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**PEARL HARBOR ATTACK: 50TH ANNIVERSARY COMMEMORATION
CALENDAR OF NATIONAL PARK SERVICE EVENTS**

All events will take place either on the lanai of the USS Arizona Memorial Visitor Center or at the new Remembrance Exhibit on the lawn of the Visitor Center, except as otherwise noted. Starting times are approximate. Many events are planned by other government and private organization.

**WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 4
Hawaii Remembrance Day**

- 10:30 a.m. USS Arizona Reunion Association (Survivors of Arizona) members, families, and friends visit.
- 1:00 p.m. Procession by the Royal Court, with concert by Royal Hawaiian Band. Addresses by Governor John Waihee; Honolulu Mayor Frank Fasi; Mrs. Gladys Ainoa Brandt; and U.S. Senator Daniel K. Inouye, a veteran of the 442nd Regimental Combat Unit, to recognize and honor the people of Hawaii, including the civilians who died, for their sacrifices on December 7, 1941, and throughout the war. U.S.S. Arizona Memorial Superintendent Don Magee, master of ceremonies.

**THURSDAY, DECEMBER 5
Survivors' Day**

- 9:45 a.m. Hawaii National Guard Band Concert
- 10:30 a.m. Program on behalf of the State of Hawaii with Governor Waihee as host and master of ceremonies. Guests will be the Governors of the 9 States represented by battleships in Pearl Harbor on the morning of December 7, 1941. (Probably at the Remembrance Exhibit.)
- 1:00 p.m. U.S. Air Force Band Concert. Addresses by Capt. Donald K. Ross, a machinist aboard U.S.S. Nevada (one of two surviving Medal of Honor recipients for heroism at Pearl Harbor); Capt. Joseph Taussig, Jr., who was officer of the deck and severely wounded aboard U.S.S. Nevada; Mrs. Lenore Rickert, a Navy Nurse on duty at Hospital Point on December 7, 1941; and Franklin Van Valkenburgh, son of the commanding officer of U.S.S. Arizona, who perished aboard her.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 6
Reflections of Pearl Harbor

9:45 a.m.

25th Division Army Band Concert

1:00 p.m.

CINCPAC Fleet Band Concert, to be followed by speeches by the following persons. Architect Alfred Preis, a native of Austria who, as a resident of Oahu in 1941, was interned as an enemy alien, and later, as a U.S. citizen, designed the U.S.S. Arizona Memorial.

Edward Ichiyama, a Purple Heart Veteran of the 442nd Regimental Combat Unit who was in Europe with his brother during World War II and whose other brother was a sailor with the Imperial Japanese Navy and sister-in-law survived the nuclear attack on Hiroshima.

Rev. Joe Morgan, a Pearl Harbor survivor and a longtime volunteer at the Memorial, will deliver the invocation and benediction.

James Michener, the final speaker, the author of Tales of the South Pacific and Hawaii, and winner of the Pulitzer Prize and the Medal of Freedom, will be

Director James M. Ridenour of the National Park Service will be master of ceremonies.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7
Pearl Harbor Day

7:55 a.m.

Nationally televised special program aboard the USS Arizona Memorial to mark the exact 50th anniversary. The President of the United States and the Secretaries of Defense and Interior are expected to attend. Ceremonies to be shown on TV monitors in and adjacent to the Visitor Center.

10:00 a.m.

Wreath-laying at the National Memorial Cemetery of the Pacific (Punchbowl)

11:00 a.m.

Honolulu Symphony Orchestra concert from the lawn of the Visitor Center. Premiere of a symphonic piece entitled "Pearl Harbor Overture: Time for Remembrance," by John Duffy, who lost a cousin at Hickam Air Base, as well as special dedication to other selections to wives, nurses, and the women of Pearl Harbor. Maestro Donald Johanos, conductor.

2:00 p.m.

Children's Program at Remembrance Exhibit with Mrs. Lynne Waihee, Hawaii's First Lady, a native Okinawa, and other distinguished guests. Mrs. George Bush has been invited. About 50 Hawaiian children of elementary school age (and wearing traditional dress) will march from the lanai of the Visitor Center toward the Exhibit, each bearing flowers. As the choir sings, the children will place their flowers around the panels.

Mrs. Waihee will introduce Mrs. Bush (or, in the event of Mrs. Bush's absence, will offer the principal remarks on behalf of ~~State of~~ Hawaii). Secretary of the Interior Manuel Lujan will be the master of ceremonies.

At the conclusion of the program, the choir will again sing, the children will take the hands of Secretary Lujan and Mrs. Waihee and lead them in a procession back to the lanai of the Visitor Center, where the program will conclude.

3:00 p.m.

Visit by members of the USS Arizona Reunion Association, family members and friends, with memorial service aboard the Memorial.

5:00 p.m.

Traditional sunset program for members of the Pearl Harbor Survivors' Association

Punchbowl 6:55

4,000 - 3,000 behind, 1,000 in front
of memorial in background
survivor intro

Az. Memorial speaks at 8:26
back to the water

Cheney speaks, Capt. Don Ross intro
Inouye there

K-8 9:50

Powell + Cheney speak, intro by nurse

Mo. in background - tours
afterward

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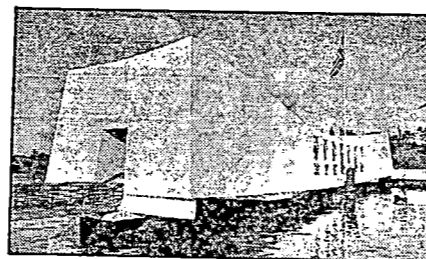


PHOTOS BY NORMAN SHAPIRO—ASSOCIATED PRESS FOR THE WASHINGTON POST
 From left, Pearl Harbor survivor Ray Emory; Raymond Nosaka, who volunteered for a mission in the Army and ended up playing Japanese soldier to train attack dogs; and Japanese Consul General Masaji Takahashi.

Echoes Of the Day of Infamy

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At Pearl Harbor, Living in
 The Shadow of Dec. 7, 1941



BY NORMAN SHAPIRO—ASSOCIATED PRESS FOR THE WASHINGTON POST
 The USS Arizona Memorial over the sunken ship.



Smoke pours from the USS Arizona after the Japanese attack.

ASSOCIATED PRESS

By Paul Hendrickson
 Washington Post Staff Writer

HONOLULU

From the shore, the USS Arizona Memorial, in the middle of Pearl Harbor, looks like an ice cube afloat in a lime-green sea. They shuttle you out to the site in a Navy launch. It takes about five minutes. The memorial, antiseptic at a distance, straddles the sunken battleship's midsections, but you can't really tell this until you're there. If the wind is right and the sun is right, you can peer down into the calm water and make out shadows and contours of something long and narrow just below the surface. The waves move almost imperceptibly across the submerged coffin, a coffin containing 1,177 American sailors and Marines who didn't fight World War II for even an hour.

They're down there yet in their shallow, watery tomb.

They had names like G.A. Bertie Jr. and J.J. Dewitt and A.A. Wilcox and Paxton Carter. Carter was from

Hattiesburg, Miss., and you can find pieces of his lost life at the visitors' center. He had a blunt blocky face. He was an acting paymaster. He was a husband. He used to keep scrapbooks of his exotic tropical adventures in the service of Uncle Sam.

That December Sunday morning 50 years ago, in the first wave of the attack, the Arizona took a 1,760-pound delayed-action, armor-piercing bomb. Took it dead on, forward of her No. 2 turret. The bomb detonated the battleship's powder magazines. Her front half disintegrated. She rained metal and shrapnel for hundreds of yards. She went under in less than nine minutes.

Other ships on Battleship Row turned into fireballs too. Other ships billowed columns of black smoke. But what happened on the imploded Arizona was like a small atomic blast.

There are always groups of Japanese tourists at this memorial, some fresh off the plane from Tokyo.

A visitor stands at a railing and stares downward. It's the evidence of things not fully seen, only felt. But here's something that can be seen, and plainly: oil on

the water. It's seeping up from the engines and other quarters. Half a century later, the Arizona oozes oil, as if sending messages she's alive even in her rusted deadness.

"We figure about a gallon a day," explains a Park Service guide, who probably answers this question 100 times each shift. "No real way of knowing. But it's always here."

You could say that what's also always present, not only at the memorial to the Arizona and not just in the anchorages of Pearl but across the 604 square miles of a volcanic resort rock called Oahu, is the shadow of one of the engraved dates of the 20th century. That date floats atop the entire American psyche, something we haven't put to rest yet, but probably nowhere can its meanings and contradictions and sorrows and resentments be grasped more keenly than in the place where Dec. 7, 1941, actually happened. For many who still live in Hawaii, but especially on Oahu, the day of infamy is something personal, defining, something to carry inside from here to eternity.

See PEARL HARBOR, D2, Col. 1

from Nat'l. Park
Service

MYTHS AND ODDITIES
ABOUT THE DECEMBER 7, 1941 ATTACK ON PEARL HARBOR

Frequently asked questions and unusual facts about the events of December 7, 1941, the USS Arizona, and events of that day in history:

1. How many of the USS Arizona's crew survived the attack? Fact: Some 334 of the ship's crew of 1,511 survived, including perhaps as many as 60 who were on shore duty or on leave at the time. Total losses among the Arizona crew were 1,177.
2. How many of the crew are considered still entombed aboard the sunken vessel? Fact: Representatives of the USS Arizona Reunion Association say that 945 of their shipmates remain with the ship. That figure is computed on the basis of the number of victims whose bodies were recovered following the attack, including those that never were identified.
3. Why were the remains of some Arizona crewmen never recovered from the ship? Fact: Frantic efforts to rescue the wounded and injured marked the hours and days immediately following the attack. The bodies of many victims were indeed recovered. It was virtually impossible to recover others, however, because of the condition of the ruined ship. In time, it was accepted that no more fitting resting place could be found for the crewmen who died, and thus was born the concept of the USS Arizona Memorial.
4. Who were the youngest and oldest members of the USS Arizona's crew? Fact: It's not certain who those individuals were. There were several senior crew members who had served aboard the ship for from 12 to 15 years each. One sailor, Harlan C. (Carl) Christiansen of Columbus, Kansas, believed himself to have been both the youngest man aboard and the very last fellow to join the crew. Christiansen, an apprentice seaman, had gone aboard the Arizona only 10 days before the attack. He had his 18th birthday on September 14, 1941. His brother, Edward, 20, a baker aboard the Arizona, died in the attack.
5. It's been said that the USS Arizona was sunk in part by a bomb that went down its smokestack. True? Fact: Reports to that effect have been discredited. In fact, an armor piercing bomb from a Japanese horizontal bomber struck directly on or beside the No. 2 (forward) gun turret and exploded below decks in the ship's powder magazine. A witness likened the resulting explosion to an earthquake.
6. The skipper of the Arizona: What happened to him? Fact: Captain Franklin Van Valkenburg and the commander of the First Battleship Division, Rear Admiral Isaac Campbell Kidd, both were killed in the attack and went down with the ship. Both were last known to have been at their stations on the bridge of the

Arizona. Their bodies were never recovered.

7. What happened to the USS Arizona following the attack? Fact: The Arizona and the battleship Utah, on the opposite (west) side of Ford Island, were the only ships not re-floated after the attack. Neither was a hazard to shipping lanes, and so were left where they lay. Both were, and are, officially listed as sunk by enemy action.
8. Are burial services still allowed aboard the Arizona? Fact: True. The National Park Service, with the concurrence of the U. S. Navy, extends to surviving crew members the prerogative of having their cremated remains placed aboard the sunken battleship. Five such placements have been made as of 1990.
9. How many brothers and father-and-son combinations were aboard the USS Arizona? Fact: There were as many as 34 sets of brothers, including three sets of three brothers. Among the latter, in each case, two brothers perished and one survived. In the case of nine sets of brothers, one died and one survived. Forty-five of the then 48 states were represented among the Arizona's victims.
10. There were reports that Japanese sympathizers on the island of Oahu cut giant arrows in sugar cane fields on Oahu, directing Japanese attackers to Pearl Harbor. Fact: Untrue. As author Gordon W. Prange wrote in his book "At Dawn We Slept," "Missing Pearl Harbor from the air . . . would be like overlooking a bass drum in a telephone booth."
11. What happened to the midget submarines that the Japanese used in the attack? Did they inflict any damage on U. S. ships? Fact: Five mini-sub subs were launched by larger (I-class) Japanese submarines prior to the attack on Pearl Harbor. Each carried a crew of two, and was armed with two torpedoes. None succeeded in inflicting any damage whatever. One mini-sub is known to have penetrated Pearl Harbor. She was rammed and sunk by the U. S. destroyer Monaghan off Ford Island. Another was sunk by the destroyer Ward off the entrance to Pearl Harbor. A third grounded on Oahu's windward coast; it was recovered and for some years has been on exhibition at Key West, Florida. A fourth was recovered from just inside the Pearl Harbor entrance; it was returned to Japan for display at that country's Naval Academy at Etajima. The fifth has never been located, but it was believed sunk somewhere off the entrance to Pearl Harbor.
12. What became of the crew members of those mini-sub subs? Fact: Only one was known to have survived, Ensign Kazuo Sakamaki, whose sub grounded off Kaneohe, on the eastern coast of Oahu, far removed from Pearl Harbor. He swam ashore and collapsed there, to be taken prisoner by Sgt. David Akui -- an American soldier of Japanese ancestry. Sakamaki's fellow crew member, Kiyoshi Inagaki, never was found; he is believed to have drowned.

What happened to the above-water portions of the USS Arizona following the attack? Fact: When it was determined that the battleship could not be successfully re-floated, salvage workers removed many of the battleship's weapons and much of her ammunition. Six of her 14-inch guns were removed and offered to the Army. Eventually, the wrecked superstructure of the fallen giant was removed.

14. There were stories about some sailors who survived for a time in one of the sunken ships. What happened? Fact: The West Virginia was indeed sunk at its mooring along Battleship Row, its lower decks flooded. In the salvage operation, the bodies of three sailors were discovered in one compartment that somehow remained free of water. Markings on the bulkhead indicated that the trio had survived until at least December 23, living on tins of food and water, before their air supply was exhausted.

15. How many ships were lost or damaged beyond recovery during the attack? Fact: Of about 100 warships in Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941, 19 were heavily damaged or sunk. All but three were repaired and returned to action later in World War II. Those that did not were the Arizona, the Utah and the Oklahoma.

16. What happened later in the war to the 30 ships in the Japanese attack force? Fact: With one exception, all were sunk during Pacific engagements. These included all six aircraft carriers that launched planes used in the attack on Pearl Harbor.

17. Who commanded the Japanese attack force of aircraft, and what became of him? Fact: Mitsuo Fuchida led the fleet of Japanese planes and went on to survive the war. Immediately following Japan's surrender, however, he joined the ministry and became a lay minister in Japan.

18. What is the unusual story associated with the American cruiser Phoenix that was in Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941? Fact: Years after World War II, the Phoenix was sold to the Argentine navy and was reconfigured and renamed the General Belgrano. It was sunk by the British during the Falkland Islands fighting in 1982.

19. How many servicemen won the Congressional Medal of Honor, the nation's highest military honor, for exceptional acts of heroism during the attack on Pearl Harbor? Fact: Fifteen U. S. Navy men and one U. S. Marine were awarded Congressional Medals of Honor, 11 of them posthumously. Of those honored, only two survived as of 1991: Capt. Donald K. Ross of Port Orchard, Washington, and Lt. John William Finn of Pine Valley, California.

20. Didn't our government know that we were about to be attacked? Fact: The U. S. had indeed broken the Japanese diplomatic code, and U. S. leaders suspected that the Japanese were preparing to attack British, Dutch, and possibly U. S. possessions in the Far East. But there is no evidence to suggest

at the attack on Pearl Harbor itself was expected.

21. In what depth of water did the Arizona sink? Fact: The battleship rests in about 40 feet of water and about 20 feet of mud.

22. Is the Arizona still officially a part of the U. S. fleet? Fact: No. She was not decommissioned -- sunken ships cannot be decommissioned. Her name was removed from the Navy's register of warships on December 1, 1942.

23. When and how did the custom of flying our nation's flag over the Arizona originate? Fact: On March 7, 1950, the commander of the U. S. Pacific Fleet ordered the flag flown over the sunken battleship as an act of remembrance. Today and every day since then, a color guard faithfully raises and lowers the national ensign as on any commissioned ship of the fleet.

24. Were any Navy chaplains killed in the attack? Fact: Two Navy chaplains died -- the first of their calling to perish during World War II. One was Captain Thomas L. Kirkpatrick, Presbyterian chaplain aboard the Arizona. The other was Lt. (jg) Aloysius H. Schmitt, Catholic chaplain on the USS Oklahoma.

25. Other than for the USS Arizona, what ship suffered the greatest single loss among its crew? Fact: The USS Oklahoma lost 448 men when it was struck by torpedoes and bombs and capsized within 10 minutes. The Oklahoma carried a crew of about 1,300.

26. What happened to the Oklahoma immediately after the attack? Fact: Throughout Monday and Tuesday, December 8 and 9, rescuers cut through the steel hull of the capsized battleship and retrieved 32 crew members from the compartments where they were trapped. These men and some 700 others who survived were eventually reassigned to other ships in the Atlantic and Pacific fleets.

27. And still later, what became of the Oklahoma? Fact: Because the ship was blocking part of the Pearl Harbor channel, she was raised as part of an effort that began in 1943. It was apparent, however, that she could not profitably be salvaged, and so the vessel was stripped and sold for about \$46,000. She was under tow to San Francisco on _____ when she suddenly developed a list and sank, unwilling, some said, to suffer the indignity of going to the scrap heap.

28. What did entertainer Elvis Presley have to do with the USS Arizona Memorial? Fact: Presley performed before about 6,000 persons in a benefit appearance that raised a total of \$48,000 to help construct the Memorial. The performance took place on _____ at Bloch Arena in Honolulu.

George Akita Delivers a Speech

IN THE DAYS BEFORE PEARL HARBOR, NO ONE WAS MORE CONCERNED with what "Americanism" was and how it could be attained than young Japanese-Americans, so it is not surprising that a fifteen-year-old Japanese student at Farrington High School named George Akita should win the ten-dollar first prize in the fourth annual speech contest of the Aloha chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution (DAR), held at seventy-three on the evening of December 5 in the McKinley High School auditorium. The contest's theme was "Americanism," a word that now sounds dated but that was no joke in 1941 for Japanese-Americans wishing to prove their loyalty. It was not enough, they knew, to vote, pay taxes, serve in the Army, and observe patriotic holidays. "Americanism" was also required, which, like every "ism," was an all-encompassing way of living and thinking, reflecting a knowledge of American history and geography and a taste for approved books, movies, and sports.

The theme of Akita's prize-winning speech was "American Citizenship and National Defense," and it ended, "From tropical Hawaii to the rock-bound shores of Maine, from the snow-clad plains of the Dakotas to sunny Texas, let us, Americans

all, rally around the Stars and Stripes in the defense of our way of life. With the love of democracy burning in our hearts and minds, we cannot fail—we must not fail.”

Did he really believe this? Did he really think he was an American like any other? Apparently he did, if the following description of December 7 from his diary is any proof: “Planning to stay at Central [the school where he was assigned as a student civil defense volunteer] tonight. Mom didn’t want me to go. She was afraid. Pop told her that no matter how young I am since I was a citizen of America I have to help America whenever I am able to. Even to die for America. I like his attitude. . . . I guess we Japanese are in for it now. Especially Mom and Pop, they’re aliens. But the U.S. Government has promised not to molest the nationals unless they by their actions and deeds make themselves detrimental. I have faith in the U.S. Government.”

It is enough to make you cry. Like most Japanese residents of Hawaii, Akita and his parents were not interned, but 110,000 mainland Japanese were, and on December 5, many of them must have believed in “Americanism” as fervently as he did.

It is possible he won the DAR contest fairly (the year before he had won the *Honolulu Star-Bulletin* oratory contest on the Constitution), and that his speech was better than “What Is Americanism?” by Christine Weatherby, or ““Americanism Marches Onward” by Irene Makaiau, or Peggy Engstrom’s “I Am an American.” But it is also possible that he won (and that Tereu Masatsugu won second place with “A United America”) because in these final months of 1941, the DAR judges were as obsessed as the military with the loyalty of Hawaii’s Japanese, and believed it their patriotic duty to encourage it.

In considering the dilemma of young Japanese-Americans like Akita, it is useful to recall how, just forty years earlier, Honolulu’s electric trolley cars caused an epidemic of broken

Speech

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Point” (Barbers Point resembles a desert more than a jungle, and ammunition kept there was usually kept locked).

A June 1941 article in *Collier's* magazine titled “Impregnable Pearl Harbor” reported on military exercises in Hawaii said to prove “how quickly the billion-dollar fist that America has built in the Pacific could deliver a smash. The Army’s Hawaiian division . . . can be at their posts within thirty minutes, if they’re not there already. The Pacific Fleet . . . [is] always within a few minutes of clearing for action.” The author assured readers that “to the extent that we know how many fighting ships and planes Japan has, we’re kept pretty well informed where they are and what they’re up to. . . . Our Pacific battle forces are not exactly groping around in the dark.

“Ships can be sunk. Planes can be downed. . . . But neither the Army nor the Navy believes that there is any power or combination of powers existing today that can prove it in the islands.

“In the continental United States there may be some doubt about our readiness to fight, but none exists in Hawaii. Battleships . . . plow the ocean practicing gunnery, wary as lions on the prowl.”

The blackest humor is found in *Our Billion Dollar Rock*, in which the author described “what this mighty defense base would look like and act like if it were called on to repel an attack.” He then explained, “Although this was to have been a ‘surprise’ attack, listeners and sound amplifiers in mountain recesses have heralded the enemy. The word is hurried from observation posts. Curtiss pursuit hawks whip into the air . . . to meet the invader. Meanwhile, anti-aircraft guns from a dozen emplacements have found the range and are knocking enemy planes out of the sky . . . Promptly, or battleships would wheel into action against the enemy. . . . Whatever the strength of the invading enemy, he would soon know he had been in a battle. For Oahu is ready.”

You cannot just dismiss such boasting as careless journalism or a mainland fantasy. It was repeated in wire service dispatches and printed in the Honolulu papers, and believed there as well. It created a closed system, in which mainland delusions reinforced those of the Islands, which in turn magnified those of the mainland, so that as December 7 approached, the arrogance and boasting grew exponentially. It reached some kind of peak in a speech delivered on December 6 (and reported that same afternoon in the *Honolulu Star-Bulletin*) by Senator Ralph Brewster of Maine, who claimed, "The United States navy can defeat the Japanese navy, any place and at any time."

Listen to what was being said by the military and civilian residents of Hawaii, who you might think would have known better. The commander of the Hawaiian Department in 1940, Major General Charles Herron, announced, "Oahu will never be exposed to a blitzkrieg attack. This is why: we are more than 2,000 miles away from land whichever way you look, which is a long way for an enemy force to steam. And besides, it would have to smash through our Navy."

Honolulu's own magazine, *Paradise of the Pacific*, boasted in its May 1941 edition, "The island of Oahu is so thoroughly ringed with defenses, it would be impossible for hostile planes to come over the island. Their approach would be detected long before they were in striking distance, and if they ever got over the city, the army and navy would make quick work of them before they returned to their bases—presumably ships at sea."

An editorial the same month in the *Star-Bulletin* said, "This week a high officer of the U.S. Army remarked that he knows of no place under the American flag safer than Hawaii—more secure from the onslaught of actual war."

Hawaii's Japanese-Americans were also confident. They feared an American-Japanese war in Asia, but believed Hawaii was too strong and distant to be menaced. Seiyei Wakukawa, who for many years had traveled to China to cover the Sino-

Pearl Harbor memories are less ordered, seldom divided neatly into timetables, and reflect the chaos of that day. Although people are vague about precisely when certain ships were hit or planes destroyed and uncertain if they were victims of bombs or torpedoes, they remember well how those great ships, and their crews, looked in their death throes, and remember the event dominating so many memories, the sinking of the battleship *Arizona*.

At 0810, fifteen minutes into the attack, an eighteen-hundred-pound armor-piercing bomb struck the *Arizona* between its number two gun turret and bow, creating a hundred-foot-wide gap, penetrating the deck, and exploding in a fuel storage tank. A fire flared for seven seconds, then traveled through open hatches to the forward magazine, where it touched off 1.7 million pounds of explosives. A fountain of flame and black smoke shot skyward. The *Arizona* jumped from the water. Its foremast pitched forward, and its deck opened like a flower.

Flaming bodies and body parts were blown upward. Naked sailors, limbs, and letters from home landed on nearby ships, or were snagged by trees on Ford Island. Men burning like torches stumbled across the deck. "They had their helmets on, but their clothes were seared off . . . they walked out of the flames and just dropped dead," remembers a spectator. Burning men jumped into the harbor and were heard to "sizzle." The body of the *Arizona*'s captain, Franklin Van Valkenburgh, was never found, although when the ship cooled, a boarding party dug his Naval Academy ring from a pile of ashes.

On Ford Island, several thousand survivors of the *Arizona* and other wounded battleships wandered through clouds of smoke, naked and dripping oil, skin, and blood, screaming in agony, falling over dead. A survivor remembers them "just burned like lamb chops. The only thing I could see were their

eyes, lips, and mouths. Their mouths were reddish; their eyes looked watery. Everything else was black.”

Two hundred *Arizona* dead were lined up on the lawns of officers' bungalows. Their blood soaked the ground and blackened the grass. Survivors gathered dismembered arms and legs from roofs and trees. Many had been snagged by a banyan tree near the water, now known as the Hiroshima Banyan.

When I reviewed my own images of the attack, all the product of countless documentaries, histories, and movies, I discovered none were morbid. I watched *Tora! Tora! Tora!* once again, and noticed there was not a single corpse, wound, or drop of blood. No wonder when I thought of Pearl Harbor, I thought of bravery, treachery, tactics, and surprise, but not of a thousand men killed in several seconds, or 2,500 in under two hours. I saw American pilots battling swarms of Zeros, wounded ships puffing smoke, and Japanese diplomats arriving at the State Department minutes before the attack in baggy suits. When I imagined casualties, they were serene maritime deaths, an underwater movie of air bubbles as captains went down with ships. I had not known or had forgotten about men trapped in pockets of air in the *West Virginia*, living for two weeks and chalking off the days with X's on overturned cabin walls before finally dying, or the antipersonnel bomb making a direct hit on the mess hall where five hundred men were sitting down for breakfast, sending “sharp jagged masses of steel moving at high velocity,” which resulted in the “common sight” of “men without one or both legs and an arm” and produced “tremendous casualties,” according to Ralph Cloward, the neurosurgeon who treated them. I had not known about the corpses stacked up to the windowsills at the Hickam Field hospital, the men dying on lush Hawaiian lawns, under flowering trees, while waiting for hospital beds, the forty garbage cans filled with amputated limbs seen outside the Tripler Army Hospital, or the Tripler amputation saw used and sterilized so

often it stayed "hot" all day, or just how those sailors on the *Arizona* had died.

The more I read about sailors becoming ashes and charcoaled flesh, the more I found myself thinking about Hiroshima. The *Arizona's* sailors had been "cut down in a single searing blast." One had "vanished" inside the port antiaircraft battery, and "the only place he could have gone was through the narrow range-finder slot." The explosion sounded "like a powerful and heavy wind blowing through thick foliage" and was remembered as a "fireball" that "mushroomed" into the air. Captain Fuchida had seen "a column of dark red smoke" rising to a thousand feet, and felt his plane shudder from the shock wave as his heart filled "with joy and gratification." One man remembered talk of a "great mushroom cloud" rising over the *Arizona*, and Honolulu residents seeing newsreels of Hiroshima which "reminded them of Pearl Harbor."

Sixty times as many people died at Hiroshima, and almost all of them were civilians. But in 1941, when the country was at peace, to lose over a thousand sailors in seconds, on a single battleship and to a single bomb, was an unprecedented catastrophe. This was more sailors than were lost in action in the Spanish-American War and World War One combined, and the greatest number of people killed by a single explosion in the history of warfare, a record broken only at Hiroshima.

In a way, both bombings were "sneak attacks." Although Hiroshima occurred during a declared war in which civilians had become frequent victims, it had a sneak-attack quality, because for the first time the total destruction of a civilian city was the sole purpose of an air raid. And in the moment between explosion and annihilation, Hiroshima's inhabitants must have been as stunned as the *Arizona's* sailors, who had only those seven seconds between the muffled thud of an explosion in her fuel tanks and the thundering explosion in the magazine to ponder their fate.

These similarities provide context for what might otherwise be dismissed as coincidences. The banyan tree facing the *Arizona* is known as the Hiroshima Banyan presumably because its shape resembles a mushroom cloud, but it is no more mushroom-shaped than any other banyan. Both Honolulu and Hiroshima have built memorials around ruins that survived, and each is the most visited memorial in its country. At Hiroshima, the memorial is constructed around the ruined dome of the Industrial Promotion Hall, a structure marking the epicenter of the explosion as the *Arizona* does the destruction at Pearl Harbor. There is also an official "sister city" relationship between Honolulu and Hiroshima, based on their similar climate, size, and positions as Pacific port cities, but nurtured by similar experiences and populations. Many Hawaiian Japanese came from Hiroshima prefecture and had relatives killed there. There are Japanese-Americans in Hawaii who witnessed Pearl Harbor, suffered its consequences, enlisted in the Army, were posted to the occupation, and returned to Hiroshima in American uniforms to search for family members.

The poignant photographs of belowdecks on the U.S.S. *Arizona*, a world of stainless-steel galleys, brass caldrons, and lines of hammocks, remind me of the ghostly ones of prewar Hiroshima with its busy train station, packed streets, and trolley cars. Both show an innocent but doomed population just before the catastrophe. The immutable fact that the victims of Hiroshima and the *Arizona* were so unsuspecting and that both were killed by what was essentially a sneak attack reveals the most powerful connection between them to be that at the time, both were outside the bounds of traditional warfare, and both are better described as mass murder.

During the war, the *Arizona's* twisted superstructure was dismantled for scrap and its heavy guns removed for use as coastal weapons. The rest remained, an oval outline sitting in

ht feet of water, visible beneath the surface, rusted and crusted with coral, a metal corpse. The idea of building a memorial over the wreckage came to a Honolulu businessman Tucker Gratz on December 7, 1946, when he laid a wreath on *Arizona* to commemorate the fifth anniversary of the attack and found there, undisturbed, the wreath he had laid to commemorate the fourth. Five years later, the Navy erected a flagstaff, although reluctantly, because many of its officers agreed with Admiral Nimitz, who "regretted that we memorialize Pearl Harbor Day—which was a great defeat for us." Next came a wood platform, a commemorative plaque, and in 1956 the first permanent memorial, a ten-foot stone obelisk. It was not until Memorial Day 1962 that the Pacific War Memorial Commission, headed by the same Tucker Gratz, dedicated the *Arizona* Memorial, a stark white rectangular structure that spans the *Arizona*'s remains and appears to hover over the water. Besides being the most important World War Two memorial in the country, it is one defying the usual pattern of such places, that as wars become more distant, their visitors shrink to an elderly trickle. Instead, every year the *Arizona* Memorial attracts larger crowds, until now, with a visitor count exceeding a million and a half a year, it has become the second-most-popular cemetery on earth.

The *Arizona* is both memorial and cemetery because the bodies of 1,102 of her crewmen have never been recovered. (Two divers were killed by pockets of gas in 1942, and two more in 1947, and further operations were abandoned.) What this means, although you will not find it in literature provided by the National Park Service or sold in the souvenir stand at the memorial's shore-based visitor center, is that beyond the *Arizona*'s open hatches and unbroken glass portholes, behind her fourteen-inch armor plating curled like lettuce leaves by the explosion, beneath a deck strewn with firehoses and the poles that once anchored awnings, and mixed in among shards of

crockery and silverware from the mess, are the human remains most likely to survive fifty years of submersion—1,102 sets of teeth.

The *Arizona* feels like a cemetery. There is a heavy silence, broken only by the chug of a tour boat or ferry, and calm water surrounds it, flat and green, like a graveyard lawn. The white mooring blocks that once anchored the doomed battleships resemble old tombstones. Nearby are other buried remains: the wreck of a midget submarine, “crash sites” of planes, and urns containing the ashes of *Arizona* veterans, lowered over the years onto the wreckage in a stainless-steel cylinder the Navy has built for this purpose. And there is the *Arizona*'s oil, a droplet escaping every nine seconds, floating along passages, up ladders, and through a small crack in the deck, spreading a rainbowed film on the water, a process the park rangers describe as “bleeding,” as if the ship were a carelessly embalmed cadaver.

died in 1989
My impression of the *Arizona* as cemetery was reinforced by Fred Kokunu, a native Hawaiian park ranger with the sunken face and dignified manner of a funeral director. He has worked at the memorial since 1965, becoming its unofficial historian. Until 1978, he gave fifteen-minute lectures to as many as twenty-five groups a day. Every December 6, he scatters ti leaves and sprinkles salt blessed by a Hawaiian native priest on the wreckage, a ceremony designed to placate the Hawaiian shark god said to inhabit Pearl Harbor, and to have caused the collapse of the first dry dock in 1913, the Japanese raid, and a 1944 munitions explosion.

Hawaiians are sentimental, and their emotions are deeply felt. Even so, Kokunu's attachment to the *Arizona* is extraordinary. His eyes teared as he said, “I've had the honor to spend much of my life on a one-hundred-and-fifty-four-by-twenty-foot piece of property that represents one of the greatest tragedies in naval history.” And teared again as he said, “I like

going out in the morning before visitors arrive. I stare at the leaking oil and imagine it's the tears of the men buried in the *Arizona*, crying for us to keep America alert and strong."

He always recognizes Pearl Harbor survivors and their relatives. They stand alone, break into deep sobs, and leave without talking. The brother of the Anderson twins, both December 7 casualties, visited in 1968, telling Kokunu, "You are my brothers' keeper." The widow of Chief Yeoman Malecki came often, and had her ashes scattered over the wreckage. A Japanese woman brought flowers in memory of her fiancé, a pilot killed on December 7, and Kokunu himself supervised the burial of Stanley J. Teslow, lowering the stainless-steel cylinder containing his ashes into the number four gun turret.

I asked his impression of the half million Japanese a year who visit the *Arizona*. If there is anywhere, aside from Hiroshima, where Americans and Japanese should tread carefully, it is here. Fewer than a third of the memorial's visitors are Japanese, but on mornings when their buses arrive at once they overwhelm the visitor center. They pack shuttle boats, laughing and shouting as they line up for photographs, dismissively waving their hands at Americans who wander into their viewfinders. What did Fred Kokunu, who said the memorial was his whole life and a "sacred tomb," think of them?

The question made him uncomfortable. Instead of a direct answer, he made oblique comments, saying, "Until a few years ago the visitor center bookstore was forbidden from selling anything made in Japan. Now even our color commemorative book is printed there." He said Americans sometimes asked, "How can you let these goddam Japs come here?" But they were often pointing out a party of elderly Chinese. He said, "There was once a Japanese gentleman in his mid-forties who said, 'Sir, I am so sorry for Pearl Harbor.'" He paused, and this time his eyes were dry. "And that is the only Japanese visitor in my twenty years ever to say anything like that, ever."

PEARL
HARBOR
GHOSTS

A JOURNEY TO HAWAII
THEN AND NOW

Thurston Clarke

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91 NOV 22 All: 43

November 22, 1991

Mr. Robert Simon
The White House
By Fax: 202-456-7750

Dear Mr. Simon,

As you requested on the telephone earlier this week, I am sending some suggestions for themes, and individual stories that might have a place in one of the two speeches President Bush will be delivering in Hawaii on the fiftieth anniversary of the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor.

Japanese-American Reconciliation

As you know there has been some controversy over the question of whether or not an official Japanese delegation should have been invited to Pearl Harbor. Given the emotions surrounding the anniversary I believe the State Department decision not to have any foreign delegations was a wise one. Nevertheless, over the years there have been some small scale, very moving acts of Pearl Harbor reconciliation between individuals. One of these is mentioned in Chapter 26 of my book and concerns Wymo Takaki, the Japanese-American who made a pilgrimage to Japan several years ago to find the family of the Japanese flyer he watched drown himself in Pearl Harbor. More information about Takaki can be found by consulting the index. He could be used as an example of such reconciliation.

The Lessons of Pearl Harbor

With the Cold War over, Pearl Harbor is no longer as compelling a cautionary tale for the necessity for maintaining a strong military, and for guarding against a sneak attack. Nevertheless, it still teaches important lessons about the dangers of isolationism, overconfidence, and about the dangers of racial prejudice -- which, in the case of Pearl Harbor, led us to belittle the Japanese military and at the same time to over-emphasize the danger of sabotage in Hawaii by Japanese-Americans, leading to the ruinous practice of grouping planes in the middle of runways as a precaution against sabotage.

How Should Americans Approach the Anniversary?

I think it is important for people to keep two themes in mind at once. (Some might even say these are two contradictory ideas. If the mark of a great mind is the ability to entertain two contradictory ideas at the same time, perhaps this is also the mark of a great nation.)

The first thing to remember is that the American and Japanese peoples and nations America and Japan have enjoyed friendly political and economic relations for forty years, to remember that Pearl Harbor happened almost two generations earlier, and was the product of a system of government long repudiated by the Japanese people. To hold personal or national grudges over this even at this late date is senseless and inappropriate.

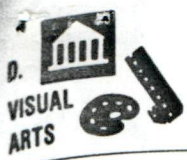
On the other hand, Pearl Harbor is history, fact. The desire to effect a reconciliation with Japan should not mean forgetting that this was an act of treachery and aggression that led to three and a half years of suffering, and to the bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki; nor should it prevent us from remembering the sacrifices of the victims of the Japanese attack, and the important role it has played in our history.

I hope this helps. If you have any questions don't hesitate to call. I will be at the above number until November 29. After that I can be reached in Honolulu at the Kahala Hilton (808) 734-2211.

Sincerely Yours,

Thurston Clarke

Thurston Clarke



D. VISUAL ARTS	E. MUSIC	F. SCIENCE, TECHNOLOGY, GROWTH	G. DAILY LIFE	
<p>Edward Hopper: "Nighthawks"</p> <p>Stuart Davis: "New York Under Gaslight"</p> <p>Fernand Léger: "Divers against Yellow Background"</p> <p>Paul Nash: "Bombers over Berlin"</p> <p>Henry Moore's drawings of refugees in London air raid shelters</p> <p>Feliks Topolski executes his drawings of Brit. armed forces</p> <p>Stanley Spencer: "Shipbuilding in the Clyde"</p> <p>National Gallery of Art, Washington, D.C., opens</p> <p>Films: "The Two-Faced Woman" (Garbo's last film); "Citizen Kane" (Orson Welles); "Kipps" (Carol Reed); "The Big Store" (Marx Brothers); "The 49th Parallel" (Leslie Howard); "Ohm Krüger" (anti-Brit. Nazi propaganda film); "Suspicion" (Hitchcock) "How Green Was My Valley" (John Ford), Academy Award</p> <p>Robert Delaunay d. (b. 1885)</p>	<p>Roy Harris: "Folk Song Symphony," Boston</p> <p>Michael Tippett: "A Child of Our Time"</p> <p>William Walton: "Scapino," overture</p> <p>Benjamin Britten: Violin Concerto</p> <p>Paderewski d. (b. 1860)</p> <p>Shostakovich: Symphony No. 7 (written during the siege of Leningrad)</p> <p>Wilhelm Kienzl, Aust. composer, d. (b. 1857)</p> <p>Christian Sinding, Norw. composer, d. (b. 1856)</p> <p>Popular songs: "Bewitched, Bothered, and Bewildered"; "Deep in the Heart of Texas"; "I Don't Want to Set the World On Fire"; "Chattanooga Choo-Choo"; "I Got It Bad and That Ain't Good"</p>	<p>Donald Bailey invents the portable military bridge</p> <p>Hans Haas begins underwater photography</p> <p>"Manhattan Project" of intensive atomic research begins</p> <p>Whinfield and Dickson invent dacron</p> <p>Ferry Command aircraft crosses Atlantic from the West in 8 hours 23 minutes</p> <p>Walther Nernst, Ger. physicist and chemist, d. (b. 1864)</p> <p>Edwin McMillan and Glenn T. Seaborg (both U.S.) discover plutonium (atomic number 94)</p> <p>Construction of Gatun Locks, Panama Canal, begins</p> <p>Grand Coulee Dam, Washington, starts operation</p> <p>Rainbow Bridge over Niagara Falls, N.Y., opens</p>	<p>Air Training Corps established in Britain</p> <p>"Mosquito" fighter aircraft in use</p> <p>Brit. A.R.P. (Air Raid Precaution) reorganized as Civil Defence</p> <p>"Utility" clothing and furniture are encouraged in Britain, clothes rationing starts</p> <p>Amer. Bowling Congress Hall of Fame established</p> <p>Joe DiMaggio hits safely in 56 consecutive games, establishes a major league record</p> <p>Lord Baden-Powell d. (b. 1857)</p> <p>Amy Johnson, Eng. aviatrix, d. (b. 1904)</p> <p>Emperor William II of Germany d. (b. 1859)</p> <p>U.S. Supreme Court upholds Federal Wage and Hour Law restricting work of 16- and 18-year-olds and setting minimum wage for businesses engaged in interstate commerce</p> <p>Jeannette Rankin, U.S. Representative, casts sole dissenting vote in Congress against declaration of war on Japan after Pearl Harbor attack</p> <p>U.S. (Lawn Tennis) Association Amateur championship won by Bobby Riggs; Women's by Mrs. Sarah Palfrey Cooke</p> <p>U.S. Golf Association Amateur won by Marvin Ward; Open by Craig Wood</p> <p>"Whirlaway," Eddie Arcaro up, wins Belmont and Preakness Stakes and Kentucky Derby</p> <p>Lou Gehrig, baseball player, d. (b. 1903)</p> <p>Monument over Time Capsule, to be opened in 6939, sealed at site of 1939 New York World's Fair, is dedicated</p> <p>New York (AL) wins World Series from Brooklyn (NL), 4-1</p>	<p>1940 contd</p> <p>1941</p>
<p>Pierre Bonnard: "L'Oiseau bleu"</p> <p>John Piper: "Windsor Castle"</p> <p>Graham Sutherland: "Red Landscape"</p> <p>Walter Richard Sickert d. (b. 1860)</p> <p>Grant Wood d. (b. 1892)</p> <p>Philip Wilson Steer d. (b. 1860)</p> <p>Braque: "Patience," cubist painting</p> <p>Films: "Bambi" (Disney); "Mrs. Miniver" (Greer Garson); "To Be or Not To Be" (Lubitsch); "Holiday Inn" (Bing Crosby); "The Evening Visitors" (Carné)</p> <p>(contd)</p>	<p>Ernest Bacon: "A Tree on the Plain," opera, Converse College</p> <p>Benjamin Britten: "Sinfonia da Requiem"</p> <p>Aaron Copland: "Rodeo," New York</p> <p>Gian Carlo Menotti: "The Island God," opera, New York</p> <p>Michel Fokine, Russ. choreographer, d. (b. 1880)</p> <p>Richard Strauss: "Capriccio," opera, Munich</p> <p>Randall Thompson: "Solomon and Balkis," opera, radio première</p> <p>Felix von Weingartner, Aust. conductor and</p> <p>(contd)</p>	<p>Enrico Fermi (U.S.) splits the atom</p> <p>The first electronic brain or automatic computer developed in the U.S.</p> <p>Magnetic recording tape invented</p> <p>Franz Boas, Ger.-Amer. ethnologist, d. (b. 1858)</p> <p>William Henry Bragg, Eng. physicist, d. (b. 1862)</p> <p>A. C. Hartley invents device for clearing fog from airfields (FIDO)</p> <p>Max Muller of Junkers</p> <p>(contd)</p>	<p>Malta awarded the George Cross</p> <p>Gilbert Murray founds Oxfam</p> <p>"Stars and Stripes," a daily paper for U.S. forces in Europe, appears</p> <p>Warmerdam (U.S.) establishes pole vault record (3.77 meters)</p> <p>First all-star bowling tournament held in U.S.</p> <p>Wartime "National Loaf" introduced in Britain</p> <p>Mildenhall Treasure, a hoard of Roman silverware is discovered in Suffolk</p> <p>487 die in fire at Coconut Grove nightclub, Boston, most from asphyxiation when trapped by exit doors that open inward</p> <p>Sugar rationing begins in U.S.; OPA freezes rents; gasoline rationing; Elmer Davis is appointed director of newly formed Office of War Information (OWI); coffee rationing</p> <p>U.S. Supreme Court rules Nevada divorces valid in U.S.</p> <p>(contd)</p>	<p>1942</p>

The Timetables of

HISTORY

A Horizontal Linkage of People and Events

BY BERNARD GRUN, BASED UPON WERNER STEIN'S *KULTURFAHRPLAN*

*"Fascinating and provocative;
above all, it is useful for every writer,
thinker or student of the flow of
history from the past to our time."*

—Theodore H. White

WITH A FOREWORD BY DANIEL J. BOORSTIN,
AUTHOR OF *THE AMERICANS*, PULITZER PRIZE WINNER IN HISTORY

DOUG GAMBLE

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Nov. 21/91

TO: CHRISTINA MARTIN
2 Pages

PEARL HARBOR (Curt Smith)

FIFTY YEARS AGO THE AXIS POWERS THOUGHT THEY WOULD RULE THE WORLD. INSTEAD, THEY RUED THE DAY.

THE ATTACK FROM PLANES BEARING THE INSIGNIA OF THE RISING SUN SUCCEEDED ONLY IN HASTENING THE SETTING SUN FOR THE AXIS POWERS.

ON DECEMBER SEVENTH, 1941, THE WORLD LEARNED THAT WHILE AMERICAN SHIPS CAN BE SUNK, AMERICAN SPIRIT CANNOT.

THE ATTACK ON PEARL HARBOR WAS A SURPRISE. AMERICA'S DISPLAY OF DETERMINATION AND COURAGE WAS NOT.

FDR CALLED IT A DATE THAT WILL LIVE IN INFAMY, BUT EVEN MORE INFAMOUS WOULD BE POLICIES THAT WOULD ALLOW SUCH A DAY TO HAPPEN AGAIN.

IT IS PRECISELY BECAUSE THE SOULS OF 2,330 BRAVE AMERICANS CAME TO REST HERE 50 YEARS AGO, THAT OUR VIGILANCE MUST NEVER REST FOR ALL TIME.

MORE...

TO: CHRISTINA MARTIN - PEARL HARBOR (CONT'D)

FIFTY YEARS AGO WE CROSSED THE THRESHOLD TO A LONG AND TERRIBLE WAR, FOLLOWED BY AN EVEN LONGER AND BITTER PEACE. TODAY WE'RE AT THE THRESHOLD OF A NEW WORLD ORDER, A NEW WORLD ERA -- AN ERA OF TRUE PEACE BASED ON MUTUAL COOPERATION, UNDERSTANDING AND A LOVE OF FREEDOM.



On September 1, 1939, the German Army marched into neighboring Poland, igniting World War II. When it was over, in August 1945, 59 nations had been drawn into the struggle. The unprecedented carnage extended from Europe and the Soviet Union to Africa and Asia. In six years more than 45 million were killed, and the lives of millions more were catastrophically disrupted. The war's immediate aftermath saw a shift in the international balance of power and a reconstitution of the political map. On the anniversary of this last great war, a notable U.S. veteran recalls his experiences.

by **GEORGE BUSH**

December 7, 1941

I was walking across the campus at Andover when I heard the news. I was 17. It came as a shock—a jolt—an awakening. I did not fully comprehend world affairs. My interests were our undefeated soccer season just finished, basketball—baseball coming up. Christmas vacation only a couple of weeks away, graduation, then college. Things changed instantly. I knew right then that I wanted to go into the service.

December 8, 1941

Our headmaster, a great historian and tough disciplinarian, summoned us all into George Washington Hall, the school's assembly place. There was the normal joking, kidding, sloppy posture. Dr. Claude M. Fuess called to order the 800 students by saying something like this: "Your country is at war. We have just played 'The Star-Spangled Banner.' From now on when 'The Star-Spangled Banner' is played you will stand at attention, hands at your sides, and you will show respect." From that day on, without fail, I have stood at attention when the national anthem is played.

June 12, 1942

Secretary of War Henry Stimson, an alumnus of Andover, spoke at our commencement. He encouraged the graduating class to get some college education before serving. I was determined not to go on to college but to become a Navy pilot. Secretary Stimson was a towering world figure, but I wondered about this call of his.

On the same day, my 18th birthday, I was sworn into the Navy as a Seaman Second Class, the first step toward becoming a pilot. I was a scared, nervous kid. The Navy had just changed the rules. It no longer required two years of college before becoming a pilot; pilots were urgently needed. Walter Levering, Lieutenant USNR, swore me in at Boston. I went on active duty as an aviation cadet August 6, 1942.

August 6, 1942

I climbed on a southbound train at Penn Station. My dad was a big, strong guy. He put his arm around me and said goodbye. I'd never seen my dad shed a tear before. We arrived in Chapel Hill, N.C., and I met "The Splendid Splinter," Ted Williams of the Boston Red Sox, who later became a great friend. We all stood in awe of the famous hitter who was in the same program.

June 1943

Having been stationed at Chapel Hill for preflight, Minneapolis for primary training and Corpus Christi for advanced, I received my Navy wings and ensign's commission June 9. I was still 18 years old. I wanted to fly in combat. All my classmates wanted to as well. I fell in love early on with the "low and slow" torpedo bombers. The Grumman Avenger carried 2,000 pounds of bombs, the biggest single-engine aircraft in the fleet. It had a crew of three. I went off to Fort Lauderdale to learn to fly it. Training up and down the East Coast, dropping torpedoes off Cape Cod, dummy bombs, and torpedoes.

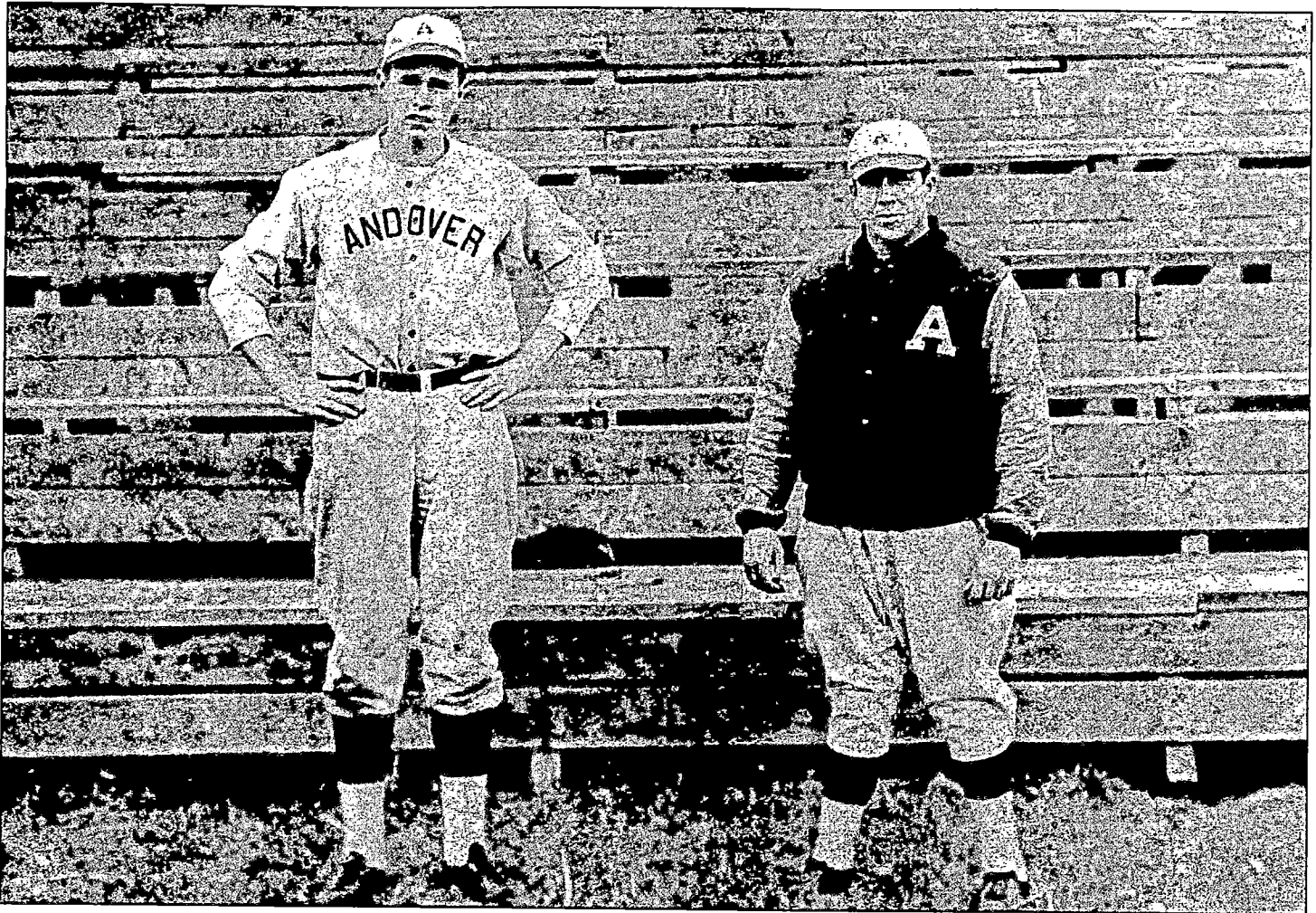
ANNIVERSARY

A BOY GOES TO WAR



**FIFTY YEARS AGO WWII
BEGAN. PROBABLY
THE LAST U.S. PRESIDENT
TO FIGHT IN IT LOOKS BACK**

Opposite: Late in 1944 Lieutenant (j.g.) George Bush, with combat crewmen Leo Nadeau (right) and Joe Reichert, was part of a naval air squadron in the Pacific; Above: Bush



does in Lake Okeechobee, Fla., Chincoteague, Va., Charleston, R.I., Miami . . . I saw 'em all. I had an ensign's stripe and an admiral's confidence. I was a Navy pilot.

Spring-Summer 1944

I was assigned to Air Group 51, the first to be aboard the new fast carrier *San Jacinto*, CVL 30. We went on a shakedown cruise to Trinidad, put *San Jac* into commission at Philadelphia, headed for the Pacific via the Panama Canal, touched the U.S. one last time at San Diego and then went west.

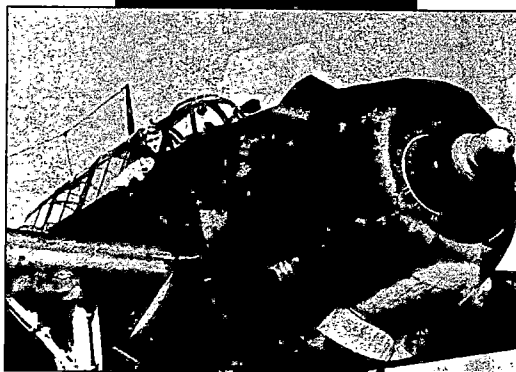
Many of the air group and ship's company had spent no time at sea. One roommate, subsequently killed, Tom Waters, had a red face, but the seas were so bad that his face literally turned green.

We struck Wake Island on May 23, 1944. My close friend and other roommate Jim Wykes went off on a search mission and never came back. I lay in my upper bunk and cried for my friend. No one saw me—that wouldn't do.

September 2, 1944

On this day at 0715, a division of VT-51, composed of Commander Don Melvin, Doug West, Milt Moore and myself, took off from the *San Jacinto* (my 50th combat mission), flying about 70 miles to destroy two radio stations at Chichi Jima in the Bonin Islands. At the target area, the sky was thick with black clouds of exploding enemy antiaircraft fire. Don Melvin led the at-

At Andover prep in 1942, senior George "Poppy" Bush was captain of the baseball team and George L. "Flop" Follansbee, the coach. Bush's torpedo bomber was named "Barbara." His



was the number "two" plane in the squadron. His other three aircraft were named after his fiancée too.

tack on the target, followed by Doug West and then me.

At about 0830, and moments after pushing over into my dive at 8,000 feet, I felt a jolt as if a giant fist had rammed into the belly of the plane. We'd been hit in the engine area. Smoke poured into the cockpit and flames were spreading aft toward the fuel tanks in the wings. Navy training had taught us to complete the mission. I instinctively continued in the dive, homed in on the target, unloaded our four 500-pound bombs, pulled away heading east toward the sea. A few miles from shore I told my crewmen, Ted White and John Delaney, to bail out. As I bailed out, my head struck the tail of the plane, momentarily knocking me out. I was landing in the water when the Japanese sent two boats out after me. Melvin, West and Moore along with our Hellcat fighter escorts drove the boats away.

I was in the life raft about two hours, wondering if my life would be spared. I prayed to God; I was sick to my stomach and again I cried. I was a very scared kid, just 20, away from his mother and dad, paddling against the wind trying to get farther from the Japanese-held island. I later learned that my crewmen had been killed.

Observers said that two persons were seen leaving the plane. The parachute of the other never opened, but mine did. God had spared me from that fate for whatever reason. Hellcat fighter pilots flew over my raft until I was rescued by the submarine U.S.S. *Finback* around noon. ➡➡

September 1944

The *Finback* stayed on its war patrol in Japanese waters, and I, along with two other rescued pilots and two crewmen, spent the next 30 days standing watch and counting my blessings. We got depth-charged by Japanese ships. The submariners in the *Finback* didn't seem too concerned about that, but Jim Beckman, Tom Keene and I, the rescued pilots, didn't like that a bit. *Finback's* skipper won a Silver Star for sinking Japanese ships.

October 1944

Back in Pearl Harbor for a week at a "rest home," then after some essential refresher flying, I hitchhiked back to the fleet—Task Force 38 under Admiral William "Bull" Halsey off the Philippines. I wondered at the tremendous naval power in and around Pearl Harbor and at Ulithi Atoll. You could feel things moving our way. We were shown pictures of Japanese atrocities. It was Hirohito's fault. Hitler was beginning to get kicked hard in Europe, but for us there was one unifying symbol—Hirohito and the evil he represented. I wanted badly to rejoin my squadron—to fly more, to do my part.

November 1944

I flew my final mission, the 58th, over the Luzon area, November 29. Puffs of antiaircraft fire, black and menacing, were nothing like the concentrated fire over Chichi Jima. Still you wonder. There was a sense of exhilaration in our ready room. We were going home. We'd probably make it for Christmas. Several of our VT-51 Squadron mates had been killed, but that was accepted. In a sense, the ferocity of



After duty in the Pacific Bush returned home and on January 6, 1945, married Barbara Pierce at the Presbyterian Church in Rye, N.Y.

the battle helped heal the hurt. It was our duty, our honor. We were fighting for the U.S.A. against tyranny. The country was united. We, on a carrier, were a part of something great and good. At times we were scared, but there were never any doubts.

Christmas Eve 1944

I arrive home. I stop at the Rye [N.Y.] station on the way to Greenwich. There my fiancée, Barbara, climbs on the train. We go the 10 minutes to Greenwich. My mother and dad meet us. I was glad to be home for Christmas Day; I counted my blessings. I was glad to be surrounded by love. At church the next day, Christmas, I thanked God I was home—and in the quiet of our church I thought about Jim Wykes, Dick Houle, Tom Waters, Ted White, John Delaney and the others who would never come home for Christmas.

I asked "Why?" but there was not any agony about the cause. There were no divisions about the war. We were right. God was on our side. We had suffered a surprise attack and now, three years later, we were winning; and I, a 20-year-old lieutenant (j.g.), was part of the greatest fighting force in the world. I had grown up. I had flown with the best off a great carrier that flew the Texas flag into battle. I was part of a team. We cared about each other in our squadron. We understood each other's fears and loves. We played together, sang together, flew together. We bitched about our squadron commander—too tough, too demanding, too serious. But we loved to fly on his wing—we respected Don Melvin.

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Winston

FILTERS

WINNING

If we hotdogged it or risked the lives of the ship's crew by some careless maneuver, Captain Harold M. "Beauty" Martin would kick some serious butt, but we bragged about him. He didn't know me from Adam's off ox. But why should he? I had one stripe, finally one and a half, and he had four. We gave him a lot of room, a lot of respect.

We were the best pilots. When we ground-looped on land, it was that damned gust of wind or it was low hydraulics in the left brake. When we missed the proper wire landing on the carrier, it was that crazy landing signal officer . . . "Damn fool, had me too high all the way in," or "too fast" or "too slow"; but we never told him. He held our lives in his hands. And besides, the skipper always thought he was right.

We were the best . . . cocky devils, sure of our ability, sure of our mission. We knew exactly what had to be done. We knew we would win.

Winter-Spring 1945

Having been engaged since the fall of 1943 while I was training up and down the East Coast, on January 6, 1945, Barbara Pierce and I exchanged wedding vows in Rye, N.Y. I was proudly wearing my Navy uniform. My squadron mates, Richard B. Playstead and Milton Moore, were in attendance. Barbara and I had time for a honeymoon at Sea Island, Ga.

Then off we went to carrier requalification in the Great Lakes. We bought our first car—a 1941 Plymouth, price \$350—and drove across Canada to join our squadron in Lewiston, Maine. Up and down the East Coast in VT-153, a new torpedo squadron manned by some of my pals from



George W., the first of five children, got a lift at their home in New Haven while Papa was still in college at Yale. After graduation, they moved to Texas.

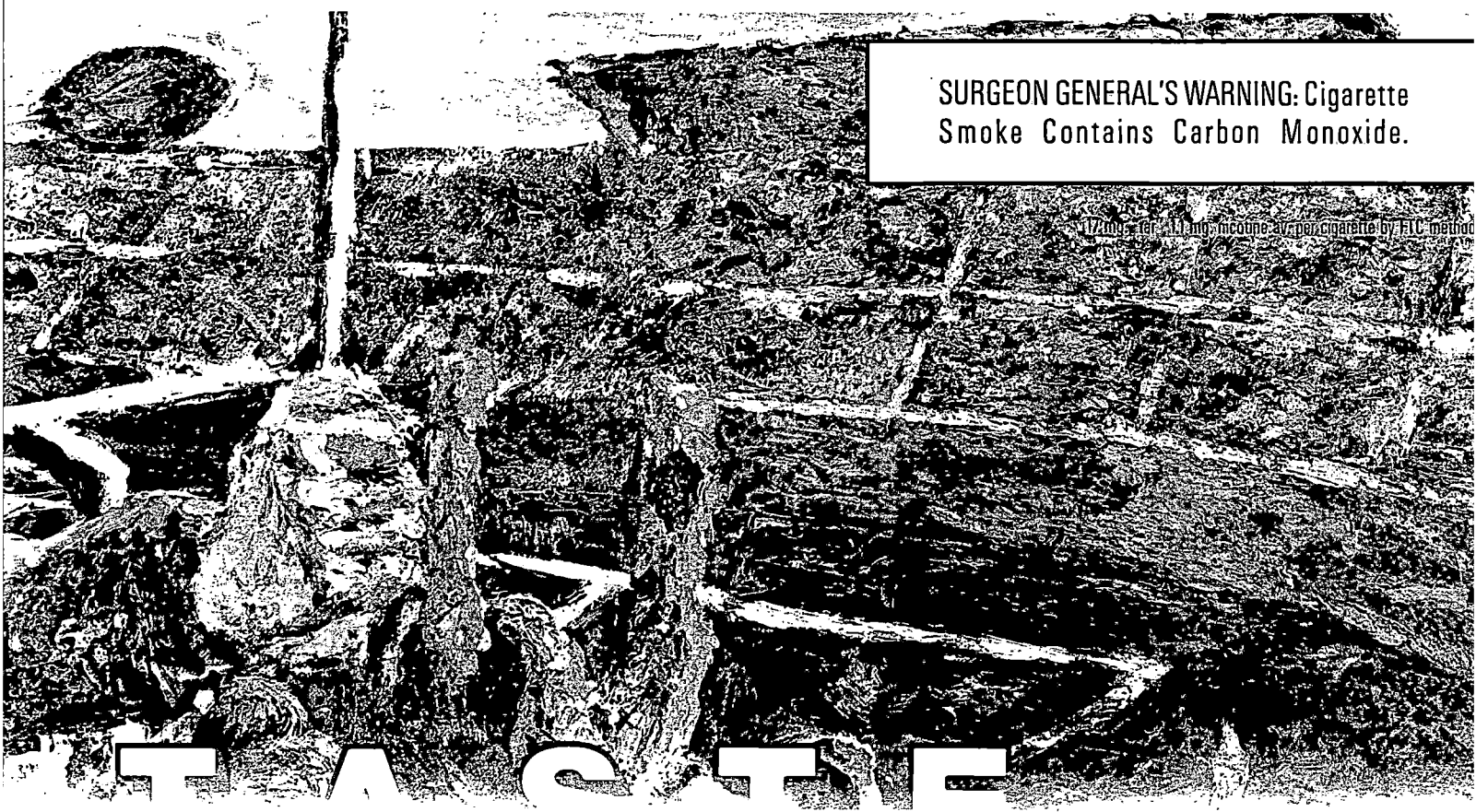
VT-51. I checked out in the F4U, the hotshot gull-wing Corsair fighter . . . and for a moment I wondered if "low and slow" was good enough for me anymore. A fleeting thought only, since by now the feel of the TBF was a part of my very existence. The TBF was a forgiving airplane—and though I was a pretty good pilot, I'd still make errors that needed forgiveness.

August 14, 1945

I'm just 21 now. We are based in Virginia. Barbara and I are having more time together. As our new squadron, with orders in hand to go back to the Pacific, starts our final training, the war ends. I'll never forget the screaming and the cheering and the dancing in the street and the praying. Bar and I went to church and we said thanks. The war's end meant we would not have to be separated and that I would not have to cover any more landings of Marines on beaches—seeing them get slaughtered as the Japanese dug in to defend their homeland.

September 18, 1945

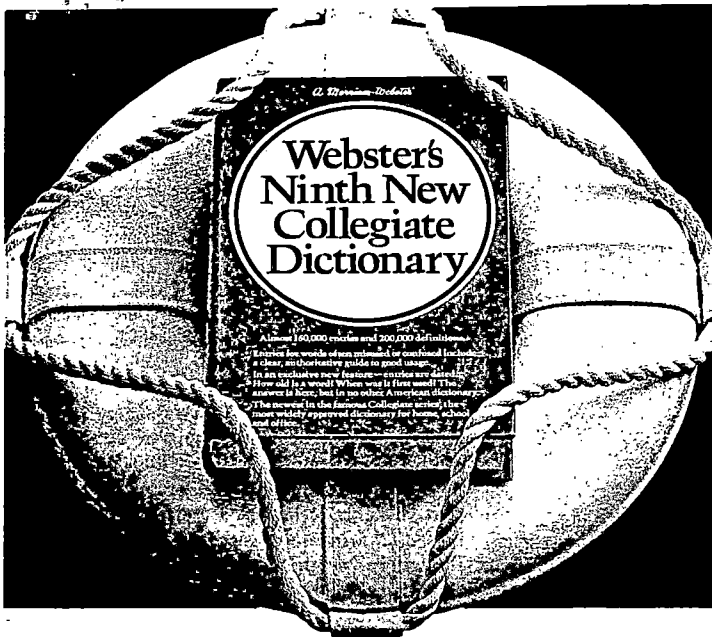
I am discharged from the Navy on "points," and now I go to college. The togetherness of it all is gone. We refocus. It's soccer, baseball—it's our first baby and economics classes. Barbara and I know family joy, and the happiness of being at school and looking forward shortly thereafter to a new life in our west. We have lots of new friends. The letters from the shipmates slow down. They are finding their new way, too.



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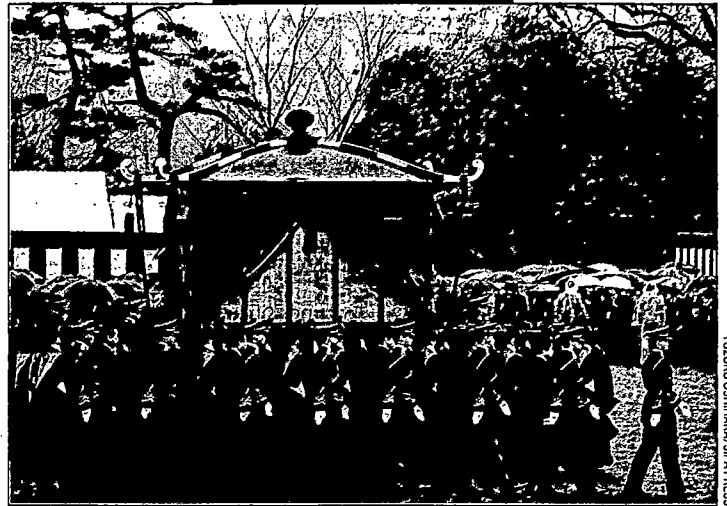
ALFRED EBENSTADT © TIME INC. 1989

V-J Day, Times Square, 1945 11 x 14 Gelatin Silver Print, 1979
Signed Limited Edition \$3,000

LIFE

Gallery of Photography
1271 Sixth Ave. at 50th St. NYC
Debra Cohen, Director (212) 522-2300

Photography by Alfred Ebenstadt, 1945. Museum of Modern Art, New York, NY.



YUZURU OSHIHARA/SIPA PRESS

In Tokyo last February for the funeral of Emperor Hirohito, President Bush joined heads of state from 162 other countries. The palanquin was carried through the streets by members of the Imperial Guard.

June 1948

A brand-new college grad, my first job ahead, I drive to Odessa, Tex. The war seems far behind—ahead lies a whole new exciting life.

January 20, 1989

I am sworn in as President of the United States. A TBF on a float goes by in our inaugural parade. On it are some squadron mates from VT-51. They are smiling and waving. No one knows who they are. But I know.

February 1989

I am in Japan for the funeral of Emperor Hirohito. It is an icy cold day, and the long ceremony is beautifully done. Sitting there in the cold, I had time to think. Yes, I thought about the burst of anti-aircraft fire from Chichi Jima that killed my friends, but that thought did not dominate. I thought about Hirohito going to call on MacArthur, about Japan's remarkable recovery and about her democracy. I thought about the quiet little man and his love of nature and how that contrasted with the horrible pictures we saw 45 years ago . . . I thought of Japan. And I thought of forgiveness. Our alliance is strong, our friendship is genuine. They are now a democracy. How remarkable that is. Maybe Ted White, Jack Delaney, Jim Wykes, Dick Houle and Tom Waters did not die in vain. It was right that I went back to Japan to the Emperor's funeral. □

SEND US YOUR WAR STORIES

Join Mickey Rooney, Sophia Loren, Julia Child and John Hersey in recounting your best anecdotes about WWII. We'd like to hear from grunts, nurses, spies, lovers, pilots, Rosie the Riveter—all of you. Essays of 500 words or less are invited, and the most interesting will be published in the December issue. Your story should be postmarked no later than October 1 to LIFE's War Stories, Room 1725, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020-1393. Your name, complete address and telephone number should appear at the top of your entry. NO ENTRIES WILL BE RETURNED.

In advance of Special Mass:
~~Persons~~ Await call.
 That is general rule of duty

~~What~~ When you go
 Enter splendid company
 expand. Effect on
 your citizens and leaders.

Characteristics of Am. Soldier

Brave without Brutal.

Selfconfident without Boasting

Becomes a part of irresistible
 might without losing touch
 in individual liberty.

Good type & good luck,
 God to with you

Since last talk — War
 All straining on leash
 Honorable impulse
 Nothing but praise
 But — Word of caution
End of war is not end
of problems or duty
 Future America needs
 Educated men
 Sad case if all morons
Object of Selective Service
 To fit each man according
 to call of duty -
 America does not need ac-
celerators

→ Henry Stimson

NOTES OF HIS FOR TALK AT COMMENCEMENT
 EXERCISES AT PHILLIPS ACADEMY ON

JUNE 12, 1942.

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PRESIDENTIAL REMARKS: USS ARIZONA
PEARL HARBOR, HAWAII
SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1991
8:25 A.M.

Captain Ross. Family and friends of the USS Arizona and USS Utah. Fellow veterans, and Americans. //

It was a bright Sunday morning. Soldiers and sailors slept soundly in their bunks. Early risers stood at their posts, joking, enjoying a sun that had pushed back the previous day's clouds, marveling at the serene and glassy sea.

On the stern of the USS Nevada, a brass band prepared to play the Star Spangled Banner. On other ships, sailors readied for the 8 a.m. flag raising. //

On the mainland, millions listened to football games on the radio. Others turned to songs like "Chattanooga Choo-Choo" / comics like Terry and the Pirates / or movies like Citizen Kane. // In New York, Christmas shoppers flocked to Macy's. Out West, it was late morning -- and parents and their children were on their knees in church. /

At first, the hum of engines seemed routine. Sailors watched with innocent fascination. For them, the idea of war seemed palpable, but not quite real. Then, in one horrible instant, carefree sailors froze in horror. The abstract threat exploded into a deadly menace.

But these men did not run -- they raced to their stations. Some strapped pistols over pajamas -- and died.

The shock wave soon swept across America. Ask anyone who endured that awful Sunday. Each recalls where they were December 7th, 1941. Each felt like the writer who observed: "Life is never again as it was before anyone you love has died; never so innocent, never so gentle, never so pliant to your will." //

Today, we honor those who gave their lives at this place, half-a-century ago. // Their names were Bertie and Gomez and Dougherty and Granger. They came from Idaho, and Mississippi, and the sweeping farmland of Ohio. // They were black and white, brown and yellow, native-born and foreign-born. Most of all, they were Americans -- hating war, but loving freedom more. // Think of how it was for these Heroes of the Harbor -- men who were also husbands / fathers / brothers / sons. Imagine the chaos of guns and smoke, flaming water and ghastly carnage. Two thousand, four hundred Americans gave their lives. But in this haunting place, they live forever in our memory -- reminding us gently, selflessly, like chimes in the distant night. //

Every 15 seconds a drop of oil still rises from the Arizona, drifts to the surface, and spreads across the water. Every 15 seconds the ancient poet whispers: "In our sleep, pain that cannot forget falls drop by drop upon the heart, and in our own despair / against our will / comes wisdom through the awful grace of God." // It is though God Himself were crying.

He cries -- as we do -- for the living, and the dead. Men like Commander Duncan Curry -- firing a .45 at attacking planes as tears streamed down his face. // We remember machinist's mate

Robert Scott -- who ran the air compressors that powered the guns aboard the battleship California. When the compartment flooded, the crew evacuated. Bob Scott refused. "This is my station," he said. "I'm going to stay as long as the guns are going." //

Nearby, aboard the cruiser New Orleans, Chaplain Howell Forgy assured his troops it was all right to miss church. "You can praise the Lord and pass the ammunition." //

For these men, heroism came as naturally as breath. They reacted to assault by rushing to their posts. These men knew instinctively that a Nation is sustained by the nobility of its cause. // Every American did. Ted Williams, who served America in two wars, put down his bat after the bombs began to fall. He took up arms and risked his life so that liberty could survive. // Aiding that crusade were Hawaiians of Japanese ancestry who came by the hundreds to give wounded Americans blood -- and later thousands of kinsmen who took up arms for their country. //

The men I speak of would be embarrassed to be called heroes. Instead, they would tell you with proud defiance: Foes can sink American ships, but they cannot scuttle the American spirit. // They may kill us, but they cannot kill the ideals that made us proud to serve.

Talk to those who survived to fight another day. They would repeat the Navy Hymn I memorized as a boy: "Eternal Father, strong to save / O hear us when we cry to thee / For those in peril on the sea." //

I come here as a Navy man -- enlisting on my eighteenth birthday -- 188 days after Pearl. // It was the day I graduated from high school, and I remember how Henry Stimson, then Secretary of War, gave the Commencement speech. / He talked of the American soldier, and how that soldier should be -- and I quote -- "Brave without being brutal, self-confident without boasting, being part of an irresistible might without losing faith in individual liberty." //

The Heroes of the Harbor engraved that passage on every heart and soul. They fought for a world of peace, not war -- where children's dreams speak more loudly than the brashest tyrant's guns. // Because of them, this memorial lives to pass its lessons from one generation to the next.

The lessons of Pearl Harbor remain as clear as the Pacific sky. One is, together, we could "summon lightness against the dark" -- that was Dwight Eisenhower. / Another: that when it comes to national defense, finishing second means finishing last. / That no one ever walks away from appeasing an aggressor -- he only crawls -- and that the world stops not at our water's edge. // Perhaps above all, that real peace -- the peace that lasts - - means the triumph of freedom -- not merely the absence of war.

Real peace stems from might that is moral and intellectual, economic and military. It comes from Nations who use that might to make temporary peace permanent -- and fragile peace strong. // As we look down at the Arizona's shrunken well -- tomb to more than one thousand Americans -- the beguiling calm comforts us,

reminds us of the awesome might of ideals that inspire boys to die as men. // Think of the young boy who lost his father that day. Or the wife whose husband was her confidant and best friend. Talk to the little girl whose brother -- her idol -- would never return to teach her the true wonder of life. Every one who aches at their sacrifice knows America must be forever vigilant, and Americans must always remember the brave and innocent ones who gave their lives here. //

Each Memorial Day, not far from this spot, Hawaiian Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts honor the heroes of Pearl Harbor by placing two leis on the graves of U.S. servicemen. // It is for them -- the future -- that we must apply the lessons of the past. // We must remember that we can best keep the peace by preparing for war. We must recall that just as what happened in Berlin and Tokyo could not be divorced from Washington -- so events in Europe and Asia affect every American today. //

In Pearl Harbor's wake, we won the peace. In the Cold War that followed, we used other means: Among them, patience, planning, and personal diplomacy. // For nearly half-a-century, America stood fast and firm for democracy. But it has not stood alone. Beside us stood nations committed to democracy, free markets, free expression, and freedom of worship -- nations that include our former enemies, Germany and Japan.

This year, they supported our triumph in the seas and sands of the Gulf. By fighting for what is right and good, our former enemies paid the ultimate tribute to the memory of December 7.

// They said: We believe in a New World Order where the force of law outlasts the use of force. Now I say to them: Let us build a world where nations solve their differences peacefully, not violently: The kind our boys died for right here. //

The cause of peace among Nations is the highest in the Community of God, and man. Today, we re-enlist in its crusade. / Let us recall men like Ray Emory, who was on the USS Honolulu, reading the morning newspaper, when the enemy attacked. //

After the war, Ray spent two years building a garage-size, three-dimensional map of Pearl Harbor -- just as it was that day, with each ship in exact location. // Why? A magazine drawing had placed the ships wrong -- and to Ray Emory, as he said, "Pearl Harbor is sacred." / He saw that map and said: "I'm going to make a map of how it was that day, and I'll make it right." //

And by God, he did. \\

Ray -- fellow veterans -- by God -- with God -- the men of Pearl Harbor got it right. They knew that there are things worth living for -- but also worth dying for: Things like principle / decency / fidelity / honor. //

Look at the water here -- quiet and clear, bidding us to sum up and remember. One day -- in what now seems another lifetime - - it wrapped its arms around the finest sons any Nation could ever have; and it carried them to a better world. //

God bless them. Let me close with words worthy of the Heroes of the Harbor: God Bless America -- the most wondrous land on earth. // Thank you very much.

#

I ¶ Inaugural Address. *January 20, 1953*

[Delivered in person at the Capitol]

MY FRIENDS, before I begin the expression of those thoughts that I deem appropriate to this moment, would you permit me the privilege of uttering a little private prayer of my own. And I ask that you bow your heads:

Almighty God, as we stand here at this moment my future associates in the Executive branch of Government join me in beseeching that Thou will make full and complete our dedication to the service of the people in this throng, and their fellow citizens everywhere.

Give us, we pray, the power to discern clearly right from wrong, and allow all our words and actions to be governed thereby, and by the laws of this land. Especially we pray that our concern shall be for all the people regardless of station, race or calling.

May cooperation be permitted and be the mutual aim of those who, under the concepts of our Constitution, hold to differing political faiths; so that all may work for the good of our beloved country and Thy glory. Amen.

My fellow citizens:

The world and we have passed the midway point of a century of continuing challenge. We sense with all our faculties that forces of good and evil are massed and armed and opposed as rarely before in history.

This fact defines the meaning of this day. We are summoned by this honored and historic ceremony to witness more than the act of one citizen swearing his oath of service, in the presence of God. We are called as a people to give testimony in the sight of the world to our faith that the future shall belong to the free.

Since this century's beginning, a time of tempest has seemed to come upon the continents of the earth. Masses of Asia have awakened to strike off shackles of the past. Great nations of

Europe have fought their bloodiest wars. Thrones have toppled and their vast empires have disappeared. New nations have been born.

For our own country, it has been a time of recurring trial. We have grown in power and in responsibility. We have passed through the anxieties of depression and of war to a summit unmatched in man's history. Seeking to secure peace in the world, we have had to fight through the forests of the Argonne to the shores of Iwo Jima, and to the cold mountains of Korea.

In the swift rush of great events, we find ourselves groping to know the full sense and meaning of these times in which we live. In our quest of understanding, we beseech God's guidance. We summon all our knowledge of the past and we scan all signs of the future. We bring all our wit and all our will to meet the question:

How far have we come in man's long pilgrimage from darkness toward the light? Are we nearing the light—a day of freedom and of peace for all mankind? Or are the shadows of another night closing in upon us?

Great as are the preoccupations absorbing us at home, concerned as we are with matters that deeply affect our livelihood today and our vision of the future, each of these domestic problems is dwarfed by, and often even created by, this question that involves all humankind.

This trial comes at a moment when man's power to achieve good or to inflict evil surpasses the brightest hopes and the sharpest fears of all ages. We can turn rivers in their courses, level mountains to the plains. Oceans and land and sky are avenues for our colossal commerce. Disease diminishes and life lengthens.

Yet the promise of this life is imperiled by the very genius that has made it possible. Nations amass wealth. Labor sweats to create—and turns out devices to level not only mountains but also cities. Science seems ready to confer upon us, as its final gift, the power to erase human life from this planet.

At such a time in history, we who are free must proclaim anew

our faith. This faith is the abiding creed of our fathers. It is our faith in the deathless dignity of man, governed by eternal moral and natural laws.

This faith defines our full view of life. It establishes, beyond debate, those gifts of the Creator that are man's inalienable rights, and that make all men equal in His sight.

In the light of this equality, we know that the virtues most cherished by free people—love of truth, pride of work, devotion to country—all are treasures equally precious in the lives of the most humble and of the most exalted. The men who mine coal and fire furnaces, and balance ledgers, and turn lathes, and pick cotton, and heal the sick and plant corn—all serve as proudly and as profitably for America as the statesmen who draft treaties and the legislators who enact laws.

This faith rules our whole way of life. It decrees that we, the people, elect leaders not to rule but to serve. It asserts that we have the right to choice of our own work and to the reward of our own toil. It inspires the initiative that makes our productivity the wonder of the world. And it warns that any man who seeks to deny equality among all his brothers betrays the spirit of the free and invites the mockery of the tyrant.

It is because we, all of us, hold to these principles that the political changes accomplished this day do not imply turbulence, upheaval or disorder. Rather this change expresses a purpose of strengthening our dedication and devotion to the precepts of our founding documents, a conscious renewal of faith in our country and in the watchfulness of a Divine Providence.

The enemies of this faith know no god but force, no devotion but its use. They tutor men in treason. They feed upon the hunger of others. Whatever defies them, they torture, especially the truth.

Here, then, is joined no argument between slightly differing philosophies. This conflict strikes directly at the faith of our fathers and the lives of our sons. No principle or treasure that we hold, from the spiritual knowledge of our free schools and

churches to the creative magic of free labor and capital, nothing lies safely beyond the reach of this struggle.

Freedom is pitted against slavery; lightness against the dark.

The faith we hold belongs not to us alone but to the free of all the world. This common bond binds the grower of rice in Burma and the planter of wheat in Iowa, the shepherd in southern Italy and the mountaineer in the Andes. It confers a common dignity upon the French soldier who dies in Indo-China, the British soldier killed in Malaya, the American life given in Korea.

We know, beyond this, that we are linked to all free peoples not merely by a noble idea but by a simple need. No free people can for long cling to any privilege or enjoy any safety in economic solitude. For all our own material might, even we need markets in the world for the surpluses of our farms and our factories. Equally, we need for these same farms and factories vital materials and products of distant lands. This basic law of interdependence, so manifest in the commerce of peace, applies with thousand-fold intensity in the event of war.

So we are persuaded by necessity and by belief that the strength of all free peoples lies in unity; their danger, in discord.

To produce this unity, to meet the challenge of our time, destiny has laid upon our country the responsibility of the free world's leadership.

So it is proper that we assure our friends once again that, in the discharge of this responsibility, we Americans know and we observe the difference between world leadership and imperialism; between firmness and truculence; between a thoughtfully calculated goal and spasmodic reaction to the stimulus of emergencies.

We wish our friends the world over to know this above all: we face the threat—not with dread and confusion—but with confidence and conviction.

We feel this moral strength because we know that we are not helpless prisoners of history. We are free men. We shall remain free, never to be proven guilty of the one capital offense against freedom, a lack of stanch faith.

In pleading our just cause before the bar of history and in pressing our labor for world peace, we shall be guided by certain fixed principles. These principles are:

1. Abhorring war as a chosen way to balk the purposes of those who threaten us, we hold it to be the first task of statesmanship to develop the strength that will deter the forces of aggression and promote the conditions of peace. For, as it must be the supreme purpose of all free men, so it must be the dedication of their leaders, to save humanity from preying upon itself.

In the light of this principle, we stand ready to engage with any and all others in joint effort to remove the causes of mutual fear and distrust among nations, so as to make possible drastic reduction of armaments. The sole requisites for undertaking such effort are that—in their purpose—they be aimed logically and honestly toward secure peace for all; and that—in their result—they provide methods by which every participating nation will prove good faith in carrying out its pledge.

2. Realizing that common sense and common decency alike dictate the futility of appeasement, we shall never try to placate an aggressor by the false and wicked bargain of trading honor for security. Americans, indeed, all free men, remember that in the final choice a soldier's pack is not so heavy a burden as a prisoner's chains.

3. Knowing that only a United States that is strong and immensely productive can help defend freedom in our world, we view our Nation's strength and security as a trust upon which rests the hope of free men everywhere. It is the firm duty of each of our free citizens and of every free citizen everywhere to place the cause of his country before the comfort, the convenience of himself.

4. Honoring the identity and the special heritage of each nation in the world, we shall never use our strength to try to impress upon another people our own cherished political and economic institutions.

5. Assessing realistically the needs and capacities of proven

friends of freedom, we shall strive to help them to achieve their own security and well-being. Likewise, we shall count upon them to assume, within the limits of their resources, their full and just burdens in the common defense of freedom.

6. Recognizing economic health as an indispensable basis of military strength and the free world's peace, we shall strive to foster everywhere, and to practice ourselves, policies that encourage productivity and profitable trade. For the impoverishment of any single people in the world means danger to the well-being of all other peoples.

7. Appreciating that economic need, military security and political wisdom combine to suggest regional groupings of free peoples, we hope, within the framework of the United Nations, to help strengthen such special bonds the world over. The nature of these ties must vary with the different problems of different areas.

In the Western Hemisphere, we enthusiastically join with all our neighbors in the work of perfecting a community of fraternal trust and common purpose.

In Europe, we ask that enlightened and inspired leaders of the Western nations strive with renewed vigor to make the unity of their peoples a reality. Only as free Europe unitedly marshals its strength can it effectively safeguard, even with our help, its spiritual and cultural heritage.

8. Conceiving the defense of freedom, like freedom itself, to be one and indivisible, we hold all continents and peoples in equal regard and honor. We reject any insinuation that one race or another, one people or another, is in any sense inferior or expendable.

9. Respecting the United Nations as the living sign of all people's hope for peace, we shall strive to make it not merely an eloquent symbol but an effective force. And in our quest for an honorable peace, we shall neither compromise, nor tire, nor ever cease.

By these rules of conduct, we hope to be known to all peoples.

By their observance, an earth of peace may become not a vision but a fact.

This hope—this supreme aspiration—must rule the way we live.

We must be ready to dare all for our country. For history does not long entrust the care of freedom to the weak or the timid. We must acquire proficiency in defense and display stamina in purpose.

We must be willing, individually and as a Nation, to accept whatever sacrifices may be required of us. A people that values its privileges above its principles soon loses both.

These basic precepts are not lofty abstractions, far removed from matters of daily living. They are laws of spiritual strength that generate and define our material strength. Patriotism means equipped forces and a prepared citizenry. Moral stamina means more energy and more productivity, on the farm and in the factory. Love of liberty means the guarding of every resource that makes freedom possible—from the sanctity of our families and the wealth of our soil to the genius of our scientists.

And so each citizen plays an indispensable role. The productivity of our heads, our hands and our hearts is the source of all the strength we can command, for both the enrichment of our lives and the winning of the peace.

No person, no home, no community can be beyond the reach of this call. We are summoned to act in wisdom and in conscience, to work with industry, to teach with persuasion, to preach with conviction, to weigh our every deed with care and with compassion. For this truth must be clear before us: whatever America hopes to bring to pass in the world must first come to pass in the heart of America.

The peace we seek, then, is nothing less than the practice and fulfillment of our whole faith among ourselves and in our dealings with others. This signifies more than the stilling of guns, easing the sorrow of war. More than escape from death, it is a way of life. More than a haven for the weary, it is a hope for the brave.



This is the hope that beckons us onward in this century of trial. This is the work that awaits us all, to be done with bravery, with charity, and with prayer to Almighty God.

My citizens—I thank you.

NOTE: This text follows the White House release of the address. The President spoke from a platform erected on the steps of the central east front of the Capitol. Immediately before the address the oath of office was administered by Chief Justice Fred M. Vinson.

2 ¶ Statement by the President on Establishing the President's Committee on International Information Activities. *January 26, 1953*

IT HAS LONG BEEN my conviction that a unified and dynamic effort in this field is essential to the security of the United States and of the other peoples in the community of free nations. All executive departments and agencies of the Federal Government are authorized and directed, as a matter of common concern, to cooperate with the Committee in its work.

The establishment of this Committee and the scope of its inquiry were discussed at the Cabinet meeting last Friday morning and received full and complete support.

The Committee's final report and recommendations are to be in my hands not later than June 30.

NOTE: The White House release of which this statement was a part announced that the President had appointed the following Committee members: William H. Jackson, Chairman; Robert Cutler, Administrative Assistant to the President; C. D. Jackson, representing the Secretary of State; Sigurd Larmon, representing the Director for Mutual

Security; Gordon Gray; Barklie McKee Henry; and John C. Hughes. Abbott Washburn was named Executive Secretary. On February 19, 1953, Roger M. Kyes, Deputy Secretary of Defense, was also appointed.

A summary of the Committee's final report was released by the White House on July 8, 1953. See footnote to news conference of that date, p. 472.

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Rodenberger from his upper bunk. He could only think that the ancient boilers had finally exploded.

Ensign Roman Leo Brooks, officer of the deck on the *West Virginia* across the channel, was thinking along these same lines. He, too, was in no position to see the plane diving on the seaplane hangars or on the ships moored across Ford Island. All he saw was the sudden eruption of flames and smoke at 1010 dock. He lost no time—in seconds the ship's bugler and PA system were blaring, "Away the fire and rescue party!"

Even the men who saw the planes couldn't understand. One of them was Fireman Frank Stock of the repair ship *Vestal*, moored beside the *Arizona* along Battleship Row. Stock and six of his mates had taken the church launch for services ashore. They moved across the channel and into Southeast Loch, that long, narrow strip of water pointing directly at the battleships. On their right they passed the cruisers, nosed into the Navy Yard piers; on the left some subs tucked into their berths. As they reached the Merry's Point landing at the end of the loch, six or eight torpedo planes flew in low from the east, about 50 feet above the water and heading down the loch toward the battleships.

The men were mildly surprised—they had never seen U. S. planes come in from that direction. They were even more surprised when the rear-seat gunners sprayed them with machine-gun bullets. Then Stock recalled the stories he had read about "battle-condition" maneuvers in the Southern states. This must be the same idea—for extra realism they had even painted red circles on the planes. The truth finally dawned when one of his friends caught a slug in the stomach from the fifth plane that passed.

On the *Nevada* at the northern end of Battleship Row, Leader Oden McMillan waited with his band to play morning colors at eight o'clock. His 23 men had been in position since 7:55, when the blue prep signal went up. As they moved into formation, some of the musicians noticed planes diving

at the other end of Ford Island. McMillan saw a lot of dirt and sand go up, but thought it was another drill. Now it was 7:58—two minutes to go—and planes started coming in low from Southeast Loch. Heavy, muffled explosions began booming down the line . . . enough to worry anyone. And then it was eight o'clock.

The band crashed into “The Star-Spangled Banner.” A Japanese plane skimmed across the harbor . . . dropped a torpedo at the *Arizona* . . . and peeled off right over the *Nevada's* fantail. The rear gunner sprayed the men standing at attention, but he must have been a poor shot. He missed the entire band and Marine guard, lined up in two neat rows. He did succeed in shredding the flag, which was just being raised.

McMillan knew now but kept on conducting. The years of training had taken over—it never occurred to him that once he had begun playing the National Anthem, he could possibly stop. Another strafing flashed by. This time McMillan unconsciously paused as the deck splintered around him, but he quickly picked up the beat again. The entire band stopped and started again with him, as though they had rehearsed it for weeks. Not a man broke formation until the final note died. Then everyone ran wildly for cover.

Ensign Joe Taussig, officer of the deck, pulled the alarm bell. The ship's bugler got ready to blow general quarters, but Taussig took the bugle and tossed it overboard. Somehow it seemed too much like make-believe at a time like this. Instead he shouted over the PA system again and again, “All hands, general quarters. Air raid! This is no drill!”

Ship after ship began to catch on. The executive officer of the supply ship *Castor* shouted, “The Japs are bombing us! The Japs are bombing us!” For an instant Seaman Bill Deas drew a blank and wondered whether the man was speaking to him. On the submarine *Tautog*, the topside anchor watch shouted down the forward torpedo hatch, “The war is on, no fooling!”

dismantled—appeared topside, wistfully told Ensign John E. Parrott, "Thought I'd come up and die with you." Machinist's Mate Henry Johnson on the *Rigel* remarked that now he knew how a rabbit felt and he'd never hunt one again. A few minutes later he lay mortally wounded on the deck.

Their very helplessness turned many of the men from fear to fury. Commander Duncan Curry, strictly an old Navy type, stood on the bridge of the *Ramapo* firing a .45 pistol as the tears streamed down his face. On the *New Orleans* a veteran master at arms fired away with another .45, daring them to come back and fight. A man stood near the sub base, banging away with a double-barreled shotgun.

A young Marine on 1010 dock used his rifle on the planes, while a Japanese-American boy about seven years old lit a cigarette for him. The butt of his old cigarette was burning his lips, but he never even noticed it. As he fired away, he remarked aloud, "If my mother could see me now."

Ten-ten dock itself was a mess, littered with debris from the *Helena* and *Oglala* alongside. In the after engine room of the torpedoed *Helena*, Chief Machinist's Mate Paul Weisenberger fought to check the water that poured aft through the ship's drain system. The hit had also set off the ship's gas alarm; its steady blast added to the uproar. Marine Second Lieutenant Bernard Kelly struggled to get ammunition to the guns. In keeping a steady supply flowing, it was a tossup whether he had more trouble with the damage or with conscientious damage control men, who kept shutting the doors.

Topside was a shambles. The *Helena's* forecastle, which had been rigged for church, looked as if a cyclone had passed. The *Oglala*, to starboard, listed heavily; her signal flags drooped over the *Helena's* bridge. Across the channel, Battleship Row was a mass of flames and smoke. Above the whole scene, a beautiful rainbow arched over Ford Island.

Just below 1010 dock, the *Pennsylvania* and destroyers *Cassin* and *Downes* sat ominously unmolested in Drydock No. 1. Likewise the destroyer *Shaw* in the floating drydock,

9:45 A.M.

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"You Don't Wear a Tie to War"

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hauled up the same way, and all three were assigned to a five-inch gun on the starboard side. The *Nevada* steamed on down the channel, gliding past the burning wrecks, proudly heading for the sea.

It seemed utterly incredible. A battleship needed two and a half hours to light up her boilers, four tugs to turn and pull her into the stream, a captain to handle the whole intricate business. Everybody knew that. Yet here was the *Nevada*—steam up in 45 minutes, pulling away without tugs, and no skipper at all. How could she do it?

Nevada
was
the
battleship
behind
Arizona

She had certain advantages. It might normally take two and a half hours to get up steam, but two of her boilers were already hot. One was the boiler that normally provides power for a ship at her mooring. Ensign Taussig had lit the second during that last peacetime watch, planning to switch the steam load later. Now his efficiency paid off. Both boilers had plenty of steam—giving the *Nevada* some 90 minutes' jump in getting away. Hard work in the fire room made up the difference.

And four tugs might normally be needed to ease the ship out, but in a pinch their role could be filled by a good quartermaster. The *Nevada* had a superb one—Chief Quartermaster Robert Sedberry.

It was the same with leadership. Captain Scanland and his executive officer might be ashore, but the spark was supplied by Lieutenant Commander Francis Thomas, the middle-aged reservist who was senior officer present. As damage control officer, Thomas was down in central station when he heard that the engine room was ready. He put a yeoman in charge of central station, vaulted up the tube to the conning tower, and took over as commanding officer.

Chief Boatswain Edwin Joseph Hill climbed down to the mooring quay, cut loose an ammunition lighter alongside, and cast off. The *Nevada* began drifting away with the tide, and Hill had to swim to get back on board. But after 29 years in the Navy, he wasn't going to miss this trip.

In the wheelhouse Sedberry backed her until she nudged a dredging pipeline strung out from Ford Island. Then ahead on the starboard engines, astern on the port, until the bow swung clear of the burning *Arizona*. Now ahead on both engines, with just enough right rudder to swing the stern clear too. She passed so close, Commander Thomas felt he could almost light a cigarette from the blazing wreck.

So she was on her way—and the effect was electric. Photographer J. W. Burton watched from the Ford Island shore . . . Lieutenant Commander Henry Wray from 1010 dock . . . Quartermaster William Miller from the *Castor* in the sub base—but wherever men stood, their hearts beat faster. To most she was the finest thing they saw that day. Against the backdrop of thick black smoke, Seaman Thomas Malmin caught a glimpse of the flag on her fantail. It was for only a few seconds, but long enough to give him an old-fashioned thrill. He recalled that “The Star-Spangled Banner” was written under similar conditions, and he felt the glow of living the same experience. He understood better the words of Francis Scott Key.

It was less of a pageant close up. All kinds of men compose even a great ship's crew, and they were all there on the *Nevada*. As the Japanese planes converged on the moving ship, Seaman K. V. Hendon spied a pot of fresh coffee near the after battle dressing station; he paused and had a cup. A young seaman stood by one of the five-inch casemate guns, holding a bag of powder close to his chest—he explained that if he went, it was going to be a complete job. One officer beat on the conning tower bulkhead, pleading, “Make them go away!” Ensign Taussig, his left leg hopelessly shattered, lay in a stretcher near the starboard antiaircraft director. Turning to Boatswain's Mate Allen Owens, he remarked, “Isn't this a hell of a thing—the man in charge lying flat on his back while everyone else is doing something.”

As the *Nevada* steamed on, all the Japanese planes at Pearl Harbor seemed to dive on her. At 1010 dock, Ensign

*Nevada
didn't make
it to
sea.
The Japs
attacked
it, so the
sailors
beached it
for fear
it would
sink and
bottle up
the entire
harbour*

channel.

David King watched one flight of dive bombers head for the *Helena*, then swerve in mid-attack to hit the battleship instead. Another group shifted over from Drydock No. 1. Soon she was wreathed in smoke from her own guns . . . from bomb hits . . . from the fires that raged amidships and forward. Sometimes she disappeared from view, when near-misses threw huge columns of water high in the air. As Ensign Delano watched from the bridge of the *West Virginia*, a tremendous explosion erupted somewhere within her, blowing flames and debris far above the masts. The whole ship seemed to rise up and shake violently in the water.

Another hit on the starboard side slaughtered the crew of one gun, mowed down most of the next group forward. The survivors doubled up as best they could—three men doing the work of seven. It was all the more difficult because Chief Gunner's Mate Robert E. Linnartz—now acting as sight-setter, pointer, and rammerman—had himself been wounded.

In the plotting room far below, Ensign Merdinger got a call to send up some men to fill in for the killed and wounded. Many of the men obviously wanted to go—it looked like a safer bet than suffocating in the plotting room. Others wanted to stay—they preferred to keep a few decks between themselves and the bombs. Merdinger picked them at random, and he could see in some faces an almost pleading look to be included in the other group, whichever it happened to be. But no one murmured a word, and his orders were instantly obeyed. Now he understood more clearly the reasons for the system of discipline, the drills, the little rituals, the exacting course at Annapolis, the gold braid—all the things that made the Navy essentially autocratic but at the same time made it work.

The *Nevada* was well beyond Battleship Row and pretty far down 1010 dock when she encountered still another obstacle. Half the channel was blocked by a long pipeline that ran out from Ford Island to the dredge *Turbine*, lying squarely in midstream. Somehow Quartermaster Sedberry

ploded next to the ship. It holed her oil tanks, pushed in the armor plating, and made any sortie impossible. Perhaps she couldn't have gone anyhow, for in the excitement of casting off, one man chopped away the power line to the dock. Since the *Honolulu* didn't have enough steam yet to supply her own power, this knocked out her lights and all the electrical gear for operating the guns.

The same thing happened on the *New Orleans* at the next pier. Hot cables danced on the decks, the lights went out, the ammunition hoists ground to a halt. So the men formed human chains to pass the shells and powder from the magazines to the guns. As they sweated away in the dark, Chaplain Howell Forgy did his best to encourage them. He passed out apples and oranges . . . stopped and chatted with the gun crews . . . patted Seaman Sam Brayfield on the back . . . told him and the others that they couldn't have church this morning, but "praise the Lord and pass the ammunition."

↳ Nobody chopped the cables that gave the *St. Louis* power, but nothing else was spared. A shopfitter dropped down over the starboard side and burned off the gangway with an acetylene torch. Somebody else chopped loose the water hose, leaving a 12-inch hole in the side of the ship; Shopfitter Bullock welded a plate over it in ten minutes. Up on the bridge, Captain George Rood signaled the engine room, and the *St. Louis* began backing out at 9:31 A.M.—the first cruiser under way.

As she pulled out, Captain Rood called down to the ward-room and requested some water. The strafing was especially heavy, but Pharmacist's Mate Howard Myers took pitcher and glass up the exposed ladder and served it properly. For the men on the *St. Louis*, nothing was too good for Captain Rood.

As the ships began pulling out, the men caught on shore raced to get back in time. Admiral Anderson tore through red lights in his official car. Admirals Pye and Leary got a

One of
the
most
famous
phrases
of the
war.

Made
into a
popular
song.

"You Don't Wear a Tie to War"

the end of the service his mind began to wander, and his eyes strayed out the window. Right above Alewa Heights two planes were in a dogfight. But that was common, and he thought nothing of it. He glanced a little to the left and saw black puffs of smoke in the sky. That was strange—he knew the practice ammunition always left white smoke. As his attention drifted back to church, he became aware of a completely changed atmosphere. Right in the middle of the service, parents were slipping in and hurriedly taking their children out. He knew there was something wrong now, for the grownups were whispering and acting very mysteriously. The mass ended, and instead of the regular hymn, everyone stood and sang "The Star-Spangled Banner."

But it was all too deep for Stephen. Still thinking about the picnic, he strolled off toward a friend's house. Then a plane roared down from the sky and shot at a car driving toward Pearl. He spun around and ran home as hard as he could. His mother was glad to see him too; she had been looking for him everywhere.

Captain Walter Bahr, one of Honolulu's crack harbor pilots, also noticed the black puffs of smoke as he went out to meet the Dutch liner *Jagersfontein*, inbound from the West Coast. The pier watchman explained it was probably the Navy practicing. But he had a curious sense of urgency when he boarded the ship at 9:00 A.M. No one told him anything, but he sensed danger in all that noise and smoke. He brought her in fast. They were about at the harbor entrance when bombs began to fall, and columns of water shot up around them. Since Holland was already at war, the *Jagersfontein* was armed and the Dutch crew knew exactly what to do. They peeled the canvas covers from their guns and began firing back—the first Allies to join the fight.

A scrappy young flyweight boxer named Toy Tamanaha listened to the gunfire as he walked down Fort Street to the Pacific Café for breakfast around 9:30. He didn't think much of it—there was always shooting going on. Some-

30-9:45 A.M.

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DAY OF INFAMY.

by
WALTER LORD

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