave laborers") on the Messerschmitt assembly lines started punching them out.

Hanna Reitsch, the Germany's foremost flier, was soon brought in to fly the Me-163. Reich's aviation skills were equaled by her novelty: she was female at a time when men literally dominated the skies.

Reitsch, who had flown all kinds of aircraft, won gliding championships, received the Knight's Cross from Hitler, and was an ardent Nazi, was a perfect choice from both a technical and propaganda standpoint. Reitsch flew four production Me-163Bs with no trouble at all, saying that it "felt like being shot out of a cannon." But the fifth ended in catastrophe.

An Me-110 towed her Komet into the air, and at 30 feet she tried to jettison the undercarriage dolly, but nothing happened. Reitsch was unaware of this situation until the tow plane's pilot lowered and raised his undercarriage. Hoping to boot it off, she had the Me-110 tow her to 10,000 feet, where she cast off the tow, fired the engine, and the plane developed an alarming vibration from the dolly. Reitsch decided to land, but the dolly created turbulence and made the controls ineffective. The Komet began sideslipping and stalled at 100 feet. It hit the ground with massive force, and Reitsch suffered six skull fractures and a

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National Archives

The Germans provided detailed plans of the Komet to their Japanese allies in the last days of World War II, and the Japanese constructed their own version of the rocket-powered interceptor, the Mitsubishi J8M1 Shusui.

displaced upper jawbone.

Testing went from horrifying to tragic. Lieutenant Josef Pöhs climbed into an Me-163A and gunned the engine. But the undercarriage dolly apparently fractured a T-Stoff feed line. The Komet raced up to 300 feet, banked steeply, and then plummeted like a stone, hitting the ground at an angle, and skidding along like a crab for 50 yards before exploding. Pöhs was knocked unconscious on impact and dissolved alive by the leaking T-Stoff.

But it was too late for further tests. Most of the Me-163Bs worked, British and American heavy bombers were hammering German cities and factories by night and day, and the D-Day invasion was looming. The Komet had to be committed to battle. he Luftwaffe ordered 1,000 Komets built.

The Luftwaffe formed *Jagdgeschwader 400*, JG 400 (meaning "Fighter Wing"), and its new Me-163Bs had ultra-short-wave radios, a jettisonable cockpit canopy, a torsion-spring pilot's seat that could absorb 20-g, a 220-pound HWK 509A rocket motor, and wingtip skids to help keep the plane level on landing.

JG 400 got down to business in July 1944, at Brandis, near Leipzig. Its mission was to protect the critical Leuna oil refinery, one of the Reich's most important such facilities.

Divided into two squadrons, JG 400 made its first combat appearance on July 28, attacking an American bomber raid. Their targets were B-17 bombers. The airmen of both the 454th Bombardment Wing's B-17s and Colonel Avelin P. Tacon, Jr.'s 359th Fighter Group's P-51 Mustangs were astonished to see the speedy contrails, but Tacon's men put their Mustangs between the Germans and the B-17s. The Germans fired bursts at the Mustangs and then dived away. The P-51s could not keep up.

JG 400 had only 36 Komets, and their pilots were discovering that great speed didn't help them in battle. They would approach a bomber formation at 560 miles per hour, while the B-17s flew at 220. The Germans shot by them at 340 miles per hour, which meant they had a better chance of ramming the B-17 than shooting it down. To make life worse for the Komet pilots, their 30mm cannon were unreliable and required expert marksmanship.

The JG 400 pilots tried attacking the B-17s in diving, looping, attacks, without much success. On August 5, they finally scored, with three Komets diving on three Mustangs, gunning them down at near-point-blank range.

On August 16, the "Powdered Eggs" intercepted B-17s headed for Leipzig and their escorting P-51s from the 359th. The Komets climbed to 28,000 feet and cut their motors 400 yards behind a straggling bomber. Lt. Col. John B. Murphy and his wingman, Lieutenant Cyril Jones, swung their P-51s to attack. A Komet overshot the B-17, enabling Murphy and Jones to charge in. Jones hit the Me-163 with a deflection shot that split open the canopy, Murphy, however, stayed inside the Komet's turn and drilled it, exploding the "Powdered Egg," the first such kill.

JG 400 pilots discovered that their planes were so fast, they could only shoot at a B-17 for two-and-a-half minutes. They had their best day on August 24, when Sergeant Schubert claimed three B-17s, and his wing-camera footage proved him correct. They were his only kills—his Komet exploded on take-off a few days later.

But the U.S. Army Air Forces had suffered enough indignities at the hands of the Komet. A week later, their B-17s pattern-bombed the Z-Stoff factory in Kiel, shutting it down.

Between August 1944 and March 1945, JG 400 only damaged a single Royal Air Force Mosquito. By V-E Day, Me-163s had accounted for a mere 16 Allied aircraft. JG 400 was disbanded before the war ended.

When the British Army drove across Germany, they captured 48 intact Komets out of the 350 produced, and the RAF took some to test as unpowered gliders at Farnborough. About 10 survived to be restored for museums. One of them went to Canada, where crews found it had been sabotaged on the assembly line by *sklavenarbeiter*, who had placed stones between the fuel tanks and its supporting straps, assembled the wings with contaminated glue, and written patriotic French slogans inside the fuselage.

But the Me-163 story was not finished yet. The Luftwaffe shipped a complete set of plans and an example to Japan by U-boat, and Mitsubishi engineers—who had built the legendary A6M Zero fighter—built their own knockoff, the J8M1, or "Sharp Sword," to defend major cities. It was a faithful copy down to the Me-163 in every way. On its first powered flight on July 7, 1945, it crashed on takeoff, due to engine failure. □

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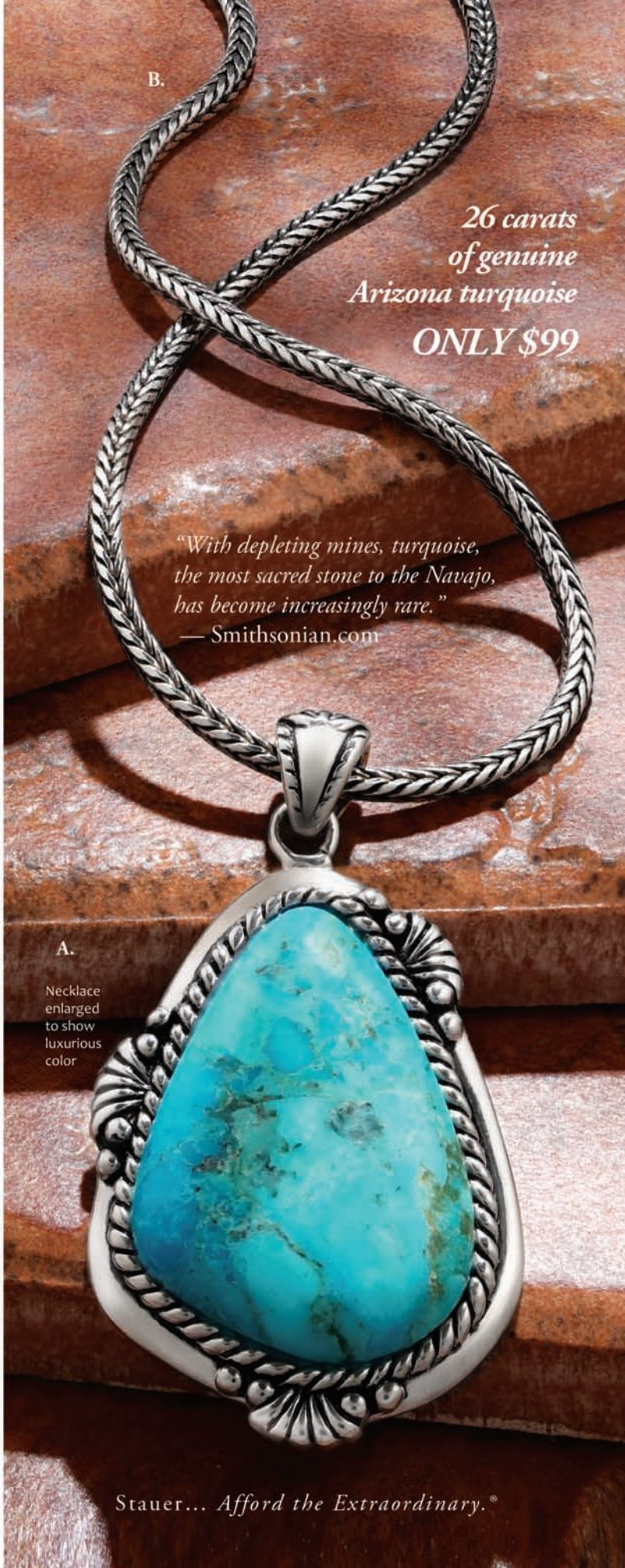

By Richard Baker

Wikimedia

Capturing Hitler

A GI thought he might nab the Fuhrer at Berchtesgaden but instead made off with a trove of souvenirs.

WHEN A FRIEND FROM WOLSEY, SOUTH DAKOTA, ASKED ALVEN BAKER WHY he was joining the army in 1941 and not another branch of the service, he replied, "To capture Adolf Hitler." Little did he realize he would get that chance.

Baker's road to Berchtesgaden started with the 290th Combat Engineers at Camp Shelby, Mississippi, and took him to France in November 1944, then to Tiverton, in Devonshire, England, then back to France before fighting halfway across Europe and arriving in Berchtesgaden on May 4, 1945.

By the time Captain Baker reached the Fuhrer's mountain retreat, no one seemed to know where Adolf Hitler was. The war in Europe was almost finished. Rumors indicated that he was holed up in his bunker in Berlin, but such reports remained unconfirmed. He had made only two official public appearances since the German defeat at Stalingrad in early 1943.

Hitler had assured the German people of victory at Stalingrad when he ordered General (later Field Marshal) Friedrich Paulus to launch his attack with the 330,000 men of the Sixth Army, on August 19, 1942. By February 2, the remaining 90,000 German soldiers had laid down their arms. Many had died from the cold and starvation.

After this humiliating defeat, Hitler preferred keeping a low profile, a far cry from the days when he had welcomed the accolades of his adoring public.

If he was not in his bunker in Berlin, where was he? The Berghof, his home at Berchtes-

Photograph courtesy of the author

ABOVE: During a lighter moment of training, Alven Baker, wearing the rank of a staff sergeant and smoking a cigarette, has climbed a tree to pose for a photographer. TOP: Hitler's Berchtesgaden retreat is a popular tourist attraction in the Bavarian Alps today. When Hitler entertained there, the spectacular views and alpine surroundings were meant to inspire awe in the visitors. Alven Baker planned to take Hitler prisoner there.

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Hitler departs Berchtesgaden with an entourage of Nazi officers trailing behind. He purchased the original house in 1933 with royalties from his book *Mein Kampf,* and in the years that followed, Berchtesgaden became an alpine showplace. RIGHT: Alven Baker graduated from the U.S. Army's Officer Candidate School and attained the rank of captain during World War II.

gaden and a favorite retreat, seemed a likely spot. During the war, Hitler had spent more time there than any other place except Wolfsschanze, known as the Wolf's Lair, near Rastenburg in East Prussia. Many retreating German forces were moving into the Bavarian Alps, perhaps for a last stand or to protect their Fuhrer.

Hitler developed his love for Berchtesgaden during the 1920s after his release from prison. He needed a quiet place for inspiration and to finish his book *Mein Kampf*. This small resort town in the Bavarian Alps, surrounded by Austria, provided the ideal spot for him to work. Here his mind pondered the deeds of great German legends as he looked deeply into the soul of the German people and looked for ways to manipulate them.

Hitler rented a small chalet from a businessman named Otto Winter before buying the house in 1933, using the royalties he had earned from his book. Over the years, using his architectural plans, workers expanded the house, giving the main rooms a light and airy feel. A large picture window was installed and provided much of the interior light of the main room. Hitler took pride in furnishing the chalet using mostly antique German pieces.

Heinrich Hoffmann, Hitler's favorite photographer, and guests took many pictures of him and his visitors as they relaxed high in the mountains and plotted the invasions and enslavement of other countries and peoples. Hitler is often seen laughing with his mistress, Eva Braun, or petting his dog, Blondi. Regular guests included Albert Speer, chief architect and Minister of Armaments; Joseph Goebbels, Minister of Propaganda; Reinhard Heydrich, Chief of the Reich Main Security office—including the Gestapo—and Heinrich Himmler, head of the SS.

The invasion of Russia was discussed with top military advisers at the Berghof, including members of the Chiefs of Armed Forces High Command, Army High Command, and the Navy High Command, during the Berghof Conference in July 1940. Hitler was convinced that an invasion to the East would cause Britain to sue for peace or that the United States would stop its support. Notes from General Franz Halder, Chief of Staff of the Army High Command, recorded Hitler's general plans: "With Russia smashed, Britain's last hope would be shattered. Germany will then be master of Europe and the Balkans. Decision: Russia's destruction must therefore be made part of this struggle."

The area continued to expand over the years. The Kehlsteinhaus, known as the "Eagle's Nest," was commissioned by Martin Bormann, Hitler's secretary, completed in 1939, and presented to Hitler for his 50th birthday. Workers built a road up the side of the mountain, but the last 400 feet to the house was reached through a large and elaborate elevator. Laborers drove the elevator shaft straight through granite in a marvelous feat of engineering.

The area became known as the Obersalzberg complex and eventually contained about 80 buildings, including barracks for several SS. units. Obersturmbannfuhrer Bernhard Fran was put in command of a contingent of the SS Leibstandarte to protect Hitler. As the war continued, Hitler needed that protection.

Captain Eberhard von Breitenbuch, a reserve cavalry officer with Army Group Center, disillusioned by the war, arrived on March 11, 1944, intent on killing the Fuhrer. Carrying a Browning automatic pistol in his pocket, he arrived at the Berghof as aide-de-camp to Field Marshal Ernst Busch, who had come for a meeting. Hitler was known for his luck, and it held when Breitenbuch arrived. The Fuhrer had issued a directive that morning that no aides were to be admitted into the meeting. Guards refused to let Breitenbuch into the room.

General Henning von Tresckow had recruited Breitenbuch into the conspiracy. Tresckow was

Photograph courtesy of the author

extremely well read, spoke several languages, and was a world traveler. Once loyal to Hitler, Tresckow had become disillusioned with the Nazi Party, especially after "Kristallnacht," the nationwide pogrom against the Jews on November 9, 1938, when businesses were destroyed and the Jewish people persecuted. He viewed the act as a degradation of civilization.

Later, Nazi atrocities committed in the East, especially the murder of thousands of Jews at Borisov, increased Tresckow's determination to assassinate Hitler. He recruited many German officers into his organization, including Major Carl-Hans Graf von Hardenberg, Lieutenant Colonel Georg Schulze-Buttger, and Colonel Rudolf Christoph Freiherr von Gersdorff. Sev-

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ABOVE: Adolf Hitler entertains a group of Luftwaffe pilots at Berchtesgaden. By the spring of 1945, Hitler had committed suicide in Berlin.

eral attempted assassinations against Hitler had all failed. The closest he came to success was with Operation Valkyire, when Colonel Claus von Stauffenburg placed a bomb under the conference table in Hitler's Wolf's Lair. Although the bomb exploded, Hitler suffered only minor wounds.

By 1945, the Allies had everything they needed to capture Hitler in Berlin. The Russians were tearing down the gates of the city, with the Americans, British and French waiting, should he attempt an escape to the west. If he was in Berchtesgaden, they needed a secret weapon; they needed Captain Alven Baker from Wolsey, South Dakota.

Alven Baker was a simple farm boy who lived with his parents. A slight young man, he helped his father, Loren, grow flax and thresh various grains, using his Rumely Oil Pull tractor. Baker loved starting the tractor by jumping on the rungs of the flywheel until the engine fired. The tractor ran on kerosene and was always temperamental; Alven learned his engineering skills early on by attempting to keep the tractor running. Baker's brother, Wesley, had already joined the cavalry before the outbreak of war. Wesley, a championship clarinet player, soon joined the National Guard.

Alven's leadership ability was recognized almost immediately, and he was sent to Officer Candidate School at Fort Belvoir, Virginia, where he was commissioned as a lieutenant in the Combat Engineers. He quickly rose to the rank of captain and was assigned Commander of Company B, 290th Combat Engineers, at Camp Shelby. His journey on the road to capturing Adolf Hitler had begun.

After further training with the engineers, the battalion shipped out for England in 1944. With the exception of Baker's B Company, which landed at Cherbourg, the remaining companies arrived in Southampton in early November. After the uneventful stop in France, B Company was quickly shipped to England to join the rest of the battalion, now stationed at Tiverton, 15 miles from Exeter. The engineers endeared themselves to the local population by helping rebuild many of the bombed-out buildings in London. They also built new housing for families who had lost their homes. During the construction operations, the engineers often lived in tents near the projects to prepare them for the rigors of rough living in combat situations yet to come.

For two months, the engineers learned to erect floating and fixed Bailey Bridges of different lengths and over various obstacles. Baker loved the work and found the challenges of engineering exhilarating. Every project was a new challenge. When he learned to erect the bridges, he pushed his men to build them faster—a skill that paid later dividends.

The joys of England become a memory when, on December 31, 1944, the battalion boarded the liberty ship HMS *Empire Rapier* for the short trip to Le Havre, France. They moved 200 miles inland to Orbey, Alsace. All engineering was forgotten, and the battalion became riflemen for the next 21 days. They were first assigned to the 3rd Infantry Division, then as infantry to the 112th Regiment of the 28th Infantry Division, fighting in the Vosges

Mountains against German General Siegfried Rasp's 19th Army under Heinrich Himmler's Army Group Upper Rhine.

The American units had replaced the tired and battered 36th Infantry Division and were in a position to support General Jean de Lattre de Tassigny's French First Army, which had been assigned to reduce the Colmar Pocket.

The 36th Infantry Division had been badly mauled in Italy. In an effort to divert the Germans from the landings at Anzio, they'd launched an unsuccessful diversionary attack to cross the Rapido River and lost the better part of two of their three regiments. The division absorbed replacements and then went into the line in France. By the end of the war, it was pounding against the Siegfried Line on the German frontier. The 36th Division has served 400 days in combat, suffered the ninth- highest casualty rate of any U.S. Army Division of the war, and accepted the surrender of Field Marshal Herman Goering.

The Germans considered the area around the town of Colmar, in Alsace, France, as German soil and were fiercely defending it. The duty was brutal, not just because of the continuous blizzards and freezing temperatures of one of the coldest winters on record, but also because of the horrendous combat. Day and night the engineers organized patrols through the German lines, suffering their greatest casualties.

On January 23, 1945, Captain Baker was ordered to send a joint reconnaissance patrol with Company A into German lines to determine the exact enemy positions. Lieutenant McDermott was chosen to lead a platoon from Company A. Captain Baker chose his best lieutenant, Alan Hunnicutt, to lead the platoon from Company B.

After A Company advanced just 200 yards, the Germans opened fire and pinned them down. Bullets chipped away at the dirt as McDermott and his men dug in. Company B advanced over 800 yards before being hit with machine-gun fire, mortars, and small arms. All communications were severed. Both companies were stuck, unable to advance or to retreat without drawing more fire. There was little to be done except stay low and wait.

Lieutenant Hunnicutt and 10 of his men had become separated from the rest of the platoon. His remaining men assumed they had been killed. The battalion commander was ordered to withdraw the patrols and sent out runners to bring them back. Many of the men had been killed instantly, while several of the wounded returned to the line with the help of stretcher-bearers. Although wounded, Lieutenant McDermott managed to get his men back to

safety. Lieutenant Hunnicutt and his men were reported as "Missing in Action."

Life did not get any easier for Captain Baker and B Company. A week later, 2nd Platoon came under a fierce mortar attack that set fire to the command post. Lieutenant Edward Armani, the platoon leader, moved to the safety of a nearby farm building. Looking for the safest place in the building, he moved his command post to the basement. In one of many unexplainable events of war, a mortar shell landed outside on the ice and bounced through an opening into the basement, where it hit the wall, exploded, and killed the lieutenant and his aide.

Two days later, Lieutenant Walter Gentry was shot through the head and killed while on patrol. His men refused to leave his body in the field and managed to return it to the American lines.

Colonel G. M. Nelson, commander of the 112th Infantry Regiment, stated: "During the period 17 January 1945 to 5 February 1945 the 290th Combat Engineer Brigade performed the duty of front-line infantry without special training and had no opportunity to perform its normal engineering functions. While employed as infantry they occupied front-line positions in direct contact with the enemy and under direct enemy observation, artillery, mortar and small-arms fire. Despite their lack of training for this kind of combat, they exhibited remarkable qualities of courage and coolness in the face of the enemy and under severe winter conditions which existed on the high mountain positions."

The battalion was soon pulled out of the line. If Baker thought, however, that life was going to get any easier, he was mistaken.

Combat engineers are an interesting and often unsung lot. Before any units can move, the combat engineers must often build roads and bridges on which to travel. Enemy roads and fields must be cleared of mines, booby traps removed from buildings and obstacles, bunkers and gun emplacements built, and command posts established. Without the Combat Engineers, the army cannot move efficiently. The engineers were often under direct enemy fire.

The engineers were finally assigned to their regular mission and were ordered to maintain the main supply route between St. Marie Aux Mines and St. Die. The duty seemed like a holiday compared to what they had experienced in the mountains fighting as infantry. The work was difficult; melting snow and mudslides were not uncommon. Each day, Captain Baker moved closer to his destiny with Hitler.

The battalion was soon on the move across France, building bridges, repairing roads and clearing minefields. Before the war was over, they had completed over 40 bridges. Again, they were within 200 yards of the German lines at Weingarten, where they captured two German officers, discovered several German trenches with machine-gun emplacements, found many stores of ammunition, and opened all the roads in the area by clearing highways of dead animals, wrecked tanks, trucks, cars, wagons, and various road blocks. They also guarded several downed bombers and cleared houses of booby traps.

The speed at which they moved was remarkable. In a single month, while advancing from Mannheim to Murnau, their command post moved 21 times. Along the way they suppressed a warehouse riot by civilians in Weinheim until the military police could arrive. In Allersheim they showed their speed and effectiveness. Assigned to the 4th Infantry Division, they started to build a class 40 bridge over the river.

Both: National Archives

ABOVE: American combat engineers erect a bridge across a river in France during the Allied drive into Germany in the last year of World War II. Baker was assigned to command of Company B, 290th Combat Engineers, but he and his unit served as riflemen for several frigid weeks during fighting in the Vosges Mountains. BELOW: Soldiers of the 101st Airborne Division relax on the grounds of Berchtesgaden. In the last days of World War II, there was a rush to reach Hitler's alpine residence, and some controversy still surrounds the story of who was there and who was not.

A class 40 bridge is a more permanent and stable structure anchored into the ground, usually with concrete, and it was time-consuming to build. Orders were received that a combat unit was in deep trouble on the other side and they desperately needed tank support. The engineers dropped work on the fixed bridge and set a record for building an M-2 floating bridge.

German prisoners, along with freed American prisoners, started flowing through the Allied lines. Lieutenant Hunnicutt and the soldiers who had vanished in the Vosges Mountains were among them. They had been captured shortly after separating from the patrol. No one was happier to see them than Captain Baker.

The 12th Armored Division was ordered to launch an attack across the Loisach River. They first needed to get the 36th Infantry Division across to establish a bridgehead so the engineers could span the river for the tanks. Captain Alven Baker and B Company were given the task of supporting the operation. He planned it carefully, not just gathering all the needed boats but also stockpiling the equipment for the Bailey bridge. At dawn, his men ferried the entire 36th Infantry over the river, catching the enemy completely by surprise. Not a single shot was fired. By 1 p.m., Company B had completed the 150-foot bridge. For his command in this operation, Baker was awarded the Bronze Star.

Fate now took Baker in hand. After being ordered to sweep the area around the city of Bichl, B Company was ordered to support the 2nd French Armored Division of the First French Army. They were old friends and had fought together in the Vosges Mountains. The French had few engineers and often needed the assistance of the British and Americans.

The war was winding down quickly, and only mopping-up operations remained. Everywhere the Germans were surrendering. Capturing Hitler became a priority. Egos came into play as generals, thinking the Fuehrer might be there, plotted to get to Berchtesgaden first. If Hitler was not there, they all wanted the credit of at least taking his prize town, the tranquil scene of so much underlying evil. The French 2nd Armored Division was in perfect position for the assault. Troops of the 3rd Infantry Division and the 101st Airborne Division were also nearby.

The 2nd French Armored Division, with Captain Baker and B Company of the 290th Combat Engineers attached, rolled unopposed into Berchtesgaden first. Baker had never seen such a beautiful place. He did not linger to take in the sights. The French seemed to be confused and remained inactive. Baker had a mission to complete. He left Lieutenant Leo Barber in charge of the company and, along with a corporal, headed

for the Eagle's Nest on a little "scouting" mission. Baker did not want to take a large force up the mountain, drawing attention to himself, or get caught disobeying orders. His entire body tingled at the thought of capturing Hitler.

Years later Baker said, "I figured I could take him by surprise. After all, it was just me against him and all his personal SS guards. The last thing Hitler would expect would be an attack by a South Dakota farm boy."

The Eagle's Nest sat high on a mountain ledge. At the base of a sheer cliff they discovered the large elevator shaft dug into the mountainside. The elevator moved men, equipment, and supplies to Eagle's Nest and was stopped halfway up the shaft. There was no other way to get to the building except straight up the rock wall. There are few mountains on the plains of South Dakota, but the captain and the corporal proceeded to climb the rock wall anyway. The climb was treacherous. Fortunately, a high bank of snow remained at the foot of the mountain, so the climb was shorter than anticipated.

The Eagle's Nest was deserted. They searched everywhere, through every room and closet, anticipating an ambush at any moment by SS guards. They sat at a large conference table and decided their next move. Although Hitler was not there, they wanted to prove that they had arrived first and had at least made the attempt to capture him. Baker wanted something totally unique as proof. He knew they needed to work fast, since soon the place would be overwhelmed with officers claiming to be the first to arrive. As they gathered souvenirs, Baker continued to look for something unique.

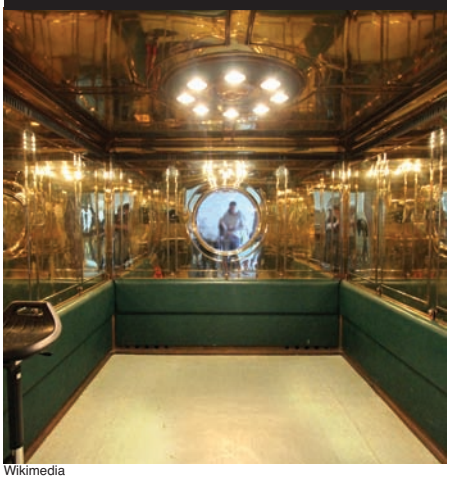
All Hitler's personal items were marked with his initials, and they went for those first, including beautiful monogrammed wine glasses etched with A.H. astride a German Eagle and Swastika, and the pillow case from Hitler's bed, his initials sewn into the cloth. These were interesting, but any soldier that entered later would find similar things. Next, Baker found the rug from Eva Braun's room. As Hitler's mistress, she maintained her own room. There was only one rug in the room, so it was not only unique, but would come in handy for protecting the glasses.

Baker thought the candle holders might have been built just for the house, so he grabbed one of them. Then he thought of the large tablecloth on the conference table. It was intricately hand woven and quite beautiful, but much too large to carry. He took his bayonet and cut off the end to wrap around the glasses that would be placed in the rug.

Unable to find anything more unique, they started collecting various objects of interest. He found a Luger pistol and Nazi armband in

Photograph courtesy of the author

ABOVE: In his later years, Alven operated a welding shop in California, where several glasses etched with Adolf Hitler's initials were on display for years. BELOW: The restored elevator at Berchtesgaden today.



Wikimedia

Hitler's bedroom and gathered up some keys that fit the doors. In another room he found a cheap reproduction painting of Hitler looking stern and defiant.

Together, Baker and the corporal rolled everything together and tied the bundle into the rug. They stopped for a rest. Baker, not knowing that Hitler had already committed suicide in Berlin, was still convinced he was in the area. "I couldn't admit defeat," he said. He discussed the situation with the corporal. Then it hit him. Hitler was hiding in the elevator. Why else would the elevator be midway up the shaft? He found an ax and told the corporal to watch the loot. He was about to capture the world's worst tyrant.

Baker climbed down the shaft and onto the roof of the elevator. He chopped through the roof and dropped inside the empty elevator. Only then did Baker realize that going after Hitler was a "damned stupid idea. If he had been there he would have been protected by SS guards waiting to kill me."

Baker stood in one of the most beautiful elevators in the world, all green leather and polished brass. Still breathless, he looked around as he thought about his next move. Then it hit him. Facing him was the object he had been seeking, the brass elevator panel. The panel glowed like a precious jewel. He knew it was totally unique and made strictly for Hitler's personal elevator. Not another one in the world existed. With his bayonet he unscrewed the panel and held it in his hands like a gold ingot. They say that to the victor belong the spoils. To Baker, the spoils belonged to him and his glory.

Baker tied the heavy brass object around his neck using the lace from his combat boot. With great difficulty he climbed back up out of the shaft, the panel dangling from around his neck. By then several Frenchmen had made their way into the Eagle's Nest and were gathering up armloads of Hitler's personal belongings and tossing them down the sides of the mountain to the cries of "Vive la France!"

The corporal had found a bottle of wine, and they sat at the conference table and enjoyed a drink. "I had been ready to capture Adolf Hitler. What a disappointment not to find him."

Baker and the corporal gathered up their rug full of goods and tossed the bundle over the side of the mountain because it was too heavy and awkward to carry. They needed to keep the souvenirs away from the French. That any of the wine glasses survived the fall was simply luck.

Baker returned to Berchtesgaden only to find that a soldier had discovered Hitler's Mercedes hidden in town. The car had an inch of armor plating on the floor, and the engine was plated with chrome. The doors and windows were bulletproof, the seats covered with fine leather. Baker reminded the soldier that all confiscated German vehicles must be turned over to the military authorities. He then managed to ship the car as far as England, where it was discovered and acquired by another officer and later sold in the United States.

Undaunted by his recent setbacks, Captain Baker still took pride as the man who tried to capture Hitler. No one could take that away from him. The pride faded a week later, when a story appeared in *Stars and Stripes*, the military newspaper, about vandals destroying Hitler's elaborate elevator.

The article was a crushing blow to Baker.

Almost overnight he dropped from hero to criminal, and he thought he had better stay low. "You can never tell about the army," he recalled. "They might have tried me for looting or wanted me to pay for the damages to the elevator. I figured I was lucky to get away with what I had and the last thing I wanted to do was embarrass some general who claimed to get to Berchtesgaden first."

Baker packed his Hitler goods into his military trunk and shipped it home. The artifacts eventually ended up in his new welding shop in Dos Palos, California. Baker placed the glasses in the tin shop and often used them to share a drink of wine with farmers. Over the years, an occasional careless swipe of a hand or a hard slam of the shop door reduced the glasses, one after another, to glittering bits of trash. When they fell, Baker just shrugged his shoulders and continued to work.

Baker was a gregarious man and seldom without a smile, but it took some prodding to get him to speak about his exploits during World War II, and how the glasses with Adolf Hitler's initials came to rest on his workshop shelf. Not one for sentiment, he eventually sold everything to collectors. He was not a man who lived in the past.

Many people have claimed to be the first ones into Hitler's Eagle's Nest. General Dwight D. Eisenhower wrote that the U.S. 3rd Infantry Division was the first to arrive: Herman Louis Finnell of that division said that he and Pfc. Fungerburg, his ammo carrier, were the first to enter. Newsreel footage showing 3rd Division soldiers drinking on the patio only proved they were there, but not necessarily first. Easy Company, 2nd Battalion, 506th Parachute Infantry Regiment, 101st Airborne Division, the famed Band of Brothers, also claimed the honor, as have members of the French 9th Armored Division. French General Georges Buis claims that he and Paul Reption-Preneuf arrived first but left after a short visit.

Baker always laughed at such claims and said they really made no difference. The French refused to admit any Americans were there; the Americans, wanting all the glory, refused to recognize the French. "They can say what they like," Baker commented. "I'm the one with the elevator panel." □

Author Richard Baker served in Vietnam with the 4th Infantry Division. His historical novel, First a Torch, *about the siege of Dien Bien Phu, is used at French Foreign Legion headquarters in Aubagne, France, as part of French Foreign Legion history in Vietnam. He resides in Tacoma, Washington.*

DARRELL BUSH FOUGHT WITH THE 101ST AIRBORNE DIVISION DESPITE BEING A GROUND-POUNDING, GREEN INFANTRYMAN.

BY KEVIN M. HYMEL

Staff Sergeant Darrell Bush had just carried a wounded soldier on his back to the rear when five enemy bullets seemed to hit him simultaneously. One bullet tore through his helmet, the second cut his belt, the third smashed his canteen, and the fourth clipped one of his ammunition bandoleers. The fifth bullet hit home, ripping into the back of his right thigh and dropping him face down in the snow. Bush screamed out, but no medic came. Then his world went dark.

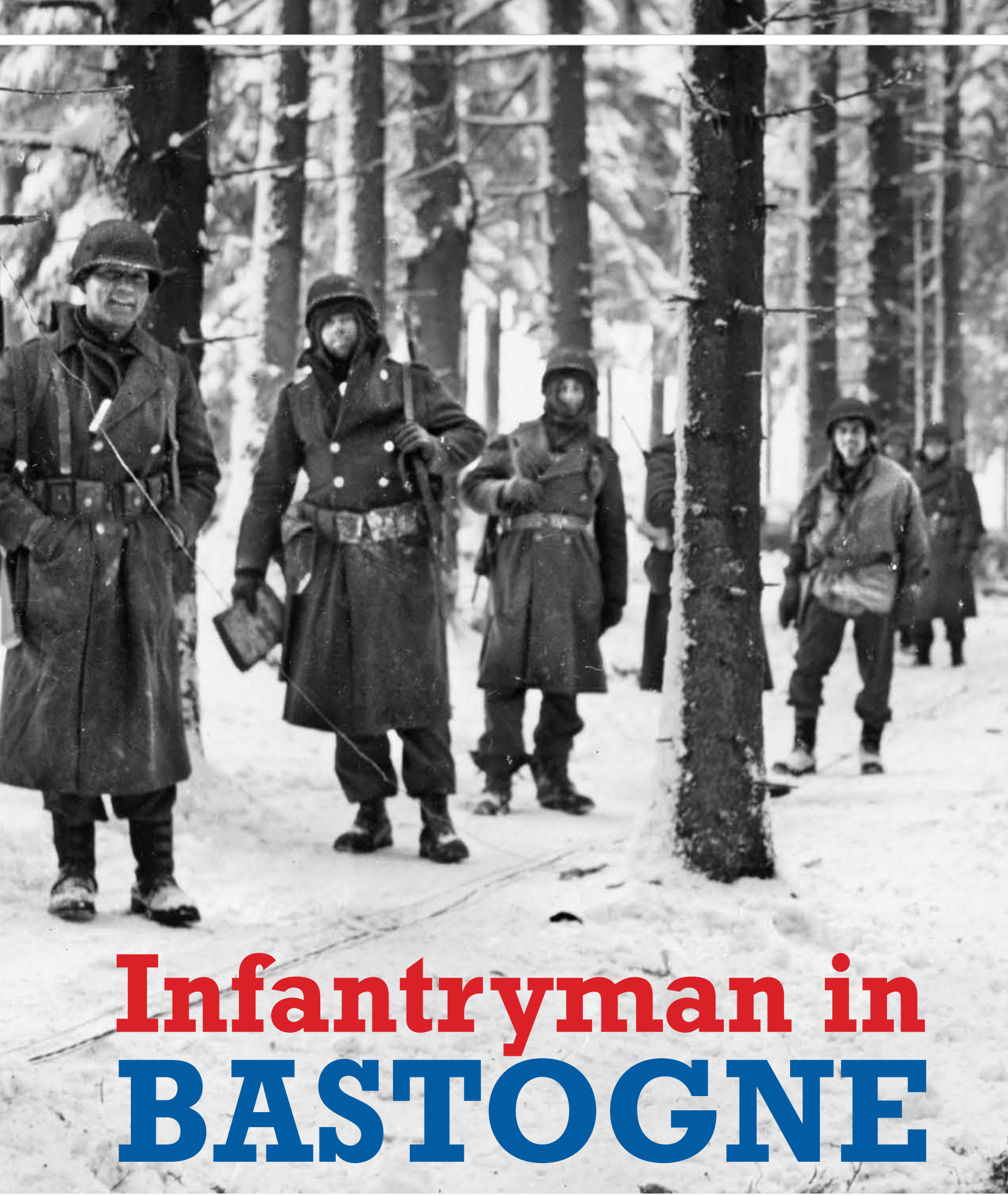
A few weeks later, back home in Camp Springs, Maryland, his 19-year-old wife Dorothy received a box from the government containing a Purple Heart and the bullet that had struck down her husband. "I didn't know if he was alive or dead," she said. All she knew was that her husband had been fighting in Europe during the closing stages of the Battle of the Bulge.

When the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941, 17-year-old Darrell Bush wanted to join the military immediately but was too young to serve. He worked at a grocery store in Camp Springs, having moved out of his parent's house in Hyndman, Pennsylvania, three years earlier. Dorothy, then his girlfriend and a year younger, remembered hearing about the attack on the radio at her farm. Bush's two brothers were already serving, Ray in the Army and Bill in the Navy.

When Bush and Dorothy started dating, their dates usually consisted of sitting on Dorothy's front porch until her mother coughed loudly at

Soldiers of the 290th Infantry Regiment, 75th Infantry Division march through a Belgian woods during the Battle of the Bulge. It was in a forest like this that Staff Sergeant Darrell Bush tried to carry a fellow scout off the battlefield until he took a bullet from Germans firing down from the trees.

All photos from the National Archives except as noted.



Infantryman in BASTOGNE

11 p.m sharp. Dorothy asked one night about getting married, but a surprised Bush told her, "I'm too young to get married."

Once he turned 18, Bush reported to Baltimore for his physical on September 21, 1943. After passing the requirements, he chose the Army and was given 21 days of leave before reporting to Fort Meade, Maryland. He used the time to marry Dorothy a month later on October 23. They honeymooned at his hometown for a week, then Dorothy returned to her parents' farm while Bush headed to Fort Meade.

At Meade, Bush received a uniform and all his soldiering equipment, including a Heart Shield Bible (a metal-covered Bible), which he kept in his left breast pocket, hence its name. He would use it for nightly prayers or stressful situations, when he would recite the 23rd psalm: "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want…."

Then it was off to Camp Blanding, Florida, for infantry training. Dorothy joined Bush, renting a room in a woman's home so she could be close to her husband. Once completed, he transferred to Camp Atterbury, in Indiana, where he joined the 106th Infantry Division. Once the division finished its training, it headed to Fort Meade to prepare to ship out overseas.

But Bush would not join his unit for the journey. At 18, he was too young for a combat zone. Instead, he was sent to the 89th Infantry Division and then the 75th, where he served in F Company of the 290th Infantry Regiment. The 75th Infantry, known as the Diaper Division since none of the soldiers in it were over 21, was commanded by Colonel Carl Duffner. Bush considered the officer a great man, likening him to General George S. Patton: a tough soldier who believed in combat.

Photo courtesy of Darrell and Dorothy Bush

ABOVE: Dorothy Bush was only 17 years old when she married Darrell Bush, 18 in 1943. TOP: Soldiers with the 75th Infantry Division march through a Belgian town as they drive back the Germans. Bush, in an effort to get out of conditions like this, eventually found himself fighting in Bastogne with the 101st Airborne Division.

While with the 75th, Bush trained as a scout and then as a paratrooper, but when he realized Dorothy wouldn't want him jumping out of planes, he returned to the 75th, now at Fort Breckinridge, Kentucky, in early 1944. While Bush moved from unit to unit, Dorothy returned home and worked as a secretary for the Army Air Forces at Camp Springs Air Base (today's Andrews Air Force Base) in the quartermaster department. She alternated weekly between her high school classes and the secretarial job, which she liked. "I could take shorthand and type," she recalled.

Finally old enough to go to war, Bush and his unit headed north to Fort Dix, New Jersey, to prepare for the trip overseas. Along the way, he briefly visited Dorothy. "I had said goodbye to him at Fort Meade," she said. "I thought he was gone, then one day he walked through our bedroom door."

After their brief reunion, Bush boarded the SS *Brazil,* an ocean liner converted into a troop carrier. The ship set sail on October 22, 1944, with the entire 290th Infantry Regiment and a battalion of engineers, and joined a convoy headed to England. Bush could see ships spread out on the ocean in a V formation. Despite the

convoy's size, enemy U-boats lurked. One day, as the *Brazil* zig-zagged, the destroyers around her dropped depth charges. The action terrified Bush and his comrades until a voice came over the intercom telling them the crisis had passed. Fortunately, no ships were lost.

The ship docked on November 1 at Swansea, Wales, where Bush's regiment trained in amphibious assaults, odd since the Normandy landings had occurred five months earlier. From Wales, the unit arrived in France on December 10 and headed to the German border, where the Allied armies were building up for a spring offensive. Bush and his comrades traveled in French 40 & 8 trains (so named because they could hold 40 men or eight horses). Along the way, they slept in tents that leaked in the rain. Bush received letters from Dorothy almost every day, and once a week she sent cookies and El Producto cigars. Bush enjoyed chewing on both. He wrote back whenever he could.

As the regiment headed east in late December, Bush decided one night to find shelter from the rain. He and three other soldiers departed the regiment without telling anyone. As they walked, a truck pulled up next to them and the driver asked where they wanted to go. Bush told him a barn; the driver offered to give them a ride. The four soaking wet men climbed into the truck's cabin and roared away. After a while, Bush could hear artillery fire in the distance. After more than an hour of driving, the truck pulled into Bastogne, Belgium.

Bush did not know the date, but the town was filled with paratroopers from the 101st Airborne Division (probably December 19, 1944). The town was still mostly intact. It had not yet become the target of German artillery and air raids.

Bush and his fellow infantrymen got out of the truck and encountered an airborne lieutenant who told them, "I'll take you until your outfit comes up into combat." To the officer, it might not have seemed odd to be commanding soldiers from the 75th Infantry Division, since stragglers from other units had made it into the beleaguered town. The lieutenant led Bush and his buddies to the town's perimeter, where they dug foxholes with their helmets. Once he completed his new home, Bush found himself standing behind a captain when a shot rang out and the captain went down with a bullet in his back. Bush did not understand exactly what happened.

For more weeks, Bush fought in snow and ice alongside the airborne soldiers in a blur of combat. The first time he heard enemy small-arms fire, he hit the ground and started firing. He once fought the Germans hand-to-hand with fixed bayonets, while another time he fired his rifle until he ran out of ammunition. Whenever he heard enemy artillery fire, he dove into a foxhole, chewing on an El Producto cigar and reciting the 23rd Psalm. In the snow and ice, his hands and feet froze. He wore no gloves and only one pair of socks that he wore for so long that he joked they could stand on their own. He never removed his boots.

On night patrols, Bush used a toy cricket (a brass toy that clicked) given to him by a paratrooper. The Americans used it to identify one another. An American would snap the cricket once if he saw someone he didn't know. If that person was an American, they would snap theirs twice. If there was no return click, the person was probably a German and a target. Sometimes the Germans would trick the Americans by clicking their own captured crickets. Bush went on many patrols through the German lines, sometimes close enough to touch the enemy soldiers.

When the skies cleared, American cargo and fighter aircraft appeared above. But the fighters tended to attack the American lines, forcing Bush and his comrades to jump into ditches. One day, a P-47 Thunderbolt fighter dove over his position and dropped a bomb. Fragments flew everywhere, but he and his fellow infantrymen were unhurt, although some paratroopers were killed.

The intense fighting scared Bush, and he worried he would never get home to his wife. Whenever he could, he would stare at a picture of Dorothy that he kept on him. When he slept, he dreamed that she was standing next to him in his foxhole.

Back home, Dorothy saw a military car pull up in front of her house. "This is it," she told her mother. She thought her husband was dead. An officer got out of the car and told her that

Soldiers with the 290th Infantry, 75th ID, fire on German snipers in Beffe Belgium on January 7, 1945. Bush fought in the snow and ice in Bastogne, and again near Beffe.

ABOVE: Bush fired a bazooka round at a German tank but it bounced off harmlessly. One of his fellow soldiers managed to halt the tank by blowing off one of its tracks. BELOW: Bush returned to his unit in time to participate in the Battle for the Colmar Pocket, where he found that Germans in the regular army easily surrendered, but the SS soldiers rarely surrendered. Here, soldiers with the 75th Infantry Division escort surrendering Germans to the rear on February 1, 1945. OPPOSITE: Soldiers with the 75th Infantry Division advance through Riedwihr, France. To keep warm, Bush and his comrades would gather behind German tanks and enjoy the heat from their exhaust.

her husband was instead missing in action. "I was numb," remembered Dorothy. She prayed daily that he was still alive, sometimes at a little white chapel across from the quartermaster building. A helpful signal officer tried to locate her husband, but his efforts came to naught. No letters came from Bush.

Finally, on December 26, General Patton's Third Army broke the German siege of Bastogne. Four days later, the general visited Bastogne, pinning medals on soldiers and making speeches. Bush saw Patton standing up on a tank, cursing heavily. He had no idea who he was until someone told him.

Over the next few days and weeks, the scattered troops returned to their units. Bush worried that he and his friends would be court-martialed when they got back to the 290th Infantry Regiment, but they faced no such proceedings; in fact, no one seemed to notice they had gone. No longer surrounded by Germans, he also started writing letters to Dorothy again, to her great relief.

The 290th fought throughout the month of January 1945 on the northern side of the Bulge in Belgium, from Magoster to Burtonville, a distance of some 25 miles. The location might have changed, but the fighting was very much the same: intense, and in ice and mud.

As the lead scout for his company, Bush was always out front, often with two other scouts, looking for Germans or points on a map. He and his men went through many houses, often finding German soldiers as young as 14 in the basements. When enemy tanks passed by, he often hid since the scout's job was to observe and report, not fight, and especially not a tank.

One day, Bush had no choice when an enemy tank roared directly at him and his men. As it fired its machine gun, one of the Americans fired a bazooka at it. When the shot bounced off, he passed the weapon around so other men might score a shot. Bush, who had never fired a bazooka before, fired the weapon twice, aiming for its gas tank and tracks. Someone finally fired a kill shot, blowing off one of the tracks and stopping the tank. The hatch opened, and out climbed a German captain, who surrendered to Bush, who in turn asked for and received the officer's sidearm.

One day, an older British officer called Bush and his men to gather around him to thank them for their performance during the Bulge. Bush had no idea who he was until he left and one of his comrades told him it was Field Marshal Bernard Law Montgomery, the commander of the British 21st Army Group. The American First Army, including the 75th Infantry

Division, came under his control after the German offensive cut it off from American General Omar Bradley's Twelfth Army Group. Bradley took back command of the First Army soon after it united with Patton's Third Army at Houffalize, Belgium, on January 16, 1945.

On a night patrol, Bush and his fellow scouts headed out, looking for a barn the enemy used as an observation post. After they found it, they headed back to their lines until they came across another barn. They went in, climbed a ladder into the hayloft, and had pulled the ladder up. As they prepared to sleep, a company of Germans entered. Bush and his fellow scouts grabbed their rifles and took aim, ready to fire. But the Germans just stood around chatting and eventually left. The scouts bedded down.

On January 22, Bush trudged through a snowy forest with two other scouts near the Belgian town of Burtonville. Their mission was to destroy another barn the Germans used as an observation post. When he decided the area was clear, he headed back and brought up F Company. As he returned, the air exploded with small-arms fire. Germans wearing white camouflage uniforms and hiding up in the trees opened fire with machine pistols. Enemy artillery fire also exploded in the woods. Bush saw both scouts go down and ran to help them.

One of the scouts had almost lost his hand, so Bush wrapped the scout's hand, then dragged him back to the safety of a barn. He then ran back for the other scout. The man couldn't walk, so Bush hoisted him on his own shoulders and carried him to the rear. A nearby lieutenant called out, "You're going to get a Silver Star." The lieutenant was immediately cut down by enemy fire. That's when a German bullet tore through Bush's leg. He fell into the snow. Despite the pain, his leg did not bleed out. The freezing temperatures prevented blood spillage. Something hit his chest, so he pulled his Bible only to find it dented from a piece of enemy shrapnel. Bush's life passed before his eyes; then his world went dark.

Bush woke up in what looked like a prison cell, with barred windows and a heavy locked door. He was actually in a hospital in downtown Paris, with a view of the Arc de Triomphe out the barred window. He had been put there because he had been deliriously hollering and fighting the medical staff, thinking they were Germans. Worse, they had no idea who he was since he never wore his dog tags. Now calm, he realized he had been cleaned up and was wearing a fresh uniform. The doctors had not operated on him since the bullet in his leg had gone beyond his leg bone.

The staff transferred Bush to England, where doctors at the 228th General Hospital removed the bullet. "I was not in a lot of pain," he recalled. "The leg was heavy, like a heavy weight on my leg." But he did not stay in the hospital long. "They operated on me one day and the next they had me up running around."

Back home, Dorothy worried about her husband's life after receiving the Purple Heart and the bullet. "I didn't know he was wounded," she said. But when she started receiving letters from him again, she felt relieved.

Back in Europe, Bush returned to his company in early February 1945, as he recalled, "with a cane and a rifle." The 75th Infantry Division was now involved in the Battle of the Colmar Pocket, the American Seventh Army and French forces' campaign to erase a German bulge in their lines. Bush would find himself fighting the Waffen SS. "Those guys were tough fighters," he recalled. "They didn't want to surrender."

Company F had taken so many casualties that Bush served mostly with replacements. "Even our top sergeant was a replacement," he said. The company commander warned Bush not to learn any of the men's names since they barely lasted a day in combat. One soldier took a bullet to the stomach. "We got first aid for him but we never even knew his name," explained Bush. The new men also tended to wear heavy overcoats, something Bush

After crossing the Rhine River, the soldiers of the 75th Infantry moved more freely across Germany. Bush was scouting ahead of his company when he learned the war had ended.

abhorred since it restricted movement. "I always wore a field jacket." More than once, men in overcoats would lay down at night and freeze to death. "When I picked them up, they were frozen stiff."

For warmth, Bush and his comrades would often gather behind a tank and warm themselves with the exhaust. Tanks were also good for food. The infantrymen would raid the C-ration boxes lashed to their hulls. "We'd steal a can of beans or something," he said. Despite his closeness to tanks, Bush never rode on one, a common practice for many infantrymen as the war wound down.

Once the Colmar Pocket had been erased, on February 9, part of Bush's regiment was pulled off the line and traveled north to Holland. Then, in early March, the regiment reunited in Germany to fight again under the First Army. The Rhine River, Germany's last natural barrier, had been crossed at Remagen, south of Cologne, on March 7, but Bush's regiment did not cross until two weeks later at Wallach, 90 miles north of Remagen. Bush walked across a pontoon treadway bridge, eyeing the damage around him. He imagined the amount of war debris already swept away by the river. "We thought there was a lot of stuff down there," he recalled about looking into the water as he crossed.

Once on the east bank of the Rhine, Bush started scouting and fighting again. During the day, he helped clear houses, finding mostly German civilians. "They would tell us there were soldiers in other homes," he recalled. "And those soldiers were mostly kids." At night, he slept outside, not wanting to risk sleeping in an enemy house.

On April 12, Bush learned that President Franklin Delano Roosevelt had died. "He was my buddy," he recalled, having slept a night in the president's Packard car when he was only nine-years-old. A family friend who guarded the White House had arranged it. Bush's regiment stopped for the day to honor the fallen president. Back home, the base commander at Camp Springs Air Base ordered a moment of prayer. "It was a war," explained Dorothy, "so we went on with our work."

Bush traveled to Dachau, where he carried Holocaust victims out of the filthy barracks on his back from the infamous concentration camp. "They were just bones," he said. "The Germans just treated them like dogs." His officers told him not to talk to the victims, only to say, "Hello," and not feed them because their bodies could not handle the sudden shock of food after existing on a starvation diet for so long. The task traumatized Bush. "That's where I got claustrophobia." He soon returned to scouting duties.

One day, while scouting ahead of the company, a lieutenant who had been with the regiment since it deployed ran up to Bush with urgent news: the war was over. "Great!" said Bush, thanking the lieutenant. It was May 9, 1945. Bush had been in combat for a total of 39 days.

To earn a trip home, the Army developed a point system based on a soldier's time in service, overseas, medals earned, marital status and other figures. A soldier needed 85 points. Bush had 110 points, yet, while most of his division went home, he and four other soldiers remained in Germany attached to a combat engineer unit. The highlight of Bush's occupation duty came when he marched in General Patton's funeral procession in Hamm, Luxembourg, on December 24, 1945, after the general had died from a car accident two weeks earlier. Bush, in his pressed uniform and highly polished boots, walked behind the halftrack-borne casket on the way to the cemetery.

Bush desperately wanted to leave Europe. "I said I'd ride a canoe to get home," he explained. Finally, in January 1946, he boarded the SS *Henry O'Connor,* a small ship that could only hold 400 men. In some ways, the trip home was worse than combat. The ship headed out again and again into the Atlantic Ocean, only to turn back due to heavy storms. Finally, the ship ventured into the ocean for good.

Storms ravaged the small ship. "We didn't sleep," recalled Bush. Almost everyone got sick. When the food ran out the men resorted to eating cream filled sugar wafers. They tied themselves to the railings to vomit. "The water would hit us so hard," he said, "we all thought we were gonna be washed overboard." Even the ship's captain admitted that this was the worst storm he had seen in 47 years of service.

After 26 miserable days at sea, the ship sailed into New York harbor, where Bush blew kisses to the Statue of Liberty. "We were so happy to see land," he said. He reached Fort Meade and called Dorothy at her parents' home in Maryland using the number 20R. The number went through to three or four homes. Bush had to wait for the operator to call him back and tell him Dorothy was ready to talk. "In those days," he explained, "it was like a party line."

A few hours after they spoke, Dorothy washed her hair in the kitchen sink, wanting to look good for her arriving husband. Looking up from the suds and water, she saw Bush walking into the room. "What are you doing here?" she asked incredulously. Bush, having arrived in Washington, D.C., had taken a streetcar through the city before crossing the Potomac River. Walking from there, one of Dorothy's friends spotted him and gave him a speedy ride home.

It had been three years since they had seen each other. It was a happy reunion. Dorothy's father would eventually give the couple a half-acre of farmland. Bush got a job with the energy company Pepco, where he worked on D.C.'s underground powerlines and street lights for the next 37 years. In 1947, Dorothy gave birth to their daughter, Linda Anne, who grew up, married, and had a son, but sadly died of breast cancer in 1988.

Bush was always proud of his military service, admitting he would have stayed in the Army if it had not been for Dorothy. He kept a shadow box of his service medals and the bullet pulled from his leg. He also attended division reunions and would wear his "Ike" jacket with rank, ribbons, and medals, and both 75th Infantry and 101st Airborne Division shoulder patches.

Bush also forever carried a reminder of the bitter winter fighting he endured. His hands and feet never recovered from the cold. Although they never turned black with frostbite, his extremities suffered the pain and numbness of peripheral neuropathy. "Dorothy has to open cans for me," he admitted.

On November 10, 2021, Bush paid a final honor to his fallen World War II comrades, when he laid a flower at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier at Arlington National Cemetery. To commemorate the 100th anniversary of the World War I Unknown Soldier, the cemetery allowed visitors to lay flowers at the foot of the crypts for the World War II, Korean War, and Vietnam (empty) unknown soldiers.

Bush and Dorothy attended the event as VIPs, and an Army major served as their escort. CBS Evening News anchor Norah O'Donnell interviewed them both for the evening news.

ABOVE: Prisoners of Dachau celebrate their freedom after American forces liberate the camp. Bush carried prisoners out of the camp on his back. The experience gave him claustrophobia. BELOW: Pallbearers carry the casket of General George S. Patton to his burial plot on December 24, 1945. During the funeral Bush marched behind a halftrack bearing Patton's flag-draped casket on its way to the Hamm military cemetery in Luxembourg.

Then it was time to lay a flower. Bush and Dorothy selected red roses and laid them before the World War II crypt. "It was an honor for me to be there," he said, "I had been there before, but I never did anything like that."

Bush looks fondly back on his service in World War II. When asked if he would do anything differently about his time in Europe, he gave an emphatic no. "I would do the exact same thing," he explained. "I wanted to keep Hitler in Germany and that's what I was going to do. He wanted to come to the United States and we wouldn't let him." □

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Bataan and Corregidor:

VALOR WITHOUT HOPE

They had no armor, no air support, and little hope, but the American and Filipino troops on Luzon and the Bataan peninsula waged a fighting retreat that was the longest and most gallant in U.S. military history.

Half-starved, weary, and wracked with disease, the defenders of the Philippine Islands battled superior Japanese forces for five desperate months in late 1941 and early 1942 with mostly rifles, machine guns, and hand grenades. They fought, fell back, dug in, and fought again. Promised supplies and reinforcements never arrived, and their cause was doomed from the start.

Major General Jonathan M. Wainwright, the scrawny 1906 West Point graduate and cavalryman who commanded the North Luzon Force, reported, "Our perpetual hunger, the steaming heat by day and night, the terrible malaria, and the moans of the wounded were terribly hard on the men."

As senior field commander of the American and Filipino forces, "Skinny" Wainwright, a staff officer in World War I, had the tactical responsibility for resisting the Japanese invasion that began in late December 1941.

His soldiers kept hoping for relief, but none was coming. There would be no reinforcements for the Bataan force because of an enemy sea blockade, and because none were available, anyway, thanks to War Department lethargy. The defenders soon came to realize that they had been virtually forgotten. In distant Washington, the Philippines, a sprawling archipelago comprising 7,100 islands, "had been virtually written off as indefensible in a war with Japan."

Despite intelligence warnings, years of preparation, and plenty of manpower, the Philippines were unready for the Japanese onslaught. General Douglas A. MacArthur, the handsome, autocratic commander of the U.S. Army forces in the Far East, had been complacent about the enemy threat and placed too much faith in the Filipino reservists he had trained for six years. Reports critical of their caliber and training never reached his desk.

National Archives

The American and Filipino defenders of the Philippines fought valiantly in the early days of World War II in the Pacific.

BY MICHAEL D. HULL

Japanese soldiers ride atop Type 89 I-Go medium tanks during their push toward the Philippine capital of Manila in this photo taken on December 22, 1941. A car lies toppled on its side after being removed from the roadway. Obstacles to the advance were brushed aside as the Japanese moved swiftly across the island of Luzon to confront the American and Filipino defenders in their last-ditch defensive positions at Bataan and Corregidor.

National Archives

MacArthur, a World War I infantry hero and dedicated career soldier, was a sympathetic and staunch ally of the Filipino people and their government, which had bestowed on him the title of field marshal in 1936. But, like many Westerners of his time, MacArthur woefully underestimated the Japanese. He believed that the United States should and could defend the entire Philippine archipelago, and his persuasive enthusiasm infected the U.S. War Department and General George C. Marshall, Army chief of staff.

MacArthur had drawn up plans for the defense of the Philippines, which were still chiefly on paper when crisis came. But, with sweeping overstatements, he nevertheless predicted a strong defense that could repel any enemy. He was enthusiastic about the military potential of the Filipinos, though, in the summer of 1941, a few months before the expansionist Japanese sprang their rampage in the Pacific, the Philippine Army was little more than a dream. Barracks, camp sites, equipment, and, above all, a cadre of trained officers, were lacking.

"When war came, not a single division had been completely mobilized, and not one of the units was at full strength," reported an observer. "Discipline left much to be desired. There was a serious shortage in almost all types of equipment. The enlisted men seemed to be proficient in only two things: one, when an officer appeared, to yell 'attention' in a loud voice, jump up, and salute; the other, to demand three meals per day."

Convinced that he was a man of destiny, MacArthur used his charm, commanding personality, and seniority to mesmerize Army subordinates in both Manila and Washington, as well as the dour General Marshall and Major General Henry H. "Hap" Arnold, the good-natured chief of the Army Air Forces. Showing a political naivete characteristic of most American military leaders at the time, Marshall told a secret press briefing on November 15, 1941, that war with Japan was imminent but that the U.S. position in the Philippines was highly favorable. American strength there, he said, was far larger than the Japanese imagined.

Not only was America preparing to defend the Philippines, announced Marshall, but an aerial offensive from the islands would be conducted against Japan. Thirty-five new Boeing B-17 Flying Fortress heavy bombers were based in the Philippines, and more planes, tanks, and guns were being shipped there, he said. The islands were being reinforced daily. By around mid-December, Marshall predicted, the War Department would feel secure in the Philippines.

Enthused with the doctrines of Giulio Douhet, General William "Billy" Mitchell, Air Marshal Sir Hugh Trenchard, and Alexander de Seversky, Marshall and Arnold were pinning their hopes on victory through air power. If a Pacific war started, Marshall told the seven Washington reporters on November 15, the high-flying bombers could spearhead a successful offensive virtually single-handed. There would not be much need for the Navy, and the U.S. Pacific Fleet would stay out of range of Japanese air power in Hawaii.

The misplaced enthusiasm in Washington and Manila grew from ignorance—a failure to grasp the meaning of air power, a lack of understanding of maritime power, and a fatal myopia about the Japanese. The optimistic plans and pronouncements were to be of no avail. It was already too little and too late.

When Japanese carrier planes mauled the Pacific Fleet at Pearl Harbor early on the morning of December 7, 1941, stunning and unifying America, the state of defense in the Philippines was pitiful. In the islands there were only two operational radar sets, the 35 B-17s, and 107 first-line Curtiss P-40 Tomahawk and Kittyhawk fighter planes of Major General Lewis H. Brereton's U.S. Far East Air Force.

MacArthur's ground forces there comprised

Both: National Archives

ABOVE: Blindfolded with their hands bound behind their backs, Japanese soldiers captured while trying to infiltrate American lines by swimming along the western shore of the Bataan Peninsula are led by their captors to American headquarters for questioning. BELOW: A soldier wounded during fighting along the west coast of Luzon is helped to an aid station at Longoskawayan Point by a pair of comrades. This image was taken in January 1942. OPPOSITE: From his defensive position on the Bataan Peninsula, an American soldier watches the horizon for signs of the Japanese invaders. The soldier is armed with his government-issue rifle and a Molotov cocktail, simply a bottle filled with gasoline to be lit and thrown at enemy vehicles.

about 130,000—22,400 U.S. Army regulars, including 12,000 well-trained Philippine Scouts; 3,000 Philippine Constabulary; and the Philippine Army, 107,000 strong. The 10 reserve divisions of the Philippine Army had been only partially mobilized. More than 100,000 Filipinos were in some kind of uniform, but most of them knew or cared little about the facts of warfare. The major portion of MacArthur's army was based on Luzon, the largest of the islands, and other Filipino elements were stationed on the islands of Cebu, the Visayas, and Mindanao.

The Japanese naval and air onslaught in the Western Pacific early on December 7 was simultaneous and widespread, with strikes at British Malaya, Thailand, Singapore, Guam, Hong Kong, Wake Island, Midway atoll, and the Philippines. Malaya, Indonesia, and the British bastion at Singapore were the top enemy objectives, and the Philippine archipelago was a secondary goal. Earmarked for the Philippine invasion was the 14th Army, led by tall, clean-cut Lt. Gen. Masaharu Homma. His force comprised the 16th and 48th Divisions and the 65th Brigade, supported by the 5th Air Group, the 11th Navy Air Fleet, and the Third Fleet.

Homma, an intelligent, artistic infantry officer who had served as an observer with the British Expeditionary Force in France in World War I, was given about 50 days to complete his mission, and "little difficulty was expected" by the Imperial General Headquarters in Tokyo. The plan was to advance through the Philippines from several points, converge on Manila, and grasp it in a giant vise.

The enemy blitzkrieg against the Philippines commenced 10 hours after the Pearl Harbor attack. A force of 192 Formosa-based naval bombers raided Clark Field, the key U.S. Army Air Forces base 50 miles north of Manila, and other airfields. Almost all of the American planes at Clark Field—parked wingtip to wingtip, with no fighter cover, while their crews were having lunch—were demolished. That night, irascible little Admiral Thomas C. Hart withdrew most of his tiny U.S. Asiatic Fleet—three cruisers, nine destroyers, and other craft—from its Cavite base in Manila Bay and headed southward to Java, out of the range of Japanese bombers.

The withdrawal, ordered by the Navy Department, left only four destroyers, 28 submarines, a squadron of flying boats, and a patrol torpedo-boat flotilla, together with a U.S. Marine regiment, in the Philippines. MacArthur's army was now without naval support. Cavite, meanwhile, was wrecked by enemy planes on December 10.

The invasion of the Philippines began early that same day with probing attacks. Four thousand troops landed at Aparri and Vigan, on the northern end of Luzon, and another force went ashore on December 14 at Legaspi, on the southern end.

The main Japanese assault came at 2 a.m. on December 22, when 43,000 men of General Homma's 14th Army started landing at the southern end of Lingayen Gulf on the western coast of Luzon, 125 miles north of the Philippine capital. The landings were slowed by rough seas, but there was virtually no resistance on the beach. Under complete air superiority, Homma's

Naval History and Heritage Command

force expanded its beachhead, swiftly linked up with the Aparri-Vigan invaders from the north and pushed southward toward the plains leading to Manila.

The invaders faced weak and uncoordinated opposition, and most of the subsequent Japanese landings were virtually uncontested. Many of the Japanese landing beaches had been anticipated, but the Allied force was inadequate for the defense of the lengthy Luzon coastline. The strategic position was hopeless for MacArthur's army.

After the first shots had been fired, Filipino soldiers broke and fled, with many of the divisions from which MacArthur had hoped so much melting away into the hills. Some of the Filipinos became guerrillas, and most returned to their homes.

The Japanese landed tanks and artillery pieces and rolled steadily southward along Route 3, the paved highway leading to Manila. Only the steadiness of a few U.S. Army units and the valiant Philippine Scouts prevented an early disaster. Fearing a rout, General Wainwright rushed northward his handful of Philippine Scouts and 850 men of the 26th Cavalry Regiment. It was the U.S. Army's last regiment to ride into action on horseback. The action cost the regiment 675 men. Wainwright asked permission to pull back. His men withdrew southward, turning again and again to fight desperately and try to slow the enemy advance.

With no naval or air support, the situation was worse than MacArthur had feared. Five thousand Japanese assault troops went ashore on the large island of Mindanao, at the southern end of the archipelago, on December 20, and other units overran the strategic port of Davao later that day. Leapfrogging farther south to Jolo Island and northern Borneo, the enemy severed the route between the Philippines and the rapidly expanding Allied base in Australia.

During the night of December 23, a fleet of 24 Japanese troop transports landed 9,500 troops at Lamon Bay, 60 miles east of Manila, and the Japanese 16th Division was advancing on the capital in three columns. MacArthur realized on the morning of December 24 that his forces were caught in a giant pincers movement and ordered the two divisions of his South Luzon Force to retreat into the Bataan Peninsula, a 530-square-mile finger of land on the west coast between Manila and the South China Sea. The American Far East commander was now convinced of the poor fighting qualities of the Philippine Army. The Japanese expected a quick victory, and one of Homma's generals compared the Allied withdrawal to a cat entering a sack.

The battle in the south was over before it started, and General MacArthur was forced to order his headquarters transferred to the tadpole-shaped Corregidor Island three miles south of Bataan. Known as the Gibraltar of the East, "The Rock" was heavily fortified with 56 big Coastal Artillery guns and mortars of World War I design, 24 three-inch antiaircraft batteries, and 48 machine guns. The rocky, four-mile-long island featured docks, an airstrip, and an intricate, bombproof tunnel system housing headquarters, barracks, workshops, storehouses, and a hospital. Just south of Corregidor were three tiny satellite islands—Caballo, Carabao, and El Fraile—each fortified with coastal batteries, mortars, and antiaircraft guns.

A gloomy Christmas Day dawned for MacArthur and his men. That morning, the general reviewed the grim situation and radioed for reinforcements, but there were none. He announced that he was abandoning Manila, declaring it an open city to prevent further destruction. The capital had been heavily bombed for two days.

Japanese troops captured Clark Field on December 29 and marched into Manila on January 2, 1942. Expecting a prompt Allied surrender, the enemy high command withdrew some Philippine units to the Dutch East Indies. Meanwhile, American traffic—trucks, 155mm field guns, naval guns, buses, cars, taxicabs, and oxcarts—moved toward Bataan from every direction. The peninsula was soon bedlam as thousands of terrified Filipino refugees streamed in ahead of Homma's army. MacArthur believed that Bataan—with its jungles, ravines, tangled undergrowth, bamboo groves, two extinct volcanoes, and swampy rice paddies—

would be easy to defend, and that outflanking by the Japanese was impossible. Unfortunately, so was retreat.

By early January, the U.S. and Filipino troops were dug in astride the mountainous jungle at the base of the peninsula. The left flank was held by the First Corps led by General Wainwright, and the right by the Second Corps under Major General George M. Parker, Jr., an Iowa-born veteran of the 1916-17 Mexican border campaign. In the middle, the almost impassable, 4,111-foot Mount Najib in the Zambales Range was defended only by patrols.

Although dumps had been set up on the southern tip of Bataan and Corregidor's ration reserves had been calculated for a six-month stand, the supply situation was deplorable from the start. About 80,000 troops and 26,000 Filipino refugees were on the peninsula, with six months' provisions for only 40,000 mouths. Food and fuel were soon in short supply. The U.S. command went on half-rations at once. Yet, morale was high; the men were tired of retreat and wanted to stand and fight.

Japanese units followed the Allied defenders into the peninsula on January 2. U.S. forces held the high ground, and American and Filipino artillery dealt severe damage to the enemy. But the Japanese kept coming. Wainwright's men repelled assaults at several locations, most notably on the jungled slopes and sugar cane fields around Mount natis. Japanese attacks on both Allied flanks were repulsed, but infiltrating elements crossed Mount Natib and threatened to split the American position.

On the afternoon of January 10, Japanese columns were only 20 miles from Mariveles, the main U.S. base at the southern tip of Bataan, when they were suddenly subjected to a murderous eruption of shellfire. Entire enemy platoons were blown to bits. They had blundered into the Abaya Line, where three divisions of General Parker's Second Corps were waiting with 200 field guns. But the Japanese advance continued.

On January 22, enemy troops burst out behind the Abucay Line. Taken by surprise, Filipino battalions panicked and ran southward, forcing Wainwright and Parker to order a general retreat. Their men pulled back, stood, and fought gallantly, blew up bridges and demolished river crossings to delay the enemy, and pulled back again. The situation worsened before the relentless Japanese onslaught, and Allied hopes waned. Ammunition and food supplies ran lower, and before long the soldiers were forced to eat horses, mules, and monkeys. There was no fodder for the remaining cavalry horses and mules, and a tearful General Wainwright had to order his prize jumper named Joseph Conrad to be destroyed.

Twenty thousand men were felled by malaria, and thousands more were stricken with dysentery, scurvy, hookworm, and beriberi. Wainwright reported to MacArthur that men were so sick and hungry that they could barely crawl out of their foxholes and that barely a quarter of his army was still fit to fight.

Gaunt, weary, and puffing on Lucky Strike cigarettes, MacArthur directed the Bataan campaign from his command post in the 1,400-foot-long, dank Malinta Tunnel on Corregidor, now being pounded by Japanese bombers. He agonized about the trapped, desperate Bataan defenders, yet he had paid only one day's staff-car visit to the peninsula early in the campaign. No one around the legendary general questioned his bravery, but soldiers on Bataan began to call him "Dugout Doug,"

On January 13, ailing Philippine President Manuel Quezon had sent a radiogram to President Franklin D. Roosevelt through MacArthur, complaining that FDR had broken his pledge to send aid. Quezon appealed for immediate American force against the Japanese invaders. MacArthur hoped that Quezon's plea would stir up General Marshall and the War Department. But Roosevelt and Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson privately informed British Prime Minister Winston Churchill that they considered MacArthur's army doomed,

Rapid Japanese offensive movements forced the American and Filipino defenders of the Philippines into a shrinking pocket on the Bataan Peninsula and the small island of Corregidor in Manila Bay. The surrender to the Japanese in the spring of 1942 was followed by the horrendous Death March. OPPOSITE: Massing for a general attack on American and Filipino positions on the Bataan Peninsula, Japanese soldiers move toward jumping off positions aboard trucks and on foot.

Both: Naval History and Heritage Command

ABOVE: Japanese soldiers man field artillery pieces set to bombard American and Filipino defensive positions in the Philippines. BELOW: Japanese soldiers, some mounted on horseback, prepare to resupply their troops fighting on the front lines against the American and Filipino defenders of the Bataan Peninsula and the island of Corregidor. OPPOSITE: Preparing explosive charges, Filipino engineers rig a bridge on the island of Luzon for demolition after General Douglas MacArthur ordered such measures to impede the progress of the invading Japanese in the Philippines. Such measure sought time for the defenders to retire to Bataan and Corregidor.

and Stimson wrote in his diary, "There are times when men have to die."

MacArthur, meanwhile, sent an incongruous message to his men on Bataan. "Help is on the way from the United States," he promised. "Thousands of troops and hundreds of planes are being dispatched. No further retreat is possible. We have more troops in Bataan than the Japanese have thrown against us; our supplies are ample; a determined defense will defeat the enemy's attack …. I call upon every soldier in Bataan to fight in his assigned position, resisting every attack. This is the only road to salvation. If we fight, we will win; if we retreat, we will be destroyed."

Few Americans on Bataan believed it, but MacArthur's words inspired the Filipinos. The 51st Philippine Infantry Division launched a determined counterattack and carved out a salient. But a Japanese regiment burst out of the jungle, outflanked the Filipinos, and put them to flight.

Between January 26 and February 13, Japanese troops made amphibious landings on the western coast of Bataan, well behind the battle line, but they were repulsed by desperate counterattacks, heroic harassment raids on enemy shipping by a handful of U.S. Navy patrol torpedo boats, and artillery fire from Corregidor's big guns.

On February 8, a distraught General Homma halted attacks on the main front and waited for reinforcements from Japan. Two appeals had been rejected. Since January 9, Homma's exhausted army had suffered considerable losses—7,000 men killed and wounded, and 10,000 sick with malaria, dysentery, and beriberi.

MacArthur continued to send heartening if unrealistic messages to his men, particularly the Filipinos, on Bataan. "I have not the slightest intention in the world of surrendering or capitulating the Filipino element of my command," he vowed. "There has never been the slightest wavering among the troops." While this was an exaggeration, it was truer than it had been a few weeks earlier. Wracked by malaria and dysentery, and with their uniforms in tatters, the half-starved Bataan defenders were still full of fight. The enemy had been held, for the time being, and Filipino recruits who had run in panic from Lingayen Gulf had become tough and dependable.

Bataan was holding on, and MacArthur and his troops became heroes on American front pages and radio broadcasts. Aides on Corregidor issued glowing dispatches about "MacArthur's heroic resistance," some newspapers dubbed him the "Lion of Luzon," and President Roosevelt recommended the Medal of Honor for the general.

But time was nevertheless running out on the peninsula. Wainwright's men became exhausted and thoroughly dispirited, food had become an obsession, and the frontline troops received only a third of a ration daily. Efforts to bring supplies to both Bataan and Corregidor through the Japanese sea blockade had failed, and by mid-February the sickness rate on the malaria-infested peninsula soared. The supply of quinine was almost gone.

Despite the florid rhetoric issued from Corregidor and the courage of the Bataan defenders, the situation was clearly hopeless, and General Marshall urged MacArthur to leave the Philippines. Although the liberal President Roosevelt abhorred his imperious personality and right-wing political bent, he was counting on

MacArthur to lead a planned counteroffensive in the Pacific area. The general stalled and wired back that he and his family would share the fate of his men. But FDR persisted, and MacArthur received direct orders on February 22 to escape to Australia. Deeply troubled that his men would think he was deserting them, he considered disobeying the orders, but his aides persuaded him that he could do more for the Allied cause in Australia.

On March 10, 1942, General Wainwright was summoned to Corregidor, where Major General Richard K. Sutherland, chief of staff, informed him that MacArthur was leaving the next evening by PT-boat for Mindanao. From there, a B-17 would fly him to Australia.

MacArthur told Wainwright, "I want you to make it known throughout all elements of your command that I'm leaving over my repeated protests." Shaking hands with Wainwright and giving him a box of cigars and two large jars of shaving cream, MacArthur said, "Goodbye, Jonathan. If you're still on Bataan when I get back, I'll make you a lieutenant general."

At about 8 p.m. on March 11, MacArthur raised his trademark field marshal's cap in farewell to a small group of American officers and Filipinos on a Corregidor pier as four battered boats of bearded Lieutenant John D. Bulkeley's Motor Torpedo-Boat Squadron 3 pulled away. Their passengers were General MacArthur; his devoted, petite wife, Jean Marie; his four-year-old son, Arthur; Sutherland, and a group of staff members. Skirting Japanese minefields and naval patrols for 35 tense hours, Bulkeley skillfully navigated PT-41 and the other three craft to a landfall on the northern Mindanao coast just after dawn on March 13.

A worn-out B-17 was waiting on an airstrip, but the infuriated MacArthur refused to leave Mindanao until three new Flying Fortresses touched down on the evening of March 16. Next morning, he and his party landed at Batchelor Field, near the northern port of Darwin, and then flew on to the dusty little town of Alice Springs in central Australia. Reporters besieged the general for a statement, and he jotted a few lines on the back of a used envelope: "The President of the United States ordered me to break through the Japanese lines and proceed from Corregidor to Australia for the purpose, as I understand it, of organizing the American offensive against Japan, a primary objective of which is the relief of the Philippines. I came through and I shall return."

MacArthur was awarded the Medal of Honor on March 28 for his Philippine leadership, set up headquarters in Brisbane the following month, and was appointed supreme commander of Allied forces in the Southwest Pacific area. With one Australian and two U.S. divisions under his command, he began planning a counteroffensive against the Japanese in New Guinea.

Back in the beleaguered Philippines, meanwhile, where the War Department had put General Wainwright in command of all forces, MacArthur's departure brought a mixed reaction. The Filipinos regarded him as the greatest man alive, and Brig. Gen. Carlos Romulo, a former publisher who became a loyal aide, said, "America has let us down and won't be trusted, but the people still have confidence in MacArthur. If he says he is coming back, it will be believed."

National Archives

The "Battling Bastards of Bataan" felt he had abandoned them and were less charitable. After hearing broadcasts of MacArthur's pledge to return, many soldiers joked, "I am going to the latrine, but I shall return."

The defenders of the peninsula fought on with morale intact, and somehow repulsed all enemy attacks. Wainwright's post as commander of the Luzon Force had been taken over by Atlanta-born Major General Edward P. King, Jr., a quiet-spoken, courteous artilleryman who had served in the Philippines in 1915-17. Hunger and disease had worn down the 78,000 American and Filipino soldiers under his command. Of them, only 27,000 were classified as "combat effective," and of these, three-fourths were weak from malaria. Rations were cut to one quarter, seriously impairing their stamina, and further resistance seemed suicidal.

General Wainwright rushed a cable to Washington saying that his men would be "starved into submission" unless food was sent by April 15. But there was no response. Lester I. Tenney, a young soldier from Chicago who had been stationed at Clark Field before it was seized, reported, "Our stamina was gone, our food was gone, our health was deteriorating, and our ammunition and gas had just about run out. We were helpless. We troops felt let down, even betrayed. If we had been supplied with enough ammunition and guns, troops, and equipment, and food and medical supplies, we believed that we would have been able to repel the Japanese."

The end was near for the gallant, abandoned Bataan garrison. General Homma's

reinforcements finally arrived from Japan, and by nightfall on April 2, 1942, the eve of Good Friday, 50,000 troops were massed for an all-out attack. They were backed by 150 artillery pieces, mortars, and bombers of the Japanese 22nd Air Brigade. At 10 a.m. on April 3, Homma launched his offensive against the Bataan line, preceded by a devastating bombardment that reminded American veterans of the heaviest Western Front barrages in World War I.

The issue was no longer in doubt. American and Filipino soldiers scrambled from their foxholes, defense lines crumbled, and Japanese troops with fixed bayonets broke through the front on the night of April 6. The enemy burst through the left flank of Parker's U.S. Second Corps and pushed it back 10 miles in 48 hours. On the left, Wainwright's First Corps was bent back toward the sea. It bravely attempted counterattacks, but they were easily repulsed. The Second Corps, meanwhile, disintegrated.

The end, when it came, was swift. Though MacArthur had ordered him not to surrender, Wainwright could not authorize his field commander, General King, to comply. King faced a bitter decision. His men were sick, starving, and lacking enough ammunition, food, and medical supplies. They had given their all with a minimum of equipment and no support, and further resistance against the ruthless Japanese was suicidal. So, King ignored MacArthur's orders, and early on the morning of April 9 sent a flag of truce to the Japanese commander, surrendering the U.S. forces on Luzon unconditionally in order to avoid "mass slaughter."

"We have no further means of organized resistance," said King. When he went to meet the enemy conquerors, he wore his last clean uniform and felt like General Robert E. Lee at Appomattox. Seventy-eight thousand American and Filipino troops laid down their arms, and it was the greatest defeat in U.S. Army history.

About 2,000 soldiers, Army nurses, and civilian workers of the Bataan force managed to escape to Corregidor, and the Japanese permitted many of the Philippine Army personnel to return to their homes. The rest were herded out of the peninsula on a forced march of 85 miles from Mariveles to Camp O'Donnell, a partially completed Philippine Army post on the western edge of the Luzon central plain. Many of the prisoners were humanely treated, and some rode out of Bataan in trucks and other vehicles. But the rest of the captives experienced a nightmare worse than anything they had yet seen—the Bataan death march. It was one of the most heinous atrocities of World War II.

The Japanese had expected to receive about 25,000 prisoners, but General Homma found himself saddled with three times that number, almost all of whom were sick and starving. Before being ordered into line, the captives were stripped of their canteens, rations, and personal items. Guards severed the fingers of American officers to get their West Point rings, prisoners found with Japanese money were shot, and five men too sick to make the march were bayoneted.

Some were taken by truck to Camp O'Donnell, and other prisoners—those who managed somehow to retain their health and military bearing—were treated humanely. But most were forced at bayonet point to walk much of the way under a searing April sun along sandy roads lined with foul drainage ditches. The captives marched four abreast in long columns and were given only enough food and water to survive the trek. They felt like "walking corpses," and a doctor reported that those who survived did it "on the marrow of their bones." Army Lieutenant Kermit Lay said many years later, "If I had to do it all over again, I would commit suicide."

General Homma had instructed his officers to treat the prisoners well, but the death-march guards were in an ugly mood. They themselves

Both: National Archives

ABOVE: Anxious American soldiers, probably hoping for word on reinforcements, listen to the Voice of Freedom on the radio in the spring of 1942. Reinforcements never materialized. BELOW: Smoke rises from demolished buildings in the Philippine capital of Manila following a December 1941 Japanese air raid. Manila was later declared an open city to avoid further damage. OPPOSITE: American prisoners carry a wounded comrade on a stretcher during the Bataan Death March. The Japanese committed many atrocities against the prisoners, who died in great numbers on the arduous trek.

Library of Congress

were exhausted, hungry, and sick from the Luzon campaign, and many had lost comrades. Beatings and torture had been part of their military training, and the samurai code of bushido precluded humane treatment for prisoners. They regarded the Americans and Filipinos with disdain and so needed no orders to abuse them.

The prisoners trudged on for several days, struggling to support the wounded and sick. Men who collapsed or stopped on the roadside to defecate were beaten, shot, or beheaded with officers' swords. Executions were frequent, and headless corpses accumulated in the roadside ditches. Filipino civilians who dared to throw rice cakes and chunks of sugar cane to the captives were shot randomly.

Eventually, barely able to stand, the prisoners reached San Fernando, where they were crammed into steaming railway boxcars for a five-hour ride to Camp O'Donnell. An estimated 750 Americans and 5,000 Filipinos perished on the march, and the dying continued at Camp O'Donnell, where more than 16,000 captives, including 1,600 Americans, succumbed to disease, starvation, and brutality in the next two months.

After the fall of Luzon, the Japanese turned their full attention to Corregidor and its 11,000-strong garrison, only two miles from Bataan. Massed enemy artillery and continuous air raids pounded the fortress for several weeks, destroying the beach defenses, damaging the water supply, and neutralizing all but three guns. The bombardment was so intense that cliffs collapsed, woods were obliterated, and the shore road was blown into the sea. The Japanese lobbed 16,000 shells at Corregidor on May 4. The island now lay "scorched, gaunt, and leafless."

Just before midnight on May 5, 2,000 troops of Homma's 4th Division crossed the straits and landed on Corregidor. The assault miscarried, and only about 800 men reached the shore. The American defenders met the invaders with 155mm guns and lighter weapons and inflicted severe damage on them, but the Japanese were able to carve out a beachhead and get artillery and three tanks ashore. The defenders crumbled, and by the morning of May 6, enemy troops were almost into the Malinta Tunnel system, which housed 1,000 helpless, groaning wounded. In order to avoid further vain losses, General Wainwright then sat grimly before a microphone in his tunnel office and broadcast a message of surrender.

General Homma refused at first to accept the local surrender because American and Filipino detachments were still fighting guerrilla style in remote areas of Luzon and the southern islands. So, Wainwright agreed to order a general surrender, fearing that the disarmed Corregidor garrison would be massacred. It was not until June 9 that the guerrillas, still complying with MacArthur's orders from Australia, laid down their arms. The tragic Philippine campaign was over. The Americans lost an estimated 30,000 troops, the Filipinos about 80,000, and the Japanese an estimated 12,000.

Its outcome was a foregone conclusion from the start, but the defense of the Philippines was a tribute to the gallantry and stoicism of the officers and men involved. It delayed the Japanese strategic timetable for five critical months, during which an unready America was rallying its military and industrial resources. □

The late Michael D. Hull wrote for WWII History *on a number of military topics and resided in Enfield, Connecticut.*

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EISENHOWER TO THE FRONT

The Allied Supreme Commander loved his men and made a point of listening personally to their input and their personal stories. I BY KEVIN M. HYMEL

General Dwight D. Eisenhower enjoyed visiting troops in the field. After the Battle of Normandy and the race across France, the Supreme Allied Commander toured the front in mid-November, 1944. He competed his tour by spending two days, November 15-16, with Lieutenant General George S. Patton's Third Army in Nancy, France. There, he took a measure of Patton's men, inspecting rear-echelon troops as they repaired vehicles, hauled supplies, and distributed scarce fuel. He also chatted with wounded soldiers in a hospital.

As he made his rounds, Eisenhower would ask individual soldiers what they did in civilian life, followed by a few questions about their lives before the war. He would then kid them by asking for a job once the war ended. "Meantime," he would conclude, "do me a favor, will you, soldier? Go in and get this war finished up, fast—so I can go fishing." The men loved it. Patton noted that the problems of command left his boss, who seemed pleased just to stand in the mud, talking to soldiers.

At the 12th Evacuation Hospital, both generals talked to the wounded. With cold and wet weather already affecting the men's health, Eisenhower concerned himself with trench foot, a swelling of the feet from cold water immersion that could lead to amputation. Patton had made battling trench foot a priority, issuing extra socks to his men along with instructions on how to ward off the malady. Patton's aggressive measures impressed Eisenhower.

By the time Eisenhower returned to his headquarters, muddy and wet, he felt satisfied with his travels. The men's high morale impressed him, despite the harsh living conditions and an enemy that had not yet been defeated. □

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1. General Dwight D. Eisenhower talks to Technical Sergeant John L. McDavid from Kingsport, Illinois, during an inspection of the 29th Infantry Division, near the Roer River in France on November 10, 1944.

2. Eisenhower examines a damaged 2-and-a-1/2-ton truck that had run over a land mine.

3. Eisenhower chats with ordnance troops on the front line during his tour of Patton's sector in Nancy, France.

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4. Eisenhower and Patton talk to Private Paul D. McDaniel of Maumee, Ohio, at the 12th Evacuation Hospital, while a doctor, nurse, and reporter look on.

5. Never one to stand on protocol, Eisenhower autographs a cast on the leg of Pfc. John T. Dietz of Manchester, Connecticut, at the 12th Evacuation Hospital.

6. Eisenhower discusses salvage operations with Tech5 Ralph Austin of Seattle, Washington, with the 945th Quartermaster Salvage Repair Company.

7. Eisenhower talks with Private William J. Forgus, of Columbus, Ohio, who served in an ordnance unit.

8. Private Edward Clay of New Iberia, Louisiana, explains the fuel situation with Eisenhower. The lack of gasoline seriously hampered all of Eisenhower's armies as they reached the German border.

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National Archives

DESPERATION AT DUNKIRK

British commanders approve an epic sealift evacuation to save thousands of Allied soldiers from capture or annihilation by German forces. | BY MICHAEL E. HASKEW

Within days of Nazi Germany's invasion of Poland on September 1, 1939, and the British declaration of war two days later, the vanguard of the British Expeditionary Force (BEF) arrived on the continent of Europe. These four divisions grew to 150,000 men and more than 20,000 vehicles before reaching a peak strength of 400,000 by the fateful following spring.

The marauding Nazis and their Soviet Red Army accomplices conquered Poland within weeks, but World War II in the West was strangely static. The lengthy period of inactivity as German and Allied forces sat idle along the frontier of France was derisively called the "Phony War." However, it was not to last. On May 10, 1940, the Germans launched *Fall Gelb*, or Case Yellow, shattering the uneasy peace with an invasion of France and the Low Countries that swept to the English Channel and threatened to cut off and surround surviving French Army and BEF units.

The British commander, Field Marshal John Vereker, 6th Viscount Gort, consulted with French General Maxime Weygand, who'd replaced the ineffective General Maurice Gamelin, and as the French Ninth Army collapsed—exposing the British rear—Gort divided the BEF into two commands of roughly brigade size each and established a defensive perimeter called the Canal Line from the port of Dunkirk to the town of Arras, some 86 kilometers south. Gort realized that Dunkirk, located in a marshy area that might aid in its defense and near the longest uninterrupted beach on the Channel coast, was the closest port of adequate size with possibly intact harbor facilities, offering the best hope for any withdrawal of the remnants of the BEF or French armies from the continent.

An Allied counterattack at Arras from May 21-23 brought initial success against the Germans; however, early gains could not be sustained, and reinforcements were scarce. The advance ultimately ground to a halt. Nevertheless, the Germans were stunned by its ferocity and suspended offensive operations for an entire day.

Hitler later consulted with his lieutenants, and Reichsmarshal Hermann Göring, commander of the Luftwaffe, convinced the Führer that air attacks alone could finish off the Allied troops being squeezed into an ever-tightening perimeter around Dunkirk. Hitler's decision to halt ground attacks and allow the Luftwaffe to deliver the coup de grace against the enemy hemmed in at the port ranks as one of his greatest blunders of World War II. By the time Hitler reversed course and resumed ground operations, the evacuation of Allied forces from Dunkirk was well underway.

While the bulk of the BEF, the remnants of three French armies, and a contingent of Belgian forces converged on the defensive perimeter at Dunkirk, heroic stands at the coastal cities of Boulogne, 60 kilometers southwest, and Calais, roughly half that distance from Dunkirk, bought precious time as a complex plan for evacuation came together. The 2nd Battalion Irish Guards and a single battalion of the Welsh Guards fought bravely at Boulogne, while the 3rd Royal Tank Regiment, three battalions of the Rifle Brigade, and approximately 800 French troops held on at Calais.

The defenders of Boulogne lost 400 killed in action but delayed the Germans for two days. At Calais, the soldiers of the 1st Searchlight Regiment, a non-combat unit, joined the fight as Allied troops rushed into the city just moments before the Germans arrived. Sacrificing themselves willingly, these Allied troops held on for three days. Calais fell to the Germans on May 26.

Meanwhile, the planning and execution of an epic seaborne rescue operation had begun.

As early as mid-May, 57-year-old Vice Admiral Bertram Ramsay had been aware of the predicament of the BEF and other Allied forces

Imperial War Museum

British troops, just rescued from the beach at Dunkirk on May 31, 1940, reflect desperation and relief after their ordeal on the European continent. Operation Dynamo did succeed beyond the expectations of its organizers.
OPPOSITE: A British soldier awaiting evacuation on the beach at Dunkirk points looks for low-flying German aircraft harassing the trapped soldiers of the BEF.

in France. As commander of the Royal Navy at Dover, Ramsay, who had joined the Royal Navy in 1898, served in World War I, retired in 1938, and been coaxed by Prime Minister Winston Churchill to return to service, was destined to command any evacuation effort undertaken on the continent. On May 20, from his command bunker deep beneath Dover Castle and chiseled into the famous white cliffs, Ramsay held his first planning meeting for the effort that came to be known as Operation Dynamo, named from the adjacent dynamo room that supplied electric power to the command bunker and headquarters facilities.

As Ramsay formulated Operation Dynamo, War Minister Anthony Eden assured Gort that arrangements would be made to attempt an evacuation. However, the temperament among the highest echelons of the British command was gloomy. General Sir Alan Brooke, commander of the BEF II Corps and future Chief of the Imperial General Staff, wrote a diary entry on May 23 that read like an epitaph. "Nothing but a miracle can save the BEF now and the end cannot be very far off … It is a fortnight since the German advance started and the success they have achieved is nothing short of phenomenal. There is no doubt that they are most wonderful soldiers."

While the defenders of Boulogne and Calais fought on, Ramsay began to marshal as many Royal Navy vessels as possible for the evacuation and later called for every available ship that could carry at least 1,000 men. The British Broadcasting Corporation (BBC) had already issued the following directive on May 14: "The Admiralty have made an Order requesting all owners of self-propelled pleasure craft between 30 feet and 100 feet in length to send all particulars to the Admiralty within 14 days from today if they have not already been offered or requisitioned."

Although the order may in fact have been intended to appropriate such privately owned craft for harbor or shore patrol duties, it proved fortuitous. Such a practice was generally expected during wartime, and when the Dunkirk crisis arose at least some civilians were already poised to render cross-Channel assistance.

By May 25, Boulogne was in German hands, and the tanks of the 10th Panzer Division were slashing their way into Calais. The 1st Panzer Division was only 10 miles from Dunkirk.

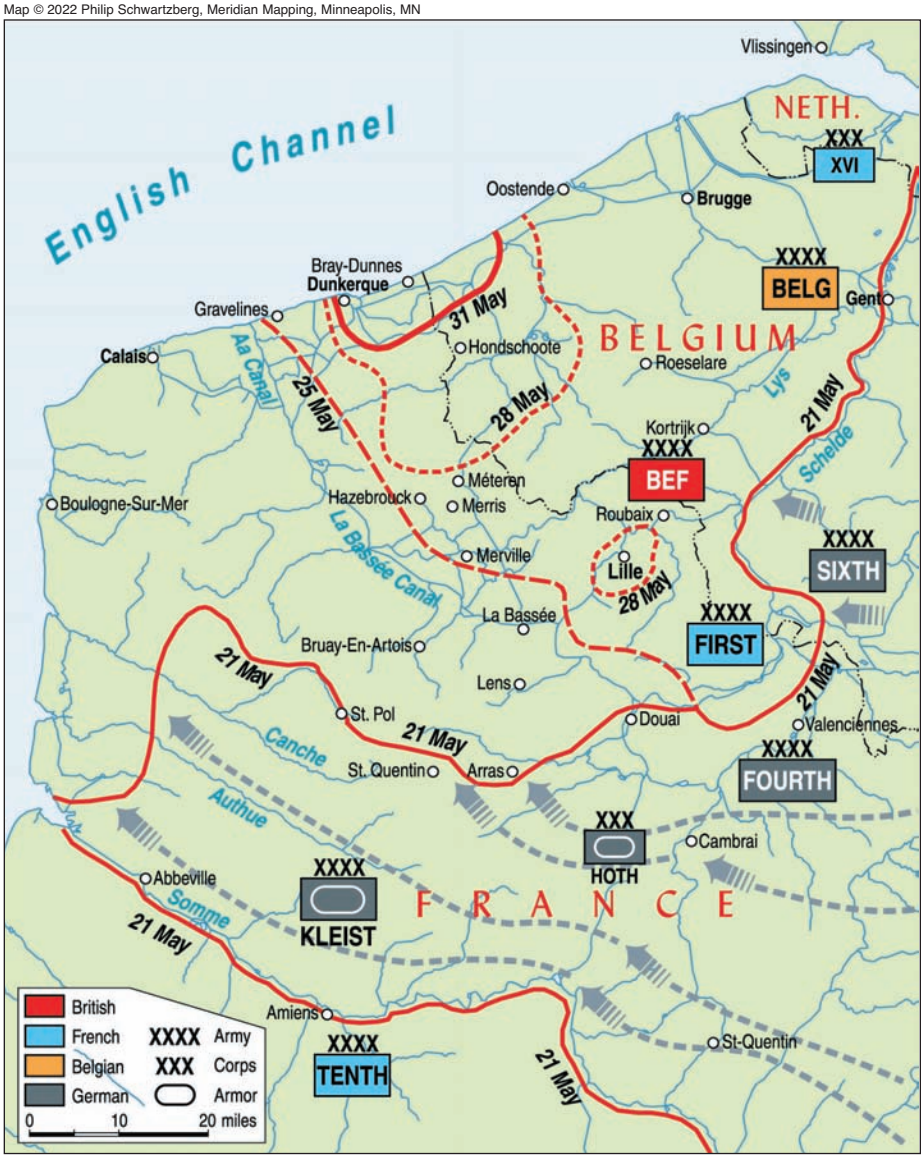
Late on the following afternoon, Brigadier Claude Nicholson surrendered Calais to the Germans, and the British War Cabinet formally authorized Gort to concentrate his command around Dunkirk. Air Vice Marshal Keith Park, commander of Royal Air Force No. 11 Group, committed 16 fighter squadrons to provide some defense against Luftwaffe bombing and strafing.

As the BEF front contracted further toward Dunkirk, evacuating the industrial city of Lille, the resulting gap exposed the flanks of French and Belgian formations to the south, forcing a Belgian retirement that allowed the Germans to encircle the French 1st Army.

On May 27, British and French troops continued their withdrawal, and German panzer divisions renewed their attacks after Hitler lifted his ill-advised order to halt. Belgian formations were outflanked and forced to surrender. Within hours, King Leopold III agreed to Hitler's demand for unconditional surrender, and Belgium was out of the war.

General Brooke rushed four divisions forward to plug a 26-kilometer gap that developed with the Belgian capitulation. Desperate fighting took place at Wytschaete and Poperinge during the next three days, but the BEF line held from the Belgian town of Ypres to the sea.

Responding to a War Department order, the Admiralty authorized Operation Dynamo at 6:57 p.m. on May 26. The idea was to evacuate up to 40,000 BEF soldiers, but the prospects seemed dim. However, Ramsay demonstrated coolness and command presence that soon turned a forlorn hope into a resounding success. He allowed subordinate officers to make crucial decisions on the spot, trusting their judgment.



ABOVE: The rapid German onslaught across France in the spring of 1940 trapped the soldiers of the British Expeditionary Force and many French troops at the English Channel port of Dunkirk. OPPOSITE: A German Army PzKpfw. III passes through a destroyed French town during the swift advance in the spring of 1940. German forces executed Case Yellow, quickly defeating Allied troops and forcing many to retreat toward Dunkirk.

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One of those who played a key tactical role in Operation Dynamo was Captain William George Tennant, an Admiralty staff officer who volunteered his services to Ramsay. Appointing Tennant as senior naval officer ashore at Dunkirk, Ramsay sent the officer to the combat zone on the afternoon of May 27. With an entourage that included a dozen officers and 160 sailors, Tennant boarded the destroyer HMS *Wolfhound* for the perilous passage. Harassed by German bombers for virtually the entire distance, the party arrived at 6 p.m.

Tennant later recalled that as he stepped ashore "the sight of Dunkirk gave one a rather hollow feeling in the pit of the stomach. The Boche had been going for it pretty hard; there was not a pane of glass left anywhere and most of it was still unswept in the center of the streets." He reacted swiftly to a scene of growing chaos that might otherwise have gotten completely out of hand. Shore police were stationed along the beaches east of the city, discouraging roving bands of undisciplined soldiers from looting or deserting.

Subjected to severe Luftwaffe bombing and even artillery rounds from the German forces tightening the noose around the BEF neck, the Dunkirk port facilities were a shambles. It became clear that the best avenue of approach for the rescuing vessels would not be to sail into the harbor itself. The eastern beaches would have to do, Tennant thought. Two hours after his arrival, he radioed Ramsay, "Please send every available craft to beaches east of Dunkirk immediately. Evacuation tomorrow night is problematical."

Fighting raged around the shrinking Dunkirk perimeter, and Luftwaffe air attacks intensified. Some ships sank outright or burned fiercely after hits from German bombs. Machine-gun bullets splashed trails in the sand and formed plumes in the water. Infantrymen swung their Enfield rifles skyward to take vengeful potshots at low-flying German planes.

By the night of May 27, the first 7,669 Dunkirk soldiers had been rescued. Tennant was acutely aware, however, that the pace of the evacuation was much too slow. Smaller boats had to make runs to shore, load troops, and ferry them to the larger vessels waiting in deep water. Complicating matters were the simple facts that despite the best efforts of RAF fighters, soldiers waiting on the open beaches were subjected to devastating Luftwaffe bombing and strafing, and the rescue vessels were also in great peril for prolonged periods.

In quiet desperation, Tennant scanned the wrecked harbor, shrouded in smoke, its buildings and facilities blazing. German aircraft had surely wreaked havoc, but they had failed to destroy the two long breakwaters, or moles, constructed of concrete pillars driven into the seabed with wooden boardwalks that were eight feet wide. They actually formed a manmade entrance to the harbor. At their originating points, the two moles were a mile apart. They converged toward one another as they jutted into the open sea.

Taking a closer look, Tennant believed that the moles might be used to embark groups of soldiers in an orderly fashion directly onto the larger rescue ships rather than utilizing only the time-consuming ferry process along the beach. He was disappointed to learn, though, that the West Mole, which extended only 500 feet, was surrounded mostly by shallow water—unsuitable for the deep draft of most larger ships. He decided against using it.

The East Mole, however, showed promise. Extending 1,400 yards toward the English Channel, it was anchored to the beach at the edge of Dunkirk proper near an area called Malo-les-Bains, a seaside resort. There were tall dunes nearby that might provide some cover for soldiers as they were grouped for their march down the East Mole and then, hopefully, directly aboard large ships that would carry them to Dover.

To test his theory, Tennant ordered the sleek, modern steamship *Queen of the Channel*, built in 1936 to ply the waters of the English Channel for the General Steam Navigation Company, to ease into the harbor and come alongside the East Mole. When the movement was completed, the inventive officer knew that he had a workable alternative to beach evacuation. The *Queen of the Channel* was later sunk by Luftwaffe bombers during Operation Dynamo, but by then she had rendered valuable service that ulti-

mately saved thousands of Allied lives.

Just after 4:30 a.m. on May 28, Tennant informed Ramsay that a change in procedure would reap great benefits. He asked those large rescue ships that were standing offshore waiting for loads of evacuees, particularly the fast Royal Navy destroyers that were available, to be redirected to tie up at the East Mole.

Throughout the day, the rescue effort continued. As Operation Dynamo developed, Prime Minister Churchill was briefed regularly on its progress. As the day wore on, 11,874 soldiers were evacuated from the harbor, most of them from the East Mole. Another 5,930 had been plucked from the eastern beaches, still in use. At Lille, 40,000 soldiers of the trapped French First Army held on against seven German infantry and panzer divisions. Their grim determination until the end of May occupied substantial German forces that might have smashed the Dunkirk beachhead otherwise.

Perhaps by this time Hitler had realized his error in halting the ground assault and providing a window of opportunity for the British to further organize Operation Dynamo. While German Intelligence confirmed on May 27 that the evacuation effort had begun, Admiral Otto Schniewind, a high-ranking Kriegsmarine staff officer, noted in a conversation with Göring that the opportunity to annihilate the BEF was slipping away.

"A regular and orderly transport of large numbers of troops with equipment cannot take place in the hurried and difficult conditions prevailing," Schniewind told the pompous Reichsmarshal. "Evacuation of troops without equipment, however, is conceivable by means of large numbers of smaller vessels, coastal and ferry steamers, fishing trawlers, drifters, and other small craft, in good weather, even from the open coast."

Indeed, the Allied troops that evacuated from Dunkirk had lost nearly all of their personal kit, and heavy equipment lay in abandoned clusters along the beaches and in the town. Still, saving the soldiers was the primary objective. Time was of the essence, and there was no guarantee that those stout soldiers manning the perimeter could hold out much longer.

But the boats kept coming—not just the Royal Navy, but watercraft of every description, even sailing ships and dinghies. Many of these were manned by civilians who'd left the safety of England to run the gauntlet to Dunkirk. Arthur D. Divine was among them, and he later remembered, "It was the queerest, most nondescript flotilla that ever was, and it was manned by every kind of Englishman, never more than two men, often only one, to each small boat….

"It was dark before we were well clear of the English coast," he continued. "It wasn't rough, but there was a little chop on, sufficient to make it very wet … When destroyers went by, full tilt, the wash was a serious matter to us little fellows. We could only spin the wheel to try to head into waves, hang on, and hope for the best."

Thanks to the command and organizational skill of Admiral Bertram Ramsay, the quick thinking of Captain Tennant, and the incredible bravery of many soldiers who gave their lives so that others might survive the debacle of defeat, Operation Dynamo was proceeding.

As daylight ebbed on May 28, 1940, there was a glimmer of hope that the results of the rescue effort would exceed even the most optimistic expectations. However, in the face of a mighty enemy, the issue remained very much in doubt.

From the outset, Operation Dynamo was fraught with peril, but the seaborne evacuation continued despite staggering losses and heavy German resistance.

Each of the three routes plotted for the evacuating ships of the Dunkirk rescue operation to follow presented its own hazards. Designated routes X, Y, and Z, they were each used at various times and required steely nerves for those who undertook the effort, sometimes using buoys and light ships as reference points. Route X, opened on May 29, ran 102 kilometers, first north and then northwest from Dunkirk, then taking a sharp turn southwest toward Dover. Route X was generally secure from attack by enemy ships or planes once the coastline was cleared, but minefields and shoals made it treacherous for use at night.

Route Y was by far the longest at 161 kilometers, edging northeast from Dunkirk before turning sharply west and then south to Dover, crossing the paths of German U-boats and patrolling aircraft. Its travel time to Dover was four hours longer than the most direct course, 72-kilometer Route Z, which ran west from Dunkirk with a lengthy period in range of German artillery on the French coastline before a gradual northwesterly turn reached Dover.

The Royal Navy was taking a dreadful pounding, and on May 29 alone the destroyers *Grafton*, *Grenade*, and *Wakeful* were sunk while six others were damaged, and six merchant ships involved in the operation went down in the harbor. *Wakeful* was hit by a pair of torpedoes from the German E-boat *S-30* that morning, and only one of 640 Allied soldiers aboard survived the sinking along with just 25 of the destroyer's complement of 110 sailors. When *Grafton* attempted to render assistance

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This makeshift jetty was constructed atop vehicles driven into the waters of the English Channel at Dunkirk allowing soldiers to board ships more quickly. BELOW: This iconic photo of British troops massed along the beach at Dunkirk provides a glimpse into the magnitude of Operation Dynamo. The sealift involved both military and civilian watercraft crossing the English Channel.

to *Wakeful*, a torpedo from the submarine *U-62* ripped into her stern, killing 15 men including the captain. *Grafton* was wracked by a violent secondary explosion, and another destroyer, *Ivanhoe*, sank the hulk with gunfire.

HMS *Grenade* prepared to cross the English Channel to Dunkirk during the night of May 28. The destroyer was set upon by German Junkers Ju-87 Stuka dive bombers, screaming down in near-vertical dives through a hail of antiaircraft fire. Three German bombs set the destroyer ablaze, killing 14 sailors outright and mortally wounding four more. Fears that the destroyer might sink at the East Mole and block the approaches of other ships prompted orders to cast off.

Alongside *Grenade*, the destroyer *Jaguar* was hit by a bomb that killed 13 and wounded 19. The minesweeper HMS *Waverly*, with 600 soldiers packed aboard, took bomb hits and sank rapidly, losing about 350 men. Amid the chaos, the HMS *Comfort* was fired upon by friendly ships and rammed by the minesweeper HMS *Lydd*, killing four men.

Grenade drifted into the harbor channel and was taken in tow by the trawler *John Cattling*. As the destroyer lay derelict on the edge of Dunkirk's outer harbor, her magazines exploded, and the shattered warship sank during the night.

Although grievous naval losses had been expected, such a rate of attrition was both shocking and unsustainable. The following day, the Admiralty issued orders for all its newest destroyers to clear the vicinity of Dunkirk. Only 18 destroyers, most of them of World War I vintage or older, remained on station.

While the lethal air-sea duel continued on May 29, another 33,558 Allied soldiers reached safety in England.

As the Dunkirk defensive perimeter continued to shrink, Gort worried that German artillery fire might force a suspension of the evacuation effort, but operations continued despite the ongoing threat and the devastating Luftwaffe raids.

Before he would authorize ships to use Route X, Admiral Ramsay ordered minesweepers into the area to clear as much of that hazard as possible, while three Royal Navy destroyers ventured within range of any German artillery that might blast away at evacuating vessels to determine the extent of that threat. Luftwaffe dive bombers attacked the destroyers but scored no hits, and there was no appreciable artillery fire. By the afternoon of the 29th, Route X was open.

French destroyers and Dutch ships joined the evacuation and helped quicken its pace, while both the East Mole and the beach were still being utilized. Across the English Channel, the port of

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Dover teemed with activity as 25 Royal Navy destroyers, 16 motor yachts, 12 Dutch skoots, four hospital ships, and more than 20 other vessels moved through the harbor that day.

The experience of Arthur D. Divine, one of many volunteer seamen who braved the gauntlet of enemy fire during Operation Dynamo, is representative of the fortitude they displayed. "Even before it was fully dark, we had picked up the glow of the Dunkirk flames …." he wrote. "The aircraft started dropping parachute flares. We saw them hanging all about us in the night, like young moons. The sound of the firing and the bombing was with us always, growing steadily louder as we got nearer and nearer … The beach, black with men, illumined by the fires, seemed a perfect target, but no doubt the thick clouds of smoke were a useful screen.

"The picture will always remain sharp-etched in my memory," Divine continued, "the lines of men wearily and sleepily staggering across the beach from the dunes to the shallows, falling into little boats, great columns of men thrust out into the water among bomb and shell splashes …. As the front ranks were dragged aboard the boats, the rear ranks moved up, from ankle deep to knee deep, from knee deep to waist deep, until they, too, came to shoulder depth and their turn … The little boats that ferried from the beach to the big ships in deep water listed drunkenly with the weight of men…. And always down the dunes and across the beach came new hordes of men, new columns, new lines."

The ordeal of retreat, incessant bombardment, and finally salvation took its toll on the suffering soldiers of the BEF. Sam Kershaw, a private in the 42nd East Lancashire Division, remembered, "We were fighting in northern France when a German armored column caught up with us and sprayed the whole unit with gunfire. We sheltered from the gunfire in a ditch and lost all our equipment. When we got away from the German column our officer said we had to make our way to Dunkirk, where we were going to be evacuated."

The trek took 48 hours, mostly on foot. "When we got there, I laid down in the sand, tired and starving, and went to sleep," recalled Kershaw. "We waited in some nearby sand hills all of the next day and when night fell we were taken in a rowing boat to HMS *Halcyon* (a Royal Navy minesweeper). I fell asleep on deck, and when I awoke I saw the white cliffs of Dover in front of me."

As the embarkation process was repeated on the beach and at the East Mole, it achieved a measure of remarkable efficiency. Canadian-born Commander James Campbell "Jack" Clouston served as pier master at the East Mole, enforcing discipline strictly, sometimes at the point of his revolver. Under Clouston's direction, 600 men could be loaded aboard a ship in as little as 20 minutes.

Clouston had been in command of the destroyer HMS *Isis* and was temporarily assigned to Captain Tennant's shore party headed for Dunkirk while his ship was undergoing repairs. Soon after arriving, Tennant's officers cut cards to determine their assignments during the evacuation. Clouston drew the East Mole and discharged his duties with composure for the next five days and nights.

On June 1, Clouston returned to Dover to deliver a report to Admiral Ramsay. The next day, Clouston and 30 other men boarded two RAF motor launches for the trip back to Dunkirk. As they neared the coast of France, the launches were set upon by eight Stukas. When his launch was sunk, Clouston ordered the other boat to continue on its way. Rescue never came, and the hero of the East Mole died of hypothermia. Only one survivor of his launch was pulled from the Channel.

Although Tennant would retain command as senior naval officer ashore at Dunkirk, the Admiralty decided to dispatch Rear Admiral William Frederic Wake-Walker to take charge of all ships operating off the French-Belgian coastline. Wake-Walker arrived off Dunkirk on May 30 aboard the minesweeper HMS *Hebe*. In

short order, he joined the lengthening list of Operation Dynamo's stalwarts, rendering yeoman service.

When he discovered that the modern Royal Navy destroyers had been withdrawn due to heavy losses sustained the previous day and only 15 older destroyers remained at his disposal, Wake-Walker went directly to Ramsay with his request for the return of new destroyers to the Dunkirk area. Ramsay, in turn, went to the Admiralty and held sway. Soon, seven new destroyers were back in the fight.

Despite the absence of the modern destroyers, May 30 proved to be the most productive day yet for Operation Dynamo. A total of 53,823 BEF and French soldiers were evacuated, while Allied troops continued to trickle toward the coast. Billowing clouds of smoke obscured the beaches and the East Mole from German air attack for much of the day, while seven of the older destroyers managed to board 1,000 soldiers each and sail for England unmolested. Six British vessels, including two old destroyers, were damaged by German bombs, while the French destroyer *Bourrasque* struck a mine and was later sunk by German artillery fire with heavy loss of life.

All the while, the Royal Air Force (RAF) and the Luftwaffe battled for control of the skies above the English Channel, and each paid a high price. Great damage was inflicted on the British relief flotilla, but the Luftwaffe lost scores of aircraft shot down during a strenuous week of combat. German losses have been estimated at 132 planes during the air battles above Dunkirk; however, many historians believe this count is significantly lower than the actual number. RAF losses during the critical period reached a shocking 177.

Many British soldiers at Dunkirk grumbled about the absence of the RAF. Believing that German fighters and bombers had been allowed to bomb and strafe at will, they were bitter. Of course, their perception of the role the RAF played in Operation Dynamo is at least somewhat misguided.

While the Royal Navy, Army, and civilian participants gave full measure at Dunkirk, the mission of the RAF was no less daunting. The Battle of France had substantially depleted British fighter strength on the European continent. Actually, a French plea for more British planes was summarily rejected because RAF Fighter Command realized that the shortage of Hawker Hurricane and Supermarine Spitfire fighters was acute. It was imperative that a reasonable number of fighters, particularly the sleek, modern Spitfires, be held in reserve should the Luftwaffe launch an all-out air campaign against Britain itself—possibly even in preparation for an invasion of the British Isles.

In the event, Fighter Command did commit large numbers of aircraft to the battle above Dunkirk. They patrolled the English Channel to interdict Luftwaffe raids against troop-laden ships and engaged in dogfights with German fighters that would otherwise be machine-gunning soldiers exposed on the beaches below. RAF fighters also intercepted German bombers on their way to attack Dunkirk. During these missions, it was preferable to engage the enemy as far from the beaches and harbor as possible, preventing the Stukas and Heinkel He-111s from dropping their deadly cargoes at all. These engagements often took place at high altitudes, out of the sight and hearing range of the suffering soldiers of the BEF. Throughout Operation Dynamo, the RAF flew 4,822 air sorties, hardly an absentee performance.

Among the RAF heroes of Operation Dynamo was Squadron Leader Brian "Sandy" Lane, a daring Spitfire pilot who had joined the RAF in 1936 to escape a dead-end factory job. Lane assumed command of No. 19 Squadron after its previous commander was shot down. His leadership was exceptional, and one squadron mate recalled, "He was completely unflappable, no matter what the odds, his voice always calm and reassuring, issuing orders which always seemed to be the right decisions."

Lane received the Distinguished Flying Cross for his service during Operation Dynamo, and his superiors judged his pilot rating as "excellent." Sadly, he did not survive the war. In December 1942, during a fighter sweep over Holland, he was attacked by several Me-109s and not heard from again. The intrepid pilot was 25 years old.

By May 31, the rescue operation had progressed to the extent that the number of British troops around Dunkirk had dwindled to a fraction of its peak some five days earlier. Prime Minister Churchill and War Minister Eden were well aware that the capture of such a high-ranking Army officer as Lord Gort could not be per-

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ABOVE: Exhausted British soldiers, their small craft sunk off the French coast at Dunkirk, climb aboard a rescuing ship via cargo net. OPPOSITE: Pressing the perimeter of the Dunkirk defenses, German soldiers manhandle a 37mm PAK 36 gun into firing position. Adolf Hitler halted the ground campaign to allow the Luftwaffe to deliver the final blow at Dunkirk.

mitted, but as the Dunkirk defensive pocket contracted its ability to fend off German attacks would inevitably be compromised.

On the 31st, Gort, General Alan Brooke—whose brilliant leadership of British ground troops had contributed greatly to the success of Operation Dynamo—and General Oliver Leese, Deputy Chief of Staff of the BEF, were evacuated. The remaining British soldiers in France were placed under the command of General Harold Alexander.

High winds swept smoke and haze away from the vicinity of Dunkirk, revealing fresh targets for German aircraft and artillery, and the beaches were temporarily closed to small boats. German ground forces compelled the British defenders to abandon La Panne, the furthest east of the Dunkirk beaches. The thin perimeter shrank to a depth of only five kilometers. Despite the hazards, a peak number of 68,014 men were evacuated on May 31, with 22,942 of these taken from the beaches and 45,072 from the East Mole. In five days, 194,620 men had been safely brought to England.

In exchange, the Royal Navy destroyers *Express*, *Icarus*, *Keith*, and *Winchelsea* were damaged by German bombs on May 31, but continued their assigned duties. *Express*, a minelaying destroyer commissioned in 1934, made runs between Dunkirk and Dover, decks packed with rescued soldiers. Along with the destroyer HMS *Shikari*, *Express* was the last Royal Navy ship to exit Dunkirk harbor at the conclusion of Operation Dynamo on June 4. Swift, deadly German E-boats torpedoed the French destroyers *Cyclone* and *Scirocco*, later sunk by German bombers with the loss of 59 seamen and 600 soldiers.

Bernard Stums of the BBC watched for a while as beleaguered ships and men of Operation Dynamo made landfall in England. "At dawn this morning, I stood on the quays of a south coast port … and I saw several ships coming in and every one of them was crammed full of tired, battle-stained and bloodstained British soldiers. Soon after dawn I watched two warships steam in, one listing heavily to port under the enormous load of men she carried on her deck.

"In a few minutes, her tired commander had her alongside, and a gangway was thrown from her decks to the quay," Stums continued. "Transport officers counted the men as they came ashore. No question of units, no question of regiments, no question even of nationality, for there were French and Belgian soldiers who had fought side by side with the British in the battle of Flanders …."

From June 1-4, 1940, the greatest sealift evacuation in military history concluded. The incredible rescue of thousands of soldiers of the BEF and Allied troops from the beaches and the harbor of Dunkirk remains one of the great wartime epics in human history. For more than a week, vessels of every description, warships of the British Royal Navy and the French Navy, little boats pressed into service and some of them manned by British civilians, Dutch fishing boats and trawlers, and Belgian and even Polish watercraft ferried thousands of fighting men, who otherwise would have died or languished in German prison camps, to safety.

The success was buoyed by several factors, including the heroism of the British and French soldiers who valiantly sacrificed themselves in rearguard defense of the beachhead, the relentless determination of Royal Navy and Royal Air Force (RAF) personnel who bravely dodged Luftwaffe bombs and took on enemy fighter planes, and the contributions of civilians in the little ships and at the receiving ports of Dover and other points such as Ramsgate and Margate.

By June 1, Operation Dynamo had been in full swing for five days, evacuating men in daylight when it was possible and through the night at times. Still, the soldiers came down to the dunes and waited in the water or shuffled to the East Mole for loading aboard the packed decks of ships of every description. The operation reached its climax during the next 72 hours, but these were hard days indeed.

Rear Admiral Wake-Walker stood on the bridge of the destroyer HMS *Keith* on the morning of June 1. His concerns were significant—including responsibility for the safe passage of Lord Gort from the continent to England and maintaining the pace of the continuing evacuation. Lord Gort left HMS *Keith* in the early morning hours and reached London later in the day.

Captain D.J.R. Simson, *Keith's* skipper, had been killed when mortar and small-arms fire raked the destroyer as it swept in to blast enemy artillery positions during the defense of Boulogne several days earlier, and on the morning of June 1, *Keith* was under the command of Captain E.L. Berthon, who had directed accurate gunfire against German artillery positions around Dunkirk throughout the previous day.

With Gort gone, Wake-Walker turned to other business, but the Luftwaffe interrupted. Just after sunrise, several enemy fighters appeared in the distance and made strafing runs across the beach. Soldiers scattered for cover and returned to their places in orderly fashion

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ABOVE: Evacuated British soldiers aboard the ship SS *Nomadic* watch warehouses burn in the French port city of Cherbourg in this photo taken in June 1940 at the height of Operation Dynamo. OPPOSITE: British soldiers, freshly rescued from Dunkirk, crowd the rail of a Royal Navy ship that is preparing to dock at a port in Britain on June 1, 1940. Admiral Sir Bertram Ramsay led the successful effort of Operation Dynamo.

Imperial War Muesum

when the immediate threat had passed. By 8 a.m., the crew of HMS *Keith* had already fought off one attack by German dive bombers, but soon enough the Stukas returned with a vengeance.

Four lines of Luftwaffe dive bombers, numbering perhaps 60 gull-winged Stukas, plummeted from numerous points on the compass. Aboard the targeted *Keith*, Seaman Ian Nethercott watched with a strange mixture of awe and terror. "I just suddenly saw this Stuka appearing over the bridge—it seemed to be almost touching it—and this great big bloody yellow bomb fell from its clamps. It was a thousand pounder …. We were moving to starboard, and he dropped it down the port side. It didn't land on us, but it blew a part of the port side in."

While sailors hammered away at the raiders with 2-pounder antiaircraft guns and anything else that would point skyward, another bomb detonated just aft of *Keith's* stern, jamming the helm and leaving her turning helplessly in a circle. A third bomb fell straight down the destroyer's second funnel, exploding in the No. 2 boiler room, snuffing out all power and killing everyone in the vicinity. The destroyer dropped anchor, and the order to abandon ship was given.

Wake-Walker transferred his flag temporarily to the swift motor torpedo boat *MTB-102*, which may well have become the smallest Royal Navy vessel in history to actually serve as an operational flagship. It was apparent that *Keith* was doomed, and the Admiralty tug *St. Abbs* pulled close to evacuate 130 survivors, including several members of Gort's staff who were still aboard. Thirty-six sailors were already dead, but compounding the tragedy, *St. Abbs* was set upon by Luftwaffe bombers later in the day and sunk, taking 100 former *Keith* crewmen to their graves.

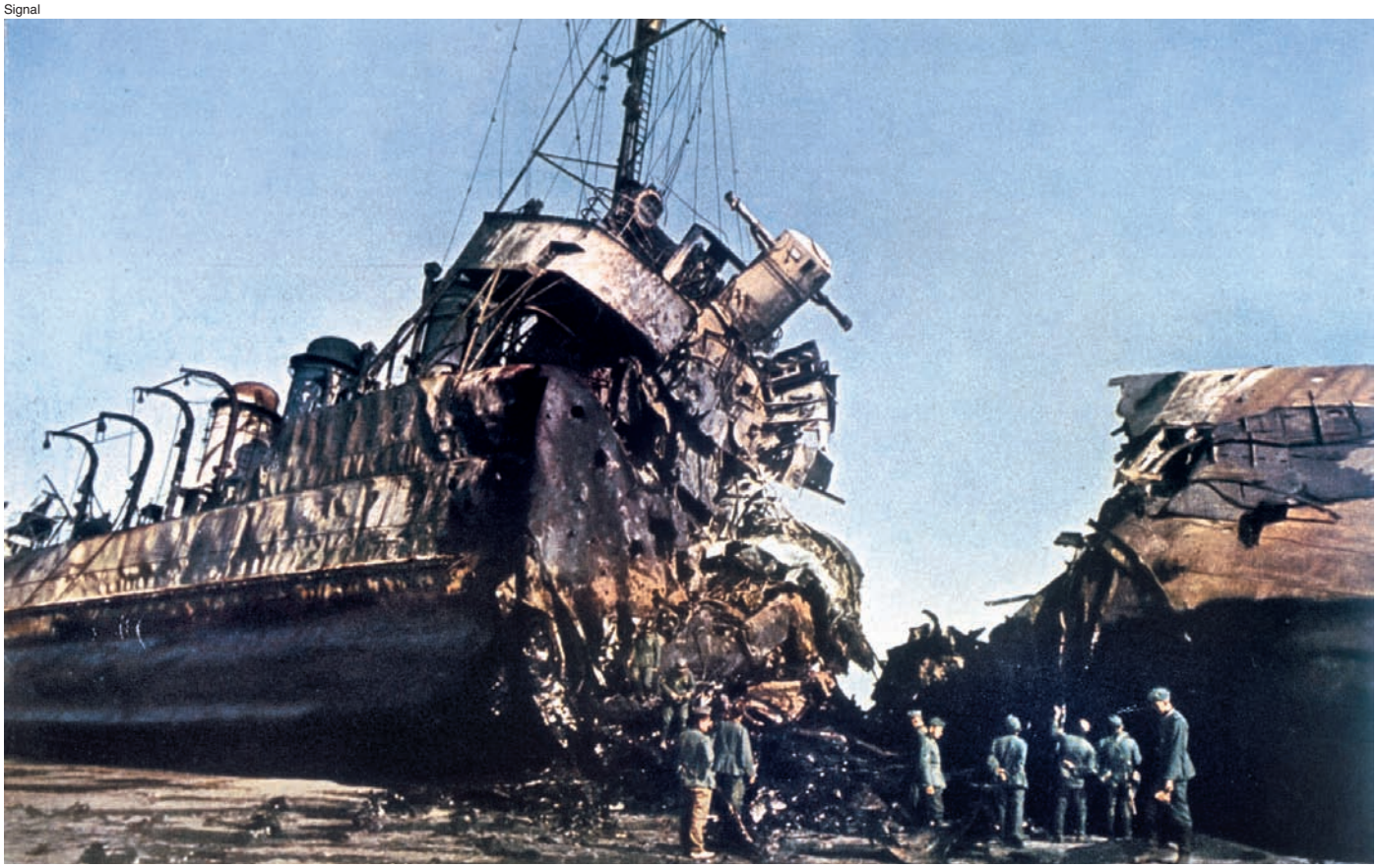
Keith was not alone among the Royal Navy casualties on that bloody June 1. The destroyer HMS *Basilisk* was sunk with nine sailors killed. The destroyer HMS *Havant* took two bombs in her engine room while another detonated beneath the hull, killing eight crewmen and at least 25 soldiers on deck. *Havant* was so thoroughly damaged that the minesweeper HMS *Saltash* removed the crew and scuttled the burning hulk.

The minesweeper HMS *Skipjack* had taken 275 soldiers aboard when 10 Junkers Ju-88 twin-engine bombers swept in to drop three bombs on the small vessel. *Skipjack* capsized just before 9 a.m., remained afloat for about 20 minutes, and then plunged to the bottom of the harbor with many of the soldiers aboard trapped beneath the hull. Most of them died, along with 19 sailors, and Luftwaffe aircraft reportedly strafed the survivors in the water.

Two miles off Dunkirk at midday, the French destroyer *Foudroyant* was attacked by Stukas and Heinkel level bombers. Three 250-kilogram bombs hit the ship, breaking her keel. She rolled over and sank in 25 meters of water, and 19 of her crew were killed. Fortunately, since *Foudroyant* was inbound to Dunkirk, her decks were not crowded with rescued soldiers.

These morning losses were appalling. At 1:45 p.m., Admiral Ramsay ordered all destroyers out of the combat zone. Incredibly, a total of 64,429 soldiers were evacuated on June 1, including 47,081 at the East Mole and 17,348 off the beach. The steamer *Whippingham* had transported 2,700 men to safety singlehandedly. The little boats that dashed to the beaches on that harrowing Saturday had pulled an average of 280 men per hour from every mile of beach that remained in Allied control.

While Dover handled primarily larger ships, the smaller craft were busily swarming in and out of Margate and Ramsgate and other points. By midmorning on June 1 alone, Ramsgate had received 24 small vessels with 4,356 evacuees aboard. When Operation Dynamo concluded, more than 43,000 rescued soldiers had come ashore there. While estimates of the number of Allied ships participating in the sealift peak at about 900, some sources relate that more than



600 of these were counted among the fabled "little ships."

One of the little ships belonged to Charles Lightoller, who 28 years earlier had served as 2nd Officer aboard RMS *Titanic* and survived the sinking of the great passenger liner on April 15, 1912. Lightoller took his personal motor yacht *Sundowner* to Dunkirk on June 1 and returned with more than 100 soldiers. *Sundowner* was restored in 1990 and is today on display at Ramsgate.

As Ramsay issued his recall order to the embattled Royal Navy destroyers and other warships off Dunkirk, Lord Gort arrived at Downing Street in London. Churchill congratulated the commander on his skillful defensive retreat and the success of the ongoing evacuation, which would actually save the core of the British Army to fight another day.

During the 45 minutes that followed, Gort described the operations of the BEF in some detail. Former Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain later wrote, "Gort got back this morning and gave us a thrilling account of the whole operation. There seems to have been hardly any mistake that the French did not make …."

Of course, the Battle of France was ongoing, and there would be more time later for an assessment of command and troop performance. At the time, however, it must be acknowledged that French troops, particularly those of the XVI Corps, were fighting valiantly to hold the perimeter at Dunkirk. For example, from May 29 to June 4, the 12th Motorized Infantry Division committed its 8,000 soldiers to the effort with orders to "…hold your present position at all costs to the last man and last round. This is essential in order that a vitally important operation can take place."

As the rescue effort progressed, concerns arose within the beleaguered French government that British soldiers were actually being evacuated in much larger numbers than French troops. French Prime Minister Paul Reynaud and Churchill had already discussed the situation during an earlier meeting.

By June 2, only about 4,000 soldiers of the BEF rear guard and a considerably larger number of French troops remained ashore in the vicinity of Dunkirk. However, the losses sustained on June 1 compelled Ramsay to suspend all rescue operations at 7 a.m. with the hope of resuming after dark. Earlier plans to conclude Operation Dynamo by first light on June 2 were discarded, and the evacuation window would remain open at least another 24 hours.

With the bulk of the BEF already out of France, a total of 26,256 men were removed from the beaches and the East Mole on the 2nd. As the day wore on, the remaining British soldiers filtered through the perimeter held by the fighting French. Then, deliberately and resisting German pressure to the best of their ability, the French began their own retrograde movement.

June 2 was Sunday, and a British chaplain conducted services on the beach, including Holy Communion. German aircraft flew in to bomb and strafe, interrupting the services five times, but the chaplain persevered until the services were concluded.

As the sun rose on June 2, RAF Spitfires and Hurricanes took off from airfields in southern England on dawn patrol. Scanning the skies over the Channel coast for German planes, they found few. Most of the pilots turned for home—and breakfast—without firing their guns.

A short time later, however, pilots of Nos. 66, 92, 266, and 611 Squadrons, perhaps flying as many as 50 RAF fighters, were back in the air. Twenty-three-year-old Flight Lieutenant Robert Stanford Tuck led the big flight. Around 8 a.m., he pressed an attack against three He-111 bombers.

Out of nowhere, several German Messerschmitt Me-109 fighters jumped the young pilot. Machine-gun bullets chewed into the tail section of his Spitfire, but Stanford Tuck turned the tables and sent one enemy fighter spinning out of control. He then turned back toward an

He-111, shot it down, and watched the crew's parachutes billow. During another brief brawl with Me-109s, Stanford Tuck damaged two of the enemy planes. Within the hour, he was safely on the ground at his home field, RAF Martlesham.

The RAF tally that morning included 14 Luftwaffe planes shot down and 21 more damaged. However, Stanford Tuck's command sustained grievous losses, as well. Five pilots were killed in action. Five others were shot down and survived, one of them taken prisoner. Two of the dead pilots, Ken Crompton and Donald Little from No. 611 West Lancashire Squadron, were newlyweds, both in their early 20s.

While their husbands fought and died in the skies over Dunkirk, the 19-year-old brides of Crompton and Little were attending a breakfast given by the squadron commander for those wives whose husbands had previously lost their lives. As those gathered somberly sipped champagne, word reached these two that they were now widows as well.

Late on the morning of June 2, Ramsay signaled, "The final evacuation is staged for tonight, and the Nation looks to the Navy to see this through …." Under cover of darkness, the last of the organized BEF rear guard boarded boats and departed the embattled coast of France. As many as 20,000 French troops expected to reach the evacuation area failed to appear due to command and logistics issues in the face of continuing German pressure.

At 11:30 p.m., Ramsay received the message, "B.E.F. Evacuated. Returning now."

Tennant used a megaphone to shout for any remaining British soldiers. Finally satisfied that the job was complete, he radioed Ramsay at 10:50 a.m. on June 3, "Operation completed; returning to Dover." In reality, there were still well over 100,000 British troops in France. Among these was the 51st Highland Division, detailed to support the French defenders of the Maginot Line and actually under French command, eventually surrendering to the Germans.

Prime Minister Churchill remained concerned with the large number of French troops still in the vicinity of Dunkirk, and as the last BEF soldiers stepped onto boats, the Germans had closed to within three kilometers of the harbor. On the evening of June 3, the resolute Royal Navy returned to Dunkirk, taking another 26,746 soldiers out of harm's way. Still, thousands of French soldiers remained ashore.

Around 10:15 that evening, the destroyer HMS *Whitsed* led the final evacuation foray to Dunkirk. The effort concluded in the early morning hours of June 4, and another 26,175 soldiers, most of them French, were rescued. Operation Dynamo was officially concluded at 2:23 p.m.

Shortly after 10 a.m. on June 4, German troops began filtering into Dunkirk, rounding up approximately 40,000 surrendering French soldiers. The bodies of the dead lay everywhere. British casualties alone included 68,111 killed, wounded, or captured. The wreckage of an army, more than 2,000 artillery pieces and 60,000 vehicles, lay abandoned. At least 240 ships had been sunk, including six Royal Navy and three French destroyers.

Hitler's order of the day for June 5, 1940, crowed, "Soldiers of the West Front! Dunkirk has fallen … with it has ended the greatest battle in world history. Soldiers! My confidence in you knows no bounds …."

However, 338,226 British and French soldiers had escaped the clutches of the Nazis. Many of the French troops were repatriated within days and took part in the final battles before the capitulation of their country. With the long shadow of defeat hanging over it, Operation Dynamo was nevertheless labeled a triumph.

Although quietly exultant with the spectacular achievement, Churchill rose in the House of Commons on June 4 and spoke frankly, delivering one of the most stirring speeches in British history. He reminded the gathering that the German Army had swept across France and Belgium "like a sharp scythe …" and admonished, "We must be very careful not to assign to this deliverance the attributes of a victory. Wars are not won by evacuations …."

The prime minister added with steely resolve that the prospect of a German invasion was real, but it would be resisted through to ultimate victory. "We shall go on to the end," he intoned. "We shall fight in France, we shall fight on the seas and oceans, we shall fight with growing confidence and growing strength in the air, we shall defend our island, whatever the cost may be. We shall fight on the beaches, we shall fight on the landing grounds, we shall fight in the fields and in the streets, we shall fight in the hills; we shall never surrender."

The road to victory in World War II, achieved five long years later, was arduous indeed, but it may be concluded that it began at Dunkirk in "glorious defeat." □

National Archives

ABOVE: British and French soldiers await instructions from their captors on the now-calm beachfront. Many who fought the rearguard action at Dunkirk and were unable to escape the Germans became prisoners. OPPOSITE: After the British have evacuated, German soldiers inspect the hulk of a ship beached at Dunkirk. The vessel was wrecked by a single Luftwaffe bomb that detonated, cutting the ship in half.

Michael E. Haskew is the editor of WWII History *magazine. He is also the author of many books and articles on various historical topics. He resides in Chattanooga, Tennessee.*

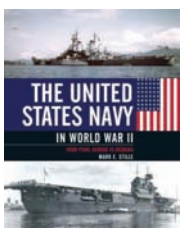
By Christopher Miskimon

Naval History and Heritage Command

Resurgent U.S. Navy

> The U.S. Navy went to war in the Atlantic, emerged from Pearl Harbor and led to way to victory over the Axis powers on the high seas.

THE UNITED STATES NAVY ENTERED WORLD WAR II WELL BEFORE PEARL Harbor and long before the rest of the nation. With the conflict only four days old, President Franklin Roosevelt established a security zone in the Western Atlantic and directed the Navy to patrol it. Though officially named the Neutrality Patrol, one of its main functions was to report the presence of German ships or submarines so word could be passed to the British Royal Navy. Before long, American destroyers were trading depth charges against German torpedoes, eventually resulting in the loss of the destroyer USS *Reuben James* on October 31, 1941. Meanwhile, in July 1940, a 25-ship task force occupied Iceland, the first U.S. task force to see foreign service during the conflict.



Despite this initial action, the Navy was woefully unprepared for what was coming. To redress this imbalance, on July 19, 1940, Congress passed the Two Ocean Navy Act, which added 18 aircraft carriers, seven battleships, 33 cruisers (including six battlecruisers), 115 destroyers, 43 submarines, and 15,000 aircraft, increasing the Navy's size by 70 percent. The act provided the basis for the fleet that carried America to victory in the war, but it would take time to get all these ships and aircraft built and into service.

The Navy expected the war to start about the time it did, but it was surprised that it began at Pearl Harbor. Despite the losses there, the Pacific Fleet was not as badly crippled as many believe. The fleet's three carriers survived, and the older battleships lost in Hawaii were woefully ill-equipped to survive a modern, airpower-based conflict. What did hurt the Pacific Fleet was being badly outnumbered by the Imperial Japanese Navy, which proved able to quickly rout America's small Asiatic Fleet assigned to protect the Philippines and then conduct multiple operations concurrently. Despite a lack of numbers, the offensive-minded American admirals used what they had to resist Japanese advances. The resulting battles at Coral Sea and Midway stopped Japan's offensive and allowed the United States to mount its own attack at Guadalcanal in August 1942.

The waters around Guadalcanal proved a cauldron of combat and struggle. In the end, the U.S. Navy emerged victorious, but it took heavy losses and had to learn hard lessons, such as how to fight at night and coordinate the employment of both land- and sea-based airpower. Despite losing more ships than the Japanese, U.S. strength grew. The ships authorized under the Two Ocean Navy Act began to arrive. In the Atlantic theater, the Navy took the lead against the U-boat menace and provided major warships both to augment the British and to support operations in North Africa and the Mediterranean. The Navy also built the vast amphibious ships and landing craft that enabled ground forces to get ashore.

By 1944-1945, the U.S. Navy was on the offensive on both fronts and would stay that way. It supported the major amphibious invasions at Normandy and Southern France while simultaneously destroying what was left of the Japanese Navy. It also supported numerous amphibious assaults in the Pacific, combatted the Kamikaze threat, and destroyed the Japanese merchant fleet. There was no victory possible in World War II without the United States Navy.

The crew of a 5-inch gun aboard the battleship USS *New Mexico* prepares to open fire against targets on the island of Saipan in the Marianas during the preinvasion bombardment on June 15, 1944.

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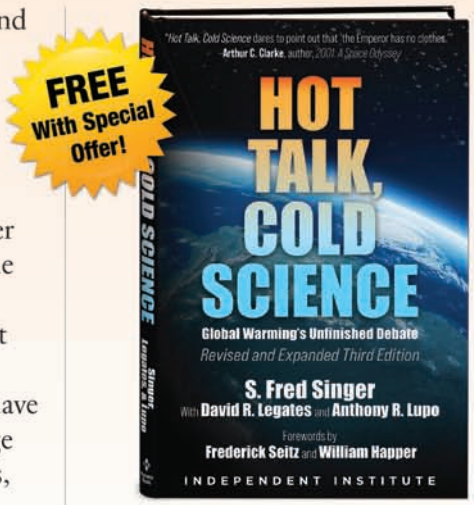
Those are just a handful of the little-known facts (which are never reported by the mainstream media!).



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>
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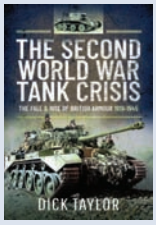
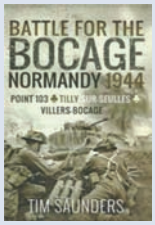
New and Noteworthy

Panzer IV at War: 1939-1945 (Paul Thomas, Pen and Sword Books, 2021, $24.95, softcover). The Panzer IV served as Germany's standard battle tank for most of the war. This book contains over 100 images of the vehicle throughout its service.



The Second World War Tank Crisis: The Fall and Rise of British Armour 1919-1945 (Dick Taylor, Pen and Sword Books, 2021, $39.95, hardcover). This study of British tank design details why British tanks had such a poor service record for most of the war. The author is the historian of the Royal Armoured Corps.

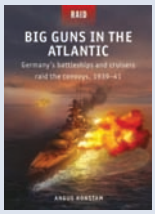


Battle for the Bocage Normandy 1944 (Tim Saunders, Pen and Sword Books, 2021, $42.95, hardcover). This book details the battles for Point 103, Tilly-Sur-Seulles, and Villers-Bocage. Many of the units involved were veteran outfits from North Africa and Italy.

I Will Protect You: A True Story of Twins Who Survived Auschwitz (Eva Mozes Kor, Little Brown, 2022, $17.99, hardcover). Doctor Josef Mengele experimented on 3,000 twins during the war. Only 160 survived. This book, aimed at young readers, reveals their ordeal.

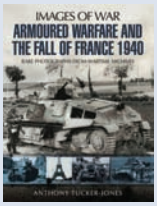
P-47 Thunderbolt vs German Flak Defenses: Western Europe 1943-45 (Jonathan Bernstein, Osprey Books, 2021, $22.00, softcover). The P-47 served as one of the Allies' premiere ground-attack aircraft. Their pilots fought a difficult battle against German antiaircraft units.

Tanks of D-Day 1944: Armour on the Beaches of Normandy and Southern France (Steven J. Zaloga, Osprey Books, 2021, $19.00, softcover). The Allies developed specialized equipment and tanks for breaching Fortress Europe. This book describes their deployment and battlefield performance.



Big Guns in the Atlantic: Germany's Battleships and Cruisers Raid the Convoys, 1939-41 (Angus Konstam, Osprey Books, 2021, $22.00, softcover). The German Navy conducted several raids with its large surface ships during the first few years of the war. These raiding missions culminated in the voyage of the *Bismarck*.

Atlantic Linchpin: The Azores in Two World Wars (Guy Warner, Seaforth Publishing, 2021, $29.95, hardcover). Situated in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, the Azores were strategically located, first as a refueling station and later as an air base. This book sheds light on the islands' wartime history.



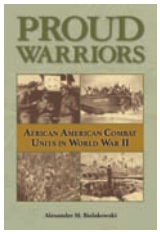
Armoured Warfare and the Fall of France 1940 (Anthony Tucker-Jones, Pen and Sword Books, 2021, $24.95, softcover). The German Army demonstrated its prowess with tanks in the fields of France. This photobook reveals the intensity of the fighting.

War in the Balkans: The Battle for Greece and Crete 1940-1941 (Jeffrey Plowman, Pen and Sword Books, 2021, $24.95, softcover). This photobook covers the entire Balkan campaign, from the Italian invasion of Albania to the German airborne assault on Crete.

This success came through well-trained sailors, an ability to adapt, and excellent warships. Technical and personnel excellence were required and achieved, and the technical aspects of this equation are the primary focus of ***The United States Navy in World War II: From Pearl Harbor to Okinawa*** (Mark E. Stille, Osprey Publishing, Oxford, UK, 2021 304 pp., maps, photographs, notes bibliography, index, $35.00, hardcover).

The book contains chapters covering the navy's operations, tactics, and an appraisal of its performance. These chapters are all excellent and convey the author's own naval service. They are insightful and clear. The bulk of the text is devoted to the technical and service details of the Navy's ships, with chapters devoted to each major ship type: aircraft carriers, battleships, and

cruisers down to destroyers and submarines. The book is extensively illustrated with photographs, artwork, maps, and tables. It is an excellent resource on the United States Navy during the war and a primer on the ships their crews sailed into battle.



Proud Warriors: African American Combat Units in World War II (Alexander M. Bielalowski, University of North Texas Press, Denton, TX, 2021, 352 pp., maps, photographs, notes, bibliography, index, $29.95, hardcover)

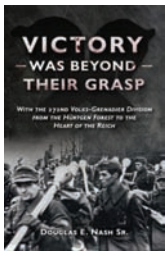
The 758th Tank Battalion, comprising African American soldiers, arrived in Italy in November 1944. The high command attached the battalion to the 92nd Infantry Division, also an all-African American unit, where it remained for the rest of its time in combat. Equipped as a light tank battalion, its soldiers used the M5 Stuart light tank. Armed with a small 37mm cannon and several machine guns, the M5 was effective at supporting infantry but was obsolete against enemy tanks and antitank weapons. When the division tried to cross the Cinquale Canal with a task force, Lieutenant William Hannah's tank took a direct hit from a panzerfaust. His driver, Samuel Beery, died instantly, but two other wounded crew members managed to get out of the vehicle, where Hannah carried them to safety before being hit be enemy fire and killed. Hannah received a posthumous Silver Star for his heroism.

This is just one of the many accounts in this new book. The author provides a detailed primer on the service of African American soldiers during the war, a subject that still receives only occasional attention. This work covers all the branches of service, including the Coast Guard, and delves into sub-branches such as infantry, armor, and artillery, as well as aviation.

Japanese Soldier versus US Soldier New Guinea: 1942 - 44 (Gregg Adams, Osprey Publishing, Oxford, UK, 2022, 80 pp., maps, photographs, bibliography, index, $22.00, softcover)

Australia and the Dutch East Indies administered the island of New Guinea when the Japanese invaded in March 1942. They quickly occupied Rabaul and threatened Port Moresby. The Allies rushed American troops there, where they spent nearly two years forcing the Japanese back. On New Guinea, Americans first discovered the vast cultural and psychological differences between themselves and their opponents, things that made the war even more brutal and unforgiving. U.S. National Guard Divisions withstood the worst of the fighting, as they were the best units available early in the war. They fought Japanese units at Buna in later 1942–early 1943, Biak from May–August 1944, and at the Driniumor River during July and August 1944.

This new volume in Osprey's Combat Series compares the U.S. National Guard troops to the Japanese soldiers occupying New Guinea. Aside from the battlefield accounts, the author assesses each side's tactics, equipment, weapons, training, logistics, and leadership. The book is lavishly illustrated, including several works of original art and detailed maps. The work concludes with insightful analysis and a summary of each side's successes and failures along with the outcome and its effects.

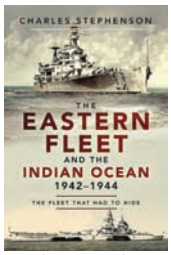


Victory Was Beyond Their Grasp: With the 272nd Volks-Grenadier Division from the Hurtgen Forest to Heart of the Reich (Douglas E. Nash Sr., Casemate Books, Havertown, PA, 2021, 374 pp., maps, photographs, appendices, notes, bibliography, index, $24.95, softcover)

The Volks-Grenadier Divisions were among Germany's last hopes during World War II. Often confused with militia units such as the Volkssturm, they were actually intended as elite units loyal to the Nazi party. Within the 272nd Volks-Grenadier Division, there existed a unit designated Fusilier Company 272, created from the remnants of a battalion destroyed in Normandy in August 1944. The company functioned as the division's "fire brigade," used wherever the fighting was at its worst. It saw action in the Hurtgen Forest, one of the most difficult campaigns in the West, and then during the long retreat into Germany during the last few months of the war.

This book is the product of a unique set of documents acquired by the author soon after the Cold War ended. Extensive records of the unit, its members, and its actions reveal much about the Volks-Grenadier divisions and their operations. The author's further research filled in additional details, making the book an interesting study of a small German unit in combat. An expanded photo insert contains many images from unit veterans alongside battlefield photographs.

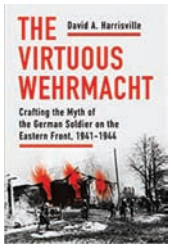
The Eastern Fleet and the Indian Ocean 1942



- 1944: The Fleet that Had to Hide (Charles Stephenson, Pen and Sword Books, South Yorkshire, UK, 2022, 320 pp., maps, photographs, notes, bibliography, index, $42.95, hardcover)

The Royal Navy's Eastern Fleet, which protected the British Empire's territories in the Indian Ocean, was the largest fleet deployed by the United Kingdom during World War II until 1945. Because of tactical deficiencies at the beginning of the war, it had to fight defensively for much of its service. The inspired leadership of its commander, Admiral Sir James Somerville, reinvigorated the force, kept it together, and eventually transitioned the Eastern Fleet back into an offensive role in 1944. It formed the nucleus of a powerful British Pacific Fleet, which in 1945 sailed alongside the U.S. Navy to complete the defeat of Imperial Japan. Along the way the fleet carried out notable operations such the invasion of Madagascar and the destruction of Axis shipping at Goa.

The Eastern Fleet is relatively unknown today since the operations in the Indian Ocean receive little coverage beyond the loss of the *Prince of Wales* and *Repulse* at the beginning of the war. This book addresses that imbalance with a thoroughly researched and detailed narrative. The author brings Eastern Fleet activities to the fore with good descriptions of its personalities, ships, and actions.



The Virtuous Wehrmacht: Crafting the Myth of the German Soldier on the Eastern Front, 1941 – 1944 (David A. Harrisville, Cornell University Press, Ithaca, NY, 2021, 328 pp., appendices, notes, bibliography, index, $34.95, hardcover)

Millions of German soldiers served on the Eastern Front during World War II, fighting in one of history's most brutal and unforgiving campaigns. During that time, the German military took part in a large number of atrocities and war crimes. Millions of Soviet prisoners of war were starved and abused, millions of civilians were robbed, raped, and murdered, and the Jews of Eastern Europe were subjected to genocide. Despite all these reprehensible acts, German troops often maintained that they were engaged in a noble struggle, fighting honorably against the scourge of communism. In this claim, German soldiers were supported and encouraged by the Nazi government.

While the Soviets proved equally brutal in their behavior, this new book focuses on the German military, showing how the army high command cultivated the image of their soldiers as morally and ethically superior, developing arguments to explain and justify their actions. The author also demonstrates how this phenomenon arose during the war, rather than as a postwar whitewashing of events, such as that conducted by the Waffen-SS.

Japan's Pacific War: Personal Accounts of the Emperor's Warriors (Peter Williams, Pen and Sword Books, South Yorkshire, UK, 2021, 224 pp., maps, photographs, notes, index, $39.95, hardcover)

Takahiro Sato landed on a beach in Thailand and marched 1,000 kilometers to Singapore, fighting all along the way. A soldier of the Imperial Japanese Army's 41st Regiment, he watched other soldiers ride bicycles or sit in passing trucks, but he marched the entire distance. They defeated the British and Indian troops they encountered easily, but at Gemencheh Bridge, Australians ambushed the unit. "That didn't go so well," recalled Sato. Rifle and machine-gun fire tore into the Japanese as grenades exploded all around. Sato's officer led them forward, and soon he saw some Australians manning a machine gun. He aimed carefully at the most visible man and fired. The enemy soldier dropped from sight. Though the Japanese won the fight, Sato was unsatisfied; they found only a few Australian bodies, while over 100 Japanese lay dead.

The author spent years as a teacher in Japan, collecting veterans' war experiences in his spare time. This book combines those interviews into an interesting and enlightening volume. Some of the veterans' statements agree with accepted ideas about Japanese thoughts, motivations, and prejudices; others pointedly do not. The book puts a human face on the Japanese soldier, colored by culture but not by stereotypes.

Red Army into the Reich (Simon Forty, Patrick Hook, and Nik Cornish, Casemate Books, Havertown, PA, 2021, 256 pp., maps, photographs, glossary, bibliography, index, $37.95, hardcover)

The war on the Eastern Front in World War II was an enormous and terrible experience. The vastness of the territory gave a scope to the fighting beyond that which many people are even capable of conceiving. The sheer size of the armies involved dwarfed those involved in any other theater during the war. The combat was unrelenting and often simply bestial; the sometimes-appalling weather only added to the misery. The civilian population shared that suffering along with the soldiers, and none of them could do much to alleviate the agony. German forces acted brutally, and the Soviets returned the favor when their offensives rolled into German territory in 1944-1945. Large Soviet attacks carried them all through Eastern Europe and into the heart of the Nazi homeland.

Casemate has published several coffee-table books on the war, and this latest volume carries the reader into the Eastern Front with clear writing, good maps, and lavish illustration. Many of the photographs are accompanied by images of how the scene they depict appears today. There is also a section at the end showing postwar monuments erected throughout the region.

The Tiger from Poznan (Richard Siegert, Pen and Sword Books, South Yorkshire, UK, 2021, 140 pp., maps, photographs, appendices, $32.95, hardcover)

During World War II, Poznan served as a railroad junction and river crossing on the Polish-German border. When the Soviet Army neared the city's outskirts in January 1945, Poznan's 15,000-man garrison prepared for battle as the civilian populace was hastily evacuated. Most of these troops were infantry, but the city had a single Tiger I tank among its defenders. The crew of this tank took an active part in the defense, fighting against steep odds even after the tank was immobilized.

The author served in the crew of Poznan's solitary Tiger tank. He is the only survivor of that crew since the tank's driver died while trying to escape a Soviet POW camp soon after the war ended. Siegert spent four and a half years in Soviet captivity himself and later wrote this memoir for his family. Now his work is available to the general public, providing a glimpse of the life of a tank gunner on the Eastern Front during the war's final months. □

Men Over 40 Celebrate Breakthrough Pill

Doctor-developed natural formula supports prostate health, normal urinary frequency, and optimal male health

By S.A. Nickerson, Health Correspondent

Renowned holistic physician David Brownstein, M.D., knows most men feel embarrassed to talk about their prostate.

However, if you're a man over 40 or 50, your prostate is probably talking to you — and it's time to listen.

"With aging, your prostate gland can swell," warns Dr. Brownstein. "This pressure begins to affect urinary control, forcing you to look for a bathroom wherever you go. You may have difficulty sleeping because of multiple nightly bathroom trips."

Rogue Testosterone Starts Attacking Around Age 40

Once you hit middle age, your body begins to secrete the enzyme 5-alpha reductase. This causes your normal "manly" testosterone to turn into a rogue testosterone compound called DHT (dihydrotestosterone).

The build-up of DHT is a primary reason why prostate size increases as you age — and is associated with the unpleasant urinary symptoms that result.

What you need, says Dr. Brownstein, is something to block the 5-alpha-reductase enzyme so it can't do its dirty work and encourage higher levels of this rogue testosterone.

Collateral Damage

Inflammation, the second culprit contributing to prostate concerns, represents collateral damage. As your body's response to injury, inflammation leads to the release of chemicals that cause fluid to accumulate in and around your prostate.

So you also need a solution that promotes a healthy inflammatory response in your prostate's tissues.

Based on his two decades of research and treating patients, Dr. Brownstein formulated one of the top-selling prostate support formulas available on the market today. Since 2013, **PROSTATE REVIVE®** has been helping thousands of men across the country.

A Proprietary Blend of 15 Ingredients

PROSTATE REVIVE is truly a male health breakthrough, with 15 powerful, handpicked nutrients working together in a synergistic formula.

Ingredients such as saw palmetto, plant sterols with beta-sitosterol, pumpkin seed powder, and others help reduce the production of DHT.

Additional ingredients, including boswellia extract, pomegranate fruit extract, and pygeum, help promote proper inflammatory response.

Plus, nutrients such as selenium, zinc, and lycopene are essential for the health and function of your prostate.

The Simple Solution

With daily use, **PROSTATE REVIVE** makes it simple to support normal prostate health and function. With better control and fewer trips to the bathroom, you may even sleep better.

PROSTATE REVIVE® Users Speak Out*

Many users write to praise this prostate support formula.

"Had trouble urinating and it took forever. Had to get up 6 times a night. After using **PROSTATE REVIVE** for 2 weeks everything is good. I feel it is perfect. I have used other brands and not one of them worked like yours."
Kenneth F., California

"I'm so happy with **PROSTATE REVIVE**, there aren't enough words to describe it. Fantastic!" ***Manuel L., Tennessee***

"**PROSTATE REVIVE** keeps my bladder under control, so I don't feel the urgency to urinate anymore. I feel more alert and wake up restful, ready to go ahead with my day." ***Luis C., New York***

"I took it for 6 weeks and my PSA level went way down." ***Ramon G., Wisconsin***

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Simulation Gaming

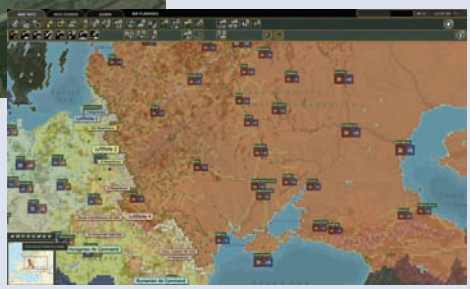
BY JOSEPH LUSTER

EXPERIENCED WARGAMERS ARE IN FOR A ROBUST HISTORICAL EXPERIENCE WITH WAR IN THE EAST 2

GARY GRIGSBY'S WAR IN THE EAST 2

PUBLISHER SLITHERINE • **GENRE** STRATEGY **SYSTEM** PC • **AVAILABLE** NOW

What kind of war game player do you consider yourself to be? Do you fall on the side of the more arcade-style shooter entries, or do you long for your games to be as realistic and historically dense as possible? If the latter sounds more your speed, then you may be familiar with *Gary Grigsby's War in the East*, a war game that was originally released for PC back in 2010. Now a follow-up has arrived to add even more fuel to the strategic fire.



Acting as the spiritual heir to all the influential Eastern Front board and computer games of the past, the original *War in the East* covered the German-Soviet War 1941-1945, introducing intense battles with thousands of units engaging one another throughout the lengthy campaign. Garnering very positive reviews over the years thanks to its meticulous representation of World War II on the Eastern Front, *War in the East* had scale and ambition for days, and its sequel is looking to build upon that base with an even more robust experience.

Gary Grigsby's War in the East 2 takes the first game and gives it a full overhaul, making for a more challenging strategy experience atop an even more historically rich backdrop. From terrain and weather concerns to a highly detailed supply and logistics system, pretty much everything one could want has been taken into account in the latest version, which makes it ideal for experienced wargamers. The manual alone is hundreds of pages long—520 pages, to be exact, complete with appendices and designer's notes, all of which is also available in full-color physical hardcover form—thoroughly outlining what will be a very satisfying piece of software for those who find themselves craving a real test of their tactical prowess.

Scenarios in *War in the East 2* range from a short tutorial centered on the Battle for Velikiye Luki to the four-month Destruction of Southwest Front, ultimately covering the full 1941-1945 Grand Campaign of the entire Eastern Front. Skilled players will gradually make their way through Operation Barbarossa up to the fall of Berlin for a total of seven Operational Scenarios and three Full Map Campaigns. On the other end of these battles sits what the dev team considers to be the "best AI opponent ever made by 2by3 for any of their games." The AI opponent has been completely redesigned and rebuilt by Gary Grigsby for *War in the East 2* and boasts significant improvements in both offensive and defensive performance.

The team at 2by3 Games has spent years revisiting this pivotal conflict, and all of that arduous work has certainly paid off. From the presentation to the minutiae of the battle system, this is something that demands a keen mind and hundreds of hours from its players. If you're looking for a tough but rewarding strategy game that spares no effort when it comes to historical depth, *Gary Grigsby's War in the East 2* is the gift that keeps on giving.

CLASSIC SPOTLIGHT

HIDDEN & DANGEROUS 2: COURAGE UNDER FIRE

PUBLISHER 2K • **GENRE** SHOOTER **SYSTEM** PC • **AVAILABLE** 2022

While we're on the topic of classic games, we thought we'd take a moment in this issue to turn back the clock and put the spotlight on one of our older favorites. It's hard to believe, but 2003's *Hidden & Dangerous 2: Courage Under Fire*—published by 2K and developed by the folks at Illusion Softworks—is quickly approaching its 20th anniversary. Building upon the success of the original *Hidden & Dangerous*, this first- and third-person tactical shooter thrust players smack dab in the middle of an intense story that spans locations in Europe, Africa, Burma, and beyond, introducing rapid-fire decisions that don't just impact you and your team, but your country and the wider world as a whole.

Even compared to modern titles with more polish and technological improvements, *Hidden & Dangerous 2* remains a true classic of its genre. Some may find it difficult to appreciate the dated visuals—models and animations are often crude and there isn't much in the way of visual density in the environments—but it more than makes up for any aesthetic shortcomings with a gripping narrative, versatile tactics, and attention to the details that really count.

The story of *Hidden & Dangerous 2* puts you back in the role of an elite Special Air Services (SAS) commander in World War II, whisking you through nine new campaigns in total. You can take on the Axis Powers by yourself or cooperatively with friends, and it's up to you whether you want to engage primarily with stealth or tough it out through a more brute force approach. Beyond all of the weapons you and your squad can choose from in pre-mission loadouts, you'll be able to commandeer trucks, tanks, motorcycles, and planes, ensuring that the proceedings never get too dull or repetitive.

Thankfully, it's easy and incredibly inexpensive to either check this one out for the first time or revisit it after a long time away from the battlefield. *Hidden & Dangerous 2: Courage Under Fire* is often on sale on Steam, putting its average asking price under that of a cup of coffee. For something with so much to offer to fans of classic World War II shooters, that's a deal you'd be hard-pressed to beat. □

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