Charles A. Lindbergh

In 1941, Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh, a national hero since his solo flight across the Atlantic in 1927, became a member of an isolationist group called the America First Committee. Lindbergh had just spent three years in England and had visited Germany, where he viewed the German Air Force. Lindbergh felt that, on purely military grounds, he could speak with considerable authority about American involvement in the European war. In the radio speech excerpted here, Lindbergh explained why the United States should stay out of the war and called for widespread support of the America First Committee.

I know I will be severely criticized by the interventionists in America when I say we should not enter a war unless we have a reasonable chance of winning. That, they will claim, is far too materialistic a standpoint. They will advance again the same arguments that were used to persuade France to declare war against Germany in 1939. But I do not believe that our American ideals, and our way of life, will gain through an unsuccessful war. And I know that the United States is not prepared to wage war in Europe successfully at this time....

We have only a one-ocean Navy. Our army is still untrained and inadequately equipped for foreign war. Our air force is deplorably lacking in modern fighting planes, because most of them have already been sent to Europe....

There is a policy open to this nation that will lead to success—a policy that leaves us free to follow our own way of life, and to develop our own civilization. It is not a new and untried idea. It was advocated by Washington. It was incorporated into the Monroe Doctrine....

It is based upon the belief that the security of a nation lies in the strength and character of its own people. It recommends the maintenance of armed forces sufficient to defend this hemisphere from attack by any combination of foreign powers. It demands faith in an independent American destiny. This is the policy of the America First Committee today. It is a policy not of isolation, but of independence; not of defeat, but of courage. It is a policy that led this nation to success during the most trying years of our history, and it is a policy that will lead us to success again...

The United States is better situated from a military standpoint than any other nation in the world. Even in our present condition of unpreparedness no foreign power is in a position to invade us today. If we concentrate on our own defenses and build the strength that this nation should maintain, no foreign army will ever attempt to land on American shores....

William R. Furlong

The following vivid description of the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor was put into writing just three hours after that attack began. It was dictated to a Navy yeoman by Rear Admiral William R. Furlong, commander of minecraft in the Pacific Fleet, who was aboard his flagship, the Oglala*, as it slowly capsized in the mud after taking a direct hit from a Japanese torpedo.*

At about 0800 this morning, Sunday, December 7, 1941, I was on the deck of my flagship and saw the first enemy bomb fall on the seaward end of Ford Island close to the water. This one did not hit the planes parked there. Another fell immediately afterwards in the same vicinity and caused fires near the water. U. S. planes were on the ground nearby, and later flames flared up from the structures at the south side of the island. The next bombs fell alongside or on board the seven battleships moored on the east side of Ford Island.

Japanese planes flew within fifty and one hundred feet of the water and dropped three torpedoes or mines in the channel on a line between *Oglala* and the seaward end of Ford Island. A torpedo hit *Oglala* and *Helena*, which were moored abreast at Ten Ten Dock, with *Oglala* outboard of *Helena*. Fire was opened by *Oglala* and *Helena* anti-aircraft battery.

I at once signaled Commander-In-Chief that these three objects mentioned above which had just been dropped might be mines because they were dropped in the middle of channel. They could have been torpedoes or mines because no plume went up, whereas plumes over one hundred feet high went up from bombs that hit close alongside of battleships.

I then hailed two small contractor tugs, which were working with dredges across the channel from *Oglala*, to give assistance to haul *Oglala* aft of the *Helena* in order that *Helena* could sortie. I obtained submersible pumps from the *Helena*, but then discovered that there was no power in the *Oglala* because of the hit, which flooded the fireroom, and she could not use her pumps.

One Japanese plane was shot down over the harbor and came down in flames to seaward of Ford Island, but probably on land. There was no trouble distinguishing Japanese planes because the red sun painted on the side showed plainly.

Meanwhile, planes were strafing as well as bombing. Planes kept coming for quite some time, making it difficult to estimate numbers. I saw four battleships hit with bombs, and fires broke out. I saw one battleship turn over. There were six to ten enemy planes visible at any one time over the harbor.

The *Nevada* got underway and passed out of channel near where I had seen the three mines or torpedoes fall. When she arrived in this vicinity, her bow apparently hove up as if she had passed over a mine, and about a minute later two bombs fell, one of which hit her starboard topside, throwing up flame and smoke, and the other missed close along the port side, throwing up a plume of water.

During all of this, as these dive bombers flew within five hundred to a thousand feet of the *Oglala*, we were given an excellent opportunity to fire our anti-aircraft battery and did so over an hour, the *Helena* firing over us.

The *Oglala* was got astern of the *Helena* with help of tugs mentioned, and was hauled and pushed into the pier and secured with many wires and manila lines. As all compartments were closed below, she settled slowly.

At this time I ordered the two tugs which were assisting the *Oglala* to go to the assistance of the *Nevada*, which was then in the channel between the floating dry-dock and seaward end of Ford Island.

One the second attack I saw a bomb drop, which hit the forward part of the *Pennsylvania* or in the dry-dock ahead of the *Pennsylvania.* Two destroyers of Destroyer Division Five were in the dry-dock ahead of the *Pennsylvania*, and flames went up from them.

Another Japanese plane was hit and fell in flames seaward of 1010 dock, possibly falling near the entrance of the channel. It went down in a streak of flame, as did the first one mentioned. Of the two planes that I saw shot down in this part of the harbor, one was in flames after passing over the battleships from north to south about 2,000 feet altitude; the other plane shot down flew over the harbor at about 2,000 feet in the same general direction, but closer to 1010 dock and pier, and was engaged by vessels on this side of the harbor. Guns operable by hand proved particularly advantageous, especially where power was knocked out of the steaming firerooms by torpedoes.

Following the bombing of the *Pennsylvania*, I saw a bomb fan near or on the destroyer *Shaw* in the floating dry-dock. This destroyer was later in flames.

Meanwhile the *Oglala* had taken a list of about 40 degrees. The wire lines to the deck part, and her port upper deck rail was so far under that she might sink suddenly at any moment. I ordered all hands to abandon the ship shortly after 9:00 AM, the only ones remaining being the guns' crews and myself. The *Oglala* kept up the anti-aircraft fire until the ship's list was at such an angle that the men on the machine guns were sliding off the deck, and the angle was too steep to longer stick on the deck and serve the 3" gun. During this last period the Japanese planes were strafing us, not bombing. As the ship was about to turn over, I ordered the guns' crew to leave the ship, and left with them. The machine guns were slid off the top of deckhouse to the pier as the ship went over and were set up on the pier.

The guns' crews manned their battle stations promptly and stood to their guns during bombing and strafing as if at target practice, keeping up a continuous fire at enemy planes during the bombing and strafing. The signal force manned their bridge stations and sent signals during the action; one to sortie and one to the *Nevada* warning her of mines, during which time the bridge was struck by machine gun bullets. The men on the fires when the fireroom was flooding very promptly turned off the oil fires, and no one suffered oil burns...

Above dictated at 11:00 AM.

Franklin D. Roosevelt

The day after the attack on Pearl Harbor, President Roosevelt appeared before Congress and asked for a declaration of war against Japan. Congress responded that same afternoon, without a dissenting vote.

Mr. Vice President, Mr. Speaker, Members of the Senate and the House of Representatives:

Yesterday, December 7, 1941—a date which will live in infamy—the United States of America was suddenly and deliberately attacked by naval and air forces of the Empire of Japan.

The United States was at peace with that nation and, at solicitation of Japan, still in conversation with its Government and its Emperor looking toward the maintenance of peace in the Pacific. Indeed, one hour after Japanese air squadrons had commenced bombing in the American island of Oahu, the Japanese Ambassador to the United States and his colleague delivered to our Secretary of State a formal reply to a recent American message. And while this reply stated that it seemed useless to continue the existing diplomatic negotiations, it contained no threat or hint of war or of armed attack.

It will be recorded that the distance of Hawaii from Japan makes it obvious that the attack was deliberately planned many days or even weeks ago. During the intervening time, the Japanese Government has deliberately sought to deceive the United States by false statements and expressions of hope for continued peace.

The attack yesterday on the Hawaiian Islands has caused severe damage to American naval and military forces. I regret to tell you that very many American lives have been lost. In addition, American ships have been reported torpedoed on the high seas between San Francisco and Honolulu.

Yesterday the Japanese Government also launched an attack against Malaya. Last night Japanese forces attacked Hong Kong. Last night Japanese forces attacked Guam. Last night Japanese forces attacked the Philippine Islands. Last night the Japanese attacked Wake Island. And this morning the Japanese attacked Midway Island.

Japan has, therefore, undertaken a surprise offensive extending throughout the Pacific area. The facts of yesterday and today speak for themselves. The people of the United States have already formed their opinions and well understand the implications to the very life and safety of our nation.

As Commander in Chief of the army and navy I have directed that all measures be taken for our defense. But always will our whole nation remember the character of the onslaught against us.

No matter how long it may take us to overcome this premeditated invasion, the American people in their righteous might will win through to absolute victory.

I believe that I interpret the will of the Congress and of the people when I assert that we will not only defend ourselves to the uttermost but will make it very certain that this form of treachery shall never again endanger us.

Hostilities exist. There is no blinking at the fact that our people, our territory, and our interests are in grave danger. With confidence in our armed forces—with the unbounding determination of our people—we will gain the inevitable triumph, so help us God.

I ask that the Congress declare that since the unprovoked and dastardly attack by Japan on Sunday, December 7, 1941, a state of war has existed between the United States and the Japanese Empire.

U. S. House Select Committee Hearings

The surprise attack on Pearl Harbor intensified long-held prejudices and fears in the United States of the "yellow peril." In February 1942, President Roosevelt yielded to strong pressure, largely from politicians and the press on the West Coast, and issued an executive order that enabled the army to relocate more than 110,000 Issei (foreign-born Japanese noncitizens) and Nisei (United States-born Japanese-American citizens) to government-run processing centers and eventually to ten internment camps. The War Relocation Authority that was in charge of the camps allowed 35,000 of these detainees to leave for new jobs elsewhere in the country and about 8,000 (mostly Nisei) to go to Japan. The remaining Japanese-Americans were kept in the camps until January 1945.

In these excerpts from hearings held by a select House committee right after Roosevelt's executive order, California Attorney General Earl Warren (later Chief Justice of the Supreme Court) and Louis Goldblatt of the California State Industrial Union Council (affiliated with the CIO) present some of the arguments for and against relocation.

Attorney General Warren: For some time I have been of the opinion that the solution of our alien enemy problem with all its ramifications, which include the descendants of aliens, is not only a federal problem, but is a military problem. We believe that all of the decisions in that regard must be made by the military command that is charged with the security of this area. I am convinced that the fifth column activities of our enemy can for the participation of people who are in fact American citizens, and that if we are to deal realistically with the problem, we must realize that we will be obliged in time of stress to deal with subversive elements of our own citizenry....

The civil authorities cannot take protective measures against people of that character....

We believe that any delay in the adoption of the necessary protective measures is to invite disaster. It means that we, too, will have in California a Pearl Harbor incident....

Unfortunately...many of our people and some of our authorities and, I am afraid, many of our people in other parts of the country are of the opinion that because we have had no sabotage and no fifth column activities in this state since the beginning of the war, that means that none have been planned for us. But I take the view that that is the most ominous sign in our whole situation. It convinces me more than perhaps any other factor that the sabotage that we are to get, the fifth column activities that we are to get, are timed just like Pearl Harbor was timed....

I believe that we are just being lulled into a false sense of security, and that the only reason we haven't had disaster in California is because it has been timed for a different date....

I want to say that the consensus of opinion among the law enforcement officers of this state is that there is more potential danger among the group of Japanese who are born in this country than from the alien Japanese who were born in Japan. That might seem an anomaly to some people, but the fact is that, in the first place, there are twice as many of them. there are 33,000 aliens, and there are 66,000 born in this country.

In the second place, most of the Japanese who were born in Japan are over 55 years of age. There has been practically no migration to this country since 1924. But in some instances the children of those people have been sent to Japan for their education, either in whole or in part, and while they are over there they are indoctrinated with the idea of Japanese imperialism. They receive their religious instruction, which ties up their religion with their emperor, and they come back here imbued with the ideas and the policies of Imperial Japan....

We believe that when we are dealing with the Caucasian race we have methods that will test the loyalty of them, and we believe that we can, in dealing with the Germans and the Italians, arrive at some fairly sound conclusions because of our knowledge of the way they live in the community and have lived for many years. but when we deal with the Japanese, we are in an entirely different field, and we cannot form any opinion that we believe to be sound. Their method of living, their language, make for this difficulty....

It seems strange to us that airplane manufacturing plants should be entirely surrounded by Japanese land occupancies. It seems to us that it is more than circumstance that after certain government air bases were established, Japanese undertook farming operations in close proximity to them. you can hardly grow a jackrabbit in some of the place where they presume to be carrying on farming operations close to an army bombing base....

Mr. Goldblatt: We naturally go along and concur with all the recommendations that the government deems necessary to safeguard this territory. We feel, however, that a good deal of this problem has gotten out of hand...inasmuch as both the local and state authorities, instead of becoming bastions of defense, of democracy and justice, joined the wolf pack when the cry came out: "Let's get the yellow menace." As a matter of fact, we believe the present situation is a great victory for the yellow press and for the fifth column that is operating in this country, which is attempting to convert this war from a war against the Axis Powers into a war against the "yellow peril."

What we are concerned with, Mr. Chairman, is this: that if this is to become the index of our dealings with the alien problem—in other words, that if we are not to deal only with aliens, but also with the descendants of aliens—then there is no limit to this problem and the program, and this vitally affects our unions....I am positive the military authorities know that neither Hitler nor Mussolini will hesitate a moment to sacrifice any Germans or Italians in this country if that will suit their purpose in an all-out war.

So we can expect, I think, that if this campaign of isolating the Japanese is successful, the next step will be for several incidents to occur which involves Germans or Italians; then the whole of the wolf pack will scream to the moon again, and this time it will be: "Evacuate all Italians; evacuate all Germans." The principle will have been set; the pattern will have been cut, as it has been by the Hearst press, by the rabid, hysterical elements....

We believe the efforts of the federal government should not be based on making distinctions by race, nationality, or citizenship. We favor a campaign that will detect sabotage no matter what is source and from which there will be no immunity by virtue of wealth, political connections, or position in society.

Ernie Pyle

Global war produced war correspondents by the thousands, for the appetite of the American public for news from the battle fronts proved virtually insatiable. One among them especially endeared himself to both soldiers and homefolks. His name was Ernie Pyle, and for many Americans he became the *war correspondent. Before he died from a Japanese sniper's bullet on a remote Japanese island, he had described Americans at war on the sands of North Africa, on the beaches and mountainsides of Italy, in the hedgerows of Normandy, and on the carriers and islands of the Pacific. The following is drawn from his despatches from the Italian front in the winter of 1943-44.*

The war in Italy was tough. The land and the weather were both against us. It rained and it rained. Vehicles bogged down and temporary bridges washed out. The country was shockingly beautiful, and just as shockingly hard to capture from the enemy. The hills rose to high ridges of almost solid rock. We couldn't go around them through the flat peaceful valleys, because the Germans were up there looking down upon us, and they would have let us have it. So we had to go up and over. A mere platoon of Germans, well dug in on a high, rock-spined hill, could hold out for a long time against tremendous onslaughts.

I know folks back home were disappointed and puzzled by the slow progress in Italy. They wondered why we moved northward so imperceptibly. They were impatient for us to get to Rome. Well, I can say this—our troops were just as impatient for Rome. But on all sides I heard: "It never was this bad in Tunisia." "We ran into a new brand of Krauts over here." "If it would only stop raining." "Every day we don't advance is one day longer before we get home."

Our troops were living in almost inconceivable misery. The fertile black valleys were knee-deep in mud. Thousands of the men had not been dry for weeks. Other thousands lay at night in the high mountains with the temperature below freezing and the thin snow sifting over them. they dug into the stones and slept in little chasms and behind rocks and in half-caves....How they survived the dreadful winter at all was beyond us who had the opportunity of drier beds in the warmer valleys.

That the northward path was a tedious one was not the fault of our troops, nor of the direction either. It was the weather and the terrain and the weather again. If there had been no German fighting troops in Italy, if there had been merely German engineers to blow the bridges in the passes, if never a shot had been fired at all, our northward march would still have been slow. The country was so difficult that we formed a great deal of cavalry for use in the mountains. Each division had hundreds of horses and mules to carry supplies beyond the point where vehicles could go no farther. On beyond the mules' ability, mere men—American men—took it on their backs.

On my way to Italy, I flew across the Mediterranean in a cargo plane weighted down with more than a thousand pounds beyond the normal load. The cabin was filled with big pasteboard boxes which had been given priority above all other freight. In the boxes were packboards, hundreds of them, with which husky men would pack 100, even 150, pounds of food and ammunition, on their backs, to comrades high in those miserable mountains.

But we could take consolation from many things. The air was almost wholly hours. All day long spitfires patrolled above our fighting troops like a half dozen policeman running up and down the street watching for bandits.

What's more, our artillery prevailed–and how! We were prodigal with ammunition against those rocky crags, and well we might be, for a $50 shell could often save 10 lives in country like that. Little by little, the fiendish reign of explosives upon the hillsides softened the Germans. They always were impressed by and afraid of our artillery, and we had concentrations of it there that were demoralizing.

And lastly no matter how cold the mountains, or how wet the snow, or how sticky the mud, it was just as miserable for the German soldier as for the American.

Our men were going to get to Rome all right. There was no question about that. But the way was cruel. No one who had not seen that mud, those dark skies, those forbidding ridges and ghostlike clouds that unveiled and then quickly hit the enemy, had the right to be impatient with the progress along the road to Rome.

The mountain fighting went on week after dreary week. For a while I hung around with one of the mule pack outfits. There was an average of one mule packing outfit for every infantry battalion in the mountains. Some were run by Americans, some by Italian soldiers.

The pack outfit I was with supplies a battalion that was fighting on a bald, rocky ridge nearly four thousand feet high. That battalion fight constantly for 10 days and nights, and when the men finally came down less than a third of them were left.

All through those terrible days every ounce of their supplies had to go up to them on the backs of mules and men. Mules took it the first third of the way. Men took it the last bitter two-thirds, because the trailer was too steep even for mules.

The mule skinners of my outfit were Italian soldiers. The human packers were mostly American soldiers. The Italian mule skinners were from Sardinia. They belonged to a mountain artillery regiment, and thus were experienced in climbing and in handling mules. They were bivouacked in an olive grove alongside a highway at the foot of the mountain. They made no trips in the daytime, except in emergencies, because most of the trailer was exposed to artillery fire. Supplies were brought into the olive grove by truck during the day, and stacked under trees. Just before dusk they would start loading the stuff onto mules. The Americans who actually managed the supply chain liked to get the mules loaded by dark, because if there was any shelling the Italians instantly disappeared and could never be found.

There were 155 skinners in this outfit, and usually about 80 mules were used each night. Every mule had a man to lead it. About 10 extra men went along to help get meals up if they fell, to repack any loads that came loose, and to unpack at the top. They could be up and back in less than three hours. Usually a skinner made just one trip a night, but sometimes in an emergency made two.

On an average night the supplies would run something like this: 85 cans of water, 100 cases of K ration, 10 cases of D ration, 10 miles of telephone wire, 25 cases of grenades and rifle and machine gun ammunition, about 100 rounds of heavy mortar shells, one radio, two telephones, and four cases of first aid packets and sulfa drugs. In addition, the packers would cram their pockets with cigarettes for the boys on top; also cans of Sterno, so they could eat some coffee once in a while.

Also, during that period, they took up more than 500 of the heavy combat suits we were issuing to the troops to help keep them warm. They carried up cellophane gas capes for some of them in to use as sleeping bags, and they took extra socks for them too.

Mail was their most tragic cargo. Every night they would take up sacks of mail, and every night they'd bring a large portion of it back down—the recipients would have been killed or wounded the day their letters came.

On the long, man-killing climb above the end of the mule trail they used anywhere from twenty to three hundred men a night. They rang in cooks, truck drivers, clerks, and anybody else they could lay their hands on. A lot of stuff was packed up by the fighting soldiers themselves. On a big night, when they were building up supplies for an attack, another battalion which was in reserve sent three hundred first-line combat troops to do the packing. The mule packs would leave the olive grove in bunches of twenty, starting just after dark. American soldiers were posted within shouting distance of each other all along the trail, to keep the Italians from getting lost in the dark.

Those guides—everybody who thought he was having a tough time in this war should know about them. They were men who had fought all through a long and bitter battle at the top of the mountain. For more than a week they had been far up there, perched behind rocks in the rain and cold, eating cold K rations, sleeping without blankets, scourged constantly with artillery and mortar shells, fighting and ducking and growing more and more weary, seeing their comrades wounded one by one and taken down the mountain.

Finally sickness and exhaustion overtook many of those who were left, so they were sent back down the mountain under their own power to report to the medics there and then go to a rest camp. It took most of them the better part of a day to get two-thirds of the way down, so sore were their feet and so weary their muscles.

And then—when actually in sight of their haven of rest and peace—they were stopped and pressed into guide service, because there just wasn't anybody else to do it. So there they stayed on the mountainside, for at least three additional days and nights that I know of, just lying miserably alongside the trail, shouting in the darkness to guide the mules.

They had no blankets to keep them warm, no beds but the rocks. And they did it without complaining. The human spirit is an astounding thing.

TANK MAN – May 15, 1943. Mina Curtiss, ed., *Letters Home* (Boston, 1944), 59-61, 65.

A Family Letter from Africa

The minute you are in the tank, you become part of a machine, you have your certain job to do and hold your end up. You stop thinking about yourself and think of your job.

We moved out into the valley traveling in two inverted wedges—VV....As we got to the hill...our platoon was to swing in an arc up the valley to the right of the hill, between the hill and the mountains on the right. I was to take my section up into the valley as far as I could to get at the artillery that was behind the hill.

As we moved through a large cactus patch, they opened up on us with everything they had. It seemed to me that one gun picked my tank out, because there were always four shell bursts after me....

From then on it was just a question of outguessing them. The valley had a lot of small bunkers in it, and we sort of jumped from behind one to another....First they would drop for about 50 yards behind me, and then for right in front of me, then it was time to move on. About this time the other tank in my section ran into a land mine and blew one track off. When that happens they are usually in a minefield, and you can't help them because you'd hit one yourself. But I saw the boys bail out, so I knew they could make it on foot.

Now the infantry came out of the waddie on our left and swung across the valley among us. It's not very nice to watch those boys out there running in all that, but you can't watch them; you have a job to do. You can't see the guns, because they are dug in and in concrete in placements, then all at once you spot one and lay your guns on it. Over to my left I could see two tanks burning, and on my right two more in the main field. The hill was getting closer now, and then and I could see the road up ahead; there's a tall cactus fence between us and the road and a large ditch also; boy, it's no time to get stuck now. Just then somebody stood up in the ditch–our infantry! They grinned, waved, and one of them pointed to a spot or I could get through. Across the road, and my friend who is shooting at me stops. I guess he can't depress his gun far enough; just then I saw a gun on my right, just next to an Arab hut, so here we go–and then I've got to get up that valley all alone now; wonder how Toth is making out in the mine field....

That gun sees me and is swinging over on me; it has a barrel about 15 feet long. But just up there ahead is another bunker; we've got to get there fast. Safe for a minute, but then Waitman phones up that our 75 mm gun is jammed. Pawling has that 37 going like a machine gun....If we move from behind this bunker we'll get it sure because it's only 200 yards over to that gun. Justin Lieutenant Malone called on the radio: "Let's get...out of here; let's go home." So we back around and pull out just enough so I can see, but the gun isn't there anymore. It must be our lucky day!…

I am a great believer in luck now. Someone got that gun–and later I learned that after I crossed the road I was in one of their mine fields all the way. Luck–I traveled 600 yards on it....

Now something about the Germans, not Hitler, but the German people themselves. They are really behind Hitler and want him— that is, the majority. So you really can't blame him for all of this. They did the same things in the last war . You must destroy them or they will destroy you. They use all of the devilish, fiendish devices of war, things that we don't dare use. Personal mines, ones that bounce up and spread death for 25 yards, steel darts that will go right through you...butterfly bombs, things that you people don't realize at all.

It's a very, very horrible war, dirty, dishonest, not at all that glamor war that we read about in the hometown paper we read. Someone has to remember that when the showdown comes. I know that as for myself and the other men here, we will show no mercy. We've seen too much for that. Wake up, America, for the real battle has not yet begun!

Mother, Dad, and Nan, and all the family, these are some of the things I have seen and done. Some of the thoughts I have had, my impressions of some things. I hope that I haven't shocked you, yet in some ways I hope I have. You are the people that run things, not us out here.

Ernie Pyle

The dive bombers approached their target in formation. When the leader made sure he had spotted the target he wiggled his wings, raised his diving brakes, rolled on his back, nosed over, and down he went. The next man behind followed almost instantly, and then the next, and the next—not more than a hundred fifty feet apart. There was no danger of their running over each other, for the brakes held them all at the same speed. They flew so close together that as many as twenty dive bombers could be seen in a dive all at once, making a straight line up into the sky like a gigantic stream of water.

At about four thousand feet the pilot released his bombs. Then he started his pull-out. The strain was terrific, and all the pilots would "black out" a little bit. It was not a complete blackout, and lasted only four or five seconds. It was more a heaviness in the head and a darkness before the eyes, the pilots said.

Once straightened out of the dive, they went right on down to "the deck," which means flying close to the ground. For by that time everything in the vicinity that could shoot had opened up, and the safest place to be was right down close, streaking for home as fast as they could go....

The planes had to fly in constant "evasive action," which meant going right, going left, going up, going down, all the time they were over enemy territory. If they flew in a straight line for as long as fifteen seconds, the Germans would pick them off.

A pilot sat up there and thought it out this way: "Right now they've got a bearing on me. In a certain number of seconds they'll shoot, and in a few more seconds the shell will be up here. It's up to me to be somewhere else then."

But he also knew that the Germans knew he would turn, and that consequently they would send up shells to one side or the other, or above or below his current position. Thus he never dared make exactly the same move two days in a row. By constantly turning, climbing, ducking, he made a calculated hit almost impossible. His worst danger was flying by chance right into a shell burst.

FIGHTING IN THE HEDGEROWS OF NORMANDY (1944)

Ernie Pyle

Despatches of Ernie Pyle written during the summer of 1944 give an account of hedgerow fighting in Normandy prior to the Allied breakthrough at St. Lo.

I want to describe to you what the weird hedgerow fighting in northwestern France was like. This type of fighting was always in small groups, so let's take as an example one company of men. Let's say they were working forward on both sides of a country lane, and the company was responsible for clearing the two fields on either side of the road as it advanced. That meant there was only about one platoon to a field, and with the company's under-strength from casualties, there might be no more than twenty-five or thirty men.

The fields were usually not more than fifty yards across and a couple of hundred yards long. They might have grain in them, or apple trees, but mostly they were just pastures of green grass, full of beautiful cows. The fields were surrounded on all sides by the immense hedgerows—ancient earthen banks, waist high, all matted with roots, and out of which grew weeds, bushes, and trees up to twenty feet high. The Germans used these barriers well. They put snipers in the trees. They dug deep trenches behind the hedgerows and covered them with timber, so that it was almost impossible for artillery to get at them. Sometimes they propped up machine guns with strings attached so that they could fire over the hedge without getting out of their holes. They even cut out a section of the hedgerow and hid a big gun or a tank in it, covering it with bush. Also they tunneled under the hedgerows from the back and made the opening on the forward side just large enough to stick a machine gun through. But mostly the hedgerow pattern was this: a heavy machine gun hidden at each end of the field and infantrymen hidden all along the hedgerow with rifles and machine pistols.

We had to dig them out. It was a slow and cautious business, and there was nothing dashing about it. Our men didn't go across the open fields in dramatic charges such as you see in the movies. They did at first, but they learned better. They went in tiny groups, a squad or less, moving yards apart and sticking close to the hedgerows on either end of the field. They crept a few yards, squatted, waited, then crept again.

If you could have been right up there between the Germans and the Americans you wouldn't have seen many men at any one time—just a few here and there, always trying to keep hidden. But you would have heard an awful lot of noise. Our men were taught in training not to fire until they saw something to fire at. But the principle didn't work in that country, because there was very little to see. So the alternative was to keep shooting constantly at the hedgerows. That pinned the Germans to their holes while we sneaked up on them. The attacking squads sneaked up the sides of the hedgerows while the rest of the platoon stayed back in their own hedgerow and kept the forward hedge saturated with bullets. They shot rifle grenades too, and a mortar squad a little farther back kept lobbing mortar shells over onto the Germans. The little advance groups worked their way up to the far ends of the hedgerows at the corners of the field. They first tried to knock out the machine guns at each corner. They did this with hand grenades, rifle grenades and machine guns.

Usually, when the pressure was on, the German defenders of the hedgerow started pulling back. They would take their heavier guns and most of the men back a couple of fields and start digging in for a new line. They left about two machine guns and a few riflemen scattered through the hedge to do a lot of shooting and hold up the Americans as long as they could. Our men would then sneak along the front side of the hedgerow, throwing grenades over onto the other side and spraying the hedges with their guns. The fighting was close—only a few yards apart—but it was seldom actual hand-to-hand stuff. Sometimes the remaining Germans came out of their holes with their hands up. Sometimes they tried to run for it and were mowed down. Sometimes they wouldn't come out at all, and a hand grenade, thrown into their hole, finished them off. And so another hedgerow was taken and we were ready to start on the one beyond.

This hedgerow business was a series of little skirmishes like that clear across the front, thousands and thousands of little skirmishes. No single one of them was very big. Added up over the days and weeks, however, they made a man-sized war—with thousands on both sides getting killed. But that is only a general pattern of the hedgerow fighting. Actually, each one was a little separate war, fought under different circumstances. For instance, the fight might be in a woods instead of an open field. The Germans would be dug in all over the woods, in little groups, and it was really tough to get them out. Often in cases like that we just went around the woods and kept

going, and let later units take care of those surrounded and doomed fellows. Or we might go through a woods and clean it out, and another company, coming through a couple of hours later, would find it full of Germans again. In a war like this everything was in such confusion that I never could see how either side ever got anywhere.

Sometimes we didn't know where the enemy was and didn't know where our own troops were. As somebody said one day, no battalion commander could have given you the exact location of his various units five minutes after they had jumped off. Gradually the front got all mixed up. There were Germans behind us and at the side. They would be shooting at us from behind and from our flank. Sometimes a unit got so far out ahead of those on either side that it had to swing around and fight to its rear. Sometimes we fired on our own troops, thinking we were in German territory. It was hard to see anything, or even tell from the sounds, for each side used some of the other's captured weapons.

The tanks and the infantry had to work in the closest co-operation in breaking through the German ring that tried to pin us down in the beachhead area. Neither could have done it alone. The troops were of two minds about having tanks around them. If you're a foot soldier you hate to be near a tank, for it always draws fire. On the other hand, if the going gets tough you pray for a tank to come up and start blasting with its guns. In our break-through each infantry unit had tanks attached to it. It was the tanks and the infantry that broke through that ring and punched a hole for the armored divisions to follow after. The armored divisions practically ran amuck, racing long distances and playing hob, once they got behind the German lines, but it was the infantry and their attached tanks that opened the gate for them. Tanks shuttled back and forth, from one field to another, throughout our break-through battle, receiving their orders by radio. Bulldozers punched holes through the hedgerows for them, and then the tanks would come up and blast out the bad spots of the opposition.

It was necessary for us to wreck almost every farmhouse and little village in our path. The Germans used them for strong points or put artillery observers in them, and they just had to be blasted out. Most of the French farmers evacuated ahead of the fighting and filtered back after it had passed. It was pitiful to see them come back to their demolished homes and towns. Yet it was wonderful to see the grand way they took it.

In a long drive an infantry company often went for a couple of days without letting up. Ammunition was carried up to it by hand, and occasionally by jeep. The soldiers sometimes ate only one K ration a day. They sometimes ran out of water. Their strength was gradually whittled down by wounds, exhaustion cases, and straggling. Finally they would get an order to sit where they were and dig in. Then another company would pass through, or around them, and go on with the fighting. The relieved company might get to rest as much as a day or two. But in a big push such as the one that broke us out of the beachhead, a few hours' respite was about all they could expect.

The company I was with got its orders to rest about five o'clock one afternoon. They dug foxholes along the hedgerows, or commandeered German ones already dug. Regardless of how tired a man might be, he always dug in the first thing. Then they sent some men looking for water. They got more K rations up by jeep, and sat on the ground eating them. They hoped they would stay there all night, but they weren't counting on it too much. Shortly after supper a lieutenant came out of a farmhouse and told the sergeants to pass the word to be ready to move in ten minutes. They bundled on their packs and started just before dark. Within half an hour they had run into a new fight that lasted all night. They had had less than four hours' rest in three solid days of fighting.

The afternoon was tense, and full of caution and dire little might-have-beens. I was wandering up a dirt lane where the infantrymen were squatting alongside in a ditch, waiting their turn to advance. They always squatted like that when they were close to the front. Suddenly German shells started banging around us. I jumped into a ditch between a couple of soldiers. Shells were clipping the hedgetops right over our heads and crashing into the next pasture. Then suddenly one exploded, not with a crash, but with a ring as though a high-toned bell had been struck. The debris of burned wadding and dirt came showering down over us. My head rang, and my right ear couldn't hear anything.

The shell had struck behind us, twenty feet away. We had been saved by the earthen bank of the hedgerow. It was the next day before my ear returned to normal. A minute later a soldier crouching next in line, a couple of feet away, turned to me and asked, "Are you a war correspondent?"

I said I was, and he said, "I want to shake your hand." And he reached around the bush and we shook hands. That's all either of us said. It didn't occur to me until later that it was a sort of unusual experience. And I was so addled by the close explosions that I forgot to put down his name....

The Germans started to rain shells around our little area. We couldn't walk ten feet without hitting the ground. They came past our heads so quickly we didn't take time to fall forward—I found the quickest way down was to

flop back and sideways. In a little while the seat of my pants was plastered thick with wet, red clay and my hands were scratched from hitting rocks and briers to break quick falls. Nobody ever fastened the chin strap on his helmet in the front lines, for the blasts from nearby bursts had been known to catch helmets and break people's necks. Consequently, when I squatted quickly I descended faster than my helmet and I left it in mid-air above me! Of course in a fraction of a second it followed me down and hit me on the head, and settled sideways over my ear and down over my eyes. It made me feel silly.

Once more shells drove us into a roadside ditch. I squatted there, just a bewildered guy in brown, part of a thin line of other bewildered guys as far up and down the ditch as the eye could see. It was really frightening. Our own shells were whanging overhead and hitting just beyond. The German shells tore through the orchards around us. There was machine-gunning all around, and bullets zipped through the trees above us. I could tell by their shoulder patches that the soldiers near me were from a division to our right, and I wondered what they were doing there. Then I heard one of them say, "This is a fine foul-up for you! I knew that lieutenant was getting lost....we're service troops, and here we are right in the front lines." Grim as the moment was, I had to laugh to myself at their pitiful plight.

Once I left a command post in a farmhouse and started to another about ten minutes away. When I got there, they said the one I had just left had been hit while I was on the way. A solid armor-piercing shell had gone right through a window and a man I knew had his leg cut off. That evening the other officers took the big steel slug over to the hospital so that he would have a souvenir.

When I got to another battalion command post, later in the day, they were just ready to move. A sergeant had been forwarded about half a mile in a jeep and picked out a farmhouse. He said it was the cleanest, nicest one he had been in for a long time. So we piled into several jeeps and drove up there. It had been only about twenty minutes since the sergeant had left. But when we got to the new house, it wasn't there. A shell had hit it in that twenty minutes and set it afire, and it had burned to the ground.

We drove up the road a little farther and picked out another one. We had been there about half an hour when a shell struck in an orchard fifty yards in front of us. In a few minutes our litter-bearers came past, carrying a captain. He was the surgeon of our adjoining battalion, and he had been looking in the orchard for a likely place to move his first-aid station. A shell hit right beside him.

That's the way war was on an afternoon that was tense and full of might-have-beens for some of us, and awful realities for others. It just depended on what our number was. I don't believe in that number business at all, but in war a man sort of lets his belief hover around it, for it's about all he has left.

D-DAY, IWO JIMA (1945)
"D Day, Iwo Jima," *The New Yorker*, March 17, 1945, pp. 48, 50, 52, 54, 56, 59.

John Lardner

American naval planners very quickly decided that it would be impossible to retake every Japanese-held island between Hawaii and Kyushu. Instead, an "island-hopping" campaign was mapped out, permitting American forces to leave many Japanese-held island garrisons to "die on the vine." Conquest of the remaining key islands required the development and refinement of new techniques of amphibious warfare. Both the strategy and tactics Americans developed were put to one of their most crucial tests on the island of Iwo Jima, where the United States Marines went ashore February 19, 1945. Victory here, which put American forces within 750 miles of Tokyo and five months of victory in the Pacific, is described by John Lardner, who went in with the Marines.

Two divisions of Marines made the landing on Iwo Jima. These Marines were frankly apprehensive before the landing. I did not see a man, either in the staging areas before we boarded the ship or on the journey north to either Jima by transport, who expected anything but a bloody and disagreeable time of it. Iwo was far closer to the Japanese mainland than any enemy possession we had attempted to storm before, and our air observation showed that it was heavily fortified. Moreover, as officers kept pointing out to one another, Iwo was too small to provide room for maneuver, being only five miles long and, at the widest point, two and a half miles wide. Frontal attack was the only possible course, and the southeast beach, where we planned to land, was the only possible landing place. "You can't run the ends up there," one major said over and over again. "Every play is between the tackles." Another officer liked to say that we would have surprise on our side like a burglar with whooping cough....

The day was Monday, February 19, and the hour was 0900. On D minus one, the regimental surgeon reported 125 cases of diarrhea among the men and officers aboard. This had come from something they ate, but that evening the Navy cooks did better and served everyone a turkey dinner with ice cream. At the last meal, breakfast at 0500 the morning of the 19th, there were steak and eggs. Everyone had dressed in his green combat blouse and trousers and head strapped on his pistol belt, with a long knife, ammunition, a bandage roll, and one or two canteens attached, and had to check his carbine. After breakfast, everyone put on his helmet, which had a camouflage cover simulating sand, and went out on deck and over to the latter nets. The sun was just coming up, so Iwo Jima was visible from our line of debarkation, which was several miles out to sea. There the larger transports halted, to keep beyond the range of short batteries, and put off their cargoes of Marines into small boats. On Suribachi, the volcano at the south end of the island, we could see bursts of fire and smoke from our naval shelling, which continued till H Hour. Some of the men stared at the island. Others remarked that the wind was running in our favor, from the northwest, and that the sea was calmer than it had been, those still difficult. Many could think of nothing but the immediate necessity of climbing the slick, flaccid web of rope down the ships side without looking silly or getting killed. Even young Marines have been killed on these dissents when the sea has been rough, and for those over 35 the endless sequence of nets, Jacob's ladders, bouncing gangways, and lurching boats is a hazard and nightmare which can occupy their minds to the exclusion of all other dangers. Admirals and generals can look ridiculous in these circumstances. They are well aware of it, and their temperatures during amphibious operations are correspondingly short.

I got into a small boat with Colonel Thomas Wornham, regimental commander, and some of his staff, his messengers, and his radio operators. We chopped and splashed through the ocean swells to Wornham's control ship, which was anchored nearer the shore, at the line at which the first assault troops formed up in their amtracks and begin their long, slow, bobbing run for the beach. They went in in ragged waves, which left the departure line at intervals of a few minutes, coached hoarsely by a loudspeaker from the bridge of the control ship. The men in the amtracks were a fierce and stirring site as they passed us to disappear in the valleys of water between us and the beach. I stood watching them as well as I could from the rail of the control ship beside a regimental messenger, a Navajo Indian named Galeagon, and we spoke of how most of the shock troops we could see, their hands and faces greased dead white for protection against possible flame barriers, set up very straight and looked intently ahead. The first wave struck the beach approximately at the appointed hour of nine, and simultaneously the Navy shellfire, which had been raking the shoreline, jumped its range to the ridges and pillboxes farther inland. The

central ridge was in our sector of the island. We could see the wreckage of Japanese planes piled at one edge of the plateau. We knew that an airfield lay just beyond this junk – one of the two airfields for which the Marines were beginning the dog at battle of the Wood Jima...

Wornham's Higgins boat, a rectangular little lunch with a hinged landing ramp in the bow, pulled up on the starboard quarter of our ship, and those of us who were going ashore with a colonel climbed down a ladder and jumped in. It was exactly 1100, or two hours after the first landings, and this was the fourteenth wave. I should say that *we* were the fourteenth wave. As far as I could see, no other boat was moving shoreward at that moment....

We all crouched, whether sitting or standing, as the boat moved in. Now and then we wiped spray off our eyes and noses, and we paid no attention to a battleship and a cruiser through whose shadows we passed. I had some trouble crouching, because of my length and because the shelf on which I sat was only a foot or so beneath the stern rail. There was no special need, however, for crouching now, while we were still on water. It was the beaches the Japs were mortaring. We crouched any sort of instinctive, shrinking alarm at what we were about to meet.

The Japs burst their mortar and artillery shells up and down the beaches for several days thereafter, but my own sharpest memories of this phase of the Iwo Jima battle are of D-Day. That sort of shelling is a procedure someone can always use when he is defending a small area against an enemy who must get his supplies by water. At Iwo, as at Anzio, there quickly developed two fronts–the battle front forward and the shelling front of the beaches, where our supply and reinforcement lines were wholly dependent on boats and amphibious vehicles that were being stalled and pounded by surf and wind. And in the case of Iwo, the Marines depending also on motor or human convoys, which were slowed by drifting volcanic sand. The Japanese were limited only by their ammunition supply. As long as they could stay alive on Iwo Jima and keep their guns intact, they were all right, for they had observation over our supply beaches and were within the range of their mortars the mortar shell, a little bomb shaped missile, travels in a high, lobbing trajectory and throws its fragments over a wide radius when it explodes. It makes for tearing, disfiguring wounds and for disfigured dead. Since the mortar fire continued steadily for nearly a week on the crowded shoreline, and hasn't stopped on the front lines yet, our casualties have not only been large but tend to be more slashed and mangled than usual.

We saw puffs of smoke–white, gray, and black–blooming from the beach as our boat came closer. Most of the men in the boat, whose first task was to set up a regimental command post somewhere between the beach and the front lines, were burdened with radio equipment. Alwyn Lee, an Australian war correspondent, and I were also fairly cumbrously loaded. A pack in three light pieces is more trouble than a single heavy pack, and I had, in addition to my army musette bag, a typewriter and a blanket roll containing a poncho and a small spade, or entrenching tool. I also had a sash-type life belt buckled around my waist, in conformance a few hours earlier with a transport regulation. This bill dropped off and vanished that day on Iwo Jima, I don't know when or where...

We were legitimately pinned down for about 40 minutes. That is to say, the mortar fire was probably heavy enough and close enough during that time to make it impractical to go farther. However, there is such a thing as wishful pinned down thinking, and it can become a more dangerous state of mind than any other in an area that is being shelled. A man tends to cling to his trench, even if it is in the center of a target, when the sensible thing is to proceed out of the target as quickly as possible, using his own best judgment about when it's prudent to dive for cover again. It seems to take about 20 minutes under shell fire to adjust your nerves and evolve a working formula by which you can make progress engage, very roughly, the nearness of hits and the pattern of fire.

Lee and I, by agreement, finally left our gear and a trench near the shore (we planned to salvage it later, if possible) and worked our way up the beach and the week of Wornham and his men. There were Marines on all sides of us doing the same thing. Each man had a different method of progress. One, carbine in hand, walked along steadily, pausing and dropping to one knee only when something about the sound of the shells seemed to confuse him. Another made a high hurtling jump into every trench or hole he used. At one point I listened to a frail Nisei interpreter arguing with an officer who wanted to help carry his pack. Again, at a moment when Lee and I were catching her breath, something stirred beside the dune just behind us. A wounded man, his face blackened by the sand and powder, had roused himself from the lethargy and which he lay and noticed us. Shell fragments had hit in one arm, one leg, the buttocks, and one eye. His eye, a red circle in his dark stained face, worried him most. He wanted to know if there were any medical corpsman with a litter nearby. He had been so deaf and by the explosion of the shell that I had to go very close to make him hear me. There were no corpsman or litters about. In fact, the enemy fire on the beach made it hard to get help to wounded men for the first two days, and then the process of evaluating them in boats, which had to bump their way through a high surf, was incredibly rough and painful. I promised this man to report him and get him help as soon as possible....

It seemed clear, by the time we reached Wornham's command post, now at least several minutes old, in a broad shellhole above the beach, that the Japs had quickly abandoned the beaches, after losing a few men, and had taken most of their dead with them. This worried Wornham, because he figured that it meant heavy counterattacks in the next night or two, and he was also worried, as regimental commanders are everywhere in battle, by the problem of keeping his combat battalions in communication with each other and with him. Sitting in his shellhole, along with a couple of dozen staff men, medical officers, messengers, radio operators, and street visitors who just wanted to be in a hole with other people, we followed, by radio and courier, the adventures of three battalions a few hundred yards away. The battalions were known and Wornham's shellhole by their commanders' names–Robbie, Tony, and Butler. "Tony says he's ready to make his turn up the west beach," Wornham said fretfully, looking at a message in his hand. "I gotta get him." Now and then he looked around his hole and said plaintively, "Come on, let's break this up. Let's have some room here." At these words, a few of the strays would drift away in one direction or another, and a few minutes later others would take their places. The shells dropped more rarely in that neighborhood, but they were close enough. Tanks began to rumble up from the beach, at long intervals, and angle and stutter their way through a gap at the top of the ridge nearby. Purple Heart Louis came to the edge of the command post and had his right arm bandaged by a doctor to whom we had already reported the position of the wounded Marine on the beach. "I knew Louis would get it again," said a young captain. "Right where he deals the cards, too. I hope it will be a lesson to him."

We heard of death after death of men we had been with on the transport. One divisional surgeon had been killed and another had already had a breakdown from overwork. Visible Japanese dead were still scarce, even though one company had found a nest of Japs and killed 100. "Here's a report from F Company, Colonel, sir," said an aid. "He says the presence of a lot of flies in a trench suggests the Japs buried some dead there."

There were live Japs near enough, for whenever the Navy's Grumman fighter planes dived at a point just to our right, near the airfield, they drew machine-gun fire. Looking around, I had the leisure for the first time to think what a miserable piece of real estate Iwo Jima is. Later, when I had seen nearly all the island, I knew that there were no extenuating features. This place where thousands of men of two nations have been killed or wounded in less than three weeks' time has no water, a few birds, no butterflies, no discernible animal life–nothing but sand and clay, humpbacked hills, stunted trees, knife-edged kuna grass in which mites who carry scrub typhus live, and a steady, dusty wind.

Dr. Franz Blaha

The first Nazi concentration camp in Germany, established on 10 March 1933, about 12 miles north of Munich, Dachau became the model for all the SS-organized camps. It was the first and most important camp at which medical experiments were carried out. Seven of the doctors from Dachau were sentenced to death at Nuremberg.

I, Franz Blaha, being duly sworn, depose and state as follows:

I studied medicine in Prague, Vienna, Strasbourg, and Paris and received my diploma in 1920. From 1920 to 1926 I was a clinical assistant. In 1926 I became chief physician of the Iglau Hospital in Moravia, Czechoslovakia. I held this position until 1939 when the Germans entered Czechoslovakia, and I was seized as a hostage and held a prisoner for cooperating with the Czech government. I was sent as a prisoner to the Dachau Concentration Camp in April 1941 and remained there until the liberation of the camp in April 1945. Until July 1941 I worked in a punishment company. After that I was sent to the hospital and subjected to the experiments in typhoid being conducted by Dr. Muermelstadt. After that I was to be made the subject of an experimental operation and succeeded in avoiding this only by admitting that I was a physician. If this had been known before, I would have suffered, because intellectuals were treated very harshly in the punishment company. In October 1941 I was sent to work in the herb plantation and later in the laboratory for processing herbs. In June 1942 I was taken into the hospital as a surgeon. Shortly afterwards I was directed to perform a stomach operation on 20 healthy prisoners. Because I would not do this, I was transferred to the autopsy room where I stayed until April 1945. While there I performed approximately 7,000 autopsies. In all, 12,000 autopsies were performed under my direction.

From the middle of 1941 to the end of 1942 some 500 operations on healthy prisoners were performed. These were for the instructions of the SS medical students and doctors and included operations on the stomach, gall bladder, and throat. These were performed by students and doctors of only two years' training, although they were very dangerous and difficult. Ordinarily they would not have been done except by surgeons with at least four years' surgical practice. Many prisoners died on the operating table and many others from later complications. I performed autopsies on all of these bodies. The doctors who supervised these operations were Lang, Muermelstadt, Wolter, Ramsauer, and Kahr. Standartenfuehrer Dr. Lolling frequently witnessed these operations.

During my time at Dachau I was familiar with many kinds of medical experiments carried on there on human victims. These persons were never volunteers, but were forced to submit to such acts. Malaria experiments on about 1,200 people were conducted by Dr. Klaus Schilling between 1941 and 1945. Schilling was personally ordered by Himmler to conduct these experiments. The victims were either bitten by mosquitoes or given injections of malaria sporozoites taken from mosquitoes. Different kinds of treatment were applied including quinine, pyrifer, neosalvarsan, antipyrin, pyramidon, and a drug called 2516 Behring. I performed autopsies on the bodies of people who died from these malaria experiments. Thirty to 40 died from the malaria itself. Three hundred to four hundred died later from diseases which were fatal because of the physical condition resulting from the malaria attacks. In addition, there were deaths resulting from poisoning due to overdoses of neosalvarsan and pyramidon. Dr. Schilling was present at my autopsies on the bodies of his patients.

In 1942 and 1943 experiments on human beings were conducted by Dr. Sigmund Rascher to determine the effects of changing air pressure. As many as 25 persons were put at one time into a specially constructed van in which pressure could be increased or decreased as required. The purpose was to find out the effects on human beings of high altitude and of rapid descents by parachute. Through a window in the van I have seen the people lying on the floor of the van.

Most of the prisoners used died from these experiments, from internal hemorrhage of the lungs or brain. The survivors coughed blood when taken out. It was my job to take the bodies out and as soon as they were found to be dead to send the internal organs to Munich for study. About 400 to 500 prisoners were experimented on. The survivors were sent to invalid blocks and liquidated shortly afterwards. Only a few escaped.

Rascher also conducted experiments on the effect of cold water on human beings. This was done to find a way for reviving airmen who had fallen into the ocean. The subject was placed in ice cold water and kept there until he was unconscious. Blood was taken from his neck and tested each time his body temperature dropped one

degree. This drop was determined by a rectal thermometer. Urine was also periodically tested. Some men stood it as long as 24 to 36 hours. The lowest body temperature reached was 19 degrees centigrade, but most men died at 25 or 26 degrees. When the men were removed from the ice water, attempts were made to revive them by artificial sunshine, with hot water, by electro-therapy, or by animal warmth....Himmler was present at one such experiment. I could see him from one of the windows in the street between the blocks. I have personally been present at some of these cold water experiments when Rascher was absent, and I have seen notes and diagrams on them in Rascher's laboratory. About 300 persons were used in these experiments. The majority died. Of those who survived, many became mentally deranged. Those who did not die were sent to invalid blocks and were killed just as were the victims of the air pressure experiments.

The buildup of American troops and supplies in the United Kingdom continued under the direction of Lieutenant General John C. H. Lee. Planning for BOLERO, the name by which this logistical program was known, had begun in the United Kingdom as early as April 1942. The small original staff was divided for the North African TORCH operation, but expanded in 1943 and 1944 as the OVERLORD task became larger until, by D-Day, the Communications Zone establishment contained 31,500 officers and 350,000 enlisted personnel. By July 1943 some 750 tons of supplies were pouring through English ports each month, and this amount was steadily increased until in June 1944 1,900,000 tons were received from the United States...By 1 June also, the number of U. S. Army troops in the United Kingdom had risen from 241,839 at the end of 1942 to 1,562,000.

The operation of transporting supplies from the United States to the United Kingdom was facilitated by the fact that cargoes were discharged through established ports and over established rail lines. Additionally, large quantities of materials for the invasion were made directly available from British resources within the United Kingdom itself. These conditions could not, of course, exist on the Continent, and plans were accordingly made to overcome the difficulties envisaged. It was recognized that the major tonnage reception on the Continent would be over the Normandy beaches during the first two months, with the port of Cherbourg being developed at an early date. Successively, it was anticipated that port development would proceed in Brittany, the major effort in that area to be an artificial port at Quiberon Bay with complementary development of the existing ports of Brest, Lorient, St-Nazaire, and Nantes. While these were being brought into use the Row of supplies over the beaches was to be aided by the two artificial harbors (Mulberry "A" and Mulberry "B"). As the campaign progressed, it was anticipated that the bulk of American supplies would row directly from the United States through the Brittany ports, while the Channel ports to the north, including Ostend and Antwerp, would be developed for the British armies. These expectations, however, did not materialize, due primarily to enemy strategy and the vicissitudes of the campaign. That both the American and British supply systems were able, in spite of this, to support the armies to the extent they did is a remarkable tribute to the flexibility of their organizations and to their perseverance in a single purpose.

The importance of the steady supply of our forces, once landed, may be gauged by reference to German strategy. This was intended to insure that our supplies should never be permitted to begin Rowing into the beachheads. The German philosophy was: "Deny the Allies the use of ports and they will be unable to support their armies ashore." For this reason the chain of Atlantic and Channel ports from Bordeaux to Antwerp was under orders from Hitler himself to fight to the last man and the last round of ammunition. The Germans fully expected us to be able to make a landing at some point on the Channel coast, but they were nevertheless certain that they could dislodge us before supplies could be brought ashore to maintain the troops. They had no knowledge of our artificial harbors, a secret as closely guarded as the time and place of our assault. The impossible was accomplished and supplies came ashore, not afterwards to support a force beleaguered on the beachheads, but actually with the troops as they landed. The Germans were, by virtue of our initial supply, denied the opportunity of dislodging us and were subsequently, throughout the campaign, under sustained attack as the result of the feats of maintenance performed by our administrative organizations.

June 1944 saw the highest winds and roughest seas experienced in the English Channel in June for 20 years....

On D-Day the wind had, as forecast, moderated and the cloud was well broken, with a base generally above 4,000 feet. This afforded conditions which would permit of our airborne operations, and during the hour preceding the landings from the sea large areas of temporarily clear sky gave opportunities for the visual bombing of the shore defenses. The sea was still rough, and large numbers of our men were sick during the crossing. The waves also caused some of the major landing craft to lag astern, while other elements were forced to turn back.

As events proved, the decision to launch the assault at a time when the weather was so unsettled was largely responsible for the surprise which we achieved. The enemy had concluded that any cross-Channel expedition was impossible while the seas ran so high and, with his radar installations rendered ineffective as a result of our air attacks, his consequent unpreparedness for our arrival more than offset the difficulties which we experienced.

The high seas added enormously to our difficulties in getting ashore. Awkward as these waters would have been at any time, navigation under such conditions as we experienced called for qualities of superlative seamanship. Landing craft were hurled on to the beaches by the waves, and many of the smaller ones were

swamped before they could touch down. Others were flung upon and holed by the mined under-water obstacles. Numbers of the troops were swept off their feet while wading through the breakers and were drowned, and those who reached the dry land were often near exhaustion. It was, moreover, not possible on every beach to swim in the amphibious DD tanks upon which we relied to provide fire support for the infantry clearing the beach exits. These were launched at Sword, Utah, and Omaha beaches, and, although late, reached land at the two former; at Omaha, however, all but two or three foundered in the heavy seas. At the remaining beaches the tanks had to be unloaded direct to the shore by the LCTs, which were forced, at considerable risk, to dry out for the purpose. Fortunately the beaches were sufficiently flat and firm to obviate damage to the craft.

Despite these difficulties, the landings proceeded, and on all but one sector the process of securing the beachheads went according to plan.

Apart from the factor of tactical surprise, the comparatively light casualties which we sustained on all the beaches except Omaha were in large measure due to the success of the novel mechanical contrivances which we employed and to the staggering moral and material effect of the mass of armor landed in the leading waves of the assault. The use of large numbers of amphibious tanks to afford fire support in the initial stages of the operation had been an essential feature of our plans, and, despite the losses they suffered on account of the heavy seas, on the beaches where they were used they proved conspicuously effective. It is doubtful if the assault forces could have firmly established themselves without the assistance of these weapons.

During the next five days our forces worked to join up the beachheads into one uninterrupted lodgement area and to introduce into this area the supplies of men and materials necessary to consolidate and expand our foothold.

Meanwhile, on and off the beaches, the naval, merchant marine, and land force supply services personnel were performing prodigies of achievement under conditions which could hardly have been worse. Enormous as was the burden imposed upon these services even under the best of conditions, the actual circumstances of our landings increased the difficulties of their task very considerably. The problems of unloading vast numbers of men and vehicles and thousands of tons of stores over bare beaches, strewn with mines and obstacles, were complicated by the heavy seas which would not permit the full use of the special landing devices, such as the "Rhino" ferries, which had been designed to facilitate unloading at this stage of operations. The beaches and their exits had to be cleared and the beach organizations set up while the fighting was still in progress close by, and on either Rank the unloading had to be carried on under fire from German heavy artillery. Off shore, enemy aircraft, although absent by day, laid mines each night, requiring unceasing activity by our mine sweepers. By 11 June, despite these complications, the machinery of supply over the beaches was functioning satisfactorily. Initial discharges of stores and vehicles were about 50 percent behind the planned schedule, but against this we could set the fact that consumption had been less than anticipated. Reserves were being accumulated and the supply position as a whole gave us no cause for concern. The artificial harbor units were arriving and the inner anchorages were already in location. During the first 6 days of the operation, 326,547 men, 54,186 vehicles, and 104,428 tons of stores were brought ashore over the beaches. These figures gave the measure of the way in which all concerned, by their untiring energy and courage, triumphed over the difficulties which confronted them.

Harry S. Truman

The historic message of the explosion of an atomic bomb was flashed to me in a message from Secretary of War Stimson on the morning of July 16. The most secret and most daring enterprise of the war had succeeded. We were now in possession of a weapon that would not only revolutionize war, but alter the course of history and civilization....

The Army plan envisaged an amphibious landing in the fall of 1945 on the island of Kyushu, the southernmost of the Japanese home islands....The first landing would then be followed approximately four months later by a second great invasion, which would be carried out by our Eighth and Tenth Armies, followed by the First Army transferred from Europe, all of which would go ashore in the Kanto plains near Tokyo. In all, it had been estimated that it would require until the late fall of 1946 to bring Japan to her knees.

This was a formidable conception, and all of us realized fully that the fighting would be fierce and the losses heavy.

There was, of course, always the possibility that the Japanese might choose to surrender sooner. Our air and fleet units had begun to inflict heavy damage on industrial and urban sites in Japan proper.

Acting Secretary of State Grew had spoken to me in late May about issuing a proclamation that would urge the Japanese to surrender, but would assure them that we would permit the Emperor to remain as head of the state....I told him that I had already given thought to this matter myself and that it seemed to me a sound idea.

It was my decision then that the proclamation to Japan should be issued from the forthcoming conference at Potsdam....by that time...we might know more about the two matters of significance for our future effort: the participation of the Soviet Union and the atomic bomb. We knew that the bomb would receive its first test in mid-July. If the test of the bomb was successful, I wanted to afford Japan a clear chance to end the fighting before we made use of this newly gained power. If the test should fail, then it would be even more important to us to bring about a surrender before we had to make a physical conquest of Japan. General Marshall told me that it might cost a half a million lives to force the enemy's surrender on his home grounds....

My own knowledge of these developments had come about only after I became President, when Secretary Stimson had given me the full story. He had told me at that time that the project was nearing completion and that a bomb could be expected within another four months. It was at his suggestion, too, that I had then set up a committee of top men and had asked them to study with great care the implications the new weapon might have for us.

It was their recommendation that the bomb be used against the enemy as soon as it could be done. They recommended further that it should be used without specific warning and against a target that would clearly show its devastating strength. I had realized, of course, that an atomic bomb explosion would inflict damage and casualties beyond imagination....

The final decision of where and when to use the atomic bomb was up to me. Let there be no mistake about it. I regarded the bomb as a military weapon and never had any doubt that it should be used. The top military advisers to the President recommended its use, and when I talked to Churchill, he unhesitatingly told me he favored the use of the atomic bomb if it might aid to end the war....

In deciding to use this bomb I wanted to make sure that it would be used as a weapon of war in the manner prescribed by the laws of war. That meant that I wanted it dropped on a military target. I had told Stimson that the bomb should be dropped as nearly as possibly upon a war production center of prime military importance.

Stimson's staff had prepared a list of cities in Japan that might serve as targets. Kyoto, though favored by General Arnold as a center of military activity, was eliminated when Secretary Stimson pointed out that it was a cultural and religious shrine of the Japanese.

Four cities were finally recommended as targets: Hiroshima, Kokura, Niigata, and Nagasaki. They were listed in that order as targets for the first attack. The order of selection was in accordance with the military importance of these cities, but allowance would be given for weather conditions at the time of the bombing. Before the selected targets were approved as proper for military purposes, I personally went over them in detail with Stimson, Marshall, and Arnold, and we discussed the matter of timing and the final choice of the first target...In order to get preparations

under way, the War Department was given orders [that] the first bomb would be dropped as soon after August 3 as weather would permit....

With this order the wheels were set in motion for the first use of an atomic weapon against a military target. I had made the decision. I also instructed Stimson that the order would stand unless I notified him that the Japanese reply to our ultimatum was acceptable....

On July 28 Radio Tokyo announced that the Japanese government would continue to fight. There was no formal reply to the joint ultimatum of the United States, the United Kingdom, and China. There was no alternative now. The bomb was schedule to be dropped after August 3 unless Japan surrendered before that day.

On August 6, the fourth day of the journey home from Potsdam, came the historic news that shook the world....

THE NAZI EXTERMINATION CAMP, MAIDANEK (1944)

Alexander Werth

On the outskirts of Lublin, Poland, Maidanek was converted into an extermination camp for Jews in 1942. According to some estimates, about 1.5 million died there. At first victims were disposed of in mass shootings; later, gas chambers using Zyklon-B were built. After the rebellion at Sobibor extermination camp in November 1943, the prisoners at Maidanek were killed, and the SS tried to obliterate traces of the massacre.

"My first reaction to Maidanek was a feeling of surprise. I had imagined something horrible and sinister beyond words. It was nothing like that. It looked singularly harmless from outside. *Is that it?* was my first reaction when we stopped at what looked like a large workers' settlement. Behind us was the many towered skyline of Lublin. There was much dust on the road, and the grass as dull, greenish-grey color. The camp was separated from the road by a couple of barbed-wire fences, but these did not look particularly sinister, and might have been put up outside any military or semi-military establishment. The place was large, like a whole town of barracks painted a pleasant soft green. There were many people around—soldiers and civilians. A Polish sentry opened the barbed-wire gate to let cars enter the central avenue, with large green barracks on either side. And we stopped outside a large barrack marked Bad und Desinfektion II. 'This,' somebody said, 'is where large numbers of those arriving at the camp were brought in.'

The inside of this barrack was made of concrete, and water taps came out of the wall, and around the room there were benches where the clothes were put down and afterwards collected. So this was the place into which they were driven. Or perhaps they were politely invited to 'Step this way, please?' Did any of them suspect, while washing themselves after a long journey, what would happen a few minutes later? Anyway, after the washing was over, they were asked to go into the next room; at this point even the most unsuspecting must have begun to wonder. For the "next room" was a series of large square concrete structures, each about one-quarter of the size the bath-house, and, unlike it, had no windows. The naked people (men one time, women another time, children the next) were driven or forced from the bath-house into these dark concrete boxes—about five yards square—and then, with 200 or 250 people packed into each box—and it was completely dark there, except for a small light in the ceiling and the spyhole in the door–the process of gassing began. First some hot air was pumped in from the ceiling and then the pretty pale-blue crystals of Cyclon were showered down on the people, and in the hot wet air they rapidly evaporated. In anything from two to ten minutes everybody was dead...There were six concrete boxes—gas-chambers—side by side. 'Nearly two thousand people could be disposed of here simultaneously,' one of the guides said.

But what thoughts passed through these people's minds during those first few minutes while the crystals were falling; could anyone still believe that this humiliating process of being packed into a box and standing there naked...had anything to do with disinfection? At first it was all very hard to take in, without an effort of the imagination. There were a number of very dull-looking concrete structures which, if their doors had been wider, might anywhere else have been mistaken for a row of nice little garages. But the doors—the doors! They were heavy steel doors, and each had a heavy steel bolt. And in the middle of the door was a spyhole, a circle, three inches in diameter composed of about a hundred small holes. Could the people in their death agony see the SS man's eye as he watched them? Anyway, the SS-man had nothing to fear: his eye was well protected by the steel netting over the spyhole....

Kingsbury Smith

On 1 October 1946, the International Military Tribunal at Nuremberg delivered its verdicts, after 216 court sessions. Of the original twenty-four defendants, twelve (including Martin Bormann, tried in absentia), were sentenced to death by hanging. The author of this account, Kingsbury Smith of the International News Service, was chosen by lot to represent the American press at the executions.

Hermann Wilhelm Goering cheated the gallows of Allied justice by committing suicide in his prison cell shortly before the ten other condemned Nazi leaders were hanged in Nuremberg gaol. He swallowed cyanide he had concealed in a copper cartridge shell, while lying on a cot in his cell.

The one-time Number Two man in the Nazi hierarchy was dead two hours before he was scheduled to have been dropped through the trap door of a gallows erected in a small, brightly lighted gymnasium in the gaol yard, 35 yards from the cell block where he spent his last days of ignominy.

Joachim von Ribbentrop, foreign minister in the ill-starred regime of Adolf Hitler, took Goering's place as first to the scaffold.

Last to depart this life in a total span of just about two hours was Arthur Seyss-Inquart, former Gauleiter of Holland and Austria.

In between these two once-powerful leaders, the gallows claimed, in the order named, Field Marshall Wilhelm Keitel; Ernst Kaltenbrunner, once head of the Nazis' security police; Alfred Rosenberg, arch-priest of Nazi culture in foreign lands; Hans Frank; Gauleiter of Poland; Wilhem Frank, Nazi minister of the interior; Fritz Sauckel, boss of slave labor; Colonel General Alfred Jodl; and Julius Streicher, who bossed the anti-Semitism drive of the Hitler Reich.

As they went to the gallows, most of the ten endeavored to show bravery. Some were defiant and some were resigned and some begged the Almighty for mercy.

All except for Rosenberg made brief, last-minute statements on the scaffold. But the only one to make any reference to Hitler or the Nazi ideology in his final moments was Julius Streicher....

The ten once great men in Hitler's Reich that was to have lasted for a thousand years walked up thirteen wooden steps to a platform eight feet high which also was eight square feet....

Von Ribbentrop entered the execution chamber at 1:11 a.m. Nuremberg time....

He was stopped immediately inside the door by two Army sergeants who closed in on each side of him and held his arms, while another sergeant who had followed him in removed manacles from his hands and replaced them with a leather strap.

It was planned originally to permit the condemned men to walk from their cells to the execution chamber with their hands free, but all were manacled following Goering's suicide.

Von Ribbentrop was able to maintain his apparent stoicism to the last....

When he was turned around on the platform to face the witnesses, he seemed to clench his teeth and raise his head with the old arrogance. When asked whether he had any final message he said, "God protect Germany," in German, and then added, "May I say something else?"

The interpreter nodded and the former diplomatic wizard of Nazidom spoke his last words in loud, firm tones: "My last wish is that Germany realize its entity and that an understanding be reached between the East and the West. I wish peace to the world."...Then the hangman adjusted the rope, pulled the lever, and Von Ribbentrop slipped away to his fate.

Field Marshall Keitel...immediately behind Von Ribbentrop in the order of executions, was the first military leader to be executed under the new concept of international law—the principle that professional soldiers cannot escape punishment for waging aggressive wars and permitting crimes against humanity with the claim they were dutifully carrying out orders of superiors....

He certainly did not appear to need the help of guards who walked alongside, holding his arms....His last words, uttered in a full, clear voice, were translated as "I call on God Almighty to have mercy on the German people. More than two million German soldiers went to their death for the fatherland before me. I follow now my sons—all for Germany."

After his blackbooted, uniformed body plunged through the trap, witnesses agreed Keitel had shown more courage on the scaffold than in the courtroom, where he had tried to shift his guilt upon the ghost of Hitler, claiming that all was the Führer's fault and that he merely carried out orders and had no responsibility....

Another colonel went out the door and over to the condemned block to fetch the next man. This was Ernst Kaltenbrunner....When Kaltenbrunner was invited to make a last statement, he said, "I have loved my German people and my fatherland with a warm heart. I have done my duty by the laws of my people, and I am sorry my people were led this time by men who were not soldiers and that crimes were committed of which I had no knowledge."

This was the man, one of whose agents—a man named Rudolf Hoess—confessed at a trial that under Kaltenbrunner's orders he gassed three million human beings at the Auschwitz concentration camp!...

Julius Streicher made his melodramatic appearance at 2:12 a.m.

While his manacles were being removed and his bare hands bound, this ugly, dwarfish little man, wearing a threadbare suit and a well-worn bluish shirt buttoned to the neck but without a tie (he was notorious during his days of power for his flashy dress), glanced at the three wooden scaffolds rising menacingly in front of him. Then he glanced around the room, his eyes resting momentarily upon the small group of witnesses. By this time, his hands were tied securely behind his back....He walked steadily the six feet to the first wooden step but his face was twitching.

As the guards stopped him at the bottom of the steps for identification formality, he uttered his piercing scream: "Heil Hitler!"

The shriek sent a shiver down my back.

As its echo died away an American colonel standing by the steps said sharply, "Ask the man his name." In response to the interpreter's query Streicher shouted, "You know my name well."

The interpreter repeated his request and the condemned man yelled, "Julius Streicher."

As he reached the platform, Streicher cried out, "Now it goes to God." He was pushed the last two steps to the mortal spot beneath the hangman's rope. The rope was being held back against a wooden rail by the hangman.

Streicher was swung suddenly to face the witnesses and glared at them. Suddenly he screamed, "Purim Fest 1946." [Purim is a Jewish holiday celebrated in the spring, commemorating the execution of Haman, ancient persecutor of the Jews described in the Old Testament.]

The American officer standing at the scaffold said, "Ask the man if he has any last words."

When the interpreter had translated, Streicher shouted, "The Bolsheviks will hang you one day."

When the black hood was raised over his head, Streicher's muffled voice could be heard to say, "Adele, my dear wife...."

Harry S. Truman

The wartime alliance between the United States and the Soviet Union disintegrated with the defeat of Hitler. Premier Joseph Stalin, pursuing unilateral policies designed to protect Russian security and extend her influence, consolidated the Red Army's control over Eastern Europe, Iran, and Manchuria. The United States, contrary to legend, responded vigorously, cutting off lend-lease aid to Russia abruptly, denying economic assistance it had earlier held out as an inducement to Stalin, and preserving its monopoly over the atomic bomb while challenging the Soviet expansion diplomatically. The Russians withdrew from Iran and Manchuria, but they imposed an even tighter rein on their satellites in Eastern Europe as an "iron curtain" descended across the heart of the Continent. By 1947 mutual fear and suspicion between America and the U. S. S. R. had hardened into what Bernard Baruch aptly labeled The Cold War.

A sense of crisis developed in Washington in late February, 1947, when the British ambassador informed Under Secretary of State Dean Acheson that England was planning to withdraw from the Eastern Mediterranean, where she had been supporting Turkey against Russian encroachment and helping the Greek government wage a civil war against Communist guerrillas. The State Department, which had been planning a program of economic and military assistance for Greece and Turkey, quickly persuaded President Truman that the United States should take over Britain's role in the Balkans. Congress, however, was controlled by a Republican majority bent on reducing rather than increasing American commitments and expenditures. Truman called a meeting of congressional leaders to discuss the problem, and when he experienced difficulty in convincing the GOP members of the seriousness of the crisis, Dean Acheson took over. Comparing Greece to a rotten apple capable of infecting the whole barrel, Acheson argued that if Greece fell to the Communists, the entire Middle East and ultimately all of Europe would be lost to the Russians. When Acheson finished, an aide noted, "a profound silence ensued that lasted perhaps ten seconds."

Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg, the Republican majority leader, then spoke, saying that he was convinced of the need to act, but added that Truman would have to "scare h— out of the country" in order to get the support of Congress. Accepting this advice, the President went before Congress on March 12, 1947, to request aid for Greece and Turkey and to set forth the Truman Doctrine for the containment of communism.

...One of the primary objectives of the foreign policy of the United States is the creation of conditions in which we and other nations will be able to work out a way of life free from coercion. This was a fundamental issue in the war with Germany and Japan. Our victory was won over countries which sought to impose their will, and their way of life, upon other nations.

To ensure the peaceful development of nations, free from coercion, the United States has taken a leading part in establishing the United Nations, The United Nations is designed to make possible lasting freedom and independence for all its members. We shall not realize our objectives, however, unless we are willing to help free peoples to maintain their free institutions and their national integrity against aggressive movements that seek to impose upon them totalitarian regimes. This is no more than a frank recognition that totalitarian regimes imposed on free peoples, by direct or indirect aggression, undermine the foundations of international peace and hence the security of the United States.

The peoples of a number of countries of the world have recently had totalitarian regimes forced upon them against their will. The Government of the United States has made frequent protests against coercion and intimidation, in violation of the Yalta agreement, in Poland, Rumania, and Bulgaria. I must also state that in a number of other countries there have been similar developments.

At the present moment in world history nearly every nation must choose between alternative ways of life. The choice is too often not a free one.

One way of life is based upon the will of the majority, and is distinguished by free institutions, representative government, free elections, guarantees of individual liberty, freedom of speech and religion, and freedom from political oppression.

The second way of life is based upon the will of a minority forcibly imposed upon the majority. It relies upon terror and oppression, a controlled press and radio, fixed elections, and the suppression of personal freedoms.

I believe that it must be the policy of the United States to support free peoples who are resisting attempted subjugation by armed minorities or by outside pressures.

I believe that we must assist free peoples to work out their own destinies in their own way.

I believe that our help should be primarily through economic and financial aid which is essential to economic stability and orderly political processes.

The world is not static, and the status quo is not sacred. But we cannot allow changes in the status quo in violation of the Charter of the United Nations by such methods as coercion, or by such subterfuges as political infiltration. In helping free and independent nations to maintain their freedom, the United States will be giving effect to the principles of the Charter of the United Nations.

It is necessary only to glance at a map to realize that the survival and integrity of the Greek nation are of grave importance in a much wider situation. If Greece should fall under the control of an armed minority, the effect upon its neighbor, Turkey, would be immediate and serious. Confusion and disorder might well spread throughout the entire Middle East.

Moreover, the disappearance of Greece as an independent state would have a profound effect upon those countries in Europe whose peoples are struggling against great difficulties to maintain their freedoms and their independence while they repair the damages of war.

It would be an unspeakable tragedy if these countries, which have struggled so long against overwhelming odds, should lose that victory for which they sacrificed so much. Collapse of free institutions and loss of independence would be disastrous not only for them but for the world. Discouragement and possibly failure would quickly be the lot of neighboring peoples striving to maintain their freedom and independence.

Should we fail to aid Greece and Turkey in this fateful hour, the effect will be far reaching to the West as well as to the East.

We must take immediate and resolute action.

I therefore ask the Congress to provide authority for assistance to Greece and Turkey in the amount of $400,000,000 for the period ending June 30, 1948. In requesting these funds, I have taken into consideration the maximum amount of relief assistance which would be furnished to Greece out of the $350,000,000 which I recently requested that the Congress authorize for the prevention of starvation and suffering in countries devastated by the war.

In addition to funds, I ask the Congress to authorize the detail of American civilian and military personnel to Greece and Turkey, at the request of those countries, to assist in the tasks of reconstruction, and for the purpose of supervising the use of such financial and material assistance as may be furnished. I recommend that authority also be provided for the instruction and training of selected Greek and Turkish personnel.

Finally, I ask that the Congress provide authority which will permit the speediest and most effective use, in terms of needed commodities, supplies, and equipment, of such funds as may be authorized.

If further funds, or further authority, should be needed for purposes indicated in this message, I shall not hesitate to bring the situation before the Congress. On this subject the Executive and Legislative branches of the Government must work together.

This is a serious course upon which we embark.

I would not recommend it except that the alternative is much more serious. The United States contributed $341,000,000,000 toward winning World War II. This is an investment in world freedom and world peace.

The assistance that I am recommending for Greece and Turkey amounts to little more than 1 tenth of 1 per cent of this investment. It is only common sense that we should safeguard this investment and make sure that it was not in vain.

The seeds of totalitarian regimes are nurtured by misery and want. They spread and grow in the evil soil of poverty and strife. They reach their full growth when the hope of a people for a better life has died. We must keep that hope alive.

The free peoples of the world look to us for support in maintaining their freedoms.

If we falter in our leadership, we may endanger the peace of the world—and we shall surely endanger the welfare of our own nation.

Great responsibilities have been placed upon us by the swift movement of events.

I am confident that the Congress will face these responsibilities squarely.

George C. Marshall

Remarks by the Honorable George C. Marshall, Secretary of State, at Harvard University on June 5, 1947.

I need not tell you gentlemen that the world situation is very serious. That must be apparent to all intelligent people. I think one difficulty is that the problem is one of such enormous complexity that the very mass of facts presented to the public by press and radio make it exceedingly difficult for the man in the street to reach a clear appraisement of the situation. Furthermore, the people of this country are distant from the troubled areas of the earth, and it is hard for them to comprehend the plight and consequent reaction of the long-suffering peoples, and the effect of those reactions on their governments in connection with our efforts to promote peace in the world.

In considering the requirements for the rehabilitation of Europe the physical loss of life, the visible destruction of cities, factories, mines, and railroads was correctly estimated, but it has become obvious during recent months that this visible destruction was probably less serious than the dislocation of the entire fabric of European economy. For the past 10 years conditions have been highly abnormal. The feverish maintenance of the war effort engulfed all aspects of national economics. Machinery has fallen into disrepair or is entirely obsolete. Under the arbitrary and destructive Nazi rule, virtually every possible enterprise was geared into the German war machine. Long-standing commercial ties, private institutions, banks, insurance companies and shipping companies disappeared, through the loss of capital, absorption through nationalization or by simple destruction. In many countries, confidence in the local currency has been severely shaken. The breakdown of the business structure of Europe during the war was complete. Recovery has been seriously retarded by the fact that two years after the close of hostilities a peace settlement with Germany and Austria has not been agreed upon. But even given a more prompt solution of these difficult problems, the rehabilitation of the economic structure of Europe quite evidently will require a much longer time and greater effort than had been foreseen.

There is a phase of this matter which is both interesting and serious. The farmer has always produced the foodstuffs to exchange with the city dweller for the other necessities of life. This division of labor is the basis of modern civilization. At the present time it is threatened with breakdown. The town and city industries are not producing adequate goods to exchange with the food-producing farmer. Raw materials and fuel are in short supply. Machinery is lacking or worn out. The farmer or the peasant cannot find the goods for sale which he desires to purchase. So the sale of his farm produce for money which he cannot use seems to him unprofitable transaction. He, therefore, has withdrawn many fields from crop cultivation and is using them for grazing. He feeds more grain to stock and finds for himself and his family an ample supply of food, however short he may be on clothing and the other ordinary gadgets of civilization. Meanwhile people in the cities are short of food and fuel. So the governments are forced to use their foreign money and credits to procure these necessities abroad. This process exhausts funds which are urgently needed for reconstruction. Thus a very serious situation is rapidly developing which bodes no good for the world. The modern system of the division of labor upon which the exchange of products is based is in danger of breaking down.

The truth of the matter is that Europe's requirements for the next three or four years of foreign food and other essential products—principally from America—are so much greater than her present ability to pay that she must have substantial additional help, or face economic, social, and political deterioration of a very grave character.

The remedy lies in breaking the vicious circle and restoring the confidence of the European people in the economic future of their own countries and of Europe as a whole. The manufacturer and the farmer throughout wide areas must be able and willing to exchange their products for currencies the continuing value of which is not open to question.

Aside from the demoralizing effect on the world at large and the possibilities of disturbances arising as a result of the desperation of the people concerned, the consequences to the economy of the United States should be apparent to all. It is logical that the United States should do whatever it is able to do to assist in the return of normal economic health in the world, without which there can be no political stability and no assured peace. Our policy is directed not against any country or doctrine but against hunger, poverty, desperation, and chaos. Its purpose should be the revival of working economy in the world so as to permit the emergence of political and social conditions in which free institutions can exist. Such assistance, I am convinced, must not be on a piecemeal basis as various crises

develop. Any assistance that this Government may render in the future should provide a cure rather than a mere palliative. Any government that is willing to assist in the task of recovery will find full cooperation, I am sure, on the part of the United States Government. Any government which maneuvers to block the recovery of other countries cannot expect help from us. Furthermore, governments, political parties, or groups which seek to perpetuate human misery in order to profit therefrom politically or otherwise will encounter the opposition of the United States.

It is already evident that, before the United States Government can proceed much further in its efforts to alleviate the situation and help start the European world on its way to recovery, there must be some agreement among the countries of Europe as to the requirements of the situation and the part those countries themselves will take in order to give proper effect to whatever action might be undertaken by this Government. It would be neither fitting nor efficacious for this Government to undertake to draw up unilaterally a program designed to place Europe on its feet economically. This is the business of the Europeans. The initiative, I think, must come from Europe. The role of this country should consist of friendly aid in the drafting of a European program so far as it may be practical for us to do so. The program should be a joint one, agreed to by a number, if not all European nations.

THE EISENHOWER DOCTRINE (1957)

The Suez Canal crisis of 1956-1957 created a situation which appeared to be highly favorable to Communist infiltration or overt attack. After persuading Britain, France, and Israel to withdraw their forces from Egyptian territory, President Eisenhower turned his attention to the larger problem of protecting the Middle East from Communist attack. The President asked for authority to send financial and military aid, at his discretion, to any Middle Eastern country threatened by Communist aggression. Congress endorsed the proposal for economic aid and modified the proposal dealing with military aid.

Resolved, by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, that the President be and hereby is authorized to cooperate with and assist any nation or group of nations in the general area of the Middle East desiring such assistance in the development of economic strength dedicated to the maintenance of national independence.

Section 2. The President is authorized to undertake, in the general area of the Middle East, military assistance programs with any nation or group of nations of that area desiring such assistance. Furthermore, the United States regards as vital to the national interest and world peace the preservation of the independence and integrity of the nations of the Middle East. To this end, if the President determines the necessity thereof, the United States is prepared to use armed forces to assist any such nation or group of such nations requesting assistance against armed aggression from any country controlled by international communism: Provided, That such employment shall be consonant with the treaty obligations of the United States and with the Constitution of the United States.

Section 3. The President is hereby authorized to use during the balance of fiscal year 1957 for economic and military assistance under this joint resolution not to exceed $200,000,000 from any appropriation now available for carrying out the provisions of the Mutual Security Act of 1954

Section 4. The President should continue to furnish facilities and military assistance, within the provisions of applicable law and established policies, to the United Nations Emergency Force in the Middle East, with a view to maintaining the truce in that region.

Section 5. The President shall within the months of January and July of each year report to the Congress his action hereunder.

Section 6. This joint resolution shall expire when the President shall determine that the peace and security of the nations in the general area of the Middle East are reasonably assured by international conditions created by action of the United Nations or otherwise except that it may be terminated earlier by a concurrent resolution of the two Houses of Congress.

Approved March 9, 1957.