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OA/ID Number: 13785
Folder ID Number: 13785-004

Folder Title:
K-8 Pier Pearl Harbor, Hawaii 12/7/91 [OA 8331] [2]

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PEARL HARBOR

Day of Infamy

A half-century ago, Japan launched its surprise attack on Pearl Harbor, and the world has never been the same since



U.S. NAVY

By OTTO FRIEDRICH

Warden was just going back for seconds on both hotcakes and eggs . . . when this blast shuddered by under the floor and rattled the cups . . . It had become very quiet and everybody had stopped eating and looked up at each other.

"Must be doin some dynamitin down to Wheeler Field," somebody said tentatively.

—James Jones, *From Here to Eternity*

TIME Dec. 2, 1991

The brass band on the stern of the U.S.S. *Nevada* kept on playing *The Star-Spangled Banner* for the 8 a.m. flag raising even after a Japanese bomber roared overhead and fired a torpedo at the nearby *Arizona*. The torpedo missed, but the bomber sprayed machine-gun fire at the *Nevada's* band and tore up its ensign.

"This is the best goddam drill the Army Air Force has ever put on," remarked an *Arizona* sailor standing idly at the battleship's rail.

"Air raid, Pearl Harbor, this is no drill," said the radio message that went out at 7:58 a.m.



NOT A DRILL
Fire engulfs the bow of destroyer U.S.S. *Shaw* after it takes direct hit from Japanese bomber during raid on Pearl Harbor



Smoke blankets bomb-ravaged *West Virginia* and *Tennessee* in ruins of Pearl Harbor's Battleship Row

from the U.S. Navy's Ford Island command center, relayed throughout Hawaii, to Manila, to Washington. But there was an even sharper sense of imminent disaster in the words someone shouted over the public address system on another docked battleship, the *Oklahoma:* "Man your battle stations! This is no shit!" Across the lapping waters of the harbor, church bells tolled, summoning the faithful to worship.

Almost alongside the *Oklahoma,* another torpedo hurtled through the air. After releasing it, recalled Lieut. Jinichi Goto, commander of the Japanese torpedo bombers, "I saw that I was even lower than the crow's nest of the great battleship. My observer reported a huge waterspout springing up . . . *'Atarimashita!* [It hit!]' he cried."

"I felt a very heavy shock and heard a loud explosion," said the *Oklahoma's* executive officer, Commander Jesse Kenworthy Jr., "and the ship immediately began to list to port. As I attempted to get to the conning tower over decks slippery with oil and water, I felt the shock of another very heavy explosion." Kenworthy gave the order to abandon ship. He barely made it over the rising starboard side as the giant battleship began to keel over, trapping more than 400 crewmen below decks.

Just as the *Oklahoma* capsized, a tremendous explosion tore open the *Arizona.* "A spurt of flame came out of the guns in No. 2 turret, followed by an explosion of the forward magazine," said a mechanic on the nearby tanker *Ramapo.* "The foremast leaned forward, and the whole forward part of the ship was enveloped in flame and smoke and continued to burn fiercely."

In Commander Mitsuo Fuchida's bomber circling overhead, antiaircraft fire knocked a hole in the fuselage and damaged the steering gear, but Fuchida couldn't take his eyes off the fiery death throes of the *Arizona.* "A huge column of dark red smoke rose to 1,000 ft., and a stiff shock wave rocked the plane," he re-



U.S. NAVY

called years later, when he had become a Presbyterian missionary. "It was a hateful, mean-looking red flame, the kind that powder produces, and I knew at once that a big magazine had exploded. Terrible indeed."

As operational commander of the Japanese attackers, Fuchida watched and controlled everything. It was Fuchida who had given, exactly at 7:49 a.m. on Dec. 7, 1941, the order to attack the strongest naval base in the world: "*To!* [the first syllable of *totsugekiseyo,* meaning: Charge!] *To! To! To!*" It was Fuchida who sent back to Tokyo the triumphant signal that the attack had caught the Americans by surprise: "*Tora!* [Tiger!] *Tora! Tora!*"

Now Fuchida led the attack on the *Maryland,* another of the eight battleships berthed at the U.S. Navy's Pacific Fleet headquarters. He saw four bombs hurtling toward their target. "In perfect pattern [they] plummeted like devils of doom. They became small as poppy seeds and finally disappeared just as

tiny white flashes of smoke appeared on or near the ship."

Pearl Harbor is peaceful now, blue waves in the winter sunshine, an occasional toot of harbor traffic. A concrete canopy shrouds the rusted wreckage of the *Arizona,* the remains of more than 1,000 American servicemen entombed inside. Her flag is still raised and lowered every day on the mast emerging out of the quiet water.

The anniversary of the greatest U.S. military defeat, the day President Franklin D. Roosevelt called "a date which will live in infamy,"* remains a day of death and disgrace, an inglorious event, and the spirit of reconciliation still bows before gusts of rancor. When President Bush, a World War II fighter pilot, indicated that he would attend the Pearl Harbor anniversary ceremonies, White House spokesmen stiffly squelched any talk of Japanese officials' joining in. So did the Pearl Harbor Survivors Association. "We did not invite the Japanese 50 years ago, and we don't want them now," says the association's president, Gerald Glaubitz.

In American mythology, Pearl Harbor still represents, even after a half-century, a classic moment of treachery and betrayal. Certainly it was a moment of historic surprise, a moment when the impossible happened, when warfare suddenly spread, for the first and only time in history, to virtually the whole world. This was the moment that changed Americans from a nation of provincial innocents, not only ignorant of the great world but proud of their ignorance, into a nation that would often have to bear the burdens of rescuing that world. The same cataclysm also changed the Japanese from a people trying to find their place on the rim of the great world into a nation that would eventually redefine that world and place itself at the very center.

The surprise, when it first exploded over Pearl Harbor, was shattering, and everyone who experienced it can still remember what was going on when the news interrupted that quiet Sunday: the Washington Redskins playing the Philadelphia Eagles, Arthur Rubinstein as soloist in the New York Philharmonic broadcast, or just a visit with friends. Trying to explain the national sense of bewilderment, the TIME of that time reflected the kind of racism that implicitly underlay the basic American attitude. "Over the U.S. and its history," declared the weekly newsmagazine, "there was a great unanswered question: What would the people . . . say in the face of the mightiest event of their time? What they said—tens of thousands of them—was: 'Why, the yellow bastards!' "

As often happens in surprise attacks, however, the surprise of Pearl Harbor was largely a matter of national illusions. The leaders on both sides fully expected a war, indeed considered it inevitable, even to some extent desirable, but neither side really wanted to fight unless it had to. Up to the last minute, each antagonist thought the other was bluffing.

Japan's navy had already begun planning and training for the attack on Pearl Harbor when Emperor Hirohito startled his assembled advisers on Sept. 6 by asking an imperial question. In the midst of a fervent debate over when and how to go to war, the Emperor, who traditionally never spoke during such gatherings, suddenly pulled out and read in his high-pitched voice a poem by his revered grandfather Emperor Meiji:

All the seas, in every quarter,
are as brothers to one another.
Why, then, do the winds and waves of strife
rage so turbulently throughout the world?

Roosevelt, re-elected to a third term in 1940 after pledging that "your boys are not going to be sent to any foreign wars," knew that Hirohito was just a figurehead ruler over a militarist government dominated by the flinty General Hideki Tojo. Still,

*In dictating to his secretary, Grace Tully, the short speech in which he would ask Congress to declare war against Japan, Roosevelt originally said, "Yesterday, December 7, 1941, a date which will live in world history, the United States was suddenly and deliberately attacked." Reviewing the typescript, Roosevelt crossed out "world history" with his pen and wrote "infamy."

Grace
Uyehara
609-953-7413

FACT SHEET: INCARCERATION OF JAPANESE AMERICANS

"On February 19, 1942. . .President Franklin D. Roosevelt signed Executive Order 9066,which gave to the Secretary of War and the military commanders the power to exclude any and all persons, citizens and aliens, from designated areas in order to provide security against sabotage, espionage and fifth column activity. Shortly thereafter, all American citizens of Japanese descent were prohibited from living,working or traveling on the West Coast of the United States. The same prohibition applied to the generation of Japanese immigrants who, pursuant to federal law despite long residence in the United States, were not permitted to become American citizens. American citizens and their alien parents were removed by the Army, first to "assembly centers" - temporary quarters at racetracks and fairgrounds - and then to "relocation centers" - bleak barrack camps in desolate areas of the West. The camps were surrounded by barbed wire and guarded by military police. Departure was permitted only after a loyalty review in consultation with the military, by the War Relocation Authority. Many of those removed from the West Coast were eventually allowed to leave the camps to join the Army, go to college outside the West Coast or to whatever private employment was available. However, the war years were spent behind barbed wire; and for those who were released, the prohibition against returning to their homes and occupations on the West Coast was not lifted until December 1944.

This policy of exclusion,removal, and detention was executed against 120,000 people without individual review, and exclusion was continued virtually without regard for their demonstrated loyalty to the United States.

All this was done despite the fact that not a single documented act of espionage, sabotage or fifth column activity was committed by an American citizen of Japanese ancestry or by a resident Japanese alien on the West Coast.

No mass exclusion or detention, in any part of the country, was ordered against American citizens of German or Italian descent. Official actions against enemy aliens of other nationalities were much more individualized and selective than those imposed on the ethnic Japanese."

Personal Justice Denied, Final Report (1983)
Commission on Wartime Relocation and Internment of Civilians

Cressie
Nakagawa
415-362-2657

Grant Ujifusa
914-241-5753

1. Which Rights Were Violated?

Seven of the ten articles of the Bill of Rights were abrogated. They were as follows: ***Article I :*** (a) freedom of religion, (b) freedom of speech, (c) freedom of the press, (d) right to assemble; ***Article II***: (e) right to keep and bear arms; ***Article IV:*** (f) freedom from unreasonable searches and seizures; ***Article V:*** (g) right to an indictment or to be informed of charges,(h) right to life, liberty, and property;***Article VI:*** (i) right to a speedy and public trial, (j) right to be confronted with accusatory witness, (k) right to call favorable witnesses, (l) right to legal counsel; ***Article VII:***(m) right to trail by jury; ***Article VIII:*** (n) right to reasonable bail, (o) freedom from cruel and unusual punishment; ***further constitutional guarantees abridged were:*** (p) right against involuntary servitude, (q) right to equal protection under the laws, (r) right to vote, (s) right to habeas corpus.

2. Did the Federal Commission on Wartime Relocation and Internment of Civilians examine the declassified diplomatic cables?

Following the issuance of its report, the Commission issued an addendum on the "Magic cables. The Commission found that, "the Magic cables confirm their basic analysis presented" concerning Japan's intelligence efforts on the West Coast.

In fact, the U.S. Government officials knew from the secret "magic" cables that the Japanese government had instructed its staff to "avoid" the use of Japanese Americans in gathering information.

The Commission found that the declassified cables and the controversy over the allegation of spies to be irrelevant to their conclusion that the mass incarceration of Japanese Americans was wrong. "Such evidence(of convicted spies) provides no good argument for excluding all German Americans or Italian Americans from the coasts and detaining them in the interior. Equally, there were no good arguments for excluding and detaining the Japanese Americans."

3. Weren't Japanese Americans free to leave the detention camps?

Detainees were expressly prohibited from leaving the camps under Civilian Restrictive Order 12 and Public Proclamation 8 issued by General John De Witt and Public Proclamation WD 1 issued by Secretary of War, Henry Stimson.

Anyone leaving without permission was shot, as evidenced by the eight inmates killed by guards.

Another illustration of the fact that people were detained against their will is the Mitsuye Endo case. Upon finding herself involuntarily detained, she petitioned for a writ of habeas corpus in July 1942, but her plea for release was denied by the federal court for almost three years.

4. Considering the attack on Pearl Harbor by the Japanese, wasn't the government justified in locking up the Japanese?

As Americans , we were not responsible in any way for the actions of the government of Japan. We had absolutely nothing at all to do with the bombing of Pearl Harbor.

By logic of the question, one could then ask, are Americans of German ancestry to be held accountable for the acts of Nazi Germany? Or, are Americans of Italian ancestry accountable for the acts of the Italian government during World War II? The fact that only Japanese Americans were taken en masse without individual review substantiates the Commission's findings that it was, in part, an act of racism. Japanese Americans were readily and wrongfully identified as the enemy without regard to their rights as American citizens. Remember too, that Pearl Harbor is located in Hawaii,yet Americans of Japanese ancestry in Hawaii were not interned. To do so would have brought a halt to the economy of Hawaii because Americans of Japanese ancestry constituted, then as now, a major portion of the work force.

5. Wasn't it a military necessity because of the dangers of espionage and sabotage?

If there were any such dangers, they did not come from Japanese Americans, No person of Japanese ancestry was ever charged with or convicted of espionage or sabotage. The fact that the Japanese American population was of no threat was fully documented by the FBI, Navy, Intelligence , and a special investigatory report ordered by the President. Furthermore, it was physically impossible for much of the Japanese American population to have engaged in espionage or sabotage--they were too young, too old, or too visible. If military necessisty dictated eviction and detention, why weren't those of Japanese ancestry in Hawaii, 3,000 miles nearer the Japanese mainland in an active theater of the war, also detained?

6. Wasn't it just an unfortunate necessity because there was a threat of invasion and there was no time to determine who was loyal and disloyal?

If there was an actual threat of invasion, martial law should have been declared and the restrictions applied to everyone equally, as was the case of Hawaii. But martial law was not declared on the West Coast because our government and the military knew that Japan was incapable of landing an invasion force on the continental United States, especially after June 1942 (the battle of Midway in which the Japanese naval fleet was virtually destroyed). The question of who was dangerous was already determined through FBI and Navy Intelligence files. Anyone suspected of the crimes of espionage or sabotage should have been charged and brought to trial in the civil courts, which were in full operation.

7. Wasn't it a perfectly understandable wartime lapse caused by panic and hysteria?

The movement to exclude Japanese Americans from the West Coast had been going on for nearly 50 years, and the war was only a convenient pretext seized upon to accomplish that goal. The public did not suddenly and spontaneously go berserk; instead, a carefully calculated and organized hate campaign was conducted by long time anti-Japanese groups. For the first month of the war, the public was generally sympathetic or indifferent towards Japanese Americans, but as the months wore on and as any initial shock should have subsided, the hate campaign started to achieve results. Furthermore, panic and hysteria should never justify the abrogation of constitutional guarantees.

8. Weren't you placed in these camps for your own protection against mob violence?

In a case of mob violence, the law-breakers should be locked up--not the innocent intended victims. There was no basis for believing that the Japanese American population was in grave danger. There were just 28 isolated cases of assault against Japanese Americans on the West Coast during the first months of the war. The general public may have been prejudiced, but they were law-abiding people. Any small need for security could have been readily handled by the local police and sheriff departments. The physical arrangement of the camps prove that the purpose was detention--not protection. Despite being in the middle of isolated deserts with no others around, the camps were surrounded by barbed wire fences with the tops tilted inwards to keep the people **in**; the guards in the watchtowers had their weapons pointed **into** the camps; and the searchlights were directed **inside** the camps.

The Nisei Soldiers' Fight for Freedom

They defended a country that had imprisoned them

BY RUTHE STEIN

Rudy Tokiwa was 15 years old in 1942, when the United States government ordered Japanese-Americans on the West Coast into internment camps because of strong anti-Japanese feeling following the bombing of Pearl Harbor.

His parents were forced to give up their farm in Salinas and move with their five children to a camp in Poston, Ariz., surrounded by a barbed wire fence with a guard tower. All seven Tokiwas slept in one room, in a tar paper barracks.

"I'll be honest. When they first put us in that camp I thought, 'The hell with this country. I hope Japan comes over here and whips our butt,'" recalled Tokiwa, now 57 and the owner of a flower nursery in Salinas. "But as I thought about it more and more, I realized Japan wasn't my country. The United States was."

Tokiwa was one of 33,000 Nisei (second-generation, American-born Japanese) from Hawaii and every state in the Union to enlist in the U.S. Army during World War II. Why did so many of these young men come from behind barbed wire camps to volunteer for military service? Why did they risk their lives fighting for a country that, at the beginning of the war, classified them as enemy aliens?

"We wanted to prove we were as American as anybody else. When the chips were down for this country, we would fight just as hard if not harder," said Tokiwa, who single-handedly captured 13 German prisoners. He was shot in the hand, leg and back and, as a result of war injuries, needs crutches to walk.

Nisei soldiers were segregated into the 100th Infantry Battalion and the 442nd Regimental Combat Team which, combined, became the most decorated unit of its size in U.S. military history. Its men were presented with 18,143 individual decorations, including a Congressional Medal of Honor, 52 Distinguished Service Crosses (one of them to Daniel Inouye, now a U.S. senator from Hawaii) and 588 Silver Stars for combat heroism. But the price they paid was high: 9486 men in the unit were killed or wounded in action.





Tanaka, left, and Kawaguchi fought to show they were Americans

Most Americans learned about their bravery through a 1951 movie called "Go for Broke," the slogan and battle cry of the 100/442nd, starring Van Johnson and many actual veterans of the Nisei unit. Now their story is being told again in their own words in a documentary, "Nisei Soldier: Standard Bearer for an Exiled People," by Bay Area filmmaker Loni Ding.

The film, which will be shown on PBS this spring, will premiere at 7:30 p.m. Sunday at the Palace of Fine Arts as a benefit to support the legal defense of three Nisels seeking to overturn criminal convictions against them for defying World War II regulations concerning evacuation of Japanese Americans and draft registration. Proceeds from the premiere will also be used for a traveling exhibit, "Go for Broke," originated by the Presidio Army

(over)



U.S. ARMY PHOTO

The Japanese-American 442nd combat team, above, was decorated for bravery during World War II

Museum, about the 100/442nd.

Several local veterans are featured in "Nisei Soldier," including Tokiwa and Chester Tanaka, a 64-year-old publications designer in San Francisco who received the Purple Heart and Bronze Star for his military service.

Tanaka was one of the few members of the 442nd to make it through five major European campaigns and played a hero's role in their famous rescue of the so-called Lost Battalion in France in 1944.

The battalion, comprised entirely of Texans, was trapped seven days behind German lines until the Nisei forces found them. When all the officers in the rescue operation were killed or wounded, Tanaka, then a sergeant, took command and was one of the first to reach the Texans.

"It was the worst fighting I was ever in. The Germans had us completely surrounded," Tanaka recalled. He said there was "no jumping for joy, let me tell you," when he reached the Texans, just a "dull realization that we had to fight our way back." Ironically, there were more Japanese American casualties than the total number of Texans who were rescued.

Because the Nisei troops saw so much active duty, Tanaka said the "cannon fodder question" has been raised — was this the military's way of getting rid of them? But Tanaka said he "never felt that at all. We had a job to do and we did it. Naively, we felt all the other GIs were going through the same thing."

When the war was over, those other GIs helped Japanese Americans battle prejudice on the home front. "If a bartender refused to serve us a drink, a GI would bash his nose in or break the mirror," said Tanaka.

Rudy Tokiwa recalled one incident right after the war when a waitress refused to take his order because he was Japanese. "I'm hot-tempered. I broke all the tables in the restaurant." As it turned out, the policeman who stopped him had served in the Army and knew all about the Nisei unit. "He told me he didn't blame me and let me go," Tokiwa said, smiling.

When the sister of a Nisei solder who had earned a Distinguished Service Cross posthumously was warned by vigilantes not to return to her home in Southern California "because we don't want Japs here," General Joseph Stilwell and President Reagan, then an Army captain, spoke out on her behalf.

To provide information on the role of Japanese American soldiers in World War II, which included intercepting and decoding Japanese communications and battle plans and other military intelligence throughout the Pacific, China and Burma, a Nisei veterans' organization called Go for Broke Inc. was formed in 1981.

Tanaka, who wrote a book about the unit, also called "Go for Broke," devotes much of his time to this organization, along with retired Major Thomas Kawaguchi, 63, now a financial management consultant in the Bay Area.

"We have to tell the story of the Nisei soldiers over and over again to remind Americans this truly is a melting pot," said Kawaguchi, who was also in an internment camp before joining the Army.

By interning Japanese Americans during the war, "only for a moment our government failed," said Kawaguchi. "But the United States is the greatest country in the world because it admits its mistakes and tries to rectify them.

"Freedom is very delicate. I lost it once and regained it, and I would fight again and again to preserve it."

This, Kawaguchi believes, is the message of the Nisei soldiers.

The Oakland Tribune

D-6 **** Sunday, March 3, 1985

Forgotten heroes of fighting 442nd go for broke again

By Eric Schwarz
Special to The Tribune

At the time they were enlisted, they might have been considered the most unlikely soldiers in the U.S. Army.

Recruited in internment centers and sent off to basic training camp, they were fighting for a government that had locked up their families and confiscated their property. They were fighting for a government that was killing tens of thousands from the homeland of their ancestors.

Yet the members of the 442nd battalion during World War II didn't let that stand in their way. Their ancestry was Japanese, but in their hearts they were Americans.

So when 6,000 of them were signed up, they did the job right. They liberated dozens of French and Italian towns and ultimately became what may be the most decorated unit in U.S. Army history.

Putting the word out

Now they think it's about time word of their heroism got around.

Chester Tanaka, an Oakland lawyer, publisher and decorated veteran of the 442nd battalion during World War II, sees it as a constitutional struggle, and a matter of civil rights.

"Our story is a lesson to all minority groups," he said. "We have something to contribute. We are Americans."

Yosh Matsuoko, a Richmond resident who fought at Tanaka's side from June 1944 to May 1945, thinks it's a public relations problem.

"People don't know we did something for this country," Matsuoko said.

Now, with the 40th anniversary of Germany's May 8 surrender coming up, survivors of the 442nd unit, nicknamed "Go For Broke" during the war, have started a national historical association of the same name. The Bay Area members are engaged in an escalating international effort to tell their story.

... Dwelling on the positive

Mostly they want to tell about their exploits during the war. They'd rather discuss that than talk about the 120,000 Japanese-Americans who were stripped of their property during World War II and incarcerated by the U.S. government in 10 internment centers in the Western states.

Ten days ago, in a packed room in a Buddhist church in Union City, a dozen veterans of the Go For Broke battalion met to recount for an audience of 100 their experiences during the war years and the history of the 442nd battalion.

Given the persecution they experienced, the veterans might have felt angry, but little anger was expressed. Instead they joked and laughed, and compliments for the United States far outnumbered complaints.

But underlying the banter, several of the veterans said, was fear that they and other Asian-Americans are still resented, and hope that knowledge of their war role will bring them the respect they deserve.

Confusing situation

With coaxing, the veterans at the Union City gathering recalled the confusion they felt during the war years as American citizens labeled enemy aliens. Soldiers in training camp taunted them with racial epithets. Officers asked which way they would shoot.

One survivor, Kiyoshi Yoshii of Hayward, lost his left arm in the fight to liberate Briers,



Kiyoshi Yoshii
Fighting for 442nd again

France, from German occupation. He recalled the pain he felt when authorities closed his father's Oakland restaurant and ran his family out of town.

"I would look in the mirror and could see I was an Oriental, but in my heart I knew I was an American. I wanted to fight for my country," he said.

In 1943, the military, in a bind, began recruiting soldiers from the internment camps. In 1944, after an abnormally long 15-month training period, they finally sent the Japanese-American 442nd battalion to Europe, where it liberated 38 towns in five campaigns over a year.

Most-decorated unit

On the battlefields of Europe the soldiers of the 442nd earned vigorous praise from Allied generals, acceptance from their fighting mates and the distinction, according to several military historians, of being the most-decorated unit in U.S. Army history.

This is the history they want to discuss.

After the war the soldiers returned for a few days of parades and then reunions with families still captive behind barbed wire in the internment centers.

By 1949, Tanaka said, the celebrated veterans had helped overturn some 592 federal laws enacted against their race. Those included laws regulating where they could gather, what they could own and where they could get their hair cut.

Several recent Japanese-American court suits, filed to gain redress for property taken during the war, have been unsuccessful. Tanaka said efforts in Congress to gain redress are now stalled — a situation he said Go For Broke will be monitoring closely with an eye toward lobbying for passage of restitution legislation.

Awareness, not cash

But Tanaka added that awareness — not restitution — is Go For Broke's principal goal. And on this front their success seems to be building

Go For Broke's collection of photographs, documents and oral histories, now housed in their Folsom Street office in San Francisco, will likely be displayed in Berlin, Paris, Pearl Harbor and Houston museums this year. A major New York publishing house is interested in the paperback rights to a book Tanaka has written about the soldiers, he said, and a national commemorative stamp is a possibility.

Much of Go For Broke's effort is now focused on getting the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D.C., to make their story part of its 1987 commemoration of the Constitution's 200th anniversary.

M. K.

November 25, 1991

Mr. Demerest
Assistant to the President for Communications
White House
1600 Pennsylvania Avenue
Washington, D.C.

Dear Mr. Demerest:

I have sent the attached letter to President Bush. If you feel it appropriate, please feel free to include part or all of it in the President's speech at Pearl Harbor on December 7.

My father, Bill Leu, is a survivor of the attack, as well as of other battles. His ship was sunk in the Coral Sea, and most of his shipmates were lost. His Navy record is untarnished.

He and my mother, Lois Leu, will attend the ceremony where the President is scheduled to speak. They reside at 22418 77th West, Edmonds, Washington.

I have lived in Japan for over 15 years, attending one year of high school as an exchange student and four years of college. I am employed by United Airlines. My wife is a Japanese national.

The purpose of the letter, of which my parents are unaware, is to demonstrate pride in my father's generation and in America's ability to meet challenges.

Thank you for considering including my comments to the President in his speech.

Sincerely,

Robert B. Leu
Regional Corporate Communications Manager
United Airlines

Residence: 7-13-9 Oi
Shinagawa-ku, Tokyo
Japan

Home telephone: 011-81-3-3777-2943

November 25, 1991

President George Bush
White House
1600 Pennsylvania Avenue
Washington, D.C.

Dear President Bush:

America's present course -- an alert and formidable military combined with strong international relationships -- assures the nation of peace and prosperity.

A half century ago, my father's thoughts were on surviving the attack and winning the war. He could not have envisioned a future where his son would study and work in Japan. But he recognizes that the world has changed, that America's challenges are different.

His attitude represents that of the United States: Do your duty, and raise the next generation to do its'.

Sincerely,

Robert B. Leu

(Regional Corporate Communications Manager, United Airlines)

7-13-9 Oi
Shinagawa-ku, Tokyo
Japan

442nd Veterans, "Lost Battalion" Hold Emotional Reunion

Source: The Rafu Shimpo, 9/2/80. Los Angeles.

DALLAS —For the first time in 36 years, members of two Army units involved in one of the most heroic battles of World War II held an emotional reunion during the Labor Day weekend here, and L.A. Times staffer Charles Hillinger was on hand to cover the nostalgic gathering.

Few of the 500 Texans or 250 Japanese Americans had seen each other since the week-long battle to rescue the "Lost Battalion" in German-occupied southern France in October, 1944. For many of the Texans, the war was the only time they have ever had any contact with Japanese Americans, reported Hillinger in his story which appeared in the Sept. 1 edition of the Times.

The Allies had landed the previous August but the fighting was still very heavy and Hitler's forces were still in control.

It was the famed all-Japanese American 442nd "Go For Broke" Regimental Combat Team—the most highly decorated unit in U.S. military history—that came to the rescue of the 2nd Battalion, 141st Infantry of the all-Texan 36th Division.

The Texas battalion was trapped behind German lines for seven days. Repeated attempts by other Texas combat units were repulsed, resulting in heavy casualties. Some of those men attended the reunion, too. Finally the Japanese American forces were thrown into the fray.

The fighting was so fierce that there were more Japanese American casualties in the rescue operation than there were Texans trapped behind the German lines.

The "Go For Broke" regiment suffered 800 casualties in the battle to free 275 members of the Lost Battalion. More than 200 Japanese Americans were killed and more than 600 were wounded in the effort. Of the trapped Texans, 211 were rescued by the 442nd and 64 were killed in the battle.

"It was the ultimate of patriotism. These men came from behind barbed-wire internment camps, where the Japanese Americans were held, to volunteer to fight and give their lives," said Sen. Daniel K. Inouye of Hawaii, a member of the 442nd who lost his right arm fighting the Germans in France.

Inouye was the principal speaker at the reunion.

"We knew we were thought to be expendable. We were willing to do this. We accepted the challenge," he said. "It wasn't easy. There was a lot of bloodshed.

"Out of this experience we—our Texas comrades and we of the 442nd—have developed a friendship that will last forever."

"Rescuing the Texans was something we had to do," said Hoppy Kaneshina, 56, who operates a small cafe in Gardena, Calif. His entire company was almost wiped out in the effort to rescue the Texans.

"It was the go-for-broke, shoot-the-works spirit of our men. We were out to prove ourselves, to prove that we were loyal Americans. We had to rescue those Texans no matter what the cost."

At the reunion were scores of Texans and Japanese Americans like Inouye with arms and legs missing and scars from bullet wounds and shrapnel from the battlefield.

"I paid a high price—my leg—to get the Texans out from behind enemy lines," said Frank Fujino, 62, of Culver City, who came to the reunion in a wheelchair. "I have no regrets," he added.

Among the Texans at the reunion were members of the Lost Battalion and many others of the 36th Division who were involved in the engagement.

Jack L. Scott, 60, president of the 36th Division Assn., saluted the assembled 442nd veterans:

"You are our heroes. To be with you men again is the most powerful experience I have ever had."

The groups celebrated their 36 years of separation with a four-day down-home Texas party with barbecue dinners, square dancing and an excursion to the Dallas Cowboy-Pittsburgh Steeler football game.

Among the veterans of the 36th Division was John D. McKeel, Sr. of Balch Springs, Tex., who wore a yellow ribbon on his lapel. His son, Marine Sgt. John D. McKeel, Jr., 27, is a hostage in Iran.

It was Fresno attorney Shim Hiraoka, 65, who had the original idea to get the two groups together and who worked to bring the reunion about.

"I thought the story of the 442nd and the 36th Division ought to be heard at this time," Hiraoka said. "No longer in our country is there a feeling of the necessity to sacrifice to keep this nation strong.

"If we had been surrounded by an enemy force and virtually captured like the Lost Battalion, we would have wanted someone to come and get us.

"There are 50 Americans in Iran and no one is going after them . . ."

Texans and Japanese Americans spent hours during the four-day reunion reminiscing.

In one room, survivors of the Lost Battalion and the Japanese American from "I" Company of the 442nd who made the breakthrough and were the first to contact the trapped Texans recalled the battle.

Everyone in the room had been shot or hit by shrapnel in the skirmish.

"There were 275 of us completely surrounded by the Germans. They had us sandbagged," recalled Harry McGowan, 58, a retired San Antonio fireman.

"We were trapped in the woods in the hills of southern France for seven days' with fighting all around us. We cut down trees to cover our foxholes for protection. We were running out of ammunition. We were out of food," said Bill Stadler, 56, of Erie, Pa.

"It was desperate," chimed in Bob Harrison, 55, of Pryor, Okla. "Our 2nd Battalion tried to break through and reach us and were thrown back with heavy casualities from German fire.

"Then you fellows from 442nd made it through at a heavy loss and got us out of there."

"How did it feel to have us Boddhaheads save you?" asked Monte Fujita, 64, of Los Angeles. (The 442nd veterans all through the war and to this day call one another Boddhaheads as a nickname.)

'Hey, you guys are the greatest! You're the best damned soldiers ever. Because of you, 211 of the 275 men in our battalion walked out of that trap alive. If it wasn't for you, we would all have been slaughtered by the Germans," McGowan said.

"There's a lump in my throat and I've got this feeling in my heart," he continued, as tears welled in his eyes and he choked up with emotion. "There just are not the words to describe the deep feeling I have to be with you here today after all these years."

"God, remember how the Germans machine-gun emplacements were all over the place?" said Hideo Takahashi, 63, of Ontario, Ore. "We gave them a banzai attack but we never had so many casualties in one battle. We had to step over bodies of our dead comrades to keep going up that hill to get to you Texans."

"It was one helluva battle. It took us four days just to go 1000 yards. It took us a week to make it. Our fellows were being shot by Germans like flies. We kept fighting our way up that hill through machine-gun fire," recalled Shiro (Kash) Kashino, 58, of Seattle.

"What a good feeling we had when we finally broke through and reached you."

"You didn't feel half as good as we did," said Bill Stadler.

"You know our guys were all volunteers, most of us came out of the barbed-wire Japanese internment camps on the West Coast and from Hawaii. When the war broke out all of us Japanese Americans, guys like me who were born in America, were classified as enemy aliens," Kashino said.

"We had to prove to the rest of America that we were loyal to America. That's why we joined the Army as soon as we we permitted to, to show the Americans that we love this country as much as everyone else born and living here."

"I had a feeling of anger, resentment and humiliation when myself and my family were hauled out to a concentration camp. All of our rights were taken away. It wasn't easy. We thought we were Americans. It meant loyalty to a country that rejected us. It meant duty before human rights," said Victor Izui, 61, an Evanston, Ill. dentist.

"I was in Honolulu and was working near the Aloha Tower when the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor," said James Okumoto, 65, of Kaneohe, Hawaii. "I saw those planes fly over and saw the red meatball on the wings and I knew this was it—that we were at war.

"For me it didn't make any difference what my ancestry was. Those planes were dropping bombs and trying to kill everyone in Hawaii. I coundn't wait to fight to defend my country."

Kashino turned to the Texans and said, "Did you guys know we were in concentration camps?"

"It was a shame. It should have never happened. God Almighty knows it should have never happened," Stadler replied.

"There were a lot of ironies in those years," said Henry Nakada. "There were seven of us brothers in the service. In 1945 my mother was selected as the service mother of the year. She was in a concentration camp at the time. You should have seen all those gold stars for sons killed in action on the doors of the barracks in those concentration camps."

Bob Harrison recalled how some of the wounded in the Go-for-Broke unit and Texas soldiers wound up in the same military hospital in California.

"Do you remember when we would leave the hospital on passes and people would give you guys a bad time because you were of Japanese ancestry?" Harrison asked. "How we would go into a bar or into a place to eat and they refused to serve you fellows?

"And hell, this is only a few weeks after you laid your lives on the line for us and lost so many of your comrades."

The Japanese American veterans all nodded as they remembered.

"We made sure you were served when you fellows were out with us," Harrison continued.

"Sometimes it would wind up in a real donnybrook and we would have to eat on broken chairs or tables but we made sure they served all of you Go for Brokers and us guys from Texas."

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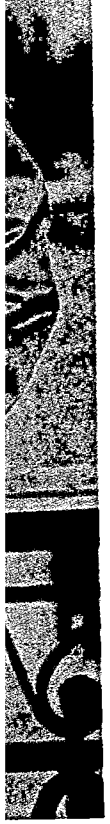
REMINISCENCES

GENERAL OF THE ARMY

Douglas MacArthur

McGRAW-HILL BOOK COMPANY

New York *Toronto* *London*



80-1964

Very rarely, indeed, have I been willing to make a public protest, and I greatly dislike so doing. But in this instance, I feel such action to be justified, and I am therefore releasing this letter to the press.

A short time later, Dr. Compton wrote me, saying:

I have been continually gratified at the reports in the papers over the continual progress and success of your administrative program in Japan. The one happening which has disturbed me was the episode of the Japanese cyclotrons. In fact, I had to release a certain amount of high pressure by writing to the Secretary of War. From him I had a very nice letter of the sort which I would expect, honest and straightforward. He accepted responsibility for the order as having gone out from his office. He said that it went without his personal cognizance, that it was a mistake, and that the matter should have been reported to him.

It was an unhappy affair and the attempt of the War Department to falsely shift the blame left a bad taste in my mouth. Whatever faults may be inherent in the military character, evasive misrepresentation has never been one of them.

Before the cyclotron episode, many changes had been made in the high command in Washington. General Marshall had been replaced by General Eisenhower, Admiral King by Admiral Nimitz, and Secretary of War Stimson by Assistant Secretary of War Patterson. The latter had been in close communication with me during the war and had been present at my headquarters during parts of the New Guinea campaign. He enjoyed an excellent reputation throughout the Army and was regarded with confidence by the military.

Shortly after my arrival in Tokyo, I was urged by members of my staff to summon the Emperor to my headquarters as a show of power. I brushed the suggestions aside. "To do so," I explained, "would be to outrage the feelings of the Japanese people and make a martyr of the Emperor in their eyes. No, I shall wait and in time the Emperor will voluntarily come to see me. In this case, the patience of the East rather than the haste of the West will best serve our purpose."

The Emperor did indeed shortly request an interview. In cutaway, striped trousers, and top hat, riding in his Daimler with the imperial grand chamberlain facing him on the jump seat, Hirohito arrived at the embassy. I had, from the start of the occupation, directed that there should be no derogation in his treatment. Every honor due a sovereign was to be his. I met him cordially, and recalled that I had at one time been received by his father

at the close of the Russo-Japanese War. He was nervous and the stress of the past months showed plainly. I dismissed everyone but his own interpreter, and we sat down before an open fire at one end of the long reception hall. I offered him an American cigarette, which he took with thanks. I noticed how his hands shook as I lighted it for him. I tried to make it as easy for him as I could, but I knew how deep and dreadful must be his agony of humiliation. I had an uneasy feeling he might plead his own cause against indictment as a war criminal. There had been considerable outcry from some of the Allies, notably the Russians and the British, to include him in this category. Indeed, the initial list of those proposed by them was headed by the Emperor's name. Realizing the tragic consequences that would follow such an unjust action, I had stoutly resisted such efforts. When Washington seemed to be veering toward the British point of view, I had advised that I would need at least one million reinforcements should such action be taken. I believed that if the Emperor were indicted, and perhaps hanged, as a war criminal, military government would have to be instituted throughout all Japan, and guerrilla warfare would probably break out. The Emperor's name had then been stricken from the list. But of all this he knew nothing.

But my fears were groundless. What he said was this: "I come to you, General MacArthur, to offer myself to the judgment of the powers you represent as the one to bear sole responsibility for every political and military decision made and action taken by my people in the conduct of war." A tremendous impression swept me. This courageous assumption of a responsibility implicit with death, a responsibility clearly belied by facts of which I was fully aware, moved me to the very marrow of my bones. He was an Emperor by inherent birth, but in that instant I knew I faced the First Gentleman of Japan in his own right.

When he left, I started to tell my wife how he looked, but she stopped me with her rippling laugh, saying, "Oh, I saw him. Arthur and I were peeking behind the red curtains." It's a funny world, but delightful, no matter how you figure it.

The Emperor called on me often after that, our conversations ranging over most of the problems of the world. I always explained carefully the underlying reasons for occupation policy, and I found he had a more thorough grasp of the democratic concept than almost any Japanese with whom I talked. He played a major role in the spiritual regeneration of Japan, and his loyal co-operation and influence had much to do with the success of the occupation.

After demobilization had been accomplished, early in October I issued

topher Isherwood in Weimar Berlin; a British band played "The World Turned Upside Down" at Yorktown; and Americans, during the throes of the Great Depression and World War II, sang "The Music Goes Round and Round," "Three Itty Fishes," "Hut Sut Song," and "Mairzy Doats."[66]

It happened thus in postwar Japan. Shortly after the capitulation on the *Missouri*, Tokyo Rose was replaced by "Tokyo Mose," a nisei whose broadcasts were beamed across the land by the armed forces network. At the same time, a U.S. journalist composed an odd verse of phrases which seemed to be spoken by the Japanese with astonishing frequency. Tokyo Mose crooned it over the radio to the tune of "London Bridge Is Falling Down":

Moshi, moshi, anonay?
Anonay? Anonay?
Moshi, moshi! Anonay?
Ah, so deska!

Roughly translated, this meant, "Hello, hello, are you there? Are you there, are you there? Hello, hello, are you there? Ah, is that so!" MacArthur's troops liked it; it seemed to sum up their amiable bewilderment in this strange country. And the Japanese accepted it enthusiastically. During that first postwar winter it was heard everywhere, until some people, both the occupiers and the occupied, cringed when they heard its first notes. One reason for its popularity among the Nipponese was that it pleased the American army, and they wished to be hospitable. Another reason may have been its repeated question, for Hirohito's stunned subjects really didn't know where they were or what had happened to the institutions they had been taught to cherish, particularly the imperial system.[67]

If there was one fixed star in the Shinto constellation, it was the sanctity of the *tennō*, the "emperor of heaven." Situated at the center of the nation, he was immovable, untouchable, a sacred being who never visited anyone except the council of Shinto gods. Even after the surrender, die-hard samurai were predicting to Hirohito's benumbed subjects that he would soon call for a return to *fukko*, antiquity, or even broadcast the slogan "*sonnō-jōi*," "Revere the Emperor! Drive out the barbarians!" Then they picked up their newspapers on September 28, 1945, and beheld a photograph of their little sovereign standing beside Douglas MacArthur. He had called on the General, top hat in hand. Some Japanese thought the picture had been faked, and some, for a few dangerous hours, believed that Hirohito must have been prodded into the American embassy at bayonet point, but the visit had been the emperor's idea. As MacArthur had foreseen, curiosity or an appreciation of his country's new realities had prompted Hirohito to make the move. According to Larry Bunker, the first inkling of it came when Nippon's foreign minister, Shigeru Yoshida, had crossed the moat the previous morning, ridden up to the sixth floor, and informed the General's staff that his sovereign

wished to talk to the Supreme Commander. MacArthur sent back word that he had no intention of setting foot in the palace; his position wouldn't permit it. At the same time, he realized that expecting Hirohito to call on his conqueror at the Dai Ichi, a public building, would be needlessly mortifying. Therefore he would receive him at the embassy. The emperor could be accompanied by an interpreter. One picture would be taken. Then they would talk for half an hour.[68]

The General hurried home and went directly to the drawing room. He was wearing simple suntans, with no decorations or insignia of rank; his collar was open. It was a warm day, and he saw no reason to change. Presently lookouts at the Dai Ichi phoned that a motorcade of old-fashioned black Daimlers was emerging from the Sakurada Gate. Crossing the moat at 10:00 A.M., it passed the demolished naval ministry, the sandlot game, and the Okura Museum, and rolled up the embassy drive. Bonner Fellers, stationed by the embassy portico, spotted the emperor first. In addition to his silk topper Hirohito was wearing an ancient claw-hammer coat and striped pants. Facing him on the jump seats were the translator and the lord privy seal, the Marquis Koichi Kido, a small, compact man in his fifties whose habits were so precise that other members of the court called him "Kido the Clock." Lesser officials — chamberlains, heads of protocol, the keeper of the treasures, and all manner of imperial household staff — trailed in the other cars.[69]

Hirohito and Kido emerged, Fellers saluted, and another officer politely asked the marquis to step to one side. It was an awful moment for the emperor. Except when on his throne he had never spoken for himself. Always the privy seal or another nobleman had explained that "the Emperor feels that," or "the Emperor has decided after great consideration," or "it is the Emperor's wish. . . ." Frantically Kido struggled to accompany his monarch into the building, but it was impossible; smiling, courteous U.S. colonels blocked him on every side. Hirohito, with his interpreter at his heels, advanced, trembling. On the threshold of the reception hall he suddenly confronted MacArthur, who murmured, "Your Majesty," and gripped his hand warmly. Speaking through the translator, the General recalled having been received by the emperor's father at the close of the Russo-Japanese War. He motioned him to a chair beside the fireplace and, as MacArthur later recalled, "offered him an American cigarette, which he took with thanks. I noticed how his hands shook as I lighted it for him. I tried to make it as easy for him as I could, but I knew how deep and dreadful must be his agony of humiliation."[70]

The General later told a visitor, "I came here with the idea of using the Emperor more sternly," but soon discovered that Hirohito was "a sincere man and a genuine liberal." Perhaps he also felt the compassion of one aristocrat for another: "I was born a democrat. I was reared as a liberal. But I tell you I find it painful to see a man once so high and mighty brought down

so low." MacArthur did concede that he had had "an uneasy feeling" that the emperor "might plead his own cause against indictment as a war criminal." Despite strenuous objections from the Russians and the British, the Supreme Commander had already struck his name from the list of defendants, but Hirohito didn't know that, and a plea for clemency would have been understandable, if unseemly. Instead he said: "I come to you, General MacArthur, to offer myself to the judgment of the powers you represent as the one to bear sole responsibility for every political and military decision made and action taken by my people in the conduct of [the] war." MacArthur felt "moved . . . to the very marrow of my bones. He was an Emperor by inherent birth, but in that instant I knew I faced the First Gentleman of Japan in his own right." After thirty-eight minutes of mannered civility they rose, bowed, and parted. As Hirohito retraced his steps toward the frustrated, perspiring Kido, the General heard a faint, rippling laugh. It was his wife. Jean and Dr. Egeberg had been peering out from behind folds of red drapes.[71]

The visitor's impressions of his host were, in the Oriental way, elusive. The first inkling his subjects had of his postwar mood was in a poem he published in the Tokyo newspapers:

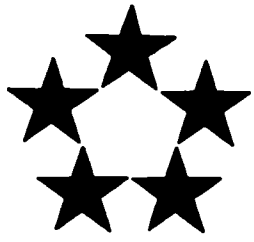
The pine is brave
That changes not its color,
Bearing the snow.
People, too,
Like it should be.[72]

The snow was the Allied army occupying his country; the people were the Japanese; he was telling them not to temper or alter their national character. In many ways they did not, but the abolition of absolute monarchy was bound to bring shifts in outlook, particularly in the monarch himself. After that first visit, the emperor called on the Supreme Commander twice a year. They developed a father-son relationship which would have been unthinkable before V-J Day. At first the people said of each precedent-shattering SCAP decision, "What will the emperor say?" They stopped because Hirohito endorsed all of them. "He played," MacArthur wrote, "a major role in the spiritual regeneration of Japan." Japanese politicians believed that the General was responsible for this. Yoshida, who was prime minister during most of MacArthur's viceregal years in Tokyo, concluded that the Supreme Commander's respectful bearing with the mikado — his order that "every honor due a sovereign is to be his" and his insistence that he not be tried and executed — "more than any other single factor made the occupation an historic success."[73]

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William Manchester

AMERICAN CAESAR



Douglas MacArthur
1880–1964

Little, Brown and Company Boston Toronto

ANNIVERSARY

A BOY GOES TO WAR





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

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

by GEORGE BUSH

December 7, 1941

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

December 8, 1941

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

June 12, 1942

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

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

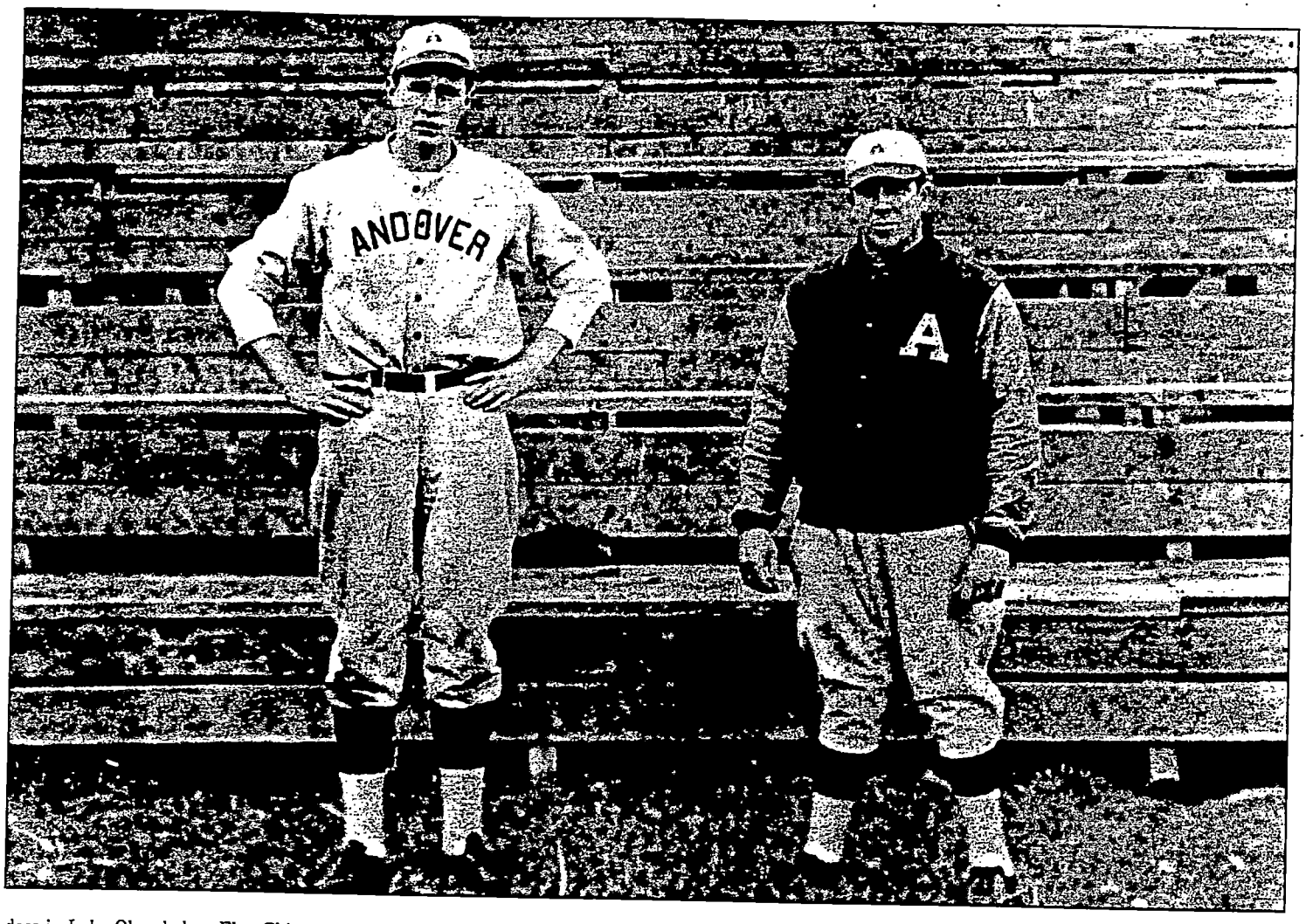
August 6, 1942

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

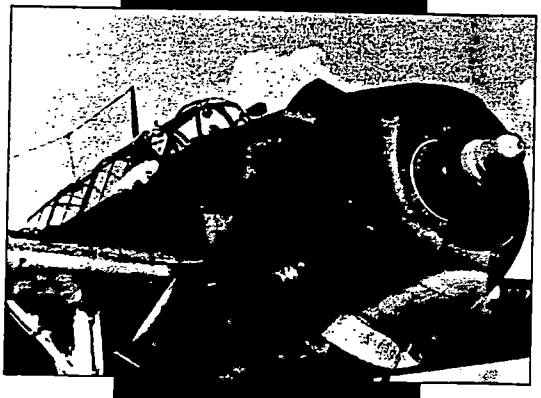
June 1943

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

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



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



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

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

Spring-Summer 1944

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

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

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

September 2, 1944

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

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

I was in the life raft about two hours, wondering if my life would be spared. I prayed to God; I was sick to my stomach and again I cried. I was a very scared kid, just 20, away from his mother and dad, paddling against the wind trying to get farther from the Japanese-held island. I later learned that my crewmen had been killed. Observers said that two persons were seen leaving the plane. The parachute of the other never opened, but mine did. God had spared me from that fate for whatever reason. Hellcat fighter pilots flew over my raft until I was rescued by the submarine U.S.S. *Finback* around noon. →

September 1944

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

October 1944

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

November 1944

I flew my final mission, the 58th, over the Luzon area, November 29. Puffs of antiaircraft fire, black and menacing, were nothing like the concentrated fire over Chichi Jima. Still you wonder. There was a sense of exhilaration in our ready room. We were going home. We'd probably make it for Christmas. Several of our VT-51 Squadron mates had been killed, but that was accepted. In a sense, the ferocity of the battle helped heal the hurt. It was our duty, our honor. We were fighting for the U.S.A. against tyranny. The country was united. We, on a carrier, were a part of something great and good. At times we were scared, but there were never any doubts.



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

Christmas Eve 1944

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

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



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

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

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

Winter-Spring 1945

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

Then off we went to carrier requalification in the Great Lakes. We bought our first car—a 1941 Plymouth, price $350—and drove across Canada to join our squadron in Lewiston, Maine. Up and down the East Coast in VT-153, a new torpedo squadron manned by some of my pals from VT-51. I checked out in the F4U, the hotshot gull-wing Corsair fighter . . . and for a moment I wondered if "low and slow" was good enough for me anymore. A fleeting thought only, since by now the feel of the TBF was a part of my very existence. The TBF was a forgiving airplane—and though I was a pretty good pilot, I'd still make errors that needed forgiveness.



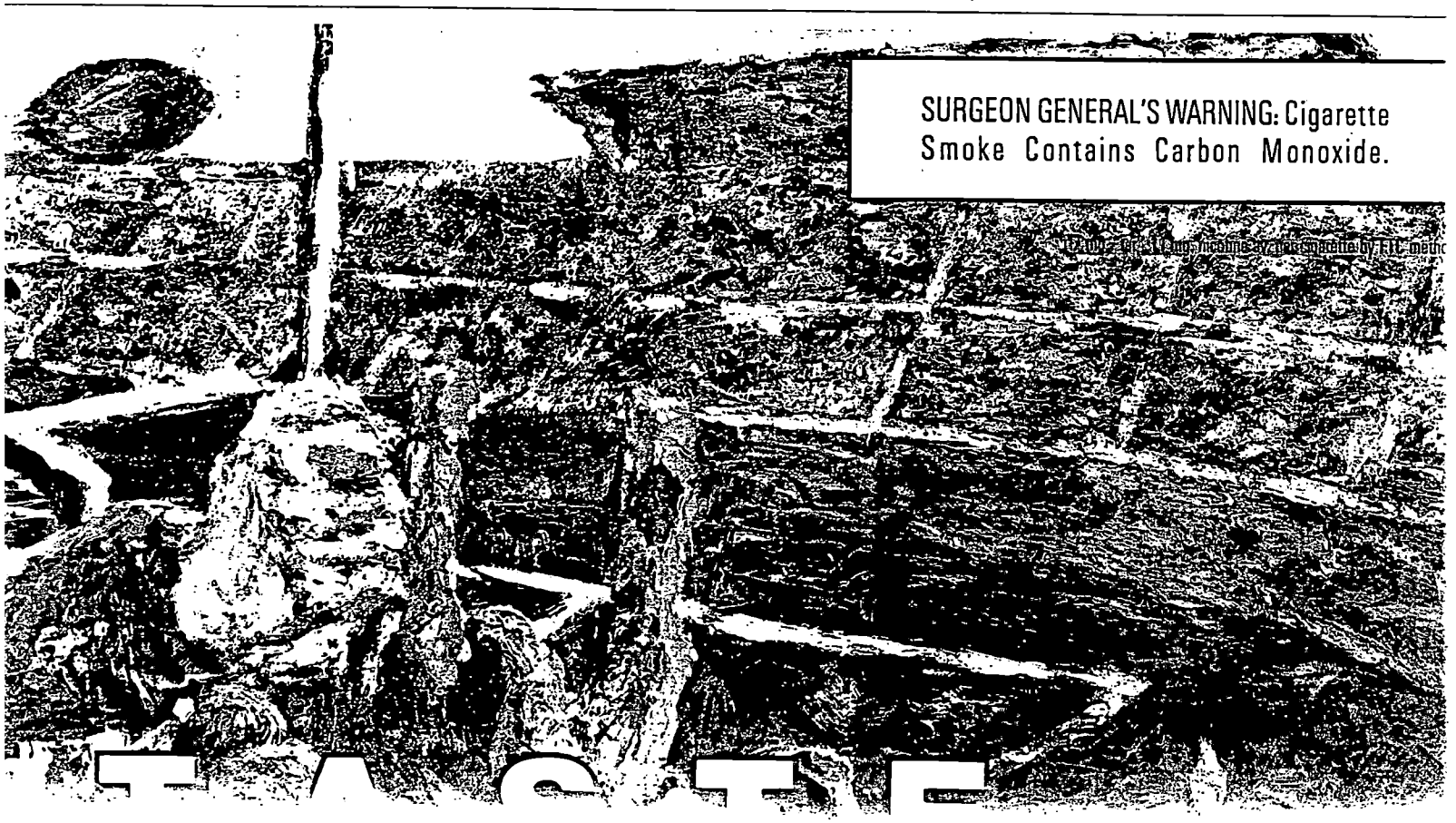
George W., the first of five children, got a lift at their home in New Haven while Papa was still in college at Yale. After graduation, they moved to Texas.

August 14, 1945

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

September 18, 1945

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





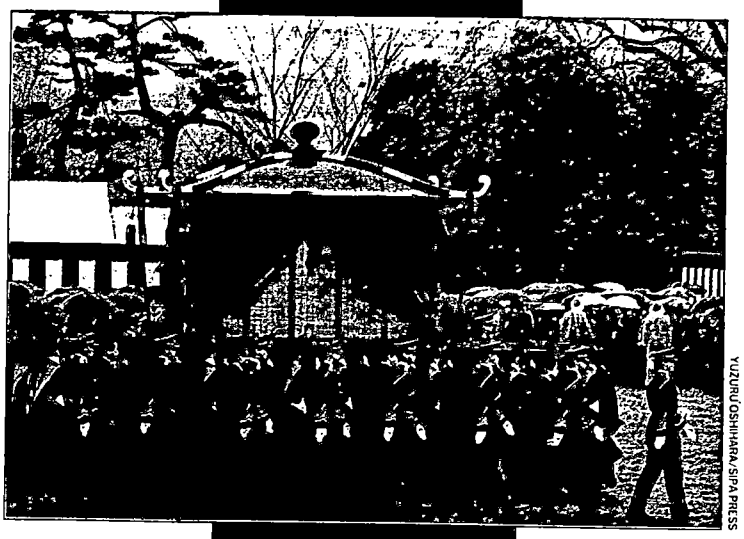
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YUZURU OSHIHARA/SIPA PRESS

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

June 1948

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

January 20, 1989

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

February 1989

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



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

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SEND US YOUR WAR STORIES

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

125 ¶ "December 7, 1941 — A Date Which Will Live in Infamy" — Address to the Congress Asking That a State of War Be Declared Between the United States and Japan.

December 8, 1941

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

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

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

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

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

Yesterday the Japanese Government also launched an attack against Malaya.

Last night Japanese forces attacked Hong Kong.

Last night Japanese forces attacked Guam.

Last night Japanese forces attacked the Philippine Islands.

Last night the Japanese attacked Wake Island.

And this morning the Japanese attacked Midway Island.

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

As Commander in Chief of the Army and Navy I have directed that all measures be taken for our defense.

But always will our whole Nation remember the character of the onslaught against us.

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

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

Hostilities exist. There is no blinking at the fact that our people, our territory, and our interests are in grave danger.

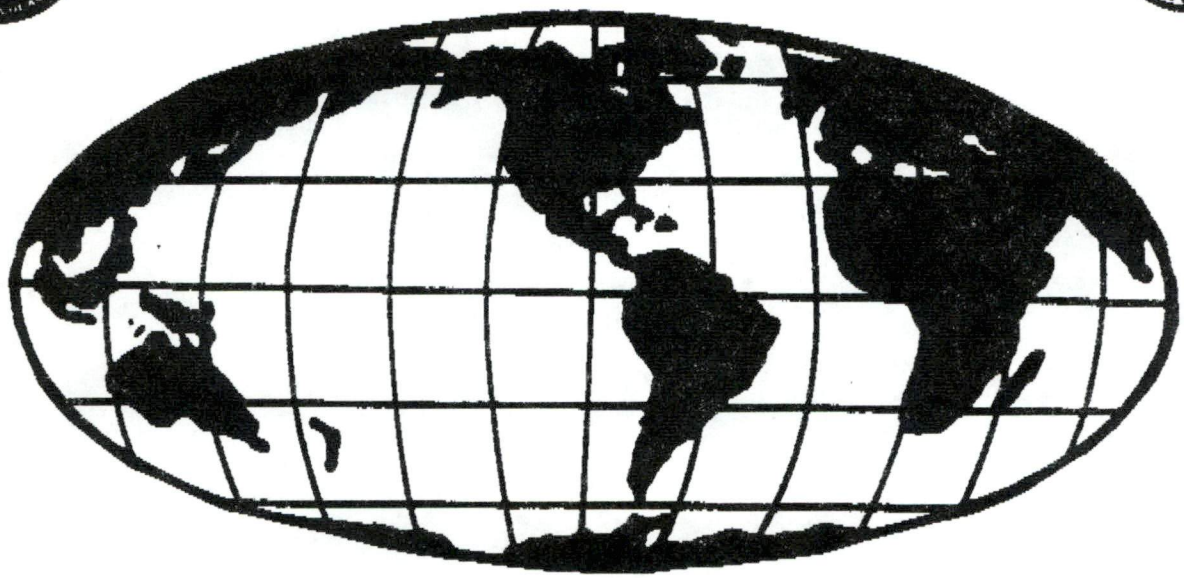
With confidence in our armed forces — with the unbounding determination of our people — we will gain the inevitable triumph — so help us God.

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

NOTE: Less than 24 hours after the receipt of the first news of the attack on Pearl Harbor, the President drove to the Capitol to deliver the foregoing message to a joint session of the Senate and the House of Representatives. The President spoke grimly for six and a half

DEPARTMENT OF DEFENSE
STRATEGIC DEFENSE INITIATIVE ORGANIZATION
WASHINGTON, DC 20301-7100

91 NOV 19 P5:34



INTERNATIONAL AND EXTERNAL PROGRAMS (SDIO/IE)

DATE: 11/19/91

TO: NAME Mary Kate Grant
FAX NUMBER: 202-456-6218
PHONE NUMBER:

NUMBER OF PAGES, INCLUDING COVER: 3

FROM: NAME Doug MacKinnon
SDIO/
FAX NUMBER: (703) 697-4027
PHONE NUMBER: (703)

COMMENTS: MK!

This actually is a good idea if you can squeeze it in somewhere. The language is not mine and I can rewrite something if ya decide to go that way. Call me if ya can. The sooner the better. They're really on my case over this. Thanks

Doug

The Strategic TArget System (STARS) is an SDIO prgram being executed by the Army and involves launching forty, three-stage, solid-propellant boosters with non-nuclear payloads over the next ten years. These will act as ICBM target vehicles to be launched toward Kwajalein Atoll in the Marshall Islands. The purpose of the tests is to develop the technology necessary to track the flight paths of ballistic missiles, and is a vital component of the Strategic Defense Initiative.

An Environmental Assessment (EA) for STARS was prepared by the Army in July 1990 and a supplemental assessment completed the following July. In October and November of 1990, two lawsuits were filed in Federal District Court by the Sierra Club and the State of Hawaii, alleging the STARS EA was inadequate and the program required a complete Environmental Impact Statement (EIS). The court ruled in August 1991 that an EIS was NOT required but Senator Daniel Inouye requested one be done to allay the concerns of the people of Kauai.

In an exchange of correspondence between Senator Inouye and SDIO Director Ambassador Henry Cooper, two themes were stressed. One was the need to address and allay public concerns with the STARS program and the other was the importance of enhancing a positive community relationship with the citizens of Kauai and Hawaii. In fulfillment of these goals, Ambassador Cooper decided to prepare an EIS for STARS launches from Kauai.

Unfortunately, during the litigation period, opponents to the program staged a tremendous media campaign against STARS and only since September has the military been allowed to correct misinformation and speak out about the safety and importance of the program.

The fear is that if the negative attitude of the local populous and politicians does not change, more lawsuits will follow and the launches will be eternally delayed. No feasible alternative launch vehicles or launch sites have been found, making this situation critical. The current program delay to complete the EIS is costing SDIO at least $6 million.

(2.) Honolulu.

Request President Bush make a positive comment about the people of Kauai's significant contributions to strategic defense during his address at the Naval Supply Center KILO-8 Pier on December 7. By taking advantage of this situation, the President's comments would lend credence to Strategic Defense Initiative programs. In particular, the Strategic Target System (STARS) launch program on Kauai is vital for proceeding to deploy a viable defense system. The President's words would greatly assist DoD efforts to counter the very large misinformation campaign being carried out against this SDIO program.

SUGGESTED PRESIDENTIAL COMMENT:

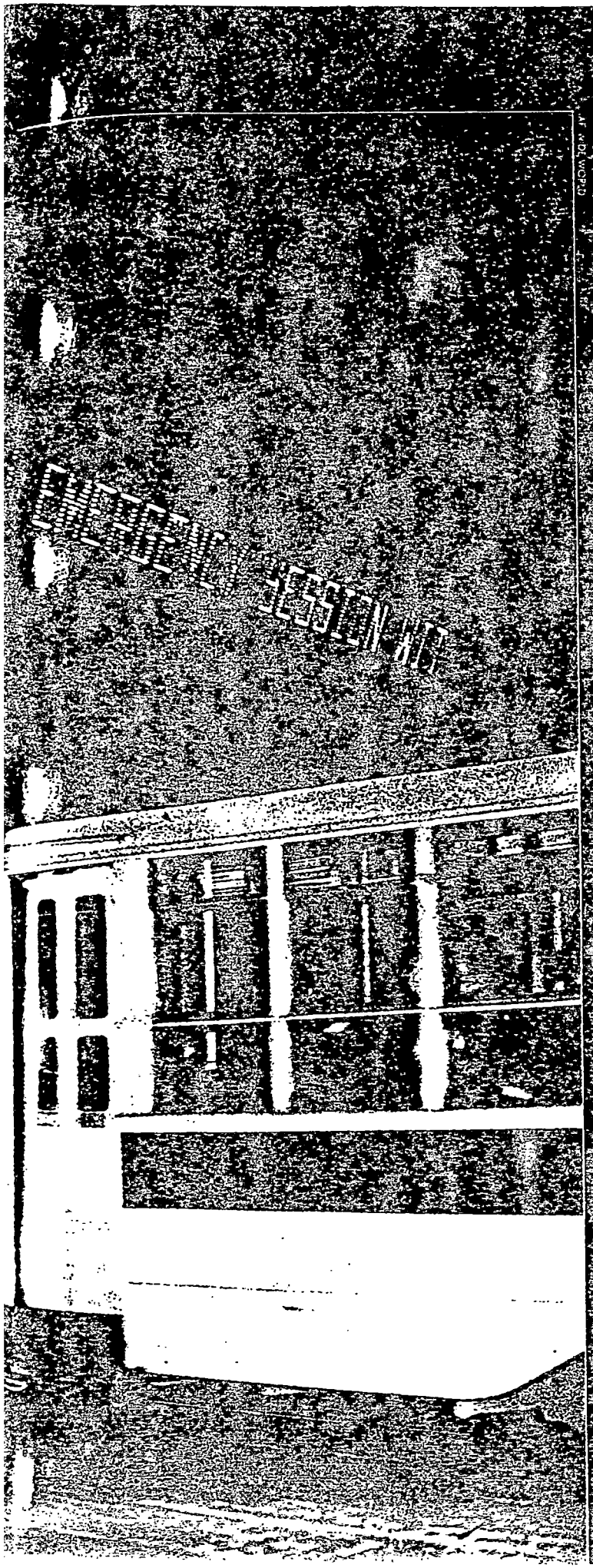
The people of Hawaii have always been staunch advocates for defense. These Americans realize the importance of defending their homeland. It is a fitting tribute to the people of Hawaii, that after suffering so from the lack of any defensive shield fifty years ago, they are today playing a major role in the development of the strategic defense initiative which will protect the entire nation from such a surprise attack in the future. Critical launches are being conducted on Kauai and key tracking and obsevation facilities are located throughout the islands.

Mary Kate!

This need work but you get the idea.

Thanks

Doug



The bombs that fell that Sunday didn't just knock out some battleships; they roused America into a new age. Here is how the long, unforgettable day unfolded.

"YESTERDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1941..."

by Richard Ketchum

For most Americans Sunday began quietly, with nothing to suggest that this was the last morning for almost four years when the nation would be at peace. It was cold and crisp, a glorious day across the eastern half of the country. The Roosevelts had company for the weekend—all old friends. The President's cousin Ellen Delano Adams and her husband, with their son and daughter-in-law, were there, as was Mrs. Charles Hamlin, known as Bertie, whom Franklin had met years before in Albany, New York, at his uncle Ted's inauguration as governor. The White House was silent when Bertie Hamlin awoke, and she dressed quietly, walked down the long hallway past the closed doors leading to the President's bedroom and study, went downstairs and crossed Pennsylvania Avenue to St. John's Church on Lafayette Square, where the bells were pealing for morning worship. By the time she returned, a number of people were climbing the stairs from the East Entrance. The luncheon guests had

News of the calamity at Pearl Harbor races across the *New York* Manhattan on the evening of December 7.

American Heritage 11/89

arrived—some thirty-one of them, and a mixed bag they were, friends, relatives, minor officials, Army Medical Corps officers—prompting someone to observe that the First Lady's secretary was cleaning up around the edges of the invitation list.

Although they may have hoped to see the President, none of the guests much expected him to put in an appearance; he said, talking peace in the Pacific while plotting to overthrow it.

That morning the corridors of the old State, War and Navy Building had been deserted when Secretary of State Cordell Hull arrived at ten-fifteen for a meeting with Knox and Secretary of War Henry Stimson. By two o'clock they were ready to call it quits and go to the Mayflower Hotel for

As Stimson started for the White House, he thought the Americans might have won a major victory at Pearl.



Soldiers at the San Francisco Presidio study an extra edition of the *Chronicle* on Sunday, and, at far right, a sailor kisses his girl good-bye the next day at Penn Station in New York City.

he was understandably preoccupied with the tense situation in the Far East, and on top of that, Mrs. Roosevelt explained, his sinuses were acting up. He was having a relaxed lunch in his upstairs study with his friend and adviser Harry Hopkins, who recalled that they were talking about "things far removed from war." Saturday, while the White House staff took half a day off for Christmas shopping, the President had worked late, and now, after finishing the lunch on his tray, he was enjoying the undemanding company of his old friend and his Scottie dog, Fala, while he paid a little overdue attention to his stamp collection.

At the Navy's communication station the clocks read 1348 when Chief Frank Ackerson was called to the Washington–Honolulu operator's message AIR RAID ON PEARL HARBOR THIS IS NOT DRILL.

While the President and Hopkins talked, the telephone rang, and it was Frank Knox calling Roosevelt—a stunned, stricken Secretary of the Navy, reporting the staggering news from Pearl Harbor. Hopkins, hearing that Japanese planes were still attacking, thought there must be some mistake—surely Japan would not attack Hawaii—but the President thought the report was probably true. It was just the sort of surprise the Japanese *would* spring on us,

lunch, and they were just leaving when the Japanese envoys Kichisaburo Nomura and Saburo Kurusu arrived outside Hull's office. They had a cable for the Secretary of State, a long and insulting reply to the imperious "Ten Point Plan" that Hull had submitted to them on November 27, which demanded that the Japanese withdraw from China and Indochina.

Hull already knew the contents of the document; American cryptanalysts had broken the Japanese code in 1940, and in this particular case they had translated Japan's reply before the Japanese embassy could. In fact, the ambassadors had been so hard pressed that they were an hour late getting their translation to Hull.

When they arrived at his office, the Secretary of State was busy on the telephone. His visitors could not know it, but the President was calling to inform him of the report from Pearl Harbor, advising him to receive the ambassadors formally but under no circumstances to inform them of the attack. He was to accept the reply to his note "coolly and bow them out."

Hull let the agitated Japanese sit outside for fifteen minutes—a tense quarter of an hour that marked an end to innocence and the beginning of a new and different era in

American history. When the two men were finally admitted to his office, he greeted them coldly and kept them standing, and when Nomura handed him the note, explaining that he had been instructed to deliver it at one o'clock, Hull asked why. Nomura said he did not know, but those were his instructions; the Secretary retorted sharply that he was receiving the message at two o'clock. Hull glanced perfunctorily



through the document and then, according to the subsequent State Department press release, said indignantly, "In all my conversations with you during the last nine months, I have never uttered one word of untruth. This is borne out absolutely by the record.

"In all my fifty years of public service I have never seen a document that was more crowded with infamous falsehoods and distortions—infamous falsehoods and distortions on a scale so huge that I never imagined until today that any government on this planet was capable of uttering them."

If the Japanese wondered how a man could know so much about a document he had barely skimmed, they did not say, but Nomura was about to speak when Hull cut him short with a motion of his hand and gestured toward the door. The two ambassadors left without a word.

Thus the authorized version. But when Dean Acheson arrived at the department several hours later—having rushed in from his Maryland farm as soon as he heard the news on the radio—little groups of people stood in the corridor, talking in whispers, while the Secretary, still in a towering rage, remained closeted with several intimates, and the word Acheson got from those who had overheard Mr. Hull ridding himself of the two Japanese was that he had done so in "native Tennesseean," calling them "scoundrels" and "pissants" in his fury.

Secretary of War Henry Stimson was weary, and he was feeling his seventy-four years. He had hoped to get away to his Long Island place for a rest, but the news that morning got progressively worse, convincing him that something bad was going to happen, so he stayed in Washington. He was eating lunch at Woodley, his handsome Southern colonial home overlooking Rock Creek Park, when the President called and asked, in an excited voice, "Have you heard the news?"

"Well," Stimson replied, "I have heard the telegrams which have been coming in about the Japanese advances in the Gulf of Siam."

"Oh, no," Roosevelt said, "I don't mean that. They have attacked Hawaii. They are now bombing Hawaii."

That was an excitement indeed, Stimson thought, and as he prepared to leave for the White House it occurred to him that American forces in Hawaii might have won a major victory; the defense forces in the islands had been alerted and were capable of inflicting severe damage on the attackers.

At 2:28 P.M. Adm. Harold Stark, Roosevelt's chief of naval operations, phoned the White House and informed the President that the first report was true, that the attack had caused some damage to the fleet and some loss of life—no one could yet say how much. Throughout the afternoon and evening the phone at the President's side continued to ring, each time bringing an even more distressing bulletin about the extent of the devastation. Roosevelt listened calmly to each report, usually without comment, and then returned to the business at hand.

About the time of Stark's first call, Mrs. Roosevelt was bidding good-bye to her departing luncheon guests when one of the ushers told her the news. The report was so stunning, she said, that there was complete quiet, and after she had seen her guests to the door she waited until Franklin was alone, hoping to slip into his study. It took only a quick glance to make her realize that he was concentrating on what had to be done and wouldn't talk of what had happened until the first strain was over, so she went back to work—work, at that moment, consisting of going through her mail and writing letters, with one ear cocked to the voices of people going in and out of the President's study, and finding the time and strength of character to concentrate on what she would say in her weekly radio broadcast that afternoon.

Roosevelt's first move, after Stark confirmed the report, was to summon his press secretary, Stephen T. Early, and dictate a statement for immediate release, and at two-thirty Louise Hachmeister, who supervised the White House switchboard, called the three wire services, put them on a conference hookup, and asked, "All on? AP? UP? INS? Here's Mr. Early."

"This is Steve Early at the White House," the press secretary said. "At 7:55 A.M. Hawaiian time, the Japanese bombed

Pearl Harbor. The attacks are continuing and . . . no I don't know how many are dead." Almost instantaneously alarm bells on teletype machines in every city across the country began to ring.

"Give us the reaction from London"

In London the CBS correspondent Robert Trout was sitting in the BBC's Studio B-2, two stories underground. He had been stationed there since early November, temporarily replacing Edward R. Murrow, who had returned to the United States with his wife, Janet, for some rest and recreation, and as Trout looked at the wall of the studio, he found himself thinking that there was a huge bomb crater on the other side and that all that stood between him and the hole was a single course of bricks.



FDR dug in his heels when Hull urged him to make his message to Congress long and elaborate.

Manhattan office workers listen to Roosevelt on December 8.

For these nightly broadcasts, CBS leased a transatlantic telephone line for ten minutes. Even though the transmission might last for only a fraction of that, ten minutes was the minimum rental, with the result that some of the time was used in preparing for the broadcast and testing voice levels, with engineers, announcers, and others in studios on opposite sides of the ocean conversing. Trout was waiting for his cue from the CBS news department chief, Paul White, to go on the air, while next to him, as always, sat a British censor.

The procedure called for the censor to read the script that the reporter had prepared in advance, approving it or asking him to delete or alter something, but both parties knew that the censor had his hand on the control by which he could cut off Trout if he extemporized and said something that was not permitted. The regulars like Murrow and Trout had a good working relationship with the censors. It was all very informal and friendly, and in addition to his official duties the censor actually served as a technician, by cutting Trout in and out.

Trout was wearing earphones, listening to a British engineer and an American in Riverhead, Long Island, discuss the transmission. He recognized other voices from the CBS studio in New York—none of them on the air, of course, just desultory conversation between people waiting for the broadcast to begin. Paul White loved to sit in front of the complex instrument panel, surrounded by gadgets, and he would either push a lever and tell Trout to start talking or simply let his man in London listen to the broadcast and wait for the announcer to say, "And now we bring you Robert Trout in London—come in, Bob Trout."

But tonight Trout realized that his cue was being delayed for some reason, and he didn't hear White's voice. He was also aware that the door to the studio in New York had opened because he could hear the clatter of teletype machines in the hall outside, then a babble of voices, and someone saying, "Of course it means war . . . but why Pearl Harbor?," which is how he became aware of what had occurred.

Then White came on, to say he would have to tell Trout what they had just seen on the wire. "I already know," Trout told him. White didn't ask how he knew (he died before Trout ever had a chance to tell him); instead he said, "Okay then, I'm cutting you in. Give us the reaction from London."

For a horrified moment Trout couldn't believe his ears. He turned to the censor, who realized immediately the spot he was in, thought for a moment, and then nodded his approval—meaning that Trout could go ahead with the "reaction" as best he could.

"I have no idea what I said," Bob Trout recalled, "but somehow I put some words together and delivered a two-minute talk. Then I was off the air—though only for a while. I was on again any number of times that night."

A few minutes later Trout had a telephone call from Ambassador John G. Winant, who was visiting the British prime minister at Chequers and was furious. Why hadn't Trout called the embassy and told them we were at war before he began his broadcast? What did he think I should do, Trout wondered, call the American embassy and announce, "We are at war"? Until Winant asked the question, Trout hadn't realized that he had been the first person in Great Britain to learn that hostilities had begun between the United States and Japan.

Ambassador Winant had had a busy weekend. He was supposed to have gone to Anthony Eden's country house on Friday evening, to discuss the foreign secretary's forthcoming conversations with Joseph Stalin in Moscow (Eden was leaving for Russia on Sunday), but the news from the Far East intruded on the U.S. ambassador's plans. What with one thing

and another, he didn't arrive at Eden's place until after midnight on Saturday, but his obliging host "found me some supper and we stayed up until the early hours of the morning discussing his mission." When Eden departed at ten o'clock, Winant left for Chequers, a hundred miles away, to see the prime minister, whom he found pacing back and forth outside the front door, the other guests having gone inside to lunch.

Churchill at once asked Winant if he thought war with Japan was imminent. When the ambassador replied yes, Churchill stated with some vehemence, "If they declare war on you, we shall declare war on them within the hour."

After lunch most of the guests departed, leaving the prime minister to work and to rest, since he had been up most of the previous night, while Winant spent a quiet afternoon with Averell Harriman, who was in England coordinating the Lend-Lease program, and his daughter. A few minutes before nine o'clock they assembled in the dining room and found Churchill sitting alone, grim and silent; as soon as they took their places, he called out to Sawyers, the butler, asking him to put a portable radio on the table so he could hear the news. Churchill switched it on, and as the sound of music faded away, it was replaced by a voice announcing that the Japanese had attacked the U.S. fleet at Pearl Harbor. As the diners looked at each other incredulously, Sawyers came back into the room to assure them, "It's quite true. We heard it ourselves outside. The Japanese have attacked the Americans."

Churchill bounded to his feet and headed for the door, exclaiming, "We shall declare war on Japan."

Winant got up and hurried after him, saying, "Good God! You can't declare war on a radio announcement! Don't you think you'd better get confirmation first?"

Churchill walked through the hall to the office, which was manned twenty-four hours a day, and told his staff to put through a call to the White House.

"Mr. President, what's this about Japan?" Churchill asked when the connection was made.

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

Hull let the agitated Japanese ambassadors sit outside his office for fifteen minutes.

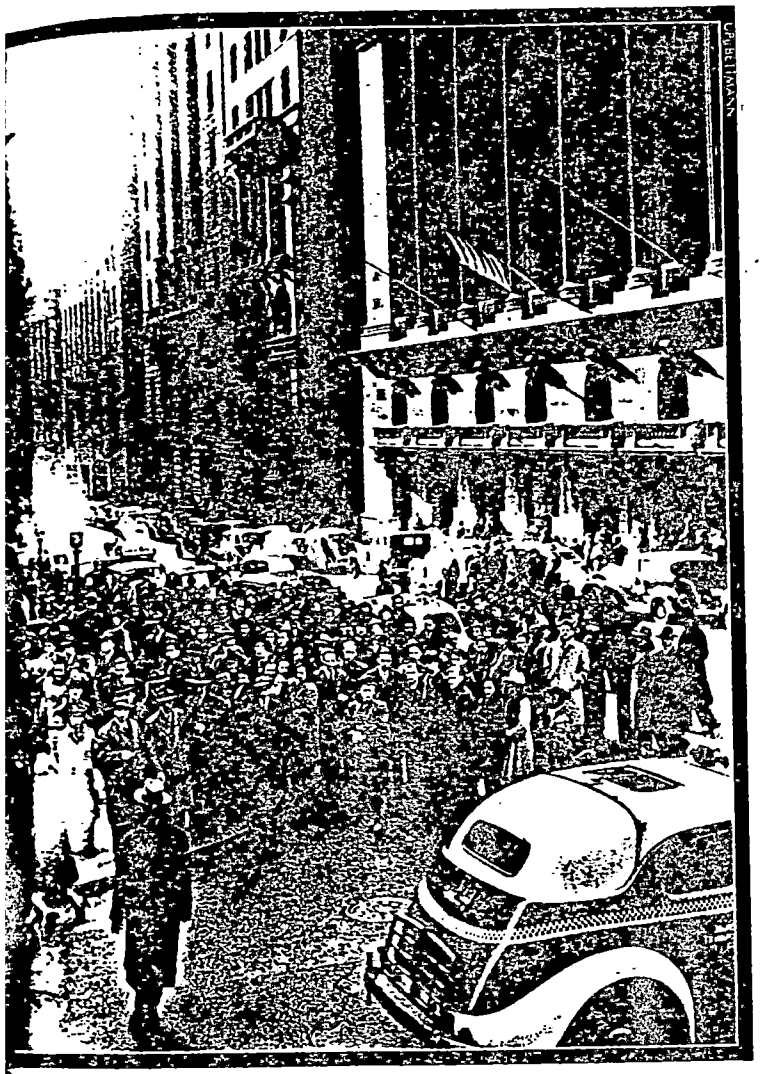


The Japanese ambassadors Nomura (seated) and Kurusu wait at the State Department for their meeting with Cordell Hull; at far right, Wall Street crowds listen to FDR call for war.

After the two leaders talked briefly (no mention was made of the serious losses that had been suffered), the prime minister and his guests returned to the table and, as Churchill said, "tried to adjust our thoughts to the supreme world event which had occurred." To the man who represented Britain's last chance, the indomitable leader whose courage and conviction had rallied his countrymen when the nation seemed doomed, the news that America would be in the war—"up to the neck and in to the death"—was a gift from the gods. "So we had won after all!" he exulted, confident now that "England would live; Britain would live; the Commonwealth of Nations and the Empire would live." After the long succession of defeats, the trials that were enough to scar men's souls—Dunkirk, the fall of France, the threat of invasion, the blitz, the U-boat war—he knew at last that there was "no more doubt about the end."

"It is the worst day in American history"

From New York, Ed and Janet Murrow had come to Washington, where they were to have dinner at the White House on Sunday, December 7. That afternoon Murrow was playing golf at the Burning Tree club when a man rushed out of the



clubhouse shouting that Pearl Harbor had just been bombed. Murrow went at once to the CBS office to confirm the report and phoned Paul White in New York. Earlier in the day a friend had driven Janet Murrow to an Army airfield near Washington so that she could see the planes awaiting shipment to England. She was amazed. The field was jammed with aircraft, and until then she had had no idea that Lend-Lease was producing aid on such a scale for Britain. In the afternoon she was with their hosts, listening to the New York Philharmonic, and when the program was interrupted with a bulletin about the attack, she assumed at once that their dinner engagement would be canceled. To her surprise, when she phoned the White House, Mrs. Roosevelt told her that they were still expected.

At three o'clock the President met with the War Council—Hull, Stimson, Knox—plus the two military chiefs, Gen. George Marshall and Adm. Harold Stark, and despite the gravity of the circumstances, Harry Hopkins remarked the absence of tension. These men, for whom the imminence of war had been a constant presence, reacted as Churchill did when he heard of the attack. They had concluded long since that the ultimate enemy was Hitler; they knew the Germans [illegible] sooner or later, moreover, the United States was bound to be in the war, so it was an unexpected boon that "the crisis had come in a way which would unite all our people," as Stimson remarked.

Harry Hopkins saw things in an even more positive light. "Japan had given us an opportunity," he felt. Others looked on the day's bloody events not as opportunity but as unmitigated disaster, and Assistant Secretary of State Breckinridge Long expressed that point of view in the diary he kept for most of his life. "Sick at heart," he wrote. "I am so damned mad at the Navy for being asleep at the switch at Honolulu. It is the worst day in American history. They spent their lives in preparation for a supreme moment—and then were asleep when it came."

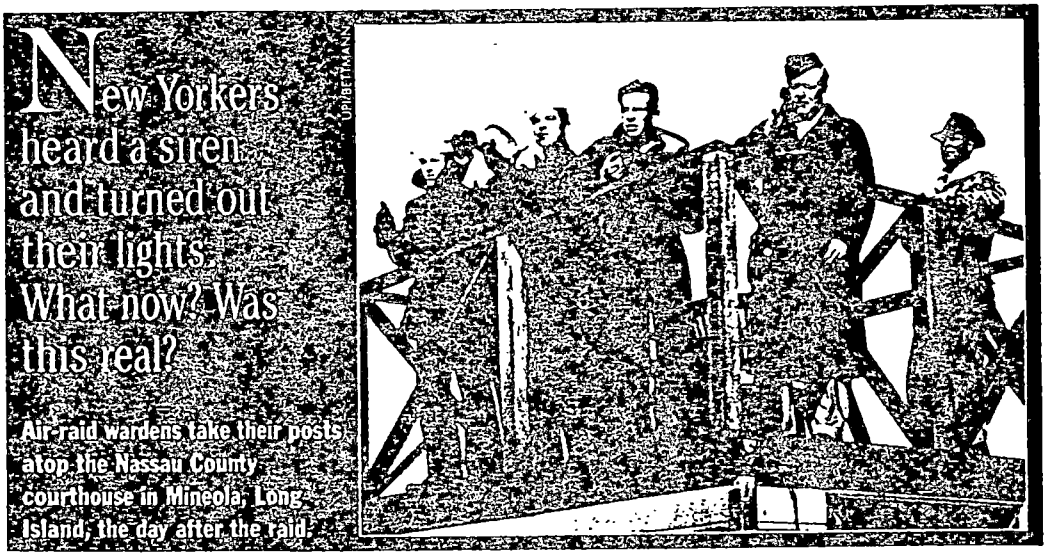
That state of mind was hardly unique to Long. It was the kind of reaction that was bound to surface publicly after the first shock wore off, and with the idea of controlling the damage promptly, Hopkins suggested to the President that he schedule two conferences that evening—one with the full cabinet, the other with legislative leaders. Roosevelt agreed on both counts; the cabinet would meet at eight-thirty, the congressional delegation an hour later.

Grace Tully, one of the President's private secretaries, had been resting at home that afternoon, after the grueling demands of the past few weeks, when the telephone rang. It was Louise Hachmeister, and, with a long list of people to call, she wasted no words: "The President wants you right away. There's a car on the way to pick you up. The Japs just bombed Pearl Harbor!" Twenty minutes later Tully pulled into the White House driveway, which was swarming with extra police and Secret Service men, reporters, and military brass.

In the second-floor study she found Knox, Stimson, and Hopkins, who were joined a few moments later by Marshall and Hull, whose face looked as white as his hair. Since most of the news from Pearl Harbor was coming in to Admiral Stark at the Navy Department, it was her job to answer calls from him, take down the "fragmentary and shocking reports . . . by shorthand, type them up and relay them to the Boss." At first she used a telephone in the second-floor hall, but the noise and confusion were such that she moved into the President's bedroom. Each time she put down the phone and rushed to the typewriter to transcribe her notes, a quartet of White House aides—Gen. Edwin M. Watson, Adm. Ross T. McIntire, Capt. John R. Beardall, and Marvin H. McIntyre—followed and crowded in behind her to peer over her shoulder as she typed. To all of them the news was shattering. Each time Stark called she heard the shocked disbelief in his voice; the men around the President were first incredulous, then angry; and while "the Boss maintained greater outward calm than anybody else . . . there was rage in his very calmness. With each new message he shook his head grimly and he tightened the expression of his mouth."

After talking to Churchill, the President had a long conversation with General Marshall about the disposition of troops and the Air Force, and it was evident that Marshall was in-

creasingly edgy, impatient to get back to the War Department, where he could be in touch with commanders in the field (he had already warned Lt. Gen. Douglas MacArthur, commander of U.S. Army forces in the Far East, to take every precaution). Roosevelt impressed on Hull the necessity of keeping all the South American republics informed; he ordered protection for the Japanese embassy and consulates and had the Justice Department put Japanese citizens under surveillance; Stimson and Knox were to see to the protection of U.S. arsenals, private munitions factories, and bridges (though under no circumstances was there to be a military guard at the White House). Then the discussion turned to Roosevelt's message to Congress, which he had already decided to deliver the following day. The President dug in his heels when Hull recommended a review of the entire history of relations with Japan; no, he said, it would be a short, precise message.



For an immensely energetic man whose infirmity bound him to a chair, all this activity was a relief and a release, a means of channeling that inner rage and putting it to work, and Eleanor Roosevelt could see that at that moment "in spite of his anxiety Franklin was in a way more serene than he had appeared in a long time." Despite the confusion whirling around him, it occurred to some witnesses that the White House was the calmest place in town, with the President in his study the center of the hurricane's eye. The Under Secretary of State Sumner Welles was close by during those hectic hours and thought that of all the times he had seen the President in action he had never had such reason to admire him. Sitting calmly at his desk, receiving a continuous flow of reports on a national disaster, "he demonstrated that ultimate capacity to dominate and to control a supreme emergency which is perhaps the rarest and most valuable characteristic of any statesman." With his talent for grasping the significance of each development, by the end of the evening Roosevelt had personally handled every detail of the situation laid before him by his military advisers, had written the text of a message to Congress, and had overseen the text of the declaration of war to be submitted to that body. All the uncertainty of the recent past was over, and however daunting the future might be, it was calming to know what must be done.

The White House switchboard had an open circuit now to Gov. Joseph Poindexter in Hawaii, who confirmed the news, or as much of it as he knew. As he and the President spoke, the governor suddenly shouted into the phone, and Roosevelt turned to the group in the room to say, "My God, there's another wave of Jap planes over Hawaii right this minute!"

Reports continued to come in to what was now the nation's command headquarters, and in the meantime those present were passing on to the others their fragmentary knowledge of events. Hull, still bitterly angry, repeated "in a tone as cold as ice" his remarks to the Japanese envoys, but as Grace Tully noted, "there was nothing cold or diplomatic in the words he used." Knox and Stimson were interrogated by the President on the situation in Hawaii, on why they believed this could have happened, on what might happen next, on what could be done to repair the damage, but as the bad news continued to pour in, it became evident that the Pacific fleet had been severely crippled, that the Army and air units there were in no condition to fight off an invasion of Hawaii, and that the West Coast of the United States might even be an invasion target.

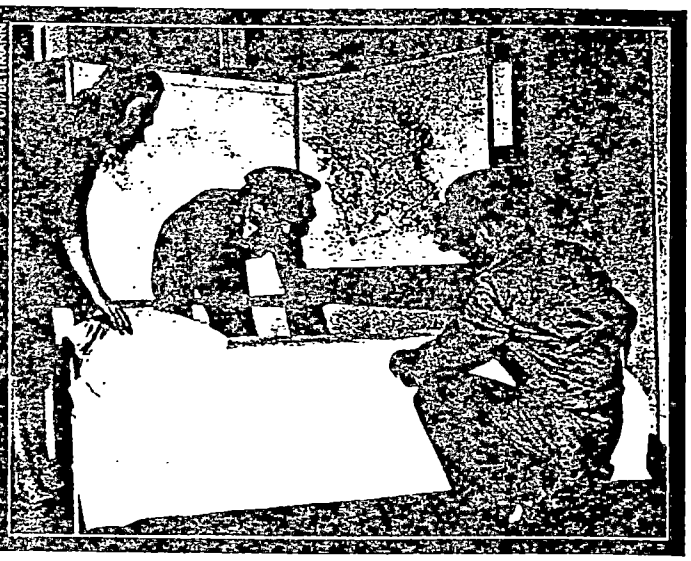
"Every American is willing to serve"

Meantime, bulletin by bulletin, a smattering of information at a time, the public at large was learning the news, struggling to comprehend and digest it and figure out how to react. Sunday afternoon still had a particular niche in the average American home; with morning church attendance behind them and the big midday dinner cooked, consumed, and cleaned up, members of the family could settle down to a few hours of quiet and rest—napping, listening to the radio, reading the Sunday paper, going for a leisurely walk. Professional football was beginning to make inroads into this domestic tranquillity, and at Washington's dingy Griffith Stadium the crowd was watching the Redskins play their last game of the season against the Philadelphia Eagles when the first bulletin hit the press box. Nearby spectators heard the news from sportswriters, the word spread from seat to seat and section to section, and soon the loudspeaker announcer began paging high-ranking Army and Navy officers, telling them to get in touch with their offices immediately; this was interspersed with summonses to editors and reporters, for-

eign ambassadors, and others, until individuals in every section of the grandstand seats were hurriedly leaving and running for their cars.

At the Polo Grounds in New York City, no one expected the Brooklyn Dodgers football team to be leading the Eastern champion Giants, but that was exactly what was happening, and the radio audience was as intent on the play-by-play account as those in the stands were on the game they were watching. "It's a long one down to the three-yard line," the announcer shouted; the ball was intercepted by Ward Cuff, who picked up a nice block by Alphonse Leemans before he was hit hard around the twenty-seven-yard line—at which moment another voice broke in to say, "We interrupt this broadcast to bring this important bulletin from United Press: Flash! The White House announces Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor!" Predictably, the Mutual Broadcasting System was suddenly deluged with calls from furious fans, wanting to know what was happening in the game. Mutual put the Pearl Harbor story on the air immediately; astonishingly, NBC and CBS decided not to interrupt scheduled music programs but waited until their two-thirty news broadcasts to announce the news.

It struck some witnesses that the White House was the calmest place in town.



Officials planned to sleep in the War Department during the crisis; this bed is Assistant Secretary of War Robert Lovett's.

At Fort Sam Houston in San Antonio, Texas, an Army officer whose exceptional performance in the Louisiana maneuvers a few months before had won him a brigadier general's star was taking a nap after lunch, having told his aide that he was tired and didn't want to be awakened under any circumstances. Under these particular circumstances, however, the aide decided that disobedience was warranted, and he called General Eisenhower. From another room, Mamie Eisenhower heard her husband saying, "Yes? When? I'll be right down," and as he ran for the door, pulling on his uniform jacket, he told her he would be at headquarters and didn't know when he would be back.

Paul Tibbets was flying a Douglas A-20 bomber from Fort Bragg, North Carolina, to Savannah, Georgia, navigating by tuning in to a Savannah station and steering by radio compass. He was listening to a Glenn Miller recording and was about twenty miles from his destination when someone interrupted the music to announce the bombing of Pearl Harbor. For Tibbets, that was the first news of the war whose end he would help bring about less than four years later, piloting a B-29 Superfortress called the *Enola Gay* over Hiroshima, Japan. (By some extraordinary turn of fate and timing, a few minutes after the atomic bomb dropped from the *Enola Gay*, Mitsuo Fuchida flew into the area. This was the same Mitsuo Fuchida who led the Japanese planes from their carriers to Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941, bringing war to America, and as he flew past Hiroshima, he wondered what had caused the curious mushroom-shaped cloud he saw rising above the city. So the man who was present at the beginning was there at the end as well.)

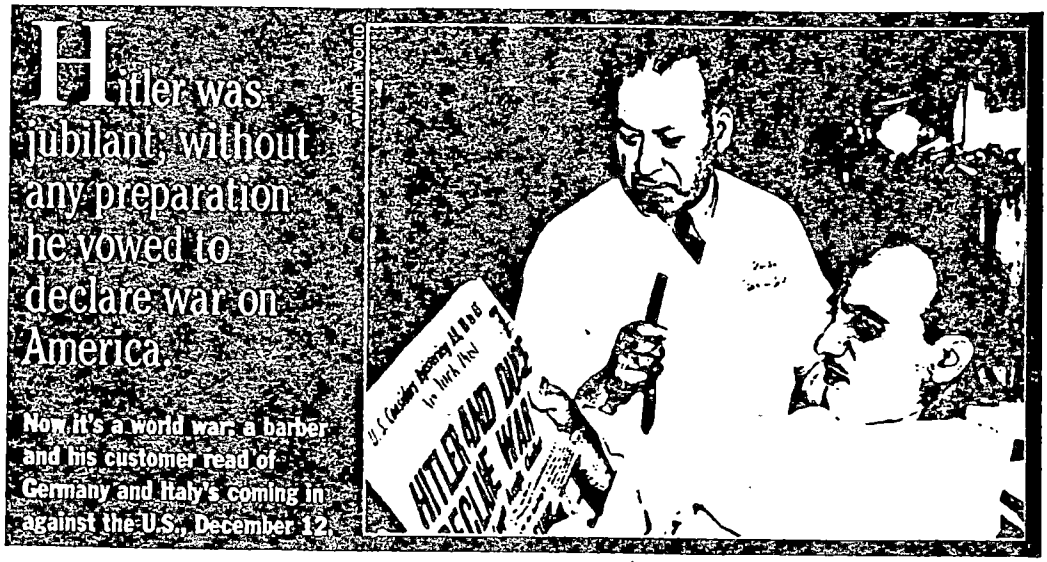
In Manhattan the author Marcia Davenport was at one end of the apartment when she heard her husband, Russell, shout for her in a high, tense voice. He was listening to the New York Philharmonic broadcast, and when she ran into the room an announcer was talking about the attack on the U.S. fleet. Neither of them quite believed what they were hearing and they stared at each other, wondering if it might be a hoax of some kind, while repeating, "Japan? *Japan?*" A few hours later they sat talking with friends they had invited for a pickup supper, stupefied by the news, not knowing what to do, half-expecting that Hitler might have planned an attack on the East Coast to coincide with Pearl Harbor, when suddenly they heard the wail of an air-raid siren. Everyone stopped talking and looked around the table at the others. What now? Was this real? Marcia Davenport turned on the radio and switched off the lights, and they waited in the dark until a voice finally informed them that the sirens were being tested on account of the day's events.

The man the Davenports had tried so hard to get elected in 1940 was contemplating a trip to Australia on Sunday, December 7. That autumn the Australian government had invited Wendell Willkie to visit the commonwealth. As chance would have it, President Roosevelt had written him on December 5, saying he hoped Willkie would accept the invitation in the interest of Australian-American relations and the Allied cause. The letter reached Willkie after Pearl Harbor, and it was several days before he replied to the President, saying he would think further about the wisdom of making the trip.

Apart from that, however, he wanted to add something that was very much on his mind. Friends of Mr. Roosevelt were suggesting that he could be extremely useful to the

President in the national emergency, and Willkie hoped they had not troubled the Chief Executive on that score. Noting the incredibly anxious and burdensome days that lay ahead for the President, he wrote: "What I am trying to say—honestly, but awkwardly I am afraid, because it is not easy—is this: If any such well-meant suggestions about me are brought to you, I beg you to disregard them. There is on your shoulders the heaviest responsibility any man can carry and I would not add to it in the slightest way. Even to volunteer a willingness to serve seems to me now only an imposition on your attention. Every American is willing to serve."

On Sunday afternoon, December 7, that letter had not yet been written, but Wendell Willkie knew precisely what the mood of the country was: Everyone was willing to serve. The question for most of them would be how—and how soon.



"Yesterday comma December seventh comma . . ."

The first news bulletin had attracted a crowd to the Japanese embassy on Massachusetts Avenue, and as people stood watching, smoke began to rise from the rear of the building, where the staff was burning diplomatic papers. Onlookers were tight-lipped and silent, and a woman who was there said their faces reminded her of a lynch mob she once saw in Georgia.

In front of the President's house at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, another silent crowd had been collecting since the first announcement of the attack, and several hundred were on hand—some women and children, but mostly men with anger etched into their faces. These people were eager to do something and had no idea what shape action might take; mostly they had come here because they needed the reassurance of the White House, as if proximity to the embodiment of America's roots and its might would relieve their anxiety, their shock, and their horror, and even in the random comings and goings of high-level civilians and military men they found security of a sort, as if the very activity of important people could somehow set matters right.

A few minutes before five o'clock, President Roosevelt asked Grace Tully to come to his study, and she found him alone, with two or three neat piles of notes before him on his desk containing the information he had received in the last two hours. As she came in with her notebook, he lit a cigarette, took a deep drag, and said, "Sit down, Grace. I'm going before Congress tomorrow. I'd like to dictate my message. It will be short."

With that he took another long pull on the cigarette and began to speak in a calm tone as if he were dictating a letter, but she noticed that his diction was unusually incisive and slow and that he specified each punctuation mark.

"Yesterday comma December seventh comma 1941 dash a day which will live in infamy dash the United States of America was suddenly and deliberately attacked by naval and air forces of the Empire of Japan period paragraph."

In fewer than five hundred words, spoken without hesitation or second thought, Roosevelt dictated the speech intended to lay America's case before Congress and the world. The message had none of Churchill's soaring prose, no patriotic summons, no bugle calls to action—only a simple, direct recitation of the facts, as in the conclusion: "I ask that the Congress declare that since the unprovoked and dastardly attack by Japan on Sunday comma December seventh comma a state of war has existed between the United States and the Japanese Empire period end."

When Grace Tully had transcribed her notes, the President called Hull back to the White House to go over the draft. As he anticipated, the Secretary of State had in hand a much longer message relating in explicit detail the long train of circumstances leading to war; again, Roosevelt was ready for him and would have none of it. He must have known that his wish in this grave instance was the wish of the whole American people, for he sensed that they wanted no oratory, no lawyer's brief, only the briefest summary of the facts, set forth by him in what might be described as controlled rage, so that the nation could get on with what needed to be done as quickly as possible. Except for a few minor changes of words, the only real addition he permitted was volunteered by Harry Hopkins, who suggested what appeared as the next-to-last sentence of the message: "With confidence in our armed forces—with the unbounded determination of our people—we will gain the inevitable triumph—so help us God."

Eleanor Roosevelt was carrying on gallantly downstairs, on the theory that her dinner guests had to eat somewhere

and it might as well be there, but it was not a relaxed occasion for the visitors, who were acutely aware of the empty chair at the head of the table and the stream of worried-looking men scurrying through the hall to or from the study that was the focus of the nation's attention. Ed and Janet Murrow were with Mrs. Roosevelt, as were her young friends Joe Lash and Trude Pratt, and during dinner the President sent word that Murrow was to wait, that he wanted to see him.

After the meal Janet departed to attend another party, at which the Murrows were to have been the guests of honor, while Ed went upstairs to sit on a bench outside the President's study. As he waited to be summoned, he observed the continuing procession of VIPs and overheard snatches of conversation as they passed, including a snarled rebuke to Frank Knox—"Goddamnit, sir, you ought not to be in charge of a rowboat, let alone the United States Navy!" Some years later, commenting on the charges that Roosevelt and his top advisers possessed advance knowledge of the attack on Pearl Harbor, Murrow recalled the opportunity he had had that night to observe these men off guard and said, "If they were *not* surprised by the news from Pearl Harbor, then that group of elderly men were putting on a performance which would have excited the admiration of any experienced actor."

FDR seemed relieved; the men in Tokyo, after all, had taken the decision for war or peace from his hands.



BOTH, UPI/BETTMANN

FDR signs the joint congressional resolution declaring war on Japan; at far right, a crowd in front of the Capitol follows developments on a portable radio.

"It sounds terribly fishy to me"

The affair in Pittsburgh that afternoon was billed in advance as "one of the biggest mass meetings ever staged here by the America First Committee," and the faithful began arriving early at Soldiers' and Sailors' Memorial Hall, on Sunday, December 7, to hear Sen. Gerald P. Nye of North Dakota and Irene Castle McLaughlin, the widow and former dancing partner of Vernon Castle, who was killed in World War I. Given the rapid pace of events and the polarization of opinion in the country, something like what happened here was almost bound to take place, but it proved to be a demonstration of America First at its most inept, a sorry end to a protest movement that had begun with such high hopes and ideals.

As luck would have it, the audience was seated by three o'clock, when the program was scheduled to begin, so these twenty-five hundred Pittsburghers were innocently unaware of the catastrophe in Hawaii. In an anteroom offstage a reporter informed Nye that Pearl Harbor and Manila had supposedly been bombed, but, lacking confirmation, and feeling that they should not hold up the meeting, the America First group decided that the show must go on.

It was almost five o'clock by the time Senator Nye got his chance to talk. Gerald the Giant Killer was feisty and proud of his reputation as a stump speaker against Roosevelt and the policies that were taking the country into war. He was not about to pass up an opportunity to harangue a crowd because of an unconfirmed report (though he had not troubled to check it out during the two hours he waited to speak). The unhappy result was that while hundreds of Americans were dying in Hawaii, the senator from North Dakota set some sort of record for insensitivity by striking out at the administration for fighting Britain's war and at Britain for suffering fewer casualties than any of its allies, lampooning the national debt and the destroyers-for-bases deal. He had been talking for half an hour when a local reporter walked



onto the stage and handed him a note stating that the Japanese had declared war on the United States.

Nye glanced at the piece of paper and with barely a pause completed his sentence. For another fifteen minutes he continued, interrupted only by cheers and shouts of "Impeach Roosevelt!," and at last he turned to the subject of the Far East and the administration's "studied effort to pick a war with Japan." At that point he stopped long enough to read what was written on the slip of paper before him. He seemed confused, one reporter noted, as if he had difficulty digesting it before he spoke again. "I have the worst news that I have had in twenty years to report," he declared. "The Japanese Imperial Government at four P.M. announced a state of war between it and the United States and Britain." Then, incredibly, he proceeded to deliver the rest of his prepared speech, and when it was done and reporters gathered around to ask for comments on the Pearl Harbor disaster, he told them, "It sounds terribly fishy to me."

Then and later it was customary to sneer at the isolationists and pass them off as an aberration of the thirties, myopes who had failed to perceive reality. And certainly there was some truth in the accusation. Yet the charge fails to take into account that the isolationists' illusion was all of a piece with the ancient European dream of America as an innocent, uncorrupted land, untroubled by the Old World's wars, a new Eden where man might make a fresh start. "Liberty has still a continent to live on," Horace Walpole had promised, and in what people had called the Great War—the one to make the world safe for democracy, which my father and his generation fought—Americans went off to Europe resolved to set matters right, singing ". . . we won't come back till it's over, over there." But there was no coming back to a sanctuary set apart by oceans, no holding off the world. One of the lessons of 1941, as of 1914, was that America, like it or not, was part of the whole. In the twentieth century no nation was an island.

"On the ground, by God, on the ground!"

By evening people were standing five and six deep on the sidewalk beyond the tall iron fence around the White House grounds, peering at the lighted windows in hopes of spotting movement inside, watching intently the arrival of each automobile to see if they could identify passengers, and by the time Secretary of the Interior Harold Ickes appeared for the cabinet meeting the moon was up, misty and indistinct. He noticed especially how quiet and serious the crowds were, and he decided their presence was an example of the human instinct to get close to the scene of action even if one could see or hear nothing. Some cabinet officers had been trying all afternoon to get back to Washington, and Ickes was pleased to see that everyone had made it. Postmaster General Frank Walker and Frances Perkins, Secretary of Labor, had flown from New York in a special plane; so had the Treasury Secretary, Henry Morgenthau.

Promptly at eight-thirty the full cabinet met, with the members forming a ring completely around the President's desk. Ickes noticed at once how solemn Roosevelt was: no wisecracks or jokes this evening, not even a smile, and the calmness he had displayed earlier in the afternoon was largely gone, replaced by tension and signs of enormous fatigue. The President began by telling them that this was probably the gravest crisis to confront a cabinet since 1861; then he filled them in on everything he had heard from Hawaii, making clear that what they had on their hands was the worst naval defeat in American history. Not only that: Guam had probably been captured, and it was likely that Wake was gone, while the Japanese were advancing on Manila, Singapore, Hong Kong, and other locations in the Malay States. For all anyone knew, an attack might be taking place in Hawaii at that very moment.

Even though they had heard some of this news before they arrived, the detailed catalogue of catastrophe shocked the cabinet members—that and the manner in which Roosevelt described the disaster. Frances Perkins said he actually had "physical difficulty in getting out the words that put him on record as knowing that the navy was caught unawares." It was obvious to her that he was "having a dreadful time just accepting the idea." Yet she knew him well, and she de-

tected an evasive look, revealing the wave of relief he was reluctant to acknowledge—relief that the long period of tension, of not knowing what the Japanese would do and when they would do it, was over. The men in Tokyo, after all, had taken the decision for war or peace from the President's hands.

Throughout the meeting, according to Ickes, Hull behaved more than ever like a Christian martyr—indignant that he was the one to have been duped by the Japanese diplomats while their army and navy were plotting against us, since it was obvious that the expedition against Pearl Harbor had been in the works for months. Despite FDR's annoyance, moreover, Hull was still plumping for a long presidential message to Congress, but when Roosevelt read his own draft aloud, all but the Secretary of State agreed that he had struck exactly the right note.

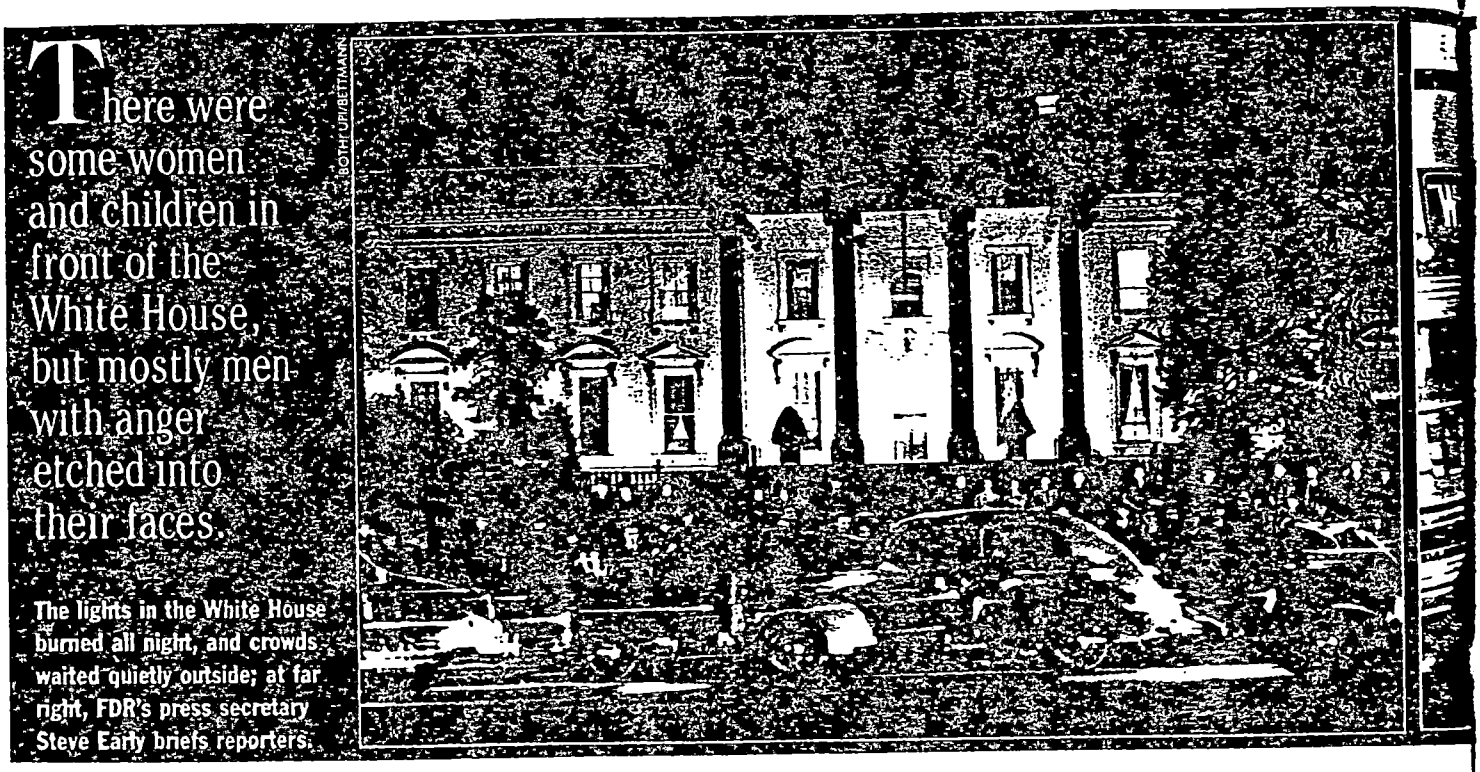
Shortly after nine-thirty the congressional leaders were ushered into the study, and the cabinet members moved back to let them have the chairs surrounding the President's desk. The President reviewed the situation with them in much the same words he had used with the cabinet, informing them that "the casualties, I am sorry to say, were extremely heavy" and that "we have lost the majority of the battleships there."

Following his summary of the attack, there was dead silence until the man most visibly outraged said what most of the others were thinking. Tom Connolly of Texas, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, asked, "How did it happen that our warships were caught like tame ducks in Pearl Harbor? I am amazed at the attack by Japan, but I am still more astounded at what happened to our navy. They were all asleep!" he exploded. "Where were our patrols? They knew these negotiations were going on." Knox was obviously deeply embarrassed by these and other questions but made no attempt to reply.

Finally, at twelve-thirty, it was Ed Murrow's turn in the study, and the President ordered beer and sandwiches. Joining them was Col. William Donovan, who was then engaged in setting up an intelligence organization that would be known as the Office of Strategic Services (OSS). Mr. Roosevelt, dead tired, his face ashen, asked Murrow a few questions about the bombing of London and the morale of the British and then informed his visitors in detail about the losses at Pearl Harbor—the loss of life, how ships had been sunk at their moorings and planes destroyed on the airstrips—and he pounded his fist on the table and groaned, "On the ground, by God, on the ground!"

For a reporter on this night of nights, it was the chance of a lifetime, since the details that Roosevelt gave them—with no indication that what he said should be off the record—would not be made public for hours—in some cases, for months. The President mentioned that he had talked with Churchill, who told him of attacks on British bases, and he asked Donovan if he thought this might be part of an overall Axis plan. The latter had no evidence to offer but said it was certainly a reasonable assumption. Then Roosevelt asked a rather curious question, hinting at the isolationists' powerful influence on his thinking and his intense concern about public unity: Did they believe the nation would now support a declaration of war? Both men assured him that it would.

As Murrow was taking his leave after more than half an hour's conversation, the President inquired, "Did this surprise you?"



There were some women and children in front of the White House, but mostly men with anger etched into their faces.

BOTH: UPI/BETTMANN

The lights in the White House burned all night, and crowds waited quietly outside; at far right, FDR's press secretary Steve Early briefs reporters.

"Yes, Mr. President," he replied.

"Maybe you think it didn't surprise us!" Roosevelt responded.

In the early hours of the morning Murrow returned to the hotel and for hours paced the floor, smoking continuously, debating whether or not he could reveal the information he had heard from the President. "The biggest story of my life," he kept telling his wife, "and I can't make up my mind whether it's my duty to tell it or forget it." In the end he decided it had been told him in confidence and he should not report what Roosevelt had said.



"We have never even considered a war against the United States"

The telephone awakened Ambassador Joseph Grew in Tokyo at 7:00 A.M. on December 8. The call was urgent, requesting that he come as quickly as possible to see Foreign Minister Shigenori Togo, and, without taking time even to shave, he threw on some clothes. When he arrived at 7:30, he found Togo grim, formal, and—as always—imperturbable. The Japanese official made a brief statement and slapped down on the table the thirteen-page memorandum that Nomura had delivered to Hull. Then he made a pretty little speech thanking Grew for his cooperation during the long negotiations and walked downstairs to see him to the door. Not a word was spoken about Pearl Harbor. Indeed, not until after he had shaved and breakfasted did Grew learn that the two countries were at war, and this was not confirmed until late morning, when a functionary appeared at the embassy and, hands trembling, read the official announcement.

Shortly thereafter the embassy gates were closed and the ambassador was told that no one could enter or leave, that no cipher messages could be sent, and that all telegrams must be submitted to the Foreign Office for approval. The British ambassador and several others from the diplomatic colony managed to get past the police outside the gates and bid farewell to the Americans, and they were followed by a group of extremely polite Japanese, who apologized profusely before confiscating all the short-wave radios in the embassy. None of the Americans knew, of course, how long it would be before they might be exchanged for Japan's diplomats in Washington, and about sixty members of the staff assembled for cocktails that evening, livened by a few brave speeches. Arrangements were made for those who lived outside the compound to move into the embassy, sharing apartments, bunking down on mattresses on the floor.

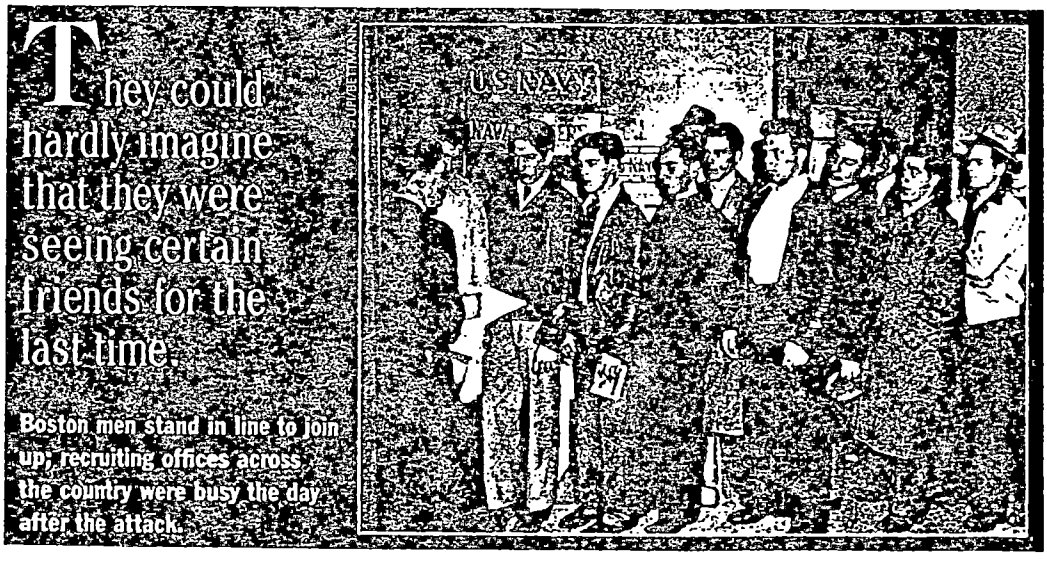
Reflecting on the way Tokyo had borrowed blitzkrieg tactics from its allies in Berlin, Grew concluded that "if the Japanese had confined themselves to the Far East and had attacked only the Philippines, there would have been pacifists and isolationists at home who would have said that we have no business in the Far East anyway, but once they attacked Hawaii it was certain that the American people would rise up in a solid unit of fury." The task ahead would not be easy, he knew, but Japan's defeat was absolutely certain, and he permitted himself a smile of satisfaction as he recalled how he had warned Washington to be ready for a step of "dangerous and dramatic suddenness"—exactly what had occurred.

Grew might be right that victory over Japan was certain, but what good was that if Britain and Russia should fall, if Hitler should triumph in Europe? Despite pressure from Stimson, in particular, who argued that Germany had pushed Japan to attack, President Roosevelt resisted the temptation to declare war on Germany and Italy, hoping that Hitler would relieve him of the necessity to act. He detected "a lingering distinction in some quarters of the public between war with Japan and war with Germany," he told the British ambassador, and although Berlin was ominously silent, he decided to wait it out to see if the Führer would resolve his dilemma.

Hitler had his hands full. Winter had closed in on Russia, and his dream of conquering that nation in a single summer campaign ended as the days grew shorter and brutal cold and blizzards descended on the land. On December 6, to the utter surprise of the German high command, the Russians seized the initiative when the temperature was thirty-five degrees below zero, launched a major assault with one hundred fresh divisions, and threw back the Wehrmacht within twelve miles of the center of Moscow. Simultaneously, Gen. Erwin Rommel's Afrika Corps began to retreat in the desert, and Hitler assumed control of all military operations. Curiously, despite the many warning signs from the Far East, the Japanese attack took him by surprise. In the spring he had urged his allies in Tokyo to move against Singapore, saying that one of the benefits would be to deter the United States from entering the war, but he had not contemplated hostilities between Japan and America. As the German foreign minister Joachim von Ribbentrop perceived, the Japanese attack "brought about what we had wanted to avoid at all costs.

war between Germany and America," but Hitler himself was jubilant. Rejoicing in the news—"The turning point!" he proclaimed when he heard it—he dismissed the advice of those around him and made another monumental miscalculation: He would declare war on the United States.

Knowing virtually nothing about the United States, viewing it merely as a decadent bourgeois democracy incapable of waging or sustaining a prolonged war, he disastrously underestimated its strength (an opinion bolstered by the apparent ease of the Japanese triumph), and despite the lack of the most elementary preparations (one of his headquarters officers admitted that "we have never even considered a war against the United States") and the certainty of U.S. intervention in the European war, he left his Wolf's Lair bunker on the evening of December 8, returned to Berlin, and began to prepare a speech to the Reichstag. On December 11, after denouncing Roosevelt as "the main culprit of this war" and a creature of the Jews, he announced to deafening applause that he had arranged for the American chargé d'affaires to be handed his passport. Now the fire he had ignited with the invasion of Poland on September 1, 1939, would rage around the world.



"The shortest, gladdest years of life"

Sunday, December 7, 1941, was my parents' twenty-first wedding anniversary, and I had called them that morning from New York City to wish them many more of the same. They were going to church in their hometown of Pittsburgh, as they nearly always did, confident that Rev. Hugh Thompson Kerr would reinforce their Presbyterianism in the most amiable manner imaginable. I was never sure how much they liked the idea of my spending a lot of time in New York City; after all, if you were paying someone's tuition at Yale, you probably thought he should stick to his studies there. But I was pretty well caught up on my work and had come to New York for several days, planning to stay through the weekend. Before leaving New Haven, my classmate Dick Drain and I had written one of our occasional, purportedly humorous "Brothers Grim" columns for the Yale *Daily News* and had turned in what both of us recognized as a piece of fluff for the Saturday, December 6, issue—a hasty, last-minute effort before Christmas vacation—in which, by pure coincidence, we imagined ourselves during the approaching "reading period" in Honolulu, taking in the sun and fun on Waikiki Beach.

I had been spending more time in New York that fall with my friend Bobs Bray. She was commuting to Sarah Lawrence as a day student; happily, her mother's apartment had a spare, closet-size bedroom where I was welcome to stay; and I had begun work on my senior thesis, which was to be a history of *The New Yorker*, and was doing much of the research at the magazine's office on West Forty-third Street. That Sunday morning we had a late breakfast and sat around reading the paper. After lunch Bobs and I went out for a long walk. Sometime before three o'clock we were strolling down Madison Avenue, several blocks from her mother's apartment. Suddenly it was very cold, with the sun low in the sky, sinking behind the tall building, and I turned my coat collar against the sharp wind. We passed a soda fountain and decided to have a hot chocolate, and while we sat at the counter the news came over the radio.

As in millions of other homes that night, we talked the hours away, for the first time contemplating a future in which the two of us might be separated for long periods, though we could not admit to the unspoken fear beneath the surface: the possibility that I might go off to war and not come back. Whatever else we may have thought about during that troubled evening, it never occurred to us that what lay ahead would prove to be the great divide for our generation—not only a chasm that would swallow up some of our closest friends but the demarcation line against which we would measure time and change ever afterward, as the Civil War and the First World War marked them off for our great-grandfathers' and fathers' generations.

On the Yale campus itself a carol service was in progress in Dwight Hall. A mixed group of students and faculty families raised their voices in the old Advent hymn, joyously singing out "Gloria in excelsis Deo!" at the same time the announcer at the Polo Grounds in New York interrupted the Giants-Dodgers football game with the news that Pearl Harbor had been bombed.

All over the campus students were preparing for Monday classes when the word came, and it sent them rushing from their rooms, spilling out into the streets of New Haven, until two entire blocks on Elm Street were filled with undergradu-

ates, churning about, moving without a destination, a mass of nervous energy seeking release in shouting, singing "Over There," yelling, "On to Tokyo!" Long after dark they were on the march up Hillhouse Avenue to President Seymour's house, to serenade with "The Star-Spangled Banner" the aloof, dignified man who had been a delegate to the peace conference in Versailles only twenty-two years before. Seymour was sick in bed and had to dress, and while the students milled around, waiting for him to appear, the secretary of the university led them in singing "Bright College Years," which nearly everyone regarded mistakenly as the alma mater and which almost no one realized was set to the tune of Germany's World War I anthem, "Die Wacht am Rhein." Its sentimental words were as much a product of another generation as the man to whom they were sung, but they had a particular poignancy at this moment, coming from a little band of America's youth, their hundreds of uplifted faces illuminated by the soft light from the President's house:



The front page of the Yale *Daily News* on December 8.
YALE UNIVERSITY ARCHIVES

Bright college years, with pleasure rife,
The shortest, gladdest years of life;
How swiftly are ye gliding by!
Oh, why doth time so swiftly fly? . . .

At last the President appeared to address the "Men of Yale," recalling similar gatherings in 1898 and 1917, reminding them of the university's tradition of loyalty and service to the nation, telling them how proud he was that they were ready to serve. Seymour was not exactly a spellbinder, but the undergraduates listened politely enough, rewarded him with a chorus of "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow," and set off toward the center of town, shouting the rallying cry of so many football weekends: "On to the Taft!" The magic of the moment was gone, and Charles Seymour watched as the darkness swallowed them up.

The management of the Taft Hotel was resigned to occasional outpourings of enthusiasm by Yale students, but neither they nor their paying guests were prepared for the small army that swarmed through the lobby, past and over chairs, couches, and potted plants, a bobbing, weaving, boisterous snake dance that made its way noisily up the stairs, through the corridors to the top floor, and down and out again onto the streets. For most students and the "townies" who had joined them, it seemed like good clean fun, but windows were broken, potted plants overturned, the hotel lobby was a mess, and beneath the fun ran an undercurrent of potentially destructive force, a mix of exhilaration and anger that reflected the shock of the day's news—that, and a kind of relief that the uncertainties of the past months had been resolved at last. Fortunately for everyone, the police appeared in force, the students ran out of steam, and after a brief mass sit-down on the trolley tracks to demonstrate their independence, the students broke up into groups of two or three and slowly faded away in the night.

They could have no idea of the hardships and suffering that lay ahead or of the thin margin that would separate their country and its allies from defeat at times. As they strode through the cobbled streets of New Haven on that December evening, bursting with the force of youth and defiance, laughing, cheering, some with tears in their eyes, they could hardly imagine that they were seeing certain friends in the crowd for the last time, or know that the only future vestige of those names or faces would be the dimming memory of lost comrades forever young, glowing and strong, walking arm-in-arm through a college town on the night the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor.

All that was for the future; for now, everything was lost in joyful exuberance and a surge of patriotism, the likes of which might not be seen again on that campus or another. During those borrowed years before the unsought war came to America, these students had favored America's entry into the war, or they had opposed it, or they had not known exactly where they stood, but the differences that had seemed so important didn't really matter any longer. What needed to be done now seemed very clear. ★

Richard Ketchum was the editor of *The American Heritage Picture History of the Civil War* and cofounder of *Country Journal*. He is the author of several books on American history; the most recent is *The Borrowed Years: America on the Way to War, 1938–1941*, published this month by Random House, from which this article was adapted.

between them, and see that they don't clash in what they give out. . . .

Q. Will there eventually be a censor that we can get our teeth into?

THE PRESIDENT: It is awfully hard to answer it. Talk to Steve [Early] about this. . . . What we want is to get the news out as soon as we can, subject to the two qualifications, and do it in the most convenient way. In other words, our objectives are exactly alike. It is going to work all right.

127 ¶ "We Are Going to Win the War and We Are Going to Win the Peace That Follows" — Fireside Chat to the Nation Following the Declaration of War with Japan. December 9, 1941

THE sudden criminal attacks perpetrated by the Japanese in the Pacific provide the climax of a decade of international immorality.

Powerful and resourceful gangsters have banded together to make war upon the whole human race. Their challenge has now been flung at the United States of America. The Japanese have treacherously violated the long-standing peace between us. Many American soldiers and sailors have been killed by enemy action. American ships have been sunk; American airplanes have been destroyed.

The Congress and the people of the United States have accepted that challenge.

Together with other free peoples, we are now fighting to maintain our right to live among our world neighbors in freedom and in common decency, without fear of assault.

I have prepared the full record of our past relations with Japan, and it will be submitted to the Congress. It begins with

the visit of Commodore Perry to Japan 88 years ago. It ends with the visit of two Japanese emissaries to the Secretary of State last Sunday, an hour after Japanese forces had loosed their bombs and machine guns against our flag, our forces, and our citizens.

I can say with utmost confidence that no Americans, today or a thousand years hence, need feel anything but pride in our patience and in our efforts through all the years toward achieving a peace in the Pacific which would be fair and honorable to every Nation, large or small. And no honest person, today or a thousand years hence, will be able to suppress a sense of indignation and horror at the treachery committed by the military dictators of Japan, under the very shadow of the flag of peace borne by their special envoys in our midst.

The course that Japan has followed for the past ten years in Asia has paralleled the course of Hitler and Mussolini in Europe and in Africa. Today, it has become far more than a parallel. It is actual collaboration so well calculated that all the continents of the world, and all the oceans, are now considered by the Axis strategists as one gigantic battlefield.

In 1931, ten years ago, Japan invaded Manchukuo — without warning.

In 1935, Italy invaded Ethiopia — without warning.

In 1938, Hitler occupied Austria — without warning.

In 1939, Hitler invaded Czechoslovakia — without warning.

Later in 1939, Hitler invaded Poland — without warning.

In 1940, Hitler invaded Norway, Denmark, the Netherlands, Belgium, and Luxembourg — without warning.

In 1940, Italy attacked France and later Greece — without warning.

And this year, in 1941, the Axis powers attacked Yugoslavia and Greece and they dominated the Balkans — without warning.

In 1941, also, Hitler invaded Russia — without warning.

And now Japan has attacked Malaya and Thailand — and the United States — without warning.

It is all of one pattern.

We are now in this war. We are all in it — all the way. Every

single man, woman, and child is a partner in the most tremendous undertaking of our American history. We must share together the bad news and the good news, the defeats and the victories — the changing fortunes of war.

So far, the news has been all bad. We have suffered a serious set-back in Hawaii. Our forces in the Philippines, which include the brave people of that Commonwealth, are taking punishment, but are defending themselves vigorously. The reports from Guam and Wake and Midway islands are still confused, but we must be prepared for the announcement that all these three outposts have been seized.

The casualty lists of these first few days will undoubtedly be large. I deeply feel the anxiety of all of the families of the men in our armed forces and the relatives of people in cities which have been bombed. I can only give them my solemn promise that they will get news just as quickly as possible.

This Government will put its trust in the stamina of the American people, and will give the facts to the public just as soon as two conditions have been fulfilled: first, that the information has been definitely and officially confirmed; and, second, that the release of the information at the time it is received will not prove valuable to the enemy directly or indirectly.

Most earnestly I urge my countrymen to reject all rumors. These ugly little hints of complete disaster fly thick and fast in wartime. They have to be examined and appraised.

As an example, I can tell you frankly that until further surveys are made, I have not sufficient information to state the exact damage which has been done to our naval vessels at Pearl Harbor. Admittedly the damage is serious. But no one can say how serious, until we know how much of this damage can be repaired and how quickly the necessary repairs can be made.

I cite as another example a statement made on Sunday night that a Japanese carrier had been located and sunk off the Canal Zone. And when you hear statements that are attributed to what they call "an authoritative source," you can be reasonably sure

from now on that under these war circumstances the "authoritative source" is not any person in authority.

Many rumors and reports which we now hear originate with enemy sources. For instance, today the Japanese are claiming that as a result of their one action against Hawaii they have gained naval supremacy in the Pacific. This is an old trick of propaganda which has been used innumerable times by the Nazis. The purposes of such fantastic claims are, of course, to spread fear and confusion among us, and to goad us into revealing military information which our enemies are desperately anxious to obtain.

Our Government will not be caught in this obvious trap — and neither will the people of the United States.

It must be remembered by each and every one of us that our free and rapid communication these days must be greatly restricted in wartime. It is not possible to receive full, speedy, accurate reports from distant areas of combat. This is particularly true where naval operations are concerned. For in these days of the marvels of radio it is often impossible for the commanders of various units to report their activities by radio at all, for the very simple reason that this information would become available to the enemy, and would disclose their position and their plan of defense or attack.

Of necessity there will be delays in officially confirming or denying reports of operations but we will not hide facts from the country if we know the facts and if the enemy will not be aided by their disclosure.

To all newspapers and radio stations — all those who reach the eyes and ears of the American people — I say this: You have a most grave responsibility to the Nation now and for the duration of this war.

If you feel that your Government is not disclosing enough of the truth, you have every right to say so. But — in the absence of all the facts, as revealed by official sources — you have no right in the ethics of patriotism to deal out unconfirmed reports in such a way as to make people believe that they are gospel truth.

Every citizen, in every walk of life, shares this same responsibility. The lives of our soldiers and sailors — the whole future of this Nation — depend upon the manner in which each and every one of us fulfills his obligation to our country.

Now a word about the recent past — and the future. A year and a half has elapsed since the fall of France, when the whole world first realized the mechanized might which the Axis Nations had been building for so many years. America has used that year and a half to great advantage. Knowing that the attack might reach us in all too short a time, we immediately began greatly to increase our industrial strength and our capacity to meet the demands of modern warfare.

Precious months were gained by sending vast quantities of our war material to the Nations of the world still able to resist Axis aggression. Our policy rested on the fundamental truth that the defense of any country resisting Hitler or Japan was in the long run the defense of our own country. That policy has been justified. It has given us time, invaluable time, to build our American assembly lines of production.

Assembly lines are now in operation. Others are being rushed to completion. A steady stream of tanks and planes, of guns and ships, and shells and equipment — that is what these eighteen months have given us.

But it is all only a beginning of what still has to be done. We must be set to face a long war against crafty and powerful bandits. The attack at Pearl Harbor can be repeated at any one of many points, points in both oceans and along both our coast lines and against all the rest of the hemisphere.

It will not only be a long war, it will be a hard war. That is the basis on which we now lay all our plans. That is the yardstick by which we measure what we shall need and demand; money, materials, doubled and quadrupled production — ever-increasing. The production must be not only for our own Army and Navy and Air Forces. It must reinforce the other armies and navies and air forces fighting the Nazis and the war lords of Japan throughout the Americas and throughout the world.

I have been working today on the subject of production. Your Government has decided on two broad policies.

The first is to speed up all existing production by working on a seven-day-week basis in every war industry, including the production of essential raw materials.

The second policy, now being put into form, is to rush additions to the capacity of production by building more new plants, by adding to old plants, and by using the many smaller plants for war needs.

Over the hard road of the past months, we have at times met obstacles and difficulties, divisions and disputes, indifference and callousness. That is now all past — and, I am sure, forgotten.

The fact is that the country now has an organization in Washington built around men and women who are recognized experts in their own fields. I think the country knows that the people who are actually responsible in each and every one of these many fields are pulling together with a teamwork that has never before been excelled.

On the road ahead there lies hard work — grueling work — day and night, every hour and every minute.

I was about to add that ahead there lies sacrifice for all of us.

But it is not correct to use that word. The United States does not consider it a sacrifice to do all one can, to give one's best to our Nation, when the Nation is fighting for its existence and its future life.

It is not a sacrifice for any man, old or young, to be in the Army or the Navy of the United States. Rather is it a privilege.

It is not a sacrifice for the industrialist or the wage earner, the farmer or the shopkeeper, the trainman or the doctor, to pay more taxes, to buy more bonds, to forego extra profits, to work longer or harder at the task for which he is best fitted. Rather is it a privilege.

It is not a sacrifice to do without many things to which we are accustomed if the national defense calls for doing without.

A review this morning leads me to the conclusion that at present we shall not have to curtail the normal use of articles of food.

There is enough food today for all of us and enough left over to send to those who are fighting on the same side with us.

But there will be a clear and definite shortage of metals of many kinds for civilian use, for the very good reason that in our increased program we shall need for war purposes more than half of that portion of the principal metals which during the past year have gone into articles for civilian use. Yes, we shall have to give up many things entirely.

And I am sure that the people in every part of the Nation are prepared in their individual living to win this war. I am sure that they will cheerfully help to pay a large part of its financial cost while it goes on. I am sure they will cheerfully give up those material things that they are asked to give up.

And I am sure that they will retain all those great spiritual things without which we cannot win through.

I repeat that the United States can accept no result save victory, final and complete. Not only must the shame of Japanese treachery be wiped out, but the sources of international brutality, wherever they exist, must be absolutely and finally broken.

In my message to the Congress yesterday I said that we "will make it very certain that this form of treachery shall never again endanger us." In order to achieve that certainty, we must begin the great task that is before us by abandoning once and for all the illusion that we can ever again isolate ourselves from the rest of humanity.

In these past few years — and, most violently, in the past three days — we have learned a terrible lesson.

It is our obligation to our dead — it is our sacred obligation to their children and to our children — that we must never forget what we have learned.

And what we all have learned is this:

There is no such thing as security for any Nation — or any individual — in a world ruled by the principles of gangsterism.

There is no such thing as impregnable defense against powerful aggressors who sneak up in the dark and strike without warning.

We have learned that our ocean-girt hemisphere is not im-

mune from severe attack — that we cannot measure our safety in terms of miles on any map any more.

We may acknowledge that our enemies have performed a brilliant feat of deception, perfectly timed and executed with great skill. It was a thoroughly dishonorable deed, but we must face the fact that modern warfare as conducted in the Nazi manner is a dirty business. We don't like it — we didn't want to get in it — but we are in it and we're going to fight it with everything we've got.

I do not think any American has any doubt of our ability to administer proper punishment to the perpetrators of these crimes.

Your Government knows that for weeks Germany has been telling Japan that if Japan did not attack the United States, Japan would not share in dividing the spoils with Germany when peace came. She was promised by Germany that if she came in she would receive the complete and perpetual control of the whole of the Pacific area — and that means not only the Far East, but also all of the islands in the Pacific, and also a stranglehold on the west coast of North, Central, and South America.

We know also that Germany and Japan are conducting their military and naval operations in accordance with a joint plan. That plan considers all peoples and Nations which are not helping the Axis powers as common enemies of each and every one of the Axis powers.

That is their simple and obvious grand strategy. And that is why the American people must realize that it can be matched only with similar grand strategy. We must realize for example that Japanese successes against the United States in the Pacific are helpful to German operations in Libya; that any German success against the Caucasus is inevitably an assistance to Japan in her operations against the Dutch East Indies; that a German attack against Algiers or Morocco opens the way to a German attack against South America, and the Canal.

On the other side of the picture, we must learn also to know that guerrilla warfare against the Germans in, let us say, Serbia or Norway helps us; that a successful Russian offensive against the

Germans helps us; and that British successes on land or sea in any part of the world strengthen our hands.

Remember always that Germany and Italy, regardless of any formal declaration of war, consider themselves at war with the United States at this moment just as much as they consider themselves at war with Britain or Russia. And Germany puts all the other Republics of the Americas into the same category of enemies. The people of our sister Republics of this hemisphere can be honored by that fact.

The true goal we seek is far above and beyond the ugly field of battle. When we resort to force, as now we must, we are determined that this force shall be directed toward ultimate good as well as against immediate evil. We Americans are not destroyers — we are builders.

We are now in the midst of a war, not for conquest, not for vengeance, but for a world in which this Nation, and all that this Nation represents, will be safe for our children. We expect to eliminate the danger from Japan, but it would serve us ill if we accomplished that and found that the rest of the world was dominated by Hitler and Mussolini.

We are going to win the war and we are going to win the peace that follows.

And in the difficult hours of this day — through dark days that may be yet to come — we will know that the vast majority of the members of the human race are on our side. Many of them are fighting with us. All of them are praying for us. For in representing our cause, we represent theirs as well — our hope and their hope for liberty under God.

NOTE: As initially drafted, the foregoing fireside chat included a long review of the history of our relationships with the Japanese, and a detailed account of the negotiations in the weeks preceding the attack on Pearl Harbor. This material had been prepared in the State Department, and constituted a very careful documentation of historical facts. As such, it was important to be in the record in order to show that the United States Government had exhausted every possible means to achieve an amicable and honorable settlement with Japan.

However, this tediously detailed review of diplomatic history was hardly inspiring material for a fireside chat, to which millions of Americans, and peoples all over the world, would be listening, waiting for the President to tell them what course America would take in resisting the sneak attack. The President's confident words "We are going to win the war and we are going to win the peace that follows" provided a definite boost to the morale of all the embattled Allies.

Accordingly, the President decided to use the material about the history of our relations with the Japanese in a message to the Congress. He submitted it on December 15, 1941 (see Item 132, this volume).

128 ¶ The President Thanks the Republican and Democratic National Chairmen for Pledging Party Cooperation During the War.

December 11, 1941

LET me thank you both, personally and on behalf of our country, for the patriotic action you have in contemplation. The national organizations of the two great parties are capable of inestimable service in our present emergency. The Nation-wide quality of their personnel, the circumstance that their agents are men and women of eminence and respect in their respective communities will, I am sure, demonstrate that in time of war there can be no partisan domestic politics. There can be only a determined intent of a united people to carry on the struggle for human liberty to a victorious conclusion.

So, I am sure we appreciate — and the people will appreciate — that the political truce is for the period of the emergency and that the principles of our respective parties will continue to dominate our courses. When the war is over we will still be adhering to our historic method of settling our domestic problems which has made our country the great Nation it is, and has shown the world that democratic freedom is a perfectly workable system of government.



DEPARTMENT OF THE NAVY
OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY
WASHINGTON, D.C. 20350-1000

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NAME: LT BILL WARNOCK

TELEPHONE NUMBER: (703)695-0154/2258 - AUTOVON: 225-0154/2258

TELEFAX NUMBER: (703)695-0699 - AUTOVON: 225-0699

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White House Liaison Office
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Washington, D.C. 20350-1000

DATE AND TIME SENT:

NUMBER OF FOLLOWING PAGES:

REMARKS:

She also received the Navy Unit Commendation as a part of the Combat Salvage and Fire Fighting Unit, Force O, during the invasion of Normandy (7–12 June 1944).

Aristaeus

In Greek and Roman mythology Aristaeus was the son of Apollo and the nymph Cyrene.

(ARB–1: dp. 1761; l. 328'; b. 50'; dr. 11'2"; s. 11.6 k.; cpl. 260; a. 1 3"; cl. *Aristaeus*)

Aristaeus (ARB–1) was laid down by Philadelphia Navy Yard as *LST–329;* reclassified ARB–1, 25 January 1943; launched 11 February 1943; sponsored by Mrs. Arthur Taylor; and commissioned 18 May 1943, Lieutenant R. M. G. Swany, USNR, in command.

Aristaeus got underway for the Pacific during August 1943, arriving at Noumea, New Caledonia, 14 September. She remained in that area until July 1944 making emergency repairs to damaged vessels. From July 1944 to April 1945 she operated off New Guinea, north and east of Australia, and on 1 May 1945 she anchored off Kerama Retto, Okinawa. She remained at Okinawa until December and then returned to the west coast of the United States. Placed out of commission 15 January 1947, *Aristaeus* joined the Pacific Reserve Fleet at San Diego, Calif.

Aristaeus received one battle star for her participation in the Okinawa campaign.

Arizona

Arizona was admitted into the Union 14 February 1912 as the 48th state.

I

(SwStr: T. 959; l. 200'; b. 34'; dr. 8'; cpl. 91; a. 4 32-pdr. S. B., 1 30-pdr. R., 1 12-pdr. R.)

The first *Arizona* was an iron side-wheel steamer built in 1859 by Harlan and Hollingsworth Co., Wilmington, Del. Taken over by the Confederates, she was renamed *Caroline* and served as a blockade runner until captured by *Montgomery* 28 October 1862 in 29°25' N., 87°35' W. She was purchased from the Philadelphia Prize Court 25 January 1863; fitted out at Philadelphia Navy Yard; and commissioned 9 March 1863 as *Arizona*, Acting Volunteer Lieutenant D. P. Upton in command.

Arizona joined the West Gulf Blockading Squadron and took part in the capture of Aurelia, La. (28 March 1863); destruction of CSS *Queen of the West* (14 April); capture of Butte a la Rose (20 April); in action with Confederate vessels in Red River (3–4 May); attack on Fort Beauregard, La. (7 May); capture of Fort De Russy, La. (9 May); and the attack on Sabine Pass, Tex. (7–8 September). From September 1863 to November 1864 she blockaded the Texas coast and in November 1864 she was fitted out as a temporary flagship on the Mississippi River, near New Orleans. She was accidentally destroyed by fire 27 February 1865, about 32 miles below New Orleans.

II

On 15 May 1869 the screw cruiser *Neshaming* was renamed *Arizona*, but her name was changed again, 10 August 1869, to *Nevada* (q. v.).

III

(BB–39: dp. 31,400; l. 608'; b. 97'1"; dr. 29'10"; s. 21 k.; cpl. 915; a. 12 14", 22 5", 2 21" TT.; cl. *Pennsylvania*)

The third *Arizona* (BB–39) was launched 19 June 1915 by New York Navy Yard; sponsored by Miss Esther Ross; and commissioned 17 October 1916, Captain J. D. McDonald in command.

Arizona joined the Atlantic Fleet following her shakedown cruise. She spent World War I undergoing training in Chesapeake Bay. On 18 November 1918 she sailed from Hampton Roads, Va., to join the Naval Forces in British waters. On 12 December 1918 she departed Portsmouth, England, to assist in escorting *George Washington*, carrying President Woodrow Wilson, to Brest, France. Later in the month *Arizona* returned to the United States.

Except for a voyage to the Mediterranean (April–July 1919), she cruised along the Atlantic coast and in the Caribbean with the Atlantic Fleet, until transferred to the Pacific in 1921. *Arizona* served with the Pacific Fleet until 1929 when she reported to Norfolk Navy Yard for modernization. Following the completion of her modernization in 1931, *Arizona* carried President Herbert Hoover on a cruise to the West Indies and then rejoined the Pacific Fleet. She was attached to the Pacific Fleet throughout the remainder of her service. During the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, 7 December 1941, *Arizona* took hits from one torpedo and eight bombs. One of the latter penetrated a powder magazine and the resultant explosion completely wrecked her. *Arizona* suffered the loss of 1104 personnel. The ship still remains submerged at Pearl Harbor; a memorial to the valiant dead still on board her.

Rear Admiral I. C. Kidd and Captain F. Van Valkenburgh, respectively, were posthumously awarded the Medal of Honor for courageously discharging their duties while on board *Arizona;* and Lieutenant Commander S. G. Fuqua, the senior surviving officer on board, was also a recipient of the Medal of Honor.

Arizona received one battle star.

Arizonan

An Arizonan is a native or inhabitant of Arizona.

(AK: dp. 19,419; l. 490'; b. 57'2"; dr. 31'6"; s. 10.2 k.; cpl. 70; a. 1 5", 1 3"; cl. *Alaskan*)

Arizonan, a freighter, was launched 20 September 1902 by Union Iron Works, San Francisco, Calif.; transferred from the Shipping Board 10 August 1918; and commissioned four days later at Norfolk, Lieutenant Commander H. R. Patterson, USNRF, in command.

Assigned to the Naval Overseas Transportation Service, *Arizonan* carried cargo to Marseilles, France, until October 1918. She was then converted into a troop transport at Newport News, Va. On 17 December she transferred to the Cruiser and Transport Force, Atlantic Fleet, and by 2 September 1919 had returned 7794 servicemen from Europe. She was decommissioned and returned to the Shipping Board 29 September 1919 at Hoboken, N. J.

Arkab

Arkab is a star in the constellation Sagittarius.

(AK–130: dp. 4023; l. 441'6"; b. 56'11"; dr. 28'4"; s. 12.5 k.; cpl. 198; a. 1 5", 1 3"; cl. *Crater*)

Arkab (AK–130) was launched 22 January 1944 as *Warren Stone* by Delta Shipbuilding Corp., New Orleans, La., for the Maritime Commission; sponsored by Mrs. C. E. Williams; transferred to the Navy 21 February 1944; and commissioned the same day, Commander C. D. Schutz, USNR, in command. She was decommissioned 25 February for conversion to a naval vessel by Alabama Dry Dock and Shipbuilding Corp., Mobile, Ala., and recommissioned 15 May 1944, Commander F. F. Knachel, USNR, in command.

Arkab sailed from Jacksonville, Fla., 13 July 1944 for the Pacific. For the next year she provisioned bases at Samoa, New Caledonia, the Admiralties, the Marianas, and the Marshalls. With the end of World War II she brought home men and materiel from the Pacific islands, completing her last voyage at Norfolk 16 December 1945.

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here she was attached to the East Gulf Blockading d remained in that squadron as flagship. However, soon after she began duty, word reached Key West that CSS *Florida* escaped through the blockade from Mobile and was Havana. On 22 January, Rear Admiral Bailey or- ed *San Jacinto* to sail for Cuba and blockade the federate cruiser if she were in port or to chase and ture or destroy her if the commerce raider had rted. The Union frigate quickly put to sea but and little trace of *Florida*. She broke her shaft on 30 nuary; sailed north on 4 February; and reached the York Navy Yard on the 16th for repairs.

Again ready for action, *San Jacinto* departed New rk on 24 June and returned to Key West on 1 July. e celebrated Independence Day by becoming Rear miral Bailey's flagship, and she performed that duty till relieved by *Dale* on 5 September.

The ship then took up blockade duty off Mobile, Ala. In the afternoon of the 11th, her masthead lookout ported "black smoke bearing about south," and *San cinto* set out in pursuit of the steamer. During the chase, the lookout spotted blockade runner, *Fox*, ground and burning. About dusk, *San Jacinto* anged course for Mobile, hoping to intercept the eeing vessel if she attempted to dash into that port. his strategy proved sound for, early the next morn- the Union steam frigate found that her quarry was again within sight; and the chase began again. Near the Chandeleur Islands, *San Jacinto* anchored in hoal water and sent her first cutter after the steamer. That evening shortly before twilight, the blockade run- ner—which happened to bear the name of the frigate's old adversary, *Alabama*—ran ashore and was aban- doned. Before *San Jacinto*'s cutter could reach the prize, Union blockader, *Eugenie*, arrived upon the scene and took possession of the blockade runner.

On the 16th, *San Jacinto* captured steamer, *Lizzie Davis*, after a two-hour chase. This blockade runner had departed from Havana laden with lead and was endeavoring to dash into Mobile. On 6 October, *San Jacinto* was within signal distance when United States Schooner, *Beauregard*, took possession of *Last Trial* after heavy weather had forced that Southern sloop to seek shelter near Key West. On 16 December, *Ariel*, a tender to *San Jacinto*, captured Confederate sloop, *Magnolia*; and, on the 24th, schooner, *Fox*, another of *San Jacinto*'s tenders, took British schooner, *Edward*, trying to carry salt and lead from Havana to the Suwanee River. On the morning of 7 January 1864, *San Jacinto* overtook schooner, *Roebuck*, after a two- hour chase, and deprived the Confederacy of a general cargo including much clothing and lead. In another two- hour chase on 11 March, *San Jacinto* ran an unnamed schooner (formerly called *Lealtad*) aground. She then took possession of this prize which was laden with cotton and turpentine for export.

Yellow fever again struck the veteran warship the following summer; and *San Jacinto*—carrying Rear Admiral Bailey, now dangerously ill with the disease—departed Key West on 7 August and sailed north hoping for a quick restoration of the crew to good health. She reached the quarantine area at New York Harbor on the 13th; but, the next day was ordered to fill up with coal and set out in pursuit of Confederate cruiser, *Tallahassee*. The ship sailed on the 19th and raced as far north as Halifax, Nova Scotia, without finding the Southern commerce raider.

After the ship put in at Portsmouth, N.H., she received long overdue repairs. She returned to Key West on 3 December and resumed her role as squadron flagship a week later. Toward the end of the month, she was relieved of this duty and sailed for the Baha- mas. On New Year's Day, 1865, the ship struck a reef near Great Abaco Island and filled with water. Her guns, along with some equipment and provisions, were saved; but efforts to salvage the ship were unsuccess- ful. The ship's hulk was sold at Nassau, New Provi- dence, on 17 May 1871.

II

(CVL–30: dp. 11,000; l. 622'6"; b. 71'6"; ew. 109'6"; dr. 26'; s. 31.6 k.; cpl. 1,549; a. 28 40mm, 40 20mm, ac. 45; cl. *Independence*)

The second *San Jacinto* (CVL–30) was laid down as the light cruiser, *Newark* (CL–100), on 26 October 1942 by the New York Shipbuilding Co., Camden, N.J.; redesignated CV–30 and renamed *Reprisal* on 2 June 1942; renamed *San Jacinto* on 30 January 1943; con- verted, while building, to a light aircraft carrier and reclassified as CVL–30; launched on 26 September 1943; sponsored by Mrs. Jesse Jones; and commis- sioned on 15 November 1943, Capt. Harold M. Martin, in command.

After shakedown in the Caribbean, *San Jacinto* sailed, via the Panama Canal, San Diego, and Pearl Harbor, for the Pacific war zone. Arriving at Majuro, Marshall Islands, she became part of the growing might of Vice Admiral Marc A. Mitscher's Task Force 58/38, the fast carrier striking force of the Pacific Fleet. There, *San Jacinto* embarked Air Group 51, whose fighters and torpedo planes would be the ship's chief weapons in battle.

After providing search patrols to protect other car- riers striking at Wake and Marcus Islands, *San Ja- cinto*, by 5 June 1944, was ready to participate in the largest fleet action since the battle of Midway, almost exactly two years before. On that day, Task Force 58 sortied from Majuro and headed toward the Marianas to conduct air strikes preparatory to American seizure of Saipan and to protect the invasion forces from enemy air and naval attack.

This American thrust triggered a strong Japanese reaction; on 19 June, the Japanese Fleet launched more than 400 planes against the invasion fleet and the covering carrier force. In the ensuing air battle, known to American pilots as the "Marianas Turkey Shoot," more than 300 enemy planes were shot down. While *San Jacinto's* planes were achieving their most one- sided victory of the war, her gunners helped to down the few attackers able to get near the American ships. Then, at dusk, Admiral Mitscher dispatched an all- carrier attack after the retreating enemy fleet. The night recovery of the returning planes was accom- plished amid considerable confusion. Reportedly, a Jap- anese carrier plane attempted a landing approach on *San Jacinto*, only to be waved off by the landing signal officer because its hook wasn't down.

San Jacinto then participated in strikes against Rota and Guam and furnished combat air patrol (CAP) and antisubmarine patrol (ASP) for her task group. Dur- ing these raids, a *San Jacinto* fighter pilot was shot down over Guam and spent 17 days in a life raft trying to attract attention and 16 nights hiding on the island.

After a refueling and replenishment stop at Eniwe- tok Atoll, *San Jacinto* joined in carrier strikes against the Palaus on 15 July. On 5 August, her targets were Chichi, Haha, and Iwo Jima. A brief stop at Eniwetok preceded dawn-to-dusk CAP and ASP duty while other carriers struck at Yap, Ulithi, Anguar, and Babel- thuap, pinning down Japanese air forces while the Palaus were being assaulted on 15 September.

Following a replenishment stop at Manus, Admiralty Islands, *San Jacinto* joined in strikes against Okinawa and furnished photographic planes to get information necessary for future invasion plans. After refueling at sea, she once again supplied dawn-to-dusk air protec- tion as other carriers sent strikes against Formosa, northern Luzon, and the Manila Bay area from 12 to 19 October. During operations on 17 October, a fighter plane made a very hard landing and inadvertently

fired its machine guns into the ship's island structure killing two men; wounding 24, including her commanding officer; and causing considerable damage to radar. Despite this accident, *San Jacinto* remained battleworthy.

As American troops landed on Leyte in the central Philippines on 20 October, *San Jacinto* provided close air support. On 24 October, this mission was interrupted by news of the tri-pronged approach of the Japanese fleet which precipitated the largest fleet battle in naval history.

San Jacinto sent planes against the central force in the Sibuyan Sea; then raced north to launch strikes against the northern force, resulting in heavy damage to the Japanese carriers and surface combatants off Cape Engaño. On 30 October, her fighters furnished air protection over Leyte while her guns shot down two planes attempting suicide attacks on the ship. After a pause at Ulithi, the carrier joined in attacks on the Manila Bay area; then took a side trip to Guam to exchange air groups, receiving Air Group 45. She received slight damage during a typhoon in December 1944.

After completing repairs at Ulithi, *San Jacinto* and the rest of her fast carrier force entered the South China Sea and launched massive air attacks on the airfields of Formosa and against shipping at Cam Ranh Bay, French Indochina, and at Hong Kong. By refueling and replenishing at sea, Task Force 38 was able to continue its pressure on the enemy and strategic support for the American invasion of Luzon by strikes against the Ryukyu Islands.

Next, *San Jacinto* joined in the first carrier strikes against the home islands of Japan. During the raids on 16 and 17 February 1945, carrier-based aircraft downed many enemy planes during fierce dogfights over airfields in the Tokyo area. These operations were designed to cover the imminent invasion of Iwo Jima. Next came air support for the landing marines, followed by further strikes against Tokyo and Okinawa before *San Jacinto* returned to Ulithi.

While conducting operations off Kyushu, Japan, she witnessed the conflagration on *Franklin* (CV–13); and, on 19 March 1945, narrowly escaped destruction herself when a kamikaze barely missed her. More massive enemy attacks came with Operation "Iceberg" as the carrier force furnished air support for the invasion of Okinawa. On 5 April, more than 500 planes, primarily kamikazes, attacked. Fighter planes and antiaircraft guns shot down about 300, but many got through. *San Jacinto's* gunners shot the wing off a would-be suicide plane, deflecting its dive, and splashed another only 50 feet off her port bow. Her mission of covering the Okinawa invasion entailed heavy air activity and kept the ship almost constantly at general quarters while supporting ground forces and repelling frequent attacks by suicide planes. On 7 April, *San Jacinto's* bombers torpedoed Japanese destroyer, *Hamakaze*, part of a naval suicide attack in which super battleship, *Yamato*, was also sunk. *San Jacinto* then returned to the dangerous job of defending against the suicide plane attacks, striking at the kamikaze airfields on Kyushu, and providing close air support for ground forces fighting on Okinawa. On 5 June, she successfully rode out another typhoon and, after replenishing at Leyte, sortied for her final raids as part of Task Force 58. Her aircraft struck at Hokkaido and Honshu, Japan, on 9 July and continued to operate off the coast of Japan until the end of hostilities on 15 August 1945. Her air missions over Japan then became mercy flights over Allied prisoner-of-war camps, dropping food and medicine until the men could be rescued. Her wartime mission completed, *San Jacinto* returned home and tied up at Alameda, Calif., on 14 September 1945.

She was decommissioned on 1 March 1947 and joined the Pacific Reserve Fleet berthed at San Diego. Reclassified as an auxiliary aircraft transport (AVT–5) on 15 May 1959; she was struck from the Navy list on 1 June 1970.

San Jacinto earned five battle stars and was awarded the Presidential Unit citation. Her hull was sold for scrapping on 15 December 1971 to National Metal and Steel Co., Terminal Island, Calif.

San Joaquin

A river in central California.

I

(YFNB: t. 1,551; l. 219'9½"; b. 41'7"; dph. 24'2"; nsp.)

The first *San Joaquin*, a wooden, schooner-rigged barge, built during 1876 at Freeport, Maine, was purchased during 1918 by the Navy from the Luckenbach Steam Ship Co., and placed in service on 8 August 1918, Chief Boatswain's Mate John J. Miller in charge.

Assigned to the Naval Overseas Transportation Service as a non-self-propelled lighter, *San Joaquin* made seven round-trip voyages between Norfolk and New England ports transporting coal. During these operations, *San Joaquin* was towed by the tugs *Allegheny, Billow, Mohave, Pensacola,* and *Sagamore*. She was detached on 27 March 1919 and assigned to local duty within the 5th Naval District. *San Joaquin* was struck from the Navy list on 18 June 1919 and sold on 11 September 1919 to the Neptune Line of New York, N.Y.

San Joaquin (AKA–109), a *Tolländ* class attack cargo ship, was laid down on 17 August 1945 by the Federal Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company, Kearny, N.J. Further construction, however, was cancelled on 27 August 1945.

San Joaquin County

A county in California.

(LST–1122: dp. 1,625; l. 328'; b. 50'; dr. 11'2"; s. 12 k; cpl. 226; a. 8 40mm., 12 20mm.; cl. *LST–542*)

LST–1122 was laid down on 30 October 1944 by the Chicago Bridge and Iron Co., Seneca, Ill.; launched on 24 January 1945; sponsored by Mrs. Alice S. Weaver; placed in reduced commission on 2 February 1945 for ferrying to New Orleans; and commissioned in full on 14 February 1945, Lt. L. L. Hutchinson, USNR, in command.

Following shakedown off Pensacola, Fla., *LST–1122* loaded cargo at Gulfport and steamed via the Panama Canal to the Pacific. In mid-May, she arrived at Pearl Harbor, whence she continued on to deliver cargo in the Marshalls, the Western Carolines, the Ryukyus, and the Marianas. After the cessation of hostilities in mid-August, she continued her cargo and passenger runs. In September, she extended her range to include the Philippines and the Japanese home islands, in which areas she continued to operate through the end of the year.

With the new year, 1946, the tank landing ship was ordered back to the United States. On 18 February, she arrived at San Francisco. In May, she shifted to San Diego, whence she conducted operations, primarily off California, until 1949. In January of that year, she moved north; conducted exercises in the Aleutians; and returned to San Diego in March. The following month, she joined the Pacific Reserve Fleet; and, on 15 June, she was decommissioned and berthed at San Diego.

In June 1950, hostilities again broke out in the Far East as the North Korean People's Army pushed past the 38th Parallel into the Republic of (South) Korea.

Bush's own war story

A new book reveals what a young bomber pilot learned about himself and combat when he faced death in World War II



On Sunday, Dec. 7, 1941, George Bush was walking across the campus of his prep school, Phillips Academy in Andover, Mass., when he heard about Pearl Harbor. "My reaction was one of shock, almost disbelief," he recalls. "I didn't fully comprehend world affairs. My interests were our undefeated soccer season just finished, basketball—baseball just coming up. Christmas vacation was only a couple of weeks away and then graduation. Then I guess that was followed by the typical American reaction that we had better do something about this. I remember the country's instant coming together for a common purpose, and my own gut feeling was the same as that of many young Americans—we wanted to fight for our country." On that day, at age 17, Bush decided to enlist in the Navy—and embarked on an experience that imprinted his sense of leadership and America's role in the world.

He graduated that June and two months later bade his tearful father good-bye at New York's Penn Station as he headed for Chapel Hill, N.C., and aviation school. "It was the first time I had ever seen my dad cry," Bush recalls. The training was monotonous, but the flying was glorious. Some 48 years later, recalling his first solo flight, Bush says, "It is hard for nonpilots to understand the joy of a first solo flight. All of us who soloed thought we were 20 feet tall." And he later found night flying "darn good fun," though he never did like aerial acrobatics. "All work average except stunts are a trifle weak," one instructor noted. And another, Ens. Edward C. Fritz, noted in Bush's fitness report the following March that the young aviator had above-average marks

PAINTING BY ALAN REINGOLD FOR *USN&WR*

in every department: "Aviation Cadet Bush is an upstanding lad with great self-confidence. It appears, however, that he may be somewhat eccentric." He later explained that eccentric meant "divergence from the usual—and events since we flew together have certainly proven me right."

Meeting the Avenger. Bush got his gold wings on June 9, 1943, and days later was sent to Fort Lauderdale to learn to fly a torpedo bomber called the Avenger. It was the biggest single-engine, carrier-based plane in the Navy. On the ground, the Avenger—its huge belly bulging with a ton of bombs—looked like some aberrant barnyard fowl. It was known throughout the Navy as the Pregnant Turkey.

He spent the next 11 months learning how to fly it and land it on carriers. And, like all those around him, Bush wondered when he'd ever see combat. He had never considered the possibility that he might die. He knew that pilots were killed, were even considered expendable by the Navy. But like most 19-year-olds, he couldn't imagine that at some time in the future he might be one of those to be brought down by antiaircraft fire in a burning plane. He had too much faith in his training and ability.

By the end of the year, he had acquired a crew—a gunner named Lee Nadeau and a radioman-tail gunner named John Delaney—and an assignment to a newly commissioned light carrier named *San Jacinto.* It took another six months for the ship to enter the fire zone. But on May 23, 1944, Bush got his first taste of combat over Wake Island, some 2,300 miles due west of Pearl Harbor. "The first sight of the antiaircraft bursts made a lasting impression on me," he says. "Yet I have never forgotten the beauty of the area from the sky." That day, Bush's roommate disappeared over sea and the young airman cried himself to sleep. "No one saw me; that wouldn't do," he recalls.

The fateful bombing run. The next three months were a violent prelude to the most dramatic day in Bush's life, September 2. He saw action in several battles and had to ditch his plane—at the time, full of bombs—in the sea. Ironically, the fateful day for him was one that had been billed as fairly routine. His squadron's mission on September 2 was to destroy a Japanese radio transmitter on a small island called Chichi Jima, one of the three islands in the Bonin chain—another of which was Iwo Jima.

While the mission was not expected to be particularly tough, the men had one terrifying concern about Chichi Jima. It was believed to be in the hands of a sadist named Maj. Sueo Matoba. The fate of American airmen captured by the Japanese was often grim; reports of grisly deaths—prisoners beheaded or used for bayonet practice—reached Allied intelligence, and the fliers were warned. Squadrons in the Pacific were shown a picture, purportedly taken by a Japanese soldier on Chichi Jima, that showed a Japanese officer lifting a samurai sword, about to behead a bound and blindfolded Allied aviator. The

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Bomber team. *Bush with crewmen Joe Reichert, left, and Lee Nadeau, right*

photograph was later reproduced in *Life,* and Bush recalls having seen it and thinking that if a pilot survived a crash, it would be far better to drown than be captured by the Japanese.

No one knew, however, that on Chichi Jima, thanks to the depravity of Major Matoba, American prisoners were being mistreated in a way that defies belief. Several Korean laborers reported after the war that many of the captured pilots had been executed, cut into pieces and eaten. Major Matoba, they said, had ordered his doctor to cut out the liver of an American aviator, which was then fed to the enlisted prisoners, and had even tricked the naval officers into eating flesh from the thigh of the body: It was served in place of goat meat at the admiral's mess. When they learned what they had eaten, many of the officers vomited, but the major often boasted of his little joke. (Matoba later admitted at a war-crimes trial that cannibalism "was a practice I had grown fond of in China." He was convicted and executed in 1947.)

With the other squadron members, Bush was briefed on the bombing mission, which was to pave the way for a massive Marine assault on the island. He took particular comfort in hearing that he would not encounter Japanese fighter planes. Since there wouldn't be a dogfight, he also figured it was all right to allow an acquaintance, Lt. (j.g.) William Gardner "Ted" White, to go on the mission in place of his regular gunner, Lee Nadeau. As always, Delaney would be the radioman.

By 8:15, Bush's team was over the island, flying in a diamond formation. Bush was piloting the third plane over the target, with his friend Milt Moore flying on his wing. As Bush nosed over into a 30-degree glide, heading straight for the radio tower, the first Japanese antiaircraft fire cut through the sky. Bush used no evasive tactics and held the plane directly on target. The plane was descending through thickening clouds of flak pierced by the flaming arc of tracers.

Then, there was a sudden flash of light followed by an explosion. "The plane was lifted forward, and we were enveloped in flames," Bush recalls. "I saw the flames running along the wings where the fuel tanks were and where the wings fold. I thought, 'This is really bad!' It's hard to remember the details, but I looked at the instruments and couldn't see them for the smoke." Bush nevertheless continued his bomb run. Finally over the target, his view from the canopy all but blinded by the thick smoke, he released his bombs. All four bombs made direct hits on the radio tower, which disappeared in swirling flames and flying debris. He lifted the plane from its dive and turned back out toward the water.

The bailout. By then the wings were covered in flames and smoke, and the engine was blazing. He considered making a water landing, but realized it would not be possible. Bailing out was absolutely the last choice. He had no other option. He got on the radio and notified squadron leader Don Melvin of his decision. Melvin radioed back: "Received your message. Got you in sight. Will follow."

As soon as he was back over water, Bush shouted on the intercom for White and Delaney to "hit the silk!" (meaning eject and parachute into the ocean). There was no response from either of Bush's crewmen and no way he could see them; a shield of armor plate between him and Lieutenant White blocked his view behind. He was certain that White and Delaney had bailed out the moment they got the order. In fact, neither did and both died in the subsequent crash.

Bush turned back over the water, leveled his plane, disconnected his headset,

released his safety belt and harness and then pushed himself out of the seat and canopy. The wind tore at his body and blurred his vision. He knew he was about 2,000 feet above the water, which meant he had time to dive headfirst onto the wing so that the wind could pull him away from the plane and the tail section. But he had never done it before, nor had any other pilot he knew. When he plunged over the side, he banged his head on the tail and jerked the parachute ripcord too soon. The slipstream (air driven backward) had caught his body, all 161 pounds of it, and thrown him toward the tail of the plane. His head grazed the starboard elevator, and his chute snagged on the tail and ripped.

Because of the torn panels in the parachute, he plummeted through the air far too fast. All at once the tedious hours of emergency training paid off. Rule No. 1 in bailing out at sea: Don't get tangled in the parachute after hitting the water; the weight could sink you or the chute wrap around you, making it impossible to move. Although stunned by the blow to his head, Bush had sufficient presence of mind to start unbuckling his seat straps on the way down. The parachute drifted away from him, and he plunged the last 20 feet straight into the water.

Kicking with his legs to stay afloat, he yanked the toggles on his life vest. It inflated properly, but he was not yet out of trouble. He was being nearly pulled under by the weight of his watersoaked flight suit. Gasping, he removed his shoes and struggled to the surface. Blood streamed down from a cut on his head as he began to tread water, searching for the life raft that had been his seat cushion. A Hellcat swooped down and drew his attention toward the raft bobbing about 50 feet away. He swam for it, hoping it hadn't been damaged by the fall and would inflate. It did. Bush hauled himself aboard and discovered that the emergency container attached to the raft had been smashed. The realization that he was without fresh water brought him near despair. The raft's paddles had also been lost.

No matter how hard he struggled, the ocean was going to take him to the island he had just bombed, right into the hands of the enemy. He felt tired and knew he was alone: The sky was bright blue and clear—no planes anywhere in sight. He prayed and thought, "This is it—it's all over."

The rescue. Bush recalls that he had been in the water for almost 3 hours when the submarine appeared. At first it seemed like an apparition. He saw it grow, first a small, dark speck glimpsed—or was he seeing things?—between one swell and another, then a larger spot, finally a massive form coming right toward him. "At first I thought, 'Maybe I'm delirious,' and when I concluded it was a submarine all right, I feared that it might be Japanese. It just seemed too lucky and too farfetched that it would be an American submarine." The moment he was picked up by the *Finback* was recorded by a crewman—and later became part of the Bush lore that his presidential campaign used to good advantage.

Six days after his rescue Bush wrote to his parents of the crash, his escape and the death of his crew: "I try to think about it as little as possible, yet I cannot get the thought of those two [Delaney and White] out of my mind. Oh, I'm O.K.—I want to fly again and I won't be scared of it, but I know I won't be able to shake the memory of this incident and I don't believe I want to completely."

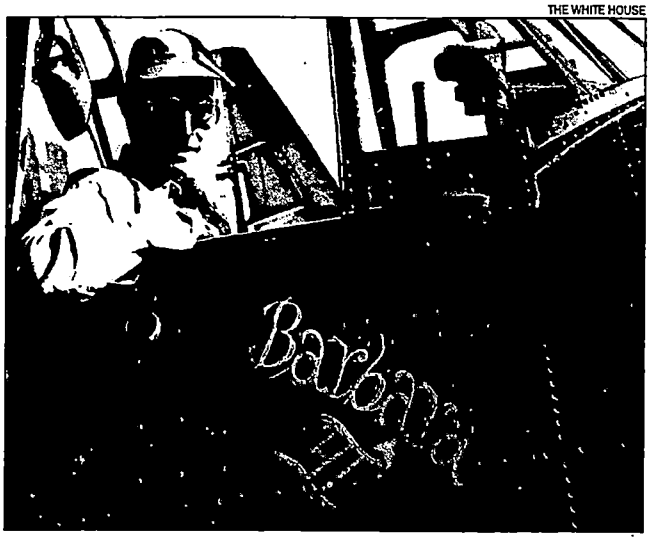
Though no one can know for sure, Lee Nadeau, Bush's regular crewman who didn't ride in the plane that day, has a theory about why Delaney and White died. Given the configuration of the plane, it was impossible for the gunner to wear a parachute. "The plan we had rehearsed countless times was for Del [Delaney] to unhook my chute from the bulkhead and hand it to me when I came down the hatch into his compartment," says Nadeau. "And then he would bail out first through the starboard-side entry door. I'm sure Del did as we rehearsed and stayed in the plane until he could hook up White, unless White had been killed by the gunfire that raked the plane. Del was wearing a chest chute, and they were notorious for not opening, particularly if they had been packed a long time, as had his chute. Chances are that Del was the first one out and White went down with the plane." Another American pilot that day had reported seeing a "streamer"—a man whose parachute failed to open.

Yet the young pilot's brushes with death were not over. While Bush was aboard, the *Finback* was depth-charged twice by Japanese ships. The rescued pilots sat in the wardroom along with one crewman and sweated it out. "That

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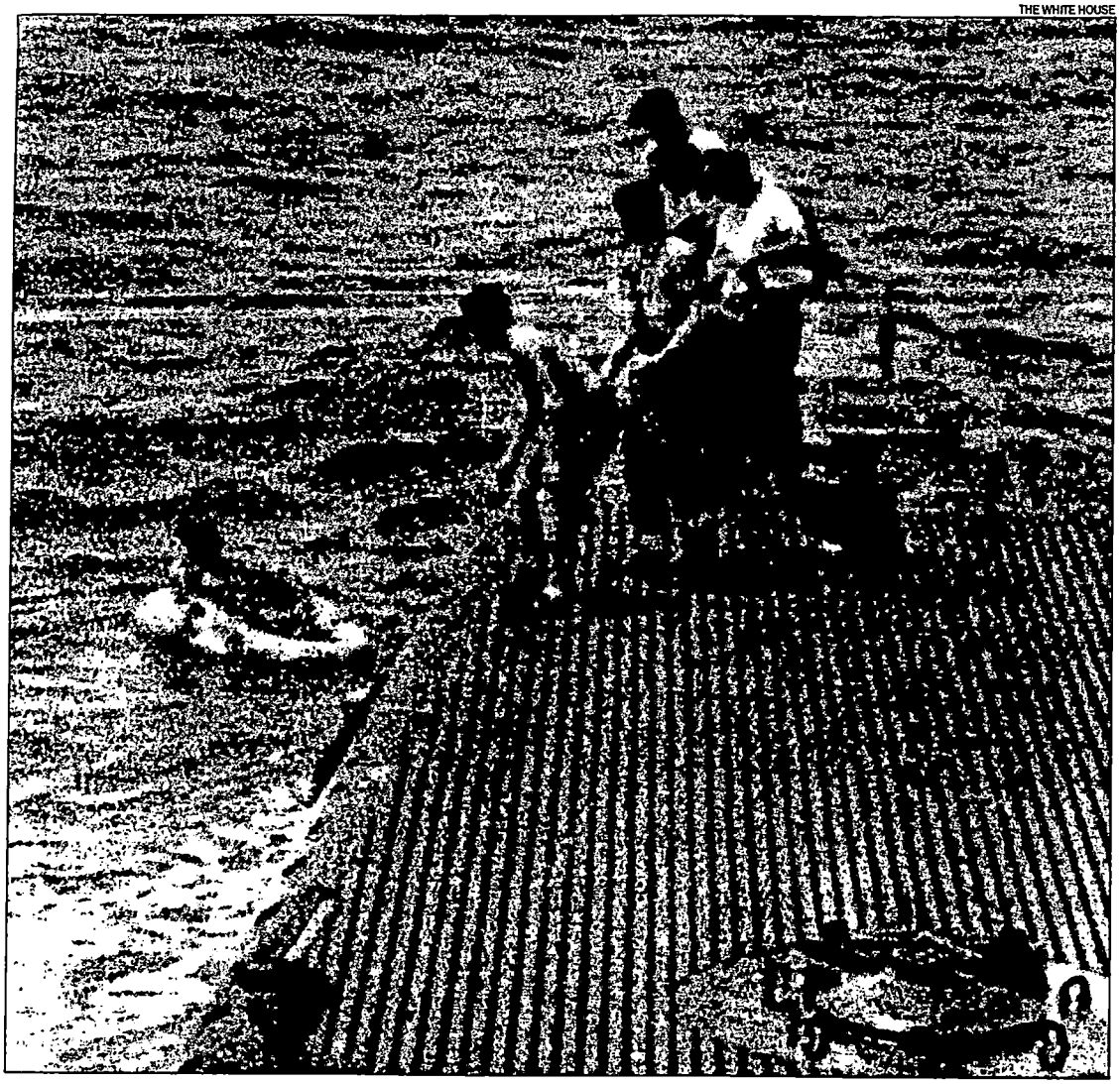


THE WHITE HOUSE



Ready to fight. *Bush, standing third from right, above, with officers at the Norfolk Naval Air Station, was one of the youngest bomber pilots commissioned during the war. His instructors generally found he had above-average skills, but he hated doing air stunts. When he finally learned the fine points of landing on carriers, Bush exulted that it "gets the adrenaline flowing." His crew mates painted his girlfriend Barbara Pierce's name on each of the bombers he flew.*

THE WHITE HOUSE



Safe haven. *A sailor on the submarine* Finback *shot this film of Bush's rescue on Sept. 2, 1944, after his plane was downed by antiaircraft fire from the Japanese-controlled island Chichi Jima. Bush ejected after finishing his bombing mission, but two other crewmen on his plane died. While he awaited rescue, Bush, who had seen this picture of a beheading on Chichi Jima, was most frightened he would be captured by forces connected to a sadist named Matoba, who commanded the island.*

COURTESY *LIFE* MAGAZINE



experience was far scarier than an airplane bombing run," Bush recalls. "At least in the plane you controlled your destiny to some extent: You could see puffs of smoke coming at you, and you knew what the problem was. But there, underwater, all you could do was hope like hell that the enemy wouldn't put an explosive on top of you. The real submariners weren't that worried about it; they'd been through it all before. But for me, there was a certain helplessness. Having no assigned duty made it even worse—waiting for one explosion and then the next. There were times when it felt as though the sub would shake apart. I felt trapped and scared."

Deep revelations. It was those times when the *Finback* was on the surface at night and he was standing the midnight-to-4 a.m. watch that Bush most enjoyed. "I'll never forget the beauty of the Pacific," Bush says. "It was absolutely dark in the middle of the Pacific; the nights were so clear and the stars so brilliant. It was wonderful and energizing, a time to talk to God. I had time to reflect, to go deep inside myself and search for answers. People talk about a kind of foxhole Christianity, where you're in trouble and think you're going to die, and so you want to make everything right with God and everybody else right there in the last minute. But this was just the opposite of that. I had already faced death, and God had spared me. I had this very deep and profound gratitude and a sense of wonder. Sometimes when there is a disaster, people will pray, 'Why me?' In an opposite way I had the same question: Why had I been spared, and what did God have in store for me?

"As you grow older and try to retrace the steps that made you the person that you are, the signposts to look for are those special times of insight. I remember my days and nights aboard the *Finback* as one of those times—maybe the most important of them all. There wasn't a sudden revelation of what I wanted to do with the rest of my life, but there was an awakening. There's no question that underlying all that were my own religious beliefs. In my own view there's got to be some kind of destiny and I was being spared for something on earth."

Bush was awarded a Distinguished Flying Cross soon after rejoining the carrier. He flew several more missions—including one with a new radioman-gunner named Joe Reichert that involved a dangerous emergency landing—before the *San Jacinto* ended its tour of duty in late November. He returned to the States and awaited another combat assignment. But that wasn't necessary. On Aug. 14, 1945, Japan unconditionally surrendered. Bush celebrated with his new wife Barbara in Virginia Beach: "It was unbelievable joy, rejoicing with our fellow pilots down the street, with this tremendous outpouring of emotion."

On Sept. 18, 1945, George Herbert Walker Bush was discharged from the Navy on "points" compiled by his months in combat and the decoration he had been awarded. After logging 1,228 hours of flying time, 126 carrier landings and 58 missions, his role in the Pacific campaign was over and he had survived. ■

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Grant/Simon
A:Kilo-8.ts Draft three
December 2, 1991

PRESIDENTIAL REMARKS: ADDRESS WWII VETERANS AND FAMILIES
KILO EIGHT, HONOLULU, HAWAII
SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1991
9:50 A.M.

[Acknowledgements]

I remember exactly when I first heard the news about Pearl Harbor -- as I'm sure all of you do, too. I was seventeen years old, walking across the yard in high school. My thoughts in those days didn't turn to world events, but mainly to simpler things: making the basketball team, entering college. That walk across campus marked an end of innocence for me, and someone later described the attack as the instant "when the impossible happened, when warfare suddenly spread, for the first and only time in history, to virtually the whole world."

When Americans heard the news, they froze in shock. But just as quickly we came together. I was swept up in it -- I became determined that very day. I wanted to be a Navy pilot.

And so, on my 18th birthday, I was sworn into the Navy as a Seaman Second Class. Just a scared and nervous kid, learning how to fly the "low and slow" torpedo bombers ... I named my Grumman Avenger for Barbara. I was shocked at my first sight of Pearl Harbor in April of '44: we came into port on the San Jacinto, and docked right behind the Essex. Nearby, the Utah was still on her side, and parts of the Arizona still poked through the water. Everywhere the skeletons of ships reached out, as if to demand remembrance -- and warn us of our own mortality.

Heading out with Admiral Mitscher's Fleet, we quickly saw the face of battle -- I wrote letters to the families of crewmen who didn't return from bombing runs, and I prayed for my buddies when their planes got hit. I lost friends. We all did.

A **thousand** men died in a matter of **minutes** on this site, a half century ago. Many more died that same day as Japanese forces assaulted the Philippines, Guam, Wake Island, Midway Island, Malaya and Hong Kong. The first blasts at Pearl Harbor annihilated our national illusions. They demonstrated to one and all the futility of isolationism, the stupidity of complacency, and the importance of preparedness. In "the two hours that changed the world," Pearl Harbor propelled each of us into a titanic contest for mankind's future. It galvanized the American spirit as never before into a single-minded resolve that could produce only one thing: **victory**.

Churchill knew it as soon as he heard the news that night. After the loss at Dunkirk, the Fall of France, the blitz of London, the scourge of the U-boats, he said that once America had been attacked, there was "no more doubt about the end." He knew then that the American spirit would not fail.

The next day, President Roosevelt proclaimed the singular American objective: "With confidence in our armed forces -- with the unbounding determination of our people -- we will gain the inevitable triumph -- so help us God." It was the steadfastness of the American people that would "win the war" and "win the peace that follows."

We triumphed in both, despite the fact that the American people did not want to be drawn into the initial conflict -- "the unsought war," it's been called. Ironically, isolationists gathered together at an "America First" rally in Pittsburgh at precisely the moment that bombs here were sending Americans to early, violent deaths. **Before nightfall, our Nation discovered that isolationism really boils down to defeatism, defiant self-doubt -- it involves a childlike fear that evil will go away if we just avert our eyes.** You cannot defeat tyranny by avoiding it. You cannot meet the challenges of world leadership by retreating from the world. Fifty years after Pearl Harbor, we know that despite our two oceans, **no nation is an island.**

Those who call today for an "America First" isolationism, like those who rallied in Pittsburgh 50 years ago, don't see the danger -- military and economic -- that isolationism invites. As science and technology change, so do the means and methods of warfare. Sneak attacks -- from terrorists, military strongmen, and renegade nations bent on aggression -- now occupy our attention, just as superpower tensions did a couple of years ago. Events in the Persian Gulf, Yugoslavia, the Middle East and elsewhere prove that the post-Cold War world is a volatile place.

Isolationists also overlook the gains from engagement. The United States is a Pacific nation. Next month in Asia, I'll discuss with our Pacific allies their responsibility to share the burdens of leadership with us in the new world order. We will discuss our economic and political responsibilities; our roles as

trading partners and political allies. Together, we will continue our march to secure free markets and free people.

Fifty years ago, we paid a heavy price for complacency and overconfidence. We failed to make proper use of new radar technology that day in Pearl Harbor, and hundreds of people died for it. The people of Hawaii learned the hard way the importance of defense technologies. Today they stand at the forefront of developing the Strategic Defense Initiative, to protect America from future surprise attacks. In fact, this year's defense budget increased funding for SDI, and we have, for the first time, committed to deployment of a ballistic missile defense system. We will never know where our next enemy lurks. But we do know the absolute importance of employing 21st Century technologies to deal with the 21st Century world.

Pearl Harbor proved the value of unity and the strength of America's resolve. The unity that made us invincible in war, now makes us secure in peace. To the brave men and women who have defended our country -- in World War II, Korea, Vietnam, Grenada, Panama and the liberation of Kuwait -- I say this: we will always remember you -- with gratitude and with **pride**. **We will always be prepared -- prepared to take on aggression, prepared to step forward in reconciliation, and prepared to make peace.**

It is important to come to grips with the past. No nation can fully understand itself or find its place in the world if it does not look with clear eyes at all the glories and degradations of its past. We in the United States have come to realize the

great injustice in our history: that when the rights of any individual are taken away -- even in time of war -- we are all threatened. The internment of Americans of Japanese ancestry was a disgrace to America that will never be repeated.

But despite the internment of their families, thousands of young men -- including Senator Inouye and the late Senator Matsunaga -- volunteered in the 100th Infantry Battalion and the 442nd Regimental Combat Team -- nicknamed "Go For Broke." As one man put it, they placed duty before human rights. In liberating dozens of French and Italian towns, they ultimately went on what may be the most decorated unit in U.S. Army history. Nowhere did mothers display their sons' gold stars more proudly than in the bleak surroundings of the internment camps. We owe these heroes a debt of gratitude to this day, and we honor them by working to end the cultural misunderstanding that separates Japan and America. Those who use caricature and racial stereotypes for domestic political ends dishonor these proud Americans. //

The values we cherish as a Nation -- equality of opportunity, freedom of religion, speech and assembly, free and vigorous elections -- have become revered by many Nations. **Our greatest victory in World War II took place not on the field of battle, but in nations we once counted as foes. The ideals of democracy and liberty have triumphed in a world once threatened with conquest by tyranny and despotism.**

Who would have thought in 1941 that our mortal enemies -- Germany, Japan and Italy -- would now stand with us, as strong

allies? Five decades ago we waged a war to banish the shadow of evil from the world, to let men and women of every country live in the bright light of liberty. Our victory was great -- and now Germany, Japan and Italy belong to the community of free nations.

But the struggle for freedom is not complete. We look forward to the day when the peoples of China, North Korea, Vietnam, Laos, Cambodia, Cuba and Burma can enjoy the freedom of democracy and open economies, and can experience the excitement of engagement in the community of free nations.

Economic security comes not through aggression but through shared values -- free people and free markets. Today we celebrate much of the world's evolution to democracy, as we commemorate its fallen heroes -- the defenders of freedom -- as well as the victims of dictatorship, who never saw the light of liberty. Earlier this year, when former enemies joined us in the fight against aggression in the Persian Gulf, they joined us to fight for the values upheld by the Heroes of the Harbor. Together, we said to those entombed in the Arizona, and buried in fields around our great land: You did not die in vain.

Earlier this morning, I paid my respects at the Arizona, where it all began. Behind us stands the Missouri -- where it ended, where the Japanese signed the Articles of Surrender. But the Missouri was also the birthplace of democracy in Japan. Soon after, Emperor Hirohito went to call on General MacArthur, who noted that the Emperor had a "more thorough grasp of the democratic concept than almost any [other] Japanese. He played a

major role in the spiritual regeneration of Japan." Their meeting made history, and the postwar era began to take shape.

I thought of the meeting with MacArthur the day in 1989 when I attended the Emperor's funeral. I thought of it this morning, too, as I visited the National Cemetery and the Arizona. I was proud to have served my country, and I understand the anger that lingers to this day. But this morning I also thought about Japan's remarkable recovery and about her democracy. I thought of this as the birthplace of the new world order.

The friends I lost -- we all lost -- upheld a great cause. Because of their sacrifice, the world now lives in freedom and peace. It is right that we are here today. And it is right that we go on from here.

The first time I came to Pearl Harbor, I was a cocky young Navy pilot who had never even been in a war zone. I had been trained to appreciate the gravity of war. I saw the wreckage here. But I had yet to really understand the horrors that awaited.

By my second visit, I wasn't much older, but I had grown up fast. I remember flying over the island, trying to imagine the scene that day three years earlier, when Japanese planes made their way through the mountain passes and swooped down upon the harbor. Having faced death and been given another chance to live, I spent the time in Pearl thinking about the things that were important to me -- faith and family among them. As you look back on life, and retrace the steps that made you the person

you are, you pick out defining moments, crucial events. Over the years, Pearl Harbor still defines a part of who I am.

Today, I come as a grown man, a father and a grandfather. Recently a letter arrived from the son of a Pearl Harbor survivor, a Navy man named Bill Leu who is here today. His son writes from his home in Tokyo: "A half century ago, my father's thoughts were on surviving the attack and winning the war. He could not have envisioned a future where his son would study and work in Japan. But he recognizes that the world has changed, that America's challenges are different. His attitude represents that of the United States: Do your duty, and raise the next generation to do its."

I come today as President, to lead the Nation in honoring the last fifty years, its lessons and its heroes -- and to dream of the next fifty years, the next generation, and the beginning of the Next American Century. **We must answer our call to destiny -- because it is America's destiny to lead, to strive -- to be "man's last best hope on Earth." Today we dream of gaining "that inevitable triumph ... so help us God."**

Today, remembering those we loved and thinking about those in whom we place our hearts' hopes, **we know -- as we knew then -- that we will not fail.** God bless these United States of America. Thank you.

# # #

November 20, 1991

MEMORANDUM FOR THE FILE

FROM: BOB SIMON

SUBJECT: PRESIDENT'S VIEWS ON PEARL HARBOR

The President does not want to attack or demonize Hirohito. He acknowledged that Hirohito tried to make up for the war afterwards, and noted that he went to see MacArthur.

Make sure we call Japanese-Americans "Americans of Japanese ancestry."

He definitely does not want to equate dropping the atomic bomb as equivalent in any way to Pearl Harbor, although we can say something like "we hope there will never be another nuclear attack on any city."

The President gave us some language written by former Ambassador to Japan Mike Mansfield, but said he didn't agree with everything in it.

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

November 29, 1991

MEMORANDUM FOR MARY KATE GRANT

FROM: BOB SIMON

SUBJECT: PEARL HARBOR

I read Tony's memo to you and want to whole-heartedly endorse his idea in the final paragraph about contrasting GB's first, second, and latest visits to Pearl. I could kick myself for not thinking of it.

To give you the right feel for the first two, I got this book for you. Read pp. 72-75 and 134-135 to get the feel for his first two trips through Pearl. In fact, I'd recommend reading the whole book. It's interesting and a quick read. You should also read the epilogue starting on p. 157.

I am also giving you an old, but good short article on GB's war career.

I would suggest trying to put yourself in Bush's shoes to capture the emotional impact of those visits to Pearl. In May of 44, Bush had been in the Navy for almost 2 full years but had never been to the war zone. He went to pre-flight school in Chapel Hill, NC, took his first flight lessons in the winter of 42-43 in Minneapolis. From 2/43 to 6/43, he flew in sunny Corpus Christi, which he said was the first place he had ever landed that wasn't covered with ice and snow. He finished his training in Florida and Chincoteague on the Eastern Shore. After all that, plus a shake down cruise to the Caribbean on the San Jacinto, a trip through the Panama Canal and finally, the last stop in Pearl, he must have been pretty excited and anxious to go into battle.

By the time he returned to Pearl five months later, he had ditched a plane loaded with bombs in the ocean, been shot down by Japanese next to an island run by a Japanese cannibal, lost two crewmen, had his roommate killed, watched a pilot crash onto the deck, with body parts flying everywhere, and spent 30 days in a submarine getting depth-charged. After all that, his two weeks of R&R in Pearl playing volleyball on Waikiki must have seemed like heaven. Remember, too, that after having been shot down, he didn't <u>have</u> to go back to his ship. He could have avoided future combat, but chose not to. Instead, he "hitchhiked" back to the San Jacinto for another month's duty (and what turned out to be the liberation of the Philippines).

Grant/Simon
A:Kilo-8 Draft one
November 26, 1991

PRESIDENTIAL REMARKS: ADDRESS WWII VETERANS AND FAMILIES
PEARL HARBOR ~~KILO EIGHT, HONOLULU~~, HAWAII
SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1991
8:30 a.m.

[Acknowledgements]

I remember exactly when I first heard the news about Pearl Harbor -- as I'm sure all of you do, too. I was seventeen years old, walking across the grounds at Andover. Things would never be the same again, I thought -- the whole course of history had changed. It was, the later news reports said, "a moment when the impossible happened, when warfare suddenly spread, for the first and only time in history, to virtually the whole world."

I decided right then to join the service.

And so, on my 18th birthday, I was sworn into the Navy as a Seaman Second Class. Just a scared and nervous kid, learning how to fly the "low and slow" torpedo bombers ... named my Grumman Avenger for Barbara. I saw Pearl Harbor for the first time in April of '44, just before heading out with Admiral "Bull" Halsey's Third Fleet.

We saw very quickly the face of battle -- the gut-wrenching inhumanity of war. I lost friends. We all did. A **thousand** men died in a matter of **seconds** that day in Pearl Harbor. Despite the carnage, the shallow water of the Harbor saved most of the stricken ships, to go on to fight and win other battles in the cause of freedom. Their salvage is an incredible testament to the Hawaiian people and the surviving military, working round the

clock ~~while watchmen looked out.~~ kept watch. All but two battleships -- the Arizona and the Oklahoma -- went back to sea some in no time.

Pearl Harbor propelled each of us into the titanic contest for the future of mankind -- the war then raging in Europe and Asia. It galvanized the American spirit as never before into a single-minded resolve that could produce only one thing: **victory**. Churchill knew it as soon as he heard the news that night. After the loss at Dunkirk, the Fall of France, the blitz of London, the scourge of the U-boats, he said that once America had been attacked, at last there was "no more doubt about the end."

The next day, President Roosevelt proclaimed the singular American objective: "With confidence in our armed forces -- with the unbounding determination of our people -- we will gain the inevitable triumph -- so help us God." It was the steadfastness of the American people that would "win the war" and "win the peace that follows."

We triumphed in both, despite the fact that the American people did not want to be drawn into the initial conflict -- "the unsought war," it's been called. In fact, ~~the very afternoon of~~ while the attack on Pearl Harbor was still going on ~~the attack,~~ an "America First" rally was just starting ~~being held~~ in Pittsburgh. **Before nightfall, America discovered that isolationism is never an acceptable response to tyranny.** Fifty years later, the lesson endures: that despite our two oceans, **no nation is an island.** Isolationism -- whether military or economic -- ~~has no place~~ is impossible in the world of today.

We also learned that complacency is nothing short of devastating, and that overconfidence can be disastrous. The people of Hawaii learned the hard way. Today they are at the forefront of developing the strategic defense initiative to protect America from future surprise attacks. In fact, this year's defense budget ~~includes over $4 billion in~~ increased for the first time, funding for SDI, and we have committed to deployment of a ballistic missile defense system.

From that terrible day another moral prevails: the value of unity and the strength of America's resolve. The same unity that made us invincible in war, now in peace makes us secure. To the brave men and women who have defended our country -- in all of America's wars -- I say this: we will always remember and we will always be proud. **Most of all: we will always be prepared -- prepared for aggression, prepared to step forward in reconciliation, and prepared for peace.**

It wasn't until much later that we realized the greatest injustice of all: that when the rights of any individual are taken away -- even in time of war -- we are all threatened. The internment of Americans of Japanese ancestry was a disgrace to America that will never be repeated.

But despite the internment of their families, thousands of young men volunteered in the 100th Infantry Battalion and the 442nd Regimental Combat Team -- nicknamed "Go For Broke" -- and as one put it, placed duty before human rights. [Is Sen. Inouye present? He was in this unit]. They liberated dozens of French

and Italian towns and ultimately went on what may be the most decorated unit in U.S. Army history. **We owe them a debt of gratitude still to this day, and we honor them by celebrating the tremendous diversity that is America. //**

The love we have for those who fought and died for America is not diminished in any way by our current relations with Japan. It's a sad fact of history that tragedy exists. But the knowledge **also** exists that out of the ashes comes hope -- from the horror of the past comes peace and reconciliation between men. **Out of the ruins of battle grows the promise of peace.**

Who would have thought in 1941 that our mortal enemies -- Germany, Japan and Italy -- would now be our strong allies? Five decades ago we waged a war to cast away the shadow of evil from the world, to let men and women of every country live in the bright light of liberty. Our victory was great -- and now Germany, Japan and Italy belong to the community of free nations.

But the struggle for freedom is not complete. We look forward to the day when the peoples of China, North Korea, Vietnam, Laos, Cambodia, and Burma can also enjoy the freedom of democracy and open economies, and the challenge of engagement in the community of free nations.

Economic security comes not through aggression but through shared values -- free people and free markets. Democracy is the only safe alternative to dictatorship -- and the proof lies in the fact that Japan is now one of the most stable democracies in the world. Today we celebrate much of the world's evolution to

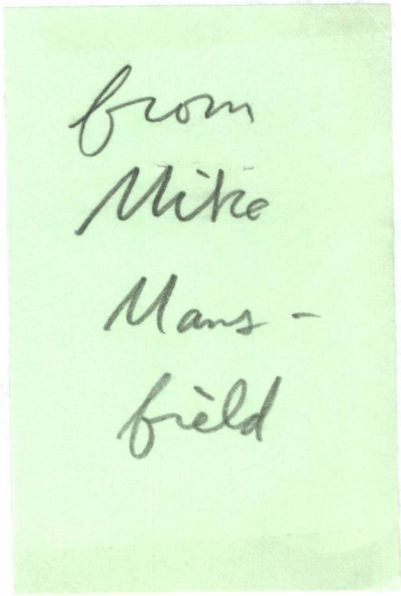
democracy, as we commemorate its fallen heroes -- the defenders of freedom, yes, but also the victims of dictatorship who never saw the light of freedom in their own lands.

Earlier this morning, I paid my respects at the USS Arizona, where it all began. Behind us stands the USS Missouri -- where it ended, when ~~Emperor Hirohito~~ Japan signed the Articles of Surrender. But the Missouri was also the birthplace of democracy in Japan. The Emperor, according to MacArthur, had a "more thorough grasp of the democratic concept than almost any [other] Japanese. He played a major role in the spiritual regeneration of Japan." Their meeting made history, MacArthur's difficult decision proved correct, and a whole new direction was set for the postwar era.

I thought of the meeting with MacArthur the day in 1989 when I attended the Emperor's funeral. I thought of it this morning, too, as I visited the National Cemetary and the Arizona. I thought about Japan's remarkable recovery and about her democracy. **I thought of Japan and I thought of forgiveness.**

The friends I lost -- we all lost -- did not die in vain. It is right that we are here today. And it is right that we go on from here. We honor the last fifty years, its lessons learned and its heroes hailed -- and we dream of the next fifty years ... the beginning of the Next American Century. **We must answer our call to destiny -- because it is America's destiny to lead, to strive -- to be man's last great hope on Earth. Today we dream of gaining "that inevitable triumph ... so help us God."**

God bless these United States of America. Thank you. # # #


from
Mike
Mans-
field

Pearl Harbor! What does it recall? A sneak attack? Yes. A day of infamy? Yes.

Fifty years ago, an act of aggression -- Pearl Harbor -- was followed by retaliation against Japan. It is true that if there had been no Pearl Harbor, there would have been no Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Out of Pearl Harbor came a war and the occupation of Japan and then the beginnings of a deep friendship between our two countries. This friendship, which replaced the horrors of war, has drawn us closer together and has developed into a partnership -- a partnership so important that it will influence the course of history for generations to come. Today -- half a century later -- that partnership has established a relationship based on equality, cooperation, and mutual understanding which will determine the future of the Pacific Basin and, in large part, the future of the world.

Peace and cooperation have replaced aggression and retaliation and laid the groundwork for the present and the future. Let us remember the past, learned the lessons of Pearl Harbor, and vow that there will be no more Pearl Harbors, Hiroshimas and Nagasakis. Let us look ahead together to make certain that peace and not confrontation will be the hallmark of our future in the next century -- the century of the Pacific.

Pearl Harbor -- Hiroshima -- Nagasaki, never again!

Five decades later, Pearl Harbor, Hiroshima, and Nagasaki are reminders of a past we would like to forget, but will always remember, because we do not want them to happen again. They are inextricably bound together through aggression on the one hand and retaliation on the other. They serve as examples of what has been done and what now should not be done.

After these three catastrophes, all of us in both our countries should have learned the futility of war and that no one really wins and everyone loses. The misfortunes of war have brought Japan and the United States closer together. The fortunes of peace have brought us many blessings. As we draw even closer as friends, let us appreciate each other more, let us understand each other better and let us realize that each needs the other. It is a time to pray and a time to heal.

Pearl Harbor, Hiroshima and Nagasaki? Never again.

OFFICE OF
PRESIDENTIAL ADVANCE

COVER PAGE

TO: Bob Simon 202/456.6218

FROM: Brad Blakeman

TOTAL NUMBER OF PAGES: _____
(including cover page)

DATE: 12.3.91

TIME: 7:40 AM

MESSAGE:

Here are some of the Bio's. [redacted]

IF YOU HAVE ANY QUESTIONS OR PROBLEMS WITH THE TRANSMISSION PLEASE CALL.

TELEPHONE NUMBER: _____

DEC-03-1991 07:39 FROM HONOLULU STAFF OFC TO 12024566218 P.01

REPRO AT GOVT EXP.3043

BRIEF BIOGRAPHY OF CAPTAIN DONALD K. ROSS, USN (Ret.)

Donald Kirby Ross was born in Beverly, Kansas, December 8, 1910. He enlisted in the Navy in Denver, Colorado, June 3, 1929, graduated company Honor man from bootcamp, San Diego, completed Machinist Mates School, Norfolk, Virginia, first in his class, and was assigned to USS HENDERSON on a China service run.

Transferred to the hospital ship RELIEF, Ross saw his first action (with the Marines) in Nicaragua in 1931. Advancing through the rates, he served on minesweep BRANT, destroyer SIMPSON and cruiser MINNEAPOLIS to attain the rank of Warrant Officer and was assigned to USS NEVADA.

It was on NEVADA Ross distinguished himself on 7 December 1941 by responding to responsibility under untenable conditions to furnish power to get the ship underway, the only battleship to do so during the Japanese attack. For this action he received the Congressional Medal of Honor; Admiral Chester Nimitz decorated him on USS VESTAL in Pearl Harbor not far from the 7 December action.

Ross served out World War Two in NEVADA, performing often as Acting Chief Engineer, and as Chief Engineer en route and at the Bikini Atom Bomb tests. Further sea service found him in oil tanker PLATTE and aircraft carrier KEARSARGE during the Korean Conflict.

Other duties included Recruiting and officer Procurement in Kansas City, Missouri, for four years; staff duty with ComServPac, ComCincPac and the Board of Inspection and Survey on the Staff of Naval Operations.

After over 27 years spent in almost every major type of US surface ship then afloat, and having advanced from Recruit, Ross retired as Captain, to raise, with wife Helen's help, four children and a prize winning herd of dairy and show cattle. Twenty-five years of youth organization work has been capped by co-authoring, with Helen, two books about the Medal of Honor and the Pearl Harbor attack.

These days, if Ross is not involved in public speaking and singing, or television, he is at his ranch, struggling with the written word to produce his own colorful memoirs.

August 1, 1991

DEC-03-1991 07:39 FROM HONOLULU STAFF OFC TO 12024566218 P.02

Mrs. Lenore Rickert

For most of you in the audience who are a part of my generation, to hear the remarkable story of Mrs. Lenore Rickert is to recall so many of the moving experiences of life during and after Pearl Harbor.

Lenore Terrell entered nurses training in California in 1934, and joined the Navy Nurse Corps at San Diego in 1939. She was transferred to the Naval Hospital in Hawaii in December 1940, and was making her rounds there at what is known as Hospital Point that Sunday morning a year later when the attack began. Like all of us who were here that day, her recollections of the event are as clear as they are enduring.

Almost concurrent with Pearl Harbor, another event was taking place miles away that was to intrude itself on Lenore Terrell's life. Her future husband, a U. S. Marine, was taken prisoner on Wake Island and would spend the next 45 months in a prisoner of war camp. Eventually, they would marry and have two children and six grandchildren. They both left military service in December 1945.

REPRO AT GOVT EXP-0043

DOUG - SOME IDEAS.
I like #5 of Hitchcocks papers and his closing which could be a good opening. (attached)

PEARL HARBOR SPEECH

Themes and Objectives

-- To appropriately recognize the sacrifices made by those who died - and those who survived - the attack

-- To note the significant events put in place by the attack:

  -- America's abandonment of isolationism and assumption of the mantle of the world leader of the forces for freedom (America's assumption of global responsibilities and rise to superpower status)

  -- The beginning of one of the most unfortunate chapters of American history: The internment of some of its most loyal citizens because of racial ancestry

-- To announce that America will never forget the lessons of fighting and winning not only the war, but also of fighting and winning the peace:

  -- America will not be caught unprepared

  -- America can not retrench into a false cocoon of isolationism and fear

  -- The President and the American people will not be manipulated by the prophets of doom and gloom into an anti-foreign hysteria nor will they allow legitimate concerns over free trade to become the tool of those who would blame others rather than themselves for a lack of competitiveness.

-- To mark December 7th, 1991 as a day not to "rekindle old anger or open aging wounds. It is rather to combine the perspective of the years which have passed with our knowledge of history to look with increased understanding into the future."

  -- America faces the past squarely, the history of the war and the history of the peace

  -- There is much America should be proud of:

    -- A lasting stability in the Asia-Pacific region which has promoted vigorous growth in trade and democracy

  -- Trade:

-- For ten years trans-Pacific trade has been greater than Trans-Atlantic trade. It is now one-third greater

-- Over the last five years, U.S. manufactured exports to East Asia have grown by 150 percent, making it the fastest growing region in the world for our exports

-- In 1990, thirty percent of U.S. exports went to East Asia, compared to less than 25 percent of our exports to Europe

-- Asia is the largest customer in the world for American farm products

-- Japan is by far the largest foreign market for American aircraft

-- Democracy:

-- Compared to 50 years ago, the gains of democracy are indeed impressive

-- Out of the rubble of the complete defeat of a totalitarian military regime has grown a vibrantly democratic and peace-loving Japan

-- South Korea has made tremendous strides, as have Singapore, Malaysia, Taiwan and Hong Kong