



# WORLD WAR II CHRONICLES

A Quarterly Publication of the World War II Veterans Committee

ISSUE XXXIII, Winter, 2005/06

## FROM THE GREATEST...

## ...TO THE LATEST

# WORLD WAR II CHRONICLES

A Quarterly Publication of the World War II Veterans Committee

WWW.WWIIVETS.COM

ISSUE XXXIII, Winter, 2005/06

## ARTICLES

- 6** **Winston Churchill & His Leadership in World War II** by *The Honorable Celia Sandys*  
The character of the 20th Century's greatest leader as explained by his granddaughter
- 11** **The Siege of Bastogne** by *Colonel Edward Shames*  
In the darkest days of the Battle of the Bulge, the 101st Airborne finds its greatest glory
- 15** **We Needed to Step Up** by *Bob Feller*  
The first professional athlete to enlist in the military following the attack on Pearl Harbor remembers his service
- 17** **Hiroshima and the Enola Gay** by *Major Theodore "Dutch" Van Kirk*  
The navigator of the plane that dropped the first atomic bomb dispels myths surrounding the event
- 19** **Okinawa: The Last Battle** by *Donald Dencker*  
The final land assault against the Japanese proves to be the bloodiest
- 23** **Witnessing the Holocaust** by *Henry Greenbaum*  
A reminder of why we fought World War II

## IN THIS ISSUE CARRYING THE LEGACY

Last November, the World War II Veterans Committee brought together some of America's greatest living World War II veterans for its Eighth Annual Conference. Hundreds of high school and college students, veterans and their families, and grateful citizens gathered to hear the stories of the heroes who won World War II. These students, who will be our future leaders, will be counted on to carry on the legacy of our World War II veterans for generations to come. The Eighth Annual Conference was their opportunity to meet with, and learn from, the "Greatest Generation." In this issue, we reprint a sampling of some of the presentations given at the event.



## FEATURES

- 28** **Setting the Record Straight**  
Honoring a woman to whom citizenship meant everything
- 30** **World War II Book Club**
- 32** **Committee Activities**  
Help us continue the legacy

**SPEND VETERANS DAY WEEKEND IN THE COMPANY OF HEROES**

## NINTH ANNUAL CONFERENCE

**NOVEMBER 9-11, 2006**  
**ARLINGTON, VIRGINIA**

### From the Greatest Generation through the latest generation...

*On Veterans Day weekend, join some of America's greatest heroes at the Committee's Ninth Annual Conference. This year we welcome veterans from the Greatest Generation through the latest generation, including vets from World War II, Korea, Vietnam, Afghanistan and Iraq, and more. To request an information packet and registration form, call 202-777-7272.*

### Speakers Include

James Nicholson, Secretary of Veterans Affairs and veteran of Vietnam

Bob Feller, Baseball Hall of Famer and veteran of World War II

Ed Shames, platoon leader in E. Co., 506 PIR, 101st Airborne - Band of Brothers

Celia Sandys, noted author and granddaughter of Sir Winston Churchill

Steve Ritchie, The only Air Force Ace Pilot in the Vietnam War

James Webb, Decorated veteran of Vietnam, former Secretary of the Navy, and best-selling author

Adrian Cronauer, Famed Vietnam Disc Jockey and subject of the movie *Good Morning, Vietnam*

***And Many More!***

# FROM THE EDITOR

## FROM THE GREATEST TO THE LATEST

BY TIM G.W. HOLBERT

---

On September 3, 1939, Winston Churchill, not yet Prime Minister but returning to the cabinet as First Lord of the Admiralty, addressed the House of Commons:

“We are fighting to save the whole world from the pestilence of Nazi tyranny and in defense of all that is most sacred to man. This is no war of domination or imperial aggrandizement or material gain; no war to shut any country out of its sunlight and means of progress. It is a war, viewed in its inherent quality, to establish, on impregnable rocks, the rights of the individual, and it is a war to establish and revive the stature of man.”

World War II was not merely the defining event of the 20<sup>th</sup> Century; it was nothing short of the ultimate showdown between competing views of the world, and man’s place in it. On one side was the idea that all men were endowed with certain unalienable rights, the ones we today know so well: life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. This belief, rooted in traditions of English liberty and nurtured by the “American Experiment,” argued the value of the individual, that each man was free to live his life in whichever way he saw fit.

The other view had long been known to mankind, as well. This view held that the individual was secondary to the state, or to his race. The glory of the whole was most important, and the ideas of liberty were an obstacle to this end. This view is incompatible with the democratic ideals we know today, and lends itself to totalitarianism in all its forms, whether they be fascism, National Socialism, or Communism. The first of these competing views was embodied by Winston Churchill, and the Anglo-American alliance. The second, by Nazi Germany, Imperial Japan, and Mussolini’s Italy (as well as Stalin’s Soviet Union, which as proved by the subsequent Cold War, was no friend to individual liberties). While the defeat of the Axis powers might not have ensured the end of all tyranny around the world, had the Allies

fallen, freedom as the West knows today would surely have been doomed. Because of this, the importance of World War II in history cannot be stressed enough, a fact that seems to have become even more clear over time.

As time passes, and the realization of the importance of World War II to our history grows, it is imperative that today’s young people be given the opportunity to learn about, and from, the men and women who fought and won the war. Last November, the World War II Veterans Committee brought together some of America’s greatest living veterans to meet with and speak to hundreds of high school and college students, in what was for most of them a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity. Here, these students met men who parachuted into Normandy on D-Day and stormed the beaches of Iwo Jima. They met survivors of the horrific Bataan Death March and the Holocaust. They learned from celebrated veterans like the Band of Brothers, Bob Feller, and Jack Valenti, as well as those who served in obscurity in the too-often overlooked China-Burma-India Theater. This is all thanks to the help of thousands of supporters of the World War II Veterans Committee, without whom, this event would not have been possible.

Today’s students will be counted on to not only carry on the legacy of the World War II generation, they will be tomorrow’s leaders. In order to know where we, as Americans, are going, they first need to know where we have been. Even more importantly, they need to understand the values that make us who we are. Most are eager to learn about World War II history, if only we take the time to teach them. The World War II Veterans Committee is dedicated to bringing the legacy of the “Greatest Generation” to the latest generation, and thanks to your support, will continue to do so for years to come.

WWII

---

## WORLD WAR II CHRONICLES

*World War II Chronicles*, Issue XXXIII, Winter 2005/06.

A quarterly publication of the World War II Veterans Committee, 1030 15th St, NW Suite 856, Washington, DC 20005. Telephone: 202-777-7272. Fax: 202-408-0624.

The World War II Veterans Committee is a project of the American Studies Center, a 501(c)(3) non-profit public education foundation. *World War II Chronicles* is mailed to donors to the World War II Veterans Committee who make a contribution of \$50 or more per-year. Contributions help to fund the Committee’s various speaker conferences, student programs, the National Memorial Day Parade, documentary and oral history projects, and this publication. To make a contribution or subscribe, call 202-777-7272 or e-mail [wwii@wwiivets.com](mailto:wwii@wwiivets.com)

### World War II Veterans Committee

David Eisenhower - Honorary Chairman

James C. Roberts - President

Michael Paradiso - Publisher

Tim G.W. Holbert - Editor/Program Director

Visit the Committee’s web site at [www.wwiivets.com](http://www.wwiivets.com).

**ONLY FROM THE WORLD WAR II VETERANS COMMITTEE**

# THE ROAD TO VICTORY: 2006

## AN EXCLUSIVE TOUR OF THE WESTERN FRONT OF THE EUROPEAN THEATER IN WORLD WAR II

LONDON ⇄ PORTSMOUTH ⇄ NORMANDY ⇄ PARIS ⇄ BASTOGNE ⇄ MUNICH ⇄ NUREMBERG ⇄ BERLIN  
SEPTEMBER 17 ⇄ OCTOBER 1, 2006

### **GUEST TOUR GUIDE**

### **DONALD BURGETT**

**VETERAN OF A COMPANY, 506TH  
PIR, 101ST AIRBORNE DIVISION  
AUTHOR OF CURRAHEE! A SCREAM-  
ING EAGLE IN NORMANDY,  
ROAD TO ARNHEM, SEVEN ROADS TO  
HELL, AND BEYOND THE RHINE**

Over sixty years ago, the Allied armies in the West stormed across Europe, into the heart of Hitler's Third Reich. This September, you have the opportunity to follow in their footsteps. In the wake of the World War II Veterans Committee's successful 2005 tour, we are once again proud to sponsor an exclusive tour of all of the major war sites on the Western Front. This year, we welcome special guest tour guide Donald Burgett, who with the legendary 101st Airborne Division, traveled a similar route six decades ago. A celebrated author, Burgett's book *Currahee!*, which recounts his parachute jump into Normandy, is one of the great stories of World War II, and the only book on the war personally endorsed by Dwight D. Eisenhower. For veterans and history buffs alike, this one of a kind tour will take you from London to Berlin, and all the points in between, on "The Road to Victory: 2006."

## COMPLETE ITINERARY

### **SEPTEMBER 17:**

Late afternoon departure from your home city for London.

### **SEPTEMBER 18: LONDON**

Arrive at LHR, London Airport. Transfer to the Millennium Gloucester Hotel. In the afternoon, visit St. Paul's Cathedral, site of the American Memorial Chapel. Later visit the Imperial War Museum and the Cabinet War Rooms where Winston Churchill directed Britain's war efforts. Dinner and orientation discussion in a typical English pub. (Dinner)

### **SEPTEMBER 19: OXFORD/BLETCHLEY PARK/BLENHEIM**

View the Hampton Court area of London. Head to Oxford, the City of Dreaming Spires and home to the legendary University. Continue on to Bletchley Park, where the secret German communications were cracked by Allied code breakers. Tour of Churchill's birthplace, Blenheim Palace. (Breakfast, Dinner)

### **SEPTEMBER 20: LONDON/PORTSMOUTH**

Following breakfast, visit the *HMS Belfast* cruiser. Launched in 1938, the *Belfast* played a critical role in the invasion of Normandy and later saw action in Korea. Lunch aboard the *Belfast* before departing for Portsmouth. (Breakfast, Lunch, Dinner)

### **SEPTEMBER 21: PORTSMOUTH/SOUTHWICK/CAEN**

In the morning, visit the D-Day Museum and Southwick House, the

D-Day headquarters of General Eisenhower. Prior to taking the ferry to Caen, tour the Naval Dockyards where Admiral Lord Nelson's *HMS Victory* was docked. Dinner will be served on board the ferry from England to France. (Breakfast, Dinner)

### **SEPTEMBER 22: CAEN**

Today you will visit the British airborne landing grounds at Ranville and Benouville (Pegasus Bridge). Continue on to visit Arromanches and see the remains of the Mulberry floating harbors, followed by a visit to the Landings Museum. After lunch, tour Omaha Beach, site of the hardest fighting on D-Day, and the American Cemetery, final resting place of 9,386 American servicemen. Then on to Pointe du Hoc to see the Ranger Monument, St. Mere Eglise and the U.S. Airborne Museum, and finally Utah Beach. (Breakfast, Dinner)

### **SEPTEMBER 23: CAEN/ST. LO/COUTANCES/PARIS**

Leave Caen for Paris. Along the way, stop at St. Lo and Coutances, where Operation Cobra, the breakout from Normandy, began. (Breakfast, Dinner)

### **SEPTEMBER 24: PARIS**

Morning at leisure. Afternoon tour of the city includes stops at the Arc de Triomphe; the Place de la Concorde and the Obelisk of Luxor; the Pantheon, final resting place of many of France's most illustrious figures; the Louvre; the Cathedral of Notre Dame; and finally dinner at the Eiffel Tower's "Altitude 95" restaurant. (Breakfast, Dinner)

### SEPTEMBER 25: PARIS/REIMS/HAMM/LUXEMBOURG

Depart France for Luxembourg. Along the way, visit Reims, site of the formal surrender of the German Reich. Tour the Mumm and Co. champagne cellars and the famous Reims Cathedral. Proceed to Hamm, where you will visit General Patton's grave and the American Cemetery. (Breakfast, Dinner)



### SEPTEMBER 26: LUXEMBOURG/BASTOGNE/REMAGEN/HEIDELBERG

Continue to Bastogne, where you will see the Battle of the Bulge Museum and the Mardasson Memorial honoring the American Army. See the Patton Memorial visiting Remagen and the Memorial to Peace. Head on to Heidelberg where you will spend the night. (Breakfast, Dinner)

See the Patton Memorial visiting Remagen and the Memorial to Peace. Head on to Heidelberg where you will spend the night. (Breakfast, Dinner)

### SEPTEMBER 27: HEIDELBERG/DACHAU/MUNICH

In the morning prior to leaving Heidelberg, visit the imposing Heidelberg Castle. Move on to tour Dachau Concentration Camp and Museum. Continue to Munich to visit the sites of the infamous "Brown House" and Feldherrnhalle, site of the SS rallies. (Breakfast, Dinner)

### SEPTEMBER 28: MUNICH/OBERSALZBURG

Venture from Munich to Obersalzberg, where you will visit Hitler's

mountaintop retreat known as the Eagle's Nest. Return to Munich in the evening. (Breakfast, Dinner)

### SEPTEMBER 29: MUNICH/NUREMBERG/BERLIN

Leave Munich for Nuremberg, site of the Nazi Party rallies and the later war crimes trials. In the afternoon, board the ICE Train for Berlin. Dinner served on board. (Breakfast, Dinner)

### SEPTEMBER 30: BERLIN

Today will be spent exploring Berlin. See the Brandenburg Gate, the Reichstag Building, the Checkpoint Charlie Museum, and the Wannsee House, where the infamous "Final Solution" was devised. See the Soviet Memorial, commemorating the Red Army's capture of Berlin. In the afternoon, visit Potsdam, one of the most beautiful cities in Germany. Here you will see the Sanssouci Palace and the Charlottenhoff Palace. Return to Berlin for a farewell dinner. (Breakfast, Dinner)



### OCTOBER 1: DEPARTURE

Farewell to Europe as you transfer to the airport for your return flight home. (Breakfast)

## TOUR HIGHLIGHTS:

- International Air from IAD (Washington, DC) to London and from Berlin to IAD (Washington)
- 2 nights in London at the Millennium Gloucester Hotel
- 1 night in Portsmouth at the Hilton Hotel
- 2 nights in Caen at the Holiday Inn
- 2 nights in Paris at the Millennium Opera Hotel
- 1 night in Luxembourg at the Europlaza Hotel
- 1 night in Heidelberg at the Holiday Inn Crowne Plaza Hotel
- 2 nights in Munich at the Platzl Hotel
- 2 nights in Berlin at the Maritim Proarte Hotel
- Dinner with Sir Winston Churchill's granddaughter, author Celia Sandys
- All sightseeing and transfers as per program by deluxe air-conditioned motor coach (itinerary listed in brochure)
- English speaking guide throughout tour
- 13 breakfasts, 1 lunch, and 13 dinners
- Transfers, luggage handling, and hotel taxes



## \$5,855 PER PERSON/ DOUBLE OCCUPANCY

SINGLE SUPPLEMENT ADDITIONAL \$750

AIR ADD-ONS FROM MOST U.S. CITIES AVAILABLE

PRICE BASED ON A MINIMUM OF  
26 PAYING PARTICIPANTS

LAND ONLY PRICE APPROXIMATELY \$5,255

PARTIAL-TOUR OF PARIS TO  
BERLIN (SEPT 22- OCT 1) AVAILABLE FOR \$4,478

LAND ONLY - \$3,878

A \$500 NON-REFUNDABLE  
DEPOSIT IS REQUIRED TO  
REGISTER

(FULL PAYMENT DUE BY JULY 1,  
2005)

### NOT INCLUDED IN PACKAGE:

Passport fee, items of a personal nature and items not mentioned in the itinerary, tips to guides and drivers, cancellation and medical insurance (strongly recommended), and airline taxes (approx \$145).

For more information or a registration form, contact Vicki Doyle at:

Vicki Doyle Tours  
1300 Crystal Drive  
Apt. 502S  
Arlington, VA 22202

Phone: 703-418-0939  
Cell: 703-298-9044  
E-mail: vtourz@starpower.net  
Web site: vickidoyletours.com

# WINSTON CHURCHILL

## AND HIS LEADERSHIP IN WORLD WAR II

THE HONORABLE CELIA SANDYS  
AUTHOR AND GRANDDAUGHTER OF SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL

---

My grandfather knew that victory in the Second World War depended in the end on the American armed forces. His confidence in them was clearly expressed in a letter he wrote to General Marshall just after he had inspected American troops in training at Camp Jackson in South Carolina:

*I have never been more impressed than I was with the bearing of the men I saw. The undemonstrative, therefore grim, determination which was everywhere manifest not only in the seasoned troops but in the newly-drafted, bodes ill for our enemies.*

After his death in 1965, Winston Churchill, the colossus of the 20<sup>th</sup> Century, became an historical figure who fewer and fewer people could actually remember. Then, following the tragic events of September the 11<sup>th</sup>, he walked straight out of the pages of the history books and back onto the international stage.

Recently, on the anniversary of 9/11, Rudolph Giuliani quoted my grandfather from World War II:

*Rebuild the Ruins. Heal the wounds. Comfort the broken and broken-hearted. There is the battle we now have to fight. There is the victory we now have to win. Let us go forward together.*

Mayor Giuliani told me that my grandfather had been a great source of inspiration and strength to him following the tragic events of that day. The speeches of President Bush and Prime Minister Blair rang with Churchillian tones.

All this confirms without a doubt that Churchill's inspiring example is as relevant today as it was during the war.

There can be few more telling declarations than Churchill's description of his emotions as he went to bed nine hours after becoming Britain's Prime Minister in its darkest hour.

Continental Europe had been overrun by Germany. Britain was ill prepared and stood alone. This is how he remembered that moment:

*I felt as if I were walking with destiny, and that all my past life had been but a preparation for this hour and this trial.*

Although Churchill is remembered best for the manner in which he rallied Britain in World War II, leadership was something he had exercised from his earliest days, even as a school boy. Within a year of leaving the Royal Military Academy at Sandhurst his letters from the North West Frontier of India show that he had already established the main pillars of his leadership: courage, vision and communication.

There is no doubt that the prime characteristic was courage, of which he later wrote:

*Courage is rightly esteemed the first of human qualities because it is the quality which guarantees all others.*

Churchill led from the front from the moment he became Prime Minister. Everyone responded to the courage he displayed. In his first six weeks in office with Britain in a desperate state he still made time to fly to France five times while attempting to put steel into a French government teetering on the edge of capitulation.

These were hazardous journeys. On one occasion German fighters flew beneath his small plane; fortunately the pilots did not look up, as they were more concerned with shooting up shipping in the English Channel.

Churchill seemed to be exhilarated by danger. In terms of wartime leadership it gave him a definite edge. In 1896 he had written to his mother from India saying:



*Bullets are not worth considering. Besides I am so conceited I do not think the Gods would create so potent a being for so prosaic an ending.*

In World War I, having fallen temporarily from political favor, he rejoined the army at the age of forty. A young officer, who accompanied him into no-man's-land at night, remembered, "It was a nerve wracking experience to go with him."

"He never fell when a shell went off; he never ducked when a bullet went past with a loud crack. He used to say after seeing me duck, 'It's no use ducking. The damn bullet has gone a long way past by now.'"

In the Second World War he still reveled in action. No danger deterred his intervention when he thought it was necessary. In Greece, as the Germans withdrew, a civil war broke out between the opposing factions. Churchill abandoned his family on Christmas Eve 1944 and flew to Athens determined to broker arrangements which would save the country from communism.

He was driven to the British Embassy in an armored car, a revolver on his knees. As he got out bullets struck the wall above his head and people close by were killed.

He returned six weeks later on the way back from the Yalta conference. His earlier visit had brought peace and, where bullets had been flying six weeks before, he was able to address cheering crowds.

However inspiring it is for a leader to display physical courage, moral rather than physical courage may be more relevant at Prime Ministerial level, even in wartime. Churchill's was never in doubt.

In spite of his inner worries, he exuded confidence. National morale was sustained even after the disaster of Dunkirk and with six thousand people a month being killed in the blitz. When some members of his cabinet raised the question of negotiating a settlement with Hitler he faced them down, concluding:



"Let us go forward together"

*If this long island story of ours is to end at last, let it end only when each one of us lies choking in his own blood upon the ground.*

His courage was infectious, one minister reflecting, "No one left a cabinet meeting without feeling a braver man."

Courage enables a leader to exercise the vision he must display. For being a visionary entails risk as, inevitably, it means challenging convention. Almost the first thing Churchill did on becoming Prime Minister was to appoint himself Minister of Defence. It was a post which had hitherto not existed but which, ever since, has been seen as essential.

He had long seen the need for it but it had been too revolutionary a concept for people to embrace. Now all the reins came together at the top. The three services, civil defense, manpower, materials and transport could be directed towards a unified strategy.

In exercising his vision Churchill reserved the right to change his mind, as he explained when he wrote:

*The only way a man can remain consistent during changing circumstances is to change with them while preserving the same dominating purpose.*

Thus, although a strenuous opponent of communism, Churchill unhesitatingly offered Stalin every ounce of support Britain could muster when Hitler invaded Russia. When his private secretary asked the Prime Minister how he would justify this with his loathing of communism, he replied:

*If Hitler invaded Hell I would at least make a favorable reference to him in the House of Commons.*

The list of Churchill's visionary innovations is endless, from strategic concepts right down to technicalities like radar and the Mulberry harbors for D-Day. He was never frightened of questioning the experts and experimenting.

It has often been said that at all levels he involved himself unnecessarily, much to the irritation of those who had to get on with the job. The reality is that he did ask detailed questions – all the time. But his purpose was

not to interfere but simply to discover whether he needed to intervene.

It was Churchill's broad strategic vision of Anglo-American co-operation which in the first instance enabled Britain to survive and ultimately led to victory. The need for co-operation between our two countries was a vision he had aired during his tour of North America in 1929; in those days it was economic rather than military co-operation which he sought.

He had followed it up by correspondence with Roosevelt praising the New Deal and, once war in Europe had broken out and he was First Lord of the Admiralty, with regular letters and telegrams to the President. Thus when Churchill became Prime Minister there was no need for preliminary skirmishing before starting the negotiations which led to Lend-Lease, military staff talks and Churchill's first meeting with Roosevelt after Germany had invaded Russia. By the time of the attack on Pearl Harbor a close personal relationship had been well established between the two leaders.

But vision and the courage to display it count for little if a leader cannot convey his or her ideas clearly and convincingly. More than any leader of the 20<sup>th</sup> Century, Churchill demonstrated how the ability to communicate sets one leader above the rest.

As President Kennedy, on making him an honorary citizen of the United States of America, said, "He mobilized the English language and sent it into battle."

Although on becoming Prime Minister he had no clear idea of how Hitler would be defeated, Churchill had to inspire the British people and convince them that victory was attainable. He used strong and simple English:

*I have nothing to offer but blood, tears, toil, and sweat.*

In 1940 he praised the fighter pilots after the Battle of Britain:

*Never in the field of human conflict has so much been owed by so many to so few.*

His knack of hitting on a telling phrase removed any thought of resentment against the advocates of appeasement who had left him to pick up the pieces. Churchill put all that firmly behind him when he declared in Parliament:

*If we open a quarrel between the past and the present, we shall find we have lost the future.*

He always left his audience with a clear message, as in his broadcast plea to Roosevelt and the American people in early 1941:

*Give us the tools and we will finish the job.*



Celia Sandys meets with a student from the Young Marines program at the World War II Veterans Committee's Eighth Annual Conference

But what really distinguished him was his ability to uplift, as in his exhortation to the British people when the rest of Europe had fallen:

*Let us brace ourselves to our duty and so bear ourselves that if the British Empire and its Commonwealth lasts for a thousand years men will still say, "This was their finest hour."*

Churchill used no speechwriters. Departments of state and researchers would provide information but

the words and sentiments were his. This meant that he spoke from the heart and his audience, realizing that he believed what he was saying, believed it too.

His communication skills applied not only in the delivery of soaring speeches but also in commonplace every-day events. His wit was doubly welcome in wartime. Without pomposity it dealt with the sort of tricky situation which those in authority sometimes find themselves. I was told this at a White House reception. "We were sitting in the margins of a wartime conference when an inebriated GI appeared in the doorway and in a loud voice addressing Churchill said, "Hey fatso where's the john?"

The Prime Minister replied:

*Turn left down the corridor. The door is marked 'Gentlemen' but don't let that deter you.*

Just as Churchill's oratory inspired the public, so his type-written minutes galvanized his colleagues and staff. Several thousand on the widest variety of subjects were sent in the course of every year. These varied from weighty minutes of a thousand words to short witty requests like this:

*Will you kindly explain to me the reasons which debar individuals in certain naval branches from rising by merit to commissioned rank? If a telegraphist may rise why not a painter? Apparently there is no difficulty about painters rising in Germany!*

Courage, vision and his ability to communicate were the three main pillars of Churchill's leadership. There were other important elements: he insisted on meeting people face to face and seeing things for himself, what modern leadership gurus call "management by walking about." In the process he forged crucial alliances.

He recognized that leaders cannot always rely on the reports and impressions of subordinates as these will inevitably be colored by their own inclinations. He needed to see things for himself, to influence people and to make things happen.

During the war he made many hazardous journeys, six to America, two to Moscow, to Casablanca and Yalta, to the battle fronts of North Africa, Italy and Normandy and into Germany as well as various Middle Eastern destinations. On occasions aircraft similar to Churchill's and flying on the same routes crashed or were shot down with the loss of all on board.

The American legend, General Douglas MacArthur, recognized the inspiring value of these travels when he wrote: "If disposal of all the Allied decorations were today placed by Providence in my hands, my first act would be to award the Victoria Cross to Winston Churchill. Not one of those who wear it deserves it more than he.

"A flight of 10,000 miles through hostile and foreign skies may be the duty of young pilots, but for a Statesman burdened with the world's cares it is an act of inspiring gallantry and valor."

But by far the most important and influential alliance Winston Churchill forged was with President Roosevelt. The friendship between the two enabled a smooth working relationship within which differences could be discussed without rancor.

The same did not apply to Churchill's relationships with Stalin and de Gaulle. Stalin was not interested in cooperation, only in furthering Russian interests. He did not understand or did not want to understand the huge undertaking of the Second Front. With de Gaulle, Churchill had the added irritation of having to act as a broker between the difficult Free French leader and President Roosevelt, who also had diplomatic links to Vichy France dating from the time before America entered the war.

Churchill took a pragmatic view, saying of allies:

*When one looks at the disadvantages attaching to alliances, one must not forget how superior are the advantages.*

The close relationship between Prime Minister and President is underlined by their visit to Marrakech after the Casablanca

conference. Churchill persuaded Roosevelt to accompany him to what he described as the Paris of the Sahara. He said:

*You cannot come all this way to North Africa without seeing Marrakech. Let us spend two days there. I must be with you when you see the sun set on the Atlas Mountains.*

A villa, owned by an American, Mrs. Taylor, but leased to the American consul, was prepared for the visitors. Soon after their arrival Churchill insisted Roosevelt accompany him up the tower of the villa to look over Marrakech and see the changing colors of the landscape as the snow covered peaks of the Atlas were caught by the setting sun.

Reclining on a divan, Roosevelt was so taken by the scene he said to Churchill, "I feel like a sultan, you may kiss my hand, my dear."

In the morning Churchill dressed in his red-dragon dressing gown and monogrammed slippers drove with



Sandys with representatives from the American Gold Star Mothers following a Choral Evensong in honor of those who served during World War II

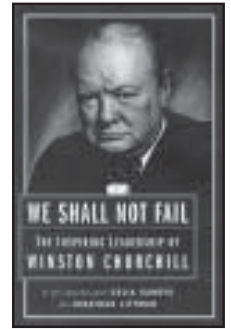
Roosevelt to the airfield. After the President had left, Churchill got out his easel and from the tower of the villa painted the only picture he attempted during the six years of war.

Local legend has it that Mrs. Taylor sold the villa after the war because, as a staunch Republican, she had been incensed that a Democrat President had occupied her bedroom. To add to her distress she learned, when she offered to buy Churchill's wartime painting, that he had presented it to the man who had so enraged her by sleeping in her bed.

This shared visit epitomizes the warm friendship between Winston Churchill and Franklin D. Roosevelt. It formed

the basis of the special relationship between our two countries which plays such an important part in world affairs today. I believe that my grandfather's example will continue to act as an inspiration to anyone, in any field who aspires to lead.

*The Honorable Celia Sandys is author of numerous books on Churchill, including **We Shall Not Fail: The Inspiring Leadership of Winston Churchill**. She is currently establishing the Churchill Leadership Program for all who aspire to lead. When not lecturing around the world, she lives in Wiltshire, England.*



WWII

## A TOAST IN HONOR OF WORLD WAR II VETERANS

*On the evening of November 12, 2005, the World War II Veterans Committee held the Eighth Annual Edward J. Herlihy Awards Banquet, honoring America's greatest living World War II veterans. A toast to the World War II veterans in attendance was made by The Hon. Celia Sandys to begin the proceedings. The following is the text of that toast:*

I am proud and honored to have participated in this conference. I am delighted to have had the chance to meet, some for the second time, so many veterans of World War II whose experiences are an inspiration for successive generations.

America has recently been mourning its two thousand soldiers killed in Iraq. Any death in the prime of life is tragic and for the bereaved there is no comfort in the shared misery of numbers. For the people at large the numbers bring a collective shock that the job in hand is taking such a toll.

But the defense of democracy is always a costly business. Winston Churchill, on becoming Prime Minister in 1940, told Britain that all he could offer was "blood, tears, toil, and sweat." Even when the tide of war had turned he was still fearful of the price, saying to his wife on the evening before D-Day, "Do you realize that by the time you wake up in the morning twenty thousand men may have been killed?"

Fortunately the cost was far less, but none will be more aware of the sacrifice entailed in World War II than the generation of veterans represented here.

You can tell of Utah and Omaha Beaches where fifteen hundred died in one day, the hell of Guadalcanal and Iwo Jima, the naval battles in the Pacific and the kamikaze pilots—the original suicide bombers, the campaign in North Africa, the struggle up Italy and more.

Then within a few years the need to fight in Korea. The years of Vietnam.

More dreadful battles than one can recount in an evening. This, for most people is now history and its impact on the imagination of those of us who have never been to war is much less vivid than the televised smoke and flame beamed hourly into our living rooms. So many of you were there and we must all hope that America, anxiously watching unfolding events in the Middle East, will always pay tribute to and follow in the footsteps of your generation whose huge sacrifice and heroic deeds kept the United States the great democracy it is today.

As one who was only born when some of you here were already fighting, it is a great privilege for me to propose this toast to the brave veterans of World War II.

WWII

# THE SIEGE OF BASTOGNE

COLONEL EDWARD SHAMES

E COMPANY, 506TH PARACHUTE INFANTRY, 101ST AIRBORNE  
THE BAND OF BROTHERS

---

*Ed Shames volunteered for the paratroops in 1942 and was assigned to I Company in the 3rd Battalion of the 506th Parachute Infantry, 101st Airborne. After receiving a battlefield commission at Carentan in Normandy, he joined E Company—now known as the Band of Brothers—as a 2nd Lieutenant in July, 1944. He would command Easy Company's 3rd Platoon at Bastogne.*

Allow me to tell you how we got to Bastogne, what we saw, and a bit of what we did when we got there. Back to the middle of December 1944. My unit—E Company, 506th Parachute Infantry of the 101st Airborne Division—had just come off of about 80 days of combat in Holland during Operation Market Garden. We went into reserve for rest, refitting, and refreshment of both manpower and equipment at Mourmelon, France. As I remember, we had been there for about two weeks, when word came down at regiment that officers and men who had not already had leave in England were to be given a period of leave. Almost everybody had already gone on leave before, back in England, but I was one of the few who had not. Now I thought I was headed to Paris on leave, and I was a kid in heaven. That is all we ever dreamed about, constantly—Paris.

With a pocket full of money, I was raring to go, and about to blow it all in Paris—so I thought. I believe it was the night of December 17, and the radio kept blaring about the breakthrough up north. But who the hell cared? I was off to Paris the next morning with my convoy of happy warriors. Fat chance. Instead, we ended up in a 10-ton open tractor-trailer truck without a top, freezing our tails off. We had no ammo, no good clothing, and ended up in a place that we had no idea where it was.

Some of the men even had no weapons, unbelievable, but very true. We thought we were cold that night, but we did not know that ride would become a Sunday excursion compared to what we were to experience later that month.



When we offloaded the trucks that morning, I do not believe there was a single man that had the foggiest notion as to where we were. It was cold as hell, and very foggy. We saw hordes of our soldiers running towards us down the middle of the road, and watched them throw their weapons and equipment to the ground. They were yelling, “Don’t go up there! The Germans are going to kill everyone! Run as fast as you can! They are coming, run!” These were American soldiers, both officers

and men. I repeat, both officers and men. I was never more ashamed of my countrymen than at that moment—before or since. I will never forget that sight as long as I live.

One good thing came about in those moments—we were able to retrieve some equipment, clothing, and ammo from what was being discarded, and there was a ton of it scattered all over the area. This material was being thrown away to lighten the load of these people, these hysterical people, so they could run faster. I refused to call them soldiers. As I recall, it was fairly early in the morning, and very foggy. You could hardly see more than 100 feet in front of you, if that. It was cold as hell, as I said before, and the enemy was very close; we felt it in our bones.

Our column was halted for a few minutes, and Col. Sink himself, regimental commander of all the troops, got out of his jeep and came right up to my platoon. He was with our battalion commander and our regiment’s officer,

and I shall never forget it. Whether he came to my platoon by design or fate I will never know. But he was the one who commissioned me back in Normandy, and who had recommended me for a battlefield commission, and he knew I could read a map as well as any officer or man under his command. Maps were my hobby since I was five-years-old. So I was a bit weird, when I was five. Some boys like snakes and spiders, but I loved maps, and still do.

Bob Sink also knew that I would get a job done if I were ordered to do so. He showed me a very simple map that gave very little detail, but it was the best they had for that area at that time. Col. Sink gave me an order: “Shames, continue up this road until you make contact with the enemy.” There was nothing unusual about that, since my platoon would often go on patrol. I was told not to engage in a firefight unless I had to, but to make visual contact to determine where and who they were.

The regimental S-3 officer told me to take only the number of men that could travel quickly and lightly with me, as they needed the info immediately. The closest good patrol man to me, as I remember then, was Popeye Winn. Also with me were my very dear friends “Shifty” Powers and “One Lung” McClung. Old McClung is part American Indian, and believe you me, he can smell out a Kraut anytime or anywhere, and he was a good man to have on any patrol—especially that one out in the fog. But I could have taken almost any man in my platoon because we had become one of the best infantry units in the United States Army.

We started up the ditch alongside the road, which we later found out was the road toward Foy and Noville, leading out of Bastogne. But at that time we had no idea where we were going, except to make contact with our foe. The fog had closed in a bit, and it was heavy as we crept close to the wooded area near the road. We heard a noise, but could see only but a few feet in front, so we stopped along-

side the ditch. I whispered to ask if anyone could see anything. Someone replied that they saw a haystack in the field in front of us. Another commented that it was the funniest damn haystack he had ever seen, because it moved! The men in my platoon never lost their sense of humor no matter how serious things got, especially Popeye; we were always full of jokes. A few minutes later the fog lifted enough for us to count about eight good-sized tanks. There were objects scattered around these “haystacks,” which appeared to be the crews of the tanks. I didn’t think we were more than 50 yards from the first “haystack” when we first saw them. My orders to our people were to back up slowly and get the hell out of there damn fast!



Soldiers of the 101st Airborne Division move through the streets of Bastogne, preparing to counter the attacks of the advancing German army

When we got back to our lines, I reported to my commander what we had seen, and he asked me, “Were they heavy or light tanks?” I wanted to tell him that I didn’t weigh the damn tanks, but I did say that they were damn big ones!

Little did I know we would be in that area for about 29 days of very heavy warfare.

We were situated in the wooded space overlooking the road to Foy and Noville, blocking the roads into and out of Bastogne. The Krauts would hit us hard, then we would go on offense as far as we could up the road, and push them away from the seven highway net. Bastogne was a net of seven roads that the Germans had to use for their equipment and heavy armor. We dared not to go too far from our base, as we were not deep enough in manpower to support such an effort. To spread too thin would have been disastrous.

Let me say at the outset, before I talk of how our defense was able to ward off the German attacks and advances on Bastogne, that you should know that there were a fine group of armored and other units to help stem the tide and back up the 101st. If it were not for their support, let’s not kid ourselves, we would not have prevailed as well as we did, if at all. Their casualty list was as bloody as ours, and battles as numerous. Also, there was the

82nd Airborne Division. As much as I hate to admit it, they too accomplished their mission, in another section of the Bulge, in an exemplary manner (of course, not as well as we did!).

To give you an idea of how we were situated, allow me to paint for you a mental picture. Visualize a wagon wheel with seven spokes. The hub would be Bastogne and the spokes would be the roads going into and away from the center. When the German onslaught came about, the advance elements of the Wehrmacht ran ahead of the heavy armor to secure the roads necessary to support the big stuff. The tactics were to overwhelm, or blitz, the green troops in front of them, so that the tanks and guns would have a secure avenue of approach toward Antwerp, their final destination, and the coast to split the Allied armies. This would put the Germans in back of our forces, give them the advantage to chew us up from the front and rear, and put them in a good position to sue for peace. We arrived in Bastogne just behind the advance ground troops, and just ahead of the Panzer divisions sent to secure this hub that we talked about. Our division was moving into the area, and the tail end, which was the entire medical unit of the division, was cut off from the rest of us and captured. That is how close it was—a matter of minutes made the difference. If you portrayed that in a movie, who would believe it? Some may argue the point, but the fact remains that did the 101st Airborne Division not hold out on that hub with the seven spokes called Bastogne, there might have been a different story of World War II.

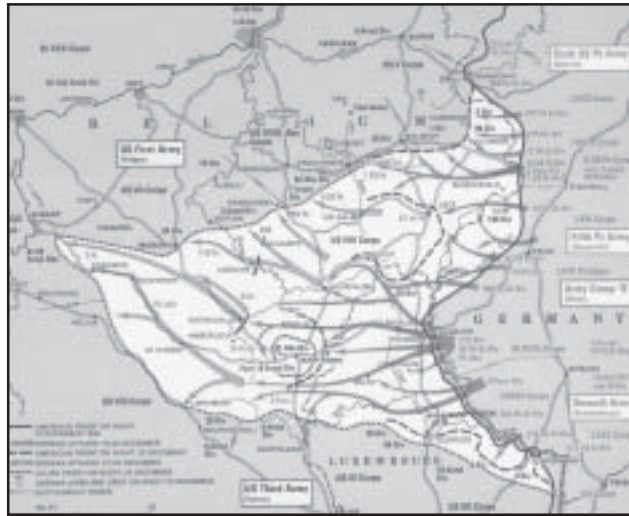
Getting back to the spokes defense, the entire division operated as we did, as to place a protective band around the area of Bastogne. The huge mistake the enemy made

was to take us all on at one time, almost every roadblock at once, the entire circle around Bastogne. When we penetrated their defense line, we were able to get behind some of their units, and chew them up, armor and personnel. They would have to break off attacks at a nearby strong point of theirs or ours, in order to come to the aid of a unit that we were overrunning.

In the meantime we were very well defending our position, and preventing them from going anywhere. We were also eating up their supplies, equipment, and killing the hell out of their men. Their dead were all over the landscape, which was very demoralizing to them, as they saw their “supermen” frozen stiff in the ice and snow. Most of all, we were provid-

ing time for our larger army units coming to the breach of the big pincer stemming back the great bulge. The Third Army was on the way, we didn’t know who was coming, but we figured somebody would be there, as well as the Air Force as soon as we had a small break in the weather, which was brutal. Remember, when we left Mourmelon, we had no winter gear at all. What we had the first eight or ten days were thrown away our troops left behind and whatever we took off of dead Krauts. I had a pair of gloves with no fingers in them that I took off a dead Kraut, which offered some protection. We wrapped our feet in rags, and tried to keep warm and dry. Fat chance. If anyone had overshoes, I don’t know who it was.

Had the Krauts concentrated on just one position all at once, they would have been more successful at penetrating our defense, and possibly achieved their breakthrough to continue their offensive toward their goal of Antwerp. There were hardly any troops of consequence between us and the coast. They needed the highways for their



The Battle of the Bulge. Completely surrounded by the enemy, the 101st Airborne spread their defenses entirely around Bastogne in a desperate attempt to protect the vital highway net



Battered but not broken: Bastogne, and its defenders, held out for weeks despite being vastly outnumbered by the attacking Germans

armor, and the avenue of approach from Germany through Luxembourg into Belgium was a historical alley for advancing armies since the days of the Romans. Without the roads, they could not move their armor. The Ardennes Forest, in which sat Bastogne, is one of the heaviest wooded areas in Europe. This was why the Germans planned their offensive there, to give them cover for their strategy and protection from our airpower.

They were aided by the weather, which is horrible at that time of year; historically it was always cold, snowy, and foggy (and by the way 1944 was the coldest winter on record, I can attest to that personally!). To give you an idea of how cold it was, one night I went out on patrol to pick up some Kraut prisoners for interrogation by regiment. While waiting under cover for some movement by the enemy, I got so cold that I had to shoot myself in the thigh with the first aid hypo of morphine to kill the pain. I had never been as cold as that before or since. The cold was as bitter as the enemy, and maybe more so.

Back to the big picture. It was obvious where the Krauts were hitting, and their method of attack, so it was then decided to have us ring our division defense around Bastogne because of this most important seven highway net. The strategy was very simple. We were to block the roads and not allow the enemy to enter Bastogne, period. If we held, their armor did not move. Without the armor, they were dead in the water. We would keep them busy at all hours, day and night, with our forays into their positions. We would allow some of them to penetrate our outer defenses, then cut them down and run them back as far as we thought prudent, then return to our perimeter defense. Remember, we were about 11,000 men. They had as many as 120,000, maybe more. We were constantly patrolling our sectors, day and night; we allowed them no rest whatsoever.

The defense of Bastogne was no grand design or battle. It was the most simple tactic in warfare, modern or ancient. We were the hole in the doughnut. To get to the middle, the enemy had to penetrate our wall, and without doing that, he could go nowhere. The men of the 101st

knew that if we were to let them in, we were dead, and we did not want it to be that way. To let them know where we were, to let them know we were not afraid of them, we would attack, especially at night, when they would not dare to use their armor.

I remember an incident one night, where we decided to stir things up a bit, and make some trouble for them at one of their strong positions outside of Foy. We overran them in a heavily wooded bivouac area, killed a lot of their men, knocked out some of their vehicles, and took over the area. This was about two in the morning, and we were exhausted from having trampled in heavy snow and being in rough combat. To get some rest, we waited



Col. Shames speaks during a panel devoted to the Band of Brothers at the World War II Veterans Committee's Eighth Annual Conference

until morning to decide what we should do. In the morning, orders came out to withdrawal back to our original positions, because it was much easier to defend the roadblock from there. Their position overlooked our position, and it may have been considered the high ground, but it was too far from the hub for us to occupy. When we got back, D Company found out that one of their men was missing. No one had seen him, and no one knew what happened to him. That after-

noon, the Krauts reoccupied the area we had just left. The missing man eventually came back, and it turned out he was in a foxhole that had been dug by the Germans...he had fallen asleep when we were there that night! He had crawled into the foxhole one of the Germans had made, and had to sneak back later that day. He was lucky to escape from right under the enemy's nose. I know that since that day, he has become a very devoted churchgoer!

The tactic for the entire division during the siege of Bastogne can be summed up with one word: perseverance. When Patton's army finally broke through to us, we went on the offensive, armed with fresh equipment, food, and ammo, as well as our new friends. After 29 days of hell, we were relieved from the area around Bastogne and headed elsewhere to fight the remaining battles of World War II.

WWII

# WE NEEDED TO STEP UP

## BOB FELLER

### BASEBALL HALL OF FAMER AND VETERAN OF THE U.S. NAVY

---

*Bob Feller was a star pitcher for the Cleveland Indians during the late 1930s and early 1940s. Following the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, Feller immediately enlisted in the United States Navy and was assigned to the USS Alabama. He was discharged in 1945, after almost four years of service. Feller then returned to baseball, and resumed a career that led to his induction in the Hall of Fame.*

I want to say that I am honored to be with all of you World War II veterans today, and to congratulate you for your service. Also, I am happy to see so many young people here. If you asked a lot of schoolteachers and parents today what is the most important event in the last century for this or any other country, few will mention World War II. That is what you call the dumbing-down of America. The Allied victory in World War II is what has allowed us to enjoy the freedoms we know today.

On December 7, 1941, I was driving from my home in Iowa to Chicago where I was to sign a new contract with the Cleveland Indians. I was crossing the Mississippi River at Davenport when I heard about the attack on Pearl Harbor over the radio. At that moment, I made up my mind what I was going to do.

I had known Gene Tunney pretty well before. Gene had previously been the world heavyweight boxing champion, and was now the head of the Navy's physical fitness program. When it was becoming obvious that we would eventually enter into the war, I told him that I would enlist in the Navy and enter into his program. So the first thing I did after arriving in Chicago was to call Gene Tunney,

who said he would fly out right away to swear me into the Navy. I entered into the service at 8:00 on the morning of December 9, 1941, in the Navy recruiting office in Chicago.



I didn't have to go. My father was dying of cancer and I was my family's sole means of support. But I thought that any red-blooded American would do what needed to be done. We were losing big; we were getting the hell kicked out of us in Europe, and were hurt pretty bad over in Pearl Harbor. We needed to step up.

After a short time of working for Tunney in his physical fitness program, I realized that I wanted more action. It may seem hard to imagine, but that's the way young people thought in those days. There was a world war, and most

able-bodied men wanted to be in the fighting so they could feel they were doing their part. I attended War College in



Bob Feller with his fellow sailors

Newport, Rhode Island, volunteered for gunnery school, and was made chief of an anti-aircraft gun crew of 24 men aboard the battleship *Alabama*. Yes, we were in the Pacific, but our first missions were in the Atlantic to help bring supplies to Murmansk and Archangel in Russia. We also ran diversions along the Norwegian coast, with Liberty Ships full of water, in order to make the Germans believe we were going to land troops there. This kept the German troops from being of any use in other places around Europe.

Several months into our time in the Atlantic, we discovered that the *Tirpitz*, the sister ship of the great German battleship *Bismarck*, was hiding in a fjord north of

Trondheim. The Allied forces hit it with everything we had—submarines and mini subs went after it. We shelled it, torpedoed it, and bombed it continuously until it was finally sunk. That was the last good ship the Germans had, and it was the end of the German navy.

We then were sent to the Pacific, and our orders were to keep our guns and ammunition in perfect condition. We were told to shoot first and hit first, because if we didn't, we might never get another shot. That scared the hell out of us, and understandably so. I want to say one thing—I am no hero. We have a lot of heroes. I am not one of them. Heroes seldom return from wars. Heroes are the ones in cemeteries all around the world. Those are the heroes. We are reminded that life is not always fair. I say this for you young people. Do not waste your time. Learn history, as it is always going to repeat itself. What you do with the time that the Supreme Being has given you on this earth—that is your legacy. Remember that.

So let's get back to our tour of duty in the Pacific. We took Kwajalein and Eniwetok. Then there was Tarawa, where we lost upwards of 4,000 men. Tarawa was a lot like Iwo Jima, with the tunnels and the caves. Our men had to go in there with flamethrowers, and those who would not surrender were burned to death. That was a very tough island.

We participated in the assault on Truk with the *Bunker Hill* task group in February of 1944, causing heavy damage to enemy shipping concentrated there. After the battle, I remember going ashore and finding all kinds of enemy ammunition ships scattered along the beaches. We picked up some of the ammunition to get a good look at it. Made by Remington, the oldest gunmaker in the United

States. I couldn't believe it. Of course, they had been storing it for years.

After leaving Truk, we steamed to the Marianas to assist in attacks on Tinian, Saipan, and Guam. I am sure many of you have heard of the "Great Marianas Turkey Shoot." The Japanese navy had planned on knocking us out using their fleet along with their land-based planes. Well, they had a little problem. When the Japanese got back to where their carriers were supposed to be, there were only holes in the water. Three of them had been sunk, and all of them had been damaged.

Meanwhile, our fleet Task Force 58 shot down 474 enemy planes. Out of their entire force, only 35 planes remained operational after the battle. That was the end of the Japanese naval air force.

The *Alabama* went on to fight in the Carolines, and later the invasion of Luzon. I was rotated back to the States in early 1945, but the *Alabama* would return to action in the Ryukyus, then on to assist in the attacks on the Japanese home islands. The ship was decommissioned in 1947, and years later transferred to her permanent home in Mobile Bay.



Bob Feller participates in a wreath laying ceremony at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier at Arlington National Cemetery. The ceremony was part of the World War II Veterans Committee's Eighth Annual Conference



Feller with one of the many high school students in attendance at the conference

Again, all you veterans and all you young people, I am very glad to see you here. It is imperative that these future generations be exposed to our history, so that they can be ready when they are called upon. When your schoolteacher, or anybody, asks what is the most important event that has happened in the last century, you know that it is no contest—it is that we won World War II. Thank you.

WWII

# HIROSHIMA AND THE ENOLA GAY

## MAJOR THEODORE “DUTCH” VAN KIRK

### NAVIGATOR OF THE ENOLA GAY

---

*Theodore “Dutch” Van Kirk joined the Army Air Corps in 1941. He was soon assigned to the 97<sup>th</sup> Bomb Group, the first operational B-17 Flying Fortress unit in England, where he served as navigator aboard the Red Gremlin along with pilot Paul Tibbets and bombardier Tom Ferebee. While serving in Europe, the crew of the Red Gremlin was given a number of important missions, including transporting Generals Mark Clark and Dwight D. Eisenhower. On August 6, 1945, Van Kirk, Tibbets, and Ferebee, now aboard a B-29 Superfortress called the Enola Gay, took off from Tinian for mainland Japan. Six and one-half hours later, they deployed the first atomic bomb in history over the city of Hiroshima. Van Kirk would be awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross, Silver Star, and 15 Air Medals for his service.*

There are a lot of myths that have grown up about the *Enola Gay* and about the dropping of the atomic bomb. I am going to puncture a few of them right now. One of them is that everything was about the *Enola Gay*, and only the *Enola Gay*. The *Enola Gay* was not the only thing we had in our arsenal. We had 15 bombing crews organized and trained to drop atomic weapons. In all, the 509<sup>th</sup> Composite Group had about 1,800 people total, all working to prepare for the deployment of the atomic bomb. This was primarily because of the secrecy of the project. We couldn't send our planes out to any other place to get operated on, so we needed crews who could perform maintenance to be stationed with us. If you looked at our airplanes, you knew that we were going to be doing something different. You look at the bomb bays, and there is only one hook up there. These planes were not going to go out and drop huge numbers of bombs along with the rest of the 20<sup>th</sup> Air Force. They had one purpose, for one mission.

Now, on to our training. When we arrived at our training site in Wendover, Utah, we were called together to meet with some of the scientists working on the project. One of the scientists said to us, “We think the airplane will be

ok if you are eight miles away when the bomb explodes. We think.” I remember looking at the guy and asking if he could be a little more definite than that! He replied that he didn't know. Some scientists believed that the bomb would start a chain reaction that would blow up the whole universe while some claimed that the bomb wouldn't do anything at all. We were not sure what to expect. That was our starting point.



To carry the bomb, we used stripped-down and modified B-29s. All of the extra weight that could possibly be removed was taken from the plane. Special engines were added, along with modified bomb bay doors. These were the best airplanes around at the time. Today, you can cruise around the world at 40,000 feet and think nothing of it. But back then, it wasn't so easy. The stripped-down planes were necessary to achieve the altitude and speed that would be needed to get away from the exploding bomb. There was absolutely

no concern about the Japanese defenses at that time, so extra weaponry and defenses were useless. The key was to get away from the bomb as quickly as possible.

That brings up the second point. Keep in mind (and I am going to address my remarks to the young people in attendance), that the Japanese were a defeated nation long before we ever dropped the atomic bomb. If anybody ever tells you that the atomic bomb won World War II, you can tell them that they are full of malarkey. It did not. Eighty-five percent of the Japanese industrial capacity was burned down before we ever dropped the atomic bomb. Any reasonable people would have given up and accepted the terms of unconditional surrender before we ever dropped the atomic bomb. The Japanese government and military were not reasonable in any sense of the word. It took the two atomic weapons and the deaths of about 200,000 people to convince them that they really were a defeated nation, and that they should accept the terms of the unconditional surrender.

Back to the training. What made this training special was that it was all about practicing the turn you needed to make in order to get away from the bomb. In most bombing missions, you flew over your target, dropped the bombs, then continued on in a straight line. Had we done that with the atomic bomb, I would not be here today; it would have blown up the airplane. In this mission, we had to turn; we had to get away from it, and run as fast as we could. Even in that case, we felt two distinct shock waves from the blast.

Another major difference in our training was the issue of security. For example, every telephone line into and out of Wendover was tapped. You could not have a private conversation there if you wanted to. The secrecy of this mission was of such massive importance, that security was given top priority.

So why did we drop the atomic bomb? And why should we have dropped the atomic bomb? This is my opinion, and my opinion only. You will hear a lot of arguments about this from history professors, teachers, and so on. I value the opinions of many of them. However, many teachers just do not know what they are talking about, and have not taken the time to learn. I do not mind them expressing their personal opinions, but they should know all of the facts before making up their minds and expressing any opinion at all. It is understandable, with everything teachers need to do, that they cannot learn all the details about every single operation during World War II. However, I think that at least when speaking about something as important as the first atomic bomb, they should try to get that information correct.

Yes, 200,000 people were killed when the bombs were dropped. In Hiroshima, a lot of those people were part

of the Japanese 2<sup>nd</sup> Army. We did not bomb Hiroshima simply to kill people. There were over 100 numbered military targets in the city of Hiroshima. The most important of these that we wanted to get was the 2<sup>nd</sup> Army headquarters. The 2<sup>nd</sup> Army was charged with the defense of Japan in case of invasion. And you know what that meant to our people if we had to invade—casualties unlike we had ever seen.



The crew of the *Enola Gay* just before taking off on their fateful flight

Now, even without the prospect of an American invasion of Japan, we still saved lives. It is not well known that the largest single air raid of the war over Japan was flown *two days after* the bombing of Nagasaki. Over 1,000 B-29s took part in the attack, including our modified planes. Since our planes were not equipped to handle regular bombs, we carried something called “pumpkins.”

They were the same size, weight, and shape as the atomic bomb, but were instead loaded with high explosives. There was so much air power over Japan at that time that not even a mouse would have



“Dutch” Van Kirk with 12-year-old Colin Winkie at the World War II Veterans Committee’s Eighth Annual Conference in November. Colin introduced Maj. Van Kirk prior to his presentation

been able to move without us bombing it. Think of the number of Japanese civilians that were killed on that second raid that nobody ever heard about. I would almost bet money that as many people were killed on those raids than were killed at Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Raids like that would have continued every day the weather was clear until the war was over. I do not know when that would have been, but it certainly would not have been August 14. Even if the war had only gone on another week, there would have been another seven bombing raids that would have killed Japanese people, no question about it. In addition to that, Jimmy Doolittle was moving his 8<sup>th</sup> Air Force onto Okinawa, making all of Japan within range of his B-17s and B-24s. Japan had a decision to make. They could have starved to death, or they could be killed by atomic weapons. It was their choice.

# OKINAWA: THE LAST BATTLE

## DONALD DENCKER

### L COMPANY, 382ND INFANTRY REGIMENT, 96TH INFANTRY DIVISION

*Donald Dencker, historian for the 96<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division Association, was a gunner in the Mortar Section of Company L, 382<sup>nd</sup> Infantry Regiment, 96<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division during World War II. He joined the 96<sup>th</sup> in March of 1944, choosing to serve in a mortar section—a place he assumed was “somewhat safer” than a rifle platoon. Little did he know that there were no safe places on Leyte and Okinawa, where he would soon be sent. He was awarded the Bronze Star for his service on Okinawa.*

I am webmaster for the 96th Infantry Division’s web page. On Memorial Day this year, I received an e-mail. It said, “My father...I don’t remember him. He last saw me when I was one year old. He was killed on Okinawa on April 20, 1945. My mother remarried, and she wouldn’t ever talk about him. I would like to know something about dad.”

He was, as it turns out, in my outfit—96th Division, 382nd Regiment, Company L. On Memorial Day, I was with my four daughters, and we went to visit the grave of their mother. I said to myself, “This poor man...my buddy...died. And here I have had 60 good years since then.” You don’t know why. Why you survived and somebody else didn’t. But that’s the way it was.

Now to the Okinawa campaign. On October 3, 1944, the General Staff’s headquarters in Washington, DC ordered Admiral Chester Nimitz, commander of the Central Pacific forces, to forget about planning for Operation Causeway. Causeway was to be the landing on Formosa, from where they would plan to take a position in the Ryukyu Islands. These were a chain of islands that stretched about 800 miles from Kyushu, the southern main island of Japan, almost to Taiwan, or Formosa as it was called then. It was decided to bypass Formosa and instead directly take up a position in the Ryukyu Islands. Okinawa was selected, as it was located almost exactly in the center of the Ryukyu Islands chain. No-

table in the Okinawa island group are the Kerama Islands, which I will talk about a little later, and Ie Shima. Planning for the invasion of Okinawa was then immediately begun under the direction of Admiral Nimitz, and the operation was assigned to the newly formed 10th Army under Lt. Gen. Simon Bolivar Buckner, Jr. Studies were begun to select where the invading forces should land. It was decided to land at the Hagushi beaches on the western side of the island. The Japanese defenders, however, arrived at the same opinion, and they planned their defenses accordingly.



The 10th Army was a combined force consisting of the Army’s 24th Amphibious Corps and the 3rd Marine Amphibious Corps. The main combat divisions assigned to make the landing were the 7th Infantry Division and the 96th Infantry Division. The 7th ID was a regular infantry division, and was experienced in several landings. It had taken the island of Attu in the Aleutians and Kwajalein. They had also made the landing along with us, the 96th, on Leyte on October 20, 1944, so that General “Doug” (MacArthur) could come ashore. The core of the 3rd Marine Amphibious Corps were the 1st Marine Division and the 6th Marine Division, which was formed from the 1st Marine Provisional Brigade. Most of these Marines had prior combat experience.

The 96th Infantry Division was basically organized the same as all other Army infantry divisions. We had three infantry regiments, the 381st, the 382nd (the one I was in), and the 383rd. There were four artillery battalions: three light ones with 105 mm howitzers to support each infantry regiment, and a heavier one, the 363rd. The total compliment of men was 14,250 men. One of our important attached units included the 763rd Tank Battalion, which was assigned to us in July of 1944 and remained with us until after the end of the war. They were terrific tankers. Another was the 593rd JASCO; that was

a joint assault signal company, a large company made of up Navy, Marine, and Army personnel to coordinate amphibious landings. There was the 88th Chemical Mortar Battalion, which proved quite valuable to both the Marine Corps and the Army.

About the logistics: The Okinawa operation involved the largest troop movement and greatest supply effort in the Pacific War. The components for the initial invasion came from 11 different ports, carrying 183,000 troops and 747,000 tons of cargo. They came from ports as far away as Seattle, New Caledonia, Guadalcanal, Saipan, Guam, Leyte, and Pearl Harbor. The

initial landing date was set for March 1, 1945. However, due to logistical problems and the demands of the Luzon campaign it was changed to April 1.

The Japanese had planned, at first, to use their air forces, both army and navy, to destroy the landing force, especially the troop ships. The original emphasis on Okinawa was the construction of airfields. The Japanese had two critical airfields, Yontan and Kadena Airfields, as well as a naval air force base at Naha. One of the main reasons we landed at the Hagushi beaches was that these two major airfields were just a short ways inland, and we figured we could have them operational for us within five days after landing.

In the fall of 1944, the Japanese had four major combat units on the island: the 62nd Infantry Division, 9th Infantry Division, the 24th Infantry Division, and the 44th Independent Mixed Brigade (Fortunately for us, the Japanese sent their fine 9th Infantry Division to Formosa in December, 1944). There were other Japanese units on the island, as well. The 5th Artillery Command had over 5,000 men and the 21st Anti-Aircraft Command had 3,100-plus men.

They had a whole signal regiment, so their communications were pretty good, with over 1,900 men. They had many independent machine-gun and anti-tank battalions. They had basically learned the lesson from Iwo Jima, to

revise their strategy so as to not defend the beaches, but to go underground, and defend the southern 1/5 of the island. The lead defenders were the 62nd Division, which was an old-style “square” division that had two brigades, the 62nd and 63rd Brigade. The 24th Infantry Division was held in reserve, defending the Minatoga beaches, while about 9,000 navy troops defended the Naha harbor. Adding in the Okinawan draftees, the

Japanese had about 100,000 men defending the island. Our estimates before the landing were about 60,000, so we ran into much greater strength than anticipated.

I would like to say a little about the war against the Japanese. It has been called a “war without mercy,” and it really was. There were no rules of conduct. It was kill or be killed. We lost absolutely zero prisoners of war to the Japanese. If a soldier or unit was in a hopeless position, they either fought their way out or they died. The Japanese report on the battle indicated that they took zero prisoners from any of the Army or Marine divisions. No one in our division wore any indication of rank or unit identification. I was shocked when I watched *Saving Private Ryan* and a company commander was shown wearing a captain’s bar on his helmet. Wearing a captain’s bar on a helmet on

Okinawa or Leyte would be akin to signing one’s own death warrant. Our medics and our chaplains did not wear the red cross; the red cross was a sure target. And our medics and chaplains carried rifles or carbines. I know our battalion chaplain, he was a really good marksman, and he carried an M-1 and did his own share of sniping at



The Okinawa island group. The Kerama Islands are located off the coast of the southern end of Okinawa



Riflemen of the 96th Infantry Division advance across the summit of Yaeju-Dake Escarpment, the last Japanese stronghold on Okinawa, on June 14, 1945. Over 12,000 Americans were killed or missing on Okinawa. An astonishing 100,000-plus Japanese soldiers and Okinawan conscripts were killed. Up to 100,000 civilians died, many of whom committed suicide, convinced by Japanese propaganda that they would be tortured by the Americans if captured

the Japanese. Our motto was rather racist, you could say today: "The only good Jap is a dead Jap." And we kept a box score of "good Japs."

Prior to the main landing—Easter Sunday, April Fool's Day, April 1, 1945—the 77th Infantry Division landed on the Kerama Islands, about 15 miles west of the southern part of Okinawa. We knew that the Japanese had some suicide forces there, and some boats, but we found out that they had based 350 suicide speedboats there. They knew that we had planned to land at the Hagushi beaches, and Kerama was to the west of the Hagushi beaches. Their plan was to send a swarm of suicide boats to attack the troop transports. The 77th Division landed by surprise and took the Kerama islands, capturing these 350 suicide boats and killing their operators.

The Japanese defense of Okinawa was drawn up by their operations officer, whose name was Col. Yahara. He was the highest-ranking Japanese officer to survive the battle. His plan was basically the same plan that the Japanese followed on Iwo Jima: go underground, set up nearly-impregnable defenses, with interlocking fields of fire, concealed artillery, heavy mortar pieces, etc. They were to cause as many American casualties as possible and hold out as long as possible, and they did their job well.

On April 1, we came ashore on the southernmost beaches, as did the 7th Infantry Division. The Bishi River separated us from the 1st Marines and the 6th Marines. The plan was that the Army would land and turn south, and the Marines would land and turn north. Lucky for the Marines, initially, there was only one battalion plus some Okinawan native troops in the north to oppose them. The Japanese forces, the 99,000 defenders, were mainly in the southern region.

My company, L, and the 382nd Infantry was in reserve, so we were not to land until the afternoon on April 1. At about 10:15 that morning, we climbed down cargo nets

into the Higgins Boats, rode them to the edge of the reef where we transferred to amphibious tractors, then arrived on shore at 11:30 AM. A rifle company was supposed to have 193 men, but our organization had us with 168 men,

which was about average for the 96th Division. Unfortunately we had quite a few casualties on Leyte, and the Army sent most of our replacements to Europe to replace men lost during the Battle of the Bulge, so we had to land greatly understrengthened. The 7th Division was in pretty much the same shape.

I was an assistant gunner in the 4th Weapons Platoon of a rifle company, made up of three rifle platoons, one weapons platoon, and headquarters section. The assistant gunner's job was to basically prepare the shells for firing. On the 4th of April, we were moving up in reserve, about 500 yards behind the front lines, when all of a sudden a whole bunch of Japanese shells came flying in. While

quite exciting, it was no fun trying to dig in while under artillery fire. Unfortunately, we had some casualties, including my good foxhole buddy from Leyte, Tony Sak. He was killed, along with another man, and our company commander was seriously wounded.



The battle plan for the invasion of Okinawa—L-Day: April 1, 1945



Men of the 382nd Infantry Regiment of the 96th Infantry Division advance through the initial Japanese outpost line

On April 19, we made the big push after a tremendous artillery barrage of over 19,000 shells against the Japanese defenses, which hardly killed any Japanese, they were dug in so deep. It was estimated that it maybe caused 190 casualties at the most. But we moved in to try to break the outer Shuri Line, the great Japanese defense line stretching across the island. In our attack we took Tombstone Ridge, sustaining a great number of casualties. We took Nishibaru Ridge the next day, and this punched a hole in the Japanese outer Shuri defense line. By that time, we had just about had it. Company L was withdrawn from the front lines, down to a strength of about 81 men from 168. We were sent back to guard the Kadena air base for about ten days. During that time we received 69 replacements, while the division received over 2,000 replacements for casualties suffered—almost all went to rifle companies.

On May 9th, on what was a miserable day—rain, mud, wind—word came down that Germany had surrendered. That sure didn't mean a damn thing to us, as we were on our way back to the front lines to fight the Japanese. We knew what to expect—that many of us would soon be casualties ourselves. While we had been gone, the Japanese decided to try going on the offensive. This was one of their biggest mistakes of the war. They lost about 6,000 men on May 4 and 5 trying to break through the American lines. They lost some of their best troops. From then on, they were strictly back to Col. Yahara's defensive plan.

The mission was to finally break the Shuri Line. On the far left was the 6th Marine Division and 1st Marine Division, then the 7th Infantry Division, and finally on the right, near the Pacific Ocean, the 96th Infantry Division. Our objective was to attack Dick Hill. One skill I had developed was to trace the trajectory of incoming Japanese grenades that had been converted into mortars. Spotting from where they had been launched, we could swing our mortars around and direct fire at the source. In a number of instances, my counter-battery silenced the enemy, or at least made the mortar operator cease fire. We fought through Dick Hill, and finally made a dent in the inner Shuri Line. On the 24th of May, we were finally relieved from combat. We were just a shadow of ourselves by then. We suffered 121 battle casualties and were down to 54 men present for duty. We received 29 replacements during the battle, and most of them had become battle casualties. Our first and second rifle platoons had combined into one very much understrengthed platoon. We were on to our fifth company commander—the first four had been seriously wounded. I counted 12 men from the 168 who made the landing with us who had survived unscathed, and I was one of the 12.

The Japanese withdrew from Shuri, and made their last stand. They made a strategic withdrawal to the southern tip of the island. However, when they arrived there on June 4, they had only 30,000 men left—they had lost about 15,000 men during the nine-day retreat. These losses made the success of the retreat, though superbly executed, very questionable. The unanswered question

was, “Did this retreat allow the Japanese to prolong the resistance?” Probably not more than a day or two.

We were sent back up to the front lines again on the 15th of June, and again suffered more casualties. Finally, about June 22, organized resistance among the Japanese forces collapsed. Then we had to mop up. Our forces completely turned around, moving north, and mopping up Japanese stragglers, blowing up caves, picking up discarded weapons, and supposedly burying dead Japanese. That wasn't a job for us infantry troops at that time. We threw a little dirt on their bodies, leaving their heads and feet sticking out. That was how our officers enforced the order to bury dead Japanese.



Donald Dencker speaks during the Committee's Eighth Annual Conference. Seated next to him is Theodore “Dutch” Van Kirk

Finally, on June 30, the mop up ended. It was a beautiful sunny day. I sat on the top of a hill, completely unscathed. I touched the green grass and gazed out over the Pacific and thought I could almost see home. I thought of how lucky I was to have survived, and thought of all of my buddies among the 311 battle casualties suffered by Company L on Leyte and Okinawa. But somehow I felt convinced that I was going to

make it home. Since that time, I have remembered June 30 as one of the happiest days of my life.

Before the end of July, we were aboard LSTs, heading for Mindoro Island, where we were given replacements, new weapons, and training for the upcoming invasion of Japan. I can thank the crew of the *Enola Gay* for us not having that opportunity.

In 1995, the 50th anniversary of the battle, the prefecture of Okinawa constructed the Okinawa battle monument, called “Cornerstone of Peace.” I was there when they dedicated it. They were gracious enough to list all of the names of U.S. servicemen killed during the battle. Listed by service, there were 5,521 Army dead, 5,191 Navy (mostly kamikaze victims on ships), 3,263 Marines, and 30 civilians. I found too many names, on this monument, of men that I knew.

Donald Dencker is author of *Love Company: Infantry Combat Against the Japanese During World War II*.



WWII

# WITNESSING THE HOLOCAUST

## HENRY GREENBAUM

---

*Henry Greenbaum was born in Starachowice, Poland, on April 1, 1928, the youngest of nine children. In 1939, he and his family were sent to the Jewish ghetto in their town. Throughout the war, he would be moved to various slave labor and concentration camps, including the infamous death camp of Auschwitz. He was liberated by American soldiers in Germany on April 25, 1945, and moved to the United States the next year.*

I am honored to be standing here today with the American veterans of World War II, their families, and friends. No one appreciates the sacrifices you made more than the survivors of the Holocaust; the survivors who lost so many of their friends and family to this evil that you helped to defeat.

I was not quite 12 years old when it all started. I came from a family of nine children, six girls and three boys. Out of the nine, only four survived: myself, my two brothers, and one sister who had come to the United States in 1937.

We had a normal life. I went to public school, played sports, and did all the things that the kids would do here. But that all turned upside down the minute the Germans invaded my town, Starachowice, in Poland, on September 10, 1939. Right away, they started paying extra attention to the Jews, ordering them around, forcing us to wear the yellow Stars of David. When we would walk down the sidewalk, if we passed any German in uniform, whether it be SS or Wehrmacht, we had to take our hats off, step off the sidewalk, and stand at attention. If you did not obey, they would beat the heck out of you—knock you down, kick you with their boots—they could be brutal. We made sure to obey all of their rules, at all times.

It came to the point that we were afraid to go out on the streets. People did not want to come out of their homes. So the Nazis started coming into our homes to look for us. What were they looking for? They wanted some free labor. Any able bodied person over about 12 years old was taken from their home and forced to dig trenches on



the outskirts of town, which they claimed were to be used as defenses from tanks. They watched you constantly while you worked—you didn't stop for a second. If somebody started talking, or decided to take a rest, the German supervisor would call them over and beat them up. Sometimes they would take somebody into a truck and drive them off into the forest. We could hear

shots going off, then the truck would come back empty. We all knew what had happened. We also knew that these trenches we were digging were going to be used to bury these people who were being shot.

After awhile, they rounded us all up, to keep us in one area—they didn't want to have to look for us all over town. They surrounded the area, about 3 or 4 blocks, with barbed wire about four feet high. Families from all over were crowded in there. We had to wait for food to be

brought to us by the SS, because no longer was anybody allowed to go out to shop. Every day, the already meager rations would become less and less. We ran out of soap to wash with. In already overcrowded conditions, being unable to keep clean led to an outbreak of typhoid in the ghetto.

One day, a special unit came in, which the Germans called the "Einsatzgruppen," which was basically the killing unit. They would come into this ghetto every day to check on us. If somebody was too sick to go work in one of the ammunition factories, they would take you away in one of their trucks. Where did they take you? They took you to the outskirts of town where we had dug the trenches supposedly for the tanks. In reality, we were digging our own graves.

Every day, the trucks would drive in and out, until the typhoid had subsided. In October of 1942, the Germans decided that they were going to get rid of the ghetto. They ordered us all out of the ghetto and into a large marketplace. That is where the selection started. Women with children were sent to one side; very old people to the same side; people who could not walk well, or were

on crutches, or enfeebled, all to the same side. The healthier ones who would be able to work in the factory, including myself and three sisters, were kept on the other side. I could see the cattle cars off in the distance, where they were taking the women, children, and old people. The Germans never told any of them that they were going to be killed, which is why they had gone so peacefully. They were constantly lying to us. They would say that we were going to be “relocated,” and that we would have more food to eat or better jobs. So everybody was eager to go, and went willingly on the train. But when they boarded the train, their baggage was left behind.

That day, I lost my mom; I lost two sisters, three nieces, and two nephews. My father had already died two months before the war. After the war, when I went to look for them all, I was told that they were taken to a place called Treblinka, which was nothing but a killing factory. The trains would roll in with all of these people—the very young and old, pregnant women, and the very ill. The Germans would take them in, undress them, put them in chambers, and gas them to death. All day long, the trains would roll in. It was like a factory.

In October 1942, after Russia and the United States entered the war against Germany, we were ordered out of the ghetto, and told to march up a hill. We had to jog the whole way, with dogs barking and biting at our legs. We arrived at a stone quarry, where they had built a slave labor camp for us, in our own town. It was surrounded by two sets of barbed wire, two guard towers, and one entrance. The guards consisted of Ukrainians and Lithuanians who had joined the Nazi regime. They were just as rotten as the SS and the Gestapo—they were very mean people. Once they got us to the gates of the camp, a voice came over the loudspeaker telling us to empty our pockets of everything—money, jewelry, etc—into a box. I was just a kid, and did not have anything, but all of the people had to unload all of their belongings before entering the camp, or they would be shot on the spot. The women were separated from the men by a string of barbed wire. We were assigned to a barracks, with bunks stacked three high, and 42 inches wide each. Three men had to sleep on one bunk—you turned, and the next man had to turn. We were given no mattresses, no straw, nothing. They gave us a small blanket that did not cover all of us, and had to use our rumpled up clothes as a pillow.

After awhile, the typhoid came to the slave labor camp, just as it had in the ghetto. And just like in the ghetto, the

Einsatzgruppen would come in every day and take away two or three loads of people. One day, I was returning from working on the night shift, when I saw one of my sisters being taken away. I yelled after her, but could not get into her side of the camp—they kept us separated by the barbed wire. My sister was not sick. I had seen her every day, and she had no fever or cough. But I had lost her.

Another sister, two years older than I was, had come down with the typhoid in the slave labor camp. She recovered, but picked it up again later. There, they put her into a one room “hospital” where she lay by herself. There were two Jewish doctors there, but no medicine to treat people with. She soon died on her own. I came back from work one morning after the night shift, and as I always would, stopped by the room to say hello to my sister. That day, she was not there. I asked the Jewish policeman what happened, who told me that she had died during the night. Early in the morning, they buried her down by the stone quarry.

Of the three sisters I had that were chosen to work in the factory, only one was left. We remained in that slave labor camp until almost the end of 1943. Our family had been in the tailoring business, and all of my sisters knew how to sew. This last sister was transferred to a job in a tailor’s shop, along with 40 or 50 others, where she would work on uniforms. One day, a high-ranking SS officer came in and told these tailors to finish up their work, because the camp was going to be closed up, and they were soon going to be shipped out. None of us knew where we were going to be shipped to, so my sister, along with the other tailors, decided to organize an escape.

Meanwhile, I was working in an ammunition factory, making artillery shells. It took two people to pull them out of the oven and set them down. My partner and I accidentally dropped one, causing a number of others to be knocked over, like a domino effect. We were called into the guardhouse and told to undress from the waist on up. We were placed in a special chair, our chests pressed against a board, and the guard stood there, whipping the heck out of us. The more you screamed, the more he would hit. It got to the point where I could not feel it anymore. Then he finally stopped. They would not let us put our shirts back on, so the rest of the workers could see how beat up we were, and be more careful. They thought we had tried to sabotage the shells, but it was just a mistake. Beatings like that went on all the time.

Anyway, it was now close to the end of 1943, and the tailors had organized for about 100 of us a plan of escape. One of them had made contact with a group of freedom fighters who were supposed to come to the camp and help us try to escape. The cue was that when the lights went off, we were going to make a run for it. My sister told me to wait outside of the barracks when I got off work from the factory, around 11:00 PM. It would be pitch-dark, and she would come and get me. I did as she said, and waited outside for awhile, when she finally showed up with one of the Jewish policemen who was distantly related to us. He wanted to escape, too. He held one of my sister's hands, I held her other hand, and we took off running towards the opening in the barbed wire where a hole had been cut.

When we were about 10 feet from the opening, all hell broke loose. The lights came back on, and we could hear the dogs growling on the loose. As soon as we were located by a spotlight, they opened up fire. I was running, and got hit in the back of my head, then dropped to the ground. I do not know how long I was knocked out, but when I awoke, I started screaming for my sister. "Faiga! Faiga!" But there was nobody there to answer me. I did not know what to do; I was 14 years old, and she was all that I had left—was almost like a mother to me. I ran to the women's barracks and told them to let me in, which was strictly against the rules. The guards in the towers were shooting wildly, all over the place, and people were running around with their heads down, trying to find cover. Some of them were shot to death right then and there.

I ran into the women's barracks, where I found a cousin of mine, who helped clean me up and stop the bleeding on the back of my head. She gave me a beret to cover the wound, so the guards could not see it. We then waited until the shooting subsided. When it stopped, I watched the spotlights move away from the women's barracks, then raced out and back into the men's barracks where I belonged.

In the morning was a roll call, so they could see how many of us had escaped. When they were finished counting, they told us to turn, and face the area of the barbed wire fence where the hole was. That is when I saw my sister on the other side, laying flat down on the ground. The Jewish policeman was sitting upright, with his cap still on. He was still alive, moaning and groaning. Right there in front of our eyes, the guard took his machine gun and killed all of the wounded. "This is the lesson you learn,"

he told us. "Never try to escape again, or this is what you are going to get."

Within a few weeks, we saw the cattle cars all lined up on the tracks alongside the slave labor camp. They stuffed us all in the cars, 125 of us in one car. Do you think they were going to give you a bucket of water or a bucket to go to the bathroom in? No, they gave us nothing. We were shoved in there like animals, and they sealed up the car. Once in, we traveled for three days. At every station we stopped at, we would scream out, in unison, for water. We did not ask for food; we just wanted water. But they would not give us any water until we arrived at our final destination, and that was Auschwitz. Above the entrance there was a sign that read "Arbeit Macht Frei," or "work will make you free." Like hell it did.

They opened up the doors to the cattle car. There were three or four people dead. Whether they had suffocated or fought with each other, I do not know. I was wounded, and just minded my own business in the corner of the car. I had lost so much blood, I was weak anyway. The guards were screaming, "Raus! Raus!" and ordering us to get out. They had their whips, and the dogs right there, barking at us. After I finally got off, I saw that the same kind of selection I had seen back in the ghetto was going on here. One group consisted of those of us who still looked healthy enough to continue to work. The rest of them they sent directly into the gas chambers and crematorium. We did not know that until the next morning. I didn't even know what a crematorium was, or what those chimneys were for. I saw the smoke, and could smell the stench, but I did not know until the next day what this was all about. All I knew was that I was scared to death of it. This was a completely different camp than we had been in before. Rather than a skinny little barbed wire fence, this place had an electric fence and concrete pillars. For a boy of 15 years old, all-alone, this was very scary.

Luckily, I was chosen to be in the group of those healthy enough to work. The next morning, we asked some of the men who were assigned the job of picking up the dead bodies what had happened to the other group from last night. "Don't you know the chimneys here?" he replied. "They have all already gone to heaven." As for us, we were taken to a place with a large table, where we had our arms tattooed so we could be identified. The next day, I had my hair cut. We were all lice-infested, dirty, filthy. We had not been allowed a shower for a year, or even two years. When the barber went to cut my hair, he asked

about the cut on my head, whether I had been shot, or if I had been in a fight. I quickly told him that I had been in a fight, and he didn't ask me any more questions. I don't know if he was Jewish, or German, but once I answered the question, he let it go.

From there, we headed to a shower. I washed as much as I could, to get all of the filth off of me. My wound was already getting infected, and I tried to clean it as best as possible. On the way out, we were furnished with a striped uniform: a cap, jacket, pants, and wooden-bottomed shoes with canvas tops. We were given no underwear. That is what we would wear, day after day. Once we got through, some of the guys who had already been at the camp for awhile said to us, "You don't know how lucky you were, all of you. They said you were getting a shower, and you got a shower." But plenty of times, the guards would say to people that they were getting a shower, and they would go into the room and get undressed, but instead of water coming out of the spout, it would be Zyklon-B gas. It was an easy way to kill people. They went willingly, without putting up a fight, since they thought they were getting a shower. But the Nazis lied to you—constantly lied.

We got ourselves cleaned up and went to our barracks, with the same bunks—42 inches wide, three people to a bunk, with a skinny little blanket. They finally gave us some water, though I had already drank as much as I could while in the shower. But no food yet. During that first night we spent in the barracks, I could hear screams to high-hell going on in the next barrack. We were scared to death. It sounded like something was being done to the people in the next barrack, and we thought that we were going to be next. Some of the men with me thought that we would be left alone—why would the Nazis go through the trouble of giving us a tattoo and cleaning us up if they were just going to kill us? If they gave you a number, they wanted to save you for awhile.

The next barrack over was full of gypsies, who the Nazis did not like, either. They killed every one of those gypsies in that barrack that night. The next morning, it was empty.

I was in Auschwitz for only about three months. There was no work to do there. The only work was to help pick up the dead bodies lying around, then throw them on top of the pushcart that carried them off. That was the only work you had. If you did not have work to do, they would send you off to the crematorium. They were not going to

feed you for nothing. And they did not feed you much to begin with. Our diet consisted of two slices of bread with some imitation coffee for breakfast. In the slave labor camp, we had to work all day with civilians who were eating three meals a day, and try to keep up. If we couldn't, we were beaten.

After about three months at Auschwitz, a man came in and ordered us out of the barracks. He looked us over, and whoever he liked, he called over to him. But we did not know if we were being called over to be killed, or to be saved. All we knew was that he was not going to let us go free. He took 30 or 40 of us out of the barracks, and he took us out of the camp. This man happened to be from a chemical company called I.G. Farben. This was a company that produced synthetic rubber and oil, as well as gas, including Zyklon-B. We were transferred out of Auschwitz to a place called Buna-Monowitz, a subsidiary of Auschwitz. There was Auschwitz, Birkenau, and Buna-Monowitz. It was a little cleaner there, and we did not have to worry about the chimney, though there were still hangings and shootings.

As the Allies started to turn the tide of the war, they began to bomb the I.G. Farben factories. Every time there was an air raid, the soldiers in charge of defending the factory would release a large cloud of smog, to try to cover the factory. But the bombs were still coming down. The locals—non-Jews and soldiers—had a bunker, which they would run to. We, along with 10 English POWs who were working in the factory, had to drop everything we were doing and try to hide; we were not allowed in the bunkers. But we got a lot of encouragement from these bombing raids, as well. They would sometimes drop leaflets, telling us to not give up, that help would arrive. Eventually, the bombing became so strong that we were once again loaded onto the cattle cars and taken away. To where, we did not know. We were traveling day in and day out. The bombs were falling constantly around us, but we were glad. Those who were riding in an open car would take off their jackets and wave it at the airplane, in the hopes that the pilot could see who we were. When a bomb damaged a rail, we were allowed out of the car to help repair the track.

Eventually, they gave up trying to transport us by rail, and forced us on a march—what the survivors called the Death March. On this march, we did not get the little piece of bread that we had been given in the camp, or that little bit of cabbage soup. You had to depend on the SS guard who

was along with you. If he was tired, or his dog was tired, he might let us stop at a farm, where all we were allowed was one raw potato and some water to drink. Then we were up marching again. This is how it went, every day. It got to the point where it became hard to keep up. Sometimes, we had to help hold each other up, because if you fell down, you might not have the strength to get back up. Anyone who fell down had to be left behind, and once they were left behind, they were stabbed or shot in the back. The group that followed behind would be forced to clean the mess up.

The marching continued for months. Three days before liberation, we knew that something was going on. There were low-flying planes overhead, but we were not quite sure what was happening. We were taken to a farm, and put into a silo, where we ate the hay, like cows. We were not even allowed that single potato and water until the next day. The

next morning, we marched into a wooded area. It was not yet midday, when we were taken into the wooded area and rounded up into a circle. All of a sudden, the two guards and their dogs just took off running, and disappeared. Remembering what had happened in the slave labor camp, all of us were afraid to move; we thought we might be shot. So we stayed put. Out of nowhere we saw a mass of trucks, tanks, and jeeps approaching from off in the distance. As they got closer, one of the tanks veered off from the column, and came toward us. We thought that, for sure, the Germans were now going to kill all of us.

But this tank was an American tank. It rolled up to about four or five feet in front of us, and the hatch opened up. Out came a young, blond-haired man, no more than 20 years old. He said to us, "You're free." He yelled to some of his friends to throw some rations down to us. We were fighting like cats and dogs to get some of those rations, we were so hungry. I wasn't able to get any. Then he stopped, and realized that we were going to hurt ourselves. He told us to follow him across the road, and he would

take us to the farmer's house, where a lot of us had already been liberated. He said that there was plenty of food there. There was so much anticipation, I couldn't wait. I never even made it inside of the door. In front of the farmer's house, there were three pails of potato peelings with meal mixed in. We jumped on that, and ate as much as we could. Believe me, at that time it tasted as good as a steak. When you are hungry, there comes a point where you will eat anything.



Henry Greenbaum at the World War II Memorial on the National Mall in Washington, DC

We stuffed ourselves with this peeling, and when we finally opened the door, I could not believe my eyes. The farmer had giant loaves of bread that they had baked themselves. They had boiled potatoes. They had water and milk. They had everything. But every person that made it in there got sick from overeating. If you do not have any food for five years, then all of the sudden you can

have all you want, your system can't handle it. Then the same soldier, the very same American tank soldier, called in some of their medics, who gave us medical attention. I showed them my wound, which was now all full of pus, dirty and filthy. He cleaned it up, and put a bandage on me, like I was a human being. I was a human being again, not an animal, which is what the Nazis treated us as. They were animals themselves. Within about three or four months, I was healed. Right then and there, we were liberated. I never got the soldier's name, but I called him my angel. No matter where he is now, he will be my angel for the rest of my life. When I go to the World War II Memorial, I say a little prayer in memory of my angel. His bravery gave me back my life, it gave me back my freedom. I had lost most of my family, but still, I was alive. And to him, I give all the credit in the world. So God bless all of you veterans, and God bless the United States of America, because it is the greatest country in the world.

WWII

# SETTING THE RECORD STRAIGHT

## WORLD WAR II VETERANS COMMITTEE PRESENTS THE 2005 EDWARD J. HERLIHY CITIZENSHIP AWARD TO IVA TOGURI

In a ceremony on January 15, 2006 in Chicago, the World War II Veterans Committee presented its Edward J. Herlihy Citizenship Award to Iva Toguri, the patriotic American woman who was wrongfully dubbed the infamous “Tokyo Rose.”

It seemed the defining moments of Ms. Toguri’s life have revolved around citizenship. Born on the 4th of July in 1916, Iva was the first in her family to be an American citizen. Her parents were immigrants to the country, and insisted that Iva and her siblings assimilate into the local culture. In a twist of fate, Iva, who was visiting relatives in Japan, became trapped in the country at the outbreak of World War II. Though pressured to renounce her American citizenship by the Japanese secret police, Iva refused. She worked odd jobs to support herself, all the while trying to find a way out of the country, and back home.

One of these jobs was as an English-language typist for Radio Tokyo. While working at the station, she was chosen to appear on a Japanese radio propaganda broadcast entitled *Zero Hour*, intended to be aired for American servicemen in the Pacific. Iva protested, claiming that she knew nothing of radio. However, as a stranger in a strange land, she really had no choice, and was assured that she would say nothing derogatory about her native country. In fact, the Australian prisoner of war who was put in charge of the program, Major Charles Cousens, secretly planned on sabotaging the program, making it useless to the Japanese as propaganda. It was for this reason that he lobbied for the pro-American Iva Toguri to be on the show.

*Zero Hour* became the farce of a program that Cousens envisioned, and Iva’s appearances were limited to mainly introducing records and making jokes. She adopted the nickname “Orphan Ann,” partly intended to be a subtle

reference to the fact that, like the American servicemen in the Pacific, she too was stuck far from home.

Meanwhile, however, the legend of “Tokyo Rose” was growing throughout the Pacific. An all-knowing reporter

of American troop movements, Tokyo Rose was said to taunt the soldiers, sailors, and Marines at every turn. In fact, there was no Tokyo Rose. Rather, she was a composite of about a dozen women broadcasting over Japanese radio. At least one of these women was a former American, who, unlike Iva, had given up her citizenship. Still, the legend grew, and following the war, a witch-hunt for the real Tokyo Rose ensued. Incredibly, Iva Toguri was fingered by the Japanese, due to her pro-

American sentiments. In turn, she was prosecuted for treason, a charge only made possible because she had refused to ever give up her American citizenship. She was convicted, based largely on the tes-

timony of two former Radio Tokyo employees, Kenkichi Oki and George Mitsushio, both of whom were Americans who had renounced their own citizenship. She was sentenced to a decade in prison, and in a sad twist of irony, Iva was stripped of the citizenship she had fought so hard to keep.

Almost immediately, questions arose about the trial. The case against Iva was weak, and due to the hysteria surrounding the ordeal, it appeared that the government was more interested in convicting the myth of Tokyo Rose than the actual person of Iva Toguri. Over the years, the truth gradually came to light, due to the efforts of a few dedicated journalists. Bill Kurtis, now host of A&E’s *Investigative Reports*, was news anchor for WBBM-TV in Chicago during the 1960s. He took a keen interest in the story after learning that the woman dubbed “Tokyo Rose” had moved to Chicago following her release from prison. Kurtis approached Iva with the idea of a documentary



The Winter 2004/05 issue of World War II Chronicles, featuring the full account of the Tokyo Rose saga. Copies can be requested by contacting the World War II Veterans Committee

on her ordeal, and though she wanted an opportunity to clear her name, she was understandably wary of media attention. In time, Kurtis earned her trust, and the result was the 1969 documentary *The Story of Tokyo Rose*, the first time Iva had been able to tell her story the way it really happened.

In 1976, Oki and Mitsushio, the two men whose testimony was most responsible for Iva's conviction, admitted to reporter Ron Yates that they had lied—committed perjury—during the trial, after being pressured by the government. To those familiar with the case, it was becoming more and more obvious that Iva Toguri was innocent. The movement to clear her name gained even greater momentum following an in-depth examination of the case by *60 Minutes* later in 1976. Iva was finally vindicated when, in his last act in office, President Gerald Ford granted a full and unconditional pardon, declaring that she had been wrongfully convicted and restoring the American citizenship that she held so dear.

Though her conviction was erased and her citizenship restored, Iva Toguri has never been able to fully escape from the shadow of Tokyo Rose. So many Americans have heard the myth of Tokyo Rose for so long that it has become a part of World War II history. In recent years, the World War II Veterans Committee has become aware of the story of Iva Toguri and Tokyo Rose, and has joined the effort to separate the myth from the reality. The Committee published the story, "Convicting a Myth: Debunking the Legend of Tokyo Rose and the Real Woman Who Took the Blame" by Tim Holbert in the Winter 2004/05 issue of *World War II Chronicles*. The article is, to date, the most comprehensive account of the story of Tokyo Rose and the vindication of Iva Toguri (copies can be requested by contacting the World War II Veterans Committee).

The response to the article was overwhelmingly positive, and mirrors the response of most Americans when they are told the true story of Tokyo Rose. Perhaps more

significantly, due in large part to the article, the FBI has removed its official history of the trial of Iva Toguri from its web site while the case is reviewed by the Bureau's historians. This history was especially damaging to Iva's reputation, as it often mixed rumors and innuendoes with fact, leading many journalists, historians, and researchers to misinterpret the case, and continue the myth of Tokyo Rose.

As difficult as Iva Toguri's life has been, it has at the same time proven inspirational to so many who have come to know her story. It is true that her story demonstrates that America, and our government, are not always perfect. However, the question must be asked, what, if any, other country in the world could inspire a person to risk their life to hold onto their citizenship, then refuse to lose faith once it was taken from them? This speaks volumes about America's ideals, and the decency of its people.



Iva Toguri's friends and supporters following the presentation of the Edward J. Herlihy Citizenship Award (left to right): Barbara Trembley, Committee President James C. Roberts, Ron Yates, Donna LaPietra, Iva's long-time lawyer Wayne Merrill Collins, Iva Toguri, and Bill Kurtis

Due to her indomitable spirit, love of country, and the example of courage she has given her fellow Americans, Iva Toguri was presented with the Committee's

Edward J. Herlihy Citizenship Award for 2005 in an emotional ceremony on January 15, 2006.

Visibly moved, Iva said upon being presented with the award by James C. Roberts, "This is a great honor...I am embarrassed to be able to receive this award, but at the same time I thank you very much. I thank you Mr. Roberts. I thank all of the World War II veterans."

The Edward J. Herlihy Citizenship Award is given each year to an individual who exemplifies the ideals of American citizenship and the World War II generation. It is fitting that the award presented 60 years following the Allied victory in World War II be given to a woman who, through all of that time, has wanted nothing more than to be recognized as a loyal and patriotic American.

# THE WORLD WAR II BOOK CLUB

FEATURING BOOKS ABOUT WORLD WAR II

## THE HITLER BOOK

THE SECRET DOSSIER PREPARED FOR STALIN FROM THE INTERROGATIONS OF HITLER'S PERSONAL AIDES  
*Henrik Eberle & Matthias Uhl (Editors)*  
PublicAffairs; 370 pages \$27.50 (Hardcover)



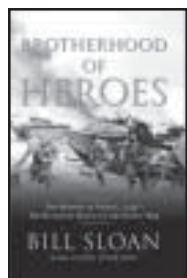
Even after Hitler's death, Stalin remained so intrigued by his nemesis that he commissioned a top-secret dossier detailing every aspect of the late dictator's private life, political behavior and personality. The result-File No. 462a, now known as *The Hitler Book*, was discovered hidden in the Soviet archives just two years ago by Uhl, of the Institute of Contemporary History in Munich and Berlin, who presents it with Eberle, a historian at Martin Luther University Halle-

Wittenberg. Much of its material was extracted, not entirely voluntarily, from two of Hitler's captured SS aides, though one should avoid taking all their gossip too literally, for the book reveals as much about the Soviet mentality as about the German. The dossier's authors, after all, appreciated the regime's need to present Hitler as a degenerate, drug-addicted tool of German imperialist capitalism. Their lives depended on how well they understood that unwritten imperative. To that end, the text is silent about the Nazi-Soviet Pact and, owing to Stalin's paranoid anti-Semitism, about the Holocaust. This revelatory document was an extraordinary find and gives an absorbing, truly disturbing, account of Hitler and his demonic court. B&W photos. (*Publisher's Weekly*)

## BROTHERHOOD OF HEROES

THE MARINES AT PELELIU, 1944- THE BLOODIEST BATTLE OF THE PACIFIC WAR  
by *Bill Sloan*

Simon and Schuster; 400 pages \$26.00 (Hardcover)

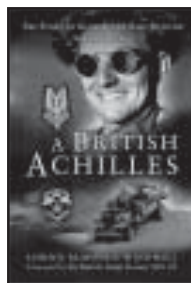


The intensive struggle for the Pacific island of Peleliu from September to October 1944 cost its Japanese defenders 11,000 soldiers and the attacking U.S. Marines over 6500 casualties. Despite these high figures, the Battle of Peleliu remains relatively unknown to all but scholars of World War II in the Pacific. Sloan (*Given Up for Dead: America's Heroic Stand at Wake Island*), a former reporter, redresses that situation. He enables his readers to experience the violent struggle at Peleliu through the eyes of veterans

from K Company, 3rd Battalion, 5th Marines, one small unit of a Marine regiment from the historic 1st Marine Division that was sent there. The accounts of the 24-hour-a-day close combat between two forces who were literally fighting to the death are riveting. To counterbalance his concentration on the battle's effects upon a small unit, Sloan explains the strategic aspects of Peleliu and the background to the action. Devotees of personal war narratives will be intrigued by the stories from this exceptionally violent battle. Those readers interested in the longstanding question of whether the battle should ever have been fought, a matter of specialist debate from the moment the first shot was fired, may be disappointed that Sloan takes the middle ground between the opposing points of view. (*Library Journal*)

## A BRITISH ACHILLES

THE STORY OF GEORGE, 2ND EARL JELlicOE KBE DSO MC FRs: 20TH CENTURY SOLDIER, POLITICIAN, STATESMAN  
by *Lorna Almonds*  
Pen and Sword; 256 pages \$45.00 (Hardcover)



Son of the victor of Jutland, George Jellicoe has enjoyed power and privilege but never shirked his duty. His war exploits are legendary and, as a founder member of Stirling's SAS and first Commander of the Special Boat Service, he saw action a-plenty. A brigadier at 26 with a DSO and MC he liberated Athens as the Germans withdrew and saved Greece from a Communist revolution. After the war Jellicoe joined the Foreign Office and worked with spies Burgess, Philby and Maclean in Washington and on the Soviet Desk. His political life saw him in the Cabinet of the Heath Government and he is frank with his biographer over the issues and characters of his fellow ministers. Jellicoe's Achilles heel is his weakness for, and attraction to, women. His resignation over an involvement with a prostitute was a national scandal but he is refreshingly honest and devoid of self-justification. He remained an active member of the Lords pursuing a top-level business career. *A British Achilles* is a superb biography of a major public figure and exemplary wartime soldier.

*Lord Jellicoe was honored with the Winston S. Churchill Allied Nations Award at the Committee's 2003 conference.*

## CHURCHILL AND AMERICA

by *Sir Martin Gilbert*

Simon and Schuster.; 503 pages \$30.00 (Hardcover)



In many ways, Winston Churchill embodied the "special relationship" between America and Britain-his mother was American, and he admired the country even before he courted the United States' assistance during WWII. In this thoroughly researched, consistently enjoyable study, Gilbert-the statesman's official biographer-covers the subject with his usual diligence and rigor, from the American roots of Churchill's mother to his first visit to the U.S. in 1895 and on to the end of his life. Historically, the most important connections were between Churchill and the two

WWII presidents, Roosevelt and Truman, and the book is filled with detail on the war years, especially his indefatigable efforts to get America involved in the war. He tells his son, "I shall drag the United States in." But it's just as interesting to discover how Churchill embraced America so early in his life, not of necessity but out of temperament. In a letter home during his very first visit, he notes American vulgarity, but adds, "I think... that vulgarity is a sign of strength." This is a fascinating story, straightforward and well told, of one of the 20th century's most important leaders and the critical connection he forged between the world's fading superpower and its rising one. (*Publisher's Weekly*)

## SHOCKWAVE

COUNTDOWN TO HIROSHIMA

by Stephen Walker

HarperCollins; 368 pages \$26.95 (Hardcover)



At 31,000 feet above Japan, Tom Ferebee sits hunched over his bombsight. Below him lies the primary target of an operation called “Special Mission Number 13” by the few military personnel aware of its existence - Hiroshima, a city of over 300,000. He waits until the aiming point is directly below the crosshairs and releases his cargo - a five-ton bomb known as Little Boy by the scientists who built it. If all goes as theorized, the resulting destruction will lead to Japan’s surren-

der and the end of World War II. But right now, a very real question occupies the minds of everyone involved: Will it work? The historical record is clear: It did work. On a quiet Monday morning in August 1945, the bomb detonated as expected, resulting in the deaths of nearly 100,000 people. The Japanese Supreme Council surrendered nine days later, after a second bomb, to similarly devastating effect, had leveled Nagasaki. But if, in retrospect, the bombing of Hiroshima represents the climax of one of the signal events of the twentieth century - indeed, in the history of mankind - at the time it was but another episode in an unprecedented drama whose final act had begun three weeks earlier, at Los Alamos, a secret laboratory in the high plains of New Mexico. *Shockwave* is the story of those terrible three weeks, as seen through the eyes of the pilots, victims, scientists, and world leaders at the center of the drama.

---

## FIRST SHOT

THE UNTOLD STORY OF THE JAPANESE MINISUBS THAT ATTACKED PEARL HARBOR

by John Craddock

McGraw-Hill; 288 pages \$24.95 (Hardcover)



Unheeded warnings, missed opportunities, a failure to connect the dots - more than 60 years ago, America was rocked by a devastating surprise attack on its Pearl Harbor naval base, one that destroyed a large part of our nation’s Pacific fleet. To this day historians argue over whether that attack could have or should have been detected ahead of time. In *First Shot*, John Craddock investigates a little-known but clear eleventh-hour warning that, had it been heeded, might have

enabled the Navy’s Pearl Harbor command to blunt the Japanese assault and save ships and lives. Craddock reveals that the attack plan of Japan’s Admiral Yamamoto included five midget submarines, each carrying two men and two torpedoes. *First Shot* vividly recreates the action on the deck of the *USS Ward* on the morning of December 7 as the outmoded relic of an earlier war engaged a tiny, state-of-the-art undersea fighting machine. Reconstructing these events from original and primary source materials as well as new revelations from the discovery in August 2002 of the mini-sub sunk by the *Ward*, Craddock poses and answers a number of questions: Why was the *Ward*’s urgent message ignored by Pearl Harbor command? Why would Admiral Yamamoto, son of a samurai warrior and a brilliant strategist and tactician, jeopardize his surprise attack by trying to penetrate Pearl Harbor’s sea defenses with five midget submarines that could inflict only limited damage? How might an advance warning of even one hour have changed the American response to the attack?

## BEHIND THE LINES

POWERFUL AND REVEALING AMERICAN WAR

LETTERS - AND ONE MAN’S SEARCH TO FIND THEM

by Andrew Carroll

Scribner; 512 pages \$30.00 (Hardcover)



For three years Andrew Carroll traveled throughout the United States and around the world to seek out the most powerful and unforgettable letters ever written during US wars. *Behind the Lines* is the result of that trip and represents the first book of its kind: a dramatic, intimate, and revealing look at warfare as seen through the personal correspondence of US and foreign troops and civilians who have experienced major conflicts firsthand. From handwritten missives

penned during the American Revolution to e-mails from Afghanistan and Iraq, *Behind the Lines* captures the full spectrum of emotions - exhilaration, fear, devotion, courage, heartache, patriotism, rage, and even humor - expressed in times of war. Featured here are approximately 200 rare and previously unpublished letters and e-mails. *Behind the Lines* is part of a larger effort to preserve correspondences that are riveting, insightful, and historically significant. But this book is also about Carroll’s journey across the globe to visit the fields of battle where so many of these letters were written, meet with veterans and active duty troops who generously agreed to share their private correspondence, and speak with family members of those who have lost their loved ones to combat. *Behind the Lines* is a tribute to those who have fought - and continue to fight - for freedom, as well as a lasting reminder to present and future generations of the true nature of warfare and the sacrifices it demands of individuals, families, and entire nations.

*Andrew Carroll was honored with the Edward J. Herlihy Citizenship Award at the Committee’s 2003 conference.*

---

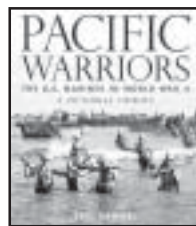
## PACIFIC WARRIORS

THE U.S. MARINES IN WORLD WAR II:

A PICTORAL TRIBUTE

by Eric Hammel

Zenith Press; 256 pages \$40.00 (Hardcover)



From the halls of Montezuma to the shores of Tripoli, and more recently from the jungles of Vietnam to the killing fields of Iraq, America’s “soldiers of the sea” have fought their country’s battles with famed valor, skill, and perseverance in the face of long odds. But where did the U.S. Marines earn their reputation as being the “first to fight?” It was on the South Pacific Island of Guadalcanal.

There, on August 7, 1942, the 1st Marine Division stormed ashore to begin one of the most difficult and brutal campaigns of military history—and an unbroken string of victories staged across the Pacific.

Up the Solomons from Guadalcanal, westward into the islands of the central Pacific, and on to the climactic campaigns of Iwo Jima and Okinawa, these are the legendary battles celebrated in this volume, a lavishly illustrated tribute to the men who led the way against Japan. Nearly 300 combat photographs, many never before published, capture the fighting Leathernecks in training and in battle, landing and mopping up, making inexorable headway through the Pacific theater.

# HELP CONTINUE THE LEGACY

---



Around the country, veterans are speaking to grade schools and high schools, youth groups, Boy and Girl Scout Troops, and many other educational and civic organizations. These veterans also have children and grandchildren, to whom they are passing on their own legacy. They understand the importance of teaching the history of World War II to the generations that will follow.

The World War II Veterans Committee is proud to help in this mission. In addition to our own speaker programs and conferences, the Committee encourages veterans everywhere to pass their stories along to today's young people. Whether it be in a classroom with students, or around the dinner table with a grandchild, the best way to get a young person interested in history is for them to hear about it from one who experienced it for himself. The Committee can help in this mission by providing photographs, back issues of *World War II Chronicles*, and copies of our audio documentaries, complimentary, to be given to young people. To request any of these materials, call us at 202-777-7272, or write to the address below. Working together, we can all help preserve the legacy of the Greatest Generation for the latest generation.



**World War II Veterans Committee**  
**A Project of The American Studies Center**  
**1030 15th St., NW, Suite 856**  
**Washington, D.C. 20005**

NONPROFIT ORG.  
U.S. POSTAGE  
**PAID**  
WALDORF, MD  
PERMIT NO. 30