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Record Group/Collection:	George H.W. Bush Presidential Records
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Series:	Speech File Backup Files
Subseries:	Chron File, 1989-1993

OA/ID Number:	13785
Folder ID Number:	13785-001

Folder Title:
USS Arizona Pearl Harbor, Hawaii 12/7/91 [OA 8331] [6]

Stack:	Row:	Section:	Shelf:	Position:
G	26	22	1	3

TRANSFER SHEET
BUSH PRESIDENTIAL MATERIALS PROJECT

COLLECTION Bush Pres. Records | ACC.NO: 93-01

The following material was withdrawn from this segment of the collection and trasferred to the __x__ AUDIOVISUAL COLLECTION ______ BOOK COLLECTION ______ MUSEUM COLLECTION
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DESCRIPTION:

color snapshot of flowered leis-U.S.S. Arizona Memorial
color snapshot - dedication plaque, U.S.S. Arizona Memorial
color snapshot-list of dead-U.S.S. Arizona Memorial
color snapshot-flowered leis on oil slick
color snapshot - exterior-U.S.S. Arizona Memorial
color snapshot - visitors,interior, U.S.S. Arizona Memorial
U.S.S. Arizona Memorial -color photo on white border
Visitors,interior of Arizona Memorial - color photo on white border
Interior - U.S.S. Arizona Memorial - color photo on white border
Visitors-interior of Memorial - color photo on white border

SERIES	BOX NO.
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FILE FOLDER TITLE: U.S.S. Arizona Pearl Harbor, Hawaii]OA 8331] [6]	
TRANSFERRED BY: GMF	DATE OF TRANSFER: 7/23/96
RECEIVED BY: Mary Finch	DATE RECEIVED 7/23/96

BIDDLE
W/WPHOTO

BOB SIMON
SPEECH WRITING
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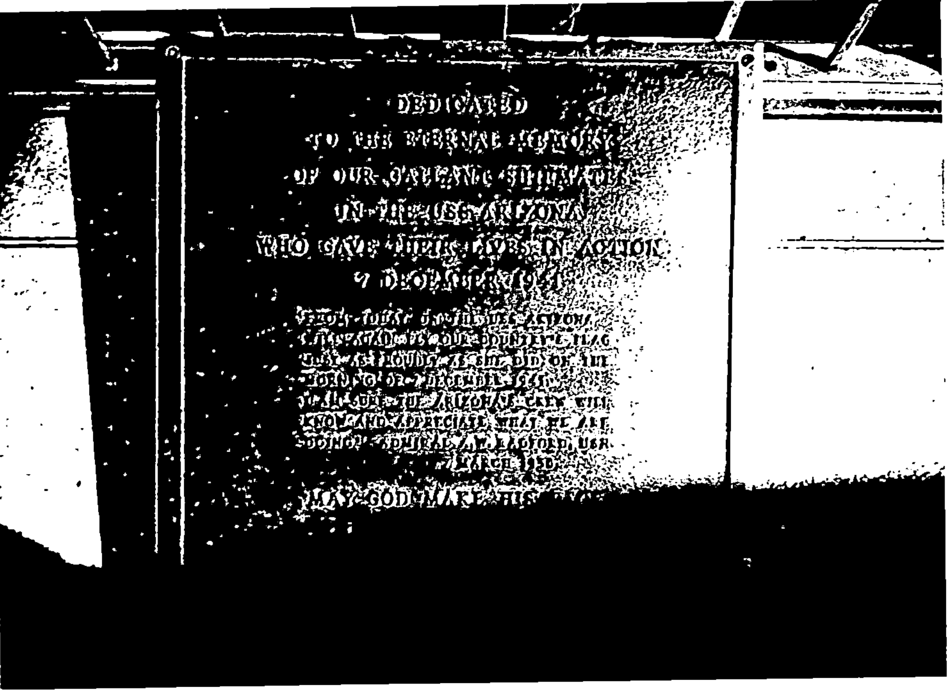
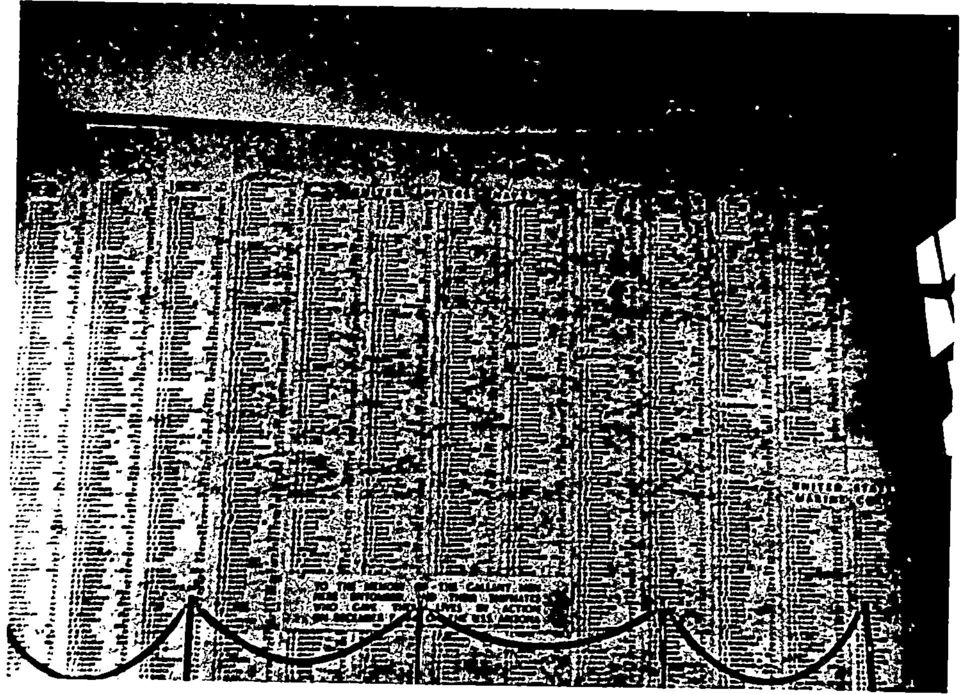
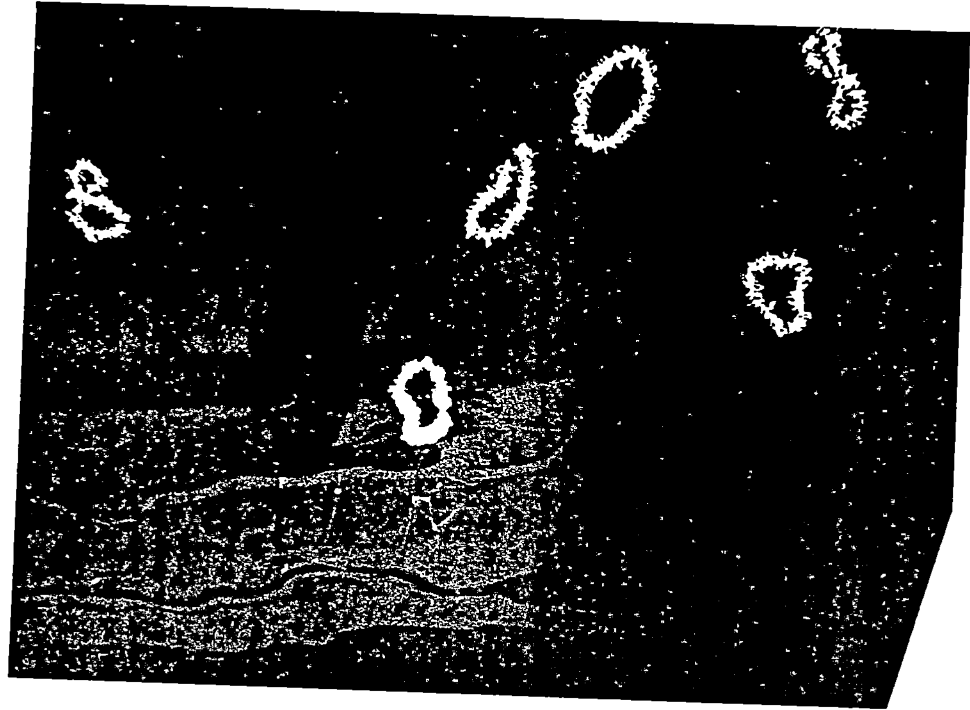
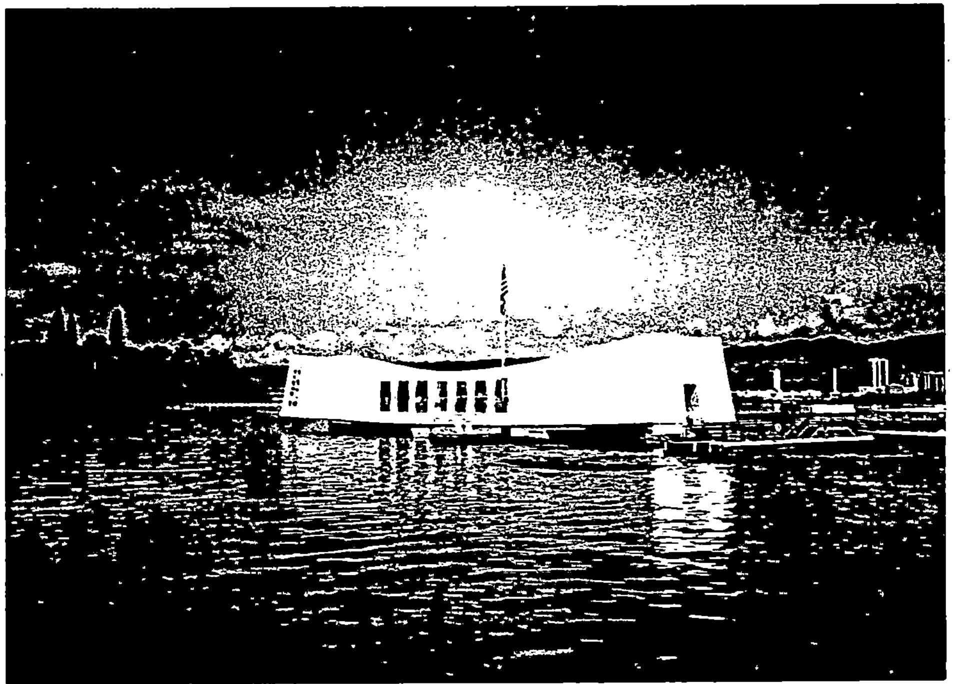
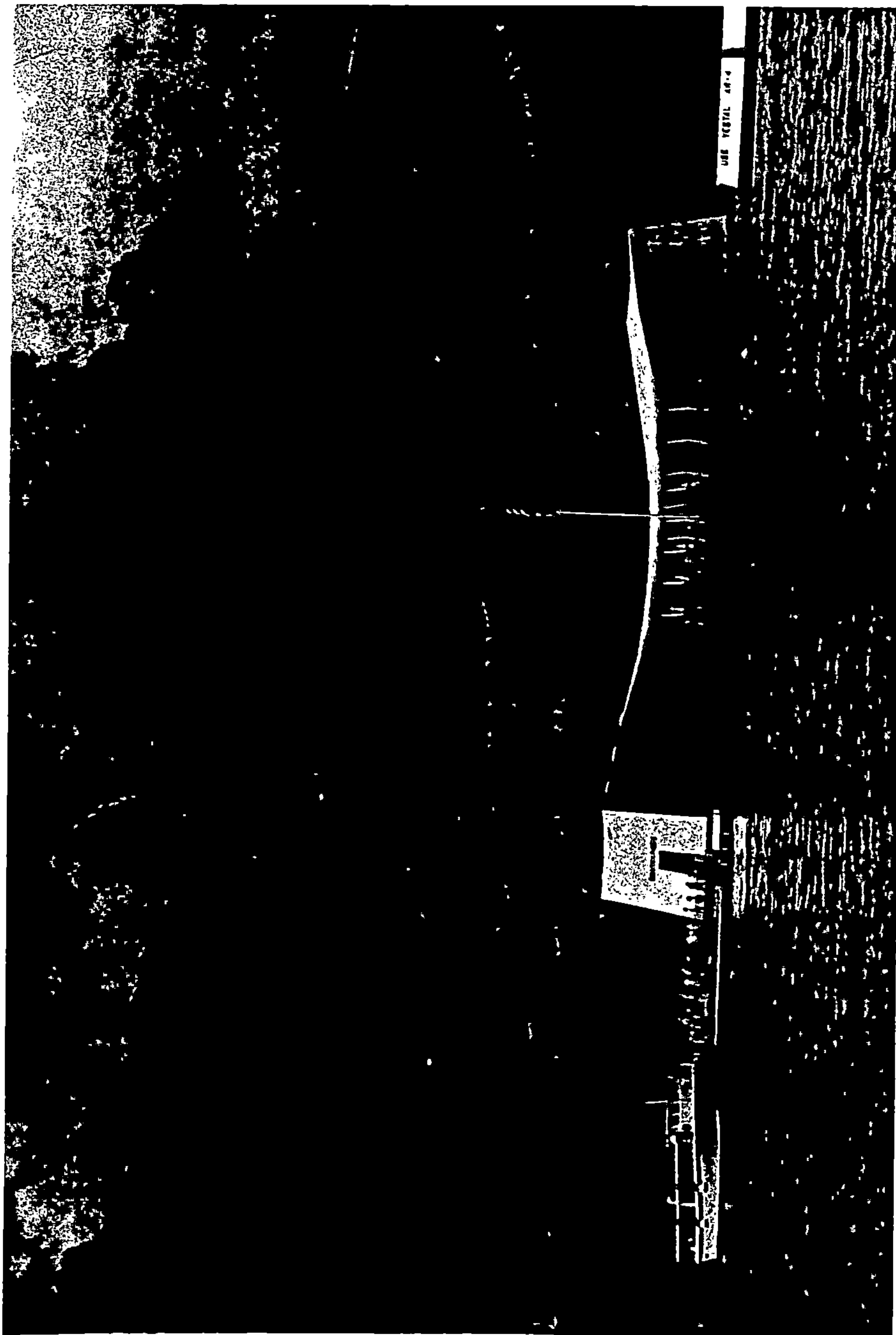
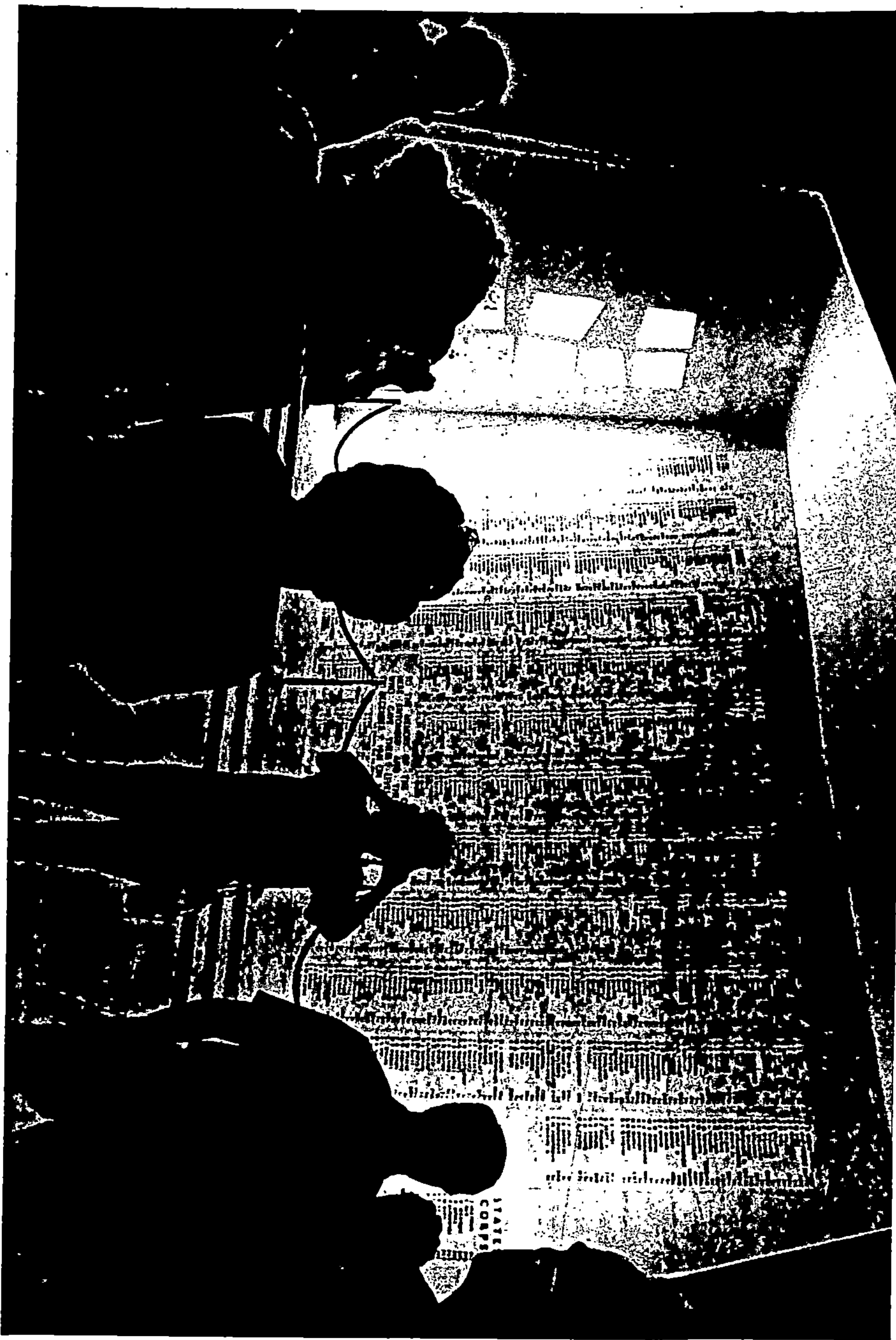

DEDICATED
IN THE USS ARIZONA
WHO GAVE THEIR LIVES IN ACTION

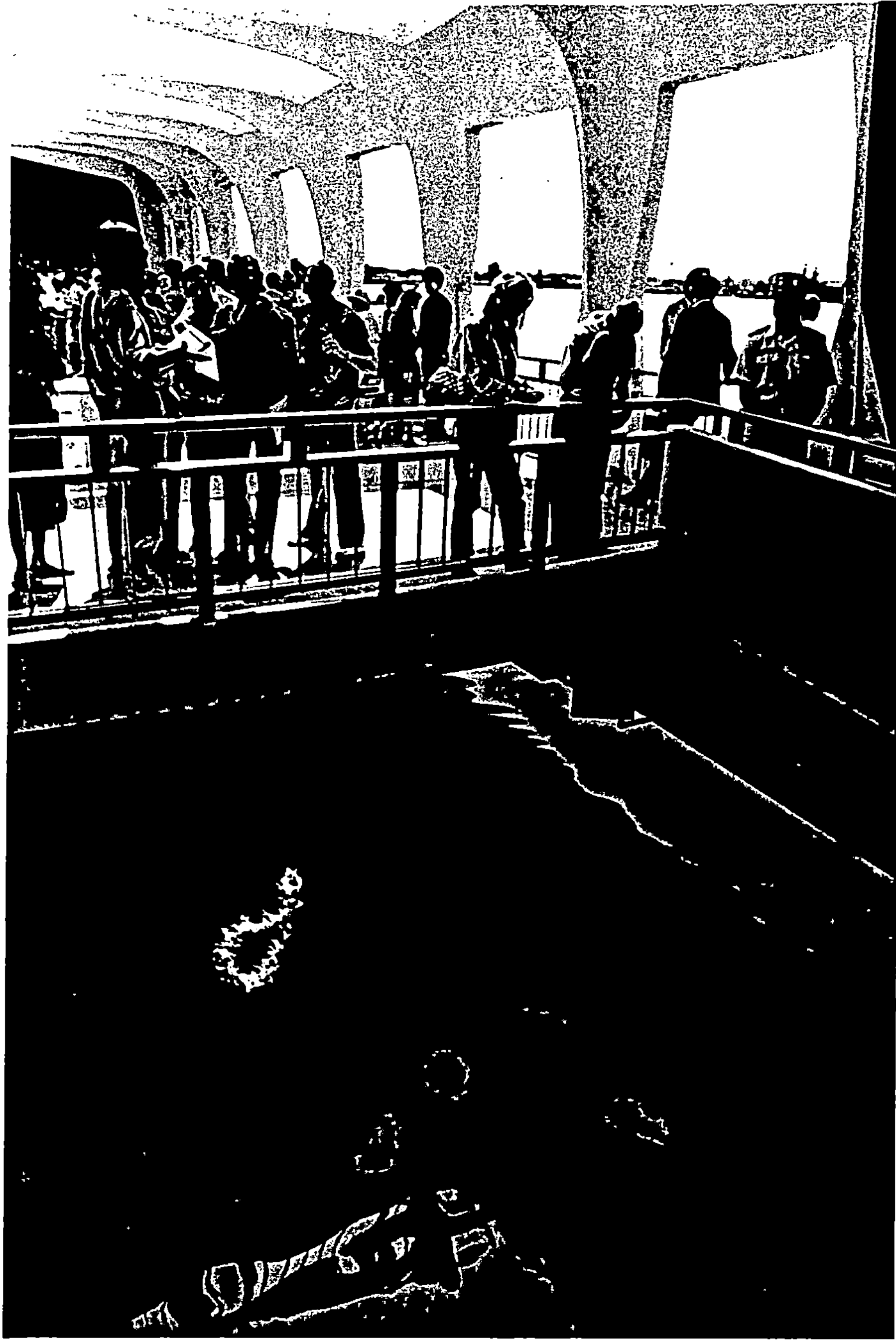


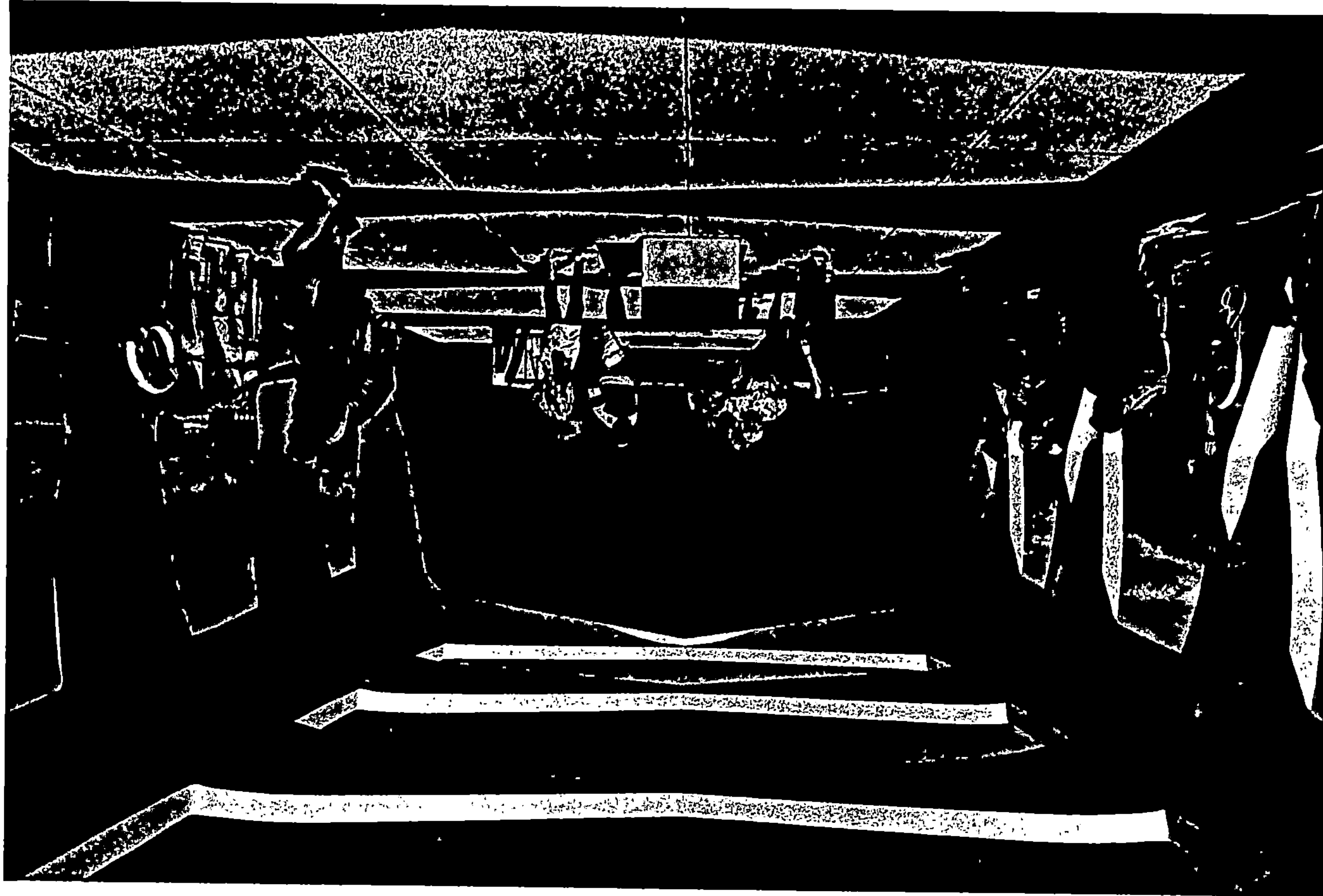












SPECIAL REPORT

Coming to Terms With Japan

With the cold war over, the relationship has to change. It can be made better.

Fifty years later, many Americans wonder who won the war after all. They see Japan's business-suited legions conquering worldwide markets, wiping out entire U.S. industries and planting their flag on blue-chip properties all over America. The Japanese thrive by dint of virtues once considered distinctively American: hard work, thrift, ingenuity. But they sometimes appear to grasp success by underhanded means. Despite years of grudging promises to open their own markets, they still buy relatively few American goods, even those that are better or cheaper than Japanese products. Their postwar conversion to "one-country pacifism" sometimes seems a little too convenient. Americans complain about protecting Japan overseas while the Japanese steal their jobs.

The United States and Japan are each other's most important allies. "The U.S. is our only true friend in the world," says a Japanese diplomat. But for 40 years, Americans thought they needed the Japanese as much as the Japanese needed them. Throughout the cold war Japan served as the key Asian bastion against communism, the cork that bottled up the Soviet Pacific fleet. "Japan is like a floating aircraft carrier off the coast of Vladivostok," former prime minister Yasuhiro Nakasone once remarked. Japan, in turn, wanted protection—especially for the sea lanes that bring fuel and raw materials to the resource-starved islands—and its export-driven economy needed free access to the gold mines of America's consumer market. The deal paid off for both countries. America won the cold war while Japan waged what almost amounted to an undeclared trade war against its own patron.

LES STONE—SYGMA

WHO WON THE WAR? *Survivors at the Arizona memorial*

Americans complain about protecting Japan while the Japanese steal their jobs

Now that the cold war is over and America's economy is on the ropes, the relationship with Japan is bound to change. The Japanese are openly disdainful of America's economic and political follies; they are much more assertive about their own place in the world—even their potential military role. Whatever strategic posture it eventually adopts, Japan already presents the United States with its most potent foreign rivalry. Harvard political scientist Samuel Huntington writes that Washington's single most important strategic objective is "to maintain the United States as the premier global power, which in the coming decade means countering the Japanese economic challenge." If America wants to be more than just another major country, the reckoning cannot be long delayed. For the second time in half a century, the United States will have to come to terms with Japan.

The relationship has never been based on deep mutual understanding or genuinely shared ideals. Despite its veneer of Western-style democracy, capitalism and pop culture, Japan has bedrock values and practices that differ sharply from those of the United States. "The widespread perception that Japan plays by different rules is basically right," says MIT economist Paul Krugman. "That is not a moral judgment. It's just a statement of fact." Not that Japan openly flouts the rules of international commerce. Its habit is to accept the rules written by others and then bend them to its own purposes. Japan pays lip service to the alien ideal of free trade even as it rigorously protects its own key industries, largely by custom, and crowds out competition by foreign producers in markets overseas.

Each country's national character is almost a mirror image of the other's. The Japanese are rigid conformists; Americans practice individuality up to—and sometimes over—the brink of selfishness. Americans believe that if they make a better or cheaper product, other people will always buy it, because fairness equates with economic self-interest. The Japanese believe it is almost unpatriotic to buy a foreign product when that might hurt their own farms or factories; they are willing to pay a premium for buying Japanese, and thus their culture reinforces their economy.

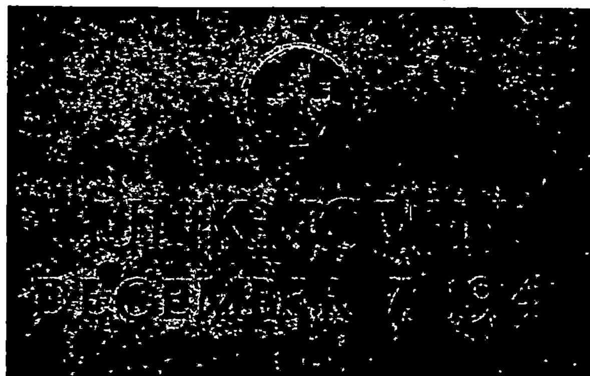
When Americans complain that the Japanese don't play fair, the Japanese reply that Americans should try harder. "To ask whether Japan plays fair is to ask the wrong question," says James Morgan, chairman of Applied Materials Inc., a Silicon Valley maker of semiconductor-production equipment that has been very successful in selling to Japan. "America's unique sense of fairness is not shared by the rest of the world." International markets have changed, Morgan says, making "Japan's way of doing business more relevant and effective."

Savers and spenders: Japan is a nation of fanatical savers; Americans are demon spenders. It wasn't always that way. Before the war, Americans were the world's best savers, stashing away 19 percent of their total output (including government and institutional investments). After the war, as domestic consumption became the engine of economic growth—and as government entitlements expanded—the gross U.S. savings rate dropped to 16 percent. Meanwhile, Japan's need to rebuild and to sell overseas—and its failure to develop an adequate pension system—forced its citizens to become more frugal. Their savings rate climbed from 13 percent in the 1930s to nearly 30 percent today.

The governments of the two countries have radically different priorities. Tokyo organizes and directs Japanese industry in ways that Americans regard as anticompetitive collusion. American politicians think of the consumer first; Japanese leaders favor producers. American presidents—George Bush not alone among them—often consider foreign policy their strong suit and domestic affairs a no-win proposition. Japanese politicians put the home

front first. "The U.S. has a long-term political and military strategy for its role in the world and no policy at all for economic competitiveness and growth," says Chalmers Johnson, a political scientist at the University of California, San Diego, and author of a groundbreaking study of Japan's bureaucratic juggernaut, the Ministry of International Trade and Industry (MITI). "Japan has no political-military strategy but an extremely clever and deliberate long-term strategy for economic dominance and growth," he says. "Japan pursues high value-added jobs for its citizens. The U.S. pursues democracy and world peace. Japan gets the jobs, everybody gets [the benefits of] the peace."

Long hours: It is possible for Americans to admire the Japanese; it is possible to fear them. But there is no reason to envy them. For all their country's economic power, most Japanese live in straitened circumstances, with a relatively low standard of living, long working hours, cramped housing and scant opportunity for recreation. They endure a political system that does not respond to ordinary citizens, an educational system that puts brutal pressure on the young and a family culture that belittles women, by Western standards. The Japanese joke that their country has a first-class economy, a second-class political system and a third-class standard of living. Recently the new prime minister, Kiichi Miyazawa, promised to make Japan a "lifestyle superpower." His country has a long way to go. To improve the quality of life, the government plans to spend more than $3 trillion on infrastructure over the next decade.



LES STONE—SYGMA

THE COST OF UNREADINESS *A tombstone in Hawaii*

The United States has a choice: to see Japan as a scapegoat or as a spur to do better

The relationship between the United States and Japan remains unequal. Despite all the progress it has made, Japan still has no desire to lead. "We want to be the best number-two country in history," says Koichi Kato, the chief cabinet secretary and former defense minister. Within limits, it is still possible for the United States to push Japan around—or at least to nudge it in helpful directions. But the Americans have to be careful about what they ask for. Washington wants Japan to shoulder more of the burden of global leadership, but after the horrors of World War II nobody wants a revival of Japanese militarism.

If Japan is to play a larger role in the world, it must do so in peaceful venues. Japan is already a leading source of foreign assistance, which amounts to about 1 percent of its gross national product—approximately the same amount that Japan spends on defense. By comparison, the United States devotes about 8 percent of its GNP to its world role, almost all of it going to the far-flung military effort. If Japan could be persuaded to spend a lot more on global leadership—say, 5 percent of GNP—the result would be a vast increase in assistance to poorer countries.

A Japan that pays more should have more say in world institutions, notably the United Nations. Officially, Washington has long advocated a permanent seat for Japan on the Security Council. But for fear of weakening the council, U.S. diplomats don't push the idea. Giving Japan a permanent seat "would so fundamentally change the importance of the Security Council that they would be getting into a different institution than they thought," says a U.S. official. That's like telling the Japanese they shouldn't want to belong to any club that would have them as members.

With its bilateral trade deficit soaring past $50 billion a year, the United States is entitled to demand economic relief from Japan. It cannot expect fundamental change. The Japanese will not scrap their industrial structure or completely alter their shopping habits, any more than they can be made to change their bedrock culture. But they can ease up a bit—on American competitors and on themselves. The Japanese government can encourage domestic consumption; indeed, it will have to if it wants to make good on Miyazawa's "lifestyle" pledge. Japanese manufacturers can restrain some of their more aggressive export practices, as they did in the 1980s when, under pressure from Washington, they "voluntarily" limited auto exports to the United States.

Already, the European Community has voted to impose limits on Japanese auto imports and on production by Japanese "transplant" factories in Europe. The restrictions, which take effect next year and will last for the rest of the century, hold Japan to 16 percent of the European car market. The United States, where Japan has 33.5 percent of the car market, could impose similar restrictions, chipping away—not for the first time—at its own free-trade principles. The Japanese might even volunteer for another round of self-imposed restrictions, putting a cap on their share of the American market in order to head off protectionist moves by Congress and to avert disaster in the U.S. auto industry. "The Japanese recognize that one of the things they can't afford is for Chrysler to fail," says David Cole, a University of Michigan expert on the auto industry. "If Chrysler were to fall into the fire pit, Washington would probably go berserk."

In an economy the size of America's, foreign competition—even the cutthroat variety—has only a marginal impact, experts say. Most of America's economic problems are self-inflicted. "Coming to terms with Japan means coming to terms with ourselves," says Richard Samuels, a political scientist at MIT and an expert on Japan. Americans will have to reduce their budget deficit, which soaks up capital that U.S. industry desperately needs for new products and new plants. They will have to fix an educational system that turns out an increasingly ill-prepared work force. Their leaders may have to create new incentives for saving or change the antitrust laws so that companies can pool their resources on efforts such as research and development. And they may finally have to come up with some kind of industrial policy, perhaps even subsidizing the most crucial, high-technology industries so that America can compete on more nearly even terms.

"If the next 20 years are like the last 20 years, there will be a breakdown in U.S.-Japanese relations," says Stanton Anderson, a Washington lobbyist for Japanese interests. Neither side wants that. Their economies are deeply intertwined already, and the Treasury has relied heavily on Japan to help finance the U.S. national debt. In the years ahead, the Japanese are likely to lose some of their momentum. The United States meanwhile has a choice: it can use the Japanese as a scapegoat or a spur. Scapegoating courts disaster for the country that resorts to it. The spur, energetically applied to one's own hindquarters, may be the best way out of America's dilemma.

RUSSELL WATSON *with* BILL POWELL *in Tokyo,*
RICH THOMAS *in Washington and bureau reports*

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LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO WAR

December 7, 1941

STANLEY WEINTRAUB

TRUMAN TALLEY BOOKS
DUTTON
NEW YORK

Commander Safford's men had decoded it before nine o'clock. Lieutenant Commander Kramer ordered copies made for the regular Navy recipients of "Magic" messages as well as for the White House. Meanwhile, he telephoned everyone whom he could reach on his distribution list, mostly Navy brass, to explain that he was delivering something that should be examined at once. He was not always able to leave a message—it was a Saturday night—and he could not leave documents of that secrecy in a mailbox or on a doorstep. Then Kramer telephoned his wife, Mary, to fetch him at the Navy Department and chauffeur him about.

Abandoning her wrapping of Christmas presents, she drove Kramer about, first to the Executive Office Building adjacent to the White House. It was 9:30 when they delivered a locked pouch to Lieutenant Lester Schultz, who took it to the President's study on the second floor. FDR was clipping stamps—"for the children at [the hospital in] Warm Springs," he told Schultz. Hopkins was pacing back and forth in conversation with Roosevelt, but stopped while Schultz removed the typewritten pages from the pouch and handed them to the President. Both Hopkins and Schultz stood by quietly while Roosevelt read the entire packet. Then he passed it to Hopkins, who read the sheets and returned them to the President. Turning to Hopkins he said, Schultz recalled, "This means war."

There was still a crucial paragraph unreceived, but while Schultz waited for instructions, Roosevelt and Hopkins discussed the imminence of war and where it might happen. Since it would be "at the convenience of the Japanese," Hopkins observed, "it was too bad that we could not strike the first blow, and prevent any sort of surprise."

"No, we can't do that," said the President. "We are a democracy and a peaceful people. We have a good record." He reached for the telephone to contact Stark, and learned from his switchboard that the admiral had gone to see *The Student Prince*. Paging Stark might "cause public alarm," Roosevelt told Schultz, returning the documents. The White House would find the admiral "within perhaps another half an hour."

Kramer dropped off other pouches, including one to Frank Knox at the Wardman Park Hotel. Knox excused himself to study the documents while Mrs. Knox entertained John O. Keith, a business associate from Knox's former paper, the *Chicago Daily News*, and his wife. Alarmed at what he inferred, Knox telephoned Stimson and Hull to

to be so busy on Sunday morning. Red balls on aircraft wings, fixed landing gear, and pillars of smoke from the harbor and from Hickam Field told him more than he cared to know. Rushing to his telephone—despite his being Air Corps chief in Hawaii no one had yet informed him—he ordered a slightly less surprised Brigadier General Howard C. Davidson, commanding the Fourteenth Pursuit Wing at Wheeler Field, "Get your pursuit ships in the air just as fast as you can!"

Davidson explained that his unit was under attack and that they were "struggling" to get some planes in the air. Because the war warning had been downgraded in Hawaii into a sabotage alert, most of his aircraft, including 75 newly delivered P-40s, some of them already gutted and burning, couldn't fly. Not only were they parked in a clot; they were empty of fuel and ammunition. "Concentrating" the planes had been Martin's idea; "dispersal" might have "alarmed the populace."

Jumping into his car, Martin rushed to headquarters. Dive bombers and Zeros were scoring hits as he arrived, and Army AA shells were dropping erratically. As Martin turned to rush upstairs to his office, Lieutenant Colonel James A. Mollinson, his deputy, warned him to remain on ground level: "If you stay here, at least you'll have two ceilings between you and the enemy."

Although Martin said later that his aim, other than repelling the attack, was "to get the carrier," Air Corps Lieutenant Denver Gray, then at Hickam, reported Martin as hesitating to attempt a bomber mission to find the fleet: "I can't order them up. We are not at war." In any case he had few bombers left that were operational, and could not have sent any up while Zeros were swooping in to strafe easy targets which the dive bombers had overlooked. And Martin had no idea where the Japanese carriers were because no one had paid any attention to the Opana radar tracking.

Captain Brooke E. Allen rushed to save his own parked B-17. In a bathrobe when the shooting began, he had pulled on flying gear and hurried to Hickam. Orders be damned, he thought; if he could get airborne, he might locate an enemy carrier. As he got to the runway he saw a direct hit on a repair hangar, then others on a supply building and a mess hall. Bombs were falling everywhere, and hitting something every time—a beer hall, the firehouse, the base chapel, the guardhouse. Liberated prisoners rushed to help a sergeant mount a machine gun for antiaircraft fire. Allen improvised a crew, loaded several bombs,

and tried to start his engines. Number one would not turn over, although the other three started; Allen taxied across the field trying to get going, counting his blessings when the dive bombers moved on.

Then the dive bombers returned with Zeros, and Allen and his crew scrambled out and hid behind a bulldozer. When one man panicked and ran, a burst from a Zero separated his head from his body; others shot out a wheel and an engine from the B-17. Leaving the cover of the bulldozer to search for a flyable B-17, Allen watched a private whom he knew only as an orderly room clerk climb into the nose of a B-18 and blaze away with a machine gun. The bomber had been on fire when the soldier had taken over the nose gun; he was still firing as flames enveloped the plane.

Lieutenant Ken Taylor awoke groggily in the officers' quarters at Wheeler Field. He and Lieutenant George Welch had been out nearly all night, on the town, carousing at hotels in Waikiki and moving on after closing to the officers' club at Hickam. They belonged at Haleiwa on the north shore, on temporary assignment with their 47th Pursuit Squadron, but in their condition the beds at Wheeler had seemed more inviting than the tents of Haleiwa. When a second shock wave rattled the windows, Taylor reached for his pants, tuxedo trousers with a shiny black stripe. He had been in formal uniform until sacking in.

In the hallway he found George Welch. Looking outside, they saw gray planes with red disks. Bullets were kicking up everywhere. Taylor dashed in and called Haleiwa to get their planes ready. His car was outside and unhit. How to evade the strafing became a matter of acutely exact timing. "Let's wait until we hear the plane's engine, then run," Welch suggested.

They dashed for the car and made Haleiwa, on an empty road, in ten minutes. Crews had the props of their P-40s turning over. Jumping in, they took off into the empty sky and headed back to Wheeler.

Lieutenant Colonel William C. Farnum ducked into Air Force Headquarters at Hickam as a spent Navy AA shell buried itself in the driveway much too close to him. He heard General Martin on the telephone talking painfully to Washington. His responses offered no comfort except perhaps to the Japanese, who were getting information from radio messages and telephone calls made hastily in the clear: "I don't know. . . . I don't know how many. . . . No, we don't know where they came from. . . ." When the President summarily relieved

Redskins would go ahead in the second half on three touchdown passes by Sammy Baugh to win, 20–14.

The second half was under way when sportswriter Shirley Povich of the *Washington Post* saw AP writer Pat O'Brien receive a teletyped message in the press box, "Keep game [account] short. Unimportant." (UP teletyped all bureaus, "PLS HOLD SKEDS TO BONE; OFFER ONLY HOTTEST; DON'T BREAK EXCEPT FOR CERTAIN HOT BULLETINS.") Puzzled, O'Brien teletyped an angry objection and received an immediate reply, "Japs just kicked off. War now."

Povich's story the next morning would be headlined, "War's Outbreak is Deep Secret to 27,702 Redskin Game Fans." It was not information to keep quiet about, and the rustle of war bulletins trickled out of the press area and down the seats, becoming more garbled with each exchange. International News Service reporter Eric Friedheim and his boss, Washington bureau chief William K. Hutchinson, were sitting separately. When the writers in the press box got the news, "Hutch" tracked Friedheim down and sent him to the White House, remaining himself to see the rest of the game. Another reporter in the grandstand got the news from his wife, who heard it on the radio, then telegraphed, under his name, "DELIVER TO SECTION P, TOP ROW, SEAT 27, OPPOSITE 25-YARD LINE, EAST SIDE, GRIFFITH STADIUM. WAR WITH JAPAN! GET TO OFFICE!"

Military notables as well as lesser ranks in uniform, ranging down even lower than Ensign John Fitzgerald Kennedy, were at the stadium. Between plays, loudspeaker appeals blared for various generals and admirals to report to duty immediately. The Resident Commissioner of the Philippines was asked to return to his office. Newspaper circulation managers and delivery boys were asked to show up at their jobs without delay. Yet the Griffith management refused to air the Pearl Harbor news on the public address system, explaining, "We don't want to contribute to any hysteria." Besides, George Preston Marshall, owner of the Redskins, pointed out, "non-sport news" was never broadcast at the stadium.

In the Polo Grounds before 50,051 fans, the New York football Giants were hosting the Brooklyn Dodgers. Again the audience was told nothing, although Colonel "Wild Bill" Donovan, head of what was not yet called the OSS, was repeatedly summoned by loudspeaker to telephone Operator 10 in Washington, a link to the White House. Leaning over toward Frank Morris, a draftee on furlough, a retired

"This is a tragic moment," Crocker replied, adjusting his pince-nez.

"It is," Ohta agreed; "and my duty is most distasteful." Then he proceeded to read a longer document, in English, formally closing the embassy and suspending its functions. No one was to communicate with the outside, and all radio transmitters and shortwave receivers were to be handed over immediately. In the confusion, no one mentioned the radiotelephone, with which embassy personnel were able to communicate across the Pacific for another twelve hours, until it was jammed. And a car radio was forgotten, and used, largely unsuccessfully, to pick up English-language broadcasts. But everyone was locked into the embassy compound, to remain until release to an exchange ship the following June.

Even as Ohta, accompanied by policemen, strode through the embassy issuing instructions, files were being emptied and their contents burned in metal wastebaskets. Anticipating trouble, the naval and military attachés, Commander Henri Smith-Hutton and Colonel Harry Cresswell, had destroyed their codes and files the previous Friday. Now Helen Skouland, the slim blonde in charge of the file room, passed folders and documents to clerks and secretaries who fired them with gasoline from five-gallon tins. In the courtyard, as yet unvisited by Ohta, eyes watered from the smoke and soot, and burning scraps of paper littered the gardens. Charles ("Chip") Bohlen, later an ambassador and State Department bigwig, seized a bucket and sloshed water about.

En route to the embassy in a car with a Japanese-speaking colleague, Bohlen had heard the ringing of the traditional newsboys' bells and asked their chauffeur if it meant anything. He had heard reports of fighting between the British and Japanese fleets, the driver said. "Probably not true; only on Japanese radio." But they bought "one of the flimsy extras, and my companion translated the reports of fighting between the Japanese, and American and British, fleets."

Upon Ohta's official closing of the embassy, Eugene Dooman was permitted to return, with all his personal effects, to be sealed up in the compound. So were other staff members who lived outside. Most were prudent enough to arrive with their mattresses and bedding. The unusable offices became dormitory rooms, while the six most senior officers moved into the embassy residential quarters with the Grews. Japanese servants working in the embassy were called together by the

police and given the choice of remaining interned with their employers, or leaving. All of them, even Oyama, chose to stay.*

Deeply depressed, feeling that his ten years in Japan had failed, Grew tried not to show it. He invited his staff into the Residence for a drink, discussing with them bedding arrangements and housekeeping needs, and the uphill fight inevitable to reverse a long series of initial losses. Their link with the outside world would be the Swiss mission. How much, if anything, of international law the Japanese would honor was unknown.

Shortly after eleven, Ambassador Craigie left the columned portico of the British embassy to call on Grew and was surprised not only that no police or soldiers stopped him but that there were no more than the usual number of uniforms in the vicinity. At the American embassy the compound was surrounded by police and curious onlookers. Denied admission, Craigie protested loudly until he was permitted in, just in time to learn that the official Japanese declaration of war had been delivered. Guessing that he would have no chance to talk to Grew again for a long time, if ever, Sir Robert told the ambassador that he had enjoyed working with him during the previous four and a half years, and returned to his waiting car.

At His Majesty's embassy, police now blocked all the entrances, but "the great iron gates were speedily flung open. . . . As my car passed through and I heard the clang of the gates closing behind me, I knew this sound was symbolic of a temporary loss of liberty for all of us."

A few minutes later, Pleasant Craigie observed the Netherlands ambassador, General J. C. Pabst, a veteran of twenty years in Tokyo, urging the police to let him in to see her husband. Refusing, they ordered him back to his car, pushed him in, and slammed the door. It was the last they would see of the gentle Pabst, who died in internment a month later.

* Employees locked in for what would be seven months of internment were permitted only one leave—at the New Year. Throughout the claustrophobic weeks, they served dinner always dressed in formal Japanese clothes and with the utmost formality, as if each occasion were an official function. Yet the men knew that their families were subject to contempt for assisting the enemy. Dooman "never could really understand why they remained," but they did. On the day of departure, the head servant said to Dooman, "When you return home and listen to people telling you of the bad things we Japanese have done, please tell your friends about us."

japanese american
citizens league
NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS: 1765 Sutter Street • San Francisco, California 94115 • (415) 921-5225
REGIONAL OFFICES: Washington, D.C. • Chicago • San Francisco • Los Angeles • Seattle • Fresno

STATEMENT BY THE JAPANESE AMERICAN CITIZENS LEAGUE

PEARL HARBOR AND JAPANESE AMERICANS

As we commemorate the 50th anniversary of Pearl Harbor, we must be mindful that some individuals and groups may use this occasion to exploit racial fears based on wartime animosities and the current economic frictions between the United States and Japan.

The commemoration will be a time when all Americans reflect upon that tragic event as a watershed in American history. The events of Pearl Harbor and beyond were also a momentous time for Japanese Americans. In 1942, virtually the entire population of 120,000 Japanese Americans were forcibly removed from their homes on the West Coast and incarcerated in internment camps in desolate areas of our country. Because of their ancestry, Japanese Americans suffered humiliation and ostracism and became the victims of racial hatred. The incarceration was a violation of individual rights as set forth in our Constitution.

Inspite of these sweeping violations, thousands of young men volunteered from these camps to fight with valor for America, writing with their blood a record of loyalty under extraordinary circumstances.

In 1988, President Ronald Reagan signed the "Civil Liberties Act" which acknowledged the fundamental injustice of the incarceration. The law called for an apology and the payment of $20,000 to those who were interned or subjected to unwarranted restrictions imposed by the government. An enduring lesson of this experience is that whenever civil liberties can be taken from one group or individual, they can be taken from any group or individual.

The 1980s has witnessed a dramatic increase in hate crimes and negative sentiment directed at Asian Americans. These incidents have ranged from negative media characterizations, to vandalism, to the beatings of Asian Americans and to the murders of individuals such as Vincent Chin in Michigan, Ming Hai Loo in North Carolina and Thong Hy Huynh in California.

The threat of racism can have a profound effect on individuals causing fear, vulnerability and suspicion. We must deplore any attempts to create negative emotional messages through racial exploitation that would adversely affect Japanese Americans or Asian Americans as a result of the 50th commemoration of Pearl Harbor.

A Date That Will Live in Anxiety

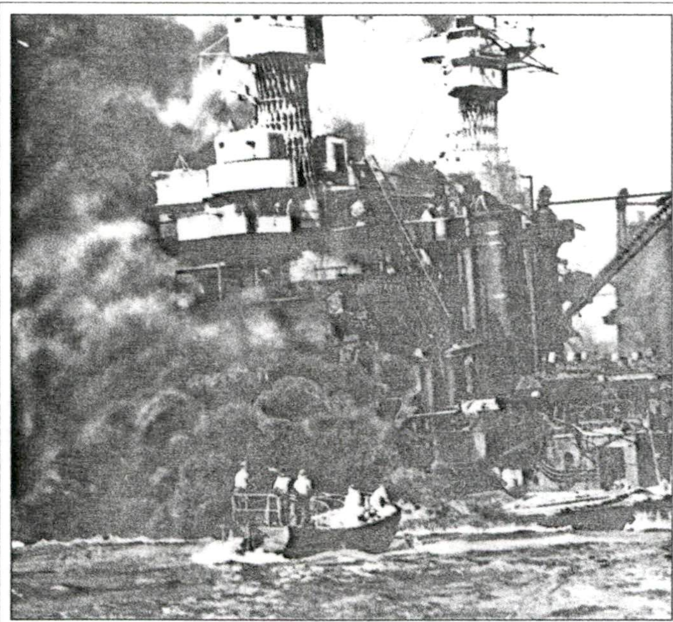
Japan is already dreading the 50th anniversary of the Pearl Harbor attack

To the earnest Japanese reporter the question seemed reasonable enough. It came at a press briefing after trade talks between the United States and Japan. He asked an American negotiator whether the upcoming 50th anniversary of Japan's attack on Pearl Harbor would add tension to an already delicate set of negotiations. The American stammered for a few seconds and then admitted the obvious: he hadn't really thought about it. The journalist was skeptical. After all, it *was* the summer of 1989, and the big day was only two and one-half years away.

Dec. 7, 1991: a date that will live in anxiety. Few subjects cause more hand-wringing in Japan than the approaching anniversary of Adm. Isoroku Yamamoto's surprise attack on the heart of the U.S. Pacific Fleet. The Japanese are "hypersensitive" about it, says a Western diplomat in Tokyo. AERA, a widely read Japanese newsweekly, just ran an exhaustive article on the anniversary, and last Thursday the popular Tokyo Shimbun bore a headline that screamed: FIFTY YEARS SINCE PEARL HARBOR, REEMERGENCE OF THE NIGHTMARE!

A single thread runs through such stories: with the future strength of U.S.-Japanese relations already in question, Americans are about to be bombarded with images of "sneaky" sucker-punching Japanese. The history of Japanese mistreatment of prisoners of war may be revived. Some Americans may seize the occasion to point out how the carpet-bombing of Hawaii with yen in the late 1980s proved more effective in securing beachfront property than all the iron warheads Yamamoto dropped. Others will undoubtedly ask who really won the war, given Japan's huge economic success and America's perceived decline since then. The effect could be to stir up latent anti-Japanese sentiment. "It's the fear of the bashers unbound, the protectionists cut loose," says Tokyo University professor Takashi Inoguchi. "The government is deathly afraid there's going to be some big American backlash when Pearl Harbor Day rolls around."

These fears are not unfounded; "calendar journalism" is a fact of life in the U.S. press, and the bombing of Pearl Harbor is etched permanently on the consciousness of any American old enough to remember it. But it's more than just dread of overseas hostility. Unlike Germany, Japan has never fully come to terms with its role in World War II. Critics contend that history courses in Japanese schools give the subject short shrift. Among the Japanese who lived through the war and the ensuing U.S. occupation, anger mingles with guilt. For many, the war is a topic best left unexamined.



AP

Grim memories: *Rescue operations as the West Virginia burns*

Japanese who do think about the war often take a distinctively different view from the one commonly held in the United States. Most Americans see it in stark terms: Japan brought the war on itself through its unprovoked attack on Pearl Harbor; everything that followed, including the horror of Hiroshima and Nagasaki four years later, was a direct consequence of that one act. The Japanese assessment is more ambiguous. For them, both Pearl Harbor and the unleashing of nuclear weapons belong to a dialectic of war, in which the idea of "blame" is fudged nearly into nonexistence. How deep a notion this is among some Japanese became evident to one high-powered group of Americans last year, when a senior Japanese politician attended a dinner at the Brookings Institution in Washington. Sure enough, the subject of how to commemorate Pearl Harbor came up. Among the dignitaries at the table was Bruce K. MacLaury, the president of Brookings, who listened approvingly as his Japanese guest said it would be a nice gesture if Prime Minister Toshiki Kaifu laid a wreath at the memorial for the sunken battleship Arizona and then spoke about how far both nations had come and how important they were to each other now. Everyone nodded. But that wasn't the end. On the same day or soon after, the Japanese official continued, George Bush could go to Hiroshima, lay a wreath and make a similar speech. However well intentioned, the stab at moral equivalence, according to one source at the table, nearly caused MacLaury to choke on his soup. "He told him very politely that that probably wouldn't go over too well in the United States," says one American present at the dinner.

Media circus: While few on either side of the Pacific relish the idea of a full-throated debate over who was to blame for the war, some critics in Japan contend that official skittishness has already turned the event into more of a media circus than it otherwise would have been. As long ago as last summer, during a grass-roots tour of small towns in Japan, Foreign Ministry bureaucrats asked the Japanese to try to offset inevitable Pearl Harbor-related Japan-bashing by doing their bit to help relations between the two countries (say, by buying a few imports now and then). As one puzzled young Japanese bureaucrat puts it, "Why you go out of your way to tell people to deal with something that wasn't even an issue yet is a mystery to me."

That thought may now finally be sinking in at higher levels. A senior government official in Tokyo acknowledged this week that the Foreign Ministry and other elite bureaucracies may soon start "informal" meetings with the Japanese press in the hope of getting it to ease off a bit on anniversary coverage. The message will be: please ignore Pearl Harbor Day. Will the press take heed? It might if the government follows the same advice.

BILL POWELL *in Tokyo*

UNDERSTANDING THE USS ARIZONA MEMORIAL AND VISITOR CENTER

VISITOR CENTER. Pearl Harbor is situated on the Island of Oahu in the suburbs of Honolulu, a short distance west of the Honolulu International Airport. The USS Arizona Memorial at Pearl Harbor is operated by the NPS in conjunction with the U.S. Navy. Composed of the Arizona Memorial structure spanning the sunken battleship USS *Arizona*, and a shoreside visitor center and museum, the complex is located within the boundaries of the Pearl Harbor Naval Base, a designated National Historic Landmark.

The visitor center is on the shoreline overlooking Pearl Harbor, within view of the Arizona Memorial itself, and is the first stop for visitors intending to tour the Memorial. The U.S. Navy completed the visitor center in 1980, using a combination of appropriated funds and private contributions raised by Branch 46 of the Fleet Reserve Association. On September 9, 1980, the Navy transferred operation of the Memorial complex to the NPS. The Navy continues to operate the shuttle boat fleet that serves the Memorial.

Within the visitor center is the main reception area with an information desk staffed by NPS personnel. Directly behind the desk is a 50- by 15-foot oil painting of USS *Arizona* by artist John Charles Roach.

The interpretive program may include a brief talk by an NPS ranger or a Pearl Harbor survivor, a documentary film on the Pearl Harbor attack, and the shuttle boat trip to the Memorial. Rangers are stationed aboard the Memorial to provide information and lend assistance.

The landscaped area behind the visitor center includes waterfront exhibits and provides an excellent view of Ford Island, the focal point of the 1941 attack.

REMEMBRANCE EXHIBIT. This December a new exhibit, on the USS Arizona Memorial Visitor Center grounds, will be dedicated to honor all the victims of the Pearl Harbor attack—military and civilian—except for those who perished on USS *Arizona*. The latter are honored and named on the walls of the Memorial itself.

This "Remembrance Exhibit" is a circular concrete structure, the outer walls of which are about four feet high. There are two pedestrian entrances. Around its inner perimeter on one semicircular side is seating that looks out toward Pearl Harbor and the USS Arizona Memorial. On the opposite inner wall of a slightly smaller semicircle is an inclined surface arranged in 34 panels, which display, arranged by ship or shore installation, the names of all victims of the attack. Within each group, the names are arranged alphabetically.

In the center of the exhibit is a pedestal about 3-1/2 feet high, atop which is placed a relief map of Oahu that identifies all the locations attacked by the Japanese military on December 7, 1941.

The exhibit, located on the waterside lawn of the visitor center, is set in a grove of palm trees. It is some 90 feet from the *lanai* of the visitor center and about 30 feet from the water.

ARIZONA MEMORIAL. The Arizona Memorial is the final resting place for an estimated 945 Navy men and Marines of the 1,177 in the crew who lost their lives defending USS *Arizona* on December 7, 1941. The Memorial structure bridges and does not touch the sunken battleship, which rests in the mud of Pearl Harbor under 40 feet of water. It consists of a gleaming white, 184-foot-long concrete structure with a large entryway; an expansive, airy, light-filled, semi-open central assembly area for general observation; and a shrine chamber where the names of the 1,177 killed aboard the battleship are engraved on a wall of Vermont marble.

President Dwight D. Eisenhower approved the construction of the Memorial during his second term as president in 1958. In 1961 President John F. Kennedy signed a bill appropriating $150,000 for its construction. The Pacific War Memorial Commission spearheaded a fundraising drive for the completion of the Memorial, and in 1962 it was dedicated.

The U.S. Navy, as a special tribute to USS *Arizona* and her lost crew, permits an honor guard to raise and lower the United States flag daily from the flagpole, which is attached to the severed mainmast of the sunken battleship.

USS *Arizona* is at once an historic vessel, a memorial, and a tomb. Surviving crew members of USS *Arizona* may have their cremated remains placed aboard the sunken battleship. Five such placements have been made.

SURVIVORS

AUTHUR CRITCHETT. Authur L. Critchett, 69, U.S. Navy, was serving aboard the USS *Dewey* anchored off the north end of Ford Island.

"It was one of those quiet Sunday mornings aboard USS *Dewey*. At approximately 0755 there seemed to be a large concentration of aircraft in the area. This was odd for a Sunday morning, as there usually wasn't much air activity. It wasn't long before loud explosions could be heard coming from the vicinity of Hickam Air Base and Ford Island which was directly astern of our destroyer group. Also, large amounts of smoke could be seen coming from Battleship Row. It wasn't until a Japanese plane flew directly overhead that we realized Pearl Harbor was under enemy attack. From my vantage point, I saw USS *Arizona* blow up and USS *Utah* capsize. I observed several crew members sliding down the bottom of *Utah* trying to get off the ship. We were fortunate not to have any casualties."

JOE MORGAN. Joe H. Morgan, 69, U.S. Navy, was in a hangar on the southwestern shore of Ford Island.

"It was my lot to have the duty that Sunday morning and while in the hangar awaiting the 8 o'clock muster of the ongoing duty section, we began to hear planes diving. We did not pay any attention until suddenly there happened a loud explosion. We all ran outside the hangar thinking a plane had crashed. Instead, we saw a plane diving out of the sun, dropping two bombs in the vicinity of the patrol squadrons. When it pulled out of its dive we could see the rising sun markings under its wings. Suddenly, we realized we were being attacked by the Japanese Navy. Planes were swarming all over the harbor like bees around a hive. We watched as one plane, flying down the channel, started somersaulting through the air after having one of its wings shot off. He crashed in the water abaft (toward stern) of USS *Curtiss*. Later, we observed a midget submarine surfacing in the channel just west of our hangar. It turned and took aim with its torpedoes on *Curtiss*. However, the gunners on Curtis were quicker on the trigger and began shooting at the sub with five-inch guns, opening two holes in its conning tower. As the destroyer *USS Monaghan* was steaming down the channel in an effort to make its way out of the harbor, she rammed the sub head on, dropping two depth charges as she passed over it. As one Japanese plane flew over our hangar heading west, we opened fire and it burst into flames. We expected it to crash in the channel but the pilot guided his plane toward *USS Curtiss*, crashing onto its deck. This was the first kamikazi of the war."

WARREN VERHOFF. Warren E. Verhoff, 69, U.S. Navy, was assigned to USS *Keosanqua*.

"We were taking a tow from USS *Antares*, which was entering Pearl, when we were suddenly attacked by enemy planes. We were bombed and strafed but returned fire. On completion of the tow job, we spent the rest of the day salvaging and sweeping for mines and searching for enemy submarines. We watched USS *Ward* dropping depth charges on a

Japanese submarine."

RICHARD FISKE. Richard Fiske, 69, U.S. Marine Corps, was aboard USS *West Virginia.*

"I was waiting to help the other bugler sound morning colors at approximately 0755 [when] I saw a group of airplanes coming from the direction of Schofield Barracks and Wheeler Field. At first I thought they were part of a Navy exercise drill, which was not uncommon in those days. They circled around the fuel tanks and began to come down the channel, launching their torpedoes. The first two torpedoes slammed into our port side. I was on the port side when the explosions occurred and was blown across the quarter deck to the starboard side. Picking myself up, I proceeded to my general quarters station which was the navigation bridge. During the time I was on the bridge I saw *Arizona* explode and *Oklahoma* capsize. We left the bridge around 0830 or so and went below to help put out fires and rescue men that were trapped. We took a total of nine torpedoes and three bombs during the attack."

ROBERT KINZLER. Robert Kinzler, 69, U.S. Army, was duty stationed at Scofield Barracks.

"At 7:55 a.m. I was awakened by a very loud explosion and ran outside. We saw a strange plane flying across the quadrangle from the direction of Wheeler Field. It was not an Army plane because it had fixed landing gear, two men in the cockpit and a large red circle painted on the fuselage. We had no aircraft identification instruction but word was passed that the plane was Japanese. Soon all hell broke loose. A plane must have flown over the area as all the rifles and machine guns mounted on the battalion roof tops opened fire. In time, I eventually joined the rest of the company and mounted a truck to go to our battle station which was under the football stadium at Roosevelt High School. On our way to the school along Kamehameha Highway we got a very good view of the destruction that had taken place along Battleship Row. Upon arriving at our battle station we set up radio and telegraph nets with our outlying battalions. While at the stadium, I pulled regular shifts at the telegraph set and also did my share of guard duty."

WILLIAM SPEER. William Speer, 73, U.S. Navy, was assigned to USS *Honolulu.*

"I had just finished showering with only my skivies on when I heard the planes. At first I wondered why the Army was holding drills on a Sunday. I looked out the port aft and saw a plane drop a torpedo, bank, and then I saw the red rising sun of Japan...the 'meat ball,' as we used to call it. General quarters sounded and I immediately took off for my battle station. I was assigned to the communication bridge and from there I watched the horrible devastation. We remained at general quarters all day and most of the night. After sunset some planes came in; someone fired and before too long everyone began to open fire. We later learned we had shot down four of our own planes, killing three pilots. The next day I finally got the time to go and put on more clothes, as skivies had been my 'uniform of the day' on December 7, 1941."

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

DATE: 11/20/91

NOTE FOR: TONY SNOW

The President has reviewed the attached, and it is forwarded to you for your:

Information ☐

Action ☒

Thank you.

PHILLIP D. BRADY
Assistant to the President
and Staff Secretary
(x2702)

cc:

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

DATE: 11-19

FROM THE PRESIDENT

TO: Speechwriters.

There are some good ideas in this paper about how to treat with the Japanese re: pearl Harbor.

GB

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

November 15, 1991 91 NOV 19 A8:56

MEMORANDUM FOR THE PRESIDENT

THROUGH: DAVID DEMAREST

FROM: SICHAN SIV

SUBJECT: JAPANESE AMERICANS AND PEARL HARBOR

I had a Roosevelt Room meeting this morning with a group of key Japanese Americans (including SBA Administrator Pat Saiki) to discuss various concerns that had been raised by the community related to the commemoration of the 50th anniversary of the bombing of Pearl Harbor.

Many participants fear a backlash on Japanese Americans which may spread to other Asian groups due to the confusion on ethnic identity by the average American. This could create major racial tensions in the United States similar to a 1982 incident when a Chinese (mistaken for a Japanese) was killed by angry auto workers in Detroit. The group thinks that the commemoration seems to present a heavy portrayal of the military aspect and needs a more balanced presentation to address other sensitivity factors: Japanese Americans also suffered from Pearl Harbor in internment camps. A few former members of the 442nd regiment suggested that their role in WWII be highlighted to project a positive contribution on the part of Japanese Americans.

Grant Ujifusa, Co-Editor of "The Almanac of American Politics" said that we should be concerned more with them (Japanese Americans) than with the Japanese in Japan because "we are all Americans" first and everything else second. And they prefer "Americans of Japanese ancestry" to "Japanese-Americans." This will allow them to maintain their "American-ness."

I distributed copies of your Asia Society address to the participants who were pleased with its substance. I told them that you remain sensitive to racial issues and I reminded them that you had said early on that "there is no room in this society for racial discrimination." DOD, NSC and Speechwriting were also represented at the meeting. And the group's concerns will be properly addressed.

cc: Gov. Sununu
Gen. Scowcroft

SUMMARY OF THE PEARL HARBOR ATTACK

Time of attack: .... Sunday, December 7, 1941

0755 .... First wave of Japanese aircraft attacked
0845 .... Second wave of Japanese aircraft attacked
0945 .... Japanese aircraft broke off the attack

JAPANESE AIRCRAFT

Total Japanese aircraft: 353 plus 79 held in reserve or for combat air patrol. The 353 used in the attack were divided into two waves. The first wave consisted of 40 torpedo planes, 49 level bombers, 51 dive bombers, and 43 fighters for a total of 183 aircraft. The second wave of 170 aircraft consisted of 54 level bombers, 80 dive bombers, and 36 fighters.

U. S. PERSONNEL CASUALTIES

	Killed	Wounded	Total
Navy	2,008	710	2,718
Army	218	364	582
Marines	109	69	178
Civilians	68	35	103
Total	2,403	1,178	3,581

UNITED STATES SHIP DAMAGE

SHIP	REMARKS	REJOINED FLEET
BATTLESHIPS		
ARIZONA	Sunk, total loss, on bottom at Pearl Harbor	
CALIFORNIA	Sunk, raised, repaired modernized	May 1944
MARYLAND	Damaged, repaired, modernized	Feb 1942
NEVADA	Heavily damaged, grounded, refloated, repaired, modernized	Dec 1942
OKLAHOMA	Capsized, total loss, raised, lost at sea ... [illegible]	----
TENNESSEE	Damaged, repaired	Mar 1942
WEST VIRGINIA	Sunk, raised, repaired, modernized	Jul 1944
CRUISERS		
HELENA	Heavily damaged, repaired	Jun 1942
HONOLULU	Damaged, repaired	Jan 1942
RALEIGH	Heavily damaged, repaired, overhauled	Jul 1942
DESTROYERS		
CASSIN	Heavily damaged, rebuilt	Feb 1944
DOWNES	Heavily damaged, rebuilt	Nov 1943
HELM	Damaged, continued on patrol, repaired	Jan 1942
MINECRAFT		
OGLALA	Sunk, raised, repaired	Feb 1944
AUXILIARIES		
CURTISS (AV-4)	Damaged, repaired	Jan 1942
SOTOYOMO (YT-9)	Sunk, raised, repaired	Aug 1942
UTAH (AG-16)	Capsized, on bottom at Pearl Harbor	
VESTAL (AR-4)	Heavily damaged, beached, refloated ... [illegible]	[illegible]

JAPANESE SHIPS ASSIGNED TO "HAWAII OPERATION"

TYPE	NAME	DATE LOST	PLACE LOST
CV	AKAGI	June 5, 1942	Midway
CV	KAGA	June 4, 1942	Midway
CV	SHOKAKU	June 19, 1944	Philippine Sea
CV	ZUIKAKU	October 25, 1944	Leyte Gulf
CVL	HIRYU	June 5, 1942	Midway
CVL	SORYU	June 4, 1942	Midway
BB	HIEI	November 13, 1942	Guadalcanal
BB	KIRISHIMA	November 15, 1942	Guadalcanal
CA	CHIKUMA	October 25, 1944	Leyte Gulf
CA	TONE	July 24, 1945	Leyte Gulf
CL	ABUKUMA	October 26, 1944	Kure
CL	KATORI	February 17, 1944	Surigao Strait
DD	AKIGUMO	April 11, 1944	Truk
DD	ARARE	July 5, 1942	Celebes Sea
DD	HAMAKAZE	April 7, 1945	Aleutians
DD	ISOKAZE	April 7, 1945	South of Kyushu
DD	KAGERO	May 8, 1943	South of Kyushu
DD	KASUMI	April 7, 1945	Solomons
DD	SAZANAMI	January 14, 1944	South of Kyushu
DD	SHIRANUHI	October 27, 1944	Yap
DD	TANIKAZE	June 9, 1944	Leyte Gulf
DD	URAKAZI	November 21, 1944	TawiTawi
DD	USHIO	Surrendered at Yokosuka Naval Base	Formosa

SUBMARINES (Date and place sunk)

I-1 Jan 29, 1943 .... Guadalcanal
I-2 Apr 7, 1944 .... New Ireland
I-3 Dec 10, 1942 .... Guadalcanal
I-4 Dec 20, 1942 .... New Britain
I-5 Jul 19, 1944 .... Guam
I-6 Jul 14, 1944 .... Marianas
I-7 Jul 5, 1943 .... Aleutians
I-8 Mar 31, 1945 .... Okinawa
I-9 Jun 11, 1943 .... Aleutians
I-10 Jul 4, 1944 .... Saipan
I-15 Nov 2, 1942 .... Solomons
I-16 May 19, 1944 .... Solomons
I-16A Dec 7, 1941 .... Pearl Harbor
I-17 Aug 19, 1943 .... Noumea
I-18 Feb 11, 1943 .... Solomons
I-18A Dec 7/8, 1941 .... Pearl Harbor
I-19 Oct 18, 1943 .... Gilbert Islands
I-20 Oct 1, 1943 .... New Hebrides
I-20A Dec 7, 1941 .... Pearl Harbor
I-21 Nov 29, 1943 .... Tarawa
I-22 Oct 1, 1942 .... Solomons
I-22A Dec 7, 1941 .... Pearl Harbor
I-23 Feb, 1942 .... Operations
I-24 Jul 27, 1943 .... New Ireland
I-24A Dec 8, 1942 .... Bellows Field
I-25 Sep 3, 1943 .... New Hebrides
I-26 Oct 10, 1944 .... Leyte
I-68 Jul 27, 1943 .... Bismarcks
I-69 Apr 4, 1944 .... Truk
I-70 Dec 10, 1941 .... N. E. of Oahu
I-71 Feb 1, 1944 .... Solomons
I-72 Nov 11, 1942 .... Guadalcanal
I-73 Jan 27, 1942 .... W. of Midway
I-74 Apr 3, 1944 .... Truk
I-75 Feb 5, 1944 .... Marshalls

OILERS

AKEBONO MARU .... March 4, 1944 .... Palau
KENYO MARU .... January 14, 1944 .... Palau
KOKUYO MARU .... July 39, 1944 .... Palau
KYOKUTO MARU .... (Survived to surrender) .... Sulu Sea
NIHON MARU .... January 14, 1944
SHINKOKU MARU .... February 17, 1944 .... Bismarcks
TOEI MARU .... January 18, 1943 .... Carolines
TOHO MARU .... June 1, 1945 .... Rabaul
SHIRIYA (Accompanied USHIO and SAZANAMI as the Midway Neutralization Force.) .... Gulf of Siam

SUMMARY OF JAPANESE SURFACE FORCES IN THE ATTACK

4 Heavy Aircraft Carriers
2 Heavy Cruisers
35 Submarines
2 Light Aircraft Carriers
2 Light Cruisers
9 Oilers
2 Battleships
11 Destroyers

UNITED STATES AIRCRAFT DAMAGE

	LOST	DAMAGED
NAVY	92	31
ARMY AIR CORPS	77	128
TOTAL	169	159

UNITED STATES SHIPS PRESENT AT PEARL HARBOR

(or within 3 miles of Oahu)

Battleships	8	Submarines	4	Repair (AR)	3
Heavy Cruisers	2	Tenders (AD)	2	Oilers	2
Light Cruisers	6	Tenders (AV)	6	Ammunition	1
Destroyers	30	Tenders (AS)	1	Fleet Tugs	3
Minecraft	24	Submarine Rescue	1	Stores	3
Misc Auxiliaries	3	Gunboat	1	Hospital	1
Net Vessels	6	Ferryboats	3	Yard Tugs	9
PT Boats	12	Yard Oilers	6	Garbage Lighters	3
Yard Patrol	1	Water Barges	3	Repair Barges	2
Seaplane Derricks	3	Torpedo Test Barge	1	U. S. Coast Guard	12

TOTAL - 161

SHIPS AT PEARL HARBOR LOST IN WORLD WAR II

Ship	Date
ARIZONA (BB 39)	Dec 7, 1941
BLUE (DD 387)	Aug 23, 1942
GAMBLE (DM 15)	Feb 18, 1945
GREBE (AM 43)	Dec 5, 1942
HELENA (CL 50)	Jul 6, 1943
HENLEY (DD 391)	Oct 3, 1943
HULL (DD 30)	Dec 18, 1944
JARVIS (DD 393)	Aug 9, 1942
MONAGHAN (DD 354	)Dec 18, 1944
NEOSHO (AO 23)	May 11, 1942
OKLAHOMA (BB 37)	Dec 7, 1941
PERRY (DMS 17)	Sep 13, 1944
REID (DD 369)	Dec 11, 1944
THORNTON (AVD 11)*	May 2, 1945
TUCKER (DD 374)	Aug 4, 1942
UTAH (AG 16)	Dec 7, 1941
WARD (DD 139)	Dec 7, 1944
WASMUTH (DMS 15)*	Dec 29, 1942
WORDEN (DD 352)*	Jan 12, 1943
PT 22*	Jan 12, 1943
PT 28*	Jan 12, 1943

*Not due to enemy action

SHIPS AT PEARL HARBOR ON DECEMBER 7, 1941

Oldest in Service	Sotoyomo (YT 9)	1903
Oldest in Commission	Vestal (AR 4)	Oct 4, 1909
Newest in Service	Ash (YN 2)	Jul 1, 1941
Newest in Commission	Pallas (AS 14)	Sep 8, 1941
Last out of Service	Nokomis (YT 142)	May 1, 1973
Last out of Commission	USCG Taney (PG 37)	Dec 7, 1986
Most Battle Stars	San Francisco (CA 38)	17
At Tokyo Sep 2, 1945	West Virginia (BB 48)	
At Tokyo Sep 2, 1945	Detroit (CL 8)	
At Tokyo Sep 2, 1945	Argonne (AG 31)	

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

Maj. Greg Smith

808-
5094
471- 5173

TURNING POINTS

For Americans, it was a time to wait. A time to gaze, transfixed, at a world at war. A time to wonder what part they would play in it all. A time to debate. A time to decide. And a time, at last—on a bright December morning—for fate to intervene.

1941

by Edward Oxford

As midnight approached on Tuesday, December 31, 1940, more than half a million celebrants crowded into New York City's Times Square to mark the passing of the old year and coming of the new.

Lights blazed from the marquees of the theaters, hotels, and clip joints lining the Great White Way. Nightclubs charged fifteen dollars a head for a square foot of eating room and a square inch of dance floor. Champagne flowed freely at twenty dollars a bottle—double the previous year's price.

Amid the blaring of party horns, the music of dance bands, and the popping of champagne corks, New York's revelers, like tens of millions of others in cities and towns and villages across America, sought the play of lights and laughter. For this fleeting hour, at least, they would have what they could of fun and fantasy. As the clock hands clicked toward midnight and the luminous ball atop the Times Tower inched down its sixty-foot pole, the party-goers found a measure of peace and happiness in simply forgetting what time it really was across the rest of the world.

Somewhere—in lands far from the intersection of Broadway and 42nd Street—war raged. London, Rome, and Berlin were blacked out; German armies occupied the once-free nations of western Europe; and death stalked tens of thousands of men, women, and children there and in Asia. But this was still New York, USA. And this was New Year's Eve, American style.

At the stroke of midnight, a great shout rose from the crowd. It was as if the revelers were announcing to the heavens their gratitude for being safe and sound in an enduring America—and expressing their deeply-felt hope that somehow tomorrow would set things right.

In that starless American night, a new year and a new era began.

AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS, NEW YORK CITY

For the world at large, the year 1941 began much like the final act in a Shakespearean tragedy. Intrigue, hatred, revenge, bloodshed, and death piled upon death had gone before. Now onlookers could only wonder if the dénouement might be even more devastating.

War dominated the world stage. There was war in Asia—an onslaught by the Japanese against China that had been in progress since 1937. There was war in Europe—Adolf Hitler's armies had swept virtually unchecked across much of the western half of the continent and now seemed poised to strike across the English Channel. And in America, there was the foreboding of war.

The battlefronts in Asia and in Europe, by the scale of miles on the global map, were far away. But the feelings of Americans defied measurement by miles on a map.

World headlines as far back as 1937 spelled out nightmares Americans hoped would not come to pass—but come to pass they had: "Today Germany, Tomorrow The World" . . . "Japanese Rout Chinese" . . . "Adolf Hitler Hailed As Nazis Take Austria" . . . "Nazis Invade Poland" . . . "Britain And France Declare War On Germany" . . . "Germans Launch Blitzkreig" . . . "British Evacuated From Dunkirk" . . . "German Troops Parade Through Paris" . . . "Battle Of Britain Rages" . . . "Japan Joins Axis Pact."

Americans had heard news reporter Edward R. Murrow broadcasting by short wave from London rooftops during German air attacks on the city. "This is London," he would begin, and they would listen. In one broadcast there came an intermission in the bombing. "You know the sound will return," the faraway voice said. "You wait and then it starts again. That waiting is bad. It gives you a chance to imagine things." The folks on Main Street USA in that somber new year were waiting. And, quite likely, they were imagining things.

One gasoline station attendant in Missouri handed customers small cards he'd had printed that seemed to reflect the sentiment of the times. The inscription read, in part: "I am 36 years old. I smoke a pack of cigarettes a day. I shoot a 12-gauge shotgun. I wouldn't have anything against Hitler if he stayed in his own backyard. I don't know any Japs, but I've made up my mind to argue with the next one I see about leaving the Chinese alone. I'm in favor of the AAA, the CCC, the IOU, and the USA. Hurry back."

For more and more people the notion deepened that, whether they lived in Bangor or San Antonio or Milwaukee or Los Angeles, the war might somehow reach them and their loved ones.

As 1941 began, America's 130 million people faced their own problems. The Depression's imprint still lingered, and ten percent of the nation's work force—5.5 million—remained unemployed. A factory worker made about $30 a week, or little more than $1,500 annually. It took about $1,000 a year for a family of four to simply make ends meet—with plain food, meager clothing, rough-and-ready housing, no car, and no telephone. As a future president would later say of the era, "Poverty was so ordinary that folks did not know it had a name."

Americans wanted to see Hitler defeated, but they hoped that England could somehow survive without U.S. troops marching off to war.

Their dilemma had roots deep in the past. Sheltered behind two oceans, the nation had been a place set apart ever since its founding. Well into the twentieth century, Americans still heeded a dictum uttered by their first president. In his Farewell Address, George Washington had urged future Americans to be wary of "entangling Alliances."

But if many Americans had doubts about becoming "entangled" in the war in Europe, their president did not. In his annual message to Congress on January 6, 1941, Franklin D. Roosevelt called for all-out aid to the democracies besieged by dictatorships. And he urged America to help the nations of the world obtain the "Four Freedoms"—Freedom of Speech, Freedom of Worship, Freedom from Want, and Freedom from Fear. Roosevelt envisioned a world with no place for dictators.

Barely forty-eight hours after delivering his message to Congress, Roosevelt challenged that body to help the Allies finish the fight against the Axis powers. He asked the lawmakers for a then-stupendous budget of $18 billion—more than half of it earmarked for defense.

FDR—jaunty, shrewd, iron-willed—had helped America find its way out of the Depression. And now he was determined to help America find its way in a world torn by war. Already he had stripped the nation's armories of old rifles, cartridges, grenades, and field-pieces, rushing them to Britain. He had called on Congress to give America a two-ocean navy, fifty thousand war planes, and a strong army. He had effected a peacetime draft. He had swapped fifty over-age destroyers to Britain in return for eight strategic sea- and air-base sites. With a watchful eye on Japan, he had instituted a policy of "no retreat" in the Pacific. Now in 1941 he would seek to prepare the nation for the worst.

At eleven minutes past noon on Monday, January 10, Roosevelt, standing on a platform outside the east portico of the Capitol, raised his right hand, placed his left on the family Bible, and took his oath as the first president in United States history to serve a third term. He called upon America to defend mankind's faith in democracy, which, even as he spoke, was under attack by Adolph Hitler and Benito Mussolini. An unsettling atmosphere, the most ominous since Abraham Lincoln's 1861 inaugural ceremony, marked the day. The *Baltimore Sun* reported that the inaugural parade consisted mainly of armed forces units: ". . . soldiers, sailors, Marines, Coast Guardsmen, big guns, little guns, bayonets, tanks, trucks . . ." And above the German embassy, a swastika flag flew.

Should America help England? asked Americans—or should America stay clear of the European war?

The issue of intervention versus isolation centered on the Lend-Lease Bill. Introduced in Congress January 10, just four days after Roosevelt's "Four Freedoms" speech, Lend-Lease embodied FDR's determination to help the Allies. Bearing the fortuitous title H.R. 1776, it would, if adopted, empower the president to supply any threatened nation with arms, food, and other essential materials—when, as, and how he deemed it to be in America's national interest. To preserve the legal appearance of U.S. neutrality, the assisted governments would carry the war supplies away in their own ships and return or replace the materials at war's end.

The Lend-Lease Bill spawned long and bitter debate, not only in Congress but in homes and barrooms and workplaces across the nation. Assigning such broad authority to the president would almost certainly put America just one step short of war.

"Suppose my neighbor's house catches fire, and I have a length of garden hose," went Roosevelt's argument. "If he can take my garden hose and connect it up with his hydrant, I may help him to put out the fire. Now what do I do? I don't say to him before that operation, 'Neighbor, my garden hose cost me fifteen dollars; you have to pay me fifteen dollars for it. I want my garden hose back after the fire is out.'"

Senator Robert Taft glumly countered that lending arms was like lending chewing gum: "You didn't *want* it back."

Senator Burton Wheeler of Montana called Lend-Lease the "New Deal's 'triple A' foreign policy"—a plan to "plow under every fourth American boy." Roosevelt branded that remark "the most untruthful, the most dastardly, unpatriotic thing that has been said in public in my generation."

The thought of "American boys" fighting in a war thousands of miles from home gave many citizens pause. "We went over there once and pulled England's chestnuts out of the fire," one woman said. "This time let them stew in their own juices."

But few Americans reading of the rampages of the *Wehrmacht* could set aside the harrowing portrait of Hitler and Nazism that Roosevelt painted for them. "Never before, since Jamestown and Plymouth Rock, has our American civilization been in such danger," he warned in one speech. "The Nazi masters of Germany have made it clear that they intend to enslave the whole of Europe, and then to use the resources of Europe to dominate the rest of the world." Urging the nation to provide almost unlimited arms for the British, FDR said, "We must be the great arsenal of democracy."

Speaking from faraway Berlin, William L. Shirer, a CBS radio correspondent, described for the folks back home a Europe beset by "the Nazi blight and the hatred and the political gangsterism and the murder and the massacre and the incredible intolerance and all the suffering and the

"Be hard. Be without mercy. The citizens of Europe must quiver in horror."

By 1941 a dark cloud hovered over Europe. Adolph Hitler's armies occupied most of the continent's western nations, and German soldiers, carrying out the dictator's endlosung—"the final solution"—rounded up tens of thousands of Jews and shipped them off to brutal concentration camps.

UPI/BETTMANN, NEW YORK CITY

starving and the cold and the threat of a bomb blowing the people in a house to pieces, the thud of all the bombs blasting man's hope and decency."

Newsreels of Hitler's ranting speeches gave Americans the sense of a spellbinding but maniacal leader. A reporter described the effects of a Hitler speech on *Reichstag* loyalists: ". . . their faces, now contorted with hysteria, their mouths wide open, shouting, their eyes burning with fanaticism, glued on the new God, the Messiah."

Mussolini, the bombastic, size forty-eight *Il Duce* of Italy, struck many as a pompous *poseur*. But Hitler was quite another matter. The stern-eyed former corporal who had won the Iron Cross loomed as a world conqueror.

During the six remarkable years between his accession to power and the outbreak of World War II, Hitler had made himself dictator and made Germany the strongest military power in Europe. World War I's victors—the nations that thought they had vanquished Germany—looked on with awe and growing fear.

Stricken by its harsh defeat in the Great War, deep in economic depression, and stirred by a hypnotic leader, Germany had sought new hope, pride, and prosperity through National Socialism. Enthralled by a mystical vision of "a new Germany," the people seemed, in an almost nationwide hysteria, willing to follow the Führer wherever and however he chose to lead them. In 1939 Hitler had told his generals, "Be hard. Be without mercy. The citizens of Western Europe must quiver in horror."

Hitler particularly hated Jews, partly because he blamed them for Germany's defeat in World War I. He also felt that the "pure" Aryan race, as personified by the German people, was innately superior. In his book, *Mein Kampf* ("My Struggle"), he stated his belief "that today I am acting in the sense of the Almighty Creator. By warding off the Jews, I am fighting for the Lord's work."

At first, non-Jewish Germans merely despised the Jews. In time, however, this persecuted group would be rounded up—first by the hundreds, later by the hundreds of thousands—and sent to concentration camps to face death, or worse.

Here and there across occupied Europe in 1941, scrawled on walls and sidewalks, the letter "V" appeared as a new symbol for victory against the Axis powers. "Let the enemy see this sign so often," the underground radio urged, "that he will feel surrounded."

But Hitler was far from surrounded. On January 30, he shouted to twenty thousand admirers in Berlin: "Whoever imagines he can aid England must, in all circumstances, know one thing. Every ship, whether with or without escort, that comes before our torpedo tubes will be torpedoed!"

England braced for invasion. Civilians joined the Home Guard, ready with pistols and pitchforks to face the enemy.

Seeking to strangle Britain's life lines, the Germans ranged the North Sea and the Western Approaches with aircraft, prowled the Atlantic Ocean with U-boats, and cruised the South Atlantic and the Indian Ocean with surface raiders. The British lost ships at the rate of thirty a week.

The besieged country stood alone. Bloodied, nearly beaten, the British people took the blows but remained unbowed. They had, along with their indomitable leader, made up their minds. If need be, they would die alone. But yield they would not. Not to a Hitler.

Churchill knew that Britain's salvation rested in America's hands. With America's help, the British Isles might hold on. Without it, they would go down. The prime minister repeatedly pressed Roosevelt for arms, food, and supplies. "Give us the tools," he pleaded, "and we will do the job!".

As the clock of 1941 ticked on in the U.S., Americans still clung wistfully to the notion of peace. Katherine Hepburn appeared in *The Philadelphia Story* . . . The United Service Organization (USO) brightened the off-hours of the armed forces . . . Theater-goers laughed at *Arsenic and Old Lace* . . . The Boston Bruins won their third straight hockey title . . . And shiploads of children arrived from Britain to wait out the war.

The question of Lend-Lease—and of peace or war—quickly became a matter of moral choice. Down deep, many Americans grew convinced that there was a "right" side and a "wrong" side in the widening conflict.

Isolationists spoke out against "that man in the White House." Roosevelt, charged one Congressman, would plunge the nation "into the hell of war . . . in order that he may go down in history as America's first dictator." Groups such as the America First Committee railed at the country to "stay out of it." They contended that Hitler posed no real threat to America's security. England, they said, was fighting not for democracy but to save its empire.

The featured isolationist speaker in 1941 was famed "Lone Eagle" Charles Lindbergh. He argued that the war was not America's business. Lindbergh, along with former U.S. ambassador to England Joseph Kennedy, historian Charles Beard, and socialist leader Norman Thomas, testified against the Lend-Lease Bill.

Pacifists marched with signs that read "All Men Are Brothers." Educator Robert Hutchins warned that the "American people are about to commit suicide" by drifting into war. Philosopher John Dewey exhorted: "No matter what happens, stay out."

Those who favored Lend-Lease saw bedrock values at stake. Author Stephen Vincent Benét felt that the world faced "a new theory of the state of man," of "master and helot, lord and serf . . ." Theologian Reinhold Neibuhr had been a committed pacifist until, while in London, he experienced an air raid. He then lashed out at intellectuals "who equated American neutrality with the Sermon on the Mount."

Wendell Willkie, the presidential aspirant who had opposed Roosevelt in 1940, returned from a tour of war-torn England to exhort the Senate: "The powers asked for are extraordinary. But this is an extraordinary situation."

Finally, on March 11, the debate ended, and Congress made its decision. The momentous Lend-Lease Bill passed. Roosevelt signed it within ten minutes after it reached his desk. Five minutes later he approved a long list of bombers, artillery, and machine guns for immediate shipment to Britain. Congress, handing FDR the key to democracy's arsenal, quickly appropriated $7 billion to pay for this—and for shipments to come.

A grateful Churchill called Lend-Lease "a second Magna Carta." Britons flew American flags on London's streets.

Like the characters in James Hilton's *Lost Horizon*, Americans had sought the isolation of a "Shangri-La" where they could escape the problems of a disturbing world—but they had found that they could not stay there. The era of isolation was over. Now America and its people were neutral in name only.

In Berlin, Hitler appeared unconcerned about Britain's new "lease" on life. During a ceremony honoring the German war dead of World War I, he declared that "no support coming from any part of the world can change the outcome of this battle in any respect. England will fall."

And the war continued with unabated fury. Sweeping across Europe like a force of nature, German armies smashed into Yugoslavia, Greece, and Crete. U-boat "wolfpacks" sank British merchant ships twice as fast as they could be replaced. Erwin Rommel's Afrika Korps prowled North Africa. On April 9-10, British bombers hit Berlin. On the night of April 16, six hundred German planes bombed London.

In a radio address on May 3, Churchill affirmed: "No prudent and far-seeing man can doubt that the eventual and total defeat of Hitler is certain." In a speech the next evening, the Führer called Churchill's remarks the ravings of a drunkard. On May 10, from eleven o'clock at night until four in the morning, thousands of bombs rained down on London. The Houses of Parliament, Westminster Abbey, and the British Museum were among the landmarks hit.

Churchill, invincible, walked the streets of London to inspect bomb damage and give a boost to British morale. In his dapper homberg, smoking his cigar, he seemed the British bulldog personified, the very embodiment of the will to win. "We will give it back to them," he promised.

"We will give it back to them," Churchill promised.

Winston Churchill took to walking the streets of besieged London, inspecting bomb damage and boosting morale. Wearing his trademark homberg and smoking a cigar, he seemed the British bulldog personified. Here officials guide him past Coventry Cathedral, hit by German bombers.

And Roosevelt continued to find new ways to help his ally. Despite the fact that the United States remained technically neutral, the president seized Axis ships in sixteen U.S. ports, opened American ports to British naval vessels for repairs, and placed the U.S. Navy on patrol throughout a defense zone ranging well out into the Atlantic.

Meanwhile, the tempo of daily life continued for Americans despite the overhanging war clouds. For the ninth time in nine years, Roosevelt

THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE, NEW YORK CITY

stood in the presidential box at Washington's Griffith Stadium and threw out the baseball season's first ball . . . *For Whom the Bell Tolls* sold, in author Ernest Hemingway's words, "like frozen daiquiris in hell" . . . German actress Marlene Dietrich became a U.S. citizen; asked by the Nazi government to return to Germany and make motion pictures there, she declined . . . In San Francisco, an American sailor climbed a fire escape to the ninth floor of the German consulate and tore a large swastika flag from its staff as hundreds of spectators cheered . . . An ad for the brewing industry declared, "In a world of strife, there's peace in beer."

War in the Far East—where a bitter conflict raged between Japan and China—seemed far away to most Americans. They knew little about either nation and found it difficult to understand their seemingly alien cultures. But most people, recalling news accounts and photographs of Japanese aggression, such as a well-publicized shot of a wounded and crying baby in the war-devastated ruins of Shanghai, sympathized with the poverty-stricken Chinese as they fought to stave off their predators.

Americans tended to view the Japanese as strange if not sinister war-makers from a mystery-shrouded island-nation. To his subjects, Japan's Emperor Hirohito was not a man but a god. Photographs showed him in regal uniform, astride his white stallion *Shirayuki* ("Snow White").

Proud, warlike, and determined, the Japanese struck some as the Oriental counterparts of Germans. Both peoples sought resources and territory; both believed that the gods had ordained that they rule their portion of the globe.

As Germany sought *Lebensraum*—"living space"—so Japan espoused "Asia for the Asians." The Japanese envisioned a "new order" on the continent—a "Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere." Roughly translated, this meant that distant powers such as America, Great Britain, France, and Holland, which represented the "white race," must leave Asia to whom it belonged by right of birth, geography, and history.

However altruistic such aspirations might have sounded, Japan's main allegiance was to its own aggrandizement. Asia's vastness held the resources upon which the small island empire depended—not merely for its well-being but for its very survival. Axis victories in Europe now offered Japan a golden opportunity to take by force the resources it coveted—Indochina's rice paddies, the Dutch East Indies' oil fields, and British Malaya's rubber plantations. Pacific Oceania, Japan's foreign minister observed, "has sufficient resources to support from 600 to 800 million people. I believe we have a natural right to migrate there."

Glory glinted in the great adventure. Hard times in Japan gave rise to the new *samurai*—warriors loyal to their heritage and intent on asserting their nation's honor by making conquests abroad. The Japanese soldier's field service code instructed him to "never give up a position, but rather die."

Only one nation, Japanese military leaders believed, had the strength to stay their hand—America. Throughout the 1930s, friction between the United States and Japan had steadily intensified. In Japan, that decade would later be called *kuraitanima*, the "dark valley." These were years of economic plots, abortive coups, and assassinations—a period during which the Japanese Imperial Army drew up ambitious plans for conquest. By mid-1937, those plans had become reality, as Japanese forces strove to bomb, shoot, and terrorize China into submission. They attacked with a savagery that stunned the world.

The U.S. gave China enough aid for that country to continue fighting back. And at any time America—by cutting off its oil exports to Japan—could put tremendous pressure on the island nation to relent.

In the summer of 1940 President Roosevelt quietly took a strategic step against Japan by shifting the U.S. Pacific Fleet from its base at San Diego to Pearl Harbor, on the Hawaiian island of Oahu, where it could better serve as a mid-Pacific sentinel. The Japanese came to think of the fleet as "a dagger pointed at our throat."

In August 1940, American cryptoanalysts scored an intelligence coup when they succeeded in cracking the Japanese diplomatic code. Thenceforth, the code breakers, whose operation assumed the code name "Magic," could decipher intercepted messages between Japan and its consulates abroad. Only Roosevelt's closest advisors knew of the breakthrough.

Admiral Isoroku Yamamoto, commander of the Combined Imperial Fleet, had served as a naval attaché in Washington and was wary of America's vast natural resources and industrial might. "We cannot defeat America," he warned. "Therefore, Japan should not fight America." But the anti-American clique in the war cabinet remained unconvinced.

Japan did, however, respect America's fighting power enough to take measures to guard herself against it. In September 1940, Hirohito joined Hitler and Mussolini in signing the Tripartite Pact, a formal Axis alliance aimed at keeping the United States in check. The three Axis powers agreed to help each other should the United States enter the war.

In April 1941, Japan signed a nonaggression pact with Russia, effectively protecting it from the Russian bear as well.

As the threat posed by Japan grew more apparent, anti-Japanese sentiment in the United States grew. Cartoons depicted Japanese as aggressive schemers with thick eyeglasses and deceitful smiles. Newspaper editors denounced the shipping of American scrap iron and steel to Japan. The *New York Daily News*, for example, warned that pieces of that city's dismantled Third Avenue Elevated train system, which had been sold and shipped to Japan, might "come back to us as bullets." FDR heeded such editori-

als and halted further shipments.

Although Japanese envoys spoke of keeping the peace, the "Magic" readings of intercepted Japanese diplomatic messages revealed Japan's designs on Southeast Asia. "It seems clear," Secretary of State Cordell Hull told President Roosevelt, "that Japan's military leaders are bent on conquest—just as are Germany's." Roosevelt desired peace, but not at the price of appeasement. He demanded that Tokyo abandon its plan to drive into Southeast Asia—and that Japan withdraw from China.

During mid-1941 Americans took their minds off war by reading the "funnies"—*Dick Tracy*, *Superman*, *Little Orphan Annie*, *Terry and the Pirates*, and *Joe Palooka*, among others . . . The gorilla "Gargantua" drew circus crowds . . . Workers put their dollars into defense bonds and their coins into defense stamps . . . "Dollar-a-year men" [federal consultants who received token salaries for patriotic service] moved into Washington, D.C., to run scores of new bureaus . . . Heavyweight champion Joe Louis, in his eighteenth title defense, defeated Billy Conn . . . Every Sunday evening at seven o'clock, millions of listeners tuned their radios in to "The Jack Benny Show" . . . Women swept their hair up and off their faces . . . Movie critics called Orson Welles's *Citizen Kane* an American masterwork.

War—or, more accurately, preparation for war—turned the gears of the American economy even faster. Boeing built bombers. Chrysler produced tanks. Willys-Overland cranked out Jeeps. The vaunted "Arsenal of Democracy" dramatically increased its production of rifles, machine guns, mortars, antitank guns, and field artillery pieces. Aircraft engines, fighters, and bombers rolled off assembly lines. Cruisers, destroyers, aircraft carriers, battleships, and merchant vessels slid down the ways and splashed into the waters of the Atlantic, the Pacific, and the Gulf of Mexico. Steel, aluminum, oil, machine tools, magnesium, and munitions issued forth. The machines of war demanded more steel, more coal, more everything.

America's industrial production soared—but not without problems. The year 1941 witnessed 4,500 work stoppages—nearly twice 1940's total, and far beyond those of any prior year in the nation's history. From Labor's point of view, the strikes were understandable; badly battered by the Depression, workers fought to get their fair share of what appeared to be a new but elusive prosperity.

Seventy-eight-year-old Henry Ford, calling labor unions "the worst things that ever struck this earth," tried—through strong words, mass firings, and goon squads—to keep unions out of his automobile plant. His chief enforcer, Harry Bennett, labeled the emerging union of automobile workers as "irresponsible, un-American, and no . . . good." Voting under the aegis of the National Labor Relations Board, the workers got their union. Said an embittered Ford to his negotiators: "Give 'em anything—it won't work."

The Japanese Imperial Army attacked China with a savagery that stunned the world.

This baby, photographed in 1937 amid the ruins of a Shanghai railway station, was one of the victims of Japan's ferocious attack on China that by 1941 had become part of a complex plan to expand its empire throughout the Far East.

AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS, NEW YORK CITY

During the spring and summer of 1941 the Atlantic Ocean became a vast panorama of danger and sudden death. American warships patrolled great stretches of the ocean to protect convoys transporting cargoes of arms and supplies to Britain. Nazi *Unterseeboots* prowled the same waters. Under such circumstances, the Atlantic seemed a likely setting for a decisive event; grim memories of a German submarine sinking the *Lusitania* during World War I came to the minds of older Americans.

In April U.S. troops established an outpost in Greenland.

On May 21, a U-boat sank an unarmed U.S. freighter, the *Robin Moor*, in the South Atlantic. Although no one died, an infuriated Roosevelt froze all German and Italian assets and closed all German consulates in the United States.

On May 22 the forty-thousand-ton German battleship *Bismarck* slipped into the North Atlantic. The following day, off Greenland, the *Bismarck* unexpectedly encountered the British battleship *Hood* and in a brief action sank her. Roosevelt directed American aircraft to assist in searching for the German warship; a British crew flying an American-made patrol plane located her. British battleships finally sank the *Bismarck* on May 27—dealing the Germans their worst naval loss of the war.

In July, U.S. Marines landed in Iceland to hold that position against Germany.

Viewing the ever-darkening scene in the Atlantic Ocean, Roosevelt proclaimed an unlimited national emergency in the U.S. The aim of the Nazis, he warned, was to rule the world. "The war is approaching the brink of the Western Hemisphere itself," he said. "It is coming very close to home."

On September 4, a U-boat off Greenland fired torpedoes at the destroyer USS *Greer*—and missed. The *Greer* had been provocatively trailing the submarine and had even dropped depth-charges. A week later, the president ordered the Navy to "shoot on sight" these "rattlesnakes of the Atlantic."

On October 17, a German torpedo crashed into the destroyer *Kearney*, killing eleven American sailors. Ten days later, in a Navy Day address to the nation, Roosevelt declared: "We have wished to avoid shooting. But the shooting has started. And history has recorded the first shot." After a dramatic pause, he continued: "In the long run, however, all that will matter is who fired the last shot."

The nation came still closer to a war-making event on October 30. While escorting a convoy bound from Newfoundland to Britain, the destroyer USS *Reuben James* was sunk by a U-boat off Iceland. Two-thirds of the destroyer's crew—115 men—perished. For the first time in World War II, a German submarine had sunk a United States warship. In Berlin, a German government spokesman archly commented that "anybody walking along the railroad tracks at night should not be surprised if he gets run over by an express train." In Washington, an outraged Congress authorized U.S. merchant ships to arm and to enter combat zones.

One of Roosevelt's aides noticed that the president's face bore "that gray fatigue which comes from long hours of close work." Still America waited, preparing for the seeming inevitability of war in the Atlantic.

Amid the tension on the homefront Bing Crosby crooned "Blue of the Night" . . . Frank Sinatra offered "I'll Be Seeing You" . . . Whirlaway, ridden by Eddie Arcaro, won the Kentucky Derby . . . "Yankee Clipper" Joe DiMaggio hit in fifty-six consecutive baseball games—setting a seemingly unbreakable major league record . . . The cryptic half-face and scrawled "Kilroy was here" appeared on walls and signboards . . . A Camel cigarettes ad declared "The *Smoke's* the Thing!" . . . The shapely Rosemary LaPlanche became 1941's "Miss America" . . . A woman asked a librarian for a copy of a book called *Mein Kampf*. The librarian asked her who wrote it. Replied the would-be reader: "I can't keep up with all these newcomers."

By the summer of 1941 Germany's *Blitzkreig* had reduced much of Europe to a smoking ruin. England steeled herself for the vengeful attack that would surely follow. But Hitler momentarily had other plans. In the summer of 1941, the German dictator did the unthinkable—despite a 1939 nonaggression pact with Russia, he invaded the gargantuan republic in an apparent effort to secure his Eastern frontier before tackling Britain.

At 3:00 A.M. on Sunday, June 22, the usual changing of the border guards on this, the year's shortest night, became a bloodbath. The German sentries, instead of saluting their Russian counterparts, gunned them down.

Thus began the most wide-sweeping attack in military history, which the Germans dubbed Operation *Barbarossa*. The vanguard of a mighty force that ultimately comprised three million troops, more than thirty-five hundred tanks, seven thousand artillery pieces, six hundred thousand vehicles, and eighteen hundred airplanes—moved deep into an astounded Russia. The tremendous armies stretched nearly two thousand miles, from the Arctic Region to the Black Sea.

Confident of victory, the Führer assured his aides that his all-conquering armies would subdue the "Mongol half-wits" of Russia within a few weeks.

Premier Joseph Stalin called upon the Russian people to make every sacrifice to save Mother Russia—lest Hitler turn them into "the slaves" of the Germans.

President Roosevelt began shipping thousands of tons of food and arms to a new ally—Russia. Most Americans had little sympathy with Communism, but their hearts went out to the Russian people as victims of the Nazis. Americans hoped for a Russian victory. They were willing to help Russia—an enemy of their enemy.

For a time, the Germans advanced faster into Russia than had Napoleon a century before. But, as the Russians held on week after week, German commanders began

to experience a sense of bewilderment; Hitler's soldiers killed Russians by the tens of thousands, only to have tens of thousands more materialize from the heartland. "In the beginning," said one German general, "we reckoned with some two hundred enemy divisions. So far we have already identified three hundred and sixty divisions. When a dozen of them are destroyed, the Russians throw in another dozen."

As they had done before against Napoleon, the retreating Russians scorched the earth. No crop, no factory, no house remained behind.

The Eastern Front metamorphosed into a horrorscape of blood as the irresistible force of German strength met the immovable object of Russian defiance. By the end of August, German troops had ripped eight hundred miles into the Soviet Union. They seized Kiev, only to find that Russian troops had seeded the city with ten thousand delayed-action mines, setting off explosions for five days.

In September the German army struck Leningrad, trapping three million people in the rubble. In the frigid weather that followed, thousands of Russians died daily of exposure. Hitler forbade a direct attack, instead commanding his troops to starve the city to death. By November Leningrad residents were eating cats and crows.

In October, the *Wehrmacht* launched Operation Typhoon—a power-stroke of massed infantry, panzer, and motorized forces driving straight for Moscow. At first, the staggering Soviet losses roused Hitler's hopes for victory.

Meanwhile, upon Hitler's command, bureaucrats labored to perfect plans for *endlosung*—"the final solution"—of the "Jewish question." As mass deportation of German Jews began, the death rate of Jews trapped in the Warsaw ghetto steadily rose. Jews were executed by the thousands in conquered Russian territories. At Auschwitz concentration camp, officials experimented with exterminating groups of prisoners with poison gas, using captured Russian soldiers as test-victims.

The Battle of Moscow began on October 7. The air in the city was filled with "black snow"—ashes from documents burned by Russian authorities. The Red Army, which had already lost three million men, absorbed savage attacks on the outskirts of the capital.

A besieged Stalin on November 9 sounded a call for war without mercy: "Well, if the Germans wish this to be a war of extermination, they will get it! No mercy for the German invaders!"

The Germans had their *Gotterdammerung*. As Napoleon had learned, winter in Russia held despair, desperation, and death for the invader. Here courage was not enough. The closer the *Wehrmacht* advanced toward Moscow, the more disheartening became the omens. A correspondent wrote of the bodies of German soldiers "frozen in strange positions, many with arms bent uplifted as though to ward off the inevitable."

The winter of 1941, the worst in a century, seized the *Wehrmacht*. German casualties passed the seven-hundred-and-fifty-thousand mark. Ice encased the German tanks. Soldiers in tattered summer uniforms

The Eastern Front metamorphosed into a horrorscape of blood as the irresistible force of German strength met the immovable object of Russian defiance.

Adolph Hitler stunned the world when he ordered his troops to attack the Soviet Union in June 1941. Russian survivors of the German war machine wandered through their devastated countryside grieving over the dead and searching for missing loved ones.

SOVFOTO, NEW YORK CITY

stripped jackets and boots from captured Russian troops.

The German advance guard could see the Kremlin through binoculars. But to see it was not to reach it. On December 1, with the temperature at ten degrees below zero, the men of the *Wehrmacht*—as hard-fighting and cruel an army as the world had ever seen—reached the limit of their endurance. After driving toward Moscow for 167 days, the spectacular German invasion of the Soviet Union ground to a frozen halt. For the first time, to the disbelief of their own fierce field commanders, Hitler's once-invincible troops—now gaunt, frostbitten, and starving—had failed.

The Russians, in iron-hearted defense of their homeland, had held the line.

Within a few months after opening their Eastern Front, the battle-wise German armies had conquered more territory in less time than any other fighting force in history—only to go down in the mud, rain, and snow of an inhospitable land that would not endure their presence. Those troops of the *Wehrmacht* who could still march turned their backs on Moscow and headed back toward Germany.

Many would not make it to the fatherland. Siberian troops, moving on skis and clad in white, tore into the retreating columns. Artillery shells blew the German soldiers to bits. On December 5, the full Russian armies—their tanks in wide-sweeping array—launched a massive counterattack along the Eastern Front.

In waging the Battle of Britain, the Royal Air Force had bought time not only for England but for America. Likewise the Russian Army, in the fire and smoke of the Eastern Front, bought more time.

Back on the American homefront, Gary Cooper starred in *Sergeant York* . . . Bud Abbott and Lou Costello shared the billing in *Buck Privates* . . . Women working in defense plants earned the sobriquet "Rosie the Riveter" . . . Civilian defense officials tested air-raid sirens in mock air attacks . . . "Sad Sack" appeared in newspapers . . . "King of Swing" Benny Goodman rode high, as did Glenn Miller's "Chattanooga-Choo-Choo," Jimmy Dorsey's "Green Eyes," and Harry James's "You Made Me Love You."

As America slipped nearer to the edge of war, Roosevelt decided to meet for the first time with British Prime Minister Winston Churchill. In August, aboard a warship in a Newfoundland harbor, the two "naval persons" drew up an eight-point declaration called the Atlantic Charter, proclaiming their vision of a world built on the principles of democracy.

The meeting marked the beginning of an enduring friendship. Roosevelt afterward cabled Churchill: "It is fun to be in the same decade with you." And Churchill later recalled: "I felt I was in contact with a very great man."

The prime minister, with wry eloquence, thus described the special friendship of their respective nations: ". . . two great organizations of the English-speaking democracies, the British Empire and the United States, will have to be somewhat mixed up together in some of their affairs for mutual and general advantage."

Events far across the Pacific, meanwhile, were bringing the United States one step closer to joining Britain as an active war partner. On July 2, Japan sent fifty thousand troops into Indochina. President Roosevelt retaliated, freezing all Japanese assets in the United States, halting trade between the two countries, and, in a crucial move, finally cutting off oil shipments to Japan. Almost ninety percent of Japan's oil sources vanished in an instant—with Japan's military reach just short of oil fields in Borneo, Java, and Sumatra.

The Japanese Imperial armies had two choices. They could watch their last oil supplies dwindle, be forced to withdraw from Southeast Asia, and in so doing lose face; or, trusting to fate and defying America's will, they could storm onward and seize the oil riches they needed.

In the event of war with the United States, Japan's survival depended on keeping the Far East free of U.S. naval forces. By striking a sudden blow against the U.S. Pacific Fleet, the military leaders calculated that Japan had a good chance of carrying out its Far East occupation.

Should the United States decide to wage all-out war in response, Japan could fight a war of attrition, island by island, territory by territory, against this mighty opponent—and perhaps, in time, wear it down. Or—as some optimistically hoped—the United States, having suffered a devastating attack, might well sue for peace, stay put on its placid mainland, turn its eyes away from the Western Pacific, and leave Asia to the Japanese.

As early as the beginning of 1941, Japanese military leaders had begun shaping plans for a seaborne air attack against the United States. Such a strike, they felt, would "decide the fate of the war in the very first day." U.S. Ambassador Joseph Grew, stationed in Tokyo, got wind of the scheme. In January he warned Washington of a rumor "going around town" that the Japanese, in case of a break with the United States, were "planning to go all-out in a surprise mass attack on Pearl Harbor."

At the time, Roosevelt and his chief advisors presumably viewed this scenario as far-fetched. These national decision-makers had unique insights into the Pacific situation; not even America's Pacific commanders knew that America had broken the Japanese code. Day by day, unknown to the Japanese, Roosevelt's top advisors scanned messages intercepted by "Magic."

Roosevelt's inner circle believed that a Japanese attack against the British and Dutch possessions in Southeast Asia—and perhaps the Philippine Islands—was a far more likely possibility than an attack against so distant a target as Hawaii. Even today, however, controversy surrounds the matter of precisely how much Roosevelt and his key advisors knew of Japan's plans concerning an attack on Hawaii.

The Philippine Islands straddled the path between Japan and the Southwestern Pacific. During the late 1930s, General Douglas MacArthur was assigned to the Philippines to organize a defense for the Commonwealth against Japanese incursion. In July 1941, Roosevelt named MacArthur Commander of U.S. Army Forces in the Far East. The general set up headquarters in Manila. By fall, he had under his command twelve thousand troops, thirty-five bombers, and seventy-two fighter planes.

"I make no concession concerning a withdrawal [from Southeast Asia]," declared war-minded General Hideki Tojo on October 14. "It means defeat of Japan by the United States—a stain on the history of the Japanese Empire!" A few days later Tojo became prime minister.

For eight years, Cordell Hull, the venerable U.S. secretary of state, had engaged in talks with one Japanese emissary after another. He tried patience and peaceful persuasion. But the more that Hull and the Japanese diplomats offered and counter-offered, the clearer it became that they could not find common ground.

Hull concluded that "Japan is attuned to conquest. Japan envisages war with the United States sooner or later. The Japanese Army, after almost a decade of war, has not had enough. The Japanese Navy thinks in terms of an eventual war with this country. The Japanese still think in terms of an eventual Axis victory."

Japan's leaders urged America to cease aiding China, to let oil flow freely again to Japan, to restore normal trade with Japan, and not to strengthen American military and naval forces in the Pacific. The clipped, unwavering, fateful U.S. answer was "No."

By fall, Japan and the United States had reached an impasse—and both knew it. As Japan would not step back from its plans to conquer Southeast Asia, neither would the United States stand aside to let it proceed. Thus did the American Eagle stand poised against the Rising Sun.

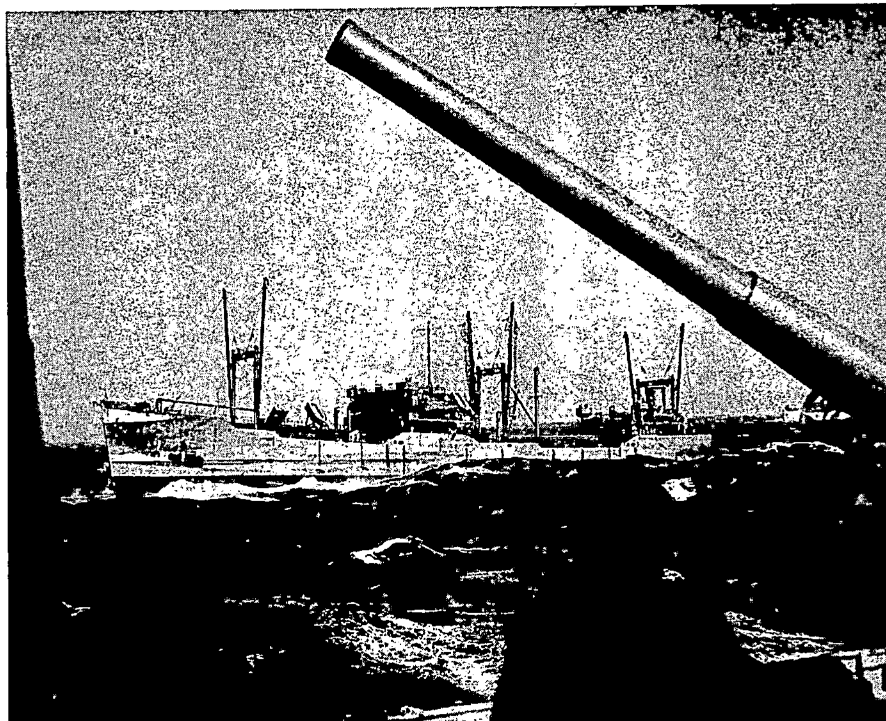
Close observers had long said that if Japan ever found itself in a hopeless corner it was capable of committing national *hara-kiri*— flinging itself at its mightiest enemy and gambling on victory over suicide.

While Japanese diplomats parried for time, the nation's militarists readied bayonets and bombs. By October, a Japanese design for a death strike against America took shape.

Throughout that somber autumn, the Japanese war-makers marked their battle arrows on the Asian map. One army would move down the Malay Peninsula toward Singapore. Another was to invade the Philippines. Another would head toward Burma. Another would seize the oil-rich Dutch East Indies. The Japanese assaults would be so fast and furious that the Allies could not stop them. Then, fighting from behind its ring of bases, Japan might be able to outlast the United States—and claim Asia for itself.

On November 3, the chief of the Japanese naval general staff gave final approval of the plan to begin war against the United States with an attack on Pearl Harbor. The mechanism for one of the most mo-

"Give us the tools," Churchill pleaded, "and we will do the job."



Urging America to provide arms for U.S. allies through the controversial Lend-Lease bill, President Franklin D. Roosevelt declared, "We must be the great arsenal of democracy." Once the bill was passed, convoys under escort crossed the Atlantic carrying desperately needed war materiel.

AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

1941

Continued from page 36

than 350 Japanese attack planes had vanished, their grim work well done.

The battleships *Arizona*, *California*, and *Oklahoma* had been sunk; the *West Virginia* badly hit; and the *Maryland*, *Tennessee*, *Nevada*, and *Pennsylvania* damaged. Three light cruisers and three destroyers were sunk. More than 340 American planes lay destroyed or damaged beyond repair. Casualty figures included more than 2,400 American sailors, soldiers, and civilians dead, and some 1,200 wounded. The Japanese lost twenty-nine planes.

Winston Churchill, learning the news on British radio, called Roosevelt.

"Mr. President, what's this about Japan?"

"It's quite true," Roosevelt replied. "They have attacked us at Pearl Harbor. We are all in the same boat now."

"That certainly simplifies things," Churchill said. "God be with you."

In Germany, a messenger read Hitler a telegram announcing the Japanese attack. "We cannot lose the war!" the delighted Führer shouted. "Now we have a partner who has not been defeated in three thousand years."

The attack on Pearl Harbor represented a triumph of Japanese guile and strength. Ironically, it also guaranteed the devastation of the island nation.

Shortly after noon on Monday, December 8, Roosevelt addressed Congress: "Yesterday, December 7, 1941—a date which will live in infamy—the United States of America was suddenly and deliberately attacked by naval and air forces of the Empire of Japan . . ." Roosevelt continued speaking for six minutes, closing with the exhortation: "We will gain the inevitable triumph—so help us God. I ask that the Congress declare that since the unprovoked and dastardly attack by Japan on Sunday, December 7, a state of war has existed between the United States and the Japanese Empire."

Within the hour, Congress so declared. That night, the lights of the White House were darkened—as they remained every night for the war's duration.

Roosevelt did not ask Congress to declare war against Germany. Nevertheless, on December 11, Hitler saved him the trouble; Germany and Italy declared war on the United States. Nazi foreign minister Joachim von Ribbentrop summoned the American representative to his office and told him, "Your president has wanted this war, now he has it."

In the Philippines, the U.S. Army found itself fighting with its back to the wall for the first time since Belleau Wood. At Wake Island, Major James Deveraux, commander of the four-hundred-man U.S. Marine detachment, challenged the Japanese to "Come and get us." They did. Throughout Southeast Asia, Japanese armies followed the arrows marked on their battle maps.

U.S. ships arrived in San Francisco Bay bearing women and children bombed out of their Honolulu homes, and sailors wounded at Pearl Harbor. For four years Americans had viewed newspaper accounts and photographs of war wreckage, and of broken British, German, Polish, Russian, and Chinese bodies. Now they read news stories of their own battles and stared at images of their own dead and wounded.

Life on the home front went on much as before, but now it bore inescapable traces of the war raging overseas. Actor James Stewart donned an army private's uniform; his pay plummeted from six thousand to twenty-one dollars a month . . . Shoppers bought the elixir "Serutan—It's Natures, spelled backwards" . . . "Victory Socks" cost thirty-nine cents a pair . . . Multimillionairess Doris Duke Cromwell, photographed in a Manhattan nightclub, offered the lensman a thumb-of-the-nose . . . The Chicago Bears defeated the New York Giants for the National Football League championship . . . A book titled *You Can't Do Business With Hitler* hit the best-seller list . . . Popular radio shows included "Guiding Light," "Road of Life," and "Right to Happiness" . . . Albert Einstein played a violin at a benefit for refugee children.

America—and the rest of the world—faced a bleak Christmas season. Tojo warned the Japanese people that the war would be long. In Berlin, propaganda minister Joseph Goebbels broadcast appeals to the German people to donate warm clothing for their soldiers on the Eastern Front.

A bitterly cold Christmas Eve chilled Washington, D.C. Soldiers with fixed bayonets guarded the White House. Nevertheless, Roosevelt admitted thousands of people onto the grounds to watch him light the national Christmas tree. After the president offered his hopes for a better year to come, the crowd listened to Churchill, who had come for a Christmas visit. He made a brief speech: "Let the children have their night of fun and laughter . . . and let us be resolved that, by our sacrifice and daring, these same children shall not be robbed of their inheritance or denied the right to live in a free and decent world." Roosevelt and Churchill stood side by side as the Marine band played "God Save the King" and the "Star-Spangled Banner."

A week later, the momentous year drew to a close.

Despite all its terrible and tangled events, 1941 was a decisive year. Hitler had declared, at year's opening, that 1941 was destined to be a time of stupendous world triumph for his people. He was wrong.

The battle lines had spread terror, bloodshed, and devastation over ever-widening reaches of the earth until they encompassed the globe. The warriors of the Axis not only killed; they died—from the waters off America's Eastern seaboard clear around the world through North Africa, Russia, China, and Southeast Asia, and across the Pacific Ocean. Colossal, costly battles raged. But, to their consternation, victory eluded the Axis powers.

At the beginning of the year the fight seemed nearly over. By Decem-

ber, it was just beginning. That was the significance of 1941.

America had gazed out at the world. Now the world's eyes turned toward America. It was our turn.

Why We Fight, a film series for American military forces, defined the nation's reason for entering the war: "We would fight for the country—and for an idea bigger than the country. The idea of liberty. The right of free-born people to rule themselves."

No other explanation was needed. There was, after all, a right and a wrong in the world. America had to—and did—fight for what she believed was right.

For Americans of 1941, destiny brought a time of trial. Most had lived through the Great Depression; many were now called upon to fight a global war. In a sense, that made their generation unique in American history. They inherited neither prosperity nor peace but hard times and war.

Once again, as throughout history, the common man fought the war and paid the price. American mothers hung the first gold stars in their windows—stars signifying a lost son—gone, but always remembered. As time passed, hundreds of thousands of gold stars appeared in windows throughout the land.

The New Year's Eve celebration in Times Square in 1941 outdinned the clamor of the preceding year. The traditional merry-makers—numbering more than a million—brandished more horns, bells, and noisemakers than ever before.

Officials granted permission to two thousand bars in the New York City metropolitan area to remain open until 8 A.M. In the Persian Room at the Plaza Hotel, an electric "V" sign shone. Twelve orchestras played all night at the Waldorf-Astoria. Seven thousand celebrated at the Hotel Astor. Many a toast was made for better days—and to the end of "the Japs, the Nazis, and the Fascists."

Sixteen hundred air raid wardens kept patient vigil along the Great White Way. Warning signs of a kind never before seen in these streets instructed celebrants: "In case of alarm, leave Times Square. Walk. Do not run." Sirens atop buildings stood prepared to sound warnings. That Times Square might be under the threat of an air raid—however remote a possibility—bothered the revelers not at all. Declared red and blue letters on a huge white billboard at the northern edge of Times Square: "Remember Pearl Harbor. Buy Defense Bonds."

As the lighted ball atop the Times Tower descended at midnight, Lucy Monroe sang "The Star-Spangled Banner" over a loudspeaker. The crowd joined in, and Times Square echoed and re-echoed to the national anthem as hundreds of thousands in the streets sang. At the stroke of midnight, many in the crowd hoisted men in uniform to their shoulders.

Even as the celebrants exulted, a news bulletin flashed in a moving ribbon of light around the base of Times Tower: "Manila Force In Last Stand."

The year 1942, freighted with battle and privation and sacrifice, made its way into Times Square. ★

New York writer Edward Oxford is a frequent contributor to this publication.

"Yesterday, December 7, 1941—a date which will live in infamy . . ."

On December 8 President Franklin D. Roosevelt appeared before Congress to ask for a declaration of war against the Empire of Japan. Three days later Germany and Italy supported their Pacific ally by declaring war on the U.S.

mentous events in modern history slowly swung into motion.

On November 5, U.S. Army chief of staff General George Marshall and Admiral Harold Stark, chief of Naval Operations, advised Roosevelt that "war between the United States and Japan should be avoided while building up defensive forces in the Far East."

On November 20, Tojo rendered an ultimatum to the United States. Japan would occupy no more of Asia—if the United States would cut off aid to China and unfreeze Japan's assets in America. Such an agreement would leave Japan free to subjugate China. The Japanese government did not expect America to accept its overture.

On November 25, American code-listeners intercepted a Japanese message setting November 29 as the deadline for negotiations.

On November 26, Hull met with Japanese emissaries and again set forth the demands that America had reiterated throughout recent months: to get out of Indochina and give up its gains in China.

A *Time* magazine article, in an issue predated December 8, wrote: "One nervous twitch of a Japanese trigger finger, one jump in any direction, one overt act, might be enough. A vast array of armies, of navies, of air fleets were stretched now in the position of track runners, in the tensions of the moment before the gun."

Meanwhile, in America the clock of 1941 ticked steadily on. Brooklyn Dodgers' manager Leo Durocher knocked down an Associated Press reporter in a street fight after being asked a "tactless" question . . . Using prefabricated sections, a shipyard built the Liberty Ship SS *Robert Peary* from the keel up in five days . . . Silk stockings grew ever-scarcer . . . Walt Disney released *Fantasia* . . . Red Sox slugger Ted Williams, the "Splendid Splinter," finished the baseball season with a .406 batting average . . . Humphrey Bogart portrayed Sam Spade in *The Maltese Falcon* . . . And Greta Garbo, at age thirty-six, turned her back on Hollywood.

America steadily assumed the appearance of an armed camp. "Get in line, you stupid bastards!" sounded across training fields as drill sergeants berated draftees. By fall, the U.S. Army numbered almost a million and a half troops. Barracks sprouted by the thousands. *Saturday Evening Post* covers featured Norman Rockwell's plain-folks soldier—a rosy-cheeked young man named Private Willie Gillis, Jr.

Many an American mother gave her son a Bible to take with him when he entered military training. The army provided each recruit with a book of its own: *The Soldier's Handbook*. It matter-of-factly advised the new soldier: "Do not drink liquor. If you take a drink sometimes anyway, don't guzzle . . . Select for your female companions decent girls or women and keep away from whore houses . . ."

The *New York Times* described draftees: "Tall, short, slim and fat, the new men will jostle one another like tired cattle. They will be bowed under the weight of new barracks bags and their uniforms will bag at the knees."

Soldiers. Sailors. Airmen. Marines. Coast Guardsmen. Not long before, they populated colleges, high schools, even elementary schools. Now they studied war.

It was a crisp, clear autumn. In New England, as always, the leaves turned russet. In cities and towns across the country, as always, high school and college youth played football, and families enjoyed Thanksgiving turkey dinners. Although the people did not realize it, America reveled in its last peaceful autumn for some time.

Newspaper columnist Raymond Clapper, as though bidding farewell to an era, wrote: "It's been a grand life in America . . ."

Before dawn on the morning of November 26, under strict secrecy, Vice Admiral Chuichi Nagumo's *Kido Butai* (Carrier Striking Force) slipped away from the Kurile Islands off northeastern Japan. For twelve days, the strike force—six aircraft carriers, two battleships, three cruisers, nine destroyers, eight oil tankers, and sixteen submarines—moved undetected toward its attack-release point 230 miles north of the U.S. naval base at Pearl Harbor.

The battleships West Virginia and Tennessee were among those hit at Pearl Harbor on December 7. Men from the ship's launch in the left foreground here pull a survivor from the water.

The waiting ended at last.

In the golden morning light of Sunday, December 7, as though in a surreal dream, flights of Japanese aircraft appeared over the island of Oahu. Vacationers on the beach at Waikiki idly watched a formation sweep in over Diamond Head. No American patrol planes ranged out on the watch over the waters around the Hawaiian Islands that morning.

A U.S. Army enlisted man, watching the screen of a mobile radar unit, noticed a sudden array of blips. The images indicated a large flight of aircraft 130 miles distant, approaching Oahu from the north. He notified an officer, who advised him not to be concerned about the blips; they were echoes from a flight of U.S. Army bombers due to arrive that morning from the mainland, the officer opined. The blips, however, were signs of another presence.

The Japanese pilots clearly saw the hundred or so ships of the United States Pacific Fleet, moored in restful order at Pearl Harbor. Among them, seven battleships stood in two neat rows; an eighth lay nearby in a drydock.

The planes overhead—red rising suns emblazoned on their wings—swept down on the fleet.

It was 7:55 A.M. on Oahu. Wave after wave of Japanese bombers, torpedo planes, dive-bombers, and fighter planes smashed in upon the ships. Fire and smoke rose from once-placid harbor.

At 7:58 A.M., a Navy radio message flashed to Washington, D.C.: "AIR RAID, PEARL HARBOR. THIS IS NOT DRILL."

At 8:55, a second attack hit Pearl Harbor. By mid-morning, the more

Continued on page 70

While the crew was on shore leave, the ship took on fifteen hundred army troops and all their equipment. By the time she set sail again, her original complement had been doubled. Most of the army men slept with their vehicles on the hangar deck.

The *San Jac* stopped at San Diego before heading out for Pearl Harbor. It was while the carrier was en route that Bush met Frank Paoletti AMM 2/c, who was to be his plane captain (responsible for all of his airplane's maintenance) for the next eleven months. Paoletti, who was ten years older than Bush, came from Lodi, California, where he worked in a mill making slats for pencils.

Paoletti recalls that on the way to Pearl Harbor he was told he had been assigned as an "Airedale"—one pilot/one dog taking care of one plane—to torpedo plane 2X. "I was aboard ship talking to a couple of buddies when I saw this tall, skinny ensign coming along the flight deck toward us. I had just remarked on how much he looked like a young Charles Lindbergh when he came up and said, 'I'm Ensign George Bush, and I'm assigned to plane 2X. Do any of you know who is supposed to be my plane captain?' I said, 'Aye, sir, I am.' We shook hands and started talking about the plane."

Paoletti, who was as tall as Bush but weighed less—at 140 pounds, he was 5 pounds under the minimum weight, but the doctor had fudged his weight upon enlistment—saw Bush from then on almost daily. He was responsible for keeping the plane shipshape and buckling Bush into his harness before each flight. "I never realized anything about Mr. Bush's background, that he came from a well-to-do family, until after he left the ship. We were never buddies, but in my book he was a top-class guy, a real nice Joe."

The *San Jac* arrived at Pearl Harbor on April 20, 1944.

Bush felt like a tourist as they steamed into port, where he saw the ships that had been sunk on December 7, their superstructures still thrust up out of the water, with their trapped dead below. The *San Jac* docked behind the *Essex* in Pearl Harbor. Nearby the *Utah* was still lying on her side, where she had settled after the Japanese attack. The *Arizona*, sunk at the same time, was also dramatically visible. To Bush, the skeletons of the big battleships were both grim reminders of the war that had begun there and portents of the possible fate of his own ship.

The squadron was land-based at the naval air station at Kaneohe, Oahu, T.H. There they practiced more gunnery and glide-bombing runs on moving targets. When attacking a maneuvering ship at sea, Avenger tactics called for dropping a "stick" of four bombs (their entire bomb load) using an intervalometer, which controlled the spacing of the bombs. The intervalometer was mounted in Delaney's station, and it was his job to set the Avenger's air speed and the desired bomb spacing. The target was usually attacked in a thirty- to forty-five-degree glide from at least fifteen hundred feet, dropping to an altitude of five hundred feet or lower. Bush released the bombs as he leveled off, and the intervalometer spaced the bombs sixty to seventy-five feet apart, practically guaranteeing one or more hits on the target from a stick. Bush and his crew scored high on all their runs.

On May 2, 1944, the squadron was officially deemed ready for action. The *San Jac* was assigned to be part of the growing might of Adm. Marc A. Mitscher's Task Force 58/38, the fast-carrier striking force of the Pacific Fleet.

After almost a year of arduous and intensive training Bush and the other pilots of AG-51 expected that they would soon be in the air fighting against the Japanese enemy. It was to be sooner than they anticipated.

American defense worker found himself escaping a Vietcong ambush in the limousine of a Japanese businessman. Seeing a fluttering Rising Sun flag on the hood, framed by mortar explosions, he screamed, "Hey, I'm an American, let me out!"

Perhaps the Pearl Harbor survivors who opposed Robert Hudson's ceremony of reconciliation suffered similar flashbacks, or perhaps they worried they might if they returned to Hawaii for the fiftieth anniversary and saw submariner Sakamaki and pilot Fujita touring Pearl Harbor in the CINCPAC (Commander in Chief Pacific Fleet) admiral's barge. This was a feature of Hudson's program he had not volunteered at first, this plan for the Japanese to enjoy a VIP tour of the harbor on the eve of the anniversary, all the while being filmed and interviewed by the world press as they cruised the sites of sunken United States battleships. On reflection, Hudson admits, he "might have gone a little too far."

His aborted ceremony is one of many failed attempts to find the right gesture or event to symbolize both Japanese contrition and American forgiveness. The Germans have been largely forgiven for their war, yet for years, Japanese and Americans have been walking forward, arms outstretched for an embrace, yet missing, their efforts at Pearl Harbor rapprochements misfiring, and too often reviving old hatreds instead of burying them. The failed reconciliations have occurred ten years after the war, or forty-nine, sabotaged by thick-skinned Japanese or thin-skinned Americans, poisoned by too much sincerity or too little.

Consider that after Emperor Hirohito died, the only American governor ordering flags flown at half-mast for his funeral was John Waihee of Hawaii, and that on hearing this, Honolulu mayor Frank Fasi, a World War Two veteran, prohibited lowering any flags on city property. Some said Waihee was toadying to Japanese investors, and Japanese-American war veterans were outraged at the suggestion he might be attempt-

ing to curry favor with Hawaii's Japanese voters by making a gesture to the Japanese imperial family.

Consider Zero pilot Makato Bando, who came to Honolulu for the fortieth anniversary accompanied by a translator and Japanese television crew, then hired a launch so he could be filmed against the specific area of the harbor he had attacked. He boarded the *Arizona* Memorial, striking poses with American survivors who had also gathered there for the anniversary. When asked about his role in the attack, despite claims of being on a mission of reconciliation, he could only manage, "When you are in the military, you have to follow your orders whether you like it or not."

Consider Mitsuo Fuchida, the Japanese commander who fired signal flares signaling the start of the attack. He returned in 1953 to lay a wreath on the wreckage of the battleship *Arizona,* only to be greeted by a "public outcry." The Navy forbade him to enter the harbor, and one correspondent wrote to the *Honolulu Star-Bulletin,* "In my opinion he took a very active part in a program of mass murder." Fuchida also protested he had only been "following orders," but his "mission of peace" was perhaps not helped by his inappropriate attire—rows of medals across the smart uniform of the Sky Pilots International, an organization of evangelical Christians he had joined after the war.

Consider the first postwar "goodwill" visit of a Japanese naval vessel to Pearl Harbor in 1953, during which several crewmen wandered into the Likelike drive-in, within minutes attracting elderly first-generation Japanese-Americans [known as "issei"] who gathered outside, bowing, and calling the astonished sailors "admiral" and "fleet marshal." For several years after the war, many issei insisted the American victory was a hoax. They organized "victory clubs" and contributed to a fund to provide entertainment for the Emperor when he came to claim Hawaii. On October 27, 1945 (prewar Japan's "Navy

Day"), hundreds of issei climbed Aiea Heights, expecting to witness the triumphant entry of the Japanese fleet into Pearl Harbor. Two years later, the president of one victory club still claimed that reports of a Japanese surrender were propaganda and that General MacArthur was a prisoner of war. By 1950, membership in these clubs had dropped, some said to five thousand, others to five hundred, but the last of them, the Hisso Kai (victory society) did not disband until 1977, and it is likely the Japanese navy's goodwill cruise of 1953 had the unexpected effect of refreshing its delusions.

Consider *Tora! Tora! Tora!*, a recreation of Pearl Harbor that gives equal narrative time to Japanese pilots and military planners. It was an expensive movie, and a dull one, but certainly not "pro-Japanese." Yet on the eve of its Washington premiere, Congressmen John Murphy (D-N.Y.) and Lowell Weicker (R-Conn.) described it as "glorifying" the Japanese and denounced the Pentagon for cooperating in its filming. "Every ethical patriotic standard is besmirched by the Hollywood-Pentagon hookup to produce and promote a film glorifying the attack on Pearl Harbor," Murphy said. Veterans' groups were also critical, still unable to accept that the attack had been a glorious success for Japan, and that any movie depicting Japanese servicemen would reflect this.

Consider that in 1988, the *Arizona* Memorial Association raised fifteen thousand dollars to move Ensign Sakamaki's midget submarine back from Key West, Florida, and display it near the *Arizona.* The symbolism was obvious: on the fiftieth anniversary, the wreckage of Japanese and American vessels would be reunited. But before it could be shipped west, a rumor surfaced that it was to be placed aboard the *Arizona.* The VFW and American Legion protested, and the scheme was canceled.

Or consider the forty-fifth reunion of veterans of the unit that dropped the atomic bombs on Japan. They gathered where they had trained, in Wendover, Nevada, to renew friendships,

dedicate a "peace memorial" commemorating the unit's two thousand members and their victims in Hiroshima and Nagasaki, and listen to two speeches by Hideaki Kase, a conservative author and adviser to two former Japanese prime ministers. On opening night, Mr. Kase chose to argue the bombs had been unnecessary, since Japan had been ready to capitulate. Dozens walked out in protest, one describing himself as "disgusted." The next evening, at the peace memorial dedication, the veterans retaliated by preventing Kase from delivering his second speech and ordering the Army band not to play the Japanese national anthem.

The Japanese have been a unique enemy in United States history, hated more than any other. Before going to Hawaii, I had thought the hostility easily explained. It was racism. It seemed simple: we had made our peace with Germany because it is a Caucasian nation, but we were still "bashing" Japan because they are Orientals; Japanese investment was resented because they were a former Asian enemy, but investment by Germans was not because they were Caucasian. But in Hawaii, as I came to understand the unusual triangle of relationships between Americans, Japanese, and Americans of Japanese ancestry, I saw it was not that simple. Why did a Japanese-American woman carry fresh flowers every week to the grave of the FBI agent responsible for interning Japanese residents of Hawaii? Why were the wartime military governor of Hawaii and his chief of intelligence both celebrated by the Japanese-American community in a 1985 pamphlet "dedicated to all in Hawaii who with kindness and an understanding heart assisted the Japanese as they worked to establish a home and bright future in our islands"? And why did I hear from Japanese-Americans comments such as "Don't you ever lose sight of the fact that the Japanese of today are the same kind of 'Japs' that were in Japan in 1931. . . . Give them time, another fifteen years, and they will do the same thing they did in 1941!" and

3

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 seven-thirty 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

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, antiaircraft 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."

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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-

two-front war. The Japanese are too smart to run that risk."

Fleet intelligence officer Edwin Layton wrote that on December 2, 1941, when he admitted to Admiral Kimmel he was unsure of the location of two Japanese carrier divisions, "the admiral then looked at me, as sometimes he would, with a stern countenance and an icy twinkle in his penetrating blue eyes. 'Do you mean to say they could be rounding Diamond Head and you wouldn't know it?' "

On the morning of December 6, Admiral Pye, the battle force commander in Pearl Harbor, told Layton, who had just raised the possibility of a Japanese move against the Philippines, "Oh, no. The Japanese won't attack us. We're too strong and powerful." Layton rightly believed the attack on the Philippines would come the next day, although he admits, "Even if Kimmel was inclined to share my fears about an attack on the Philippines, any thought that the Japanese might also hit Pearl Harbor at the same time was far from our minds."

The best summary of Oahu's overconfidence can be found in a report written after the war by Colonel George Bicknell of Army intelligence. "Practically every person on the island of Oahu had been lulled into a sense of false security through the constant reiteration of the belief that the defenses of the island made it practically impregnable," he said. "In addition, it had been constantly stated that Japan, as a military and naval power, amounted to nothing when pitted against the superior equipment, personnel and tactics of our own army and navy. Our own naval personnel had made it a common practice of belittling the Japanese navy. Many times it had been stated that the Japanese fleet would be simply and easily annihilated if we started an offensive against them. . . .

"Little was actually known about Japanese air power although, again, there were many stories about the poor quality of Japanese aircraft, the lack of proper equipment, and the alleged fact that the Japanese made poor aviators and would

wanted to see this battlefield. He told me, with a sigh, that when his friends from the mainland complained about Japanese at the memorial, "I tell 'em it's a free country."

But slanting the causes of Pearl Harbor to avoid offending Japanese sensibilities did upset him. It is something that has always irritated me as well. Arguing that the United States bore responsibility for the attack because of its embargo of oil and other raw materials to Japan implies the United States had a moral obligation to supply Japan with the raw materials necessary to attack China and further its expansionist policies, and that total warfare was a justifiable response to economic sanctions. The Japanese advanced similar arguments after the war, with the former chief of the Military Affairs Bureau claiming, "The only place where Japan could continue to get oil and other raw materials had to be from the United States. If this failed, Japan, as a nation, could not survive, especially the industries and the navy. . . . Japan felt the United States was under obligation to furnish oil and raw materials as it meant the future existence of Japan." As the war becomes more distant and Japanese tourism becomes important to Hawaii, such justifications for the attack have gained respectability, finding their way even into the documentary at the *Arizona* Memorial visitor center and the Pearl Harbor sightseeing cruises.

As we entered the harbor, passing near the *Helm*'s anchorage on December 7, Dybdal said the landscape had changed little. Cane fields still surrounded West Loch, and Hickam's water tower and hangars dominated views to the east. The main difference was the smell. A sweet, pungent odor of sugarcane had enveloped the harbor in 1941. Now you smelled jet fuel.

Pearl Harbor's shape has been likened to a fleur-de-lis, a three-fingered hand, or a flower. Its most important characteristics are a long, narrow entrance, calm waters, and three extensive bays, called lochs by the original Scottish surveyors. It

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

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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.

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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, rust-
d 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

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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 passageways, 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.

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

WILLIAM MORROW AND COMPANY, INC.
New York

CHAPTER 32

"In the Wake of the Pearl Harbor Disaster"

Immediate and long-range results—Loss of naval initiative—Respect for Japan's military power—U.S. mobile force remained—Shake-up in high command—Salvage of ships—American people united for war—Brought world crisis home to Americans—Airpower recognized—Call for unity of command—Loss of national self-assurance—Need for vigilance—"Imperialism" not dead—New respect for Chinese—Pearl Harbor not a sea battle in classic sense—American valor and resourcefulness under fire

The impact of Pearl Harbor was such that an entire generation of Americans tended to regard December 7, 1941, as the beginning of a new era in world history. Thus in honor of the silver anniversary of the disaster, *U.S. News & World Report* published an article entitled "25 Years After Pearl Harbor—An Attack That Remade the World." Under this encompassing heading, the magazine continued:

> The bombs that hit Pearl Harbor unleashed forces that produced a quarter century of the vastest changes the world has known.
>
> Since that morning, man has tamed atoms, moved into space, surged ahead in unprecedented prosperity in many parts of the world.
>
> Empires have vanished, maps changed, centers of power shifted. And a whole new set of problems has replaced problems of the past.[1]

The article then surveyed the vast political, economic, sociological, and technological changes that took place in the quarter of a century since December 7, 1941. However, Pearl Harbor was not the cause of these changes. Many, indeed most, would have occurred whether or not the Japanese had ever attacked the U.S. Pacific Fleet at Pearl Harbor.

CHAPTER 33

"Remember Pearl Harbor!"

Lessons of Pearl Harbor: need for alertness, adequate armed forces, and effective intelligence system—Morgan report—Dangers of assumptions and inadequate communications—Need for unity of command—Futility of war as solution to international problems—Need for mutual understanding

Most military engagements are mulled over by the soldiers and sailors of their own and later generations to learn what they may teach of tactics, strategy, and logistics. But Pearl Harbor strikes much deeper. It speaks to every thinking man and woman. "Pearl Harbor never dies," one of Kimmel's attorneys wrote to him with a touch of brooding poetry, "and no living person has seen the end of it."[1]

Americans of the day hoped that their country would take the attack to heart. "Hundreds of years from now, will this disaster be cited as a flagrant example of inattention, carelessness and failure?" asked Representative Stephen M. Young of Ohio. "If our Republic exists for thousands of years, may young Americans of the future profit by this bitter experience!"[2]

With the publication of each investigation report, certain of the nation's lawmakers stressed the urgent necessity of being on the qui vive at all times. "Remember Pearl Harbor!" Senator Alexander Wiley of Wisconsin urged his countrymen. "Let us say that we pledge this Nation to remember Pearl Harbor to the end of time, not necessarily in a spirit of revenge but so that from now on this Nation shall be constantly on the alert."[3]

Admiral Hara remarked tartly that the United States should indeed remember Pearl Harbor as a horrible example of American spiritual and psychological unpreparedness. In his opinion, on the morning of December 7, 1941, Japan presented the United States with the opportunity to destroy Japan's scoring punch. Instead, the

Americans failed miserably and suffered an ignominious defeat. They should resolve to learn the bitter lessons of that debacle. Otherwise, a Pearl Harbor in the jet-atomic age might be the last battle as well as the first.[4]

By the fourth anniversary of the attack, the phrase "Remember Pearl Harbor!" had taken on a new meaning. It had ceased to be a battle cry and had become an exhortation to self-examination and reappraisal. The *Oregonian* reminded its readers that it had been the first in the nation to use those words. Now it cautioned, "We must remember Pearl Harbor not only for the reason that Japan was treacherous, but also for the reason that we were stupid. . . . In a sense, Pearl Harbor should be our 'Wailing Wall.' "[5]

No mainland newspaper had such good reason to remember Pearl Harbor as did the Honolulu *Star-Bulletin*, and on December 7, 1945, it urged its readers to do so, "as a day of terrible warning, never to be forgotten, ever at hand, to keep us alert that it must not happen again."

Of all the newsmen who covered the congressional investigation, few if any probed more deeply than did William H. Stringer. In the *Christian Science Monitor* he asked:

> Shall we remember only the outraged national honor, the 3,000 servicemen lost, the eight battleships in Oahu mud, fishes swimming through jagged holes, and the flaming call for vengeance?
>
> Must we not also . . . look beyond the black smoke over Pearl Harbor to see where the nation erred in 1941—to find what was lacking in our national character and conduct which permitted world aggression so narrowly to miss becoming world conquest? . . .
>
> The whole pre-Pearl Harbor decade teaches, first and foremost, that diplomatic protest cannot carry far without power to back it up. . . .

Stringer also reminded his readers that the U.S. Navy had not believed "until too late" that aerial torpedoes could run in Pearl Harbor.[6]

This same thought occurred to the St. Paul *Pioneer Press*, which cited as one of the lessons of Pearl Harbor the fact that "the United States relies only at its grave peril on the weapons of victory in one war for defense against attack in the next war." Therefore, ". . . this country cannot afford to pinch pennies in voting future funds for

scientific research for the military branches." The Pearl Harbor and other official reports had revealed that the United States had lagged behind the British in developing radar and behind the Germans in "the development of robot bombs and jet propulsion generally."[7]

If one had to pinpoint the single lesson of Pearl Harbor which most forcefully struck the press in the latter half of 1945 and throughout the congressional investigation, the choice would fall upon the misuse of intelligence. According to the Houston *Post*, the inquiry demonstrated "the perpetual need for a far-flung, highly-trained, skillful intelligence service, unrestricted by interdepartmental politics."[8]

The St. Paul *Pioneer Press* remarked that Japan had come to Pearl Harbor "armed with accurate information," while the United States forces "knew nothing definite about Japan's preparations . . . for a sneak attack." This must not happen again. "For safety, the United States in the future must be at least as well informed about potential enemy countries' military preparations as such countries are about ours."[9]

"The weakest branch of the American armed services . . . has undoubtedly been the intelligence branch," announced the Des Moines *Register*. Individual technicians had been competent—"witness the cracking of the Japanese code." In "most cases" the United States had the information. "But we didn't always know how to use it. . . . Knowledge wasn't related, pooled, integrated, passed on." The *Register* called for a "complete overhauling" of the intelligence community and transfusion into it of "new attitudes, prestige and talent. . . . But first must come reorganization at the top."[10]

No newspaper was more waspish about this subject than the Honolulu *Star-Bulletin:*

> The average regular naval officer looked down his nose—and still does—at the intelligence branch. Its members don't fight with guns so they can't be worth much. . . .
>
> Already . . . the navy is dismantling its intelligence by sending its best men to sea as part of the ritual which requires that a naval officer's insignia must be tarnished with salt air from time to time.

The *Star-Bulletin* called for adequate maintenance of the intelligence service and urged "explicit arrangements so that officers who specialized in intelligence . . . would not be retarded or penalized in promotion because of it."[11]

(continued from front flap)

that any existing doubt should be resolved in favor of giving information to subordinates.

"17. *An official who neglects to familiarize himself in detail with his organization should forfeit his responsibility.*"

Morgan did not spare Kimmel and Short for their lack of coordination, but he was especially incensed at Stark's and Turner's assuming without direct knowledge that Kimmel was receiving Magic.[30] This incident underlines another lesson of Pearl Harbor: Always go to the source; do not depend upon secondhand information when "best evidence" is available.

Morgan had touched upon a problem inescapable in large organizations—how to achieve adequate familiarity with details without becoming overly absorbed in those same details; how to delegate authority while holding the reins; how to distinguish professional coordination from personal cooperation.

"18. *Failure can be avoided in the long run only by preparation for any eventuality.*"

On this score, Morgan wrote:

> The record tends to indicate that appraisal of likely enemy movements was divided into *probabilities* and *possibilities*. Everyone has admitted that an attack by Japan on Pearl Harbor was regarded as at least a possibility. It was felt, however, that a Japanese movement toward the south was a probability. The over-all result was to look for the probable move and to take little or no effective precautions to guard against the contingency of the possible action.[31]

Here was the old problem of enemy intentions versus capabilities. U.S. military leaders in 1941 were far too concerned with what Japan might do, not with what it was able to do. Yet history has shown that if an enemy can launch a certain kind of attack, in all probability he will do exactly that. His intentions cannot hurt his opponent; his capabilities can, if properly utilized.

Thus, while the United States would infinitely prefer peace with the Soviet Union, if the Russians and their Warsaw Pact allies are able to overrun Western Europe in a conventional war, the United States and its NATO allies must assume that they will do so under the right set of circumstances. Furthermore, if the Soviets have the capability of knocking out the United States in one huge preemptive nuclear strike, American leaders must assume that that is what they

will do if conditions are propitious. Any other attitude on the part of the United States would be irresponsible.

The ultimate lesson which Pearl Harbor should teach American political and military leaders, as well as every person in the United States, is this: Always be prepared for the worst contingency.

"19. *Officials, on a personal basis, should never countermand an official instruction.*"

This was a slap at Stark.* As Morgan wrote, ". . . it is regarded as an extremely dangerous practice for the Chief of Naval Operations to express an opinion on a personal basis to an outpost commander which has the inevitable effect of tempering the import of an official dispatch."[32] Of course, Morgan was perfectly right.

"20. *Personal or official jealousy will wreck any organization.*" Morgan cited the obvious instance of the squabble between ONI and War Plans regarding evaluation of intelligence. He also referred to "the near dispute" between Kimmel and Short as to command at Wake and Midway. He remarked caustically:

> It is proper to suggest that, had both the commanding officers in Hawaii been less concerned between November 27 and December 7 about preserving their individual prerogatives with respect to Wake and Midway and more concerned about working together to defend the Hawaiian Coastal Frontier in the light of the warnings they had received, the defensive situation confronting the Japanese on the morning of December 7 might well have been entirely different.[33]

Morgan's next principle was a natural corollary of the preceding one:

"21. *Personal friendship . . . should never be accepted in lieu of liaison or confused therewith where the latter is necessary to the proper functioning of two or more agencies.*"

This, of course, referred to the relationship between Kimmel and Short, their rather simplistic confusion of their cordial personal interchanges with the close-knit coordination of professional activities which should have existed but did not.[34]

"22. *No consideration should be permitted as excuse for failure to perform a fundamental task.*"

Here Morgan struck at one of the foundation stones of Kimmel's

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*See Chapter 13.

the crisis has passed. Scarcely had the last shot of World War II been fired than the United States raced to demobilize and "bring the boys home." As a result, five years after the last world conflict the United States had to scrape the bottom of the barrel to put an effective fighting force in Korea.

The need for a potent, instantly effective force-in-being is particularly applicable to the United States or to any other nation which adopts a national policy of never striking first. This is the only morally justifiable attitude under most social ethics, but in the context of nuclear and missile warfare it will be infinitely more difficult to maintain than it was before World War II.

No wonder the St. Paul *Pioneer Press* listed as its first lesson of Pearl Harbor "that never again will any nation escape so lightly . . . from the consequences of a successful surprise attack. . . . If the United States again permits itself to be surprised, its whole defense system might be prostrated, its cities wiped out, millions of its people killed and the survivors made the panic stricken and helpless captives of an invasion force."

This newspaper urged international cooperation for peace. "The new weapons make surprise easy and its results tragic. For safety's sake, the United States must maintain its military power, and it must also use that power to back up world-wide efforts of nations to prevent another war."[41]

Yet the very weaponry which seems to make arms control absolutely necessary presents the nations with an almost irresistible temptation to cheat. Kissinger put a ponderous but acute finger on the problem:

> If the number of permissible long-range missiles is set at zero—if, in other words, both sides agree to destroy all I.C.B.M.'s and nuclear weapons—even a small evasion, say ten hidden missiles, will confer a decisive advantage. And such an evasion is almost impossible to discover. If the number is set very low, say at ten, an additional 15 may make a surprise attack possible. In such circumstances, there would be a dual incentive for evasion: fear of the opponent's evasion and the temptation to deal with the security problem once and for all by launching a surprise attack.[42]

Some time in the future, the human race may reach the point in moral evolution when the wars and arms races of the twentieth cen-

tury seem no more than half-forgotten nightmares of mankind's savage past. Certainly we do not defend war per se as a reasonable institution. Indeed, like all battles, Pearl Harbor underlined the complete futility of trying to settle international disputes by taking to the fists. Intelligent individuals learn early in life that one can shut up an opponent by a left to the jaw, but that such tactics can never change his convictions or alter the basic conditions that produced the argument. Nations can be singularly obtuse in this matter. Perhaps this is due to the nature of a nation, as the Durants have suggested:

> The causes of war are the same as the causes of competition among individuals. . . . The state has our instincts without our restraints. The individual submits to restraints laid upon him by morals and laws, and agrees to replace combat with conference, because the state guarantees him basic protection of his life, property, and legal rights. The state itself acknowledges no substantial restraints.[43]

Once a nation decides to embark upon a war of aggression, especially against a country potentially much more powerful than itself, reason becomes the first casualty of the war. Therefore the nonaggressor must act upon the realization that the enemy is impervious to logic. The United States placed its Pacific Fleet at Pearl Harbor in the hope that it might deter Japan from further expanding its already extensive theater of operations. Washington forgot that there always exists a militant mentality willing to take the calculated risk. And Japan was ready, willing, and able to do just that against the United States.

American leaders should have been alert to such a contingency. Hitler's career had been one calculated risk after another. Britain and France could have halted him at the outset when he occupied the Rhineland in March of 1936, but he weighed his chances, acted, and won. In case American memories had faded in five years, Hitler gave them another object lesson in June of 1941 when he attacked the Soviet Union, although Germany was Russia's ally, was at war with Britain, and had its forces spread over most of Europe.

With the examples of Nazi Germany and imperialist Japan in mind, the United States should ask itself: Will the Soviet Union and its Warsaw Pact allies take the calculated risk of challenging the United States and its NATO partners in Europe? More than that, will the Kremlin chance a preemptive nuclear strike against the United States?

Washington would be disastrously unwise to answer these questions in the negative on the basis of such reasoning as prevailed in 1941—that they would never dare, that they are too intelligent to take such a risk.

Pearl Harbor proved that "deterrence" is an elusive doctrine that works only against those willing to be deterred. Thus Japan, at that stage of its history convinced of its right to take what it wanted, not only failed to be deterred, it accepted the Pacific Fleet's presence at Pearl Harbor as an opportunity to rid itself of a potential threat.

Among other lessons, Pearl Harbor emphasized the absolute necessity of knowing everything possible about one's fellow passengers on the spaceship Earth. Before the Pacific conflict the United States was woefully ignorant of Japan. Experts on the Mikado's empire, his people, their history, culture, and language were as scarce as Egyptologists. Today the United States urgently needs a battery of experts on every country on earth. It is not necessary to use this knowledge against other nations; mutual understanding can make for increased mutual respect and helpfulness.

As stressed in this study, a basic factor which contributed heavily to the tragedy of Pearl Harbor was the mutual misunderstanding, resulting in mutual underestimation, that existed between Japan and the United States before December 7, 1941. Even an elementary knowledge of each other's histories would have brushed away many illusions and allowed the two peoples to see each other more clearly. This lesson need not be confined to the international scene. If anyone finds himself assessing the probable actions or reactions of another human being on the basis of stereotypes, let him pull up short and "remember Pearl Harbor."

By corollary, Pearl Harbor underscored another lesson that had long been obvious to any student of history but was evidently lost sight of during the years immediately preceding American entry into World War II. This is the folly of underestimating the will and ability of a "have-not" nation.

The decades just past have shown us more than one example. In Vietnam the United States took a beating at the hands of a nation which on paper should have folded in a month. But the United States had no real will to win and suffered appalling casualties with nothing to show for them. More recently, the Soviet Union has not been able fully to impose its will on the Afghans—most unlikely opponents for

a superpower. And what American can forget the hostage crisis in Iran, where a handful of hysterical fanatics kept the United States dangling in humiliation for over a year?

Therefore, if any statesman should be tempted to base his policies on the assumption that a possible opponent is too weak in resources and economic structure to pose a formidable danger—let him "remember Pearl Harbor."

By the same token, Pearl Harbor helps to emphasize that strength and courage are not enough. In terms of matériel available on Oahu and the number and caliber of personnel, the United States was prepared to counter the strike on Pearl Harbor and inflict serious damage upon Nagumo's task force. But the Americans did not do so, because they were not alert to the possibility of such an attack. The lesson is clear: Preparedness is not alertness.

The day the Roberts report saw the light, commentator Max Lerner cited what he termed "our elephantine confidence in our industrial superiority and in the fighting heart of our people." Both were real, but something more was needed, because "to try to win the war without organizing both in an exacting economy means to waste and exploit both. That is what we have done for almost a century, whether in peace or war."[44]

As the recent surge of interest in ecology indicates, the world is at last ready to acknowledge that it can no longer afford the sort of wasteful irresponsibility in which the "have" nations indulged in the past. What is needed can be boiled down to a word that is in somewhat ill repute today—*discipline*. The armed forces used to stress: "Discipline is that which makes punishment unnecessary"—a profound truth. For without discipline punishment is certain. The United States had all the requirements for victory before Pearl Harbor, but failed to harness them.

On the twenty-fifth anniversary of Pearl Harbor, *The New York Times* declared that the day "must live in memory not only of things past and men long dead, but as a perpetual reminder to future generations that ambition must be tempered with restraint and courage with wisdom."[45]

Today, on the forty-fourth anniversary, that comment is still relevant. Application of that principle could halt many an ill-considered action in its tracks. It implies an attitude of mutual understanding and respect which has become more and more essential. As early as

December 8, 1945, the *Saturday Review of Literature* warned, "Unless the December 7, 1941, episode is placed in its long-range historical perspective, the real lesson of Pearl Harbor will have been overlooked. That lesson, fundamentally, is that American security is inseparable from world security."

Substitute the name of any other nationality for "American" and this statement remains valid. Humanity cannot afford to forget the lessons of Pearl Harbor. The world is much too small; the risk is much too great; the time is much too late.

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PEARL HARBOR:

The Verdict of History

GORDON W. PRANGE
WITH
Donald M. Goldstein
and Katherine V. Dillon

McGraw-Hill Book Company

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freezer room. "The hangars looked as if they were being lifted right off the ground."[36]

Lacking the all-important element of surprise which had brought the first wave through almost unscathed, Egusa's dive bombers met an aroused enemy striking back with all the ferocity and power at his command. Lieutenant Zenji Abe noted that as soon as they flew beyond northern Oahu, "fierce AA barrages began gradually to close in. . . . This gave me the cold shivers," he added candidly.[37] And Chihaya flashed back to *Akagi*, "Enemy defensive fire strong." That settled one question for Genda: If the task force launched a third major strike, the torpedo bombers would remain on the carriers.[38]

Egusa had orders to finish off any ships damaged in the first attack, preferably the battleships. Each plane carried one 250-kilogram bomb, so each bombardier had but one crack at the enemy. But when Egusa's bombers reached Pearl Harbor, they had little choice of targets. The heavy rolls of black smoke obscured the vessels, and the exploding ack-ack made accurate sighting almost impossible. The Japanese would have to hit what they saw when they saw it.

Ofuchi swooped down on a battleship moored along the south end of Ford Island. "When we went into our attack dive, my feelings were numbed and, truthfully, I didn't give a damn what happened. I just gave myself over to Fate," Ofuchi said. "But when the bomb was dropped, and we pulled up to level off, I really got scared."[39]

As the second wave broke over Pearl Harbor, doctors, nurses, corpsmen, and patients at the naval hospital scrambled for cover. Some vivid images would never leave Lieutenant Ruth Erickson's memory: doctors, inured by profession and experience to human suffering, shaken to the core; a physician holding a needle to insert into a patient's vein, his fingers quivering like reeds in the wind; the stench of burning flesh ripping up one's nostrils. "I can still smell it . . . and I think I always will," she said.[40]

By now Pearl Harbor was a hellpit of smoke—gray, brown, white, lemon yellow, black, and again black—acrid, foul, mushrooming billows erupting skyward, folding in and opening out like a mass of storm clouds. Out of this pall came a sight so incredible that its viewers could not have been more dumbfounded had it been the legendary Flying Dutchman—*Nevada*, heading into the channel, a hole the size of a house in her bow, her torn flag rippling defiance.

Nevada had been under partial steam when the first wave struck, and at 0850 the battleship got under way, Thomas at the conn, Ruff acting as navigator. Chief Quartermaster Robert Sedberry ably assisted.[41] When *Nevada* limped past the blazing *Arizona*, someone saw three survivors swimming nearby and tossed them a line. They climbed up and helped man *Nevada*'s starboard 5-inch gun. Heat from the burning battleship was so intense that the gunners had to cover their shells with their bodies lest they explode.

The capsized *Oklahoma* was "another terrifying and shocking sight." To

some witnesses the fate of *Oklahoma* was the crowning horror of the day, worse even than the volcanic eruption aboard *Arizona.* The explosion of a battleship, although an awesome thing, was comprehensible. It even had a certain tragic grandeur. But for a battlewagon to overturn was unthinkable; it affronted human dignity. Something of this horrified incredulity held Ruff in its grip as *Nevada* moved abreast of the overturned vessel.[42]

When Egusa's men saw *Nevada* plowing along below them, they recognized a golden double opportunity to sink a battleship and at the same time bottle up Pearl Harbor. High above the scene, Fuchida had his pilot bank deeply for a better look. *Ah, good!* he thought. *Now just sink that ship right there!*[43] No wonder that, at 0850, "the Japanese bombers swarmed down on us like bees," as Ruff remarked. One even ignored *Neosho* backing up Battleship Row, and every American on Ford Island who saw the narrow escape gasped in relief.

In spite of the severity of the attack, which sent five bombs crashing into the fore part of the ship and the superstructure, Ruff was confident that *Nevada* would weather the storm. But her chances looked slim when at precisely 0907 she came under another hail of bombs, many of which were "near misses." One, however, struck the forecastle, killing "an unknown number of men." After "some real twisting and maneuvering," Thomas grounded the bow of the ship in the mud of Hospital Point at 0910. Five minutes later Captain Scanland came aboard, and by 1045 tugs had moved the battleship to the western side of Pearl Harbor's entrance channel, her "starboard quarter aground, bow south." Only then could Thomas and Ruff see the real extent of *Nevada*'s punishment.[44] The fore part of the ship had been virtually destroyed, and the superstructure badly damaged. She had lost 3 officers and 47 men killed, 5 officers and 104 men wounded.[45]

By 0930 *Oglala* listed about twenty degrees and her crew "couldn't stick to the decks any longer." So Furlong ordered Abandon Ship. At 1000 *Oglala* "finally turned over and came to rest on the bottom of her port side." Crawford, who had been blown off *Vestal* when *Arizona* exploded but made his way safely ashore, and Rafsky, hard at work aboard *Argonne*, later agreed that neither torpedo nor bomb damage really capsized *Oglala.* Both men insisted that the old girl "had a nervous breakdown and died of fright."[46]

Vestal, too, had to be moved out of danger. It was typical of Fuqua that in the midst of heartbreaking toil aboard *Arizona* he could spare a thought for the repair ship alongside. At 0845 he ordered her forward lines cut. Her after lines already parted, she got under way "on both engines, no steering gear." A tug pulled her bow away from the blazing battleship. The repair ship began to list to starboard and take water aft, both the shipfitter and blacksmith shops flooding. At 0945 Young remarked to Hesser, "The ship is getting into bad shape. We had better beach her." This they managed to do at Aiea, where she settled on a bed of coral.[47]

Admiral Calhoun reached *Argonne* "just at the beginning of the second wave. . . ." Shortly thereafter his Mine Force rescued most of the crew of

Utah. Two destroyers requested augmentation of their crews to put to sea. When Calhoun's people asked the *Utah* men for volunteers, "force was necessary to restrain the 200 of them from going where only 55 were wanted. The men were so anxious that they could not wait for the boat; they jumped overboard and swam over there, the 55 of them."[48]

The destroyer *Blue* got under way at 0847 with Ensign Asher commanding. "Two planes that dove over the ship were fired on by the .50 cal. machine guns. It is claimed that one of these planes, seen to crash near Pan American Airways Landing at Pearl City, was shot down by this vessel." When the plane went down, the crew "stopped shooting and proceeded to pat each other on the back." During the action Asher threw his field glasses at one of the diving planes. Later he was a bit apologetic about his irrational act; he guessed he "just was kind of mad."

Safely out of the harbor, Asher reduced speed to a sedate ten knots and commenced patrolling. At 0950 *Blue* dropped depth charges on a sound contact. Investigation revealed a large oil slick and "air bubbles rising to the survace, over a length of about 200 feet." So Asher believed that he had sunk this submarine.[49]

At 0902 Egusa's dive bombers made a direct hit on *Pennsylvania* in dry dock. Then, at approximately 0907, a high-altitude bomber scored a strike at "frame 83, starboard side of boat deck." However, *Pennsylvania* suffered remarkably little damage, considering her helpless position. Far worse than the material damage, the attack killed two officers and sixteen men and wounded thirty others from the enlisted ranks.[50]

Several of Kimmel's destroyers took a terrific mauling. A direct hit exploded in the forward magazine of *Shaw* as she lay in floating dry dock not far from *Pennsylvania,* ripping her whole bow off. Soon raging fires from Egusa's dive bombers engulfed *Cassin* and *Downes* so thoroughly that they had to be abandoned. Shortly thereafter magazine and torpedo explosions within each vessel shook them from bow to stern. *Cassin* rolled over against the stricken *Downes,* an almost unrecognizable ruin in the same dry dock as *Pennsylvania.*[51]

A large patch of burning fuel oil drifted toward *California.* His flagship gradually sinking and believing his proper place to be at sea, Pye told Train to get the staff together so that they could "shift over to any other ship of the force that could get out." A boat had already drawn alongside to take them off when he received a signal from Kimmel that no more ships should sortie.[52]

Of all the battlewagons, *Maryland* escaped with the least damage. Her position inboard of *Oklahoma* protected her from the torpedoes. Seaman Second Class Harlan E. Eisnangle lost all track of time. He had no idea whether his gun crew hit anything or not, "for when you are loading the gun under those conditions, you are acting from instinct. For you are scared and you do your job from the drills you have been doing"[53]—an unconscious tribute to Kimmel and Kitts with their unremitting gunnery program.

At 0908 dive bombers dropped two missiles on *Raleigh,* still quivering from the first-wave torpedo attack. One "struck *Raleigh* aft at frame 112. . . ."

Genda and Fuchida. Genda with his originality and bold intelligence, Fuchida with his practical industry and contagious enthusiasm became the brain and heart behind the tactical plan. With few exceptions the Pearl Harbor planners were positive thinkers. Nevertheless, they did not let optimism degenerate into sloppiness. They understood that to a degree a man makes his own luck. He must reach out to pluck the fruit, not wait for it to fall into his mouth. Nevertheless, plain, unadulterated luck played a significant part in Japan's success.

As an example, the weather provided relatively smooth seas and an abundance of fog, thus permitting Nagumo to refuel and hide his ships at the same time. Moreover, at the perfect moment, just in time to permit accurate strikes, the clouds over Oahu parted in so propitious a manner that in briefing the Emperor, both Nagumo and Fuchida referred to the phenomenon as obviously caused by divine intervention. Such factors were totally beyond human power to arrange. The flight of B-17s approaching Oahu at almost the same time as Fuchida's first wave, thus disguising the incoming attack force, was another bit of good fortune completely out of Japanese hands. What is more, the whole series of American blunders and misunderstandings were so many unexpected bonuses for the Japanese.

The tremendous gamble paid off with Japan's greatest victory of World War II. It made its play and cashed in its winnings, but its triumph was only temporary. The Japanese fought the long, agonizing conflict which ensued with all the skill and bravery which were their glory and the senseless brutality which was their bane, but never again would Hirohito's Navy touch the heights of that first attack. For never again would it have the time to exploit fully the national gifts for painstaking craftsmanship, exquisite design, and ceaseless patience. And never again would the Japanese catch Uncle Sam so completely asleep at the switch.

As the initial shock and gloom wore off, the American public began to realize that the Pearl Harbor attack had been by no means an unmitigated disaster. Even Bloch, no wild-eyed progressive, said in retrospect, "The Japanese only destroyed a lot of old hardware. In a sense they did us a favor.[51] Far more quickly and thoroughly than the Americans could have done themselves, the Japanese had kicked the U.S. Navy upstairs into a swift, modern force with the carrier at its heart.

The shallow waters in the anchorage preserved most of the stricken ships to fight another day. The salvage and restoration of those ships are a saga of expertise, tenacity, hard work, and invincible optimism. Before the Pacific war ended, all but three of Japan's victims had been renovated and helped harass the Axis to final defeat. One of the three—the target ship *Utah*—would not have engaged in the conflict in any case. Just two combat battleships—*Arizona* and *Oklahoma*—were beyond salvage.[52]

Of infinitely more value than the repair of shattered ships was the welding together of the American people into a mighty spear and shield of determination. No more did Americans ask whose fight it was or question what they

should do about it. Yet one must not exaggerate the type of unity the Japanese bestowed upon the Americans. The entire nation had not suddenly become of unanimous mind; the national energies had mobilized to achieve a single, readily identifiable goal.

The Japanese gave each American a personal stake in the titanic struggle for the minds and bodies of mankind which raged in Europe and Asia. After December 7, 1941, Americans no longer could look upon the war from a distance as an impersonal, ideological conflict. The sense of outrage triggered a feeling of direct involvement which resulted in an explosion of national energy. The Japanese gave the average American a cause he could understand and believe to be worth fighting for.

Thus, in a very special way Pearl Harbor became the turning point of the world struggle. The United States could—and undoubtedly would—have entered World War II eventually in some other way. No doubt in the long run the manpower, resources, and industrial might of the United States would have prevailed. But Pearl Harbor ensured that American strength would be concentrated into an arrow point of resolution, that the entire nation would stand as one man and woman behind the men at the front.

Military history is one of the most rapidly shifting of all studies. Strategy and tactics alter with fluctuating world conditions, technology, and leadership; alliances about-face so that the deadly enemy of yesterday may easily become the cherished friend of today; the daring revolutionary of one war suffers a sea change into the rigid dogmatist of the next; weapons and other matériel become obsolete almost before they leave the drawing board. But Pearl Harbor demonstrated one enduring lesson: The unexpected can happen and often does.

AT DAWN WE SLEPT

The Untold Story of Pearl Harbor

GORDON W. PRANGE

IN COLLABORATION WITH DONALD M. GOLDSTEIN AND KATHERINE V. DILLON

McGRAW-HILL BOOK COMPANY

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"Oh, no, it's only practice," Frear reassured her. "Don't get excited, Claire."[36]

From his apartment in the Halekulani Hotel, Admiral Pye could view "the general direction of Pearl Harbor." Hearing gunfire, he looked out the window. Seeing bursts of AA projectiles, he said to Mrs. Pye, "It seems funny that the Army would be having target practice on Sunday morning."[37]

Mrs. Anna Kahanamoku was taking a shower when she heard what she assumed to be gunnery practice. Someone had told her that "every time a battleship fired those 16-inch guns it cost the taxpayers $30,000." She began to count off the booms disapprovingly.[38]

So outlandish was the idea of a Japanese air strike on Oahu that Honolulu's Mayor Lester Petrie watched it for half an hour and still "couldn't believe it." He stated some days later:

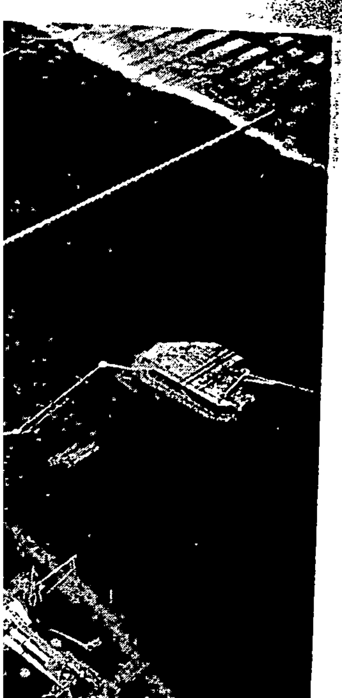
> It looked to me very much like a practice smoke screen. The smoke was right on the ground, going right over the entrance to the harbor, and I thought that was a perfect demonstration. I got my glasses out and saw the fire burning on the ground, didn't see any fire coming from the hangars, and they seemed to be intact, and I could see the shells exploding in the air, the clouds, black clouds that they make. And then I saw the detonation possibly of bombs which I thought at the time were mines that we might have been setting off outside the entrance.
>
> Then I got a little suspicious....[39]

Waiting to attend mass aboard the *Solace*, Lieutenant Ruff heard the firing and reflected, "Oh, oh, some fool pilot has gone wild."[40]

Harold T. Kay, an officer in the National Guard, was attempting unsuccessfully to persuade his wife, Ann, to return to the mainland with the three children, aged 9, 11, and 13, "due to the tensity of the situation." A few years later he related vividly:

> ...during our argument, why, the house began to shake, and I told her to go downstairs to find out what the kiddies were doing, that I had never heard them make a noise like that before. And she tore downstairs and came back and reported that they were not doing anything; they were quietly eating breakfast.
>
> So I told her to go outside and see what was happening. The house was still shaking, and large booms, and so forth, and she came running back and said, "Well, it's war all right."

perations in 1942. (Smithsonian



Salvage crews from the Pearl
h a series of shore winches on
on the hull of the ship. Though
action. In 1947, while being
a storm. (U.S. Naval Historical

ready to sortie, and now Rood directed the engine room, "Make preparations for getting under way. Full power, emergency."[22]

At 0931, the *St. Louis* began backing out in the direction of the capsized *Oklahoma,* Rood at the conn, with Fink and the navigation officer, Lt. Cmdr. Graham C. Gill, on the bridge.[23] Originally, Rood planned to move directly down the south channel, but seeing the *Nevada's* ordeal, he feared she might block the channel. So as the *St. Louis* began to move, he thought it would be a good idea to steam completely around Ford Island and he notified Admiral Leary aboard the *Honolulu* what he intended to do. Leary considered that Admiral Pye, as commander, Battle Force, should be informed, so he answered, "Notify *California.*" Rood looked over at Pye's flagship, saw that she was sinking, shrugged his shoulders and thought, "What's the use?" So he did not bother to notify the *California* but returned to his original plan and maneuvered southward. This brought the *St. Louis* through burning oil that had leaked from the *Oklahoma,* as well as through the many men struggling to keep afloat in the oily waters. Rood could only hope fervently that he would not run down any of them.[24]

When the *St. Louis* reached a point roughly between Drydock No. 1 and the seaplane tender *Avocet,* moored at the Naval Air Station Dock, Rood realized that a steel cable linking a dredge to shore was directly across his course. There was no time to maneuver, and if he did not cut the cable, it might well scrape along the bottom of the ship and foul her propellers. So he called for "Emergency Full," even though he knew that the *St. Louis* did not yet have enough steam up. But he wanted the cruiser at all available power. What she had was enough, for she "hit that cable a smashing blow and snapped it like a violin string."

Further down the channel, Hickam Field was burning with frightening force. The smoke was blowing westward so thickly across the channel that Rood, his officers, and men could scarcely see. Rood sent for smoke helmets and everyone possible donned one. As the cruiser neared the outer channel, however, the smoke lifted and she steamed under it.[25]

Early in the second attack action, an enlisted man aboard the tilting *Vestal* turned to Ensign Smart. "Mr. Smart," he observed, "the Japs are strafing us and have been torpedoing us, the ship's been hit and is sinking, we may have to abandon ship, and the oil on the water is on fire and I can't swim." He paused for breath, fished an en-

velope out of his pocket and flourished it. "And here is a letter from my wife's lawyer who says that if I don't pay this bill for $18.00, he's going to make trouble for me!"[26]

By 0910, Commander Young had maneuvered the *Vestal* to a position southeast of McGrew's Point, and her crew had the fires under control, except in the lower hold. But her situation continued to deteriorate. She was settling, and her list to starboard increased.[27] Finally, at 0945, Young remarked to Ensign Hesser, "The ship is getting into bad shape. We had better beach her." So the *Vestal* dropped anchor at Aiea and came to rest in the mud, in 11 feet of water. The fire in the lower hold, Compartment A-9, "the after bulkhead of which is the forward bulkheading of the forward magazine, compartment A-6-M, raised the temperature of the magazine." Thirty-seven charges of powder had been removed when the fumes overcame three men and this operation had to be discontinued.[28]

Admiral Furlong's flagship, the *Oglala*, was listing so badly that the sailors could not maintain a good footing to man the guns. With no further contribution to the battle possible, Furlong's primary concern was to save the lives of his men. So he ordered "Abandon Ship."[29] Men slid "off the deckhouse out to the dock at about 45 degrees with their guns, and they set up their guns on the dock, and the doctors and many of the crew set up there receiving the wounded and the injured from the battleships."[30]

Furlong was the last to leave; in fact, the *Oglala* had begun to turn over just as he left her at about 1000. She rolled toward the dock, and the admiral stepped from his bridge toward the dock. His chief of staff was already ashore and gave him a hand; otherwise he might have fallen between the ship and the dock.[31]

Such mutual assistance efforts as those of the *Oglala's* doctors and crewmen were taking place despite the continued Japanese attack. At 0920, the old gunboat *Sacramento* sent her No. 1 motor launch to the *Oklahoma*. It returned with two survivors, "after landing about 25 others in place of safety."[32]

The minesweeper *Tern* got under way at 0943 with a racket from her engines, her boilers having been cold. As she moved down channel amid oil and debris, headed for Battleship Row to render assistance, Baker 1st Class Emil Johnson saw many small boats picking up survivors. The *Tern* herself took aboard two from the *Chew*, thirty from the *Oglala*, and thirteen from the *West Virginia*.[33]

ordered a change of uniform. "Each man was to bring two suits of whites to the mess hall to be dyed." No dye being available, the whites were dipped in "very strong, boiling hot coffee. They came out a dark brown." Nearby, at the armory, "Sands and his shipmates were in high glee. They gladly reenacted their roles in the duel," describing every detail of shooting down Iida for the benefit of Avery and others who had come to ask about it.

Back at the bungalow, Avery discovered that the army had moved in two AA batteries, "manned by reservists with less than 90 days of Regular Army experience." Most appeared to be between 18 and 22 years of age. They arrived at about 1400, and Avery conceded that they set up in an efficient manner.[2]

Radioman Moser awoke about 1600 as he was being put into an ambulance that took him and three other wounded men to the Territorial Hospital in the town of Kaneohe. "This later caused some consternation among state-side friends who knew Territorial as a mental hospital and didn't know that we had been taken there because of lack of hospital facilities at the air station."

Moser needed expert care, for he had been hit in many places, the most serious wound being "just below the belt line on the southeast side while traveling north. This had cut the main artery in the right leg." During his stay in the hospital he received fifteen blood transfusions which came from a mixed bag of donors—six Japanese, five Caucasians, two Chinese, and one each Filipino and Korean.[3]

This mixture of blood was a tribute to community solidarity. An emergency call for plasma brought hundreds to Queen's Hospital in Honolulu, much faster than the doctors could take the blood. Donors stood in line for hours: white, brown, black, and every imaginable tint in between—huge Hawaiian workmen, dainty Chinese girls, white-collar workers by the busload, field and dock laborers, and Japanese by the hundreds, the older generation clad in black in token of respect.

Soldiers and sailors tried to sneak through the line twice. The entire crew and some of the passengers from the Dutch ship *Jagersfontein*, which happened to be in Honolulu Harbor, showed up. A group of prostitutes gave blood and then begged to help with the work. The center gratefully set them to clean-up tasks. Former Governor and Mrs. Frear waited their turn. That morning Mrs. Frear and her little Japanese housemaid had wept in each other's arms; now she stood in line, composed and smiling. When a nurse tactfully hinted that at

78 and 72, respectively, Frear and his wife were somewhat over the 50-year age limit for donors, Mrs. Frear pushed the objection aside. "It ought to be very good blood," she protested. "It has lasted us a long time!"[4]

Many spent the afternoon looking for wounded, taking them to hospitals, and helping men to get to their units. The hospital at Hickam had limited facilities and was overflowing, so Lieutenant Reeves personally drove his car back and forth to Tripler Hospital.[5]

Laurence Nakatsuka of the Honolulu *Star-Bulletin* hurried off to see what news he could gather at the Japanese consulate, having wrung a reluctant consent from editor Riley H. Allen, who feared for the safety, even the life, of his AJA* reporter "on that tumultuous morning."[6] He had covered the consulate a number of times and was friendly with Kita and Yoshikawa.[7] At first Kita refused to admit that Japanese were attacking Oahu, let alone give Nakatsuka a statement. The reporter had to rush back to the office for a copy of the day's extra and present it to Kita as confirmation.[8]

Meanwhile, Shivers of the FBI discovered that the consulate was not guarded and still had telephone service. "I tried to find out who could properly take over that duty there and I could not find anybody who would do it," he said, "so I instructed the Chief of Police to place a guard around the consulate for the protection of the consul general and the members of his staff and the consular property."[9]

Around 1215, Chief Gabrielson turned the job over to Captain of Detectives Benjamin Van Kuren and Lt. Yoshio Hasegawa of the Records Division. Taking along Capt. Robert Kennedy and two detectives, they soon reached the consulate. Uniformed policemen armed with sawed-off shotguns "were patrolling on the outside boundaries of the consulate." Two of these guards escorted Van Kuren and Hasegawa to the rear of the building. There in the driveway stood Kita, "dressed in a pair of gray slacks and a light-colored, short-sleeved, sport shirt, open at the neck." He was holding the *Star-Bulletin* extra with its scarehead WAR! OAHU BOMBED BY JAPANESE PLANES, and talking to Nakatsuka. When Van Kuren informed him that the police were establishing a guard over the members of the consulate, he merely nodded acknowledgment.[10] This cool reaction was typical. "Kita," said Kotoshirodo, "was the type who could be sitting on top of a volcano and still maintain a calm, detached and aloof attitude."[11]

* American of Japanese Ancestry.

DEC. 7 1941

THE DAY THE JAPANESE ATTACKED PEARL HARBOR

GORDON W. PRANGE
WITH DONALD M. GOLDSTEIN
AND KATHERINE V. DILLON

AUTHORS OF AT DAWN WE SLEPT

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 strafer 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,

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?

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

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 wardroom 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

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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-

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DAY OF INFAMY

by
WALTER LORD

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

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