

WORLD WAR II CHRONICLES

A Quarterly Publication of the World War II Veterans Committee ISSUE XXVII, Winter, 2004-2005

TOKYO ROSE

Myth



VS.



Reality

BY TIM G.W. HOLBERT

PLUS:

-THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE-

AND:

-WAR STORIES II: HEROISM IN THE PACIFIC-

-THE END OF ILLUSIONS-

-THE HIDDEN CAMPAIGN-

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ISSUE XXVII, Winter, 2004-2005

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CONVICTING A MYTH

Debunking the Legend of Tokyo Rose and the Real Woman Who Took the Blame

Tokyo Rose was among the most despised figures of World War II. Her treachery was unsurpassed, and her vindictive taunts legendary in their effectiveness in destroying the morale of Allied GIs. Yet in postwar America's zeal for justice, an innocent woman was convicted of treason for the crimes of a myth, as "Tokyo Rose" never existed.



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CONVICTING A MYTH

DEBUNKING THE LEGEND OF TOKYO ROSE AND THE REAL WOMAN WHO TOOK THE BLAME

BY TIM G.W. HOLBERT

She was the “Siren of the Pacific,” a silky-voiced young radio announcer broadcasting from Japan brandishing sharp wit and sharper propaganda. She lured American GIs to listen with music from home, only to crush their morale by taunting them with stories of the infidelity of their wives and sweethearts back home and gleefully promising Japanese victory. She was rumored to be friendly with General Tojo, was perhaps even his mistress, and seemed omniscient, accurately predicting American troop movements before they even happened. Along with figures like Hitler, Tojo, Goebbels, and “Axis Sally,” she was one of the enduring symbols of infamy from World War II. She was Tokyo Rose. But unlike Hitler, Tojo, Goebbels, and Axis Sally, she did not exist.

This is not to say that there were no female radio announcers employed by the Japanese to broadcast to Allied troops in the Pacific. In fact, there were many. And, in large part, their purpose was to demoralize American GIs, to make them long for happier times back home in the States. A number of broadcasts were also made that very closely resembled those attributed to Tokyo Rose, which spoke of unfaithful wives and urged the troops to surrender. But unlike her counterpart in Europe, the radio announcer known as “Axis Sally,” there was no one person who called herself “Tokyo Rose.” She was, in fact, a mythical creation of American soldiers and sailors, based upon a combination of actual broadcasts from a number of female announcers out of Japan and its territories, and stories that circulated among the troops that created a legend that was, and still is, larger than life. Searching for Tokyo Rose in World War II-era Japan would be akin to traveling to medieval England to search for King Arthur: though there were a number of people who embodied the description, some better than others, there were none who singularly fit the bill. They were, instead, composites of factual people clouded in legend and myth.

Still, many veterans of the Pacific can remember to this day hearing Japanese radio broadcasts, and many swear that they heard Tokyo Rose herself. Her scurrilous attacks were made all the more revolting because she was an American citizen, born and raised in the United States. And those old enough to remember will recall that following the war, “Tokyo Rose” was arrested, charged with and convicted of treason, and sentenced to a ten-year prison term. In fact there was a woman arrested and convicted of treason



Iva Toguri: The young American woman who would come to be labeled as “Tokyo Rose.”

for her role as “Tokyo Rose.” Her name was Iva Toguri, she was an American citizen, and she did broadcast to American servicemen in the Pacific from Tokyo during World War II. But as so often happens in the fog of war, not everything was as it seemed. Iva Toguri never once betrayed the United States, and was only eligible to be tried for treason because she had refused to renounce her American citizenship, as many other Japanese Americans living in Japan during the war had done. Unfortunately, due to a combination of media-generated hysteria, the American

public’s desire for revenge for the attack on Pearl Harbor, the government’s determination to not appear weak on traitors, and Iva’s own naiveté, the label of “Tokyo Rose” came to be pinned on her. Her story is sad and unfortunate, and her conviction was a gross injustice. Yet there is something inspiring in it, as well. Through it all, no matter how twisted the truth became or how hated she was, Iva Toguri’s loyalty to her country endured.

An American Stranded

The long and confusing saga of “Tokyo Rose” began, ironically, on the Fourth of July in 1916, when Iva Toguri was born in Los Angeles. She was the eldest daughter of Jun and Fumi Toguri, recent Japanese immigrants to the United States, and was the first Toguri to be a citizen of the United States. Jun was a devoted father who believed in the American Dream and worked hard to provide a good life for his family. He ran a store that sold Japanese imports and gro-

ceries, and was very successful. However, unlike many Japanese immigrants of the time, he made it a point to keep a certain distance between his family and the Japanese American community, believing that the best way for his family to prosper was to assimilate into American culture. The family lived in a predominately white neighborhood, and English was the language of choice in the Toguri household.

Iva was a bright child; cheerful and outgoing, with a stubborn streak that can be both an asset and a liability. She grew up like your average American girl, attending public schools and joining the Girl Scouts. She played tennis and piano, and had a crush on Jimmy Stewart. Her dream was to become a doctor, an ambition partly fueled from caring for her mother, whose health had always been very poor. Attending UCLA, she majored in zoology and joined a sorority. And though she never paid much attention to politics, she registered as a Republican.

While she was aware of some of the prejudice towards other Japanese Americans at the time, she seemed to be relatively unaffected by it, and considered herself wholly American. In 1941, Iva graduated from UCLA with solid marks, and looked forward to attending medical school. As her father had enjoyed the fruits of all America had to offer, it seemed that Iva would join him in achieving the American Dream.

In June of 1941, the Toguri family received a letter from Fumi's only living sister back in Japan. Iva's aunt Shizu, like her mother, was in very poor health, and wanted Fumi to come visit while she was still alive. Iva's mother was in no physical shape to make such a trip. Jun and Iva's brother, Fred, considered going in her place, but both were very busy in running the family business, and because neither was an American citizen, could have faced problems returning to the United States due to the passage of the Immigration Act of 1924, which severely limited the number of immigrants into the country. It fell to Iva, who now had few commitments and was an American citizen, to travel to Japan to represent the family.

Iva was very reluctant to go to Japan, as she knew little of its culture and could barely understand the language. However, what bothered her most was the food. Iva detested

rice, the staple of the Japanese diet. As she packed her bags for what was to be a six-month trip to Japan, in addition to clothing she brought as much food as she possibly could fit, including sugar, coffee, chocolate, canned meats, and flour...anything to avoid having to eat rice. Unfortunately, Iva could only carry so much food with her, and she eventually had to eat Japanese food, including rice. After being in Japan for a few months, she wrote home to her family, "I have finally gotten around to eating rice three times a day. It's killing me, but what can I do? I can't buy an oven to bake any bread and since I didn't bring one, the flour which I brought just sits in the kitchen."



The Toguri family in 1941. Standing left to right: Sisters June and Inez, brother Fred, Iva, and father Jun. Seated: mother Fumi.

It would quickly become apparent to Iva that her distaste of Japanese food was the least of her worries. Because Iva's trip to Japan had come about so suddenly, she was unable to obtain a United States passport prior to her departure. Instead, following a practice that was fairly common at the time, she used a certificate of identification attesting that she was an American citizen, was traveling to Japan to visit her aunt, and would be returning to the United States in six months. While the papers allowed her passage to Japan, she was urged to apply for a passport as soon as possible. Almost immediately upon arrival in Japan, Iva traveled to the American consulate in an attempt to obtain a passport.

After her arrival at the American consulate, Iva found out that she was not the only United States citizen in Japan. During the 1930s, with the American economy in shambles, many Nisei, or second generation Japanese Americans, traveled to Japan in search of work. As tensions grew between the two nations in the middle of 1941, those who wished to return to the United States often had trouble establishing their American citizenship. Iva was no exception. Though she had immediately requested a passport from the American consulate when she first reached Japan, her application was progressing very slowly. Summer turned to fall, and December of 1941 was rapidly approaching.

Throughout 1941, relations between the United States and Japan had undergone a steady decline. This made the already difficult lives of Japanese Americans living in Japan that much harder. The Japanese were a very secluded and

provincial people, and were distrustful of foreigners, especially those whose loyalties clearly were with their home country. As an American, Iva felt alienated from Japanese society. Masayo Duus, author of *Tokyo Rose: Orphan of the Pacific*, quotes Iva as later saying, “I felt like a perfect stranger, and the Japanese considered me very queer.”

Iva’s unhappiness in Japan continued, and she longed to go home. She wrote often to her family, urging them to appreciate life in America. “No matter how bad things get and how much you have to take in the form of racial criticisms,” Iva wrote, “and no matter how hard you have to work, by all means remain in the country you learn to appreciate more after you leave it.”

In late November, Iva began to panic. Though her father had believed that, despite the poor relations between the two countries, Japan would not be foolish enough to start a war with a country as powerful as the United States, it was now clear that war was imminent. The American consulate now told Iva that there was no evidence that she was a citizen of the United States, and therefore could not return. Iva called her father, begging him to get her out of Japan, and home to America. He tried to calm her fears, and told her he would take care of the passport problem right away.

On the afternoon of December 1, 1941, Iva received a telegram from her father, instructing her to book passage on a ship bound for America the next day. She frantically gathered her things together, made the reservation, and went back to the American consulate to make sure her father had taken care of the arrangements for her to return. She was met with frustration, however, as she found it was too late to cut through all the red tape preventing her from boarding the ship. The boat would sail for America without her. Though Iva was terribly distraught, it mattered little, as halfway through the voyage, the ship suddenly stopped, turned, and steamed back to Japan. The date was December 7, 1941, and the United States and Japan were now at war. Iva Toguri was trapped in the heart of the Empire, thousands of miles from her home and family.

On Her Own

Iva’s understanding of Japanese was still very limited, and as word came in that the two countries were at war, she was not sure what to make of it. Unable to make sense of Japanese radio broadcasts or newspapers, her only source

of information was the English language newspaper printed out of Tokyo, and reading it came with serious risks. “I was warned by my uncle and aunt not to be seen reading a paper written in English,” Iva later recalled. “I went around in a daze for several days; I could not believe war had broken out.”

Though her uncle urged her to keep quiet, Iva could not hide her pro-American sentiments for long. “There was no question I wanted the United States to win the war. No question about it,” Iva told CBS News correspondent Morley Safer in 1976. “What would I know about Japan? The only country I knew was the United States. I had only been in Japan for a few months.” The neighbors around the house Iva was staying in with her aunt and uncle were already very suspicious of Iva, and the breakout of war pushed their hostilities over the edge. Iva and her aunt and uncle were harassed, and children would throw stones at her. “It became uncomfortable for (my aunt and uncle) because I was not a native-born Japanese,” Iva told Safer. She realized that, to save her sick aunt the stress of further harassment, it would be best to find a new place to live.

While preparing to move out of her aunt and uncle’s house, Iva received a visit from an agent of the Foreigners Section of the Special Security Police, the feared *tokko keisatsu*, which was well-known for its brutal interrogations. The officer warned her that an American citizen would encounter all kinds of trouble now that war had broken out. He gave her a choice. “You can either become a Japanese citizen or be interned,” Iva recalled him as saying. “So I said, ‘Intern me!’” Despite her wishes to be interned with other Americans, the agent decided against it. As she was of Japanese descent and a woman, he told her with a suspicious smile, and she was of little danger. Plus, it would cost money to intern her, so she was sent on her own. Still, the agents of the *tokko keisatsu* kept a close eye on her, and continually attempted to persuade her to renounce her American citizenship.

Ironically, renouncing her American citizenship would have not only saved Iva from trouble from the Japanese, it would have saved her from all of the trouble she would later find herself in with the American government. A person can only be tried for treason if they are an American citizen. Thousands of other American Nisei living in Japan at the time had given up their citizenship to save themselves from harassment from the Japanese. Some were even involved with similar radio broadcasts as those Iva would later be involved with. Yet because Iva was so persistent in pledg-

ing her loyalty to the United States and refused to give up her citizenship, she left herself open to be tried for treason down the road.

“Had you renounced your citizenship, you wouldn’t have been in any trouble at all. Why didn’t you do it?” Morley Safer asked during his interview with Iva years later. “I didn’t *believe* in that way,” she responded. “I wasn’t raised that way.” And for that belief, she would pay a heavy price.

Finding a room in a boarding house, Iva was now truly on her own, alone in a strange land. And though she was still attempting to find a way back to America through third parties, like the Swiss consulate, the longer she stayed in Japan, the more desperate she became for money. She was able to find a job near her boarding house in the Monitoring Division of the Domei News Agency, where she was able to put her English and typing skills to work. The pay was not much, but combined with the income she received from working a number of odd jobs, it kept her afloat financially. She also managed to find a part-time job at the embassy of Denmark, which had taken a position of neutrality in the war. This gave her the opportunity to listen to Allied news broadcasts and learn the truth about the course the war was taking. Not only did Japanese radio distort the news and perpetuate the belief they were winning the war, it was illegal for the public to own or even listen to short-wave radios that could receive Allied broadcasts. Hearing the truth from sources outside of the Empire gave Iva hope that the Allies would soon be victorious. However, in June of 1943, she became seriously ill with pellagra and beriberi, due to the poor diet she endured while skimping on food, trying to save money. Hospitalized for almost two months, her tenuous financial situation was now a crisis.

Late that summer, Iva saw an advertisement calling for English-language typists at Radio Tokyo. She responded immediately, and was quickly hired. Her job would be to type English-language broadcast scripts written by Japanese scriptwriters. On August 23, 1943, over 20 months following the outbreak of war with Japan, Iva began her job at Radio Tokyo, intending to be nothing more than a part-time typist, hoping to ride out the war until she could make it home to see her family.

Early on in the war, the Japanese military saw the benefits of using propaganda in demoralizing American forces in

the Pacific. They found it strikingly effective in the first months of 1942, when the Imperial war machine won stunning victories against the ill-prepared American military. Rumors of a woman by the name of “Tokyo Rose” who broadcast Japanese propaganda can be traced back to even before the war, when in 1937, construction workers on the island of Saipan heard such programs. The belief was that this “Tokyo Rose” was in fact the famed aviatrix Amelia Earhart, who had recently disappeared over the Pacific while attempting to fly around the world. According to Dafydd Neal Dyar, creator of the “Orphan Ann” Home Page and a historian who has been researching the case of Iva Toguri since 1991, the first documented use of the



Major Shigetsugu Tsuneishi.

name “Tokyo Rose” to describe a Japanese woman radio propagandist was on December 11, 1941, when Foumy Saisho was introduced as “Madame Tojo” on Radio Tokyo. A United States Navy submariner recorded in his diary what he heard: “Where is the U.S. Fleet?” jeered Tokyo Rose. ‘I’ll tell you where it is, boys. It’s laying at the bottom of Pearl Harbor!’”

Throughout 1942, rumors spread and the legend grew. Tokyo Rose was an all-knowing reporter of Allied troop plans and was never wrong. These stories of Tokyo Rose were particularly popular among the Marines fighting on Guadalcanal in August of 1942. It was in the August 20, 1943 issue of YANK Magazine that the first documented press account of Tokyo Rose appeared, reporting on the Japanese reaction to U.S. Navy ace Lt. Edward H. “Butch” O’Hare’s shooting down of five enemy fighters earlier that year. The article read, “The Japs jeered. Butch O’Hare was a one-battle fighter, they said. He was afraid to return to the Pacific. Tokyo Rose, Japan’s Lady Haw-Haw, declared that he was probably dead.” On August 20, 1943, Iva Toguri was not only yet to be employed by Radio Tokyo, she had never even seen the inside of a radio studio or thought the least bit about broadcasting.

By 1943 the Japanese military decided to bolster its propaganda efforts by monitoring domestic radio broadcasts from the United States, gleaning news of local disasters such as floods, fires, and train-wrecks, and then rebroadcast the news in an attempt to demoralize American troops in the field. The project was under the direction of Major Shigetsugu Tsuneishi, a career military man who, in fact, had no experience in creating propaganda. Tsuneishi devised a plan in which Allied POWs would be recruited to broadcast a news program written by Japanese army propagandists. The thinking was that hearing their comrades

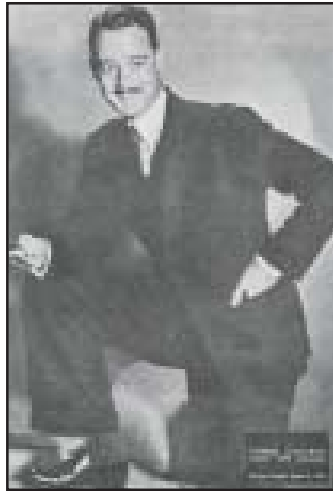
read disheartening news over the radio would demoralize the American soldiers more than if it was delivered by Japanese broadcasters.

Tsuneishi scoured the POW camps for prisoners with experience in radio broadcasting for a new show that was to be called *Zero Hour*, a name meant to conjure images of the feared Japanese fighter plane. He settled on using three prisoners in particular: Captain Wallace Ince, an American; Lieutenant Norman Reyes, a Filipino, and Major Charles Cousens, an Australian who was very well known for his work with Radio Sydney and was tapped to run the show. All three had resisted cooperating, but due to the cruel treatment they had received in the prison camps, they feared refusing outright to produce the show. Ince testified later, "We had no choice. We must obey (Tsuneishi's orders) or else." Plus, Cousens had a plan. He might be forced to work on the show, but he had decided that there was no way Tsuneishi would get the devastatingly effective propaganda he dreamed of.

Cousens, Ince, and Reyes were taken to the Radio Tokyo studios where they were put to work on *Zero Hour*, reading scripts written for them by the Japanese. Cousens, who had visions of sabotaging the program, rendering it ineffective, lobbied to have control of the scriptwriting put under the POWs. He pointed out to Tsuneishi that the scripts written by the Japanese were oftentimes filled with mistakes in grammar and syntax, and would be mocked by the listening American soldiers if read as is. Rather than waste time correcting all of the mistakes the Japanese writers made, he argued, he should be put in charge of creating the scripts from the start. As scripts would still have to be approved by army officials, it was agreed to let the POWs have full control over the content of the show. It was just the opportunity Cousens needed to turn the whole project into a complete burlesque that was nothing but a farce as propaganda.

Zero Hour started as a short program consisting of Reyes playing records and reading scripts written from the news items of the day. It proved to be especially popular with

American GIs tuning in throughout the Pacific, as they seemed to enjoy the light classical music featured on the show. Also, to Tsuneishi's frustration, the news items were missing the sharp bite of propaganda he had been hoping for, as the tide of the war had been increasingly turning against Japan. Still, the program did gain a large audience, and army officials hoped that once the Japanese regained momentum, they could make it into a more effective propaganda tool, rather than the almost purely entertainment show it had become. They decided to expand the program, putting two former *Nisei* who had given up their American citizenship and were now working at Radio Tokyo, Kenkichi Oki and George Mitsushio, to work on furnishing the news to be used in scripts for the show.



Major Charles Cousens in a promotional picture from *Wireless Weekly Magazine* in 1939.

Newly employed at Radio Tokyo as a typist, Iva Toguri took notice of the three POWs as they were brought into the office, under guard, from Camp Bunka, the prison camp at which they were held. Eager to meet others who shared her pro-American sympathies, Iva immediately introduced herself, despite the dangers drawing such attention to her true loyalties might cause. The POWs were understandably wary of Iva's friendliness, as they believed she must be a spy of the Japanese secret police, the *kempeitai*, who, it was widely known, had agents everywhere. Iva worked hard to earn their trust, bringing them news of each Allied victory and visiting them as often as she could. What they appreciated most, however, was Iva's smuggling of food and vitamins to the badly malnourished POWs. "The prisoners at (Camp) Bunka were all hungry—always," Ince would later say. Much of the food Iva smuggled, at great risk to herself, was taken by the three POWs back



An emaciated Charles Cousens, held prisoner at Bunka Camp, with a Japanese official.

to camp where it was shared with the other prisoners. With the success of *Zero Hour* (at least in terms of listeners, not in the effectiveness of its propaganda), Tsuneishi and the Japanese army wanted the show expanded further. Cousens resisted the expansion, worried that he would lose his ability to sabotage the broadcasts. "We thought we had the thing pretty well under control," he would later explain. "It was comparatively useless to the Japanese." Still, as he had learned, one did not dispute Japanese army

orders if one wanted to live. Any additional staff, Cousens thought, needed to be comprised of those he could trust. Tsuneishi had come up with the idea of adding a woman announcer, believing she would sound more sympathetic, and thus more effective in getting his message across. And Radio Tokyo employed a number of experienced female announcers to choose from, all of whom would have been happy to appear on *Zero Hour*. There was June Suyama, known as “The Nightingale of Nanking,” a deep-voiced young woman who grew up in Canada. There was Ruth Hayakawa, who contrasted Suyama’s husky voice with a light, girlish voice. While born in Japan, Hayakawa moved to the United States at the age of two, prior to moving back to Japan in the years before the war. A number of other young ladies, many of whom had grown up in Western countries, were quite qualified for the job, and had voices that would certainly appeal to young men serving in the Pacific, thousands of miles from their homes and their girls. Naturally, for Cousens, none of these women would do, as their voices were attractive and their loyalties were in doubt. No, for Cousens, there was only one young lady working at Radio Tokyo who was acceptable for his purposes: Iva Toguri.



Iva Toguri in a mock broadcast of *Zero Hour* in 1945.

A Twist of Fate

In November of 1943, George Mitsushio approached Iva, informing her that army orders commanded that she be put on the program run by Cousens and the other POWs. Baffled, Iva protested that she knew nothing about radio or announcing, that she was merely a typist. Masayo Duus quotes Mitsushio as responding, “It is not what you want. Army orders came through, and army orders are army orders.” Iva was taken to see Cousens, who had requested that she be assigned to him. Again she argued that she had no clue how to broadcast over the radio. Cousens told her not to worry, that he knew exactly what he was doing. He assured her that this would be a “straight-out” entertainment program, that she would in no way be betraying her country. She would merely read scripts that he had written, and Cousens explained that she had been chosen for a reason.

The rest of the staff at Radio Tokyo was flabbergasted. Not only did Iva have no experience in radio, her voice was terrible! It sounded gravelly, and she sometimes lisped.

She seemed like a nice girl, but “sexy” and “alluring” were certainly not words one would have used to describe her. Who would want to tune in to listen to her? After the war, Major Cousens recalled that her voice was, “rough...anything but femininely seductive...a gin fog voice.” Ince was more blunt, claiming that she sounded like a crow. However, Cousens continued, “In view of my idea of making the program a complete burlesque, it was just what I wanted.”

Iva was still dubious of the whole project, but she trusted Cousens. He was also worried about what might happen to her if she refused, as he was an eyewitness to what befell others who had defied army orders. “We told her men were being starved, beaten and tortured,” he recalled. “The

Japanese had discarded every semblance of civilized behavior, if you can apply the word to war.” He continued, “You did what you were told to do or you died...” Though no threats on her life had been made, she was fearful nonetheless, so she agreed to broadcast on *Zero Hour*.

Utterly clueless as to how to go about being a radio announcer, Iva relied on Cousens’ coaching to create

a voice that would fit his plans. He encouraged her to speak cheerfully, to imagine that she was hanging around informally with a group of GIs, kidding with them. He suggested that she call herself “Ann,” which was the abbreviation for “announcer” written on the scripts. They soon learned that a number of American broadcasts had been referring to GIs as “Orphans of the Pacific,” a term sometimes used to describe forces cut off from allies or support. She changed her name to “Orphan Ann,” a subtle innuendo that she identified with the GIs, as well as a reference to the popular comic strip character back in the States.

Zero Hour took to the air seven days a week at 6:00 pm, Tokyo time. Though the length of the program had been expanded significantly to a little over an hour, Iva was on the air barely two or three minutes a show. Following the opening theme song, “Strike Up the Band,” and five to ten minutes of POW messages, Iva would introduce records as part of the “Orphan Ann” disc jockey segment. She read brief scripts written by Cousens prior to playing music, mostly classical and semi-classical. The music was generally upbeat, as they purposely tried to avoid anything

that would create a “homesicky” feeling among the Allied troops. The rest of the show consisted of news reports, read by Ince, and an additional music segment headed by Reyes.

The POWs and Iva strode a fine line between the subtle sabotage they were able to sneak past the army censors and a blatant subversion of the entire purpose of the program. Making sure he was staying on the safe side of the censors, Cousens would have Iva refer to the GIs as her “honorable boneheads” and call herself “your favorite enemy Ann.” It was intended to be self-mockery in its tone, and Cousens even encouraged her to intentionally mispronounce words that would reinforce American stereotypes of the Japanese. The dialogue was somewhat confusing and generally humorous. In her interview with Morley Safer, she described it as “Really very, very flippant...so light.” A typical broadcast read as follows:

Ann: Hello there, Enemies! How's tricks? This is Ann of Radio Tokyo, and we're just going to begin our regular program of music, news, and the *Zero Hour* for our friends—I mean, our enemies!—in Australia and in the South Pacific. So be on your guard, and mind the children don't hear! All set? Ok! Here's the first blow to your morale—the Boston Pops playing “Strike Up the Band!”

Scripts were often filled with the innuendo and double meanings like this. When subtle sabotage became blatant revolt, as when *Zero Hour* blared “The Stars and Stripes Forever” over the airwaves following the American invasion of Saipan, the staff was sternly reprimanded. It was clear that in order to keep control of the program, the POWs had to keep their subversion to a small and subtle scale.

Who Is Tokyo Rose?

A number of other Japanese army-run radio programs featuring female announcers began popping up all over the Pacific around the same time *Zero Hour* was becoming popular. In addition to Radio Tokyo programs hosted by Ruth Hayakawa and June Suyama, there was a propaganda-laden show called *German Hour*, featuring Ruth Kanzaki, and *Humanity Calls*, hosted by a “Miss Kramer.” A female announcer by the name of Myrtle Lipton headed a show out of Manila that featured the exact sort of material attrib-

uted to the mythical “Tokyo Rose.” Strikingly beautiful with a silky-smooth voice and a charm that was said to be irresistible, Myrtle Lipton told stories encouraging the listening GIs to remember the good times at home, and implied that their sweethearts were off having dates with 4-Fs and factory workers while they were stuck in the Pacific. Myrtle Lipton would have been Major Tsuneishi's dream host for *Zero Hour*. When the war ended, she disappeared, never facing any charges or imprisonment over her role in the Japanese propaganda machine.



George Mitsushio and Kenkichi Oki, the former Nisei who would play a fateful role in the life of Iva Toguri.

As the name “Tokyo Rose” was never used by any of the female broadcasters out of Japan and was entirely an invention of American GIs, it was not until sometime in April of 1944 that the staff at Radio Tokyo learned of the supposed existence of this mysterious woman. A third-party news report picked up by Radio Tokyo spoke of a program airing on Sunday evenings featuring a young woman known as Tokyo Rose with a voice that was “soft and appealing.” While the report seemed to describe the “Orphan Ann” segment of *Zero Hour*, the staff at Radio Tokyo concluded that this “Tokyo Rose” was most likely Ruth Hayakawa, as she broadcast on Sundays, Iva's day off, and had a much softer and sweeter voice, certainly more alluring than Iva's..

Iva grew to enjoy her work on *Zero Hour*, as it was fairly easy to merely read the scripts written by Cousens, and she felt like she was learning from a true professional. She trusted the POWs, and had fallen in love with a young Portugese national named Filipe d'Aquino, who she would later marry. Though he had been raised in Japan, Filipe shared Iva's pro-American sentiments, giving her the feeling that she was not alone. But all of a sudden, everything began to change.

Midway through 1944, Major Cousens suffered a heart attack at the age of 41, brought on by the stress of his imprisonment. He was forced to leave *Zero Hour* and was hospitalized for much of the remainder of the war. Meanwhile, Ince was removed from the show by the Japanese army, which saw him a troublemaker. Iva was shocked. She had only agreed to be a part of *Zero Hour* because she trusted Cousens. He had written her scripts and guided her through the broadcasts. Without his presence, Iva had no desire to continue on with the program.

Resolved that she was going to leave *Zero Hour*, Iva made her intentions known to George Mitsushio, who with the departure of Ince and Cousens had taken over greater control of the program. He implied that if she were to quit, she would find trouble from Major Tsuneishi and the Japanese army, who were unlikely to give up on the popular program. Intimidated into staying, Iva instead began to skip work frequently, forcing Radio Tokyo to use other female broadcasters in her place. When she did show up to work, she merely reused old scripts that Cousens had written for her in the past, making small changes as needed. As she testified at her trial, "I used more or less a standard pattern using Major Cousens' old scripts as the basis or foundation for the script...I used most of his phrases as best as I could, because I had no experience in radio work at all, especially scriptwriting. I hadn't any idea what to do with the script, and I used his almost word for word."



Iva Toguri surrounded by reporters following the fall of Imperial Japan.

This pattern of increasing absences and attempts to quit her job at Radio Tokyo continued for Iva throughout the rest of 1944 and into 1945. She began to garner a great deal of resentment from the other employees at the station, who took offense at her neglecting her duties on the show and her refusal to give up her American citizenship. There had always been tension over this latter fact, as many *Nisei* who were now loyal to Japan worked extra hard to prove themselves in a society that treated them as second-class citizens. Iva not only did not show any loyalty to Japan, she was able to only work a few hours a day and get away with repeated absences.



Reporters Clark Lee and Harry Brundidge.

As the war wound down and an American victory appeared imminent, the Japanese army began to slowly abandon its propaganda efforts. Iva continued to show up for work sporadically, hoping that if she continued to miss work, they might let her go. Still, orders were that she remain on the air, which she would do up until the very end. When Emperor Hirohito announced to his countrymen that Japan, devastated by years of war and Allied bombings, would surrender immediately, Iva realized that the day she had dreamed of for over four years had arrived, and she would finally get to return home.

The Media Witch Hunt

Armed soldiers and military police were not the only Americans who poured into Japan with the occupation force led by General MacArthur. Scores of journalists, both military and civilian, descended upon the Japanese homeland and its shattered capital, hoping to break the big stories of the inner workings of this secretive empire. Their mission was to land an interview with the notorious General Tojo. If he was unavailable, the next big target was the mysterious Tokyo Rose. They would be sorely disappointed, as Tojo was securely locked away. So far as Tokyo Rose was concerned, after a brief investigation, the United States Office of War Information reported:

There is no Tokyo Rose; the name is strictly a GI invention. The name has been applied to at least two liting Japanese voices on the Japanese radio...Government monitors listening 24 hours a day have never heard the words "Tokyo Rose" over a Japanese-controlled Far Eastern radio.

At that, most journalists gave up the search for Tokyo Rose and took the government at its word. But two journalists, Harry Brundidge of *Cosmopolitan* magazine and Clark Lee of International News Service, were undeterred. Both were acquaintances and agreed to work together in finding out who Tokyo Rose really was. Brundidge was certain the story would be such a scoop, he offered \$250 (about three-year's income in postwar Japan) as a reward to anybody who could put him in touch with Tokyo Rose and \$2,000, which amounted to a small fortune, to Tokyo Rose herself.

Brundidge and Lee were at first met with frustration. Their Japanese contacts either had never heard the name "Tokyo Rose" or knew that she was not one person. The contacts were also reluctant to implicate their friends who worked as announcers on radio programs in case it could lead to trouble. Then Brundidge and Lee met with a man by the name of Leslie Nakashima, a former *Nisei* who worked at Radio Tokyo and old friend of Lee's, who in turn spoke with Kenkichi Oki, another former *Nisei* who worked on *Zero Hour* with Iva. Nakashima, who had accepted the \$250 reward from Brundidge, asked Oki if any

of the announcers at Radio Tokyo would fit the description of Tokyo Rose. Oki replied that there were at least six announcers who could have been Tokyo Rose, and was evasive in his answers. His wife, Mieko, was one of the women who had broadcast and he realized that media attention could get them both into trouble. Unaware of the \$2,000 reward being offered and pressed to name names, Oki offered up one: Iva Toguri.

Nakashima took this newfound knowledge back to Brundidge and Lee, who were somewhat discouraged that Oki could not offer up a definitive answer as to who the real Tokyo Rose was. Still, after thinking it over, they decided to press on and find this Iva Toguri. On the first day of September, 1945, at the behest of Brundidge and Lee, Leslie Nakashima went to Iva and husband Filipe's home near Tokyo to offer her \$2,000 for an exclusive interview and the story on the identity of the real Tokyo Rose. Iva replied that she was not Tokyo Rose, that there had been a number of female announcers who worked on *Zero Hour*, and she was just one of many. But when Nakashima told her that her name was out among reporters and that they would likely soon be looking for her story, and that by talking to Brundidge and Lee she would be paid \$2,000, she agreed to the interview.

The whirlwind that Iva was about to be caught in started innocently enough, with what Iva thought was a pleasant interview with Brundidge and Lee in their hotel room in Tokyo. She was still savoring the American victory in the war, and was happy to be meeting with fellow countrymen. It also stroked her ego to be thought of as some kind of celebrity, as it now seemed that everybody wanted to talk with her. Brundidge was frank, asking her if she was indeed Tokyo Rose. Iva replied that there were a number of women whom the name could be applied to, and she was one of them. But since she worked at Radio Tokyo and was a disc jockey, and he was hot for a story, Brundidge felt that she would do. He immediately drew up a contract for Iva to sign, indicating that she was the original Tokyo Rose, would give her story to him exclusively, would be paid \$2,000, and would receive any and all royalties from future movie rights or Readers Digest stories. Iva had realized that her "Orphan Ann" broadcasts were popular among the American GIs in the Pacific, and perhaps naively believed that she would be treated as some kind of celebrity. After all, she was certain she had done nothing

wrong, and her loyalty was never in doubt. Plus, for somebody who had been scrambling for money ever since she had arrived in Japan, \$2,000 plus the royalties from future projects was a lot to consider. And by giving her story to Brundidge and Lee, she might save herself from being overly hassled by the press in the future. In what proved to be a fateful decision, Iva signed the contract, and began to tell her story.

The interview seemed to go well enough. But Filipe, Iva's husband, was getting worried. Something just did not feel right, though Iva seemed oblivious to it. A few days later,



Iva with husband Filipe in 1945.

Filipe's worries were justified, when a story by Clark Lee entitled "Traitor's Pay" appeared in the *Los Angeles Examiner*. It portrayed Iva in a very poor light, and identified her as "the one and only Tokyo Rose" and an American citizen. The fallout was immediate. Iva was soon being asked questions about whether she had taunted GIs, saying their wives were cheating with 4-Fs, and other such lines attributed to Tokyo Rose. She was shocked, as she had

never once said anything of that sort, and certainly had not expected to be accused of doing so. Lee's story was so scandalous that *Cosmopolitan* refused to pay the \$2,000 Brundidge had promised Iva, claiming they would not give such money to a traitor. Brundidge was now stuck with a contract for \$2,000; a contract he was determined to get out of.

His story now worthless, but still holding a contract to pay \$2,000, Harry Brundidge declared that Iva had spoken with another reporter, and therefore he owed her nothing. Seething with anger and resentment over the loss of his big scoop, he gathered the notes of the interview with Iva, which were taken by Lee, and went to the office of 8th Army Counter Intelligence Corps commander General Elliot Thorpe. Brundidge demanded her immediate arrest, saying, "She's a traitor and here's her confession." In the meantime, the news of Iva's identity as "the traitor Tokyo Rose" was spreading quickly back in the states, creating a furor over her possible return home.

On the afternoon of October 17, 1945, three officers from the Counter Intelligence Corps appeared at Iva's home and took her into custody. She was taken to the 8th Army headquarters' brig, and was held for the next year, despite there being no warrant for her arrest, and no charges filed against her. She was allowed one 20-minute visit with Felipe ev-

ery month, and a bath every three days. During this time she learned that her long-ailing mother had died enroute to a Japanese American internment camp, and that Major Cousens had been arrested and was being put on trial in Australia for treason for his work with the Japanese (he would be acquitted, and regained his status as a respected journalist). In a matter of a few months, Iva's euphoria over the American victory and the prospect of returning home had been shattered, leaving her alone and depressed. And now the press had completely ignored the earlier finding of the Office of War information that there were many women who broadcast for the Japanese. From this point on, so far as the press was concerned, there was only one Tokyo Rose, and it was Iva.

Despite countless interrogations throughout her confinement, no evidence was uncovered that could have led to Iva being brought up on charges. George Guysi, the counter-intelligence officer in charge of investigating Iva who would later become a strong advocate for her, not only found that she had done nothing wrong, he found that she had been wronged herself. "It would be accurate to state that the United States abandoned her in Japan," Guysi told *60 Minutes* in 1976. "She was picked out by Major Cousens when he was told to create a disc jockey program. The next thing that happened to her was Radio Tokyo personnel coming down to her and telling her to go down and read a script and be auditioned. She wasn't asked if she wanted to do it. She was told to do it. And she did."

However, releasing her would have led to a barrage of bad press aimed at the military. Media hysteria over Tokyo Rose had reached its zenith in the United States, with a Hollywood movie even being released in early 1946 by the name of *Tokyo Rose*, featuring the seductive and vicious Tokyo Rose of legend taunting Allied soldiers, sailors, and Marines in the Pacific, until a brave American serviceman kidnaps her and brings her to the States to be tried. It was not until the hype had died down a bit, when on October 25, 1946, Iva was finally released without condition. The Counter Intelligence Corps' exhaustive investigation came up with nothing, and they released the following statement:

There is no evidence and subject denies, that she ever referred to herself, or was referred to, on the *Zero Hour* program, as "Tokyo Rose." There is no evidence that she ever broadcast greetings to

units by name and location, or predicted military movements or attacks indicating access to secret military information and plans, as the Tokyo Rose of rumor and legend is said to have done.

Iva had lost a year of her life while being held in custody without being charged with a crime. She and Filipe tried to hide in obscurity for a time, but when she became pregnant in 1947, she vowed to return home to the United States in time to give birth. Sadly, she ran into the same passport problems that had stranded her the first time around, and her child died shortly after being born in Japan. Iva was a physical and emotional wreck. But she would soon be returning to the United States, though the homecoming would be nothing like she ever hoped or expected.

To Trial



Walter Winchell, the journalist who used his influence to ensure Iva would be brought to trial.

As 1948 progressed, Iva continued her efforts to return home, a struggle that was all the more frustrating because she had been held for a year on the suspicion of treason, of which only a United States citizen could be charged, and was now being told that her status of citizenship was in doubt. Though the hype surrounding Tokyo Rose had subsided to a degree, there were still a number of jour-

nalists in America who refused to let the issue go, no matter what countless investigations had shown. One of these newsmen was the yellow-journalist Walter Winchell. Upon hearing that "Tokyo Rose" was attempting to get back into the country, Winchell made the cause of her prosecution his own. He used his considerable power and influence to whip up sentiment against Iva, and demanded that she be arrested, brought back to the States, and tried for treason. Winchell aimed the bulk of his attacks at the Truman administration, claiming it was weak on traitors. As Truman was facing a tight race in the upcoming election, it was a charge he could not allow to stick.

In mid-August of 1948, the Justice Department, under intense pressure from Winchell and a crusading media, requested that the Army arrest Iva and transport her to San Francisco, where she would be put before a grand jury to determine whether she should stand trial for treason. Though two previous investigations had come up with nothing, the media's obsession with the myth of Tokyo Rose forced the government into taking her into custody yet again. On September 3, Iva was put aboard a transport

ship carrying American troops home from Japan. She had been arrested in secret, with not even her husband knowing she was gone. Three weeks later, her ship sailed through the Golden Gate into San Francisco Bay. A crowd of several hundred people were gathered on the dock, anxiously awaiting the return of loved ones serving in the Pacific. The only people awaiting Iva were several Federal agents, who immediately took her into custody.

Though under arrest and facing trial for treason, and suffering from dysentery which she became ill with during the trip, Iva was able to find comfort in finally being reunited with her family for the first time in seven years. Upon seeing his daughter for the first time, Jun Toguri exclaimed, "I'm proud of you! You never changed your stripes! A tiger can't change his stripes, but a person can so easily." Though her mother was gone, Iva was able to find some comfort in the support of her loving father. Iva could also find comfort in the fact that she finally had a lawyer who was wholeheartedly devoted to her cause. Wayne Mortimer Collins, who had earned a strong reputation for defending Japanese-Americans who had been unfairly treated during the war, agreed to represent Iva.

Shortly after her return home, a Federal grand jury charged Iva with committing eight overt acts of treason. The charges were noticeably vague, and on the whole, amounted to charging nothing more than that Iva worked as a broadcaster at Radio Tokyo. Two charges, however, Overt Acts V and VI, referred to a specific incident in which Iva "spoke into a microphone concerning the loss of ships," sometime around October of 1944. There was no mention of whose ships they were, and there was no hard evidence of such a script existing or broadcast being made.

Iva had the misfortune of standing trial shortly following the conviction of Mildred Gillars, also known as Axis Sally, an American citizen broadcasting propaganda from Germany. Unlike Tokyo Rose, Axis Sally was a real person, and Gillars often referred to herself by that name. Her broadcasts were often filled with anti-Semitic and anti-Roosevelt rants, though she was convicted of treason for one program in particular. Just prior to D-Day, she put on a radio drama entitled, "A Vision of Invasion," in which the mother of an American soldier sees her son in a dream, already dead, killed by a German bomb while attempting

to cross the English Channel. The intention was to frighten GIs out of invading Europe. With the trial and conviction of Axis Sally fresh in the public's mind and the desire to "get" Tokyo Rose, Iva would be facing an uphill battle.

The trial lasted thirteen weeks and cost \$750,000, the most expensive court case in American history to that time. The government paraded in witness after witness from Japan, paying their expenses and offering \$10 for each day they

were in America, a good deal of money in Japan. As Iva told CBS correspondent Bill Kurtis in a 1969 interview, "...there was just a multitude of witnesses who appeared whom I'd never seen before, never heard of before and yet they professed to have known me. They testified that they saw the broadcasts, heard the broadcasts, which was impossible because the Allied POWs were under guard and they couldn't have got into the studio. But they all testified that they heard me say these things and they saw me actually perform."



Federal Judge Michael J. Roche, assigned to preside over the Iva Toguri case.

While the government spared no expense in its efforts to convict Iva, most of these witnesses proved ineffective, and their stories were picked apart during Collins' cross-examination. Even Major Tsuneishi, the Japanese army's chief of propaganda at Radio Tokyo, admitted that *Zero Hour* was never the morale-sapping program he had envisioned. But there were two witnesses for the prosecution who proved to be devastating in their effectiveness: Kenkichi Oki and George Mitsushio.

Oki and Mitsushio were the two former Nisei who worked on *Zero Hour* with Iva. They were brought in specifically because in order to convict on a charge of treason, there must be at least two witnesses to each overt act. Their testimony was strikingly similar and obviously well-prepared...and devastating. Both agreed that Iva had spoken into the microphone the following line:

Now you fellows really have lost all your ships. Now you really are orphans of the Pacific. How do you think you will ever get home?

Iva strongly denied ever saying those words, or writing them into a script. It is important to note that similar lines had been uttered frequently throughout the war by Japanese propagandists. And though Iva had never been particularly close to Oki or Mitsushio, both of whom had given up their American citizenship, she was shocked at their testimony.

Despite the Herculean effort of the government to bring a conviction against Iva, she had a number of defenders rally to her side. Most prominent was Charles Cousens, who immediately flew to the United States as soon as he heard Iva was being tried for treason. Cousens, acquitted of treason against his home country of Australia, offered up an impassioned defense of Iva's conduct while on *Zero Hour*. The veteran broadcaster wept on the stand as he recalled the brutal treatment and threats of death experienced by he and his fellow POWs. "We were in the hands of a barbarian enemy," he testified.

Cousens asserted that though *Zero Hour* was intended to destroy GIs' morale by making them homesick, he and the other POWs stole the show from their captors and turned it into a complete burlesque. He argued that he had chosen Iva, and that she only broadcast what he wrote, and was a "soldier" under his command. At no time did either of them feel any loyalty to anybody but their home countries.



Captain Wallace Ince, the former POW who joined Cousens and Reyes in an impassioned argument for Iva's acquittal.

Nearly as effective on the stand was Wallace Ince, the American officer who not only was never prosecuted for his role on *Zero Hour*, he was promoted to major following his release from the Japanese. Unlike Cousens, Ince was cool and reserved on the stand. He recalled Iva bringing the POWs food, clothing, and vitamin pills, along with news of Allied victories. She even once found a blanket for a sick prisoner and smuggled it to them at her own risk. It was not until Ince was asked about his experiences in the POW camps that he became emotional. "We were beaten, starved, subjected to indignities..." he said, as he covered his face with his hands. "It is not easy to speak so matter of factly of Japanese brutality...Men I knew very well, lived with, worked with, fought with...died horribly." Ince was very bitter toward the Japanese over his experience. Yet he wholeheartedly supported Iva.

A number of other witnesses came to San Francisco to testify for the defense, though unlike the government witnesses, it was either at their own expense or paid for by the small amount of money Jun Toguri had to spare. Norman Reyes, the third POW working on *Zero Hour*, testified of Iva, "I would have trusted her with my life." Even a number of GIs took the stand in Iva's defense, with one saying, "I was hoping, like a lot of other people who hadn't heard her, that we would hear (a) Tokyo Rose that was witty and smutty and entertaining and telling dirty stories, but we never heard any of them."

As the trial came to a close, it seemed that Collins had made a strong case, and that Iva would likely be acquitted, despite the lengths the government had gone to ensure conviction. No hard evidence existed of Iva having committed treason, only the testimony of Oki and Mitsushio, as well as the notes from Clark Lee's interview with Iva which she had signed. The prosecution even admitted that the case was not about "Tokyo Rose," since it had been proven that there was nobody by that name. They asserted that this was about Iva Toguri and Orphan Ann, even though

they knew as well as anybody that those names were completely unfamiliar to the public, and that this trial was about identifying and punishing "Tokyo Rose." In an informal poll taken among the journalists covering the case from the courtroom, an overwhelming majority of nine to one believed that Iva would be acquitted. Katherine Pinkham, an AP reporter who saw the trial from start to finish, wrote years later that any fair-minded group of Americans who could, "hear a replay of the lengthy trial, see and size up the motley procession of witnesses, be informed of the backstage circumstances surrounding the case, and made aware of the postwar emotional climate of the late 1940s, would readily conclude that the trial should have never been held at all."

Following a period of intense and heated deliberation, the jury returned to the courtroom. "Your honor," foreman John Mann told the judge. "We cannot reach a unanimous verdict." The prospect of a hung jury meant that Iva would likely go free, as it seemed doubtful the prosecution would try the case again. This was wholly unacceptable to Judge Michael Roche.

Refusing to dismiss the jury, Roche said, "This is an important case. The trial has been long and expensive for both prosecution and defense. If you should fail to agree on a verdict, the case is left open and undecided. Like all cases, it must be disposed of sometime. There appears to be no reason to believe that another trial would not be equally long and expensive...nor does there appear to believe the case can be tried better or more exhaustively..." Judge Roche told the jurors to "sleep on it" and try to come to a verdict the next day.

On September 29, 1949, the jury finally reached a verdict: guilty. The reading of the verdict was met with a loud gasp of surprise from the spectators. Iva was convicted of

having committed Overt Act VI, the broadcast in which she supposedly spoke of “lost ships” that was corroborated by Oki and Mitsushio. Almost immediately members of the jury began to regret their decision. Jury foreman John Mann indicated that they had been leaning toward acquittal, but the Judge’s instructions as to how to interpret treason, which were very vague, made it impossible to sway a few jurors. Years later, Mann told *60 Minutes*, “There are very few months that have passed since the trial that I did not think of her and think that she was not guilty. And I am rather sorry that I did not stick to my guns.”

Iva would be sentenced to ten years in prison. Even more distressing, she was stripped of the citizenship that she had fought so hard to keep when pressed to give it up by the Japanese, and to prove when questioned of it by the United States. Ironically, had she given up her citizenship, she would have been spared this entire ordeal. Iva was sent to the federal women’s prison at Alderson, West Virginia where she was to serve a ten year term.

The Truth Revealed

Almost immediately following the conviction of Iva Toguri, questions arose as to the legitimacy of the verdict and punishment. The *Pacific Citizen* reported that Judge Roche’s sentence “was punishing a legend rather than the human being who stood in the dock of justice.” Yet, those who were grasping for someone, anyone, to pin the blame on for the evils committed by Tokyo Rose could be content that there was a conviction, even though justice may not have been served. As Iva told Morley Safer, “I supposed they found someone and got the job done, they were all satisfied. It was eeny, meeny, miney, and I was ‘moe.’”

Iva Toguri served six years of her sentence before being released for good behavior, bringing the total time she had been incarcerated up to 8 ¼ years. She had always maintained her innocence, and upon her release only asked for a ‘50-50 chance’ to get back on her feet. Yet if some had their way, she would not even get that chance, as the mo-

ment she left the Federal prison at Alderson, Iva was presented with a deportation notice from the INS, indicating that she would be forced to leave the country. For the next two-plus years, her fate remained uncertain as Wayne Mortimer Collins fought the deportation order.

Eventually, the attempts to have Iva deported would be dropped, and she would finally be free to try to build a new life. Moving to Chicago to be near her family, as her husband Filipe was barred from the country, Iva hoped to live quietly in obscurity, and wished nothing more than for people to forget about Tokyo Rose.



Iva and her defense team react with shock following the reading of the verdict. Wayne Mortimer Collins is on the right.

before in Japan. And this time, she would not be alone in her struggle. Iva had her sympathizers in the media, and as time passed, the facts of the story began to be given equal weight as the myth. Iva had been imprisoned and stripped of her citizenship largely due to the work of certain members of the media. Fittingly,

with the help of a number of dedicated journalists, Iva would come to see her citizenship restored.



Jury foreman John Mann. For the rest of his life, Mann regretted his decision in voting to find Iva guilty of treason.

Bill Kurtis, now host of A&E’s *Investigative Reports*, was in the 1960’s news anchor for WBBM-TV in Chicago. He had become aware of Iva’s story and took a keen interest in her. Not surprisingly, Iva was incredibly wary of media attention, and though she wanted to clear her name, was reluctant to give interviews for fear her words would be twisted as they had in the days following the war. Still, Kurtis earned her trust, and on November 4, 1969, *The Story of Tokyo Rose*, his 30-minute documentary featuring interviews with Iva, was broadcast by CBS News. It was the first time Iva was given the opportunity to tell her story the way it really happened. Of his early encounters with Iva, Kurtis remembers, “I was struck by the epic spectacle of her life, being labeled one of the most infamous enemies in the Pacific theater of World War II, yet believing that she was innocent, indeed, a patriot in the grandest sense.

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As I immersed myself in her life and story I came to believe that she was not only innocent but one of the strongest people I had ever met.”

Word was beginning to spread that, perhaps, “Tokyo Rose” was innocent. By the mid-1970’s, a number of Japanese American groups had taken up Iva’s cause. In the public’s distrust of Americans of Japanese descent during and after World War II, most Nisei, in their desire to be seen as nothing but loyal patriots, kept silent on injustices inflicted on people like Iva. The American public’s outrage at Japan for its treachery at Pearl Harbor was entirely justified, and though the reasons for internment of Japanese Americans were understandable, they were misguided.

Lt. Grant Ichikawa, a Japanese American veteran of World War II, typifies not only the experiences of many Nisei of the time, but also the attitudes toward Iva Toguri of the Japanese American community. A graduate of the University of California, Berkeley, Ichikawa was one of the many thousands of Nisei sent to the relocation camps in 1941. “The wholesale incarceration of Japanese Americans, who were U.S. citizens, had a devastating effect on me,” he recalls. “I lost all self respect since I was now considered (an) enemy alien.” Ichikawa took advantage of an opportunity to serve in the military, eager to prove his loyalty. Stationed in Australia, he remembers, “Some of our Caucasian soldiers regularly listened to ‘Tokyo Rose’ because they enjoyed listening to soft American music. In my mind, it was an enemy broadcast and therefore I would not attempt to listen to it. I just did not want to do anything that would question my loyalty. Since I understood that they broadcasted in flawless English, I only assumed they must have been Japanese Americans working for the enemy. I felt that they were traitors. Later, I was glad when she was convicted and sentenced to a jail term.” As time went by and the truth started to come out, Ichikawa’s feelings began to change. “Much later, I learned that ‘Tokyo Rose’ was not only Iva Toguri, but other Nisei broadcasters. Iva Toguri was made a scapegoat. I remembered my own incarceration, when General DeWitt, manufacturing the threat we posed, had all of us incarcerated.” As more Americans came to the realization that most Nisei had remained loyal to the United States, Japanese Americans like Lt. Ichikawa felt more comfortable speaking out, and a number of them finally rallied to Iva’s side. In 1975, a group called the Japanese American Citizens League National Committee, led by Dr. Clifford Uyeda, published a pamphlet entitled *Iva Toguri: Victim of a Legend*.

Still, though there was growing support for Iva among the public, her citizenship would never be restored or her name truly cleared so long as her conviction for treason was upheld. Ron Yates, bureau chief of the Tokyo office for the *Chicago Tribune*, had picked up on Iva’s story while living in Chicago. While researching the history of her trial, he noticed the shallowness of the prosecution’s case, and set out to find exactly what was behind her conviction. During his time in Japan, he came to know quite a few former employees of Radio Tokyo, a number of whom worked with Iva. Two in particular, Kenkichi Oki and George Mitsushio, the former Nisei whose testimony was largely responsible for Iva’s conviction, had long held a secret, and would offer Yates a shocking confession.

One afternoon in early 1976, Yates met with Oki and Mitsushio at a local Tokyo bar. For a time they chatted about what life in Tokyo was like during the war. Yates then decided to probe a little deeper, to find out what actually went on at Radio Tokyo. In his article, “Tokyo Rose: The Legend, The Woman,” he recounts the following conversation:

“Did you work with Iva Toguri on *Zero Hour*?” I asked.

The two men nodded almost in unison

“What’s the real story behind Iva Toguri?” I asked.

“What do you mean?” Oki responded.

“I mean, the evidence against her seems to flimsy, so contrived,” I said.

Oki and Mitsushio looked at one another and for an instant a mutual, unspoken covenant was established between them. They would finally tell the truth.

Oki cleared his throat. “She didn’t do anything wrong,” he said. He looked at Mitsushio, who nodded.

“That’s right, Iva is innocent,” Mitsushio said.

Yates was shocked at what he was hearing. He continues:

“I’m not sure I understand,” I said. “It was your testimony that convicted her, wasn’t it?”

“That’s right,” Oki said. “But we didn’t exactly tell the truth.”

“You mean you lied...perjured yourselves?” I responded.

Following a long silence, Mitsushio spoke:

“We had to do it,” he said. “We were told by the occupation police and the FBI that if we didn’t cooperate, Uncle Sam might arrange a trial for us too.”

Right then and there, the two men most responsible for Iva Toguri being convicted of treason admitted that they had committed perjury. They went on to explain that they had been coached by the FBI and the Department of Justice, that they had been told to say they heard Iva make a treasonous broadcast, the infamous line about the “loss of ships.” Yates went on,

“She never said those words...I can say that now,” Oki told me.
“Iva never said anything like that. She never did anything wrong, she never uttered a treasonous word, not once. Heck, she wouldn’t even work on Sundays or American holidays.”

Yates wrote a series of stories for the *Tribune* based on the confessions of Oki and Mitsushio, as well as several other key figures involved in the case of Iva Toguri. Those stories were picked up by more than 500 newspapers worldwide, as well as the leading wire services. The case against Iva was quickly unraveling. Not long after Yates’ stories appeared, he received a call from the White House seeking more information about the two men and their confessions. Yates complied, and following Iva’s interview with Morley Safer on *60 Minutes* in 1976, pressure began to mount for a full and unconditional pardon, the effort led in part by Wayne Merrill Collins, attorney for Iva during this campaign and son of her former lawyer. On his last day in office in January of 1977, President Gerald Ford granted that pardon, declaring that she had been wrongfully convicted and restoring the citizenship that she held so dear. She is, to this day, the only person in American history convicted of treason to be pardoned.

The End of the Myth?

Though her citizenship was returned and her conviction erased, Iva Toguri has never been able to fully escape from the shadow of Tokyo Rose. Indeed, the FBI still refers to her as “Tokyo Rose” in its history of famous cases, and continues to suggest that she spoke of sunken American ships while taunting GIs with stories of their sweethearts carousing with 4-Fs. It mentions her pardon only in passing. Yet, their refusal to let go reflects, in part, the misperception of Tokyo Rose that still exists among most of us. We all have heard the myth of Tokyo Rose for so

long, that when confronted with the truth, are reluctant to believe it. Myths and legends do die-hard.

Still, Iva’s defenders continue to work to spread the truth in an effort to finally put the myth to rest. Jean Hay, the famed 1940’s disc jockey known as “Reveille with Beverly,” broadcast from Hollywood on CBS and was considered a rival of Tokyo Rose during the war. But in time, after learning the real story, she came to regard Iva as a compatriot. Prior to her passing in late-2004, Jean said, “Iva, whom I now call my friend, was actually working effectively, doing her part for the United States war effort during World War II. As soon as I learned her true identity, I wrote her a note and addressed it *Dear Colleague.*”



Iva Toguri with Bill Kurtis in Chicago, 2002.
Photo courtesy of Barbara Trembley

As evidenced, a number of Iva’s strongest defenders are the journalists who have taken the time to investigate her story completely. For them, Iva holds a special place in their hearts. “I feel especially gratified that I played some part in righting the wrong done to Iva because it was journalists who got her into trouble in the first place,” says Ron Yates. “And after so many years, it was a couple of

journalists who finally did the right thing for Iva.”

Perhaps the final blow to the mythical Tokyo Rose depicted in Hollywood movies like *Tokyo Rose*, *In Harm’s Way*, and *Into the Wild Blue* will be the creation of a new film, based on the events of Iva Toguri’s life, set to begin production soon. This film has been a personal quest for producer Barbara Trembley, and is set to be directed by Frank Darabont of Darkwoods Productions, best known for his work on *The Shawshank Redemption*, *The Green Mile*, and *The Majestic*. Of the project, Darabont says,

This is a stunning true-life story, the kind you can’t make up, about the only American ever granted a full and un-conditional presidential pardon almost 30 years after being convicted by our country of treason. It’s about enormous personal courage and integrity in the face of rabid public sentiment, media villainy, cultural and racial hatred, and startling judicial injustice—courage not just on the part of Iva Toguri, but also on the part of Wayne Mortimer Collins, the fiery lawyer whose defense of Ms. Toguri became a decades-long crusade for the Collins family. And, at the center of this incredible human drama is one of the most significant and sensational trials of the 20th century. We’re deeply honored at Darkwoods to be the first and only filmmakers ever entrusted by Ms. Toguri to tell her story, and we intend to honor that trust by telling her story power-

fully and truthfully. We have Ms. Toguri's blessings and full cooperation, as well as the kind cooperation of Wayne Merrill Collins.

Iva herself, still living with her family in Chicago, seeks nothing but a peaceful, quiet life. And while she wants no publicity for herself, is steadfast in her belief that one day, the myth of Tokyo Rose will be shattered, and the truth will prevail. Her cause has been taken up by others, and Iva no longer speaks to the press. However, when asked how, after everything that has happened, she wants to be remembered, she offered the following quote:

I would like to be remembered as confident that one day the truth would be known.

I myself know what I uttered—they may put words in my mouth—I know I did not say those words.

Over time, allies have gathered along the road. In the beginning, there were few; my family, of course—my college friends, who told me, 'We know you and we know you told the truth—there is no question.' My lawyers—all working pro-bono—Wayne Mortimer Collins, Theodore Tamba and George Olshausen.

Then those that supported my pardon—Wayne Merrill Collins, Dr. Clifford Uyeda, Bill Kurtis, Ron Yates, Katherine Pinkham, George Guysi, and Masayo Duus.

Joining them are: Dafydd Dyar, J.C. Kaelin, Frank Darabont, Anna Garduno, Barbara Trembley—many, many others I have never met.

I would like to be remembered as being comfortable knowing the people who cared, really cared, those who may have doubted, took the time to look into it.

Speaking to those who know her, it is also clear that Iva Toguri not only wants, but deserves, to be remembered as a loyal and patriotic American. One who, despite everything that happened to her, when others may have given up and turned on their country, never once wavered.

For the full story of Iva Toguri and the "Tokyo Rose" saga, read Tokyo Rose: Orphan of the Pacific by Masayo Duus. Special thanks to Barbara Trembley, Dafydd Neal Dyar, J.C. Kaelin, Ron Yates, and Bill Kurtis for their assistance in this article. All images courtesy of www.earthstation1.com unless otherwise noted.

WWII

Editor's Note: We certainly understand the controversial nature of the previous story, which contradicts what so many of us have been conditioned to believe about "Tokyo Rose" over the years. Until only recently, we too were unaware of the real story of "Tokyo Rose" and Iva Toguri. We encourage readers to share with us their thoughts on this story and to relate their feelings regarding the entire "Tokyo Rose" saga.

REMEMBERING 'BEVERLY'

World War II veterans of the American armed forces are mourning the loss of one of their greatest supporters, as Jean Hay, the host of the "Reveille with Beverly" radio show, passed away on September 18 at the age of 87.



Jean's was the most remarkable of lives. In 1941, at the age of 24, she had the idea of creating a radio show aimed at boosting the morale of the American soldiers who were being called to duty. Though she had no broadcasting experience, Jean pitched the concept to KEFL in Denver, who immediately put her on the air under the name 'Reveille with Beverly.' From there it was on to Hollywood, where her show caught on so well with American GI's that it came to be heard in 54 countries, making her the first global female disc jockey.

With a friendly "Hi fellas," Jean would spin records by the popular artists of the day, including Glenn Miller, Tommy Dorsey, Duke Ellington, and Artie Shaw. She became such an icon during the war that a feature movie was made about her, with Ann Miller in the role of "Beverly" and a cameo by Jean herself.

Her value to the troops' morale could not be underestimated. "Beverly was one of our secret weapons," said Artie Shaw. "Our entire military forces should have married her."

Jean had stayed active in recent years, and had become close friends with Iva Toguri, the woman wrongly accused of being the infamous "Tokyo Rose," who many had considered a rival of "Beverly." She had recently appeared at the World War II Veterans Committee's Seventh Annual Conference (pictured left) and was the recipient of the Committee's 2003 Lillian Keil Award for Service for a

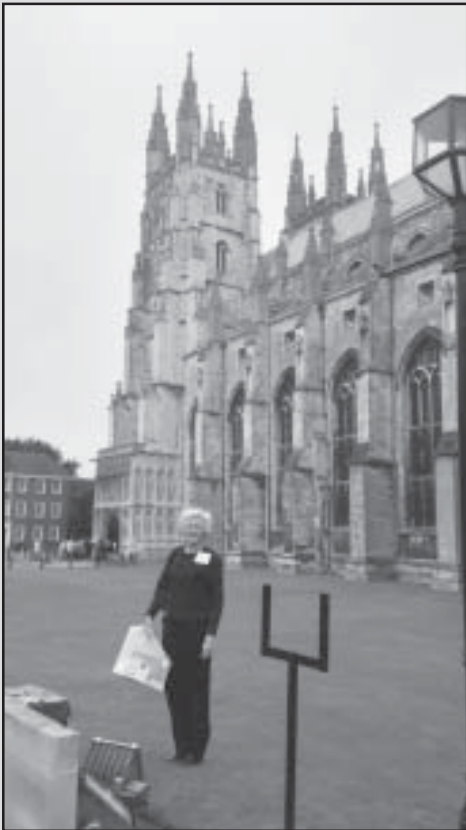


Woman in World War II. Jean loved her role in helping to raise the morale of America's fighting men, and was always grateful for the opportunities she had. "For the duration, I was the luckiest woman in the world," she said last year. "It was one part of my life that I just couldn't forget any detail."

WWII

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF THE GREAT CRUSADE

THE WORLD WAR II VETERANS COMMITTEE SPONSORS A 60TH
ANNIVERSARY TOUR OF THE D-DAY SIGHTS



This inaugural tour sponsored by the World War II Veterans Committee proved so successful that a second, and even more extensive tour is scheduled for this fall. Not only will the tour include the World War II sites of Britain and Normandy, this “Road to Victory” tour will continue on to Belgium, focusing on the Battle of the Bulge, and into Germany, atop Hitler’s Eagle’s Nest and beyond to the capital of Berlin. As we celebrate the 60th anniversary of the Allied triumph, there is no better way to experience the history of the war than to follow the path to victory traveled by the armies of freedom so many years ago.

For more information on the 2005 “Road to Victory” tour and a complete itinerary, contact Vicki Doyle at 703-418-0939.

For two weeks in September and October of 2004, the World War II Veterans Committee sponsored its first tour, leading 46 travelers on a first-class trip throughout Britain and France to commemorate the 60th anniversary of the D-Day landings in Normandy. Beginning in London, the tour hit all the major World War II sites of Britain, including the Imperial War Museum in London, the American Military Cemetery at Duxford, Churchill’s beloved estate of Chartwell, the Cabinet War Room and the D-Day Museum in Portsmouth. Following sessions of the Churchill Center’s Annual Conference, the tour moved on across the English Channel to Normandy, visiting Omaha, Sword, Gold, and Juno Beaches, the Ranger Monument at Pointe du Hoc, the Bayeux D-Day Museum, Pegasus Bridge, and the American Cemetery at Omaha Beach. After a trip to Mont Saint Michel, the tour concluded in Paris with tours of the Louvre and dinner at the Eiffel Tower.



Pictured above left: Tour group member Ellen Gower stands in front of Canterbury Cathedral, site of the murder of Thomas Beckett and the inspiration for Chaucer’s *The Canterbury Tales*.

Above right: The tour group stands in front of a German fortification overlooking the beaches of Normandy.

Pictured clockwise from top: The tour group takes a break in Portsmouth during the annual Churchill Center Conference. In addition to a number of panel discussions which included American, British, and Canadian veterans of D-Day, the Conference included trips to Southwick House, the D-Day Museum, and an evening reception and dinner aboard the *HMS Warrior*.



Middle right: Celia Sandys, noted author and Granddaughter of Sir Winston Churchill, speaks during a private reception at Churchill's estate at Chartwell.

Bottom right: The veterans of World War II who had joined the tour pause for a photograph in front of the famed bronze statue entitled, "The Spirit of American Youth" at the American Cemetery on Omaha Beach.



Bottom left: Tour group member Richard Gower enters one of the secret wartime tunnels at Dover. It was from here, in the darkest days of the war, that the evacuation from Dunkirk was planned and executed.

Images courtesy of Richard and Ellen Gower



BROTHERS AT BASTOGNE

EASY COMPANY'S TOUGHEST TASK

BY TIM G.W. HOLBERT

It was time for a break, and they had earned it. For the past six months, the men of E Company, 506th Parachute Infantry Regiment, 101st Airborne Division had been embroiled in almost constant battle. From their legendary drop into France on D-Day, the push through Normandy toward Paris, to the attack on German forces in Holland and Operation Market-Garden, Easy Company—the Band of Brothers—had led the way on what had been a remarkably quick drive toward the German border. The war in Europe would soon be over. They could feel it. They had done their job, and it would be up to the rest of the American, British, and Canadian armies to finish off Hitler in the west. And now stationed near the small French town of Mourmelon-le-Grand, it was time to relax and enjoy the Christmas season.

Some of the men were planning to take advantage of some leave time. On the morning of December 16, 1944, Ed Shames, then a Lieutenant in command of E Company's 3rd platoon, was told by a regimental commander that he and some of his men would be free to go to Paris the next morning. Brightened by the news, a number of the men started celebrating a little early, as, after all, they were stationed right in the middle of the Champagne district of France. Others, still filled with the adrenaline of months of battle, unleashed their pent-up energy playing sports. Lynn "Buck" Compton, commander of the 1st platoon, put together a football team among the men, many of whom had been college football players back in the States. Compton himself would coach the team, preparing them for a game against another outfit on Christmas Day of '44. But on the morning of December 17, practice was cancelled. The men who were about to leave for Paris were told to load up the trucks immediately, that they would be

heading somewhere else, to a town in Belgium named Bastogne. Hitler's armies had just unleashed a massive attack on the thin Allied lines in the Ardennes Forest.

In the waning months of 1944, it seemed the Allied armies were virtually unstoppable against the retreating Germans. Following the breakout from Normandy in August, the Allies dashed across France and toward the heart of the Reich.

And though they had been slowed by poor supply lines and failures in Holland, the Allies still believed that the German war machine, under constant assault on two fronts, was near defeat. The formerly invincible Luftwaffe had been shattered, and control of the skies was in Allied hands. Hitler realized

that Germany could not long hold out against attacks by the Anglo-American armies on one side, and the Red Army on the other. For the Reich to survive, the Germans needed victory, or at least a draw, on at least one of the fronts. The situation on the Eastern front was dire. The Soviets, livid over Hitler's betrayal three years prior, would not negotiate, no matter how many casualties they sustained. But the Americans, Hitler believed, were fundamentally a weak people, and with a massive strike, could be brought to sue for a peace that would work in Germany's favor. Concealing his armies in the hilly forests of the Eifel region of Germany, Hitler ordered a blitzkrieg offensive through the weakly defended Ardennes, cutting the Allied armies in two before turning north. The German army would be in Antwerp before Eisenhower knew what happened.

Hitler had made a massive miscalculation. While he had achieved complete surprise in his attack, Eisenhower, despite the advice of his staff, ordered immediate reinforcements into the Ardennes, as he saw that this was the major



E Company, 506th Parachute Infantry Regiment, 101st Airborne Division:

The Band of Brothers

Photo Courtesy of Forrest Guth

offensive that nobody believed the Germans were still capable of mounting. He at once had seen Hitler's plan, and was determined to halt the attack well before Antwerp. Looking at his map, Eisenhower found where the major road intersections were located that had to be defended at all costs. It all centered on the town of Bastogne. It was here the Allies would make their stand, and where the Band of Brothers would experience their defining moment.

The men of Easy Company, the Band of Brothers, have in recent years become some of the most celebrated veterans of the Second World War. Made famous in the book authored by Stephen Ambrose and immortalized by the HBO miniseries, eleven members of the Band of Brothers joined the World War II Veterans Committee for its Seventh Annual Conference to share their experiences. It was obvious from the outset that despite all of their heroics, all of their sacrifices, one experience had been seared into their memories unlike any other: the defense of Bastogne.

Ordered immediately back to the front lines on the morning of December 17, 1944, Easy Company was heading into battle with only a fraction of its original strength. Many of the men were new, replacements who had recently joined the company. One of these men was Lt. Jack Foley, who would command 1st platoon when "Buck" Compton went down with a severe case of trench foot. Foley knew the history of the unit, the battles they had already seen, and was somewhat self-conscious of the fact that he had yet to make a parachute jump into combat himself. "This was my first campaign," he recalled. "I had been working for a couple of weeks with people who had jumped at Normandy, who had jumped at Holland. Here it was, and I'm a paratrooper and had not jumped in combat. We ended up in a little town south of Bastogne, on a truck. It was nighttime, and I look around, and I'm making my first night jump...four feet off the back end of a ten-ton truck!"

What the men found when they arrived in Bastogne was shocking. "We saw American soldiers in droves, officers and men, coming down the road," Ed Shames remembered. "Throwing their gear away, throwing their weapons away, anything they could get rid of, telling guys, 'Don't go up there! They're gonna all kill you, because they're coming through!' And we were going in the opposite direction." The American soldiers were fleeing in disarray, and it was up to the 101st Airborne to plug the hole, and fast. In a sense, the flight of these soldiers from the front lines was a blessing to the men of Easy Company. Their rush to the front had been so hurried, they were unable to gather the supplies and ammunition that they would surely need.

Everything that they had used during their previous engagements had been turned in when they went into reserve at Mourmelon. Most of the men had no ammunition on them, and there had been little to take from storage in Mourmelon. "We cleaned the supply room bare," Foley said. "I think I wound up with two rounds of ammunition." As the retreating soldiers passed by on Easy Company's entry into Bastogne, the men took from them whatever weapons and ammunition they could find. Still, it wasn't enough. Donald Malarkey recalled, "I didn't have any ammunition. 'Buck' Compton ran up to me when we unloaded the trucks at Bastogne and he gave me a clip that he had. Most of us didn't have any trenching tools; they had been taken away from us too. On the way up north towards Foy, I saw a tank out in the field, and it had an engineering shovel on the side of it. Well, I ran over to the tank and grabbed that shovel, and I carried my rifle and that shovel into combat as my main weapons. Most of E Company dug in with that entrenching tool that I took off of that tank."

On December 19, Easy Company took their positions south of the small village of Foy as part of the defense ring around Bastogne. Shames was sent to scout the area in search of the German emplacements. "We were given the assignment to go down this road toward Foy," he said. "They said to me, 'Go up there and make contact.' Well we made contact! We heard this noise and we didn't know what in the hell it was, and of course you couldn't see your hand in front of you because of the dense fog. And I think it was Rod Strohl who said to me, 'You know, those sound like motorized vehicles.' To which Earl McClung said, 'Vehicles? Hell, they're tanks!' So I said, 'Well, we made contact, let's get the hell out of here!' And we went back, and that's where the fun started."

The men quickly realized that they were in serious trouble. They were facing up to 15 German divisions, four of them armored, and heavy artillery. And they were sorely under-equipped. Making matters worse, Easy Company had yet to receive their winter clothing for what would be one of the coldest winters in recorded history. Many men, including Shames, went into Bastogne wearing their dress uniforms, as it was all they had. Ambrose recounts an episode in which runners retrieved flour sacks and bed sheets from Bastogne in order to provide just a little warmth in the bitter cold.

It is obvious that of all the suffering the men encountered as Bastogne, it was the extreme cold that bothered them the most. Besides lacking proper winter clothing, lighting

warming fires was entirely out of the question, as it would draw attention from the German artillery located less than a kilometer away. Frostbite and trench foot were always a concern. And they were pinned down, with nowhere to go, waiting the inevitable German attack. After a time, it all started to get to them. "It wasn't cold," Darrell "Shifty" Powers recollected. "It was cold, cold, cold! And the snow was falling strongly the whole time. It was a miserable time. I remember on Christmas Day, for our Christmas dinner, we had half a cup of beans, and most of it was soup. Of course it was cold. Food was real scarce, and it was a miserable, miserable time."

On top of the cold, the lack of food was wearing on the men. Their diet consisted of these white navy beans and some K rations, though not nearly enough had been distributed prior to leaving Mourmelon. Ambrose describes the situation as something akin to Washington's army at Valley Forge, cold and hungry, except that they were being shot at and had no huts or fire. Shames recalled one meal in particular. "I came back off patrol with a group one night, and it was cold. My feet still freeze when I think about it. That night we came off patrol, and one of the gentlemen said, 'We have some hot food for you.' So I said, 'My God, that's wonderful!' Either 'Shifty' or McClung shot a jackrabbit, and they cooked this rabbit, and it stunk like hell! This is what they had for us for 'hot food' when we came back from patrol!" Still, anything hot was to be appreciated.

The shortage of food and supplies was exacerbated by the dense layer of fog that had descended upon the Ardennes in December of 1944. It was hanging low and thick, and made it impossible for Allied aircraft to drop any supplies to the defenders of Bastogne, who were now completely surrounded by enemy forces. It had also negated the Allies' air superiority, which had been their greatest advantage over the Germans following the destruction of the Luftwaffe. Operating in near blindness, with a well-supplied enemy mere yards away added to the fear the men felt. Clancy Lyall remembered, "It was so foggy and miserable and I was scared to death because I couldn't see what was out there. All you could do was hear."

And what they heard was the frequent shelling of their positions by the German artillery. Despite taking refuge in the forest near Foy, the woods offered little protection. "Bastogne was the place where the damn trees exploded," Earl McClung joked. Sporadic gun fire filled the days, with

German snipers constantly on the lookout for easy targets, and mortar attacks filled the nights, each explosion followed by cries for help from the wounded. "The German artillery was relentless," said Edward Joint. "They kept lobbing shells in the whole time."

After each barrage of artillery and mortars, Easy Company hunkered down in their foxholes, certain that the massive German assault was on its way. Amos "Buck" Taylor remembers: "We were at the high point, looking out over a



Donald Malarkey recalls his experience at Bastogne at the Committee's Seventh Annual Conference in May, 2004.

field, and we could see Noville, which was a fairly good sized town maybe four or five miles away, that was occupied by the Germans. During the day when it was clear enough, we could see the tanks moving up or down the streets in Noville, hoping they wouldn't come our way, but they never did. I guess they were waiting to be re-supplied. Had they come, we would have been massacred, because we had no anti-tank weapons at all. And they had some pretty good tanks!"

Lynn "Buck" Compton agreed. "If they would have ever really come at us, they would have had us; there was nothing we could have done. But for some reason, they did nothing but play with our heads. They'd shoot at us, and they'd shoot stuff at night and into the trees, and they'd keep you awake and try to spook us. Every morning when we woke up I thought we were going to be looking up at a bunch of tanks, but it never happened."

Easy Company had been incredibly fortunate. Ambrose recalls Richard Winters, X.O. of 2nd Battalion, as saying that the one piece of artillery the Americans had covering the Foy-Bastogne Road was down to three rounds, which were being saved for this assault that never came. What little they had, at best, would have only slowed a full scale German attack.

Still, though the Germans had not mounted an all-out assault, the situation was dire. Surrounded on the ground and shielded from relief from the skies, the Allied forces around Bastogne were under incredible strain. In his book, *Band of Brothers*, Stephen Ambrose explains that psychologists believe that a man can only handle so much combat before he breaks. It is generally accepted that soldiers are most effective in their first 90 days of combat. After that, their effectiveness wanes, and by around 140 days, most are rendered completely useless. By this time, Easy Company had seen nearly 120 days of intense front line combat. The casualties mounted with each day of fresh mortar

and sniper attacks, and the men resigned themselves to thinking that it was not a matter of if they would get hit by enemy fire, but when.

On December 22, 1944, the commander of the German forces sent a message, under a flag of truce, to the American commander in Bastogne, General Anthony McAuliffe. In a letter that displayed what McAuliffe described as the German commander's "impudent arrogance," the message demanded "an honorable surrender to save the encircled U.S.A. troops from total annihilation." The General had a short and very blunt response to the order: "22 December, 1944: To the German Commander: NUTS! – The American Commander." In other words, if the Germans wanted Bastogne, they were going to have to come and take it.

Miraculously, when all appeared lost, the skies cleared, and scores of Allied aircraft converged on the besieged city of Bastogne, dropping badly needed food, medicine, and ammunition. The long-silent American artillery, now restocked with shells, returned to action with thunderous booms. The Germans sunk back into defensive positions, and morale, which had been at an all-time low, skyrocketed. On Christmas Day, the day on which "Buck" Compton had originally planned on coaching his football team to victory, General George Patton and his Third Army smashed through the German lines from the south. The defenders of Bastogne were no longer surrounded, and the wounded could be evacuated to the rear.

Despite the constant strain of the bitter cold, lack of food, and continual artillery attacks during their defense of Bastogne, there would be no rest for Easy Company following Patton's breakthrough. General Eisenhower decided that now that they had the Germans drawn out from behind their defenses, the need to mount a counterattack was immediate. Due to the shortage of manpower, the 82nd and 101st Airborne Divisions were needed on the frontlines still.

It was determined that in order to take the larger city of Noville, the small village of Foy, the woods around which the American forces now occupied, had to be captured.

Captain Winters ordered Easy Company to lead the attack. The mission would be a simple one, with a direct assault from the woods across a few hundred yards of open field. It was hoped they could avoid the defensive fire long enough to get close and clean the Germans out of their positions using hand grenades and small arms fire. On January 5, 1945, Lt. Foley led 1st platoon, which made a quick and effective strike. But 2nd platoon had gotten bogged down, its leader confused and disoriented. Foy was eventually taken, but at a cost. As Earl McClung remembered, "Every replacement that came into the platoon got killed in that town, and I don't know why. But we lost every replacement we had in the town of Foy."



Eleven members of "The Band of Brothers" joined the Committee at the 2005 Edward J. Herlihy Awards Banquet. Pictured left to right are: Jack Foley, Earl McClung, Lynn "Buck" Compton, Darrell "Shifty" Powers, Amos "Buck" Taylor, Edward Joint, Donald G. Malarkey, "Wild Bill" Guarnere, Ed "Babe" Heffron, Clancy Lyall. Kneeling: Ed Shames.

Finally, on January 17, 1945, the 101st Airborne, Easy Company included, was relieved from the front lines of combat. Just as Bastogne was not the beginning of Easy Company, so it would not be the end, as they would go on to see action in Haguenau, liberate an abandoned concentration camp, and capture Hitler's "Eagle's Nest." But it was their defense of Bastogne that was the

defining moment for Easy Company. They were the toughest of men, who were bent, but never broken. With a smile, Ed Shames spoke of the bravery of the men he served with:

"My platoon was made up of crazy people. As a matter of fact, when Col. Sink told me that they had a command for me, he said to me, 'You think you're the toughest S.O.B. in this unit, don't you?' I said, 'Yes sir.' He said, 'Well, I've got the meanest S.O.B.s you've ever seen in your life! A bunch of mutineers that you're gonna take command of!' And if you can imagine people like 'Buck' Taylor, and Earl McClung, and 'Shifty' Powers, I had about 40 of them, just like them. And boy, were they tough, and they were the boss, not me!"

Over the years, the defense of Bastogne has become legendary, its heroes added to the pantheon of America's greats. Much has been written and said of what they did there, their bravery, their courage, and their sacrifice. The praise is deserved, as they held out under extraordinarily grueling conditions. But for all the movies that have been made and all the books that have been written, the experience of the Allied defenders can be summed up in five simple words by Donald Malarkey: "Bastogne was tougher than hell."

WWII

THE JERSEY ESSEX TROOP

THE 38TH CAVALRY SQUADRON'S DEFENSE OF MONSHAU

BY LT. COLONEL ALFRED SHEHAB (USA-RET)

By mid-December, 1944, the United States 1st Army had made tremendous advancements since the landings at Normandy not six months earlier. Sitting at one of the easternmost penetrations of the 1st Army was the town of Monshau, Germany, of which the 38th Cavalry Squadron, 102 Cavalry Group (The Jersey Essex Troop) was assigned to defend. The defensive line extended from just south of the town, northwest, then north along the Mutzenich Ridge to the train station on the north side of the village of Konzen. It was a very large sector, giving the squadron commander, Lt. Col. Robert O'Brien, no choice but to employ the entire strength of the squadron in the line, leaving no reserve. It was here that I commanded the 3rd platoon of B Troop, now numbering about 30 men, occupying a front about 1300 yards in front of Konzen.



Through the months of November and December, the sector was relatively quiet except for ceaseless and aggressive dismounted patrols, which gave us patrol dominance. The usual clashes with enemy patrols were frequent and deadly. I had found a hunting lodge at the edge of the woods, and there established my command post from which to base our patrols. The short spurts of battle continued through the first weeks of December, as further advancements were slowed by the gasoline shortage the entire Army was experiencing. Sometimes, at night, a few of us would slip into Konzen and leave copies of *The Stars and Stripes* just to let the Jerries know we were there. I must have been an absolute fool! But, when you're young, you do things that you look back on and wonder how you survived them. At the time it was just something to do to pass the time and mess with the enemy's head.

On the night of the 15th of December, 1944, we heard a huge number of airplanes flying overhead. Running outside to see what was happening, I saw loads of people dropping. The Jerries had dropped a bunch of paratroopers. Standing outside the hunting lodge that was now my command post, I grabbed an M-1 rifle and started shooting at them. At the same time, our 50 calibers mounted on armored cars opened up, spraying the sky with fire. Receiving an order from command to take out this battalion of paratroopers, my driver and I headed out into the woods to see what we could find. We picked up a couple of them, each of whom was carrying a bottle of rum. After hearing

this, I had difficulty keeping my lads in. Now they all wanted to go out and capture paratroopers!

The next morning, December 16, at 5:30, which is an ungodly hour to start anything, much less a war, the Germans opened up with an intense barrage of artillery, mortar, and rocket fire. We holed up in our defenses, hoping not to suffer a direct hit. Communications had been nearly severed, and there was a confusion as to what exactly was happening. In that, I was lucky in a sense. From what I understand, at headquarters, they had become rather distressed as to what was going on. They were actually worried. But we young lieutenants didn't know any better. To us, it was just another fight. It was not until later in life when I started reading the history of this thing that I got frightened about what went on.

A few hours later, enemy paratroopers became active behind our lines. A large scale assault was developing on the B Troop front, with a platoon of Jerries attacking our rear. I was forced to draw on my already lightly held main line and send a combat patrol to ward off the German attack. Entering the forest, my men flanked the Germans and drove them south, killing several and taking two as prisoners. Still, the enemy refused to relent, and escalated its attacks against our thinly defended position.

The attacks continued for the next few days, and though a number of observation posts were overrun, we had held out. At one point, one of my lads came running in and said, "Lieutenant, I don't know what's going on behind us, but boy, there is something out there!" At that, I went out, and sure enough, heard a lot of noise coming from the woods. Crouching behind a tree, I hollered, "Who's there?" A voice came back, "Well, who the hell are you?" So I replied, "Well, who the hell are you?" We finally made a deal. We would each get an officer and meet him in an open space. It turns out it was the 49th Infantry, which had sent two companies from about twenty miles up the road. They had been told that we were wiped out. At that, they moved in and relieved the 30 men I had, assuring that the Germans would never gain control of Monshau. For its defense of Monshau, the 38th Cavalry Squadron received the Presidential Unit Citation.

Lt. Col. Alfred H.M. Shehab is past Commander-in-Chief of The Military Order of the World Wars.

WWII

WAR STORIES II

HEROISM IN THE PACIFIC

BY LT. COLONEL OLIVER NORTH (USMC-RET)

As a boy I had read about the attack on Pearl Harbor, that “day of infamy,” seen the pictures and newsreels, and later studied it at the Naval Academy. Then I visited this hallowed place while commuting to and from other wars. But it wasn’t until I began interviewing those who were young men and women on 7 December 1941 that I began to grasp what that day was really like and what it meant to a generation of Americans. More than six decades after the event, every one of these warriors and their contemporaries, no matter where they were at the time, can recall exactly what they were doing and who they were with when they learned about the surprise attack on Pearl Harbor.

Many of them didn’t even know where this Hawaiian naval base was when they first heard about the raid. But everyone knew what it meant: America was now in the war that most had hoped to avoid.

In the days after the attack, newspapers, magazines, and newsreels at local movie theaters quickly educated the American people about the geography of Hawaii—and the damage that had been done to America’s Pacific Fleet. That same “Remember Pearl Harbor!” rallying cry became a call to battle for the legions of young men showing up at recruiting and induction centers.

It was a slogan that stuck, all the way across the broad expanse of ocean and bloody battles of what came to be called the Pacific theater of the war. Newspapers printed full-page maps of the region, and families tacked them up on the kitchen and living room walls so that sweethearts, wives, parents, and siblings could keep track of where their loved ones were serving in the far reaches of that vast ocean. Tiny dots on those maps and locations with unpronounceable names became places to pray about in churches and weep over in the privacy of bedrooms.

The ocean that spanned those maps was anything but pacific during World War II. From the opening shots fired here at Pearl Harbor to the armistice signed in Tokyo Bay three years, eight months, and twenty-four days later, this body of water and its islands were the venue for the biggest air and naval engagements in history and some of the bloodiest land battles ever fought.



The enemy that America was pitted against in the Pacific proved to be an implacable foe. Unlike our European adversaries—the Vichy French, Mussolini’s Italian Legions, or the German Wehrmacht—no Japanese Imperial Army unit ever surrendered until the armistice was signed on the deck of the USS *Missouri* on 2 September 1945. The Japanese literally fought to the death.

Wherever they served on air, land, or sea, the young Americans sent off to contend with the Japanese army, navy, or air force proved to be a remarkable lot. They are men and women often described in superlatives. Most were born in the aftermath of The War to End All Wars, were toddlers in the Roaring Twenties, and came of age during the Great Depression.

Though few were unaffected by these events and the global economic catastrophe that began in America with the stock market crash of 1929, nearly all I’ve known have possessed a remarkable sense of optimism.

This generation grew up in an America that was still overwhelmingly rural. Their sources of information on current events were newsreels at neighborhood movie theaters, hometown newspapers, radio, and discussions over the family kitchen table. They matured in the harsh reality of “hard times:” devastating droughts in our agricultural heartland, massive Depression-induced unemployment, and increasing uncertainty as Bolshevism swept across Russia and Facism took hold in Italy, Japan, Spain, and Germany.

Though most of those I interviewed for our *War Stories* documentaries and this book were just teenagers as war clouds gathered and broke over Asia and Europe in the 1930s, nearly all were familiar with the intrigues and events leading up to the conflagration. Yet few of them expected that America would be plunged into that awful cauldron. Most believed, as did their parents, that the broad, blue waters of the Atlantic and the Pacific insulated them from the troubles in faraway lands. Many cited the promises made by politicians of every persuasion who assured the American people that what was happening “over there” wasn’t our fight.

Late in summer 1941—with Hitler dominating Europe and on the march toward Moscow, with Japanese forces controlling most of the Chinese coast and occupying Indochina, and with Britain being bombed daily—Congress began deliberations on the Selective Service Extension Act. The bill, authorizing the movement of American military personnel overseas and extending their term of service, was considered by opponents to be “jingoistic,” “warlike,” and too “provocative” for a “neutral nation.” The hotly contested debate reflected the ambivalence of the American people on the issue of our involvement in “someone else’s war.” On 12 August 1941, the law passed the House of Representatives by a single vote.

Fewer than four months later, the attack on Pearl Harbor erased those uncertainties. For the young Americans already in service—and those now called up by the millions—it soon became obvious that while the war in Europe would be an Allied effort, the fight in the Pacific theater would be a predominantly American affair. They also quickly learned that they would face years of separation from those they loved, and they confronted the terrible prospect of death in a strange-sounding spot in the middle of an ocean most had never seen.

This book is about them. This isn’t a book about war—it’s about warriors. It isn’t really a history book. It’s about

those who *made* history—the young Americans from every walk of life, from every part of this great nation, who came to serve with the words “Remember Pearl Harbor!” ringing in their ears.



Oliver North greets an American veteran at the dedication ceremonies of the World War II Memorial in Washington, DC.

Their self-effacing modest words are offered here as a memorial to heroic sacrifice in the crucible of dramatic and often deadly events that began with the attack on Pearl Harbor and ended with Japan’s surrender in Tokyo Bay. Theirs is a war story that deserves to be told.

War Stories II: Heroism in the Pacific
By Lt. Col. Oliver North (USMC-Ret)
Regenery, 480 pages, \$29.95

Oliver North is a combat decorated Marine and host of War Stories with Oliver North on the FOX News Channel.

WWII

WORLD WAR II CHRONICLES

**A QUARTERLY PUBLICATION OF THE
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THE END OF ILLUSIONS

RELIGIOUS LEADERS CONFRONT HITLER'S GATHERING STORM BY JOSEPH LOCONTE

America's war against Iraq and its larger war on terrorism have exposed deep disagreements about the most urgent threats to international peace and stability. Most observers recognize the new geopolitical reality: rogue states allied with Islamic terrorist organizations to acquire weapons of mass destruction. President Bush describes this new reality in frankly moral terms, calling it an "axis of evil." The President has put the United States on a course of confrontation with this threat, using military action if necessary. Others dismiss this approach as naive and dangerously moralistic. A new anti-war movement, animated by religious leadership, has emerged to contest it.

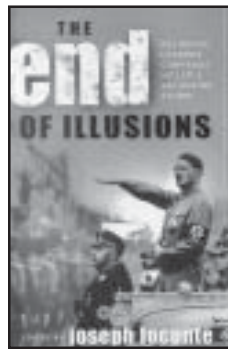
We've had a debate like this before. In the 1930s, America also faced a new geopolitical reality, this one in Europe: the rise of Fascism. Religious leaders argued fiercely about the nature of Hitler's Third Reich and how to confront it.

The "hawks" reluctantly abandoned their earlier pacifism to endorse all-out war. Yet the "doves" kept up their opposition to U.S. intervention even after the Nazi war machine had devoured half a dozen European states and begun its assault on London. It would take the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor to convince most Americans that the hawks were right.

What is striking is the familiarity of the arguments. Those who condemned Fascism as an "evil" ideology were accused by Christian pacifists of nurturing "adolescent hatreds" against individual leaders. Church leaders scolded America for failing to address "the root causes" of German aggression, which they assumed to be political and economic in nature. The European war was seen not as a fight for democratic values, but as "a clash of imperialisms"—one in which a victory for either side would mean the destruction of civilization. As one Methodist minister put it: "I can see only ruin ahead if the United States becomes a belligerent in Europe or in Asia—ruin for us and for all mankind."

Meanwhile, the interventionists saw ruin of another kind on the horizon. It was "sheer moral perversity," they said, to ignore the differences between German Fascism and Anglo-American democracy. The religious hawks derided

calls for peace conferences as "a euphemism for surrender." If the United States failed to act, they warned, the "darkest political tyranny imaginable" would engulf all of Europe. "This is the hour when democracy must justify itself by capacity for effective decision, or risk destruction or disintegration," they wrote. "Europe is dotted with the ruins of right decisions taken too late."



The End of Illusions is a series of essays by religious leaders, representing both sides of the question of U.S. intervention in the war, covering the period from 1938 to 1941. This collection represents some of the most important religious thinking of the day about America's moral obligations in the face of a rising international tyranny. Unlike an academic discussion of "just war" theory, these essays carry a profound sense of urgency and passion. The issues raised by the debate—the Christian case for war, the problem

of evil, America's role in the world—are especially relevant to the contemporary struggle against terrorism and the states that sponsor it. "In the Second World War, we learned there is no isolation from evil," President Bush told the United Nations in the weeks after the Sept. 11 terrorist attack. "We resolved that the aggressions and ambitions of the wicked must be opposed early, decisively, and collectively, before they threaten us all. That evil has returned, and that cause is renewed."

As Americans struggle to understand how to participate in this cause, they can learn from both the weaknesses and the wisdom of an earlier generation. The religious thinkers represented in this volume—Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish—sought to become the conscience of a nation on the brink of war. *The End of Illusions* recovers their key arguments, rich with moral and spiritual insight, which could help contemporary policymakers steer a course between appeasement and holy crusade.

The End of Illusions: Religious Leaders Confront Hitler's Gathering Storm
By Joseph Loconte
Rowman & Littlefield, 255 pages, \$24.95

Joseph Loconte is the William E. Simon Fellow in Religion at the Heritage Foundation, where he examines the role of religious belief in strengthening democracy and reforming civil society.

THE HIDDEN CAMPAIGN

FDR'S HEALTH AND THE ELECTION OF 1944

BY HUGH E. EVANS, M.D.

“The President is dead.” Shock, disbelief, and profound sorrow spread across the nation and world sixty years ago. Having just taken the Oath of Office for an unprecedented 4th term, 83 days earlier, FDR was going to be President for another four years, or so it was assumed. Even a 5th term was seriously discussed. His sharply declining health, based on long-standing hypertension, was repeatedly concealed by official medical and political sources. Rationalizations were offered for his obviously deteriorating appearance and fatigue including a diagnosis of merely bronchitis. His episode of advanced congestive heart failure, belatedly diagnosed, March 27th, 1944 remained a closely guarded secret on a level with the Manhattan Project. The patient himself was not advised of his grim prognosis. The reiteration, “sudden, unexpected death”, a “bolt from the blue” in the media was medically erroneous. In reality, his death April 12, 1945, occurred at the time predicted by his grave illness. Was this cover-up justified even during World War II as a matter of military necessity? Could this happen in the current era?

From the outset FDR's career as a state and national leader was medically determined. Afflicted with paralysis due to poliomyelitis at age 39, his public career was thought to be over. He had been a New York State Senator, Assistant Secretary of the Navy and a Vice Presidential candidate. His “recovery” was essentially that of the spirit alone over the irretrievable loss of his ability to walk. He persuaded his constituents in New York State, and later throughout the nation, that he was fully qualified for the rigorous demands of executive service in times of crisis. His buoyancy, humor, magnificent voice and handsome visage (until the last year) reassured the nation of his presumably excellent health. Indeed he identified with his affliction as healer rather than as patient. Self-styled as Dr. New Deal (an internist) and Dr. Win-the-War (an orthopedist) he provided treatment to a nation suffering from its worst depression and most dangerous global war.

What are the professional, ethical responsibilities of a physician serving in the U.S. Navy, in the midst of WWII, to his patient, the Commander-in-Chief? Dr. Howard Bruenn, a board certified internist and cardiologist was also LCDR Bruenn. He was assigned by Surgeon General Ross T.

McIntire, FDR's official physician, to examine the President at the Naval Hospital in Bethesda, Maryland on March 28, 1944. As such Dr Bruenn was sworn to absolute secrecy and did not volunteer a prognosis even in the most guarded terms to his “patient.” FDR himself is said to have asked no questions and was an entirely compliant patient. The President had plans for the remainder of April 1945 which included opening the newly formed United Nations in San Francisco. Beyond this he would accept invitations from Prime Minister Churchill and the Royal Family to visit England in June and address the Parliament and then travel to Continental Europe. He envisioned a wider role for Vice President Truman during the 4th term encompassing domestic legislation and dealing with the Congress generally. That Truman was not advised of plans for detonation of the Atomic Bomb is readily understandable. He met with the President on only three occasions during the 4th term, as FDR was away for most of this brief interval. Vice Presidents were peripheral figures in that era, and since FDR had no contemplation of death, there was no need to alert Truman.

This volume is based on 80 interviews with FDR's cardiologist, Margaret Truman Daniels, Herbert Brownell, Harold Stassen, John Kenneth Galbraith, Douglas MacArthur II, Secret Service agents, airplane pilots, family members and eyewitnesses.

Six decades have elapsed since FDR's death. *The New York Times* forecast that men would “thank God on their knees” that it was FDR who was President during these tumultuous, critical times. His memory is invoked in times of crisis such as the attacks of September 11. His successors are judged by comparing their achievements with his. We continue to live in his shadow. Beyond that, his indomitable spirit in overcoming the harshest of afflictions with humor, courage and imagination serve as a beacon to all who follow. His last words, “The only limit to our dreams of tomorrow are our doubts of today – let us move forward with strong and active faith” are truly luminous.

The Hidden Campaign: FDR's Health and the Election of 1944
By Hugh E. Evans, M.D.
M.E. Sharpe, 208 pages, \$34.95 (Hardcover)

Hugh E. Evans, M.D. is Professor of Pediatrics at the New Jersey Medical School

WWII

THE WORLD WAR II BOOK CLUB

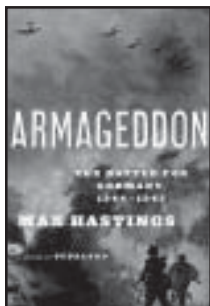
FEATURING BOOKS ABOUT WORLD WAR II

ARMAGEDDON

THE BATTLE FOR GERMANY, 1944-1945

by *Max Hastings*

Knopf; 640 pages \$30.00 (Hardcover)



Armageddon is the epic story of the last eight months of World War II in Europe by Max Hastings—one of Britain’s most highly regarded military historians, whose accounts of past battles John Keegan has described as worthy “to stand with that of the best journalists and writers” (*New York Times Book Review*).

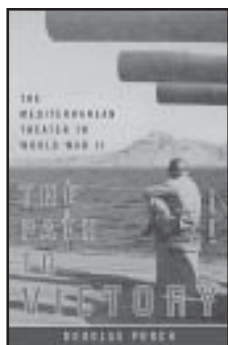
In September 1944, the Allies believed that Hitler’s army was beaten, and expected that the war would be over by Christmas. But the disastrous Allied airborne landing in Holland, American setbacks on the German border and in the Hurtgen Forest, together with the bitter Battle of the Bulge, drastically altered that timetable. Hastings tells the story of both the Eastern and Western Fronts, and paints a vivid portrait of the Red Army’s onslaught on Hitler’s empire. He has searched the archives of the major combatants and interviewed 170 survivors to give us an unprecedented understanding of how great battles were fought, and of their human impact on American, British, German, and Russian soldiers and civilians.

THE PATH TO VICTORY

THE MEDITERRANEAN THEATER IN WORLD WAR II

by *Douglas Porch*

Farrar, Straus and Giroux; 816 pages \$35.00 (Hardcover)



The Mediterranean theater in World War II has long been overlooked by those who believe it was little more than a string of small-scale battles--sideshowes that were of minor importance in a war whose outcome was decided in the clashes of mammoth tank armies in northern Europe. But in this groundbreaking new book, one of our finest military historians argues that the Mediterranean was, in fact, World War II’s pivotal theater. In *The Path to Victory*, Porch examines the Mediterranean, an integrated

arena, one in which events in Syria and Suez influenced the survival of Gibraltar. Churchill’s controversial decision in 1940 to contest the Axis in the Mediterranean, followed by Roosevelt’s insistence two years later that his service chiefs undergo a Mediterranean initiation, laid the foundation for Allied victory in Europe. Although conventional wisdom argues that Hitler could not have won World War II in the Mediterranean, Porch believes that the Allies might well have lost had they not elected to fight there. Decisions made in this theater matured the Western Alliance, seriously damaged and dispersed the formidable Axis military machine, and forged the combined Anglo-American effort that was to be unstoppable when transferred to Northern Europe in June 1944.

THE LONGEST WINTER

THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE AND THE EPIC STORY OF WWII’S MOST DECORATED PLATOON

by *Alex Kershaw*

Da Capo Press; 288 pages \$25.00 (Hardcover)



From the author of the best-selling *The Bedford Boys*, the remarkable story of America’s most decorated platoon that miraculously halted Hitler’s massive offensive at the Battle of the Bulge

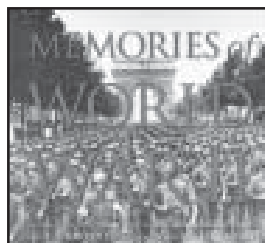
On a cold morning in December, 1944, deep in the Ardennes forest, a platoon of eighteen men under the command of twenty-year-old lieutenant Lyle Bouck were huddled in their foxholes trying desperately to keep warm. Suddenly, the early morning silence was broken by the roar of a huge artillery bombardment and the dreadful sound of approaching tanks. Hitler had launched his bold and risky offensive against the Allies—his “last gamble”—and the small American platoon was facing the main thrust of the entire German assault. Vastly outnumbered, they repulsed three German assaults in a fierce day-long battle, killing over five hundred German soldiers and defending a strategically vital hill. Only when Bouck’s men had run out of ammunition did they surrender to the enemy. As POWs, Bouck’s platoon began an ordeal far worse than combat—survive in captivity under trigger-happy German guards, Allied bombing raids, and a daily ration of only thin soup. In German POW camps, hundreds of captured Americans were either killed or died of disease, and most lost all hope. But the men of Bouck’s platoon survived—miraculously, all of them.

MEMORIES OF WORLD WAR II

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THE ARCHIVES OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

by *The Associated Press, Walter Cronkite & Bob Dole (Introduction)*

Harry N. Abrams; 176 pages \$40.00 (Hardcover)



Memories of World War II is a presentation of the most significant and influential photographs relating to World War II from the archives of The Associated Press. To create the book, 167 images were culled from tens of thousands of pictures in the AP Archives, including material from AP photo files in Europe and Asia that

had not been seen since the war. These are actual images that informed American newspaper readers at home about the progress of the war. Taken together, these photographs form a portrait of war in both the European and Pacific theaters - a panorama of events from the rise of Hitler and the invasion of Poland to the dropping of the atomic bombs and the surrender of Japan. Arranged chronologically, with detailed captions and prefaced with essays by Bob Dole and Walter Cronkite, they give form to the dark passions and high ideals that shaped the course of the war.

COMMITTEE SPONSORS SYMPOSIUM AT SENATE PAGE SCHOOL



On Veterans Day, November 11, 2004, the World War II Veterans Committee sponsored a symposium for students at the United States Senate Page School. The featured speaker was Lt. Commander Joseph Vaghi, USN-Ret, veteran of the D-Day landings in Normandy and on Okinawa. Lt. Cmdr. Vaghi (pictured left in 1944 speaking to newly liberated French citizens), served as Beachmaster on Easy Red sector of Omaha Beach, and saw some of the bloodiest combat of the landings.

In an extended question and answer session, the students were especially interested in how Lt. Cmdr. Vaghi dealt with the horrifying carnage he saw around him on Omaha Beach. When asked how long it took him to get over what he saw, Vaghi replied, "Right away. I put it out of my mind immediately." Still, he recalled that he was much more frightened during the landing at Okinawa, which turned out to be much easier than at Normandy. "I knew what to expect at Okinawa," he said. While approaching the island on his landing craft, he joked that he must have said dozens of 'Hail Marys.'"

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