

Nov. 13 '07

BOOKSHELF | By *Daniel Ford*

Hell at Low Altitude

Into the Fire

By Duane Schultz

(Westholme, 294 pages, \$26)

Whereas now we go into combat hoping for zero casualties and regard any loss whatever as proof of unforgivable incompetence, the history of warfare is mostly a chronicle of high casualties and terrible sacrifice. In the history of American warfare, there is little to compare, on this score, to the carnage of World War II—"worse than anything probably that ever happened in the world," in the words of Henry Stimson, the U.S. Army secretary. "Into the Fire" gives a fresh account of one particularly bloody mission from that war—an American bombing raid on Aug. 1, 1943.

The target was Ploesti (pronounced "ployd-esh-t"), a small city in Romania north of Bucharest. Its 12 refineries produced most of the petroleum that fueled the German war machine, so the Allies were eager to take them out. Alas, the city was 1,200 miles from the nearest Allied airfield, in Egypt—an impossible journey, or so it seemed, over water, mountains and neutral Turkey. Surely the Germans would assume that Ploesti was safe from attack and therefore scant its defenses?

Wrong. Unknown to the Americans, the refinery complex was guarded by fighter planes and "more flak guns than those protecting Berlin," as Duane Schultz tells us in his vivid chronicle. The Ploesti raid was small by the standards of the Anglo-American bomber offensive against Germany, involving only 178 heavy bombers. Still, each plane carried a crew of 10, meaning that the lives of more than 1,700 young men were at risk.

Ploesti's planners were under no illusion that the raiders would have an easy time of it. To increase accuracy and to lessen the chance that they would be spotted before reaching the target, the pilots were told to fly at treetop level. "We estimate," wrote an officer who would have preferred a high-altitude raid, "that seventy-five aircraft will be lost at low level. Fifty percent destruction [of refinery capacity] is the best we can hope for."

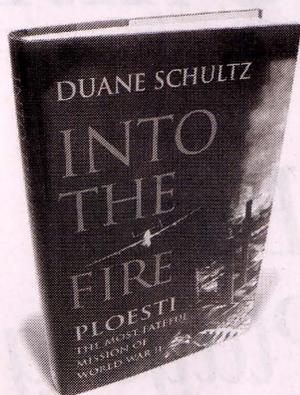
At 20,000 feet, a bomber crew would have needed to worry "only" about enemy fighters—and flak, the exploding shells

from anti-aircraft cannon, flinging shards of steel in a black cloud "so thick you could walk on it," as the saying went. At a lower level, menace would be multiplied by machine gun, rifle and even pistol fire. A single bullet could disable a plane's engine or pierce its aluminum skin to kill the man inside. The low flying created other hazards as well. A parachute requires a few hundred feet to deploy: Below a certain altitude, the crew of a crippled aircraft would almost certainly crash with their plane.

One airman assigned to the mission speculated that it had been dreamed up by "some idiotic armchair warrior in Washington." The planning went ahead regardless, under the code name of Soapsuds. Winston Churchill, the British prime minister, thought that the raid deserved a grander phrase, so the name was changed to Tidal Wave. It would prove no more appropriate.

When we think of American bombers over Germany, the plane that comes to mind is the tough, beloved B-17 Flying Fortress. But the U.S. Army Air Force acquired its planes in matched sets, and the alternative "heavy"—competing for use with the B-17—was a high-wing, slab-sided, twin-tailed flier built primarily by the Ford Motor Co.: the B-24 Liberator. German pilots supposedly called it "the furniture van," and indeed the B-24 was little more than a cargo hauler—the cargo, in this case, being bombs. It leaked gasoline; it was exhausting to fly; and its wings, if hit by flak or fighter-borne cannon shells, had a distressing tendency to snap off. But the B-24 was cheap and easy to build, and it flew faster and farther, with a greater bomb load, than the doughty B-17. It would be the plane that went to Ploesti.

The cargo-hauling B-24 wasn't the only aspect of the mission that got in the way of success. The training had been unrealistic, against a mock-up refinery in the open desert that in no way captured Ploesti's urban grid. A trial run showed that gunners on the ground had no problem tracking the incoming planes and aiming their weapons in time—a surprise to the planners—but the higher-ups kept such information from the men who would fly the mission. En route to Ploesti, two group commanders disagreed about the proper engine speed. Their squabble, combined with towering clouds,



caused the formation to split before it reached the Romanian frontier. Finally, the lead navigator took a wrong turn, which wrecked the Americans' chances of making a coordinated attack. The planes reached Ploesti piecemeal, giving ample warning to the defenders, and many of the planes failed to hit the targets assigned to them.

"We flew through sheets of flame," remembered one pilot, "and airplanes were everywhere, some of them on fire and others exploding. It's indescribable to anyone who wasn't there." It was a bloodbath, and the results were paltry. American officials optimistically put the damage at 40%—but 40% of what, exactly, Mr. Schultz cannot say. Within weeks of the raid, he notes, "oil production at Ploesti was higher than before." No doubt it was, given the German genius at recovering from setbacks, but the lack of detail is frustrating. What damage did the raiders manage to do? What sacrifice did repairing the refineries require of the Nazis? The information must exist, for the Germans were also good at keeping records. But to judge by Mr. Schultz's bibliography and chapter notes, he wrote his account without delving into German archives or any book not written in English.

So all we really know about the raid is what the survivors knew in August 1943. "The casualties were staggering," Mr. Schultz writes. "Of the 1,726 airmen on the mission, 532 were killed, captured, interned, or listed as missing in action." Most of the missing—imprisoned by the Germans or interned by the Turks—would return at war's end. In the meantime, that single, bootless, 27-minute raid cost the lives or freedom of as many young Americans as 10 months of combat in Iraq.

Mr. Ford is the author of "Flying Tigers: Claire Chennault and His American Volunteers, 1941-1942," new from HarperCollins.

Revisiting Sgt. York and a Time When Heroes Stood Tall

By CRAIG S. SMITH

CHÂTEL-CHÉHÉRY, France — On Oct. 8, 1918, Cpl. Alvin Cullum York and 16 other American doughboys stumbled upon more than a dozen German soldiers having breakfast in a boggy hollow here.

The ensuing firefight ended with the surrender of 132 Germans and won Corporal York a promotion to sergeant, the Medal of Honor and a place in America's pantheon of war heroes.

Now another battle is unfolding as rival researchers use global positioning systems and computer programs, old maps and military reports to try to establish the exact site of the fighting on that day 88 years ago. Their heated examinations do not challenge the essential heroism of Sergeant York, yet such scrutiny helps explain why it is hard to be a hero these days.

There are other reasons, too, of course. Wars are often unpopular clashes fraught with moral ambiguity, and while the news media are often attracted to heroism, they also like to challenge myth building.

The military's attempt to turn Pfc. Jessica Lynch into a hero after the invasion of Iraq unraveled when it emerged that she had not emptied her rifle at advancing Iraqi soldiers, as first reported. The initial accounts of Cpl. Pat Tillman's death in Afghanistan in April 2004 came undone when it was disclosed that the corporal, a former N.F.L. star, had been killed by members of his own unit.

Military abuses now have a longer shelf life than acts of derring-do.

It was easier to create heroic stories in 1918 when the press was more pliable and the public more gullible, and the popular news media had a fondness for tales of uncomplicated bravery. Though newspaper articles at the time refer to members of Sergeant York's platoon who challenged the accounts of that day, the doubters were given only enough attention to dismiss them.

His exploits grew until he had single-handedly silenced 35 German machine gun nests and killed 25 enemy soldiers.

The latter-day search for the site of his heroic stand raises questions about the long-accepted account. In particular, evidence of the sprawl of German military positions that day does not mesh easily with the geographic concentration described in Sergeant York's published diary.

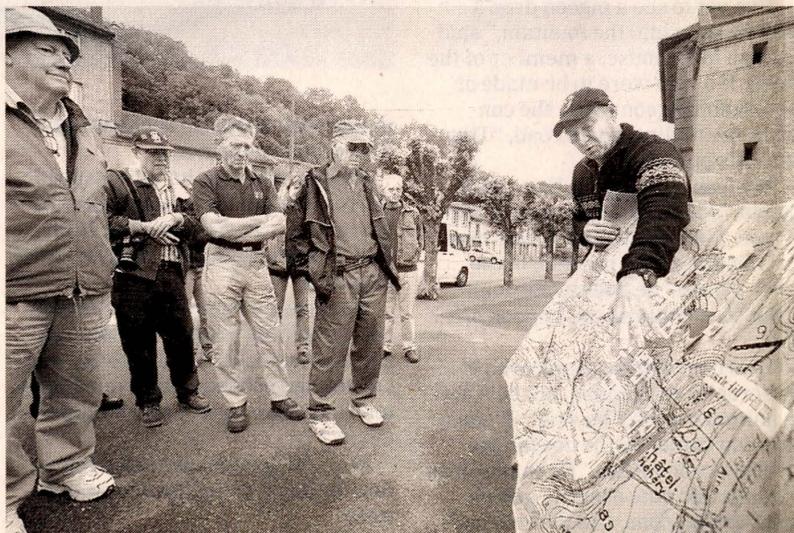
According to his account, he was in a group of 17 men who sneaked behind enemy lines to attack German machine gunners who were holding up a larger American advance. They surprised a group of soldiers, who surrendered, but almost immediately came under fire from machine gunners on a ridge 30 yards away.

Six of the Americans were killed and three others were wounded, leaving Corporal York the officer in charge. He is credited with overcoming the superior force by using his



Corbis

Sgt. Alvin C. York, on a visit in February 1919 to the hill at Châtel-Chéhéry, where 132 Germans surrendered.



Owen Franken for The New York Times

Lt. Col. Douglas Mastriano, right, with American tourists in Châtel-Chéhéry. He rejects scholars' claims to have found the exact battle site.

native. Sergeant York's published diary is actually a heavily embellished account written for magazine serialization in the 1920's with help from a flamboyant Australian soldier-poet named Tom Skeyhill, who was blinded earlier in the war.

That diary contradicts itself on several points, and the homey, mountain vernacular in which it is written is almost certainly an invention of Mr. Skeyhill, who often wrote in colorful dialects. Michael Birdwell, a historian and the curator of Sergeant York's papers at the Alvin C. York Historic Site, says the sergeant's family has never made the real diary available to historians, so it is not clear what it contains.

took affidavits from the surviving platoon members corroborating his account, at least one of the men later asserted that he, too, had fired his weapon during the battle and that it was impossible to tell who was responsible for killing the most Germans or how many of them had died.

Two corporals, William Cutting and Bernard Early, who were both wounded, said the Sergeant York legend had started with a reporter for The Saturday Evening Post, George Patullo. They met him at a first-aid station after the incident, they said, and told him about the day's events.

Mr. Patullo chose to focus on Sergeant York, presumably because of the tighter, richer narrative his story

several events that day. Almost all of those who have wrestled with the tale, like Mr. Birdwell, agree that the claim that he silenced 35 machine guns is pure fiction.

Still, the many inconsistencies do not detract from the fact that he and his comrades exhibited extraordinary courage that day.

Now competing groups obsessed with pinning down the truth — to the amusement of the local French — are using modern forensics to find the spot where Sergeant York stood.

A group of Tennessee college professors announced in March that they were "80 percent" certain that they had located the spot using metal detectors, hand-held global positioning devices and a sophisticated computer program that overlays historic and modern maps. But an American military intelligence officer working for NATO insists that the professors' location is wrong and that he is close to finding the correct spot.

"They're not even in the right valley," said the officer, Lt. Col. Douglas Mastriano, standing in a poplar grove with a metal detector that beeps and buzzes at buried shrapnel and cartridge casings.

Each side says its theories about where Sergeant York stood will be proved correct if it finds spent cartridges from a Colt .45 semiautomatic pistol that he and several witnesses said he fired at seven German soldiers who charged him with fixed bayonets.

But each .45 cartridge casing is less than an inch long, and the pan of a metal detector is only about a foot wide. The wooded area in which he

often attracted to heroism, they also like to challenge myth building.

The military's attempt to turn Pfc. Jessica Lynch into a hero after the invasion of Iraq unraveled when it emerged that she had not emptied her rifle at advancing Iraqi soldiers, as first reported. The initial accounts of Cpl. Pat Tillman's death in Afghanistan in April 2004 came undone when it was disclosed that the corporal, a former N.F.L. star, had been killed by members of his own unit.

Military abuses now have a longer shelf life than acts of derring-do.

It was easier to create heroic stories in 1918 when the press was more pliable and the public more gullible, and the popular news media had a fondness for tales of uncomplicated bravery. Though newspaper articles at the time refer to members of Sergeant York's platoon who challenged the accounts of that day, the doubters were given only enough attention to dismiss them.

His exploits grew until he had single-handedly silenced 35 German machine gun nests and killed 25 enemy soldiers.

The latter-day search for the site of his heroic stand raises questions about the long-accepted account. In particular, evidence of the sprawl of German military positions that day does not mesh easily with the geographic concentration described in Sergeant York's published diary.

According to his account, he was in a group of 17 men who sneaked behind enemy lines to attack German machine gunners who were holding up a larger American advance. They surprised a group of soldiers, who surrendered, but almost immediately came under fire from machine gunners on a ridge 30 yards away.

Six of the Americans were killed and three others were wounded, leaving Corporal York the officer in charge. He is credited with overcoming the superior force by using his sharpshooting skills, honed during turkey shoots and squirrel hunts in the Tennessee woods.

"Every time I see a German I jes teched him off," his published diary reads.

This version holds that the senior German officer in charge eventually offered to order his men to surrender if Corporal York would stop shooting. Within weeks the young Tennessean was being feted as a war hero, and by the time he returned to a New York City ticker-tape parade the next May, he had been anointed the Great War's bravest patriot.

But even he seemed bemused by the mythmaking that surrounded him, and he shunned the lucrative limelight after the war for the obscurity of his old Tennessee home.

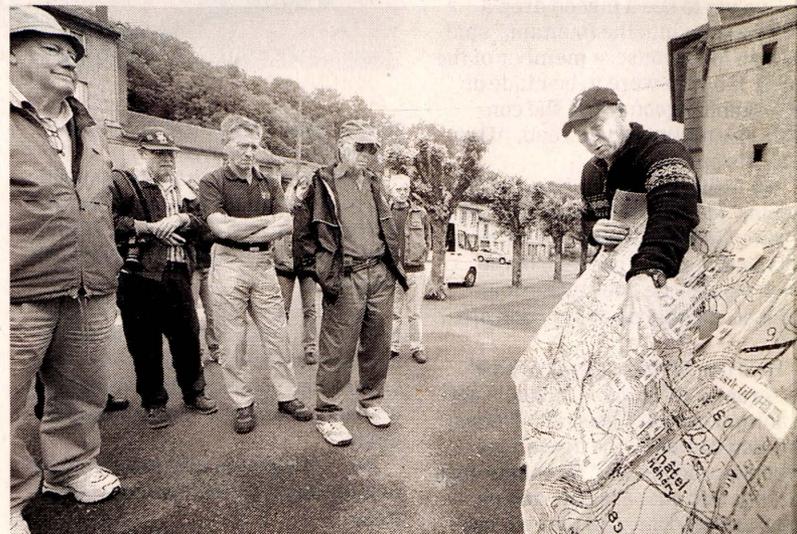
His heroism might have been forgotten outside the state had Hollywood not revived the story in the 1941 film "Sergeant York." Gary Cooper won an Oscar for his portrayal of the hero, and the film became the highest-grossing movie of the year as another European war was under way.

But underlying the well-shaped tale is a murkier, more complex nar-



Corbis

Sgt. Alvin C. York, on a visit in February 1919 to the hill at Châtel-Chéhéry, where 132 Germans surrendered.



Owen Franken for The New York Times

Lt. Col. Douglas Mastriano, right, with American tourists in Châtel-Chéhéry. He rejects scholars' claims to have found the exact battle site.

ative. Sergeant York's published diary is actually a heavily embellished account written for magazine serialization in the 1920's with help from a flamboyant Australian soldier-poet named Tom Skeyhill, who was blinded earlier in the war.

That diary contradicts itself on several points, and the homey, mountain vernacular in which it is written is almost certainly an invention of Mr. Skeyhill, who often wrote in colorful dialects. Michael Birdwell, a historian and the curator of Sergeant York's papers at the Alvin C. York Historic Site, says the sergeant's family has never made the real diary available to historians, so it is not clear what it contains.

"The question is, what is really York and what is after-the-fact addition and what is plain fabrication?" said Mr. Birdwell, who is part of a team searching for the exact location of the battle. "I personally dismiss much of the document."

Nor did Sergeant York's tale go unchallenged. Although the Army

took affidavits from the surviving platoon members corroborating his account, at least one of the men later asserted that he, too, had fired his weapon during the battle and that it was impossible to tell who was responsible for killing the most Germans or how many of them had died.

Two corporals, William Cutting and Bernard Early, who were both wounded, said the Sergeant York legend had started with a reporter for The Saturday Evening Post, George Patullo. They met him at a first-aid station after the incident, they said, and told him about the day's events.

Mr. Patullo chose to focus on Sergeant York, presumably because of the tighter, richer narrative his story allowed. The article, titled "The Second Elder Gives Battle" in a reference to his position in his Tennessee church, tells the story of an uneducated backwoods Christian who reluctantly goes to war and reconciles his religious beliefs with his sense of duty to his country.

The article made him an instant celebrity. But Corporal Cutting insisted long after the war that the senior German officer had surrendered to him that day, not to Sergeant York. He even threatened Warner Brothers with legal action if it did not acknowledge his claims in the film.

At the release of the film, The Boston Globe ran an advertisement in the name of the seven men saying that they did not recall signing the affidavits corroborating Sergeant York's account and that none of them were "in agreement with Warner Bros.' or Sergeant York's version of what really happened 'over there.'"

The Germans, too, investigated the episode and found that Sergeant York could not possibly have carried out the feat alone. They suggested that the story was a compilation of

several events that day. Almost all of those who have wrestled with the tale, like Mr. Birdwell, agree that the claim that he silenced 35 machine guns is pure fiction.

Still, the many inconsistencies do not detract from the fact that he and his comrades exhibited extraordinary courage that day.

Now competing groups obsessed with pinning down the truth — to the amusement of the local French — are using modern forensics to find the spot where Sergeant York stood.

A group of Tennessee college professors announced in March that they were "80 percent" certain that they had located the spot using metal detectors, hand-held global positioning devices and a sophisticated computer program that overlays historic and modern maps. But an American military intelligence officer working for NATO insists that the professors' location is wrong and that he is close to finding the correct spot.

"They're not even in the right valley," said the officer, Lt. Col. Douglas Mastriano, standing in a poplar grove with a metal detector that beeps and buzzes at buried shrapnel and cartridge casings.

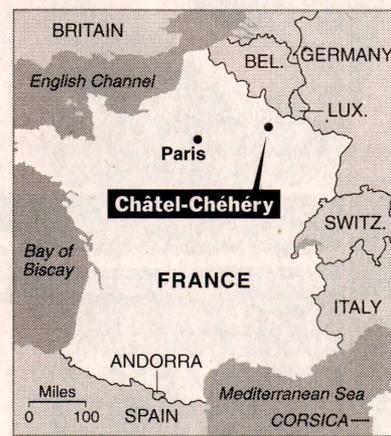
Each side says its theories about where Sergeant York stood will be proved correct if it finds spent cartridges from a Colt .45 semiautomatic pistol that he and several witnesses said he fired at seven German soldiers who charged him with fixed bayonets.

But each .45 cartridge casing is less than an inch long, and the pan of a metal detector is only about a foot wide. The wooded area in which he could have been standing covers more than a square mile and is peppered with bits of exploded artillery and bullets, as well as spent rifle and machine gun cartridges.

In the end, it does not really matter who is right. The wooded valley where the fighting took place, its silence broken only by intermittent birdsong, still carries geography's sometimes powerful spell. Standing there, one can imagine the murmur of voices, followed by shouts, the sickening rattle of machine gun fire and, finally, the cries of falling men.

Mr. Birdwell and Colonel Mastriano have found American ammunition that may have come from York's bolt-action Lee-Enfield Model 17 rifle. Colonel Mastriano also found an American bullet buried in the dirt on the crest of the ridge that he says Sergeant York was firing at.

But his rifle has disappeared, and so there is no way of verifying whether he fired any of the rounds found. The proof, both sides say, will be finding cartridge casings from a Colt .45 semiautomatic like the one that Sergeant York fired — if they are to be found at all.



The New York Times

In Châtel-Chéhéry, new tools are being used to analyze a battle.

For personal use or study only. Do not reproduce. K. Ross Toole Archives, Mansfield Library, The University of Montana, Missoula, MT 59812.

U Mont. - Del Steer

"FALL-IN"



Greetings to
THE MEN WHO SERVE TODAY
from your
COMRADES OF 1917 and 1918



Presented by THE AMERICAN LEGION

Be very careful to report to the hospital physician any accidental or other injuries, especially if you have a spine, skull or abdomen injury. Report immediately even the slightest suspicion of a venereal disease. Do not be ashamed to do so; speak out and save yourself years of trouble. *Obey regulations regarding social diseases and the prevention of same.*

Be sure your own records are correct and that they are preserved. Above all things, at the time of your discharge be sure to tell the truth as far as you know it regarding your physical condition. Don't be in such a hurry to get out of the service that some statement you make will later react against you. It is presumed that you told the entire truth when you entered service. At time of discharge insist that you be given a complete physical examination. You should relate to the examining physician all illnesses or injuries suffered during your time of service and ask for special examination of any resultant injuries or condition. Be positive that proper notations are made on your discharge medical report.

CONCLUSIONS

You have left your home to serve your country.

Serve to the credit of yourself, your family, your state and your country.

You are now a comrade in the fraternity of American Servicemen.

The American Legion, a million and a quarter strong, and its American Legion Auxiliary of seven hundred and fifty thousand women, desire to serve you and to be your friends.

We will pick you up on the road and give you rides in our autos.

We will feed you in our homes.

We will see that where possible you get the home town paper while you are away.

We will help you in your claims and in your connections with the U. S. Veterans' Administration.

Our American Legion clubhouses and memorial homes are open for your use.

Our Legion Posts and Auxiliary Units are in every city and town throughout the vast expanse of the nation, including possessions. We are in those towns and cities "on duty," in Air Craft Warning and Air Raid Warden Services, keeping up morale at home, and we are making an "All Out" effort to serve you. Our greatest desire is to be with you but years take their toll, and make that impossible for some of us.

There's a Legion Post in the community close to your camp or training field. Every coastline city has one or more Legion Posts. Drop in, get acquainted and make any need known. The Legion Post in your home town will always be glad to look after things at home for you if you will but ask.

If you wish advice not obtainable through military channels feel welcome to call upon the members or the Service officer at the nearest Legion Post, ask anyone wearing a Legion button or if you desire write direct to National Headquarters of The American Legion, 777 N. Meridian St., Indianapolis, Indiana.

We are comrades now.

PAY AND ALLOWANCES

(December, 1941, subject to later revision by the government)

Army:

When you first enter the military service your rate of pay will be \$21.00 a month. This pay is in addition to the food, clothing, medical and dental attention which the government provides you without charge. Here are some of the monthly rates of pay for enlisted men:

(To the following rates of pay, add \$10 per month for service beyond 1 year)*

	<i>Per Month</i>
Private (less than 4 months' service)	\$21
Private (over 4 months' service)	30
Private, First Class	36
Corporal	54
Sergeant	60
Staff Sergeant	72
Technical and First Sergeant	84
Master Sergeant	126

The War Department has created three new grades for enlisted men. These new grades are Technician 3rd Grade, Technician 4th Grade, and Technician 5th Grade.

The old rating of "Specialist" has been dropped.

Technicians will rank in order of the dates of their warrants below non-commissioned officers of the same pay; i.e., technicians 3rd grade will rank below staff sergeant, 4th grade below sergeant and above corporal, 5th grade below corporal and above 1st class private.

Under this plan there will be but seven pay scales for enlisted men which are as given above.

This system will take effect prior to July 1st, 1942.

Travel Concessions

All men in the uniform of the armed services are entitled to special railroad and bus fares when on leave or furlough. Female nurses of the armed forces are entitled to the same even though not in uniform.

Air Corps:

If you are in the Air Corps, during such time as you are au-

* (Act of August 18, 1941, authorizes \$10.00 per month additional after one year's service in any grade.)

thorized to take part regularly and frequently in aerial flights, you will receive additional pay of 50 percent of the pay of your grade. If you are a private, private 1st class, corporal, or sergeant and are rated as an air mechanic 1st class, you will receive the pay of the second grade; or if you are rated as an air mechanic 2nd class, you will receive the pay of the third grade during the time you hold your rating. (Air Mechanics first class receive the pay of a technical sergeant, \$84.00 to \$105.00. Air Mechanics second class receive the pay of a staff sergeant, \$72.00 to \$90.00.)

Army Aviation Cadets:

Army Aviation Cadets receive \$75.00 per month and \$1.00 per day subsistence allowance, and when commissioned, receive a uniform allowance of \$150.00.

Navy:

	<i>Per Month</i>
Apprentice Seaman, 3rd class	\$30
(except that pay during first 4 months service is \$21 a month)	
Seaman, 2nd class	36
Seaman, 1st class	54
Petty Officer, 3rd class	60
Petty Officer, 2nd class	72
Petty Officer, 1st class	84
Petty Officer, grade 1A—acting appointment including all branches	99
Chief Petty Officer, permanent appointment	126

The foregoing rates of pay constitute base pay; that is, they do not include allowances or additions. A man upon first enlistment in the Navy receives a clothing outfit free. Enlisted men in the Navy receive rations free.

In each of the above Petty Officer classes, the Aviation branch, including machinists, photographers, etc., receive pay common to each class.

Naval Aviation Cadets:

First month, \$50; second through eighth month, \$75; Commissioned Naval Aviation Cadets, \$245.

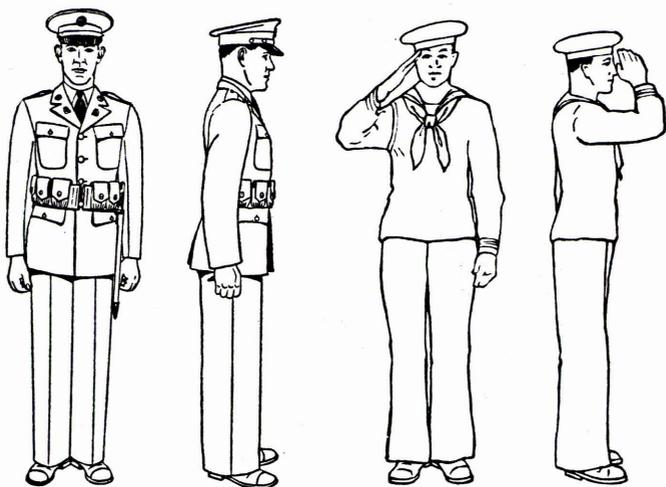
Marines: Salary: (Same as regular Navy enlisted men).

Decorations:

For certain decorations or awards including distinguished service, marksmanship, etc., service men receive an additional amount of money each month.

ATTENTION!

AND
SALUTE!



• "ATTENTION"—the position of the servicemen, whether he be soldier, sailor or marine. It typifies your readiness for immediate duty and to receive the necessary commands to follow.

ARMY TERMS AND DEFINITIONS FOR RECRUITS

AWOL. Absent without leave.

Aide, or Aide-de-camp. A personal assistant to a general officer.

Base. The element on which a movement is regulated.

Blind. A money fine of a court-martial sentence.

Bob-tail. A dishonorable discharge.

Bucking for orderly. Extra efforts for personal appearance when competing for post of orderly to the commanding officer.

Bust. To reduce a noncommissioned officer to grade of private.

Chow. Food.

Cits. Civilian clothing.

CO or KO. Commanding officer.

Distance. Space between elements in the direction front to rear.

Dogtags. Identification disks.

Doughboy (dough). An infantryman.

Dud. An unexploded shell.

Field, in the. Campaigning against an enemy under actual or assumed conditions.

File. A column of men one behind the other.

Foxhole. Pit dug by a soldier to protect his body.

GI. Government issue; galvanized iron.

Guard house lawyer. A person who knows little but talks much about regulations, military law, and soldiers' "rights."

Hash mark. A service stripe.

Hike. To march.

Hitch. An enlistment period.

I. & I. Inspected and inventoried.

Interval. Space between elements in the direction parallel to the front.

Jawbone. Credit. To buy without money. To shoot a weapon over a qualification course when it doesn't count for record.

Kick. A dishonorable discharge.

KP. Kitchen police.

Lance jack. A temporary or acting corporal with the same duties and authority of a regularly appointed corporal but without the pay of the grade.

Mess gear. A soldier's individual mess kit, knife, fork, spoon, and cup.

MP. Military police.

Mule skinner. A teamster.

Noncom. A noncommissioned officer.

OD. Olive drab or officer of the day.

On the carpet. Called before the commanding officer for disciplinary reasons.

Over the hill. To desert.

Pace. A step 30 inches long.

Piece. The rifle or weapon.

Pup tent. Shelter tent.

Reup or takeon. To reenlist.

Shave tail. A second lieutenant.

Skipper. The company commander.

Sniper. An expert rifle shot detailed to pick off enemy leaders or individuals who expose themselves.

The old man. The company commander; commanding officer.

Top sergeant or top kick. The first sergeant.

QUESTIONS COMMONLY ASKED BY ARMY RECRUITS

What is meant by the Articles of War?

A. The Articles of War are part of the military laws enacted by Congress to control the conduct of those in military service of the United States.

Do the army camps have the conveniences of the local community?

A. Yes, there are barbers and tailors, a post exchange, movies,

photograph shop, recreational facilities, a place of worship, and other conveniences.

What is the purpose of the military salute?

A. It is a courteous recognition between the members of the armed forces of our country.

To whom should you give the salute?

A. All officers of the Army, Navy, Marine Corps and Coast Guard.

Distinguish the branches of the Army by the color of the hat cord.

- a. Air Corps—Ultramarine blue piped with golden orange.
- b. Cavalry—Yellow.
- c. Chemical Warfare Service—Cobalt blue piped with golden orange.
- d. Coast Artillery Corps—Scarlet.
- e. Corps of Engineers—Scarlet piped with white.
- f. Field Artillery—Scarlet.
- g. Finance Department—Silver-grey piped with golden yellow.
- h. Infantry and tanks—Blue.
- i. Medical Department—Maroon piped with white.
- j. Military police—Yellow piped with green.
- k. Ordnance Department—Crimson piped with yellow.
- l. Quartermaster Corps—Buff.
- m. Signal Corps—Orange piped with white.

What does the Service Stripe signify?

A. Three years or more of honorable service.

Does Uncle Sam furnish food and clothing without cost?

A. Yes, you are paid, fed, clothed and given medical care.

What is the Squad?

A. The Squad is a group of 8 to 12 soldiers organized as a combat team. It consists of one squad leader and other personnel as authorized by appropriate tables of organization.

What is a Platoon?

A. A formation of several squads.

Can I keep my civilian clothes?

A. Yes, but you will have little use for them.

How do I conduct myself around officers?

A. In a civil but not servile manner.

At what hour is "reveille"?

A. 6:00 a. m. [Subject to change.]

At what hour is "retreat"?

A. 5:00 p. m.

How long will I remain at the Induction Station?

A. Not usually longer than overnight.

What do I do at the Reception Center?

A. Get instructions in Army Regulations, military courtesies, sanitation, and the Articles of War. You may have some practice in Infantry drill.

How long will I be at the Reception Center?

A. Usually only a few days.

Should my family write to me at Reception Center?

A. Only in case of an emergency.

Where do I go from the Reception Center?

A. The Replacement Training Center for 13 weeks' basic training. Your family will be notified of your arrival there.

NAVY TERMS AND DEFINITIONS FOR RECRUITS

- Aye, Aye, Sir* . . . The reply to an officer's call to order.
Bag Made of canvas and used to stow clothes.
Barracks Living quarters.
Battalion An infantry command of 2 or more companies.
Bear-a-Hand To hurry.
Binnacle List A list posted on a man-of-war giving names of those excused from duty by the Medical Officer on account of sickness.
Canteen A small store where tobacco, toilet articles, etc., may be purchased.
Colors The national flag.
Company Organization consisting of two or more platoons.
C. P. O. Chief Petty Officer.
Ditty Bag A small canvas bag used to stow small articles.
Galley The ship's kitchen.
Hammock A swinging bed made of canvas.

- Head* Water Closet.
Medical Officer Navy doctor.
Mess Hall Dining room.
Non-Rated Man All enlisted men below petty officer rating.
Officer-of-the-Watch The officer on duty in charge of the watch as the Captain's representative.
Outfit Clothing and other necessities.
Pipe Down An order to keep quiet; an order dismissing the crew from an evolution.
Platoon A division of a company consisting of 3 or more squads.
P. O. Petty Officer.
Regiment Two or more battalions.
Scullery The place where dishes are cleaned and stowed.
Sick Bay The ship's hospital.
Squad A group of 8 men.
Stencil An article used for marking clothes.
Swab A mop made of rope.
Turn To An order to commence work.

QUESTIONS COMMONLY ASKED BY NAVY RECRUITS

From whom do I take orders?

A. All officers, petty officers, and any man responsible for duty.

Whom do I salute?

A. All officers, Army, Navy and Marine Corps.

What is the value of our clothing allowance?

A. About \$104.05, varying with clothing prices.

What is the cost of our first outfit?

A. About \$97.50, varying with clothing prices.

Can this difference be converted into cash?

A. No.

What is my mailing address?

A. Your name,
 c/o Company _____ (number of your company),
 U. S. Naval Training Station,
 City and State in which station is located.

How often do we get mail?

A. Available mail delivered twice daily.

Are we required to scrub our clothes all the time?

A. No. Except recruits at San Diego are required to scrub complete change of clothing every day during period of training.

What days may we have visitors?

A. Saturdays, Sundays and holidays. In Detention Unit parents only are allowed as visitors.

Do I have to go to church?

A. Yes.

What time is reveille?

A. 5:45 a. m.

What must I do to prevent losing my effects?

A. Keep them neatly stowed and bag locked.

Can I keep my civilian clothes?

A. No.

How do I conduct myself around officers?

A. In a civil but not servile manner.

Is it possible to get on board the ship of my choice?

A. If vacancies exist on that ship.

Will I have to sleep in a hammock on board ship?

A. Yes, on most ships, but some have bunks.

How do I get into my hammock?

A. Use jackstay and neighbor's hammock for support.

Do I have a chance to shoot a service rifle?

A. Yes. You will fire the Marksman Course.

Does everyone have to mess cook or act as messman?

A. Yes, except petty officers.

Do I get anything for participating in boxing bouts?

A. No.

Must I qualify in swimming?

A. Yes.

Will I have the opportunity for study?

A. Yes.

What is meant by 8 bells?

A. It is the way time is announced in the Navy. Eight bells are struck at noon, 4 o'clock, 8 o'clock and midnight, then 1 bell half an hour later. Each half hour thereafter 1 stroke is added up to 8 bells. Then start over.

AVIATION TERMS AND DEFINITIONS FOR RECRUITS

Aerial. Refers to a wireless antenna in which case it is a noun.

Blind Flying. "Instrument Flying."

Aerobatics. "Air Acrobatics."

Air Pocket. Proper term is "thermal current" (or more briefly "thermal")

Airway Beacon. A light located so as to indicate an air route.

Altimeter. Indicates vertical distances above a given datum, usually sea level.

Anemometer. Air instrument for determining wind speed.

Auxiliary Parachute. Small parachute which assists in withdrawing the main parachute from its pack.

"Bump." Sudden movement of the aircraft due to eddy currents.

"Contact". Indicates engine switch is on.

Harness. Device for attaching parachute to user.

Knot. Unit of speed, being one nautical mile (6,080 ft.) per hour (used only by Navy Aviation).

Radio Beam. Landing guide for low ceiling and poor visibility. Also for guidance of planes in flight.

Navigation. The science of determining and plotting position and predicting courses to attain a future position.

Pack. The container which encloses a parachute.

Port. Left hand side of aircraft as seen by pilot looking forward (used only by Navy Aviation).

Rip Cord. A device which allows a parachute to be withdrawn from its pack.

Signal Rocket. A rocket discharged from the ground to indicate the position of a landing ground or to convey information to an aircraft.

Starboard. The right side of an aircraft or ship as seen by a pilot looking forward (used only by Navy Aviation).

Take-off. The act of leaving the earth as performed by an aerodyne. In the case of an airplane, this is prefaced by a short run.

Wind Cone. A light fabric cylinder suspended from a mast which indicates the wind direction.

Zooming. Employing the energy stored by increasing forward speed to gain height.

MISCELLANEOUS INFORMATION

Government Life Insurance Policy:

Every Aviation Cadet and Aviation Student receives a \$10,000.00 Government Life Insurance Policy, the premiums of which are paid by the Government while the cadets and students are undergoing courses of instruction and training which require them to participate regularly and frequently in aerial flights. Thereafter, they have the option of continuing the policies at their own expense.

Enlisted men in any branch of service may take out a policy for life insurance on his own life. Premiums may be paid directly in monthly payments by the enlisted men or the enlisted men may authorize their deduction from their pay each month.

If you desire information regarding allotments, deposits, or government insurance, see your first sergeant or the corresponding officer in command in your branch of service. He will be glad to help you.

Deductions:

Deductions will be made from your pay if you are found responsible for loss or damage to Government property due to negligence, and if you are absent without leave or absent sick, not in line of duty. You do not lose pay for sickness or injury in line of duty or for absence in confinement; however, the time lost by absence in confinement, by absence without leave, or by absence due to sickness not in line of duty has to be made up at the end of your enlistment period, if such enlistment was for a stated period.

Promotions:

Every service man has the opportunity of promotion.

Every man on board ship has excellent opportunities to advance along many lines and each promotion means greater pay and more privileges. Every year 100 enlisted men of the Navy are eligible for appointment to the U. S. Naval Academy for training as officers. Some of the most successful officers of the Navy began as enlisted men.

In the Army there are seven principal enlisted grades beyond the initial one of private to which a man may aspire. With each promotion comes an increase in pay. Each year thousands of

men from the ranks may qualify to enter an officers' candidate school.

Formerly, most of the pilots in the Regular Army Air Corps were commissioned officers. The new regulations, however, provide that a maximum of 20 per cent of the men trained to become pilots each year may be enlisted men.

Opportunities to become either commissioned or noncommissioned pilots are open to all enlisted men who can pass the necessary physical and educational tests for training as Aviation Cadet (Officer), or as Aviation Student (NCO).

Allotments:

You may make an allotment of your pay for the support of your family or dependent relatives, or for payment of premiums for commercial life insurance if such insurance is on your own life.

Insignia:

Each of the various arms and services in our Army and Navy has a particular "mark" of its own which is worn by all of its members. It serves to distinguish those members from all other soldiers and sailors and is a part of the uniform. These various marks are called *insignia*.

Discipline Means Success:

The test of the discipline of a military or naval unit is the promptness and efficiency with which it responds to the will of the commander. If it is to respond effectively, every man must be trained to do his part. Discipline and training are thus inseparably connected, but they are not the same thing. No matter how well trained a man may be he is not effective unless his heart and soul as well as his body respond to the will of his commander. And so loyalty is an essential element of discipline.

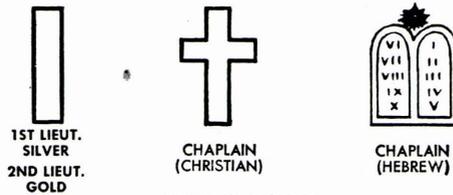
Job Security:

Your term of service is indefinite. Regardless of the length of your term of service, civilian or peace-time life will aid you in securing re-employment. Selective Service Boards, the Federal Re-employment Service, industry and society, will cooperate in a common effort for returning you to employment when you come back from serving your country.

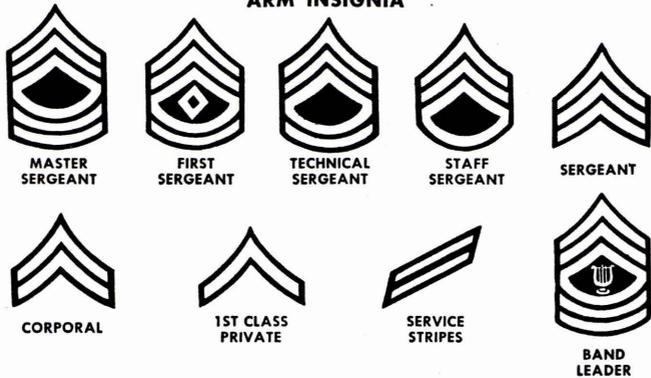
By These Signs You Shall Know Them

INSIGNIA OF ARMY OFFICERS

SHOULDER INSIGNIA



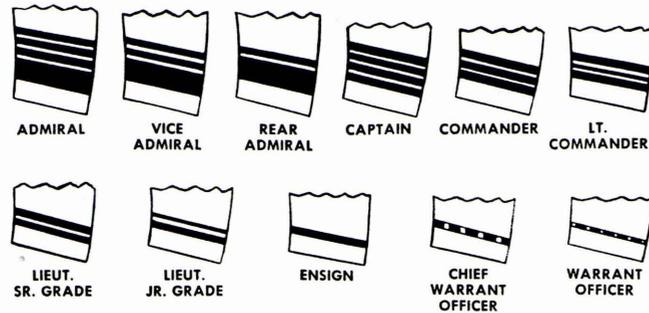
ARM INSIGNIA



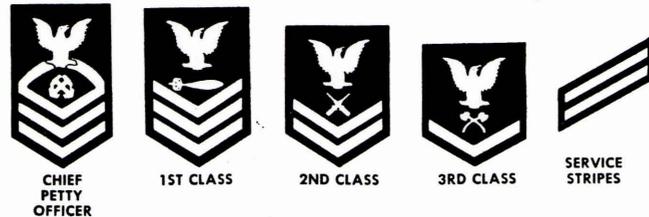
MARINE CORPS

Marine Corps arm insignia is practically the same as the Army except in the case of the lower bars on Technical Sergeant, and Staff Sergeant the lines are straight instead of curved.

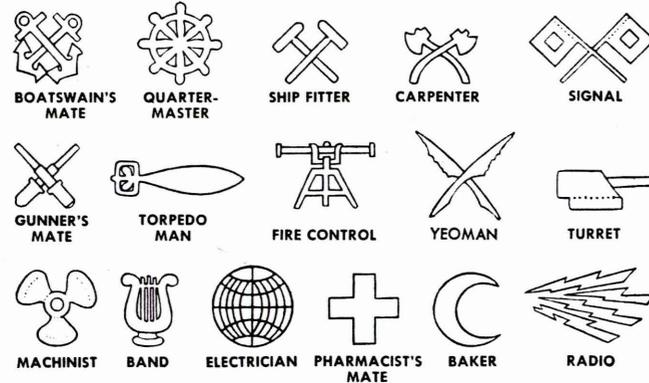
INSIGNIA OF NAVAL OFFICERS SLEEVE



ARM INSIGNIA Petty Officers



SPECIALTY MARKS



SOME SUGGESTIONS

Become well acquainted with the chaplain of your outfit. Take your personal problems to him.

Whenever tempted to do something that would bring disgrace upon you stop and think of the folks at home. They are proud of you. Keep them so.

Every man who has worn the uniform of the United States Army, Navy, Marine Corps or Coast Guard wishes you every success. They pray for your safe return. They have faith in you.

Do not underestimate your enemy. That's what Germany did to us in 1917-18.

Realize his strength, then give him all you have. You have plenty.

"Remember Pearl Harbor"



PREAMBLE TO THE CONSTITUTION OF THE AMERICAN LEGION

FOR GOD AND COUNTRY WE ASSOCIATE OURSELVES TOGETHER FOR THE FOLLOWING PURPOSES:

TO UPHOLD AND DEFEND THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA; TO MAINTAIN LAW AND ORDER; TO FOSTER AND PERPETUATE A ONE HUNDRED PERCENT AMERICANISM; TO PRESERVE THE MEMORIES AND INCIDENTS OF OUR ASSOCIATION IN THE GREAT WAR; TO INCULCATE A SENSE OF INDIVIDUAL OBLIGATION TO THE COMMUNITY, STATE, AND NATION; TO COMBAT THE AUTOCRACY OF BOTH THE CLASSES AND THE MASSES; TO MAKE RIGHT THE MASTER OF MIGHT; TO PROMOTE PEACE AND GOOD-WILL ON EARTH; TO SAFEGUARD AND TRANSMIT TO POSTERITY THE PRINCIPLES OF JUSTICE, FREEDOM, AND DEMOCRACY; TO CONSECRATE AND SANCTIFY OUR DEVOTION TO MUTUAL HELPFULNESS.

Collection Name James A. Stark Papers

Collection Number MSS 44

Series Number _____

Box Number 26

Folder Number 26-10

K. Ross Toole Archives, Mansfield Library
The University of Montana - Missoula

I have arrived safely at new destination. Address me as shown below:

TYPE	<u>John</u>	<u>A</u>	<u>Stark</u>	<u>Pvt.</u>	<u>37606852</u>
	(First name)	(Initial)	(Last name)	(Grade)	(Serial No.)
or PRINT	<u>Hqs Co.</u>		<u>826 Ingra Bn (arm).</u>		
	(Co., Btry., etc.)		(Regt., or other organization)		

To be filled in by Port	MAIL	A.P.O. No. c/o Postmaster	<u>640</u> <u>N.Y.C., N.Y.</u>
	CABLE	c/o	<u>AMGI Bn</u> <u>N.Y.</u>

Normal signature John A. Stark

WAR DEPARTMENT

PENALTY FOR PRIVATE USE TO AVOID

PAYMENT OF POSTAGE, \$300.



OFFICIAL BUSINESS

Mrs. Sigra Stark
Roundup
Box 483 Mont.

Collection Name James A Stark Papers
Collection Number MSS416
Series Number _____
Box Number 24
Folder Number 20-10

K. Ross Toole Archives, Mansfield Library
The University of Montana - Missoula

United States Office of War Information

From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia
(Redirected from Office of War Information)

The **United States Office of War Information (OWI)** was a U.S. government agency created during World War II to consolidate government information services. It operated from June 1942 until September 1945. It coordinated the release of war news for domestic use, and, using posters and radio broadcasts, worked to promote patriotism, warned about foreign spies and attempted to recruit women into war work. The office also established an overseas branch which launched a large scale information and propaganda campaign abroad.

The OWI was established by Executive Order 9182 (<http://www.presidency.ucsb.edu/ws/print.php?pid=16273>) on June 13, 1942, to consolidate the functions of the Office of Facts and Figures, OWI's direct predecessor; the Office of Government Reports, and the division of information of the Office for Emergency Management. The Foreign Intelligence Service, Outpost, Publication, and Pictorial Branches of the Office of the Coordinator of Information were also transferred to the OWI. (The Executive order creating OWI, however, stated that dissemination of information to the Latin American countries should be continued by the Office of the Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs.) Elmer Davis, who was a CBS newsman, was named director of OWI.

Among its wide-ranging responsibilities, OWI sought to review and approve the design and content of government posters. OWI officials felt that the most urgent problem on the home front was the careless leaking of sensitive information that could be picked up by spies and saboteurs.

OWI directly produced radio series such as *This is Our Enemy* (spring 1942), which dealt with Germany, Japan, and Italy; *Uncle Sam*, which dealt with domestic themes; and *Hasten the Day* (August 1943), which was about the Home Front. In addition, OWI cleared commercial network scripts through its Domestic Radio Bureau, including the NBC Blue Network's *Chaplain Jim*. In addition, radio producer Norman Corwin produced several series for OWI, including *An American in England*, *An American in Russia*, and *Passport for Adams*, which starred actor Robert Young.

In addition, the OWI produced a series of 267 newsreels in 16 mm film, *The United Newsreel* which were shown overseas and to U.S. audiences. These newsreels incorporated U.S. military footage. Examples can be seen at this Google list (http://video.google.com/videosearch?q=owner%3Anara+type%3Aworld_war_II&so=0).

OWI also established the Voice of America in 1942, which remains in service today as the official government broadcasting service of the United States. The VOA's initial transmitters were loaned from the commercial networks, and among the programs OWI produced were those provided by the Labor Short Wave Bureau, whose material came from the American Federation of Labor and the Congress of Industrial Organizations.

During 1942 and 1943, the OWI contained two photographic units whose photographers documented the country's mobilization during the early years of the war, concentrating on such topics as aircraft factories and women in the workforce.

Among the many people who worked for the OWI were Humphrey Cobb, Milton S. Eisenhower, Howard Fast, Alan Cranston, Jane Jacobs, Alexander Hammid, Lewis Wade Jones, Murray Leinster, Archibald MacLeish, Charles Olson, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., William Stephenson, James Reston, Waldo Salt, Philip Keeney, Irving

Lerner, Peter Rhodes, Christina Krotkova, Gordon Parks, Lee Falk and Flora Wovschin. Many of these people were active supporters of President Roosevelt's New Deal and extolled the President's policies in producing radio programs such as *This is War*, which irritated Congressional opponents of such programs. In addition, many of the writers, producers, and actors of OWI programs admired the Soviet Union and were either loosely affiliated with or were members of the Communist Party USA. In his final report, Elmer Davis noted that he had fired 35 employees because of past Communist associations, though the FBI files showed no formal allegiance to the CPUSA.

Congressional opposition to the domestic operations of the OWI resulted in increasingly curtailed funds. In 1943, the OWI's appropriations were cut out of the fiscal year 1944 budget and only restored with strict restrictions on what OWI could do domestically. Many branch offices were closed and the Motion Picture Bureau was closed down. By 1944 the OWI operated mostly in the foreign field, contributing to undermining enemy morale. The agency was abolished in 1945, and its foreign functions were transferred to the Department of State.

The OWI was terminated, effective September 15, 1945, by an executive order of August 31, 1945.

References

- Allan Winkler, *The Politics of Propaganda: The Office of War Information, 1942-1945* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1978)
- Howard Blue, *Words at War: World War II Radio Drama and the Postwar Broadcast Industry Blacklist* (Lanham, Maryland: Scarecrow Press, 2002). ISBN 0-8108-4413-3.

External links

- OWI recordings at the Library of Congress (<http://memory.loc.gov/ammem/awhhtml/awrs9/owi.html>)
- Images from the Farm Security Administration-Office of War Information Collection (<http://memory.loc.gov/ammem/fsowhome.html>) (Library of Congress)
- National Archives and Records Administration (<http://www.archives.gov/research/guide-fed-records/groups/208.html>)
- War Aims Through Art (http://www.hrw.com/si/social/si_1914/si_ww2posters/victory5.htm) (posters)
- World War II OWI posters (<http://americanhistory.si.edu/victory/victory5.htm>)
- World War Poster Collection (<http://digital.library.unt.edu/browse/collection/wwpc/>) hosted by the University of North Texas Libraries' Digital Collections (<http://digital.library.unt.edu/>)

Retrieved from "http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/United_States_Office_of_War_Information"

Categories: Defunct agencies of the United States government | United States government propaganda organisations | World War II politics

-
- This page was last modified 17:34, 15 January 2008.
 - All text is available under the terms of the GNU Free Documentation License. (See **Copyrights** for details.)
- Wikipedia® is a registered trademark of the Wikimedia Foundation, Inc., a U.S. registered 501(c)(3) tax-deductible nonprofit charity.

UNITED STATES ARMY

Operation 'Torch' was the first great involvement of US troops in the Mediterranean theatre (and, indeed, the first successful large-scale campaign of the war by the Americans). The landings were followed by the defeat of the Axis forces in North Africa, and then the invasions of Sicily and Italy. The US 5th Army fought throughout the Italian campaign; its men were first to Rome, and were engaged in heavy fighting all the way up the peninsula. US ambitions for the Mediterranean were strictly limited, however (in contrast to the aspirations of their British ally). North-west Europe took precedence, and the 5th Army was weakened in 1944 to provide troops for the landings in southern France (Operation 'Dragoon'). Nevertheless, the 5th Army took a full part in the Italian fighting until the final German surrender there in May 1945. By the end of the war, the US Army had suffered 179,403 casualties in the Mediterranean: 38,741 dead, 107,617 wounded and 33,045 captured or missing.

ORGANISATION Although it is true that the United States mobilised its vast resources in a remarkably short time, American soldiers had ample warning of the coming crisis. In 1940 the Army was divided in three: the regulars, the National Guard and the Organised Reserve. The Regular Army numbered 243,095 and was scattered in 130 posts, camps and stations, the men serving short-term enlistments: the officers numbered 1400. The National Guard was 226,837 strong and was equipped by individual states and received two weeks' training each summer.

There was, in addition, a reserve of 104,228 officers in the organised reserve corps, composed of the Officer Training Camps. The Army received a standard institutionalised pattern of training: the service schools supervised training and the Service Boards tested and developed new equipment.

The continental United States, the Zone of the Interior, was administered by four armies and, in 1940, they only had skeleton staffs of 4400 troops each. There were nine infantry divisions; only three had a complement of regular formations, the other six were only 3000 strong. There was also a cavalry division and a mechanised brigade of 4000 and 2300 men respectively. Responsibility for speeding up mobilisation was given to General Headquarters (GHQ), and in 1941 it was

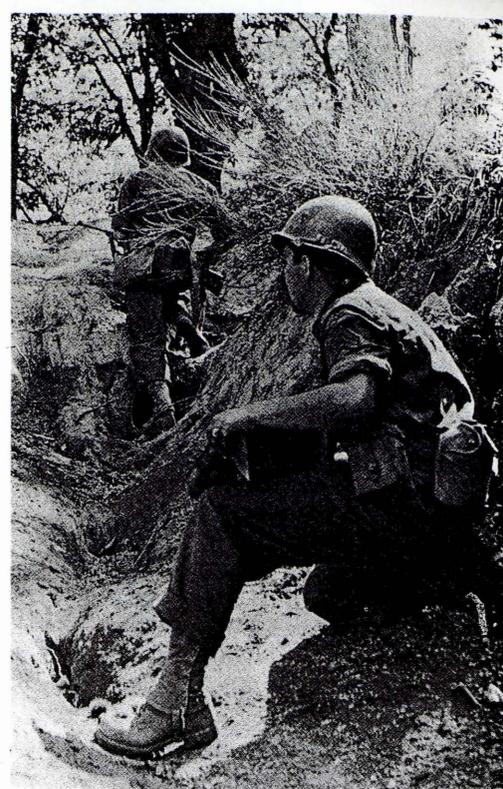
given responsibility for the training of troops under the leadership of General Leslie McNair.

On 17 June 1941 the Army was expanded to 280,000 men and nine days later to 375,000. On 16 September the National Guard units were absorbed into the Army and Roosevelt persuaded Congress to pass the Selective Service Act; by July 1941, 606,915 men were inducted into the Army.

New units were usually formed around the regular or National Guard formations. At first there were 27 divisions, nine regular and 18 National Guard; there were also two armoured divisions and a further three completing their training.

American mobilisation proceeded fairly smoothly before the outbreak of war in December 1941. Thereafter the strain inflicted by the early disasters in the Pacific and the demand for continued

Right: American soldiers move cautiously forward in September 1943 during the Italian campaign. The sergeant in the foreground is carrying the baseplate of a mortar.



170

170 Staff-Sergeant, US Army, 1942

This GI (government issue) disembarking at Oran in November 1942 wears standard American Army combat uniform and equipment. The new steel helmet had a rough sandy finish, and officers sometimes painted their badges of rank on its front. Over an OD (olive drab) flannel shirt he wears a light-weight field jacket, OD trousers, canvas leggings and russet ankle boots. Under the woven equipment can be seen a life jacket and slung round the neck are cloth bandoliers holding extra rifle ammunition. Rank badges are worn on the sleeves and on the left the American flag is prominently displayed. Anglo-French relations in late 1942 were such that Americans were anxious that the French should not mistake them for British troops. The rifle is the US Calibre .30 M1 Garand semi-automatic rifle. This was an outstanding weapon: robust and reliable, it was the Army's standard rifle until 1958.

171 Officer, US Army, 1942

Much more popular than the double-breasted woollen greatcoat among infantry officers was the water-repellent cotton duck M1942 mackinaw lined with khaki cloth and fitted with its own belt as worn by the infantry officer here. Trousers are the standard OD woollen type worn with canvas leggings and ankle boots. On his pistol belt he carries a .45 pistol and a pouch containing two spare magazines. The sub-machine gun is the US Thompson .45 Model 1928 M1 sub-machine gun.

172 Private, US Army, 1942

This engineer clearing mines in North Africa wears the OD cotton fatigue cap, and two-piece fatigue uniform which was issued to all but crews of armoured fighting vehicles, who had a one-piece overall.

expansion proved too much. The War Department originally believed that it could mobilise three or four divisions per month after March 1942, but this rate could not be kept up; by the end of December 1942 only 42 of the planned 73 divisions had been mobilised. Indeed, by September the Army was short of 330,000 men and the ambitious plans laid in that month to create an army of 114 divisions were never realised.

The main factor which limited the size of the US Army, apart from the capacity of the American economy to equip such a large force quickly, was shipping. The shipping estimates showed that no more than 4,170,000 men could be shipped overseas by the end of 1944. In the event the number of divisions shipped abroad did not exceed 88. This fact was an important restraint on Allied strategy. Thus although expansion between December 1941 and December 1943 was unprecedented, with the Army growing from 1,657,157 to 5,400,888, a further increase in the number of units was not undertaken. By December 1944, 4,933,682

Americans were serving abroad in 80 divisions; these were supported by a mere three divisions in reserve.

In 1945 the US Army reached a total of 91 divisions, but three of these were broken up for reinforcements. The remaining 88 were maintained at full combat strength despite the fact that by the end of the Ardennes Campaign in January 1945, 47 regiments in 19 divisions had suffered between 100 and 200 per cent battle casualties.

The American unit organisation had finally been rationalised in 1940. The infantry divisions had adopted a triangular structure which eliminated the brigade, and comprised 15,500 men as a 'general purpose organisation intended for open warfare in theatres permitting the use of motor transport'. The division comprised three infantry regiments and an artillery regiment (four groups each of 12 howitzers), with the normal support of engineers, signals and supply units.

McNair was determined to strip the division of extraneous elements and keep it as lithe and mobile as possible. In 1942

he attempted to cut away the superfluous units and equipment and reduce the size of the division to 14,253 men. Mobility was increased by introducing 2½-ton trucks, 'Jeeps' and ¼-ton trailers. The power of both offensive and defensive weapons was increased by introducing the 57mm anti-tank gun and replacing the 75mm howitzer with the 105mm. The infantryman was armed with the M-1 (Garand) rifle and the Rocket Launcher AT 236 (Bazooka) for use against tanks.

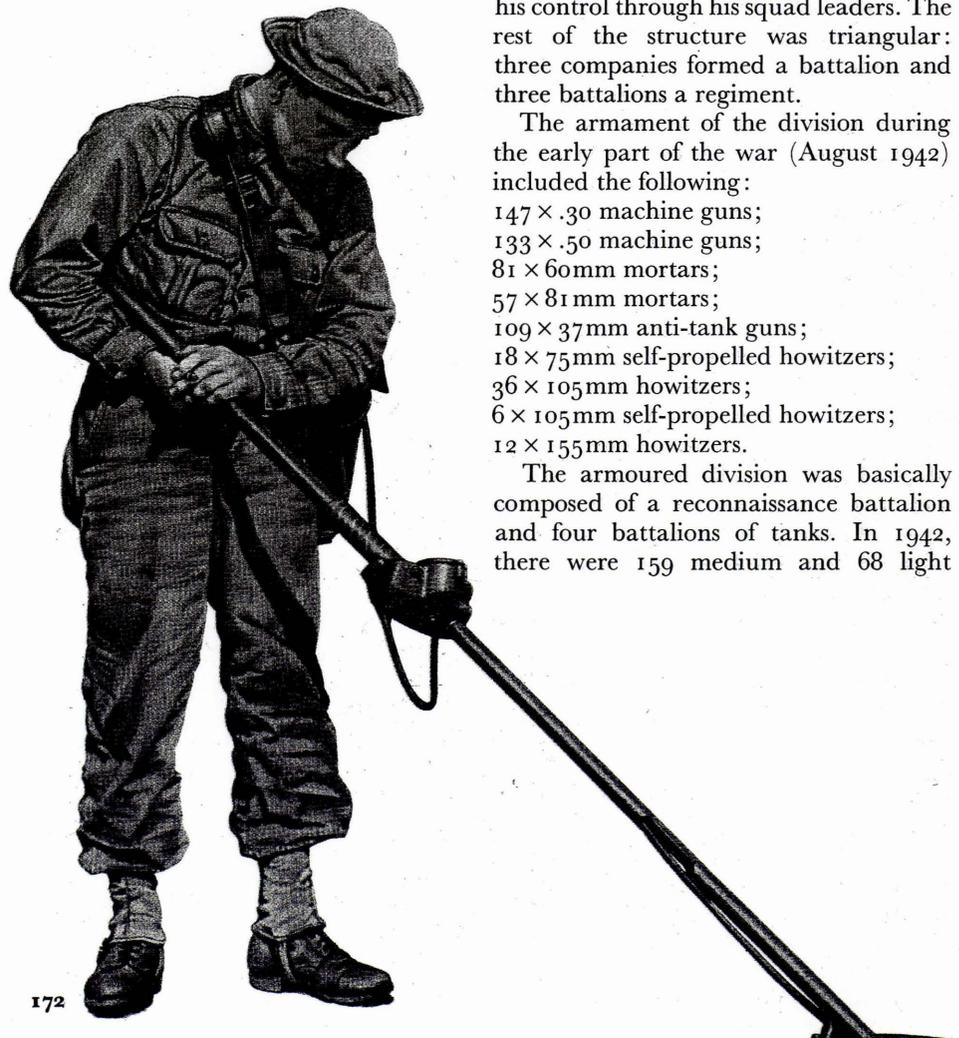
Headquarters special troops were set up to coordinate the divisional HQ, and a company each of ordnance, maintenance, quartermaster and signal troops were introduced. Despite a high degree of motorisation (1440 vehicles) a US infantry division did not, however, have the capacity to move all its equipment and personnel simultaneously.

The smallest unit in an American division was the squad of 14-16 men, the largest body of men that could be controlled by a single voice, usually that of a corporal or sergeant; in the artillery the smallest unit was the section. The platoon was composed of several squads or two sections of some 40-50 men commanded by a lieutenant who exercised his control through his squad leaders. The rest of the structure was triangular: three companies formed a battalion and three battalions a regiment.

The armament of the division during the early part of the war (August 1942) included the following:

- 147 × .30 machine guns;
- 133 × .50 machine guns;
- 81 × 60mm mortars;
- 57 × 81 mm mortars;
- 109 × 37mm anti-tank guns;
- 18 × 75mm self-propelled howitzers;
- 36 × 105mm howitzers;
- 6 × 105mm self-propelled howitzers;
- 12 × 155mm howitzers.

The armoured division was basically composed of a reconnaissance battalion and four battalions of tanks. In 1942, there were 159 medium and 68 light





173



174

tanks. Accompanying them was an armoured infantry regiment of three battalions all mounted on half-tracks and three battalions each of 18 self-propelled 105mm howitzers. The service troops included an engineer battalion. With 68 armoured cars and over 1000 other wheeled vehicles, the establishment strength of 10,900 officers and men was fully mobile. The novel aspect of the American armoured division was that from March 1942 it was organised in two 'Combat Commands' (each of one tank, one infantry and one artillery battalion) and a general reserve. As all arms were fully motorised, this proved a flexible and very effective system, and in September 1943, three Combat Commands became the rule.

US Army units participating in Operation 'Torch', the invasion of French North Africa were:

Western Task Force of 35,000 men;
1 armoured division;
2 infantry divisions;
Central and Eastern Task forces,
1 armoured division;
3 infantry divisions.

While the Western Task Force was composed entirely of US personnel, the Central and Eastern forces also included British troops.

Activated on 10 July 1943 to carry out Operation 'Husky', the invasion of Sicily, the US 7th Army comprised:

4 infantry divisions;
1 airborne division;
2 armoured divisions.

At the end of the Sicilian Campaign the 7th Army was replaced by the 5th which had been training in North Africa. Elements of the 5th Army taking part in Operation 'Avalanche' the invasion of southern Italy were VI Corps consisting of:

4 infantry divisions;
1 airborne division;
rangers;
1 field artillery brigade and other units.

The 5th Army was an international force, consisting of British, French, Indian and even Brazilian troops, although the majority of its divisions were American. It provided troops for the Anzio landings, but after the fall of Rome was reduced to five divisions when four French and three

US divisions were removed to invade southern France. For the final offensive of April 1945, however, its strength had grown to nine divisions in line with two in reserve. On May 2 there were seven US divisions in Italy: one mountain, one armoured and five infantry.

UNIFORM The Americans experience so many extremes of temperature and climatic conditions on their own continent, that it is not surprising that the American Quartermaster Department had to equip soldiers with a full range of uniforms ranging from lightweight khaki drill to clothing warm enough to wear in Alaska. However American combat clothing, which at the end of the war was the most advanced in the World, looked remarkably outdated in 1941. Figure 176 shows an American officer in a summer uniform worn until the war although it looked out of place anywhere but in Mexico in 1913.

There were three basic classes of uniform; Class A was the winter dress uniform, Class B was the intermediate season uniform with shirt, and Class C was the uniform worn in hot climates which was made of khaki drill or chino cloth as it was known in America.

By the time American soldiers set foot on African soil in November 1942, the uniform was still unproven, and yet it displayed many serious shortcomings. A major change had come in winter 1941 when the old British pattern Mk 1 steel helmet was replaced by a new two-piece American one, which was to prove so successful that it is still in use today. The rest of the uniform was highly standardised and the same for all ranks. The few items of tailor-made uniform reserved for officers were to be found in the service dress.

A new uniform had to be developed for crews of armoured fighting vehicles (figure 175) and the American solution to a problem which faced all designers of combat clothing was a fibre helmet, one piece overall and olive drab field jacket with zip fasteners and knit collar, cuffs and waistband.

INSIGNIA Badges of rank for officers consisted of gold or silver metal badges which were worn on the shoulders or on the right side (generals both sides) of the shirt collar, on the left front of the overseas cap, and sometimes painted on the front and back of the steel helmet. Non-commissioned officers and men wore their chevrons on both sleeves.

Officers wore metal arm-of-service badges on both lapels, while other ranks wore them on the left side only as well as

173 Private, US Army, 1944

This buck private serving as an infantryman in the US 5th Army in central Italy wears the M1 helmet, M1941 OD field jacket and OD trousers with canvas leggings and boots. The equipment, consisting of haversack with entrenching tool and bayonet (M1942) with canteen suspended from the cartridge belt, is the standard pattern. The ground sheet is draped over the cartridge belt. The rifle is the US M1 Garand semi-automatic rifle.

174 Officer, US Army, 1945

By the last winter of the war in Italy American troops were beginning to receive suitable winter clothing, although soldiers continued to improvise as best they could to keep themselves warm and dry. This infantry officer wears a hooded snow smock over his field uniform with the special waterproofed M1943 trousers. Over his M1943 combat boots he wears rubber galoshes. On the cartridge belt are a pouch for spare magazines and the M4 knife bayonet. Additional carbine magazines are carried in a special pouch on the butt of the US Calibre .30 M1 carbine.

175 Corporal, US Army, 1942

The fibre helmet with ventilation holes was issued to crews of armoured fighting vehicles, as were the overalls he wears under the lined field jacket, which was so popular that every soldier tried to get his hands on one. Suspended from the woven pistol belt is a russet leather holster for the .45 Model 1911 A1 automatic pistol, a small pouch on the right for a field dressing and on the left a pouch for pistol ammunition.

176 Lieutenant-Colonel, US Army, 1941

This field officer wears the campaign hat with yellow cords for cavalry, 'chino', worsted or gaberdine shirt, cord breeches and russet field boots which were already a rarity by the time America entered the war.

175



176



on the left front of the overseas cap. All ranks wore coloured cords on the campaign hat and coloured piping on the overseas cap which identified the wearer's arm of service. Formation signs were worn on the sleeves at shoulder height and were also sometimes painted on the steel helmet.

AIR FORCE

Prior to June 1941 the Air Force of the United States had comprised two elements, the GHQ Air Force and the Air Force, but through the work of General Marshall, and the Secretary of War, Henry L. Stimson, they were combined to form the USAAF.

For a nation as large as the United States its Air Force was relatively small, consisting in June 1941 of 9078 officers

Left: The crew of a Lee tank cleaning up in November 1942. The man in the foreground is wearing the short tank-crew jacket, and the one-piece overall gathered at the ankle which was standard for armoured vehicle crews. A tank helmet is on the tank itself.



**177 Technician 5th Grade,
US Army Air Force, 1942**

Here the Class A uniform is being worn with the steel helmet on a ceremonial occasion. Army Air Force insignia is worn on the collar and on the sleeves above the rank chevrons. The diagonal stripe on the cuff denotes three years' honourable service. The rifle is the US M1903 Springfield rifle.

and 143,563 enlisted men and about 6000 aircraft. But the next six months saw a rapid expansion of the USAAF, an expansion that was accelerated at a faster rate after the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor on 7 December 1941. The USAAF reached the peak of its strength in March 1944 with 2,411,294 men while the number of planes used by the Air Force during the war was just over a quarter of a million – a reflection of American organisational and industrial strength.

As part of the reorganisation Major-General Henry H. Arnold was appointed Chief, Army Air Forces and was given a

place on the Joint Chiefs of Staff, which greatly enhanced the prestige and newly-acquired independent status of the USAAF. Indeed, on 9 March 1942 the Army Air Force was made one of the three co-equal semi-autonomous branches of the War Department.

The USAAF was soon involved in the fighting over the Mediterranean in support of the Anglo-American landings in North Africa and once the Axis forces were cleared from Africa, air bases were set up for the aerial assault upon southern Europe. In combination with the British and other Allied air forces the American Army Air Force was able to gain an air superiority over the Mediterranean that was decisive in the successful conclusion of land operations. On the strategic level the industrial centres in northern Italy, Austria and southern Germany were heavily bombed, as were the Ploesti oil refineries in Romania but at the heavy cost of 350 aircraft. Tactically the USAAF played a vital part, acting in an interdiction role preventing supplies and men reaching the battlefronts as well as being engaged in direct battlefield operations.

ORGANISATION The USAAF in the Mediterranean consisted of the 12th and 15th Air Forces, both of which contained fighter and bomber units. The 12th Air Force was established on 20 August 1942 and was soon engaged in active operations in the support of the ground fighting in North Africa. Its initial strength was some 500 planes, a figure that was doubled by early 1943 when it was combined with RAF units to form the Northwest African Air Force under General Carl Spatz. The 12th Air Force acted in support of the Allied armies in Italy and in southern France after 1944 until the conclusion of fighting in May 1945.

The 12th Air Force, flying a total of 430, 681 sorties, dropped 217,136 tons of bombs and shot down 3565 enemy aircraft for the loss of 2843 planes.

The 15th Air Force was initially formed from the heavy bombardment units of the 12th Air Force on 1 November 1943, its role being to act as the strategic bomber force for the Mediterranean Allied Air Forces. From airfield in southern Italy this Air Force worked in tandem with the 8th Air Force based in Britain, attacking targets in German occupied Europe. During the winter of 1943-44, however, the 15th Air Force was mainly engaged in support of land operations in Italy and in Operation 'Strangle' (March-April 1944) it was involved in the interdiction campaign to isolate German forces in northern Italy.

Flying 242,377 sorties, the 15th Air Force dropped 309,278 tons of bombs, destroyed 6258 enemy aircraft and lost 3410 aircraft to enemy action.

Before its reorganisation in Great Britain on 16 October 1943 the US 9th Air Force had been stationed in the Mediterranean theatre. The 9th Air Force was officially formed on 12 November 1942 having formerly been known as the Middle East Air Force. The 9th Air Force concentrated on the disruption of enemy supply lines in the eastern part of the Mediterranean as well as acting in a ground-support role with the British 8th Army in the follow-up to El Alamein. During the period that the 9th was engaged in the Mediterranean 20,080 sorties were flown 20,127 tons of bombs were dropped and 610 enemy aircraft were shot down for the loss of 227 US planes.

UNIFORM As a branch of the Army the United States Air Force did not have its own distinctive uniforms, but continued to wear American Army uniforms throughout World War II. During the course of the war American airmen tried to develop their own particular style of dress, which made them instantly recognisable. For example they removed the stiffener from their peaked or 'visor' cap which

Below: The basic warm clothing of the American Air Force: sheepskin-lined leather jackets, caps with ear flaps and the A-6 lined overshoes. These were all comfortable and practical items.



gave it a crushed look, they affected a less formal look, and of course the pilots and aircrew tended to have more decorations and 'wings' than ordinary soldiers.

On 21 June 1941 the air forces of the US Army became officially the United States Army Air Force, but this did not lead to new uniforms.

Flying clothing in Europe and North Africa included a one-piece beige flying suit, or a fleece-lined leather two-piece flying suit with helmet and a cap with peak and earflaps. Pilots of enclosed single-seater aircraft simply removed their tunic and donned a leather flying jacket over their shirt with rank badges on the collar.

INSIGNIA Badges of rank were identical to those worn by other branches of the American Army, although a new rank of Flight Officer was created in July 1942.

The arm-of-service badge was the winged propeller which was worn on both lapels by officers or on the left side of the collar and overseas cap by other ranks. Formation signs predominantly in ultramarine, white, red or yellow were worn on the upper left sleeve.

NAVY

The American contribution to the war in the Mediterranean was not enthusiastic and the decision to launch Operation 'Torch', the invasion of French North Africa, was not finally made until July 1942. The American Chiefs of Staff were opposed to it, claiming that the Mediterranean theatre represented a diversion from the vital theatre which lay in north-west Europe, and consequently the American naval contribution to the amphibious landings in the Mediterranean was not large. Another important factor limiting size was the reluctance of the Naval Staff to divert resources from the Pacific.

ORGANISATION US naval operations on the Mediterranean were organised around task forces for particular operations. For the North African landings in November 1942, Task Force 34 was assembled, which included 30 transports with the covering force provided by the Royal Navy. The most important US naval force was Western Naval Task Force whose objective was Casablanca. This was divided into four groups: the Covering Group of one battleship, two cruisers for fire support, covered by a screen of four destroyers. The second was the Northern Attack Group of one battleship, one cruiser, eight destroyers and eight transports. The Central Attack Group, the third, comprised one

armoured and one light cruiser and four destroyers for fire support and fifteen transports. Protecting this force were one aircraft carrier, one auxiliary (later called an escort carrier) and five destroyers. The fourth group, the Southern Attack Group consisted of one battleship, one light cruiser and three destroyers for fire support, with six transports, two tankers, five destroyers and one submarine. Screening these were one auxiliary carrier and two destroyers. This Force totalled 102 vessels including auxiliary ships.

Once the final decision to attack Sicily had been taken at the Casablanca Conference, three task forces were assembled in the North African ports. Task Force 86 transported the 34th Infantry Division with two light cruisers and eight destroyers; Task Force 81 carried the 1st Infantry Division with two light cruisers and thirteen destroyers; and Task Force 85 transported the 45th Infantry Division escorted by one light cruiser and sixteen destroyers. The floating reserve carried two combat teams of the 2nd Armoured Division and one from the 1st. The whole force included 580 ships and landing craft with 1124 shipborne landing craft.

At Salerno, the American contingent formed the Southern Attack Force (Task Force 81). Its main convoy transported US 31st Infantry Division from Oran in thirteen transports, accompanied by three light cruisers and twelve destroyers. Task Force 81 was also called upon to mount the landing at Anzio. The American contribution called 'X-Ray' included four destroyers and one cruiser.

UNIFORM US Navy uniform as worn during World War II was introduced in 1862 and following various modifications and additions was subject to a complete review in 1941

The basic uniform for officers consisted of a peaked cap with both blue or white top, overseas cap, reefer jacket with white shirt and black tie and matching trousers with black shoes and socks. The greatcoat and raincoat were both double-breasted with two rows of four buttons in front. The same uniform with minor differences was worn by warrant officers and chief petty officers (see figure 180). There was also a white version of the basic uniform for officers, warrant officers and chief petty officers, which was sometimes dyed grey for wear as a working uniform. This was found unsatisfactory and a new Army-style light khaki working dress including both long and short sleeved shirts and overseas cap was introduced.

The square rig for ratings is shown in figure 179. In cold weather ratings wore



**178 Seaman 2nd Class,
US Navy, 1942**

This rating wears the winter working head-dress to which a face mask could be attached in very cold weather. The lined jacket was worn without insignia, although sometimes improvised rank badges were worn on the head-dress. The trousers are the standard bell-bottoms which formed part of the 'square rig'.

a shortened overcoat or pea-coat with two rows of large plastic buttons bearing the American Eagle in front. Ratings also had plain whites with which the jumper was worn, without the blue denim collar but with the black silk.

Wartime working dress in warm climates was the white cap, blue shirt, and blue jeans, or a roll-neck pullover worn under a blue jean jacket. Winter or cold weather working dress included a padded blue cloth helmet, navy blue version of the Army tanker's jacket with knit collar and cuffs (see figure 178) and matching lined trousers. Foul weather clothing was made of black oilskin, or an olive drab



179



180



181

rubberised material. These working rigs formed the basis for the battle rig with which was worn two patterns of steel helmets (often painted in battleship grey).

Probably the most famous American fighting men are the Marines or 'leather necks' who formed a special corps with its own traditions, uniforms and organisation. The basic service dress was green and the typical head-dress the felt campaign hat with red cords. Combat dress at the beginning of the war was the two-piece olive-drab (actually a pale grey-green) with open patch pockets and the letters USMC stencilled in black above the corps emblem on the left breast pocket. In cold weather a winter combat jacket was worn over the suit.

INSIGNIA The main means of identifying the rank of officers was the rank distinction lace worn on the cuffs and shoulder straps, but officers also wore Army rank badges in metal on the overseas cap (both blue and light khaki) and on the khaki shirt collar. Chief petty officers and petty officers wore their badges of rank on the sleeves, while the three classes of seamen

had one to three white tape stripes on the cuffs of their dress jumper.

The Navy was divided into two basic branches which were the executive or line branch which was responsible for actually operating ships, and the other corps. Line officers had the five-pointed star above the rank distinction lace and rank badges on both sides of the shirt collar, while officers in other corps wore a corps badge above the rank lace, on the right collar only and on the left side of the overseas cap. For petty officers and ratings the system was simpler: they wore their rank badges on the left sleeve if in the corps or on the right if in the executive.

The USMC wore Army rank badges in metal for officers and in cloth for other ranks. The chevrons were in yellow upon red on the blue uniform, red upon green on the green uniform and khaki upon khaki on the khaki uniform. In 1942 it was ordered that chevrons would only be worn on the left sleeve. Certain officers (paymasters, quartermasters, aides-de-camp and band leaders) wore special Marine branch badges on the collar in place of the corps badge.

179 Petty Officer 1st Class, US Navy, 1942

Overseas the white fatigue cap replaced the unpopular 'Donald Duck' cap and was worn with all rigs. The three seaman grades were identified by the white tape stripes on the cuffs, while this petty officer's rank and radioman badges are worn on the left sleeve.

180 Chief Petty Officer, US Navy, 1941

The uniform is almost identical to that worn by officers except that the peaked cap has a special cap badge, and rank badges are worn on the sleeves of the so-called 'sack coat'. The fact that he wears his chevrons on the left sleeve and has the branch badge of a machinist identifies him as a member of the engineering corps. Each stripe on the cuff denoted four years' service.

181 Captain, US Marine Corps, 1942

With the green service dress, this officers wears the M1917 steel helmet which was originally the first British steel helmet with the A 1 modification - an American woven chin strap. The fouragère is that of the French Croix de Guerre awarded to the 5th and 6th Marines for service in France during World War I, while the formation sign was originally that of the British 49th West Riding Division.

351 Major-General, US Army, 1944

Major-General Innis P. Swift, commander of the 1st Cavalry Division, is here shown at Los Negros in the Admiralty Islands in 1944. He wears the light khaki trousers and shirt, with canvas leggings and russet brown leather boots. The two stars on the helmet denote the rank of major-general. The corresponding service dress of a major-general is depicted in figure 354.

**352 Officer,
US Women's Army Corps, 1944**

This officer wears the dark olive-drab cap and tunic with light khaki shirt. Her cap badge is the standard officers' late-war pattern of an unadorned eagle, while the collar badges are the head of Pallas Athene in gold (a winged propeller was used for USAAF women officers). Women other ranks wore circular gold badges on the collar with a similar design thereupon. The olive braid on tunic cuffs denoted the wearer's officer status.

353 Private, US Army, 1944

This infantryman in northern Burma wears water-proofed laced boots, two-piece jungle suit and M1 helmet. Apart from water bottle and ammunition pouches, he carries wire cutters on his belt. His weapon is the M1903 A4 sniper's rifle, with the M73 B1 (Weaver 330c) telescopic sight.

354 Major-General, US Army, 1944

This officer wears the light khaki service dress worn from 1943 onwards. The half-inch olive-drab band on the cuffs were borne by all officers, while those of general rank wore the letters 'US' in gold on the collar and had gold piping on the cap. This cap, the light khaki version of the garrison cap, was known as the 'chino'.



351



352

were killed in action. A further 4458 casualties were incurred by US forces in the China-Burma-India theatre.

ORGANISATION In 1941 the US Army was scattered in small outposts across the Pacific with the exception of the Philippines, where a substantial American presence was maintained to support the US-trained Philippine forces. American ground troops were formed into the Philippine Division, which was destroyed by the Japanese at Bataan, the whole formation either being killed or taken prisoner.

Activated in January 1943, the US 6th Army was the Army's spearhead in the Pacific island-hopping campaigns. Its first battle was the capture of Kiriwina in the Woodlark Islands in July 1943 which marked the opening stage in a 2700-mile advance to the Philippines. For the assault on the Philippines, the 6th was joined by the 8th Army which played a major role in the recapture of these islands.

By the end of the war, the 6th Army was organised into three corps of 10

divisions and the 8th Army consisted of two corps of eight divisions.

The 10th Army originally had been formed in June 1944 for the proposed invasion of Formosa, but its target was later changed to Okinawa. For the assault on Okinawa, the 10th Army comprised one infantry corps of four divisions and an amphibious corps of three US Marine divisions, a force of some 154,000 men. Although only activated for one battle during World War II, the 10th Army lost nearly 50,000 men on Okinawa.

The infantry divisions which formed the backbone of the three US armies in the Pacific were organised on the same basis as those in Europe (examined on page 150). What was required for fighting small last-ditch groups of Japanese in difficult conditions was a cohesive structure at the section and platoon level and the Army gave much thought to the selection of individuals able to lead small groups of men.

The United States possessed two cavalry divisions at the outbreak of war, but only the 1st Cavalry Division saw action as

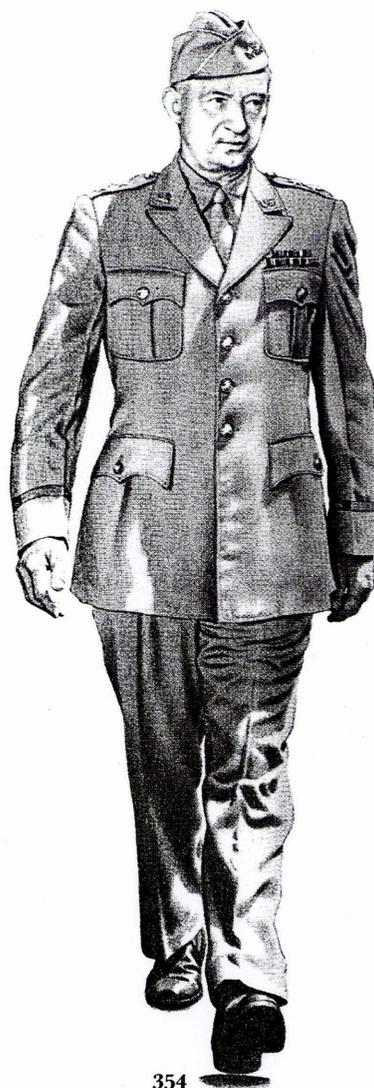
part of the 6th Army. The division was organised on the old 'square' (as opposed to 'triangular') basis of two cavalry brigades, each of two regiments. In addition there were two field artillery battalions which, with the standard auxiliary divisional services brought the formation's strength to 12,724 men.

One airborne division was allocated to the Pacific theatre, the 11th, which fought in an infantry as well as an airborne role in the Philippines. The 11th Airborne Division was organised as the European theatre divisions, but on the old, smaller pattern (see page 234), with an overall strength of only 8505 men. No large independent tank forces were formed in the Pacific theatre; only in the Philippines and on Okinawa were tanks used extensively.

As well as the main Pacific theatres of operation, US Army troops were actively engaged in the fighting in China and Burma. The most famous US unit involved in the Burmese campaign was 'Merrill's Marauders' which, under the command of General Stilwell, became the 'Mars' Task Force and consisted of the



353



354

a new M1942 one-piece olive drab overall began to be issued, but it too was found impractical for wear during a campaign in which dysentery was common.

In the meantime the Office of the Quarter-Master General (OQMG) had been modifying the one-piece overall and developing other items of clothing for wear in jungle operations. Towards the end of July 1942 the OQMG received an urgent request from General MacArthur for 150,000 sets of special jungle equipment, and although development was not complete twelve items had to be standardized for immediate procurement and issue. The resulting one-piece camouflage jungle uniform was found satisfactory in the jungles of Panama, but in New Guinea the 'frog skin', as it was known, was found too heavy, too hot and too uncomfortable.

These criticisms led to the development of new materials which, unlike the herringbone twill, did not become so heavy when wet. In this new material a two-piece jungle suit was developed and manufactured and became standard issue in May 1943.

Below: American soldiers examine the damage done by a Japanese air attack on Paranaque in the Philippines on 13 December 1941. These Japanese raids were very successful and crippled the American air defences. General Douglas MacArthur commanded a force of almost 100,000 men in the islands; but of these, only 15,000 were American regulars. The men here are wearing a mixture of uniforms, including British helmets.

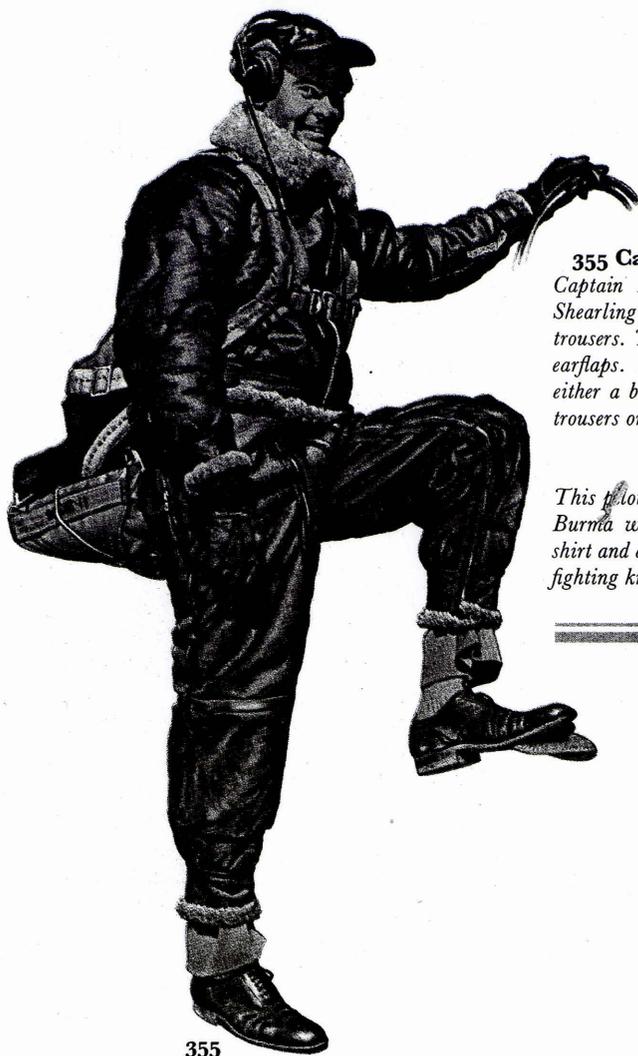
US 475th Infantry and 124th Cavalry Regiments, the Chinese 1st Regiment and the US 612th Field Artillery Regiment.

UNIFORM At the start of the war in the Pacific, American soldiers wore khaki drill uniforms which were officially known as Class C uniforms or 'chinos'. The basic service dress for enlisted men consisted of a sun helmet, worn officially until 1942, a side or overseas cap, long-sleeved shirt either worn open or with matching tie and long matching trousers with black shoes and socks. Officers wore the same uniform but in addition had a khaki drill service dress tunic. Both officers and men had a drill version of the peaked service cap with brown leather peak and chin strap.

Combat dress was also the Class C 'chino' worn with either the British pattern steel helmet or the new M1 helmet and canvas leggings with brown leather laced ankle boots. Equipment was the standard woven pattern.

This uniform was immediately found to be uncomfortable and impractical, and far too conspicuous for jungle warfare, so





355

355 Captain, US Army Air Force, 1944

Captain Benjamin Oliver Davis Jr. wears the Shearling flying suit with B-3 jacket and A-3 trousers. The B-2 flying cap was fleece lined and had earflaps. Normal dress under the flying suit was either a beige or OD shirt and beige tie, and beige trousers or 'pinks'.

356 Pilot, USAAF, 1944

This pilot with the 1st US Air Commando Force in Burma wears the standard peaked cap, olive-drab shirt and airborne forces' trousers. His weapons are a fighting knife and a M1911 A1 automatic pistol.



356

Another problem was one of colour. Reports from the South-West Pacific indicated that the camouflage uniform was fine for stationary snipers, but made men on the move easy to spot. Early in 1944, 400 sets of a new jungle uniform in both poplin and cotton drill were issued for field testing. After various modifications suggested by those who had worn the suit in action, the new two-piece jungle uniform made of 5-ounce olive green poplin was standardised on 11 July 1945.

INSIGNIA Generally speaking no insignia or badges of rank were worn in combat, but various units devised systems of markings which were painted on the helmet or back so that they were only visible from the rear. The 27th Infantry Division painted their steel helmets in dark green with black splodges and a parallelogram. Within the parallelogram was a regimental emblem, on the left was a number which corresponded to a rank, and on the right the company letter. On all other uniforms the same badges of rank and other insignia were worn as on the temperate uniform.

AIR FORCE

In the war against Germany the United States Air Force had a virtual monopoly of aerial operations but in the Pacific theatre the Air Force worked in conjunction with the aviation branches of the Navy and the Marine Corps. Despite this the Air Force's own contribution to the defeat of Japan was far from negligible, some seven air forces being deployed in the Pacific and Far East.

Many American bases in the Pacific were lost to the Japanese in the first few months of the war, a period which revealed the superiority of Japanese aircraft against America's slow and outdated planes. The American recovery was rapid, however, and by the end of 1942 an organisational network had been established in which to deploy the United States' vast industrial resources. The Doolittle raid on Japan on 18 April 1942 was a foretaste of things to come; although the raid did little material damage it was a considerable source of humiliation to the Japanese and a morale-booster to the Americans.

Throughout 1942-43 the Air Force acted in a largely tactical role in support of naval and land forces operations. The Air Force provided transportation and reconnaissance duties as well as carrying out massive bombardments on Japanese island strongholds. By 1944 the air war against Japan was taking on an increasingly strategic aspect as long range bombers attacked Japanese supply centres in China and Indo-China as well as instigating an all-out offensive against the major cities of the Japanese homeland.

During the last months of the war the US Air Force was almost unopposed over Japan and inflicted massive damage on the Japanese urban centres and huge casualties on the civilian population. Tokyo, for instance, had an urban area of 110 square miles, over half of which was destroyed in a series of raids by the USAAF. The war was brought to a conclusion with the dropping of atomic bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

In the Pacific war the US Air Force flew a total of 669,235 sorties, dropped 502,781 tons of bombs, lost 4530 aircraft and claimed 10,343 enemy aircraft.



over 200 ships and 1000 aircraft. During the attack on the Marianas, Task Force 58 was divided into self-contained task groups of even greater size and fighting power. TF58.1 comprised the aircraft carriers *Hornet*, *Yorktown*, *Bellau Wood*, and *Bataan*; TF58.2 *Bunker Hill*, *Wasp*, *Monterey* and *Cabot*; TF58.3 *Enterprise*, *Lexington*, *Princeton* and *San Jacinto*; TF58.4 *Essex*, *Langley* and *Cowpens*. In all, there were 15 aircraft carriers, seven battleships, 13 cruisers and 58 destroyers.

Meanwhile, MacArthur's drive in the South-West Pacific was supported by the South Pacific Force under Admiral Halsey (formed in 1942) which was redesignated the 3rd Fleet in March 1943. MacArthur did not, however, have total control over Halsey's forces. The naval units most closely connected to MacArthur's advance were the Naval Forces South-West Pacific, redesignated the 7th Fleet under the command of Vice-Admiral Carpenter in March 1943; Carpenter was succeeded by Vice-Admiral Kinkaid in November 1943.

In 1944, as the Americans gradually closed in on the Japanese, the decision was taken to combine the 5th Fleet with the 3rd Fleet and to alternate the command of this vast force between Spruance and Admiral Halsey. When the one Admiral commanded the other would retire with his staff to Pearl Harbor to plan his next operation. When Halsey commanded it became the 3rd Fleet, and when Spruance returned it reverted to the 5th; thus the task forces became 38 and not 58; the ships' names, however, remained the same.

This arrangement worked very well; it was one of the most novel solutions to the organisation problems of this vast theatre.

UNIFORM During the war the service dress of US Navy officers and chief petty officers was the khaki drill Army uniform. It consisted of peaked cap with khaki cover, open single-breasted khaki tunic, shirt which could be worn open or closed with black tie, matching long trousers and black shoes. Other forms of head-dress were the khaki drill overseas cap and a drill baseball cap with peak. The pre-war white uniform continued as a dress uniform.

The khaki drill uniform was not totally satisfactory, however, and its colour was found to be conspicuous, so it was sometimes dyed grey, or officers acquired a grey working dress on which black rank distinction lace was worn on the shoulder straps.

The Navy blue and white square rigs were retained for dress or undress occasions, and the most typical form of everyday wear in wartime was the white fatigue cap, white T-shirt, blue denim shirt and blue jeans. In action all ranks wore the grey-painted M1 steel helmet, and a blue canvas lifejacket. In many ships during the war helmets were painted in bright colours which indicated special duties, so that, for example, fire control men wore red-painted steel helmets.

INSIGNIA Rank badges not only identified rank but also whether the wearer was a member of the executive (or line branch) or one of the other Navy corps. Officers and warrant officers wore rank distinction lace in gold on the sleeves of the navy blue reefer and on the shoulder straps of the khaki tunic. On the shirt they wore Army rank badges on the collar (both sides for executive officers and on the right side only for other officers), as well as on the left front of the side cap. Petty officers had a special cap badge and wore their rank badges on the sleeve. Ratings only wore rank badges on the cuffs of the blue dress jumper.

MARINE CORPS

During World War II the US Marine Corps built up a reputation as one of America's toughest combat services; they were continuously engaged in the Pacific War from Wake Island in 1941 to Okinawa in 1945.

The Marines' first major campaign began with the assault on Guadalcanal in the Solomon Islands on 7 August 1942. With little naval and air support the

Marines fought a desperate battle against the Japanese who launched a series of fanatical, but ultimately unsuccessful, attacks in an attempt to dislodge the Americans. After their victory on Guadalcanal the Marines were involved in the fighting in the central Pacific, most notably on Tarawa. The Marines' war continued with the capture of the Marianas Islands, and Iwo Jima and Okinawa.

361 Gunnery Sergeant, US Marine Corps, 1941

This sergeant is in full dress uniform. His rank is shown by the chevrons on the upper sleeve; the stripes on the lower sleeve are service stripes, one for each four years of service. The three medal ribbons are (left to right) that for service in Nicaragua (at some time between 1926 and 1933), the Marine Corps expeditionary badge and a Purple Heart. Below these he has two proficiency badges; the expert rifleman's badge (with four requalification bars) and the pistol competency badge.



Marine Corps casualties for World War II were 91,718 men of whom 15,161 were killed in action with a further 4322 dead through other causes.

ORGANISATION The Marine Corps performed two basic military functions, firstly, to act as land combat troops for the Navy and, secondly, to carry out autonomous amphibious operations of their own. It was this latter function that expanded enormously during World War II within the branch known as the Fleet Marine Force.

In 1939 the strength of the Marine Corps stood at just under 20,000 men; by the outbreak of war in 1941 this had grown to 65,881 and by the end of the war there were more than 450,000 officers and men in the Marines. To some extent the Marine Corps was an army within an army, possessing its own aviation units.

In February 1941 the USMC was organised as two brigades which were then redesignated as the 1st and 2nd Marine Divisions. The process of bringing the new divisions up to strength was a

slow one and it was not until the middle of 1942 that the formations were ready for action.

The Marine division was organised as a reinforced infantry division with three infantry regiments each of three battalions, and artillery, engineer and pioneer regiments. The size of the division was a little under 20,000 men and was often strengthened further for particular operations. Specialising in amphibious landings against fortified Japanese strongholds the Marine division had a large compliment of pioneers to clear the way for assault troops.

The two Marine divisions were combined into the First Marine Amphibious Corps (or IMAC), although because of the dispersed nature of the fighting in the Pacific this was more an administrative than a tactical grouping.

During 1943 a further three Marine divisions were raised followed by the activation of the 6th Marine Division in September 1944. A new corps was formed in 1943 and was called V Amphibious Corps (or VAC). This corps was engaged

in the struggle for the Gilberts and the Marshalls and later the Marianas Islands. The 4th and 5th Marine Divisions led the assault on Iwo Jima, supported by the 3rd Marine Division, and suffered 23,303 casualties in the bitter struggle for the island.

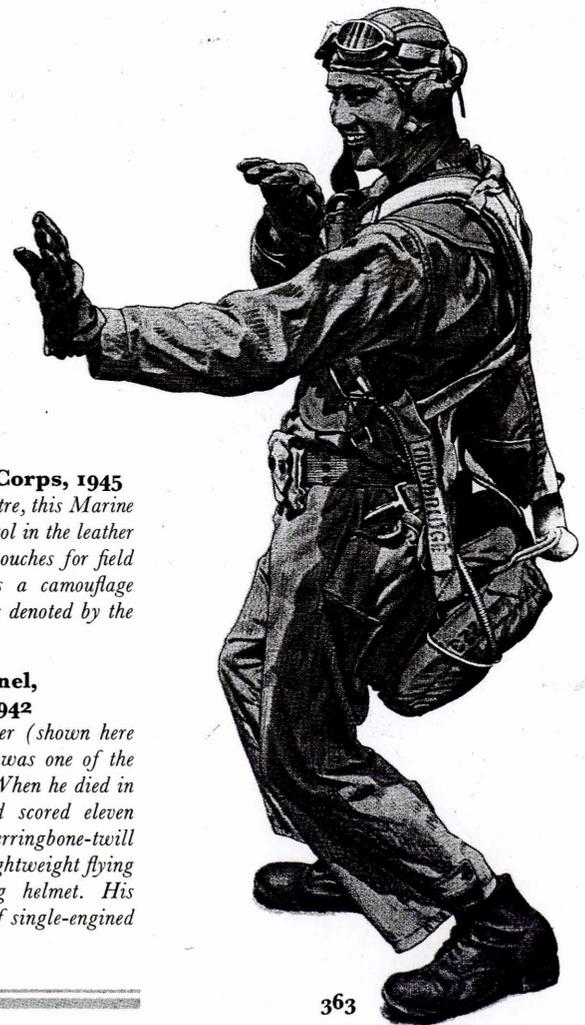
The III Amphibious Corps, which had replaced IMAC, supported Army operations on Okinawa and consisted of the 1st, 2nd and 6th Marine Divisions. Some 15,000 Marine casualties were sustained out of a combined American total of nearly 50,000 men.

The Marine Corps aviation consisted of two air groups and 10 squadrons at the outbreak of war. Once at war the aviation branch underwent an exceptionally rapid expansion, however, so that by January 1945 there were five aircraft wings made up of 132 squadrons plus other auxiliary units. Personnel strength rose from a figure of 11,000 men in 1941 to 135,000 by 1945. The function of the Marine Corps aviation was to provide tactical air support for Marine land operations.



362 Lieutenant, US Marine Corps, 1945
Equipped for action in the Pacific theatre, this Marine officer carries two water bottles, a pistol in the leather holster, an M4 knife bayonet and pouches for field dressings and ammunition. He has a camouflage poncho strapped to his pack. Rank is denoted by the silver bars on the collar.

363 Lieutenant-Colonel, US Marine Corps, 1942
Lieutenant-Colonel Harold W. Bauer (shown here during the Guadalcanal campaign) was one of the first aces of the Marine air service. When he died in action in November 1942, he had scored eleven victories. He wears the one-piece herringbone-twill olive-drab overall (rather than the lightweight flying overalls) and a lightweight flying helmet. His parachute is the seat type for pilots of single-engined aircraft.





Above left: Marines using an advanced field telephone during the fighting for Kwajalein Atoll in January 1944. They are wearing helmets with the camouflage cover.

Above: A wounded Marine is brought off Iwo Jima by Coast Guardsmen. The landing craft which went in at Iwo Jima came back with the wounded, who were transferred to hospital ships. The speedy evacuation of wounded personnel was considered essential to maintain morale.



364

364 Private, US Marine Corps, 1943

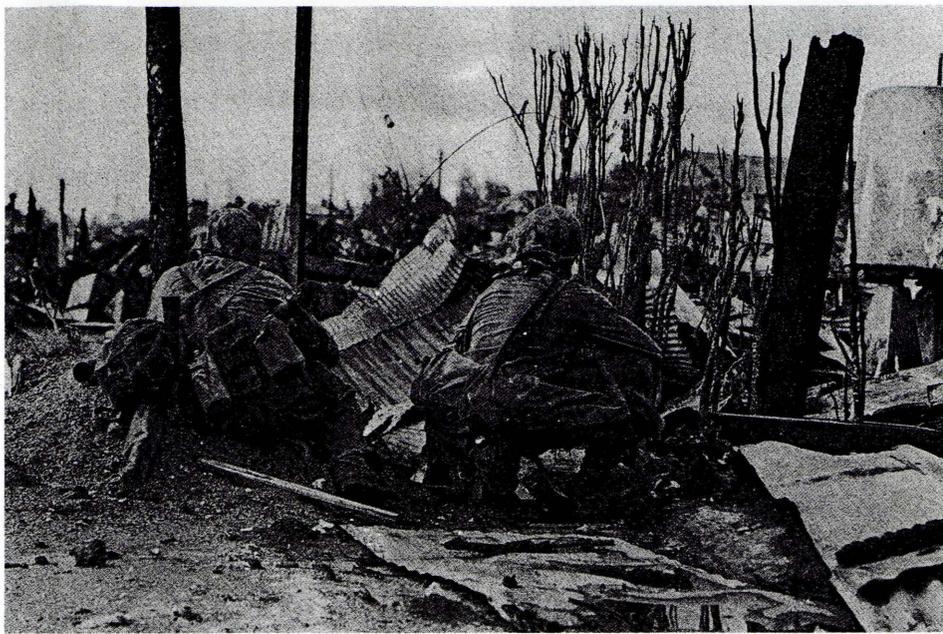
This private in the New Guinea campaign has the M1 steel helmet with webbing cover. The two-piece herringbone-twill fatigue suit was introduced in 1942. The woven belt was normally worn only by officers, but is here seen with magazine and field dressing pouches affixed. The latter were very necessary in the hot and humid climate of New Guinea, where even minor wounds could quickly become infected without immediate attention. The herringbone-twill suit was later discarded, as it became very heavy when wet.



365

365 Private, US Marine Corps, 1943

The basic clothing of this Marine is the two-piece USMC 'dungaree' uniform, which differed from the Army pattern in having a flapless pocket on the left breast. His M1 helmet has the 'beach' design of camouflage cover, and above the russet brown boots his gaiters are worn under the trousers. He has two captured Japanese trophies (sword and water bottle) hanging from the woven belt. His standard US-issue water bottle has been relegated to his left hip, while the badge is the USMC 'globe and anchor' design stencilled onto his uniform; the cherished symbol of this famous corps.



Left: Marines move forward on Saipan in June 1944. They are heavily armed to flush out Japanese strongpoints: the man on the left is carrying a bazooka.

UNIFORM The peacetime tropical uniform for American Marines was the Class C 'chinos' which were to all intents and purposes identical to those worn by American soldiers. The three basic items of head-dress were the side or overseas cap, the peaked service cap with black leather peak and chin strap, and the pith helmet.

The Marine Corps cap badge in bronzed metal was worn on the front of the peaked cap and sun helmet, and on the left front of the side cap. The long sleeve shirt, tie and trousers were all made of matching khaki drill.

The fatigue dress consisted of an overseas cap, single-breasted jacket with patch

pockets (on the left breast of which was printed in black the Marine Corps emblem surmounted by the letters USMC) and matching trousers. This uniform was also worn with woven equipment and steel helmet in combat.

At the beginning of the campaign in Guadalcanal in August 1942, most Marines wore the herringbone-twill fatigue suit, but camouflage clothing began to be introduced in stages. The first item was the helmet cover followed by a camouflage poncho, and then a one-piece camouflage jungle uniform.

A typical wartime Marine outfit was the sloppy peaked field cap, olive-drab T-shirt, long trousers tucked into lace-up gaiters, or into buckled combat boots.

INSIGNIA The Marine Corps emblem was worn on the left front of the overseas cap by enlisted men, while officers wore their badge of rank in metal. NCOs' chevrons on khaki drill were in dark green. Officers wore their badges of rank on the shirt collar.

US MARINE INSIGNIA

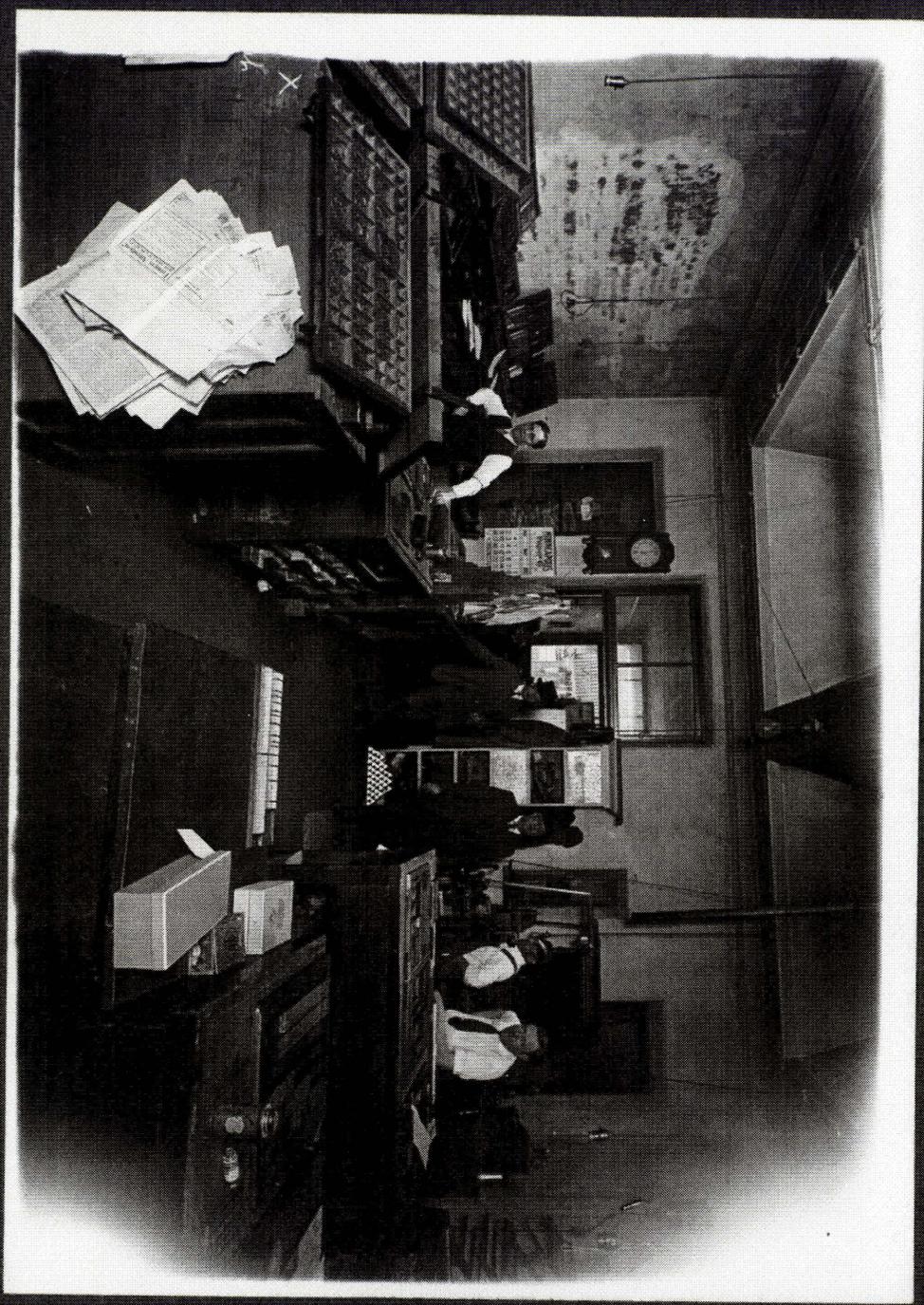
Dress Uniform: Offs. Dress Uniform: O.R.s Service Uniform: Offs. Service Uniform: O.R.s Garrison Badge: Offs. Garrison Badge: O.R.s

Cap Badges

Rank	Shoulder Insignia	Arm (Winter Service Dress) Insignia
Lieutenant-General	Three stars	Sgt-Major, Master Gunnery & 1st Sgts
Major-General	Two stars	Master, Tech, Q.M. & P.M. Sergeants
Brigadier General	One star	Gunnery Sergeant
Colonel	Colonel's cap badge	Tech, Drum-Major & Supply Sgts
Lieutenant-Colonel	Flower-like insignia	Platoon Sergeant
Major	Flower-like insignia	Staff Sergeant
Captain	Horizontal bars	Sergeant
1st Lieut	Horizontal bar	Corporal (Summer Service Dress)
2nd Lieut	Horizontal bar	Private 1st Cl. (Dress Uniform)
Chief Warrant Officer	Warrant Officer's cap badge	
W.O. (Marine Gunner)	Warrant Officer's cap badge	
Cadet (Aviation)	Aviation cadet's cap badge	
		Naval Aviation Observer's Wings
		Naval Aviator's Wings

Figures Angus - Leuistoun - ca. 1915

PAC75-6.1 MHS



Reproduction from the Montana Historical Society Photograph Archives
This material may be protected by copyright law (Title 17 U.S. Code)

Enemies List

For two conservatives, the war in the Middle East is just getting started.

WORLD WAR IV

The Long Struggle Against Islamofascism.
By Norman Podhoretz.
230 pp. Doubleday. \$24.95.

THE IRANIAN TIME BOMB

The Mullah Zealots' Quest for Destruction.
By Michael A. Ledeen.
234 pp. Truman Talley Books/
St. Martin's Press. \$24.95.

By PETER BEINART

IN an interview roughly a year ago with The Wall Street Journal, Norman Podhoretz explained why, as the editor of Commentary during the Vietnam War, he had moved to the right. "The issue," he explained, "was America."

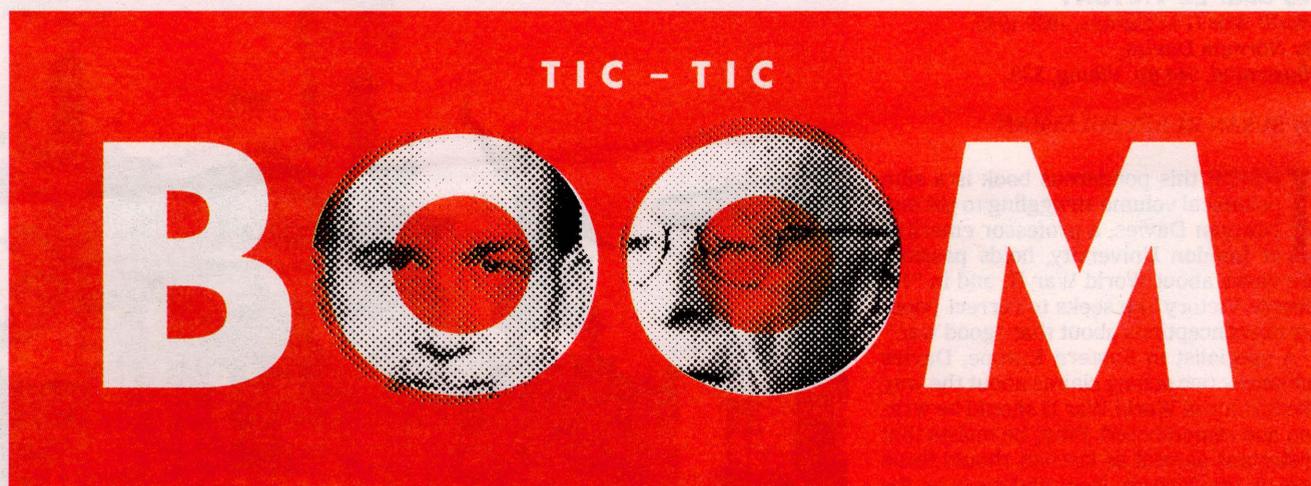
It still is. His new book, "World War IV: The Long Struggle Against Islamofascism," contains remarkably little information about its supposed subject. "Islamofascism," for instance, goes largely undefined. Podhoretz does call it a "monster with two heads, one religious and the other secular." But if fascism involves worship of the state, how exactly does the religious "head" — Al Qaeda — qualify, given that Osama bin Laden sees the state as a pagan imposition threatening the unity of Islam? And if the secular "head" was Saddam Hussein's Baath Party, what made it Islamofascist? After all, Hussein's longtime foreign minister was Christian, as was Michel Aflaq, Baathism's ideological founder (though some claim that on his deathbed he converted to Islam).

Podhoretz shows no interest in such details. His assertions are bold, sweeping and almost wholly unencumbered by evidence. We learn, for instance, that "almost to a man, Muslim clerics in their sermons" endorsed the 9/11 attacks. "Just about everyone in the whole world who was intent on discrediting the Bush doctrine," he tells us, claimed that Jews were behind the Iraq war. And none of the prisoners at Abu Ghraib "so far as anyone knew, was even maimed, let alone killed."

What really interests Podhoretz, who now advises Rudolph Giuliani, isn't the Islamic world; it's the home front. The news media, he explains, are in favor of "an American defeat in Iraq." So are the former national security advisers Zbigniew Brzezinski and Brent Scowcroft. Why do these ostensibly patriotic Americans want to see their nation humiliated and its troops killed? Because it will help their careers. Many "Realists ... along with most liberal internationalists," he writes, "were rooting for an American defeat as the only way to save their worldview from winding up on the ash heap of history." And thus, Podhoretz lays the foundation for claiming — if America loses in Iraq — that we were stabbed in the back. Which, as Theodore Draper noted 25 years ago in a review of Podhoretz's book "Why We Were in Vietnam," is exactly what he did the last time America lost a major war.

The most astonishing part of "World War IV" is Podhoretz's incessant use of violent imagery to describe American politics. Critics of the Iraq war represent a "domestic insurgency" with a "life-and-death stake" in America's defeat. And

Peter Beinart, a senior fellow at the Council on Foreign Relations, is the author of "The Good Fight: Why Liberals — and Only Liberals — Can Win the War on Terror and Make America Great Again."



Oliver Munday

their dispute with the president's supporters represents "a war of ideas on the home front." "In its own way," Podhoretz declares, "this war of ideas is no less bloody than the one being fought by our troops in the Middle East."

No less bloody? That's good to know. Next time I talk to my sister-in-law, an emergency medicine doctor serving at Camp Taji, north of Baghdad, I'll tell her we have it just as rough here at home. Norman Podhoretz is practically dodging I.E.D.'s on his way to Zabbar's.

Unlike Podhoretz, for whom "World War IV" is largely an excuse to insult his old foes on the left and titillate himself with fantasies of civic violence, Michael Ledeen has written an actual book on the Middle East. In particular, he is passionate about Iran. If Podhoretz is vague about whom exactly America is fighting, Ledeen is precise: everything traces back to Tehran.

"The Iranian Time Bomb" has its strengths. On the topic of Iran's repression of women and ethnic minorities, for instance, it is genuinely moving. But Ledeen's effort to lay virtually every attack by Muslims against Americans at Tehran's feet takes him into rather bizarre territory. He says the 1998 bombings of the United States Embassies in Kenya and Tanzania "were in large part Iranian operations," which would come as news to the 9/11 Commission, which attributed them solely to Al Qaeda. He says Shiite Iran was largely behind Abu Musab al-Zarqawi, a man famous for his genocidal hatred of Shiites. He claims that "most" Iraqi insurgents are "under Iranian guidance and/or control," not just Shiite warlords like Moktada al-Sadr, but Sunni militants as well — the very people who say they are fighting to prevent Iranian domination. In Ledeen's view, in fact, Sunni-Shiite conflict — the very thing that most observers think is tearing Iraq apart — is largely a mirage, because Iran controls both sides. And Al Qaeda is a mirage too, a mere front for the regime in Tehran. "When you hear 'Al Qaeda,'" Ledeen writes, "it's probably wise to think 'Iran.'" Not surprisingly, he thinks the mullahs were probably behind 9/11.

If this kind of statement sounds oddly familiar, it should. It's the 2007 equivalent of the claims made in 2002 and 2003 about Iraq. The years between 9/11 and the Iraq war gave rise to a cottage industry — led by Ledeen's colleague at the American Enterprise Institute, Laurie Mylroie — charging that Saddam Hussein was the hidden mastermind behind a decade of jihadist terror.

While refuted by the 9/11 Commission and mainstream terror experts, these claims had a political effect. They offered cover for top Bush administration officials who were predisposed to believe Iraq represented the real terror threat.

In some ways, Ledeen's aim is similar. The mullahs in Tehran, he maintains, are global revolutionaries, indifferent to the self-preservation that restrains normal states. If they get a nuclear weapon, they will use it, quickly. Where Ledeen differs is in his proposed solution. Somewhat surprisingly (and unlike Podhoretz) he doesn't counsel military action against Iran. Rather, he proposes an aggressive but nonviolent American campaign for regime change. And then his book falls apart.

There are two well-known arguments against Ledeen's position. The first — made by, among others, the journalist Laura Secor after extensive interviews with Iranian dissidents — is that American support for regime change would backfire, by allowing Tehran to paint the dissidents as American tools. Incredibly, Ledeen never addresses this. He says that antigovernment Iranians differ over whether America should help them "openly or secretly," but skips the larger question of whether they want American help at all. The closest he comes is an acknowledgment that on a recent trip to the West, the famed Iranian human rights activist Akbar Ganji opposed "American pressure on the mullahs." Ledeen explains this by hypothesizing that Ganji must have had his spirit broken in jail, a slander for which he provides no evidence.

The second argument against regime change is that even if it succeeds, a democratic Iran will still want the bomb. (After all, Iran's nuclear program has already survived one ideological revolution; it began under the shah.) Ledeen states that "lots of people say ... the Iranian people really want their government to have nuclear weapons — but there is no reliable polling data to support it." That's it. After that, he simply drops the subject.

One day, prominent conservatives will offer not merely new foreign policies for the post-Bush era, but a new style of foreign policy argument: lighter on character attacks and unsubstantiated generalizations, heavier on careful reasoning and empirical evidence. And when they do, they may find "World War IV" and "The Iranian Time Bomb" instructive, as object lessons in the kinds of books not to write. □

If Norman Podhoretz is vague about exactly whom America is fighting, Michael Ledeen is precise.

The Eastern Front

In his new history of World War II, Norman Davies argues for a shift in geographical focus.

NO SIMPLE VICTORY

World War II in Europe, 1939-1945.

By Norman Davies.

Illustrated. 544 pp. Viking, \$30.

By SUSAN RUBIN SULEIMAN

INSIDE this ponderous book is a slim polemical volume struggling to get out. Norman Davies, a professor emeritus at London University, holds passionate views about World War II, and in "No Simple Victory" he seeks to correct popular misconceptions about that "good war."

A specialist in Eastern Europe, Davies advances two strong claims about the way the history of World War II should be written and remembered. First, he insists that historians as well as laymen should focus less on the Western front and more on the Eastern, where the heaviest fighting and the greatest destruction and suffering occurred. We know a lot about the blitz over England but little about the Nazi bombings of Poland in 1939. While it is an exaggeration to claim, as Davies does, that most histories of World War II underplay the war in the East, he is right to point out an imbalance in many people's knowledge of it compared with their grasp of the fighting in the West. As he explains, this is partly due to the long period of the cold war, during which many archives were closed; since the 1990s, however, much new work has appeared on the war in the East. Davies presents no new findings but mines the existing secondary sources.

His second claim is that historians have been far too lenient toward Stalin, overlooking his career as a mass murderer and emphasizing only Hitler's crimes. As he states repeatedly, the invasion of Poland in September 1939 was the work not only of the Nazis but also of the Soviets. Stalin had made a pact with Hitler; to call the invasion of Poland "Hitler's war," as many historians do, is therefore incorrect. But Davies is too literal, since it is beyond doubt that the chief aggressor in World War II was Germany, even during the two years the Hitler-Stalin pact was in effect; and it was Germany that attacked the Soviet Union in June 1941.

Still, he has a point, and he is not the first to make it: Stalin, being one of the Allies, got away with a lot, both as regards Soviet atrocities against civilians (like the pillaging and raping that accompanied the Red Army's drive westward) and in the negotiations at Yalta and other conferences, where the Western leaders, beginning with Churchill and Roosevelt, allowed Stalin to lay claim to almost all the countries "liberated" by the Soviet Army in 1945. Davies blames these leaders for paving the way to the Iron Curtain and the cold war.

The argument against seeing all good on the Allied side and all evil on the Axis

Susan Rubin Suleiman, a professor of comparative literature at Harvard, is the author, most recently, of "Crises of Memory and the Second World War."



Weapons captured from Poles in German-occupied Warsaw, 1939.

The New York Times

side is thought-provoking, as are Davies's often informative accounts of events on the Eastern front. His chapter titled "Warfare" gives an excellent brief military history of the entire war in Europe and North Africa. But the book's polemical punch gets lost in layers of unnecessary padding and repetition, so that by the end the reader is exasperated rather than persuaded. When I read the fifth or sixth indignant reference to the Warsaw rising of 1944, where the Polish Home Army was "betrayed" by Stalin and the Allies in its heroic fight against the Nazis, I merely shrugged: this is one of Davies's obsessions, I said to myself (he is the author of a book on the Warsaw rising). Another obsession is the Katyn massacre of 1940, in which 25,000 Polish officers were shot by Soviet forces. Each topic is mentioned more than 10 times, usually to illustrate the author's pet thesis that Stalin was a horrible dictator in a league with Hitler.

Repetition is not the only problem, however. Davies believes that in order to avoid oversimplification, one must have a "framework" for a "definitive and comprehensive" history of the war; but the framework he presents consists of bits and pieces of information in multiple fragments grouped under general chapter titles like "Politics," "Soldiers" and "Civilians." The result for the reader is, at best, head-scratching bemusement, at worst, exhaustion and suspicion. The "Civilians" chapter is made up of 69 sections arranged

under three larger headings, the last of them labeled "Miscellaneous Groups in Wartime." From aristocrats to women, by way of diplomats, fascists, heroines, historians, music lovers, occupiers, poets, this is an alphabetical listing of 38 "groups," each represented by one or two examples. Under poets, the single example is Anna Akhmatova, the great Russian poet who had the distinction of being anti-Stalinist.

Davies's method is best qualified as haphazard encyclopedism: all categories are covered, but only with potshots, in pieces designed to show that the war was not "simple." The writing is plodding, and at times puzzlingly elliptical. Take, for example, the paragraph devoted to Kurt Vonnegut. It is in the section on prisoners of war in the "Soldiers" chapter, which notes that the war had a total of 10 million P.O.W.'s, many of them never to return. The section ends with nine thumbnail biographies; No. 8 is Vonnegut:

"Kurt Vonnegut (born 1922), a scout of the U.S. 106th Infantry Division, was captured in December 1944 during the Battle of the Bulge, and as a P.O.W. witnessed the fire-bombing of Dresden. A well-known writer, he is the author of the semiautobiographical 'Slaughterhouse-Five' (1969). He succeeded Isaac Asimov as president of the American Humanist Association."

One truly wonders to whom this information is directed. Surely English-speaking readers of this book will have heard of

Vonnegut (they probably also know that he died several months ago), and many will have read "Slaughterhouse-Five." The last sentence gives us a fact we may not have known — but is it worth knowing?

In other places, Davies's haphazard encyclopedism produces more disturbing effects. He ends the section on discipline in the "Soldiers" chapter with a paragraph on Theodore Schurch, a truck driver with the Royal Army who acted as an informant for German and Italian intelligence and was tried after the war for "treachery" and desertion. Davies adds: "He appears to have had a connection before the war with Mosley's Blackshirts, and at his trial he objected to one of the prosecuting officers being Jewish. The objection was upheld. The defendant was hanged." Are we supposed to understand from this that Schurch was hanged because he objected to a Jewish prosecutor? Was his objection really upheld? Here as elsewhere, we are left baffled — and wondering what the author is not saying.

Under "Civilians," he discusses deportation with the claim that "both Nazis and Soviets" practiced it, then notes that the biggest wave of deportations occurred in 1945, when Germans were expelled from East Prussia and the Baltic. The Nazis' deportation of Jews is mentioned here, but only in the context of early ghettoization in Poland, not in that of the transports to death camps from all over Europe — and Davies equates the fate of the Jews under the Nazis with the Soviets' expulsion of the Crimean Tatars to Uzbekistan in 1944! This is done via a reference to a later section, titled "Resettlement." Meanwhile, we have this remark: "Deportations were rarely associated with death sentences in the minds of their authors. But death was a frequent outcome." Davies is referring to the displacement of refugees in Germany and Poland, not to that of Jews (whose deaths were most definitely in the minds of their deporters). Jews are dealt with in a later section titled "Genocide."

AKINDLY interpretation will conclude that such fragmentation produces unintended perverse effects, like "forgetting" about the meaning of deportation for Jews. A less kindly one may find darker motives behind this piecemeal treatment: by dividing his "comprehensive" history this way, Davies can drown the events and meaning of the Holocaust in an ocean of mismatched facts. The Soviets were as bad as the Germans, the Holocaust was not the only terrible thing that happened to innocent civilians, deportation was not part of genocide.

Speculations about motives aside, "No Simple Victory" is too long and tedious to be read from cover to cover (as I dutifully did). If you want to read a beautifully written history of the significance and consequences of World War II, including the Eastern front and Stalin's crimes, I'd recommend Tony Judt's "Postwar." □



'WHAT'S A GIRL TO DO WHEN A BATTLE LANDS IN HER LAP?'

Lee Miller, bombshell photographer, is still turning heads.

NYT Style Mag Winter '07

Text by JANINE DI GIOVANNI

A

t the height of the English floods last summer, Antony Penrose, Lee Miller's only child, picked me up at

Ashford station and drove me through the teeming rain to Farley Farm in East Sussex. The farm is a rambling, green place with sculptures in the gardens and paintings throughout the house. It has been largely untouched since Lee Miller, the model, war correspondent, artist, portrait photographer, Surrealist muse and cook, died in 1977. It is where she lived the last years of her life with her husband, the artist Roland Penrose.

I had come to trawl through Miller's letters, her notebooks from World War II; her negatives, her prints; and finally, in the room that was her bedroom, slip on her wool war-correspondent's

uniform made on Savile Row shortly before the D-Day invasion. It nearly, but not quite, fit. Her arms were shorter than mine, she was less busty. But it hardly mattered. I felt I had come as close as I could to the woman who was so mysterious and beautiful, so talented but also so demonically difficult that she was tactfully called iconic.

I had been fascinated with Miller for more than two decades. I first saw her photos at the Photographers' Gallery in London in 1986. I stood staring at black-and-white photos of London during the blitz; of the fall of Munich; of American grunts marching through the mud in Alsace as they fought to liberate Europe.

Her earlier work was there, too: Egypt in the 1930s and Paris in the 1920s. I was utterly transfixed, particularly by her war photos. Lee's best compositions were of ordinary people, of

civilians during wartime. I had no idea then that many years later, reporting my own wars, I would look to her for inspiration.

But who was this woman? A photograph at the gallery showed a beautiful blonde with a cap of sunlit hair. She looked too stunning to be a war correspondent, but I would later see photos of Lee taken during the war by her lovers (there were many) and friends, and you can see the exhaustion in her eyes, and the defeat that comes from witnessing such trauma.

Still, she must have unnerved people when they saw a woman who looked more like a supermodel than a photographer huddled in a foxhole during the siege of St.-Malo or barreling down the road in her car following the Allied advance through Europe. Along with her great friend, the Life magazine photographer David

Scherman, she was one of the first to arrive at Hitler's secret apartments — "I had his address in my pocket for years," she would blithely say — where she stripped off her clothes and her muddy boots, fresh with the dirt of Dachau, and slid into Hitler's bathtub to wash. Then she would sleep in his bed. "Mein host was not home," she liked to say. But his telephone line was still working.

"Naturally I took pictures," she told the celebrity radio interviewer Ona Munson in 1946, in her deep movie-star voice. "What's a girl supposed to do when a battle lands in her lap?"

A

short time before the Photographers' Gallery show, Antony Penrose's book "The Lives of Lee Miller" was released. The book had a strange provenance. During his childhood, Penrose knew nothing of his mother's past

life, and the book, in a sense, is his love letter to a woman he never really knew. At the end of her life, after the war, Miller was sad and embittered, and her only child remembers her as a "drunk" who often embarrassed him with her frank, unnerving comments. She was distant and difficult.

"Lee had trouble loving anyone," he told me, explaining that she was raped as a child by a family friend, which left her with venereal disease. The treatment in those days was painful and invasive, and the counseling afterward cautioned the tiny girl not to confuse sex with love. "It had lasting scars for the rest of her life," Penrose said. It might account for the many lovers she left scattered across Europe, the Middle East and America.

Ignorant about the wars, Penrose knew his mother and his father, Roland — a founder of the Institute of Contemporary Arts in London and a leading Surrealist painter — only as a pair of eccentric bohemians who had guests like Picasso and Man Ray at Farley Farm.

"Our house was filled with art and crammed

with crazy people," he said with a shrug. "I thought everyone's was." He became a farmer, the antithesis of his parents' life. But after Miller died, Penrose's wife Suzanna was rummaging through the attic when she came upon some notebooks. "You better have a look at these," she told her husband. He opened one and began to read his mother's notes from the war. Then he found boxes and boxes — a roomful, in fact — of her prints and negatives. Slowly, he unwove the fantastic puzzle of his mother's life.

How could he not have known? "When Lee closed something, she closed it," he said firmly. "I knew she was handy with a camera when I was little — but that was about it. She never talked about the war."

But Miller was haunted by it and gave up journalism in 1956 and took to running Farley Farm. She became a gourmet cook, specializing, as her housekeeper, Patsy, remembers, in "historical food" like roast suckling pig and Surrealist fare like marshmallows in Coca-Cola sauce, a concoction she made to annoy the snooty English critic Cyril Connolly, who had once rudely told her Americans could not cook.

But the war, and certainly her childhood rape and the loss of her extraordinary beauty, threw Miller into dark moods. She was, in many ways, tormented by her gleaming past.

Born in Poughkeepsie, N.Y., in 1907, Miller fled her conventional life — and a rather odd father who took photographs of her naked — to

model in Manhattan. She was discovered by Condé Nast, but when a portrait of her taken by Edward Steichen was used as a Kotex ad, she ran away to Paris. She was a pupil of Man Ray, who did not take apprentices, but as she told it, she marched into his studio and announced, "I'm your new student." Over the course of four years, they developed the technique of solarization, and Man Ray became obsessed with her.

She became a muse for the Surrealists, a lover of Picasso and a buddy of Paul Éluard, Jean Cocteau and others. She played the female lead, a statue, in Cocteau's film "The Blood of a Poet," which caused a jealous feud with Man Ray.

Eventually, Miller grew bored of Paris, the parties, the pretty frocks and the promiscuity, and wed an elegant Egyptian, Aziz Elouï Bey. She tried to live a sedate life with him in Cairo. She picked up her camera and photographed the pyramids; did portraits of "the black-satin-and-pearls set," and most notably took the photo of the desert near Siwa that Magritte saw and used as inspiration for his 1938 painting "Le Baiser."

But "boredom was starting to creep into her life," Penrose writes. So she bolted for London.

When the war broke out, she was on a ship headed for England. Though women were not technically allowed to be at the front, Miller was British Vogue's sole accredited correspondent, and she did what she wanted. Besides, as Penrose points out, what soldier could have resisted her?



"It has women's enthusiastic approval!"



The
IMPROVED
KOTEX
combining correct
appearance and
hygienic comfort

KOTEX



portraits of a lady

The photographer Lee Miller made a great subject herself. Clockwise from above: bathing in a tub in Hitler's apartment, 1945; in a Kotex advertisement, 1928; with her son, Antony Penrose, 1947; and as captured by Man Ray, both circa 1930.





She hit her stride during the war. Her war photography is some of the best I have ever seen. Penrose later published another book, "Lee Miller's War," which shows her pictures of airstrikes, battles, a top-secret napalm strike. But it also has pictures of civilians: women collaborators; a lost child perched on a road sign

Margaret Bourke-White was far away from the fighting, but Lee was close. That's what makes the difference — Lee was prepared to shock."

She arrived in Paris on the day of liberation and followed the Allies into Germany. After Germany's surrender, she wrote one of her most passionate articles for Vogue, "Germans Are Like

away. Later, she slashed out the lead to her story for Vogue in the notebook, her pencil marks angry and heavy. Reading her notes, 60 years later, I can still feel how furious, how sad she was.

When she returned to Paris, she collapsed in a depressed heap at the Hotel Scribe. Eventually, she picked herself up out of the litter of empty booze bottles in her room and joined Penrose in England. The two had an open relationship. She was on a train headed for an assignment in St. Moritz when she discovered, at 40, that she was pregnant with Antony.

But she was not really the maternal type and found peacetime and the countryside boring. One day, no one knows why, Miller packed away her cameras. She then embarked on a life as a cook. In her kitchen — which still has her black-and-white curtains, her mixing bowls and cookbooks like "A Taste of Texas" and "South American Cooking" — are menus for dinner parties ("taramasalata; ceviche; kipper pâté; sliced pot roast"). Over her stove is a tile that Picasso painted. "Oh, that," Patsy says nonchalantly when I point it out. "He was here. He ate and drank like everyone else."

But upstairs are Miller's war things: a gunner's binoculars; the bits she picked up on her infamous journey across war-ravaged Europe; the silver drinks tray from Hitler's apartment. I am so close to her things that I can see this beautiful girl whom the art dealer Julien Levy saw walking down Boulevard Raspail in Paris one morning before the war, and remarked: "In every way, Lee seemed bright. Her spirit was bright, her mind, her photographic art, and her shining blond hair."

But the war killed that part of her, while leaving us with a devastating record.

"I hope no one will ever forget the subject of those photos," she told Ona Munson in 1946. "Because I won't." ■

"The Art of Lee Miller" will be at the Victoria and Albert Museum through Jan. 6. It opens at the Philadelphia Museum of Art on Jan. 26. Farley Farm, which houses Miller's archives, may be visited by private appointment. Call 011-44-1825-872-691 or e-mail tours@leemiller.co.uk.

'SHE HAD A CHIP OF ICE IN HER HEART. SHE GOT VERY CLOSE TO THINGS. MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE WAS FAR AWAY FROM THE FIGHTING, BUT LEE WAS CLOSE. THAT'S WHAT MAKES THE DIFFERENCE.'

looking exhausted and terrified; a young German girl soon after her suicide. Along with Scherman, Miller followed the Allied advance through Europe after D-Day, going everywhere, frightened by nothing.

"Her photographs shocked people out of their comfort zone," said Mark Haworth-Booth, who is the curator of "The Art of Lee Miller," a retrospective of her life, which is currently at the Victoria and Albert Museum in London and will be traveling to the Philadelphia Museum of Art in January.

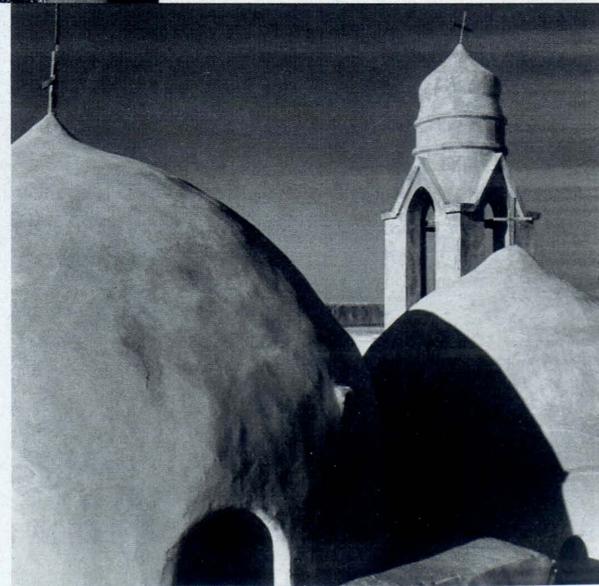
Haworth-Booth added: "She had a chip of ice in her heart. She got very close to things.

This." Haworth-Booth said, "She wanted people to see how amazingly a fashion magazine like Vogue could publish something so brutal." She then headed to Eastern Europe to see the aftermath of war.

Penrose believes that this is possibly when Miller snapped. She was disappointed and angered by what war had done: how it had broken down society. In one notebook, I looked at the notes she wrote to accompany perhaps her most powerful war photo: of a child dying in a hospital in Vienna. The hospital was equipped with everything but badly needed drugs. Miller sat by the bed with a doctor and a nun, helpless as the tiny child faded

point and shoot

Images taken by Miller, clockwise from right: a studio shot from 1932; Wadi Natrun monastery in Egypt, 1936; an SS prison guard found floating in a canal in Dachau, Germany, 1945; members of the Women's Royal Naval Service, England, 1944; the suicide of a Nazi official's daughter, 1945.



Section 8 (military)

From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

The term **Section 8** refers to a former discharge from the United States military for reason of being mentally unfit for service.

1. A U.S. Army discharge based on military assessment of psychological unfitness or character traits deemed undesirable. 2. Slang A soldier given such a discharge or behaving as if deserving such a discharge. [After Section VIII of World War II U.S. Army Regulation 615-360, which provided for the discharge of those deemed unfit for military service.]

In the 1950s, Section 8 discharges were commonly given to service members found guilty of "Sexual Perversion," and it was classified as an undesirable discharge, depriving the soldier so discharged of veteran's benefits but not resulting in the loss of any citizenship rights, such as the right to vote.

Discharge under "Section 8" is no longer a military reality, as medical discharges for psychological/psychiatric reasons are now covered by a number of regulations. In the Army, such discharges are handled under the provisions of Army Regulation (AR) 635-200, Active Duty Enlisted Administrative Separations. Chapter 5, paragraph 13 governs the separation of personnel medically diagnosed with a personality disorder.^[1]

Other definitions

- Section 8 is the name of the pep squad at the United States Air Force Academy, so named because the cadets in the section are expected to "go crazy" in their enthusiasm for the team.
- The name is also a reference to *M*A*S*H's* Corporal Klinger because, while all cadets are required to attend home football games in uniform, those who sit in Section 8 may dress differently in jeans and the Section 8 "civilian" t-shirt or sweatshirt.
- The Section 8 has also been referred to in the book *A Separate Peace*, the book (and later movie) *Catch-22*, in the movies *Full Metal Jacket*, *Basic*, and *Jarhead*.
- In Season 4 of the television show *Rescue Me*, Section 8 is described as a firefighter "going nuts." There is a comic-book superhero group called Section 8, and a group of special-ops soldiers identified as "section 8" in the movie *Basic*.
- In the Terminal Reality videogame *RoadKill*, the "Section 8s" are a gang that fanatically follows military protocol to the point that anyone who makes a noise when not ordered to is shot.

Notes

- [^] See U.S. Dep't of the Army, Reg. 635-200, Active Duty Enlisted Personnel Separations (http://www.apd.army.mil/pdf/files/r635_200.pdf) (6 June 2005).



This United States military article is a stub. You can help Wikipedia by expanding it ([http://en.wikipedia.org/w/index.php?stub&title=Section_8_\(military\)&action=edit](http://en.wikipedia.org/w/index.php?stub&title=Section_8_(military)&action=edit)).

Retrieved from "http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Section_8_%28military%29"

Categories: Articles needing additional references from December 2007 | United States military law | United States military stubs

Bravery and Blunder

Volume Two in a monumental history shows raw GIs and inexperienced generals in a schoolhouse of war.

THE DAY OF BATTLE

The War in Sicily and Italy, 1943-1944

By Rick Atkinson

Henry Holt. 791 pp. \$35

Reviewed by Robert Killebrew

The airborne operations were a disaster. British gliders plummeted into the sea, American paratroopers were scattered all over the island. Seaborne landings went scarcely better: Troops plunged into murderous fire, often as not on the wrong beach. But somehow it worked. Grimly, tenaciously, groups of infantrymen bent over against the fire and shouldered forward into Sicily.

This is a season for remembering World War II. "Saving Private Ryan," "Band of Brothers" and Ken Burns's TV epic "The War" remind us that the generation that bore the battle is slipping away. Now comes Rick Atkinson's monumental *The Day of Battle*, a history of the Sicilian and Italian campaigns, the second book in his planned trilogy of the U.S. Army at war in Europe. It shoves sentimentality aside and shows us, plainly, how unskilled the army was in 1943, its rawness and profligacy a perfect reflection of an outraged and rapidly mobilized democracy. Atkinson forces us to remember that even in a "good" war, error and waste march alongside bravery and sacrifice.

In *An Army at Dawn*, Atkinson followed the army from its almost comic-opera landings in French North Africa through its baptism in war at the hands of Rommel's Afrika Corps. *The Day of Battle* picks up from there, with the British and American armies regrouping in Tunisia while the allies debate their next step. The Americans argue for an allied buildup, to be followed eventually by an invasion of Europe through France. But Winston Churchill champions an immediate invasion to knock the Italians out of the war and relieve pressure on the Soviets. The British prime minister sways FDR, leading to the Sicily invasion and the costly campaign up the Italian boot, where names like Salerno and Anzio join in the American memory with Antietam and Gettysburg.

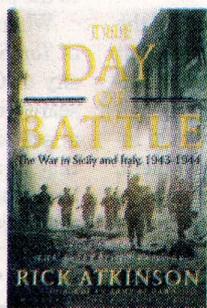
Beginning in 1943, war in the Italian theater is fought over mountains and valleys that favor German defenses. The weather is dreadful: blazing heat in summer, rain, snow and bottomless mud in winter. Stripped repeatedly of troops for the Normandy invasion in 1944, the Italian campaign gradually becomes a holding action, a sideshow. But to the soldiers who fought there, and to the U.S. Army's leaders, it was a bloody schoolhouse of war.

Modern readers may be repelled by the amateurishness of the American generals, most of whom had been majors and lieutenant colonels just a few years earlier. Atkinson is unsparing of their blunders. Eisenhower allows the Germans to slip away from Sicily. Patton is high-strung, profane and unpredictable. Mark Clark is duplicitous. Yet they learn and grow. Eisenhower emerges after Italy as the indispensable leader of the war in Europe. Patton becomes a byword for bold, slashing attack. Clark matures in command. Soldiers, as always, pay the butcher's bill: Friendly anti-aircraft fire shoots down our own paratroopers; battles are mismanaged at Gela, Brolo and Troina, where the fabled First Division — the Big Red One — gets mangled.

After Sicily, the allies land at Salerno and later at Anzio, where cautious generals concede the high ground to the Germans, who then shell the stalled beachhead for months. (Afterward, two GIs in a Bill Mauldin cartoon stand on the hills and marvel, "My God!



A medic gives plasma to a GI in a Sicilian village.



Here they wuz and there we wuz.") As the allies drive northward to relieve the Anzio beachhead, their way is blocked by the mountaintop abbey of Monte Cassino, which must be taken.

And so the beautiful abbey becomes the abattoir of the European theater. Through the wet and miserable months of January to May 1944, German paratroopers in the rubble hold off repeated attacks by American, British, French, New Zealand, Indian, Gurkha, Moroccan and Polish troops. The U.S. 34th Division loses nearly 80 percent of the men in its rifle battalions; by the time the battered Poles raise their flag

over the ruins on May 18, the allies have suffered around 54,000 casualties, the Germans about 20,000 — imprecise numbers because many of the dead are still lost, pounded into the mud and rubble or in forgotten graves. How unbearably anonymous and squalid was their fate; yet Atkinson captures the dignity of those condemned to it. A dying Pole tells his comrades, "You don't know how dreadful death can be. Now I shall have to miss the rest of the battle." At the fighting's height, an enemy voice breaks into the radio net of the Coldstream Guards. "You are all brave," the German says. "You are all gentlemen."

With this book, Rick Atkinson cements his place among America's great popular historians, in the tradition of Bruce Catton and Stephen Ambrose. Though *The Day of Battle's* tone is appropriately somber — the story of civilian deaths in Italy from allied bombing and German executions is especially sickening — its underlying theme is optimistic, even triumphal. Atkinson skillfully conveys the growing power of the U.S. Army, pouring men and materiel forward in an inexhaustible stream and, at the front, the

toughening of American troops as they advance and beat hell out of an expert and implacable enemy. This is gritty history. A sergeant in the 141st Infantry writes home about his friends: "There are so many of them sleeping under the sod, waiting for us, the living, to pick up and carry on." But the GIs understand the stakes, perhaps more clearly than any American soldiers before or since. Capt. Henry Waskow, whose death in Italy is the subject of correspondent Ernie Pyle's finest wartime dispatch, tells his sister in a final letter that he is not afraid to die, because "I will have done my share to make this world a better place in which to live. Maybe when the lights go on again all over the world, free people can be happy and gay again."

Military historians will long debate whether the Italian campaign was necessary. The final lines stabilized north of Rome, and there was no breakthrough until the last months of the war. The day Rome fell, the big news was the Normandy invasion. Many of the generals who learned their trade in Sicily and Italy — Eisenhower and Patton among them — would fight in France, leaving Clark and his weather-beaten infantry in the northern Italian mountains. But as Atkinson's history makes clear, it was Sicily and then Italy that became the American Army's bitter finishing school for battle. And after Salerno, Anzio and Cassino, the tide turned against Nazi Germany in the West. The errors the generals made, and the price paid by the troops, would already have receded into history but for the remaining few who keep yellowing letters and faded pictures — and but for this fine book, a fitting testament to the GIs of the Fifth Army and the Italian campaign. ■

Robert Killebrew is a retired U.S. Army colonel who writes and speaks on defense issues.

Victory of Steel and Ice

During the Battle of Moscow, Stalin turned his guns on his own people.

THE GREATEST BATTLE Stalin, Hitler, and the Desperate Struggle for Moscow That Changed the Course of World War II

By Andrew Nagorski
Simon & Schuster. 366 pp. \$27

Reviewed by
Constantine Pleshakov

So far, no one has done for Moscow what Jan Morris did for Venice: No devoted outsider (yes, an outsider, as it takes a foreigner to read a city) has brought to life its myths, martyrs and demons.

Moscow is not poetic the way Venice is, yet its magic is just as potent. The caverns under the Kremlin hill, some built by Ivan the Terrible, are said to hold unrivaled treasures — the lost library of the Byzantine emperors; the Politburo's doomsday escape route to a military airport in the suburbs; the five-star, all-inclusive air raid shelters of the Kremlin lords. No other city is as obsessed with the unseen.

Maybe a place this layered in history and secrecy cannot be revealed by a single writer and, instead, asks for the efforts of several devotees. Andrew Nagorski is definitely a devotee, and his new book is a landmark in studies of Russia precisely because it skillfully unwraps myths, martyrs and demons. Moscow's urban legends are not about gators in the sewage. They're about October 1941.

The title of Nagorski's book, *The Greatest Battle*, is likely to raise eyebrows, but it shouldn't. As he points out, the fighting around Moscow was "inarguably the largest battle between two armies of all time," involving a total of 7 million soldiers. If casualties are the standard, the Battle of Moscow — where 1.9 million Soviets and 600,000 Germans were killed, captured or badly wounded — surpasses Stalingrad, Gallipoli, the Somme or El Alamein. Strategically, it was when the German juggernaut came to a halt, "the first turning point" of World War II, in Nagorski's words, if not the war's most decisive encounter.

The book is a fine diplomatic and military history, but its real triumph is in the voices Nagorski collected in numerous interviews with survivors. Let's pause and listen, as voices — not conquered

territories — are what matters most when wars end.

In mid-October 1941, "all of Moscow seemed to be streaming out somewhere." One river of humans flowed west, heading to the front: "Tell everyone that we will defend our country," a volunteer called from a train. Refugees fled east, stopping cars and beating their privileged occupants: "Kill the Jews!" some cried. "Suitcases, bags, clothes, lamps, even a piano" lay abandoned in a rail yard. Money littered the floor of a bank, its doors thrown open. Black smoke, presumably from burning papers, rose over NKVD headquarters. Garbage bins overflowed with communist literature and pictures of Stalin.

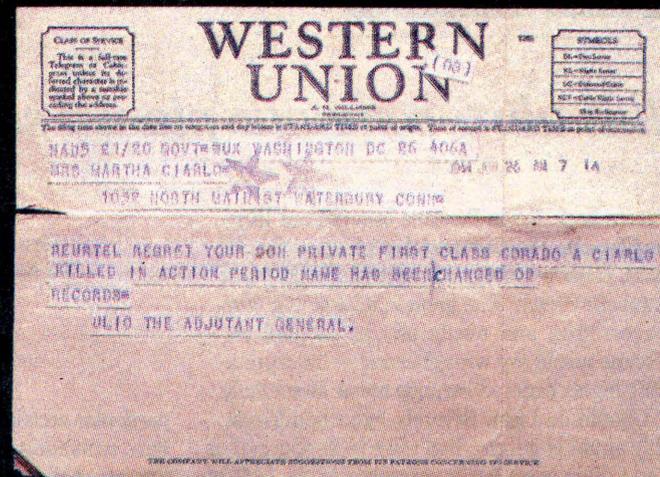
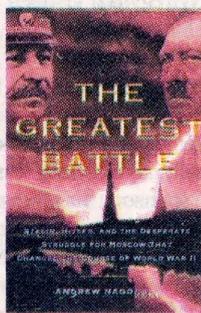
But the man whose portraits were being dumped in panic was still in town and still in charge. He ordered the secret police to wire landmarks with TNT and to prepare assassination teams — including a juggler with explosive pins — to stay behind if the Germans occupied the city. He himself procrastinated.

At the darkest hour, with the Germans already in the suburbs, Stalin went to the railway station and paced the platform next to a special train on hold for him. Then he told his driver to take him back to the Kremlin. He would stay and unleash a higher magnitude of terror in the streets, licensing NKVD troops to kill to restore order, eclipsing fear of the Nazis with fear of his regime. "There is no reliable tally of how many Muscovites perished in the subsequent clampdown," Nagorski notes dispassionately, but even residents who distrusted the communists welcomed the change. "We started to feel that we were being defended," one remembers.

Severe weather — first a sea of mud, then vicious frostbite — ravaged the Germans; there is no question about that. But Nagorski has identified the pivotal moment in the battle for Moscow, the dictatorship winning because it chose not to lose the whip or loose the grip. With the outcome still uncertain, Stalin called for a military parade in Red Square on the anniversary of the Revolution, Nov. 7, and issued instructions icier than any nature but his own:

"If there's an air raid during the parade and there are dead and wounded, they must be quickly removed and the parade allowed to go on." ■

Constantine Pleshakov is a Russian-American author; his latest book is "Stalin's Folly."



The Pity of War

In the movies, it usually happens this way: The doorbell rings, the mother opens the door, and there stands a stranger, a soldier in uniform. The mother knows immediately what has prompted this visit, and she begins to sob. In real life, however, the news sometimes comes less dramatically, more impersonally. "REGRET YOUR SON PRIVATE FIRST CLASS CORADO A CIARLO KILLED IN ACTION," begins a telegram sent to Mrs. Martha Ciarlo of Waterbury, Conn., on June 26, 1944. Corado was better known as Babe, and his mother took his death hard. In fact, she refused to accept it. "We would be getting the newspaper," Babe's sister recalled, "and my mother would look at pictures and she'd say to me, 'There's Babe. That's Babe.' And I'd say, 'Gee, no, Mom, that's not Babe.' 'No! You have to write to them. You have to.' I don't know how many newspaper offices I wrote to, questioning the name of that boy that was in that picture, because my mother always thought it was Babe. But it never came to be."

That vignette, along with a photo of the telegram itself, appears in *The War, an Intimate History 1941-45* (Knopf, \$50), Geoffrey C. Ward and Ken Burns's companion volume to the ongoing PBS series. Like the images and voices from the series, the book accentuates the war's human side — the unusual sight of surgeons operating with their shirts off because it's so hot, a two-page spread of the posters that inspired the folks at home, a shot of the industrial section of Babe's home town, a sidebar on how one boy fell in love with war movies — as opposed to the emphasis on generalship that shapes so many war books.

But if you happen to prefer battles and strategy, you have plenty of new books to choose from. With her title alone, *The Airmen and the Headhunters: A True Story of Lost Soldiers, Heroic Tribesmen and the Unlikeliest Rescue of World War II* (Harcourt, \$26), Judith M. Heimann rivets one's attention. It all happened in Borneo, where in 1944 downed Army airmen were delighted to jettison their anti-headhunter bias as the Dayak tribespeople saved their lives.

Two years earlier in the Pacific Theater, members of the Army's 32nd Division, known as "the Ghost Mountain Boys," had to make a gruesomely arduous march across New Guinea to join up with Australian forces. "If I owned New Guinea and I owned hell," recalled one of the marchers, "I would live in hell and rent out New Guinea." That quipster was one of the sources for the book that chronicles this little-known ordeal, James Campbell's *The Ghost Mountain Boys: Their Epic March and the Terrifying Battle for New Guinea — the Forgotten War of the South Pacific* (Crown, \$25.95).

"Okinawa was the last battle of the largest war since civilization began and the deadliest campaign of conquest ever undertaken by American arms," writes Bill Sloan in *The Ultimate Battle: Okinawa 1945 — The Last Epic Struggle of World War II* (Simon & Schuster, \$27). An island in the East China Sea 350 miles from Japan's main islands, Okinawa was chosen as a jumping-off point for the U.S. invasion of Japan in the spring of 1945. The brutality of the battle and the tenacity of the Japanese resistance made the prospect of going on to invade Japan's home islands most unattractive. In this way, what happened on Okinawa figured in President Truman's decision to drop atom bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Sloan sums up the battle in double-barreled fashion: "Okinawa chillingly demonstrated that the human capacity for slaughter, savagery, and chaos is almost limitless. But . . . the resurrected Okinawa of the twenty-first century . . . stands as proof that people's inherent yearning for peace, mercy, and justice can still prevail."

— Dennis Drabelle

Letting World War II Unfold as a Story From the Heart, Not the Maps

During the closing months of World War II, Eric Sevareid, the CBS radio correspondent, felt dismayed at how inadequate his broadcasts had been in convey-

**EDWARD
ROTHSTEIN**

CONNECTIONS

ing the experience of war. He had parachuted into Burma, witnessed the fall and then the liberation of France and seen much of battle. But he was a journalist, he said, and that was a limitation: "Only the soldier really lives the war."

"War happens," he explained, "inside a man."

And that is mostly where Ken Burns decides to look for it in his 15-hour documentary about the Second World War, "The War," directed with Lynn Novick, now being broadcast on PBS (and to be released on DVD tomorrow). Invoking Mr. Sevareid, Mr. Burns says that his documentary — an "epic poem," he has called it — is "created in that spirit." Nearly 50 men and women talk about their wartime experiences, their testimonies punctuated by historical footage and somber narration.

The intention, apparently, was to see the war anew, to see it not from the vistas of generals' maps and geopolitics, not from the perspective given by the doctrines of nations and the lures of ideologies, not even from the war's context in history. The intention was to view it from the experiences of those who fought in it and those who knew them. If war happens "inside a man," Mr. Burns wants to bring it home.

But what a strange history results from this approach, and what a strange effect it creates! Some things we get to know very well, some not at all. We learn about human emotions and suffering, about death and bravery. Other matters, though, retreat to the background, and that unfortunately makes a tremendous difference in understanding war — particularly this war.

The overall approach is not a novelty. While historians have traditionally soared above the battlefield with their accounts, novelists have plunged into its midst, imagining (or recalling) the feelings of the foxhole, dialogue under fire, dramas of loss and pain.

But in recent decades histori-

Connections is a critic's perspective on arts and ideas.

ans have begun to write not just from within but "from below": history as experienced by infantry not generals, by citizens not rulers. This approach often has a political edge, meant to give voice to those once shunted aside.

This can lead to expanded perspectives. Mr. Burns, for example, incorporates the experiences of Japanese-Americans in internment camps and in a segregated military unit. There is also an impassioned story told by the black historian John Hope Franklin, who, when he went to enlist, was told he would be more valuable if a different color.

But Mr. Burns is not interested in this style of history primarily for its ideology. He is interested in it for its sentiment, because it seems to him to be most real, because it embraces feeling. The documentary (as well as its companion book, "The War: An Intimate History, 1941-1945," written by Mr. Burns and Geoffrey C. Ward) even begins with the intonation, "The greatest cataclysm in history grew out of ancient and ordinary human emotions: anger and arrogance and bigotry, victimhood and the lust for power."

Human emotions abound here, and however fractured the narrative, some extraordinary war stories take shape. One soldier, Glenn Frazier, sure of his imminent death and worried that his parents might never learn his anonymous fate, threw his dog tags into a mass grave where they might be found. And so they were. His family was informed of his death. But after experiencing the jungles of Bataan, the notorious "death march" and years of near-starvation in a Japanese prison camp, the soldier returned home as if in resurrection.

In a rare story with larger implications, another soldier, Ray Leopold, captured a young German soldier during the Battle of the Bulge who spoke almost perfect, unaccented English. The prisoner not only knew of Mr. Leopold's town of Waterbury, Conn., but could also name a stream that ran by it. "I was in training for the administration," the prisoner explained, "the administration of the territories." Hitler was planning an American occupation.

But the stories become miscellaneous, a montage of scenes: the home front, the battle front, the love lives, the tragedies, the war



U.S. NATIONAL ARCHIVES AND RECORDS ADMINISTRATION

American soldiers helping liberate Bitche, France, in March 1945, in an image from "The War."

within, history from below. So intent is Mr. Burns on seeming to show "typical" soldiers that he never informs us that some of the central interviewees are in fact distinguished academics and writers. And so intent is he on emphasizing private experience over public considerations that he seems to have filtered out other kinds of accounts.

The musical soundtrack can

also bluntly signal an attitude, sometimes to the point of cliché. Sparkling selections from Count Basie and Benny Goodman overlay accounts of somber events, as if rebuking the carnage for its crudity. Bing Crosby sings "White Christmas" over a montage showing the war's brutality during the winter of 1942-3.

So we learn, again and again, about the trauma of war, about

the maggots that a doctor used to devour the infected bone matter from a soldier's arm, of the chilling battle-weariness that set in among soldiers, or how even the moans of an injured comrade could, in extremes of fear and shock, spur callous wishes for his death. We learn about the pain of parents losing their loving sons, of the strategies for dealing with starvation, of the numbing num-

bers of dead and injured.

Yet for all the particularity, these are the generic facts of war, not very different from those chronicled by Homer almost 3,000 years ago. They tell us nothing about why this fighting was going on; they give us little information to judge or understand it.

There are efforts to show the barbarity of the two empires the Allies faced. The war was necessary, we are told again and again. But these assertions are isolated, lacking emotional force and interpretive detail, as are other facts — even about the Nazi death camps. We learn little about our Allies or about England's near-death experience, or even about our enemies. Understanding more history from above would have made the suffering more profound and more noble as well, since it would have been made palpable that something was being fought for, that there was an unavoidable purpose beyond the pain.

Instead, necessity is eclipsed by trauma, history by emotion. We learn much about the extraordinary sacrifices and experiences of these soldiers. But the elegiac song "American Anthem" recurs throughout the film and declares, "America, America, I gave my best to you" — an assertion of private sacrifice, not public purpose.

By selectively telling history from below, by highlighting emotion and sketching everything else, Mr. Burns privatizes war. He takes one of the most necessary wars ever fought and leaves viewers wondering whether any public goal can be worth its price. Occasionally, we learn that during the war the government kept details about loss or film footage of suffering secret, out of fear that they would shake public purpose; here, such details and footage seem to serve that very effect. In interviews, Mr. Burns has suggested that his views of today's American warfare affected his portrayal of the Second World War. Here too, though, he is letting feelings eclipse history.

"The greatest sense I have about the war," says one character at its end, is "relief we wouldn't have to do any of that stuff again." That is the teaching of this history from below. History from above tells us that unfortunately and terribly, we will.

LEISURE & ARTS

Ken Burns Returns to War

BY BRENDAN MINITER

New York

It's one of the greatest stories of World War II never told." After making critically acclaimed documentaries for more than two decades, Ken Burns at age 54 understands how to draw the attention even of those who think they know all they need to know about a topic. On a recent visit to The Wall Street Journal's editorial page, he was in top form.

"The story of Joseph Medicine Crow," Mr. Burns said, "is something I've wanted to tell for 20 years." The grandson of a scout for Gen. George Armstrong Custer, Mr. Crow fought his way across Europe with the U.S. Army. After the defeat of Nazi Germany, he returned to Lodge Grass, Mont., started to tell tales from the battlefield, and then learned that he'd done what probably no Crow would ever do again: He'd met all four criteria necessary to become a Plains Indian "war chief."

Mr. Burns counts those criteria off on his fingers: touch a living enemy soldier; disarm an enemy; lead a successful war party; and steal an enemy's horse. Mr. Crow had managed the first three, in part, because he had run headlong into a German soldier as he rounded a corner in a small village in Germany. The collision knocked the German's weapon to the ground. Mr. Crow lowered his own weapon and the two fought hand-to-hand. In the end Mr. Crow got the best of the German, grabbing him by the

neck and choking him. He was going to kill the German soldier on the spot when the man screamed out "momma." Mr. Crow then let him go.

Joseph Medicine Crow's opportunity to make off with an enemy's horse came along when a contingent of mounted German soldiers was positioned in front of Mr. Crow's unit. In a daring night raid, he slipped behind enemy lines, quickly tied a bride with a strand of rope, mounted one of the horses and stampeded the others. As he rode off, he sang a traditional Crow song.

Mr. Crow—now in his 90s—is one of the more than four-dozen people who tell their stories in "The War," a new 14½-hour documentary miniseries on World War II; directed and produced by Mr. Burns and Lynn Novick, it will debut on PBS next week. But Mr. Crow nearly missed having his story told in "The War": After the film was nearly done, there were complaints that the documentary didn't include enough Hispanics. More of their stories were put in, and given the opportunity to extend the film, Mr. Burns added Mr. Crow's as well.

Mr. Burns is one of the most well-known and influential documentary makers in American film history. "The Civil War," his 11-hour epic released in 1990, remains the most viewed documentary in PBS history. An estimated 39 million people tuned in to watch at least one of its episodes. For more than a quarter-century, Mr. Burns has made more than a dozen other films. His first, 1981's hourlong

"Brooklyn Bridge," helped cement his reputation within PBS as a filmmaker who can make history accessible to a broad viewing public. In the years that followed, he made films on a wide variety of topics, including the Statue of Liberty—which focused on personal stories of immigration and assimilation—and the American-born art form of jazz. Throughout his career, he had the goal of telling the story of the U.S. and its people. "I've been making the same film" over and over, he told me.

But his success has come at a personal price. "The Civil War" minted his reputation, but spending years poring over individual, tragic stories of the millions of people caught up in the bloody and protracted military conflict left him emotionally spent.

Not long after "The Civil War" came out, Mr. Burns and his wife Amy Stechler split up and Mr. Burns vowed never to do a war film again. He turned his attention to a documentary on baseball, telling a reporter from the New York Times, "I will take pleasure in exposing the activities of men playing on the field rather than dying on it."

Mr. Burns spent the next decade creating films but resisting pressure to make a World War II documentary. In the summer before the devastating terrorist attacks on Sept. 11, 2001, however, something came across the transom that changed his mind. The Veter-

ans Administration estimated that 1,000 World War II veterans were dying every day. "I'm in the memory business," he said while visiting the Journal. "When a [veteran] dies without his story being told, that's like a library burning down." Earlier this month, Mr. Burns phoned me from Mobile, Ala., and told me another reason he decided to make "The War." He feels a "huge pang of regret" for not asking his own father, who died in October 2001, more about what the war generation had gone through. "Dad, damn it, come back and tell me more," he said.

Some 16 million Americans served in uniform during World War II. More than 400,000 would die in combat. Battles took place throughout the Pacific, North Africa and Europe. And, at home, the large mobilization effort remade the U.S. "War towns" boomed just about overnight, as the defense industry geared up to churn out the planes, tanks and ships needed in our war against Nazi Germany and Imperial Japan.

It's probably impossible to make a definitive documentary about an event that touched nearly everyone on the globe, and "The War" doesn't attempt that feat. Instead, it largely focuses on telling the stories of Laverne, Minn.; Mobile, Ala.; Sacramento, Calif.; and Waterbury, Conn.—those of the people who headed off to foreign battlefields and the vast majority who didn't. "The War" devotes more than a quarter of its time to the home front, where viewers will see Mobile and Sacramento expand so rapidly that there weren't enough beds for all of the new residents flooding in to take defense jobs. And where the Waterbury mother of a dead soldier lets out a wail the whole neighborhood seems to hear. "It



Ismael Roldan

gets to the idea that we're emotional archaeologists," Mr. Burns told me.

To make this film, Mr. Burns, Ms. Novick and dozens of others at Florentine Films—the production company Mr. Burns cofounded not long after graduating from college in 1975—interviewed hundreds of people who either lived through the war or had a direct connection to relatives who did. The process, Mr. Burns and Ms. Novick explain, was organic. In some cases, they found people by placing ads in local newspapers. Many came to their attention through word of mouth. And a few were locally well known, so the producers sought them out.

The film makes clear that World War II was a "necessary war" in which the U.S. was unquestionably on the right side, but one that nonetheless came at a steep price. And that price, as in every bloody military conflict, was paid in two ways. Families at home suffered from the loss of their loved ones. And those on the front lines wit-

nessed—even meted out—brutality they never would have imagined before the war. For example, one U.S. Marine—to the horror of his comrades—robbed a wounded Japanese soldier, using a knife to pry loose his gold teeth.

Asked about a line in the film that revealed this theme early on, Mr. Burns recited it from memory before it could be completely read to him: "The Second World War brought out the best and the worst in a generation—and blurred the two so that they became at times almost indistinguishable." "The War" isn't aimed as a commentary on the global war on terror or the war in Iraq—production on it began before 9/11—but Mr. Burns told me that he thinks the timing is good. "It agitates the questions about war" that should arise from viewing the reality that is armed human conflict.

Mr. Minter is assistant editor of *OpinionJournal.com*.

Art of Art Finance

can either lend or gift their contemporary collections or be in other ways.



NATIONAL ARCHIVES

GIs line up to get food in Belgium in January 1945. "The War" features until now untold stories of people – veterans, prisoners, civilians – affected by the war.

ON TELEVISION

MELANIE MCFARLAND



WE TEND to approach Ken Burns documentaries with a glimmering reverence not granted most documentarians. Look at the man's résumé. "Jazz." "Baseball." "The West." Towering over everything, 1990's "The Civil War," a work of such heft that it still is referenced nearly two decades later in the unlikelyst of places – including an episode of "South Park."

Only a handful of non-fiction filmmakers have such an impact on the medium. And out of those Burns has unofficially staked his claim to the title of American storyteller. His films are not necessarily comprehensive chronicles but, as he characterizes them, works of art as targeted in focus as they are vast in scope.

High expectations surrounding his 14½-hour World War II epic, simply titled "The War," are therefore justified. They've also earned the film a share of trouble that has dogged Burns and his co-producer and co-director, Lynn Novick, for more than a year.

"The War" arrives 17 years to the day after the curtain rose on Burns'

'THE WAR'

Burns' latest documentary goes where no one has gone before

breakthrough documentary on the Civil War. "The Civil War" attracted a record 40 million viewers during its run. Television and audience demands have changed significantly since then, so "The War" probably won't hit those heights. Debuting in the heat of network television's fall premieres won't help matters either.

SEE MCFARLAND, E3

WATCH IT

"The War" airs in seven parts over two weeks in two-hour episodes, beginning at 8 p.m. Sunday on KCTS/9. Part two airs at 8 p.m. Monday, part three at 8 p.m. Tuesday, and part four at 8 p.m. Wednesday. The final three episodes air Sept. 30, Oct. 1 and Oct. 2 at 8 p.m.

INSIDE: Ken Burns discusses his artistic vision, E3

Burns hopes the film helps illuminate the paradox of civilization

BY MELANIE MCFARLAND
P-I television critic

One might wonder what, if any, new angle a filmmaker, even one as respected as Ken Burns, could possibly bring to a subject as worn as World War II.

Burns has always been a man obsessed with telling American stories on a personal level. In taking on "The War" over the course of 6½ years, Burns mapped out fronts that were heretofore largely unexplored in non-fiction storytelling: a raw account of the toll war took on the nation's psyche from the soldier's point of view, as well as an honest outlook and price paid by citizens on the home front.

"I think we spend way too much of our time in a different kind of presentation mode," Burns said in an a recent interview, referring to the countless documentary dissections of battle strategy and military biographies largely devoid of boots-on-the-ground accounts from people on the front. That's on purpose, he said, because it deflects the need to explore the ramifica-

tions of bloodshed and lost lives.

"The reality of war is, strangely enough, not what people are interested in. They're interested in being distracted from the truth of war," he said. "War is the lie of civilization. We see ourselves as civilized people. If that's the case, what are we doing having wars all the time?"

This may make "The War" appear to be a commentary on the conflict in Iraq, but Burns insisted this was not his intention. He'd rather have viewers reflect on war as a recurrent blight on human history by imbuing hours worth of battlefield reels and historical photographs — many of them never seen, some in color and quite graphic — with a tangible sense of grief, fright and tragedy.

"We wanted to understand that incredible paradox of war, that is, when your life is most threatened, when violent death is possible at any moment, everything is vivified," he explained. "Something happens in war that is so obviously horrendous but inexplicably compelling and, for some, attractive, that human be-

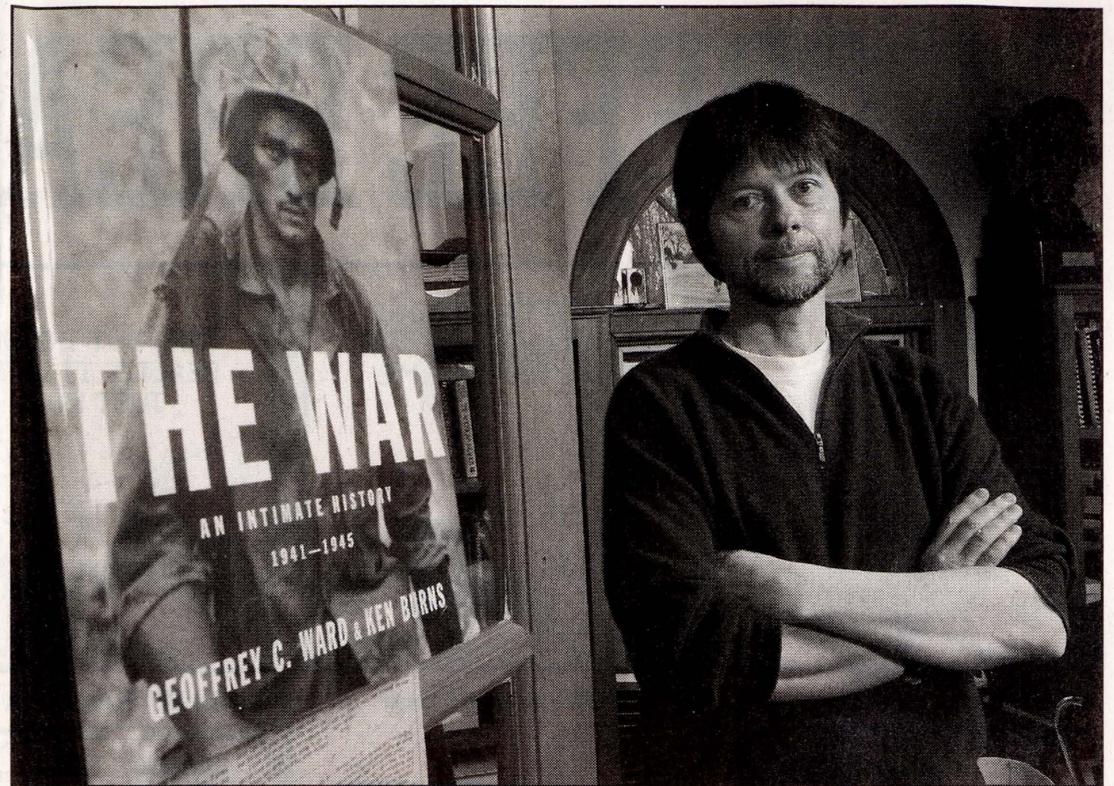
ings struggle to figure out what goes on in war.

"That's why you see the success of a 'Saving Private Ryan,'" Burns added, "because it dares to go into that emotional space of combat."

In the typical treatments of World War II, he said, "You don't have a sense of what people experienced at that time.

"When you hear about V-E day, the end of fighting in Europe, it wasn't just 'Oh, boy, let's have a celebration!' Almost everybody knew this thing wasn't over. Everyone back home knew that we had sons in the Pacific who were preparing for a major offense on Iwo Jima — many more lives were expected to be lost."

Compiling accounts from World War II veterans was almost impossible until about 10 years ago, right around the time Steven Spielberg made "Saving Private Ryan." The veterans simply weren't talking and didn't really begin to open up until other accounts began to trickle out in film, in books and on television.



JIM COLE / AP

Ken Burns says most war documentaries ignore exploring the ramifications of bloodshed and lost lives.

Burns and his co-producer and co-director, Lynn Novick, recognized that the urgency to record those stories was mounting. A statistic he often cites is that these veterans are dying at the rate of a thousand a day. But what about asking viewers to commit to a 14½-hour sweep of World War II, in the midst of the fall prime-time push no less?

Burns knows that's a battle in itself.

"We're in an age when peo-

ple's attentions are at a two-minute YouTube span, and we're in the business of the long-form documentary," he said. "We believe that all real meaning accrues in duration, and all the works that any of us are proud of are works that sustain our attention."

And, he observed, perhaps the fear of our inability to sit through hefty chunks of culture is overblown. He pointed out that millions of people bought

"Harry Potter and the Deathly Hallows," eager to tear through its 759 pages.

"It's going to take them a lot longer than 14½ hours to read that," he said.

P-I TV critic Melanie McFarland can be reached at 206-448-8015 or tvgal@seattlepi.com. Follow her TV Gal blog at blog.seattlepi.com/tv.

MCFARLAND: Despite flaws, this is a great work

FROM E1

Even so, PBS has reason to expect a sizable tune-in. Various veterans groups are lending their weight to the promotional efforts mounted by member stations, including KCTS/9. There are community tie-ins, and the series DVD release comes on the heels of PBS's over-the-air run.

"The War" is one of Burns' most anticipated achievements, and one of his finer efforts too, because it shows his artistry in full flight — even if the narrative is less complete than one would expect.

But he earns a fair share of awe with what's there. Laced with personal accounts, the historical framework, photos and military footage most



Susumu Satow, sent to an internment camp before volunteering for an all-Japanese-American combat unit that often was the first to be sent into the most battles in Italy and France. The toll was awful.

Willie Rushton, a black Marine who had to fight the enemy in the Pacific as he battled discrimination within the military, remembers a barber refusing to cut his hair after he recovered from battle wounds in a hospital.

Civilian accounts are no less interesting. Sascha Weinheimer, who was 8 years old when she was forced into a Japanese prison camp in the

voices from Hispanic and Native-American soldiers displays a shocking ignorance and stubbornness.

Burns has a reputation for being explicit and considerate in exploring issues of quality and race in this country, and "The War" does this well from the perspectives of African-American and Japanese-American soldiers and civilians. And he since has acknowledged that these other stories deserve and need to be told. "The War" includes interviews with three men: Pete Arias and Bill Lansford, two Latino Marines, and a Crow veteran from Montana, Joe Medicine Crow, at the end of three episodes. Taken by themselves, they're moving works: Medicine Crow's story is

Anthem." It's as if we've just listened to a gorgeous poem with a distinct, perfect ending, only to have the poet add, "By the way, here's a verse I forgot about."

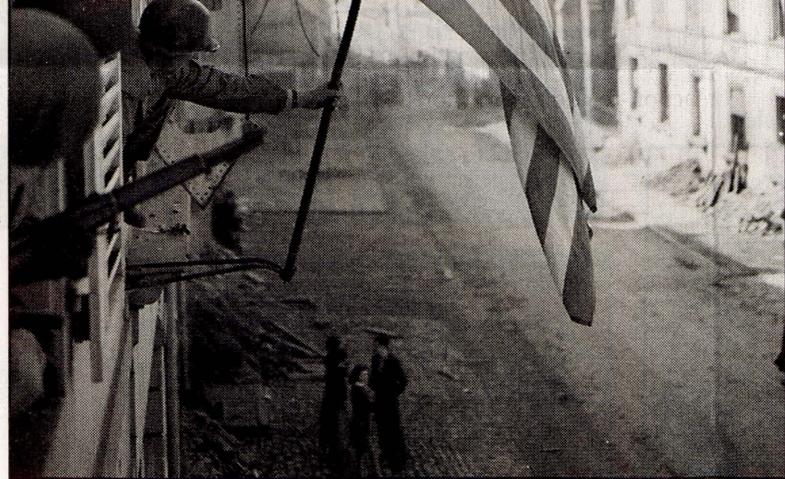
With all due respect to artistic integrity, Burns forgets what current viewers will take away from this experience. In the immediate, people will find parallels to the war being fought now, in which large numbers of Hispanic soldiers are being injured and killed. "The War" will be used in classrooms for decades to come, and it deserves to be. For all its flaws, it is still incredibly powerful and important television, a great work of art, a wonderful contribution to history — in short, obligatory viewing.

with personal accounts, the historical framework, photos and military footage most people have never seen, are the signature stylistic flourishes. It all serves to give his work momentum, and move the audience.

Voiceovers, as usual, add a beautiful vitality to written accounts taken from magazines and letters home, the standout being Tom Hanks's recitation of Minnesota reporter Al McIntosh's lyrical home-front columns. The music again serves as secondary narrator to Keith David, and Norah Jones' rendition of the ballad "American Anthem" is a becoming successor to the song made famous by "The Civil War," "Ashokan Farewell."

Burns' ponderous undertaking swings us from the Pacific theater to Europe and back to the home front in each hour. Personal, gut-wrenching testimony serves to give a sense of the claustrophobia, chaos and horror of battle, while concurrently exploring the social conundrums our participation in the war brought to the fore on American soil.

He does this by training his focus on four towns: Mobile, Ala.; Waterbury, Conn.; Sacramento, Calif.; and Luverne, Minn., probably the smartest tack he could have taken. "The War's" connection to these burghs serves to bring



A U.S. soldier secures an American flag in Bitche, France, on March 16, 1945.

history to our doorsteps, placing us into communities and inside lives that mirror our own.

But the four-town model also has its limitations, underscored when a number of groups criticized Burns for failing to include Hispanic veterans in the film. Members of the Congressional Hispanic Caucus threatened Burns' corporate underwriters with a boycott, and Burns stubbornly held firm at first, saying the film was finished. He ultimately decided to add 29 minutes of footage to the finished work. A number of people won't be

satisfied by that gesture, and with good reason.

No other wars have informed our nation's sense of identity and pride as deeply as the Civil War and World War II. Popular culture has mythologized World War II to the point of sanitizing the toll it took on all of humanity. This "Good War" inspired a number of successful video-game franchises, allowing generations who are decades removed from it to digitally fight their way through historic battles with the same zest as a shoot-'em-up set on Mars.

Only recently have filmmakers attempted a more honest accounting, as in Steven Spielberg's "Saving Private Ryan" and the landmark HBO series "Band of Brothers." They broke our hearts. They also were dramatizations. Meanwhile, the veterans who lived through these nightmares, the memories of which they've gritted their teeth through for decades, have been quietly dying.

If you've been telling American stories for 30 years, surely these perspectives deserve an accounting in the same way our culture needs to be reminded what a complex horror World War II was, and educated as to the many ways it brought out the worst and the best in Americans. That it does. In fact, a few stations are going to have some decisions to make when "The War" explains what "snafu" and "fubar" stand for.

Watching a few hours of "The War" gives one a new understanding of why men like Mobile's Glenn Frazier, who ran away and joined the Army when a girl he liked lost interest in him, have waited so long to tell their stories. His tale takes a dreadful turn when Frazier becomes a prisoner of war and barely survives the Bataan death march. Who would want to relive that? He bravely does, along with many others.

Among them: Sacramento's

years old. When she was forced into a Japanese prison camp in the Philippines, speaks of being able to feel her backbone through her stomach.

That's not as amazing as the notion that Burns found her in Southern California but didn't manage to scare up one Hispanic veteran.

You will not read about a single Burns work without coming across numerous criticisms about what he's left out. Music aficionados had nitpicks with "Jazz," and sports historians let him have it for "Baseball."

Still, for a man who's in the business of telling untold stories, forgetting to include

three episodes. Taken by themselves, they're moving works; Medicine Crow's story is even uplifting.

But their cohorts' stories are woven into the fabric of the piece and inform the narrative's direction – quite a contrast to the clip at the end of the first episode, which comes after a montage set to "American

history – in short, obligatory viewing.

P-I TV critic Melanie McFarland can be reached at 206-448-8015 or tvgal@seattlepi.com. Follow her TV Gal blog at blog.seattlepi.com/tv.

CINEMARK
The Best Seat In Town
Advance tickets & showtimes available online at cinemark.com

CineArts
The Artistic Side of Film

CENTURY FEDERAL WAY
Located at The Commons • 2001 S. Commons
1-800-FANDANGO + Exp 995#
EARLY BIRD SPECIAL M-F 1ST MATINEE SHOWTIME \$6.00
ADULT MATINEE BEFORE 6PM \$7.00

THE KINGDOM (R) (SNEAK PREVIEW ON SAT. 9/15) 7:20PM ONLY	BALLS OF FURY (PG-13) 12:55, 3:10, 5:40, 8:10
DRAGON WARS (PG-13) 12:35, 2:50, 5:00, 7:15, 9:35	HALLOWEEN (R) 12:50, 3:35, 7:20PM ONLY
MR. WOODCOCK (PG-13) 12:30, 3:00, 5:15, 7:40, 9:55	DEATH SENTENCE (R) 3:15, 9:00
THE BRAVE ONE (R) 12:45, 1:45, 3:45, 4:40, 6:30, 7:35, 9:15, 10:10	WAR (R) 1:55, 4:45, 7:30, 10:05
MR. BEAN'S HOLIDAY (G) 12:40, 2:55, 5:05, 7:20 (Sat 9/15 the 7:20 canceled for Sneak)	THE NANNY DIARIES (PG-13) 2:20, 5:15, 7:50, 10:10
3:10 TO YUMA (R) 12:45, 4:15, 7:10, 9:55	SUPERBAD (R) 12:40, 1:30, 4:10, 6:15, 7:05, 9:40
SHOOT 'EM UP (R) 1:05, 3:20, 5:50, 8:00, 10:15	RUSH HOUR 3 (PG-13) 12:25, 2:45, 5:10, 7:40, 10:05
BROTHERS SOLOMON (R) 7:10, 9:50	STARBUCKS (PG-13) 12:30, 3:40 BOURNE ULTIMATUM (PG-13) 1:00, 4:00, 7:00, 9:50

CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED
◆ NO PASSES-NO CLASSIC SUPERSAVERS ◆

LANDMARK THEATRES
(206) 781-5755
Showtimes valid Thu, Sep 20 Only

EGYPTIAN 801 East Pine St.
THE HOTTEST STATE (R) Dig • Ends Tonight! (4:30) 7:00, 9:30
GUILD 45 2115 N. 45th St.
MR. BEAN'S HOLIDAY (G) Dig • Ends Tonight! (5:00) 7:20, 9:40
BECOMING JANE (PG) Dig • Ends Tonight! (4:00) 6:45, 9:30
HARVARD EXIT Broadway & E. Roy
2 DAYS IN PARIS (R) Dig (4:45) 7:00, 9:20
ONCE (R) SR **Upstairs** (5:00) 7:15, 9:25
METRO 4500 9th Ave. NE
Validated Parking 1-4 Hours • Call Theatre for Lots and Rates

✓ THE BRAVE ONE (R) Dig (1:10, 4:00) 7:00, 9:50
SHOOT 'EM UP (R) Dig • Ends Tonight! (1:30, 4:45) 7:20, 9:25
SUPERBAD (R) Dig (1:20, 4:30) 7:15, 9:55
THE KING OF KONG: A FISTFUL OF QUARTERS (PG-13) DTS • Ends Tonight! (1:45, 4:20) 6:55, 9:05
THE BOURNE ULTIMATUM (PG-13) SR (1:25, 4:15) 7:05, 9:45
RATATOUILLE (G) SR (12:50, 3:50) 6:30, 9:15
HAIRSPRAY (PG) SR • Ends Tonight! (1:00, 3:45) 6:45, 9:20
STARBUCKS (PG-13) SR (12:45, 3:40) 6:40, 9:35
DEATH AT A FUNERAL (R) SR • Ends Tonight! (1:40, 4:10) 6:50, 9:10
HOLLYWOOD DREAMS (R) SR • Ends Tonight! (1:15, 4:40) 7:10, 9:40

NEPTUNE NE 45th & Brooklyn
3:10 TO YUMA (R) Dig (4:20) 7:00, 9:40
SEVEN GABLES 911 NE 50th St. (206) 432-8820
SILK (R) Dig • Ends Tonight! (4:30) 7:00, 9:15
VARSITY 4329 University Way NE
EXILED (R) SR • Ends Tonight! 7:30, 9:40
CHALK (PG-13) SR 7:20, 9:20
THIS IS ENGLAND (NR) SR • Ends Tonight! 7:00, 9:30
CREST 16505 5th Ave. NE • ALL SEATS \$3.00 DAILY!
PARIS JE TAIME (R) Dolby 7:10, 9:45
ROCKET SCIENCE (R) Dolby • Ends Tonight! 7:20, 9:30
KNOCKED UP (R) Dolby • Ends Tonight! 7:00, 9:40
SICKO (PG-13) Dolby 6:45, 9:20

Digi-Dolby Digital SR-Dolby SR () at discount Sorry, no passes
www.LandmarkTheatres.com * Passes or Discount Cards

"AN ELECTRIFYING THRILLER."
Karen Durbin, ELLE MAGAZINE

THE BRAVE ONE
TheBraveOne.com

WARNER BROS. PICTURES
MOBILE USERS: For Showtimes, Text Message BRAVE and your ZIP CODE to 43KIX (43549)

NOW SHOWING - CHECK DIRECTORIES FOR LISTINGS

REGAL CINEMAS A REGAL ENTERTAINMENT GROUP COMPANY
★ Pass / Discount Ticket Restrictions Apply
OC = Open Captioned DA = Descriptive Audio Available
BARGAIN SHOWS IN () ALL DIGITAL SOUND!

MERIDIAN 16 206-223-9600
Seventh Ave & Pike 800-FANDANGO 808#

EVERETT MALL STADIUM 16 I-5 at Everett Mall Way 800-FANDANGO 1759#

THE BRAVE ONE (R) - ID REQ'D (1230 115 330 430) 645 730 930 1030	Adv. Tix on Sale GOOD LUCK CHUCK (R) - ID REQ'D ★
EASTERN PROMISES (R) - ID REQ'D (1215 130 245 405 515) 630 745 900 1015	Adv. Tix on Sale RESIDENT EVIL: EXTINCTION (R) - ID REQ'D ★
IN THE VALLEY OF ELAH (R) - ID REQ'D (1245 200 345 500) 700 800 945 1040	THE BRAVE ONE (R) - ID REQ'D (100 130 340 410) 620 650 910 940
MR. WOODCOCK (PG-13) (1200 230 450) 725 940	MR. WOODCOCK (PG-13) (115 320) 610 820 1025
3:10 TO YUMA (R) - ID REQ'D (1220 120 315 415) 615 710 915 1010	DRAGON WARS (PG-13) (105 310) 600 810 1020
THE BOURNE ULTIMATUM (PG-13) (100 440) 720 1005	SHOOT 'EM UP - DIGITAL PROJECTION (R) - ID REQ'D (125 330 550) 800 1010
OC: HALLOWEEN (R) - ID REQ'D (240) 1035	MR. WOODCOCK (PG-13) (240 440) 710 945
HALLOWEEN (R) - ID REQ'D (1210 510) 805	BALLS OF FURY (PG-13) (240 500) 720 935
HAIRSPRAY (PG) (1255 410) 735 1020	OC & DA: THE NANNY DIARIES (PG-13) (520) 955
HARRY POTTER & THE ORDER OF THE PHOENIX (PG-13) (1235) 350 650 950	MR. BEAN'S HOLIDAY (G) (200 430) 640
RATATOUILLE (G) (1225 340) 655	THE NANNY DIARIES (PG-13) (230 510) 745 1015
WAR (R) - ID REQ'D (355) 925	SUPERBAD (R) - ID REQ'D (120 400) 645 930
THE BROTHERS SOLOMON (R) - ID REQ'D (935) 950	STARBUCKS (PG-13) (250 530) 750 1000
MR. BEAN'S HOLIDAY (G) (135) 705	RUSH HOUR 3 (PG-13) (220 540) 850
RUSH HOUR 3 (PG-13) (1205 215 425) 640 955	TRANSFORMERS (PG-13) (220 540) 850

PARKWAY PLAZA STADIUM 12 206-575-1313
S. Center Pkwy - South of the Mall 800-FANDANGO 429#

ALDERWOOD STADIUM 7 3501 184th St SW 425-776-3535 800-FANDANGO 413#

Adv. Tix on Sale GOOD LUCK CHUCK (R) - ID REQ'D ★	MR. WOODCOCK (PG-13) (1210 230 455) 740 1000
Adv. Tix on Sale RESIDENT EVIL: EXTINCTION (R) - ID REQ'D ★	3:10 TO YUMA (R) - ID REQ'D (1230 100 320 420) 640 720 930 1010
RESIDENT EVIL: EXTINCTION - MIDNITE (R) - ID REQ'D 1159 PM	BALLS OF FURY (PG-13) (1220 240 510) 750 1020
THE BRAVE ONE (R) - ID REQ'D (1220 1250 310 340) 705 745 1000	THE NANNY DIARIES (PG-13) (1250 335) 700 940
	RUSH HOUR 3 (PG-13) (1200 220 440) 730 950
	THE SIMPSONS MOVIE (PG-13) (1240 350) 650 920
	WAR (R) - ID REQ'D

MOUNTLAKE 9 425-744-1122
6009 244th St SW 800-FANDANGO 415#

Adv. Tix on Sale GOOD LUCK CHUCK (R) - ID REQ'D ★	MR. WOODCOCK (PG-13) (1210 230 455) 740 1000
Adv. Tix on Sale RESIDENT EVIL: EXTINCTION (R) - ID REQ'D ★	3:10 TO YUMA (R) - ID REQ'D (1230 100 320 420) 640 720 930 1010
DRAGON WARS (PG-13) (1250 330) 620 910	BALLS OF FURY (PG-13) (1220 240 510) 750 1020
THE BRAVE ONE (R) - ID REQ'D (140 420) 700 940	THE NANNY DIARIES (PG-13) (1250 335) 700 940
MR. WOODCOCK (PG-13) (150 350) 650 900	RUSH HOUR 3 (PG-13) (1200 220 440) 730 950
SHOOT 'EM UP (R) - ID REQ'D (100 340) 720 1000	THE SIMPSONS MOVIE (PG-13) (1240 350) 650 920
MR. WOODCOCK (PG-13) (1240 310) 640 930	WAR (R) - ID REQ'D

EAST VALLEY STADIUM 13 425-873-2071 800-FANDANGO 423#
Hwy 167 & E. Valley Rd 800-FANDANGO 423#

Adv. Tix on Sale RESIDENT EVIL: EXTINCTION (R) - ID REQ'D ★

Big Valley: DRAGON WARS (PG-13) (1205 230 455) 735 1020

SHOOT 'EM UP (R) - ID REQ'D (1200 220 435) 715 935

3:10 TO YUMA (R) - ID REQ'D (105 405) 700 945

THE BROTHERS SOLOMON (R) - ID REQ'D 940 PM

BALLS OF FURY (PG-13) (1215 245 515) 750 1025

SUPERBAD (R) - ID REQ'D (130 420) 710 1000

STARBUCKS (PG-13) (100 400) 705 1005

RUSH HOUR 3 (PG-13) (1210 240 500) 735 1030

BECOMING JANE (PG) (1225 350) 655

THE BOURNE ULTIMATUM (PG-13) (125 440) 730 1015

NO RESERVATIONS (PG) (115 410) 650 930

I NOW PRONOUNCE YOU CHUCK & LARRY (PG-13) (1250 415) 720 1010

HARRY POTTER & THE ORDER OF THE PHOENIX (PG-13) (1225) 350 655 950

TRANSFORMERS (PG-13) (1220 330) 640 955

BELLA BOTTEGA STADIUM 11 8890 161st Ave NE 425-556-9323 800-FANDANGO 422#

Adv. Tix on Sale GOOD LUCK CHUCK (R) - ID REQ'D ★

Adv. Tix on Sale RESIDENT EVIL: EXTINCTION (R) - ID REQ'D ★

THE BRAVE ONE (R) - ID REQ'D (1225 115 310 415) 650 725 945 1015

DRAGON WARS (PG-13) (1245 305 515) 730 955

MR. WOODCOCK (PG-13) (1235 245 455) 710 925

MR. BEAN'S HOLIDAY (G) (1240 255 505) 720 930

DEATH AT A FUNERAL (R) - ID REQ'D (1230 250 500) 740 1010

OC: SUPERBAD (R) - ID REQ'D 430 1000

SUPERBAD (R) - ID REQ'D (120) 705

STARBUCKS (PG-13) (110 425) 715 1005

THE BOURNE ULTIMATUM (PG-13) (1255 420) 700 940

THE SIMPSONS MOVIE (PG-13) (1250 300 510) 735 950

HAIRSPRAY (PG) (105 350) 655 935

AUBURN STADIUM 17 253-735-6721
At The Supermall 800-FANDANGO 399#

Adv. Tix on Sale GOOD LUCK CHUCK (R) - ID REQ'D ★

Adv. Tix on Sale RESIDENT EVIL: EXTINCTION (R) - ID REQ'D ★

ANIME BENTO - FULL METAL ALCHEMIST THE MOVIE (NR) 730 PM

RESIDENT EVIL: EXTINCTION - MIDNITE (R) - ID REQ'D (1230 400) 650 940

THE BRAVE ONE - DIGITAL PROJECTION (R) - ID REQ'D (130 440) 730 1020

MR. WOODCOCK (PG-13) (1215 230 500) 740 1000

DRAGON WARS (PG-13) (100 420) 710 930

SHOOT 'EM UP (R) - ID REQ'D (200 515) 800 1025

3:10 TO YUMA (R) - ID REQ'D (1210 110 345 430) 640 720 935 1015

HALLOWEEN (R) - ID REQ'D (150 450) 750 1030

MR. BEAN'S HOLIDAY (G) (1200 210 520) 745 1005

BALLS OF FURY (PG-13) (1205 220 510) 735 1010

SUPERBAD (R) - ID REQ'D (115 425) 715 1010

STARBUCKS (PG-13) (1235 340) 630 920

RUSH HOUR 3 (PG-13) (140) 445 725 950

THE BOURNE ULTIMATUM (PG-13) (1250 410) 700 945

HARRY POTTER & THE ORDER OF THE PHOENIX (PG-13) (1240) 350 655 955

THE SIMPSONS MOVIE (PG-13) (1220 330) 640 955

RATATOUILLE (G) (1220 330) 640 955

BECOMING JANE (PG) (635) 920

THE BROTHERS SOLOMON (R) - ID REQ'D 1030 PM

CROSSROADS STADIUM 8 425-562-7230
1200 156th Ave NE 800-FANDANGO 401#

Adv. Tix on Sale GOOD LUCK CHUCK (R) - ID REQ'D ★

Adv. Tix on Sale RESIDENT EVIL: EXTINCTION (R) - ID REQ'D ★

THE BRAVE ONE (R) - ID REQ'D (140 430) 720 1010

THE BOURNE ULTIMATUM (PG-13) (115 405) 645 930

RATATOUILLE (G) (100 310) 520 740 950

MR. WOODCOCK (PG-13) (200 445) 710 925

3:10 TO YUMA (R) - ID REQ'D (130 415) 700 940

MR. BEAN'S HOLIDAY (G) (150 500) 730 955

DRAGON WARS (PG-13) (110 320) 530 750 1000

ISSAQUAH 9 425-313-5754
1490 NW 11th Ave 800-FANDANGO 408#

Adv. Tix on Sale GOOD LUCK CHUCK (R) - ID REQ'D ★

Adv. Tix on Sale RESIDENT EVIL: EXTINCTION (R) - ID REQ'D ★

THE BRAVE ONE (R) - ID REQ'D (1205 300) 620 920

MR. WOODCOCK (PG-13) (1220 230 500) 745 930

SHOOT 'EM UP (R) - ID REQ'D (200 445) 710 925

3:10 TO YUMA (R) - ID REQ'D (1240 305 520) 730 955

SHOOT 'EM UP (R) - ID REQ'D (1230 310) 650 950

BALLS OF FURY (PG-13) (1225 255 510) 720 935

THE NANNY DIARIES (PG-13) (1215 515) 740

OC & DA: THE NANNY DIARIES (PG-13) 250 1000

MR. BEAN'S HOLIDAY (G) (1210 240 505) 710 925

SUPERBAD (R) - ID REQ'D (1235 320) 630 945

THE BOURNE ULTIMATUM (PG-13) (1200 330) 640 940

RELATED PROGRAMMING ON KCTS

This month, KCTS/9 has presented "The War: Stories From the Northwest: WWII" featuring Northwest veterans and stories about the roles residents of Washington and British Columbia played in the war effort. Two of the four 30-minute episodes already have aired, but episode 3, "The War Within the War," premieres Tuesday at 7:30 p.m., and episode 4, "Two Nations – One War," airs Oct. 2 at 7:30.

▶ "The War Within the War" confronts the struggle for civil rights in America even as soldiers fought for freedom abroad. Featured are Seattle's Shiro Kashino, a member of the all-Japanese 442nd Regimental Combat Team; Idaho veteran Vernon Baker, an African-American soldier who led an assault on an Italian castle held by the Nazis; and Fausto Cruz, a soldier stationed in the Pacific and "KCTS Connects" host Enrique Cerna's uncle.

▶ "Two Nations – One War" highlights the stories of British Columbia veterans, with accounts from Larry Story, a Canadian member of the joint American-Canadian special forces unit, The Devil's Brigade; Bob Porter, who was shot down behind enemy lines and eluded German forces for months; and British women who married Canadian soldiers in wartime.

OPEN HOUSE

▶ KCTS/9 is hosting an open house tonight celebrating local veterans, with displays of restored military vehicles and artifacts. A 30-minute preview of "The War" will be shown at 2:30, 6:30 and 7:30 p.m.; reservations are encouraged. KCTS is at 401 Mercer St. For information, call 800-362-6463 or RSVP to warevents@kcts.org.

– Melanie McFarland

CHARLES ISHERWOOD

Drama: Another Casualty Of War

ON June 10 "Journey's End" is likely to become the first show in recent memory to come to the end of its journey on Broadway on the very same day it takes home a major Tony award. The production is the favorite to win the prize as the best play revival of the season and is nominated in several other categories. But the producers have already set Tony Sunday, the industry's annual festive rites, as the closing date.

Congratulations, guys, but before dusting off your tuxes, could you please clean out your dressing rooms?

Plays old and new flop on Broadway with a regularity that surprises nobody in the theater business. But the failure of "Journey's End,"



Sara Krulwich/The New York Times

Hugh Dancy, left, and Stark Sands in "Journey's End" on Broadway.

R. C. Sherriff's 1928 drama about British soldiers in the trenches of World War I, has been an unusually resounding one. The play received some of the best reviews of the season when it opened in February. "Brilliant" and "absolutely riveting," it was called. "Powerful, engrossing and emotionally immediate." "It will continue to haunt theatergoers for a long, long time."

But only the show's producers are likely to be haunted by "Journey's End" for a long, long time. The show never found an audience and played to some of the smallest houses on Broadway this season, at times dipping to about 25 percent capacity at the Belasco Theater. The extraordinary closing on Tony night might seem cruel, but the fact is that for the past few months you could shoot off a cannon in the Belasco Theater and risk few injuries.

What gives? A clue might be found in the fate of "Letters From Iwo Jima," the acclaimed Clint Eastwood movie from last year. Few films were more enthusiastically reviewed than the second half of Mr. Eastwood's somber diptych about the fiercely fought battle between American and Japanese troops in the waning days of World War II. But audiences gave it a skip, despite all the critical hosannas and Mr. Eastwood's status as a popular star turned bona fide artiste. The same fate had already greeted "Flags of Our Fathers," which focused on the

Continued on Page 7

THEATER

Drama: Another Casualty of War

Continued From Page 1

same battle from the American perspective. The critics raved; audiences shrugged.

A potential conclusion: War in the newspapers isn't necessarily good for war on movie screens and stages. The conflict in Iraq (and Afghanistan) is so much with us these days that maybe audiences have no inclination to engage with stories from old battlefields.

Can you blame them? We absorb images and information about the current strife every time we turn on the television, listen to the radio or pick up a newspaper. Obviously not much of the news is good. As the steady drumbeat of grim statistics rolls on — the rising death tolls, the roiling sectarian violence — Americans can perhaps be forgiven for failing to warm to entertainment that underscores what journalism is making brutally plain every day: War is a cruel and destructive enterprise that maims or destroys the lives of people on all sides, even when fought for a noble cause.

Perhaps right now audiences don't need to — or can't bear to — revisit testimony from the past, however artfully and honestly it is presented, to experience the range of emotions that an encounter with the ugly realities of war elicits. Compassion for human suffering, dismay at man's brutality, understanding of both the moral beauty of courage in the face of danger and its often painful inefficacy: We can cycle through these again every time we read or see detailed accounts of the everyday human costs of the conflict — in life, in prosperity, in dignity and happiness. Art can evoke little more pity and terror, to use those old Aristotelian words, than the immediate news of the waste going on in the world today, intimately taken account of in the best journalism.

If the freakish success of the re-

cent movie "300" is any indication, a lot of Americans are hungry for narratives that offer escape from the uncompromised truths of the world as it is today. This luridly silly epic offers refuge from the increasingly unavoidable idea that war is always an ethically complex enterprise that can be as demoralizing — and dehumanizing — for the apparent victors as it is for the subjugated. War as a cartoon battle between good guys and monsters more easily satisfies a taste for vicarious excitement after all.

Neither the Eastwood movie nor the Sherriff play offers easy release into simple tales of heroism, visceral conflict or jingoistic flag-waving. They are intimate studies in the specifically personal outrages of war, focusing not on the sweep of battle and the excitement of history shaping itself into a tidy tale before our eyes, but on individuals lost in the unsettling fog of conflict, men trying to retain their dignity, a measure of courage and, most important, a foothold on life in confusing and desperate circumstances.

"300," by contrast, is war porn. A

**Acclaimed
battlefront works
are failing to draw
war-weary crowds.**

digitally enhanced epic about the battle of Thermopylae, when a small band of Spartans defeated the massed forces of the Persian army, it is ludicrous in its moral simplicity, or perhaps simplistic amorality is a better way of putting it.

Of course the overlap between audiences for "300" and audiences for serious considerations of the cost and consequences of warfare is not really a large one. So why have audiences who have recently shown affection for artfully presented tales of



Merie W. Wallace/Warner Brothers Pictures and DreamWorks Pictures

ing experienced both "Letters From Iwo Jima" and "Journey's End," I must confess to a certain impatience with the by-now-familiar narrative strategies that both the movie and play employ to illuminate the experience of soldiers. Stories that once seemed emblematic and universal today feel overworked, even obsolete.

"Journey's End," written by a veteran of World War I, may well have invented some of the insights about the everyday experience of war that have now calcified into clichés, but there's no way we can hear them with fresh ears. The play takes place in a grimy bunker in the thick of the trenches on the war front. Its characters are an assortment of British soldiers tensely awaiting a German assault. The soldiers gripe about the food and engage in diverting raillery to keep their minds off the harrowing matters at hand; undertake dangerous missions with stiff upper lips; endure the loss of their fellows on the battlefield with both tears and dignity.

But as each of several vignettes unfolded I found myself wearily checking off familiar war-story elements. Oh, this is the bit where some

finds the inner resources to carry on.

And I found myself actively resisting the kind of emotional manipulation that you often submit to without thinking. The play is terrifically acted, but I was drawing away from it out of a feeling that to go along with it would be to give in to a kind of cathartic release of emotion that could be better put to use outside the theater.

Several years into a confusing war with complicated foes and several years after the Sept. 11 attacks, we may have finally reached a point where the old forms of war fiction are no longer capable of giving us the solace and understanding we look for from this kind of material. Stories of noble sacrifice amid the comparatively uncomplicated moral climate of the two world wars seem so remote that emotional indulgence in them seems too much like escapism, a turning away from the truths that we need to keep our eyes sharply focused on.

The apparent topicality of "Journey's End" is, I suspect, one reason it arrived on Broadway this season after a long run in London. Although not written as an antiwar tract, it is certainly unsparing in detailing war's human cost. The somber, unsmiling curtain call suggests that the director, David Grindley, wants to emphasize the idea that what we have just witnessed is not mere entertainment but an honoring of the suffering and sacrifice of soldiers down through the years. But to me it felt self-important and manipulative.

Of course an argument can be made that by arousing our compassion for wartime suffering and sacrifice "Journey's End" is exercising muscles we need to keep in fighting trim to deal with the painful future fallout from the Iraq war. But as I listened to the sniffles of the audience at the play's conclusion, I wondered if those around me were really exercising those feelings or simply exorcising them.

A scene from "Letters From Iwo Jima," Clint Eastwood's critically acclaimed film, which failed to find box-office favor when it came out last year.

Drama: Another Casualty of War

Continued From Page 1

same battle from the American perspective. The critics raved; audiences shrugged.

A potential conclusion: War in the newspapers isn't necessarily good for war on movie screens and stages. The conflict in Iraq (and Afghanistan) is so much with us these days that maybe audiences have no inclination to engage with stories from old battlefields.

Can you blame them? We absorb images and information about the current strife every time we turn on the television, listen to the radio or pick up a newspaper. Obviously not much of the news is good. As the steady drumbeat of grim statistics rolls on — the rising death tolls, the roiling sectarian violence — Americans can perhaps be forgiven for failing to warm to entertainment that underscores what journalism is making brutally plain every day: War is a cruel and destructive enterprise that maims or destroys the lives of people on all sides, even when fought for a noble cause.

Perhaps right now audiences don't need to — or can't bear to — revisit testimony from the past, however artfully and honestly it is presented, to experience the range of emotions that an encounter with the ugly realities of war elicits. Compassion for human suffering, dismay at man's brutality, understanding of both the moral beauty of courage in the face of danger and its often painful inefficacy: We can cycle through these again every time we read or see detailed accounts of the everyday human costs of the conflict — in life, in prosperity, in dignity and happiness. Art can evoke little more pity and terror, to use those old Aristotelian words, than the immediate news of the waste going on in the world today, intimately taken account of in the best journalism.

If the freakish success of the re-

cent movie "300" is any indication, a lot of Americans are hungry for narratives that offer escape from the uncompromised truths of the world as it is today. This luridly silly epic offers refuge from the increasingly unavoidable idea that war is always an ethically complex enterprise that can be as demoralizing — and dehumanizing — for the apparent victors as it is for the subjugated. War as a cartoon battle between good guys and monsters more easily satisfies a taste for vicarious excitement after all.

Neither the Eastwood movie nor the Sherriff play offers easy release into simple tales of heroism, visceral conflict or jingoistic flag-waving. They are intimate studies in the specifically personal outrages of war, focusing not on the sweep of battle and the excitement of history shaping itself into a tidy tale before our eyes, but on individuals lost in the unsettling fog of conflict, men trying to retain their dignity, a measure of courage and, most important, a foothold on life in confusing and desperate circumstances.

"300," by contrast, is war porn. A

**Acclaimed
battlefront works
are failing to draw
war-weary crowds.**

digitally enhanced epic about the battle of Thermopylae, when a small band of Spartans defeated the massed forces of the Persian army, it is ludicrous in its moral simplicity, or perhaps simplistic amorality is a better way of putting it.

Of course the overlap between audiences for "300" and audiences for serious considerations of the cost and consequences of warfare is not really a large one. So why have audiences who have recently shown affection for artfully presented tales of battle — like "Saving Private Ryan" or HBO's "Band of Brothers" — failed to show up for Mr. Eastwood's movies, and why did "Journey's End" go unnoticed on Broadway despite largely terrific reviews?

The answer may go beyond a temporary distaste for war stories. Hav-



Merie W. Wallace/Warner Brothers Pictures and DreamWorks Pictures

ing experienced both "Letters From Iwo Jima" and "Journey's End," I must confess to a certain impatience with the by-now-familiar narrative strategies that both the movie and play employ to illuminate the experience of soldiers. Stories that once seemed emblematic and universal today feel overworked, even obsolete.

"Journey's End," written by a veteran of World War I, may well have invented some of the insights about the everyday experience of war that have now calcified into clichés, but there's no way we can hear them with fresh ears. The play takes place in a grimy bunker in the thick of the trenches on the war front. Its characters are an assortment of British soldiers tensely awaiting a German assault. The soldiers gripe about the food and engage in diverting raillery to keep their minds off the harrowing matters at hand; undertake dangerous missions with stiff upper lips; endure the loss of their fellows on the battlefield with both tears and dignity.

But as each of several vignettes unfolded I found myself wearily checking off familiar war-story elements. Oh, this is the bit where somebody comes to the realization that the Germans in the trenches 50 yards away aren't such a bad lot — in fact they're just regular blokes like us. Oh, this is the point where the officer unhinged by nerves gets a tough talking-to by his superior officer and

finds the inner resources to carry on.

And I found myself actively resisting the kind of emotional manipulation that you often submit to without thinking. The play is terrifically acted, but I was drawing away from it out of a feeling that to go along with it would be to give in to a kind of cathartic release of emotion that could be better put to use outside the theater.

Several years into a confusing war with complicated foes and several years after the Sept. 11 attacks, we may have finally reached a point where the old forms of war fiction are no longer capable of giving us the solace and understanding we look for from this kind of material. Stories of noble sacrifice amid the comparatively uncomplicated moral climate of the two world wars seem so remote that emotional indulgence in them seems too much like escapism, a turning away from the truths that we need to keep our eyes sharply focused on.

The apparent topicality of "Journey's End" is, I suspect, one reason it arrived on Broadway this season after a long run in London. Although not written as an antiwar tract, it is certainly unsparing in detailing war's human cost. The somber, unsmiling curtain call suggests that the director, David Grindley, wants to emphasize the idea that what we have just witnessed is not mere entertainment but an honoring of the suffering and sacrifice of soldiers down through the years. But to me it felt self-important and manipulative.

Of course an argument can be made that by arousing our compassion for wartime suffering and sacrifice "Journey's End" is exercising muscles we need to keep in fighting trim to deal with the painful future fallout from the Iraq war. But as I listened to the sniffles of the audience at the play's conclusion, I wondered if those around me were really exercising those feelings or simply exorcising them.

A scene from "Letters From Iwo Jima," Clint Eastwood's critically acclaimed film, which failed to find box-office favor when it came out last year.

ONLINE: FROM THE ARCHIVE

A review of "Journey's End," plus a slide show of photos from the production:

nytimes.com/theater

2007
Spring Season

Kirstein 100: A Tribute
Now through



RED ARMY defenders of Stalingrad

BOOKS

Editor's Choice: what to read this month

Stalin's Gift

BY BENJAMIN SCHWARZ

It's time for those (mostly male) readers interested in the Second World War to put down that umpteenth account of D-Day and turn to the new crop of books on the most colossal conflict the world has ever seen: the German-Soviet clash on the Eastern Front. Since the late 1980s, a historiographical revolution has been under way, as scholars fundamentally alter their understanding of this epic struggle, which killed 27 million Soviet soldiers and civilians and nearly 4 million Wehrmacht troops. They aren't merely revising an established narrative; they're discovering facets

of the conflict—even entire battles—that had been lost to history.

Churchill's chronicle of the Second World War, which has all but permanently fixed the contours of the conflict in the popular mind, deliberately played down the Soviet superpower's pivotal role in defeating the Axis. Since then, while scholarship advanced on, say, the Allies' air war against Germany or the North African campaigns, it was stalled or warped on the Eastern Front. The U.S.S.R. documented its war more thoroughly than any of the other contestants, but Soviet historians were forced

to evade the many aspects of the conflict that the state deemed embarrassing. For their part, Western scholars, denied access to Soviet archives, relied on German records and the self-serving memories of German generals. (The United States, in a Cold War effort to glean insight from its former enemy on how to combat its erstwhile ally, employed former Wehrmacht officers to examine and evaluate captured German documents. General Franz Halder, Hitler's chief of the Army General Staff from 1938 to 1942 and a man almost certainly complicit in crimes against humanity,

headed the project for the U.S. Army's Historical Division; John F. Kennedy awarded him the Meritorious Civilian Service Award for his efforts.)

The first to circumvent some of these constraints was the British historian John Erickson in his grand two-volume history, *The Road to Stalingrad* (1975) and *The Road to Berlin* (1983). Since the Cold War's end, many others have been tapping the extraordinarily rich vein of archival material.

The West's foremost active scholar of the "Great Patriotic War," David Glantz, a former U.S. Army colonel, has written more than 60 (!) highly detailed monographs on the Red Army and its military operations. Historians will be exploiting his meticulous and creative historical spadework for generations. (His most

than fleeing the enemy, a task it carried out in its customarily sanguine fashion. The Soviets executed more than 158,000 soldiers for desertion. "In the Red Army," noted Marshal Georgi Zhukov, "it takes a very brave man to be a coward.")

Just last year, three British authors published works of extraordinary literary merit. Antony Beevor, probably the most stylish writer on Russia's war, followed up his piercing *Stalingrad* (1998) and *The Fall of Berlin* (2002) with **A Writer at War**, a translation (with Luba Vinogradova) of the great Russian writer Vasily Grossman's previously unpublished front-line notebooks that manages to be at once precise and poetic. It is, I think, the best eyewitness account of the Eastern Front available

which were central, rather than incidental, features of its effort.

The most sophisticated recent studies of the Holocaust itself—Christopher Browning's masterpiece, *The Origins of the Final Solution*; and the just-published **The Years of Extermination**, the second and concluding volume of Saul Friedländer's summa, *Nazi Germany and the Jews*—inextricably fix the German war on the Eastern Front to the center of their story. For all the ferocious treatment of Jews in Poland, for all of Hitler's nebulous exhortations going back to the 1920s, it was the unprecedented scale and viciousness of Germany's attempted conquest of the Soviet Union that decisively radicalized the Nazis and crystallized their vision of liquidating European Jewry.

The deluge of new archival materials relating to the Eastern Front has been so steady that the two standard post-glasnost single-volume chronicles—Glantz's *When Titans Clashed* and Richard Overy's *Russia's War*—have already been overtaken by new sources. Evan Mawdsley, a British historian, has stepped into the breach with his crisply written **Thunder in the East: The Nazi-Soviet War, 1941–1945**. This exceptionally precise and judicious work, now the authoritative general history, is especially useful because it largely supports some of the most provocative arguments in two new, not-so-judicious books: **Stalin's Wars**, a minute examination of Stalin's wartime leadership, by Geoffrey Roberts; and **Europe at War, 1939–1945**, by Norman Davies.

Davies, the author of the gigantic *Europe: A History* and the magisterial, sparkling, two-volume history of Poland, *God's Playground*, has written a shorter (544-page) work that is really two extended arguments with a lot of superfluous material. Although it seems to have been hastily and hotly written and contains too many embarrassing errors, it rearranges and juxtaposes facts and events in often unexpectedly illuminating ways. Most important, it's infused with irony and paradox, qualities essential to comprehending history but largely

The most murderous regime in Europe's history defeated Hitler, which tarnishes any notion of the "Good War."

recent study, **Red Storm Over the Balkans: The Failed Soviet Invasion of Romania, Spring 1944**, was published late last year.)

The British historian Mark Harrison has probed the Soviet wartime economic mobilization and planning efforts; these ruthless endeavors were brilliant, surprisingly flexible, and decisive in winning the war, but the consensus seems to be that the Soviet economy never recovered. Nikolai Litvin's just-released memoir, **800 Days on the Eastern Front**, offers a harrowing grunt's-eye view of the war. And a host of scholars are exploring such specialized subjects as the Soviet treatment of POWs; the wartime ethnic-cleansing campaigns directed against potentially collaborationist minority groups (2 million members of suspect minorities were uprooted from their homelands, and at least 231,000 of them died); and the role of the secret police in nearly every aspect of the war. (The NKVD's main military function was to keep Red Army soldiers facing rather

in English. Catherine Merridale issued her pioneering and panoramic portrait of the ordinary Russian soldier, **Ivan's War**. And the diplomat and historian Rodric Braithwaite published **Moscow 1941**, his sweeping, atmospheric (and in the United States, alas, largely ignored) account of life in the threatened city and of the Battle of Moscow—a contest that claimed the lives of some 926,000 Red Army soldiers.

A number of new books—all building on Omer Bartov's 1985 study, *The Eastern Front, 1941–1945: German Troops and the Barbarisation of Warfare*—have dissected the Germans' "war of annihilation" against the Soviets. These include *The Attack on the Soviet Union*, a volume in the official German history of the war, and, most recently, Wolfram Wette's *The Wehrmacht*. These works have conclusively demonstrated that the Wehrmacht—and not, as postwar accounts by German generals would have it, merely the SS—freely and even eagerly joined in murder and genocide,

absent from the American view of the Second World War.

Davies finds insufferable a perspective on the conflict that emphasizes El Alamein, the Normandy landings, and the Bulge, and he condemns the American moral narcissism that holds that, to quote Stephen Ambrose, it was U.S. soldiers who would “win the war against Nazi Germany,” and that Americans “stopped Hitler.” Rather, he contends that “two core issues”—“proportionality” and “criminality”—“provide the key” to properly grasping the war in Europe.

As for the first, he recognizes that the Eastern Front was without question the pivotal theater of the war: For four years, more than 400 Red Army and German divisions clashed in an unrelenting series of military operations over a front extending more than 1,000 miles. (At its most intense, the war in the West was fought between 15 Allied and 15 Wehrmacht divisions.) Eighty-eight percent of the German military dead fell there; in July 1943, in the decisive battle of the war, the Soviets permanently broke the Wehrmacht’s capacity for large-scale attack at Kursk, “the one name,” Davies properly asserts, “which all historians of the Second World War should remember.” He goes on to argue:

The Soviet war effort was so overwhelming that impartial historians of the future are unlikely to rate the British and American contribution to the European theatre as much more than a sound supporting role.

So (and this brings us to Davies’s second point) the most odious criminal regime in Europe’s history was defeated by an even more murderous regime, if numbers are the yardstick—which significantly tarnishes any notion of the “Good War.”

In the face of persuasive evidence, Davies is compelled to extend this already provocative argument. Although an anti-Stalinist stance is de rigueur these days, he possesses a most pronounced Polophilia (the single positive bias evident in this acerbic book) and is thus especially passionate in his assessment of the crimes of the man who, in partnership with Hitler, tore Poland

asunder and later subjected it to nearly half a century of Soviet vassalage.

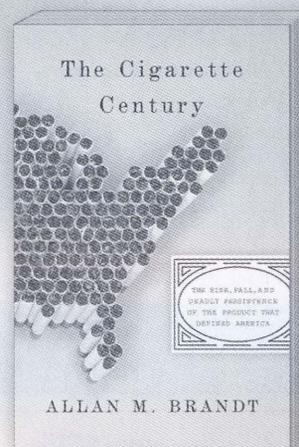
Davies could have employed the line the German generals promulgated after the war (thanks to their efforts, it became the conventional wisdom): that the Soviets owed their success only to Hitler’s stupendous strategic mismanagement and ruinous interference in military operations, together with the sheer size of the Red Army. Or he could have followed the line put forward by the Soviets in the period of “de-Stalinization”: that the Russian people, divorced from their leadership, secured victory by means of their patriotic energies. Instead, despite his abundant distaste for Stalin, he acknowledges the consensus of all the recent work I’ve discussed. Writing of Stalin, Davies declares: “The victory of 1945 in Europe was above all his.”

This consensus, most baldly stated by Roberts, concedes that no leader in history was responsible for graver military failures—from his stunning miscalculation concerning the German attack to his insistence on premature and obscenely wasteful counteroffensives in 1941 and much of ’42. But also evident is the iron resolve Stalin displayed in the Battle of Moscow, his perspicacity in calling Zhukov to command the effort, and the harsh will he helped summon in his subjects throughout the war. (Stalin’s pistol-at-the-head command—“Not a step back”—issued on the eve of Stalingrad inspiring conveyed to the Soviets the desperation of their situation, and the dry ruthlessness with which the state would tackle it.)

Most important, Stalin transformed himself and the military he commanded. Beginning in late 1942 with preparations for the Battle of Stalingrad, his newfound grasp of military strategy and operations is as inexplicable as it is plain. He orchestrated every level of the Soviet war effort—from the miraculous economic recovery to high diplomacy to operational planning—even as he encouraged argument from, and increasingly heeded the counsel proffered by, the remarkable group of military advisers with whom he surrounded

“TOBACCO IS A DIRE THREAT TO HUMANITY.

The Cigarette Century is a thought-provoking, unbelievable story about the long and arduous road to the truth.”*



THE CIGARETTE CENTURY

The Rise, Fall and Deadly Persistence of the Product That Defined America

“A fascinating piece of American history, prodigious in its research and a pleasure to read. Like all good history books, it has resonance today.”

—TRACY KIDDER

“For decades tobacco companies have killed more Americans than all the armies, terrorists, and criminals combined. In this morally revolting story, Allan Brandt exposes the biggest public-health scandal of the past century...Destined to become a classic.”

—RONALD L. NUMBERS

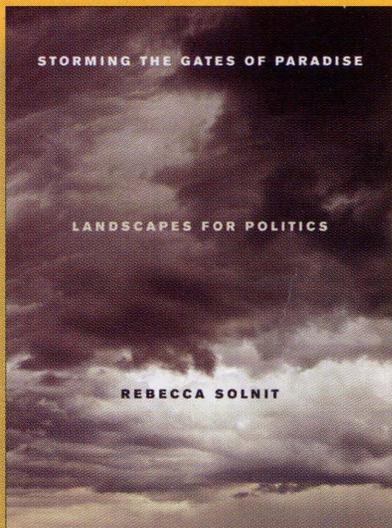
www.cigarettecentury.com

* Gro Harlem Brundtland,
Former Director-General of the World Health Organization

B A S I C B O O K S

“Solnit, like some of the places she writes about here, is a national treasure.... This book is a tasting menu for the work of a mind and pen we are lucky to have.”

—ADAM HOCHSCHILD,
author of *Bury the Chains*



REBECCA SOLNIT

STORMING THE GATES OF PARADISE
Landscapes for Politics

“Hers is an indispensable voice, and *Storming the Gates of Paradise* the perfect introduction to her work.”

—MICHAEL POLLAN,
author of *The Omnivore's Dilemma*

At bookstores or www.ucpress.edu



UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA PRESS

DECK & PATIO OWNERS!

CREATE YOUR OWN OUTDOOR ROOM

with the all NEW SunPorch!



FREE!
Catalog &
Prices

Introducing the **NEW SunPorch** Sunroom/Screenroom

- Converts from sunroom to screenroom...*in just seconds!*
- Easy-slide windows & screens adjust to your comfort *instantly!*
- Mounts on your existing patio or deck *without costly site-prep!*
- Delivered direct-to-you...ready to assemble *in just a weekend!*

www.SunPorch.com

Plus...for Special Savings enter code 1104

Or email to: catalog1104@sunporch.com

Or call direct at: 203-557-1104


SunPorch
Dept. 1104
495 Post Road East
Westport, CT 06880

himself: Zhukov, Chief of Staff Alexander Vasilevsky, and Chief of Operations Aleksei Antonov—all men of penetrating intelligence, exceptional abilities, and extraordinary character. With this triumvirate, along with such commanders as Konstantin Rokossovsky, Stalin put in the service of his state the finest generals of the Second World War.

The improved organization, equipment, supply, training, and command of the Red Army won the Battle of Stalin-grad, thereby turning the tide in the war. By Kursk, the Red Army was precisely choreographing an operation of unprecedented scale. From then on, it was conducting ever more sophisticated and devastating “deep operations”: extremely rapid, combined-arms advances that penetrated far into the Wehrmacht’s rear areas—the most inventive and shattering feats of arms achieved by any military during the war. The Soviet army had undergone probably the most profound and rapid turnaround of any military organization in history.

To be sure, part of Stalin’s accomplishment lay in his allowing his most talented subordinates to do their job, an attribute of all great warlords. From late 1942 on, he encouraged greater initiative and flexibility within the high command, and he presided over a military organization that fostered increased operational and tactical dynamism and innovation. But the new accounts—which even draw on transcripts of telephone and telegraphic conversations with his front-line generals—all go further than that, and put Stalin at the center of the Soviets’ awesome military achievement. Davies’s conclusion, that the victory was Stalin’s, would seem inarguable. Roberts’s unpalatable one, which goes one step further, will confound those who like their history neat:

To make so many mistakes and to rise from the depths of such defeat to go on to win the greatest military victory in history was a triumph beyond compare ... Stalin ... saved the world for democracy. 

Benjamin Schwarz is *The Atlantic's* literary editor and national editor.

Either railroad or the military had two of us assigned to same pullman berth. I was supposed to have 'lower'. She assigned the same. Guess we drew straws. I got the upper. Train destination, New York City. Due in New York April 5.

3 April 1945

Trying to write on a moving train is similar to trying to stand on your head on a telephone wire.

Except for one quart of dirt on each hand, ruffled hair, wrinkled clothes and flying cinders -- I am very comfortable! The dirt can be washed off, the hair fixed (but when), the clothes pressed, etc. But what about the damn cinders?

As for the gals, haven't found any who regust me, nor have I found any which interest me in particular. Right now I am sitting with Helen Troyer. She got on in Helena, however she hasn't been around Helena much, so we don't know the same people.

4 April 1945

Saw Ann and Earl when we stopped in Glendive. I woke up about 6:30. Gazed out the window to see if country was familiar. It wasn't! After we'd been there about 5 minutes, I saw Earl and Ann standing on depot platform. Being the only one up in the car, I resisted the temptation to yell through the window and sneaked out to see them. We only had about five minutes. Earl had been off work a few days with tonsillitis (whoever she is) and they made a special trip hoping to see me. Only because I happened to wake up, don't think the government was too interested in my contacting Montana relatives.

We had breakfast at eight this morning. Coffee, two pieces of french toast, orange juice, a pin-head of butter -- \$1.00. We did have a nice meal last night. Haven't eaten lunch yet. (I sincerely hope you can guess at what I'm writing). If this keeps up, they'll send me to the foreign wars because of my ability to write Chinese.

We are passing something that resembles a lake. Water on both sides of track. Being in North Dakota, I suppose it is a mirage. Next thing, I'll be seeing a man in this car full of gals. Woe would be him, no doubt. As far as I'm concerned it makes no difference, but from snatches of conversation I've heard, some of these ladies would appreciate riding in another car. Man shortage.

5 April 1945

Still on the cinder special. Talked to a Jane Greer from Canada. She is U.S. citizen, so joined up for the adventure. She seems to have more sense than the average in this crew. Older, perhaps that explains it. The run of conversation seems to pertain to

men, whatever they are? Greer seems to be a bit of a cynic. Other than her, they seem to have a roving eye. I like the porter myself.

Speaking of porter's we all contributed our share and will give him about \$40.00 when we leave the train. He has been our guardian. It seems he's been getting two or three hours sleep a night, the rest of the time, he either waits on us or keeps wolves out of our car (most of them want them in). Nice little guy. In the morning he goes through and yells, "six o'clock, chow time." I'd like to send him home to put in my scrapbook.

Did you ever see a wind machine to dry your hands? Maybe you have, but I never did. In the rest-rooms at the Service Center in Chicago you step on a paddle and warm air blows on your hands until they are dry.

Speaking of Chicago, we changed trains there, due to pick up enlistees there also. One gal failed to show. Our Wave office found out she was busy saying goodbye to a couple of fellows. Someone heard her remark that if she missed the train, she would fly to New York. She missed the train. We've been calling the gal, Miss Priority. Nobody knows what disciplinary action will be taken. At this point, we are under orders, even though not in uniform, we are U.S. Waves.

Last night we traveled by the General Electric factory in Fort Wayne, Indiana. There were thousands of lighted windows. We traveled several blocks before we passed by it. What a difference when you know the European countries have to black-out their cities night after night. Dear God, we need to appreciate the 'light' in our lives.

The service on this railroad line is not as efficient as the Northern Pacific (listen to me, an old railroader being true to my company), true though. Food not as good, people not as friendly. However, it is really a taxing job to run a railroad during war time.

Last night on the train we were still up when we got to Minneapolis, our berths were made and some of us had on pajamas and robes, a train was on the track next to us, some of the gals were waving and giggling at some sailors in the other train. Many are critical of women in service and credit them with poor reputation. This is not true, however, actions can be misinterpreted. Our Wave officer was telling us that we may often get on street cars when in uniform and hear someone say, "there goes one of those g.d. waves." She said it happened to her numerous times when she hadn't done a darn thing. Tell people at home to guard their remarks, evidently it is quite easy to hurt feelings. Mine haven't been yet, but evidently you can expect a lot of rotten remarks, and I hate to put Montana people in the same ignorant class.

The U.S.O. (United Service Organization) in Chicago was a huge place. Just about every facility to help and comfort service personnel. My only designation as a "service" person was a tag which said, "I have recently been inducted into military service." They were good to us. Our officer says Chicago is a city that really treats service people with caring and respect.

6 April 1945

U.S. Naval Training School, Hunter College, Bronx, New York. We got here yesterday about 4:00 p.m. Haven't seen much of New York. Off the train into underground subway. We had to march up the street in the Bronx, every kid in the neighborhood following along. We, of course, all in different modes of dress. Some high heels, some low. Some casual clothes, some in-between. No wonder people look so much better in uniform.

Our train late into New York. Net result, as we were supposed to be there before noon, no supplies on the diner for lunch. We ate at 7:30 a.m. and after marching and confusion, confusion, they finally got us fed again at 6:30 p.m. Everybody hopes there is some grain of efficiency in our future.

We have been put in apartment buildings in the Bronx. Four girls in each room. We march to the college grounds for our meals. The school has beautiful buildings and grounds, what I've had a chance to look at. When you march, you are to look straight ahead.

I've been delegated as captain of our apartment. This doesn't mean more money, just more grief. For instance, last night we were to take showers according to bunk numbers and I was number five. A girl who came in that day was number twelve. She had been on a train five days, so her roommate came to me (the deal is, bring your troubles to the room captain) and asked me if said gal could take her shower sooner. Big hearted me traded places with her. The reason as you can see is, I'm afraid to even cross my eyes for fear the gals will say, "yeah, just cause she's captain." So from here, I'll probably be self-sacrificing. Woe is me! Yesterday our Lieutenant said one of her girls made the remark, if she goes through reincarnation she hoped she wouldn't be a room captain.

8 April 1945

We "hup" one, two, three every place we go. Meals, upstairs, (ships) service, but they let us figure out everything else on our own. Still very unorganized. No uniforms yet. Little free time to write letters, always have to stop in the middle of them and "hup" some place. I could do as some of the others and sit and write while somebody else works, but so far I've put letter writing last on the schedule. I do the other things first, then write with whatever time left.

9 April 1945

Our medical exams are scheduled today. We will see a specialist to check each part we have. Quite different than home exam. They will take no chances that you have some weakness that could come back to haunt them on future claim.

Passed my physical a-ok. Some did not. Sad for those who must go back home. Everybody in our billet will be staying. Room captain will probably develop mental problems. I am the "answer box" for questions but no one has given me the answers.

No newspapers, no radio, but lots of "scuttlebutt". Never know what is truth or fiction. "The war is over." -- "We've been invaded;" - "We have to march fifteen miles," never know what the story will be or how much it will change from the first telling.

10 April 1945

We've had "shots" for every disease lurking around any corner. I don't mind them, sore arm and some discomfort for a few days. Some of the gals pass out, but they are in the minority. The big, brave men are the ones who keel over at the sight of a needle. You wonder how they'll re-act at the sight of a loaded gun.

Our uniforms. The story is unbelievable. They issue your Navy blues. Put the jacket on, if the guy fitting you can crawl inside with you when it is buttoned, it is classed as perfect fit. Me, in size 14 when I wear size 12. The shoes are like men's oxfords or nun's shoes. The socks are cotton. A seersucker dress for hot weather, being long waisted, mine rests around my lower rib cage, not much indication of where your waist is. White hat with a silly brim, placed squarely on your head. Not flattering even on good looking gals, which I'm not. 

Here is a song they sing here to the tune of "I don't want to go home."

The coffee they give us
they say is mighty fine'
it's good for cuts and bruises
and tastes like iodine.

The pay that they give us
they say is mighty fine;
They give us fifty dollars
and take back forty nine.

The men that they give us
they say are mighty fine;
They're either over fifty
or else they're under nine.

The chicken that they give us
They say is mighty fine;
a leg fell off the table
and started marking time.

The shots that they give us
They say are mighty fine;
I want to go to heaven
But now is not the time.

The shoes that they give us
They say are mighty fine;
you ask for number sixes
They give you number nine.

The biscuits that they give us
They say are mighty fine;
One fell off the table
and killed a pal of mine.

The stockings that they give us
They say are mighty fine;
They call them Navy nylons
But take a look at mine.

The haircuts that they give us
They say are mighty fine;
But take a look at my hair
I look like Frankenstein.

The mattresses they give us
They say are mighty fine;
You sleep on them one night
and you've got a crooked spine.

The leaves that they give us
They say are mighty fine;
They give you sixty minutes
and call it lots of time.

Between each verse you sing the chorus; "oh, I still love the
Navy, and I don't want to go home."

We've had rain nearly every day. We are well protected with our Navy coats and havelocks. On leave, the skies opened up when we were at the top of the RCA building. Skies opened up when we were in the Bronx Zoo. You go whether it's hell or high water.

War in Europe over May 4, celebrated May 8, 1945. Japan, how long?

28 May, New York

Received five letters today. Happy day! Believe me, I was down when I wasn't getting any mail. I was about to give up the ghost and tell 'em to go to hell. That is a happy thought. You don't tell the Navy anything, even if you'd like to.

Will be leaving New York tomorrow for Washington D.C. Most say the group going to D.C. for communications will train for two weeks and be sent out. I have my fingers crossed. Maybe I'll be sent some place worse, or maybe there might be an opening on west coast. Hoping I won't have to stay in D.C.

* I cut my own hair a couple of weeks ago. Used a razor blade. It would look good if I had a chance to curl it the way it should be. I've certainly changed my hair-do, you have to with those hats! We wear those hats when we leave here tomorrow. After we are situated in D.C. we can change to the smaller, more flattering ones. I look like a zombie, any change will be welcome. We are wearing the seersucker uniform instead of the dress blues. We have our dog tags now, identification if we are killed or if needed to know blood type instantly. My address, Seaman Second Class.

* FFA means "for further assignment", CNO means Chief of Naval Operations." DNC - don't know, the Navy operates on initials, c/o Naval Barracks, Wash. D.C.

31 May 1945

In the Communications room in the Navy Dept. You should see the Navy Dept., every few steps "gold braid," from Admirals to Ensigns. The entire city must be the government, officers and women.

The barracks are in Potomac Park, as you travel out on the bus, you pass all the foreign embassies. They have access to swimming, bicycles, horse-back riding, bowling, everything. There is one catch, the Navy seldom gives you time to do any of them, especially if you work changing shifts as we do. You know the goodies are there, but when you're off work, you have dirty clothes, barrack clean-up, things that are required. They do not furnish maids.

"Getting stuck with mess detail" the story behind this. There are 17,000 Waves in D.C. We came in Thursday, so there are 17,239. They have to eat, and they need people other than Ships Cooks in the mess hall. In the past, some girls were stuck in mess hall for a year, not able to get going on their assigned duty. The new system, they are assigned for three months, then go striking for their rating. Can you see me "cooking?"

I have some chance of getting out of here when communications school is completed. If stationed here, I'll get three months mess duty in spite of hell and high water. You can't avoid it no matter who you are or what you hope to do in the Navy. School is supposed to be two or three weeks. You can say where you'd like to go, and if openings, they may send you. I'll ask for west coast, between the miserable heat and prospect of cooking, you'd "cook" either way!

Takes about a week to get mail after you're transferred. Mail most important event in a day, so you wait anxiously. Cigarettes, yesterday, I went to Ships Service. I got two packs of Pall Mall. Nothing else in the place. We will get about six packs a week from now on.

You should see me (not) in my Navy apparel. I'm known as a fuss-budget, however, the seersucker dresses are too big and short-waisted. They give you the dress blues too big, room to grow, I guess. Will get a better fitting jacket when I can afford it. Still trying to keep my cotton socks up with garters. Not working, they bag at the knees. Tried to get a garter belt, but none available at Ships Store. Fortunately, I don't see my entire self in a mirror very often, thank God for small favors.

Called home "collect." I'm sure when mom heard, "I have a collect call from D.C.," she decided I was missing in action. I think we talked more than three minutes. I hope it didn't cost a small fortune.

* Headlines in paper jolted us. We saw, "Jap Balloon kills six in Oregon." You can imagine our reaction. Fortunately, it didn't seem too great a worry for the nation in general. According to the news, the war is going more in our favor. You hate to see the weapons they use, for instance, flame throwers to drive Japs out of caves. The Japanese suicide planes that deliberately fly into our ships. What a world!

4 June 1945

Mail not here from Hunter yet. You don't miss it as much here, as there are more distractions and more freedom than boot camp. But we "wait." Saw the Capitol, Jefferson Memorial, Lincoln Memorial and the Washington Monument. This area is beautiful and filled with years of history.

Gave blood at a blood drawing. Can't go again for eight weeks, but if still in the vicinity, I'll go again. They can use all they can get. I wish I had a maid to fix my bunk, one with blood would be preferred.

8 June 1945

Letter received from home. Had to notify them at home to use beloved "Frances" on mail. Evidently they can't connect me with the "Pryde." Probably delay mail if legal first name not used. We are in barracks at Nebraska and Massachusetts Ave. They are huge in capacity. Row after row of double tier bunks. No air conditioning.

Found a friend named Frances Lane from Washington state. We're in communication school together. Went to show, "Song of Bernadette." In addition, they had a fine stage show with it. We didn't get out until 12.30 a.m. By the time we got back to barracks, it was 2:00 a.m. before we got to bed. First time I've been up late for two months.

Question from home if I'd had my teeth fixed. Mostly, they need cleaning. Have heard that Navy dentists are really rough. Probably don't like women in the service, so hope you'll suffer accordingly. I think it would be easier to do my own and use a blow torch.

* As for schooling, we learn lots of NTX (teletype calls), also radio calls, abbreviations, stuff takes a lot of memory work. We had a test at boot camp before we left. Average score was 61, I got 84. It doesn't mean much except I didn't sleep as soundly as some of them during classes, so I know more about Navy terms and practices.

One day at Hunter (boot camp) I went to sleep during a movie. The sound effects were torpedo bombers, battleship guns, machine-gun fire, etc. I was tired! I can see how GI's sleep any old time, any old place. Nobody was shooting at me and I wasn't miserable in a fox-hole in the Pacific Islands.

As for the smoking situation, we have ration cards and get six packs a weeks. We can smoke in class, so I get rid of them too fast. People at home are told that service personnel get the cigarettes, but in our case, we are limited.

22 June 1945

I weigh 127. Weight seems to be evenly distributed, still have a waist-line, but the Navy doesn't want us to show it. I went downtown to have a uniform "altered." I didn't say a word about what I wanted done, the guy just started fixing it. He is used

to Navy fittings, it seems. In addition, finally got a garter belt to keep my socks up. Round garters I had were three years old. No wonder I had the baggy, wrinkled knee look.

I have trouble adjusting to individuals around me (you know me). Here at this table, there is a girl who seems to have worms. She is in my class at school, if she keeps wiggling her feet, I'll probably fix her so she won't be in class tomorrow. She is writing a letter, I guess, it's more like a foot race under the table. Being age 23, I feel like an old grandma. Many of the recruits are about 20, and act age 15 or 16. Maybe, I'll learn some tolerance while confined here. Ordinary circumstances I would be elsewhere.

Speaking of tolerance, when in boot camp a platoon of southerners came in. The first drawling conversation, I wanted to do the talking for them. In addition, there was one black girl in the group. When we were at the recreation hall if there was some occasion to hold hands in an exercise session, the southern belles did not care to hold hands with her. I felt sorry for her, and would have preferred having her as a roommate in preference to any of them.

My contact with black people is only through Negro porter on trains at home. I've known them since I was a small child, and they are among my favorite people. The black population here in D.C. is very high. When I am friendly, they tend to ignore. Many work in the Navy cafeteria, elevators, etc. Usually if you thank them or try to be friendly, they give the impression of dealing with "white trash". What a shame! Did have a nice visit one day with an older lady who kept a rest-room cleaned up. They have different kinds of work because of the war. I wonder what will happen when it is over? Will the same jobs be taken by the "superior" race? Competition will be keen, racial prejudice will be more pronounced.

Frances Lane and I went to New York last week. She has a sister living there. We went on a "cinder" special train again. In addition, we both hate our seersucker summer uniform, so we wore our dress blues. What a mistake, weather extremely hot. Well cooked on the train ride. When we finally arrived at her sister's home, we looked and felt like we had spent a week in the jungle. Thank God, when out away from public, we could get into some shorts while at their home. Her sister's husband suggested taking us to Coney Island beach (he was trying to be nice, especially to a Montana know-nothing hick, his opinion), we declined. I had seen pictures of the wall-to-wall people on said beach, we chose to lie on their living room floor in our shorts to try to stay cool. So much for seeing more in New York and enjoying it. Lane will visit again. I will stay in D.C. and let my body cook there.

This week we were among the crowd down on Pennsylvania Ave. for the parade for the return of General Eisenhower from the European

front. We had a good spot close to the street. Saluted him as he went by. He is a fine looking gentleman. It was a usual, hot humid day which takes the joy out of many adventures.

28 June 1945

* Temporarily (I hope), we are assigned to the wire room in the Navy Dept. A sample of how we will work. Two days 3 p.m. to 11 p.m. change to two days 11 p.m. to 7 a.m., then 7 a.m. to 3 p.m. Then we start over again. We're still at the barracks. It takes an hour by bus to get to work. Navy is supposed to feed you, but some of our shifts by the time we get back, the mess hall is closed. In addition, after night shift, we have to try to sleep with off-duty waves tearing around through the barracks. Because of the heat, you leave the imprint of your body on the bunk when you leave it. It is only through utter exhaustion you get any sleep.

In the wire room in Navy Dept. there is no air conditioning. We have a red-headed chief as supervisor. All he does is walk around through the room checking on us and various wire transmittals coming in. You can see the sweat trickling down both sides of his face. Big fans in the ceiling swish the hot air around. We sit at the teletypes, when the shift is over, the seersucker uniform is blue in front from carbon paper and you could wring the sweat out of it. We have two uniforms, so every off-shift duty requires getting uniform washed, wear one, wash one. You must be in full uniform at all times when in public during war time.

I don't know how long we will be in the wire room or where we will go. The last draft went to Alameda, Calif. and the next going to San Diego. I would hate being stuck on east coast. There is possibility of temporary mess hall duty if you are stationed here permanently. Can you see me as cook or cook's helper? not -- I hope.

The sailors (few here) don't like Waves because they get rating so much easier. I think they'll do some changing because some guys put up quite a squawk. I don't blame them, they certainly should be considered first.

Did you see in the paper that any Wave who is married and her husband is discharged, she too will get a discharge. I wonder if I could marry a fellow in New Caledonia by proxy.

3 July 1945

We have moved. The New Colonial Hotel, 15th and M. Streets, downtown a few blocks from White House and Navy Dept. Have cooler in window so we can 'sleep.' Hotel room is out of this world after barracks. Coffee shop and dining room where we can eat, if

the Navy remembers to give us any money. They have a radio loud speaker in each room, so we do have some access to world events now. Frances Lane is my room-mate. We work the same shifts, which still remain irregular as stated previously.

Had a telegram when I got back to hotel from work. My brother, Earl, had a son. All the telegram said was, "Buck it is." Happy for them that all went well, but makes me home-sick the events I'm missing.

* As for work, I've been sending messages to the State Dept. Weather Bureau, and British Admiralty. Those are the three machines I've worked on in the past week. If Byrnes asks for a General Court Martial for me, you'll know I spelled "tird" on the machine instead of "third," when I send messages to the State Dept. I still hate typing, probably would be a better cook.

We've had hot weather. The big news would be to say we don't have hot weather! It's only killed five people. I would say that's a small percentage considering the way the heat cooks you on one side, then other side. 96 degrees here is worse than 117 degrees in Nevada. I've felt both, I prefer Nevada. Saw our new president on the news at movie. Can't decide what to think of him. In comparing him to Roosevelt, I wish he could speak in the same attention holding manner. The man has tremendous burdens on his back. He will need his moniker, "Give 'em hell, Harry."

8 July 1945

I'm complaining about not getting letters again. I realize people are busy, but so are we busy, and not as free to come and go as most. I feel I'm carrying on one-sided correspondence.

Went to Statler Hotel which is near our hotel. We saw Dennis Morgan, Lucille Ball (that "orange" hair!) and Dinah Shore. We just got glimpses as they went by in jeeps. We are supposed to get subsistence check (so we can eat) in addition to our regular pay. I should get \$23.50 without subsistence. I got \$22.40 last check. Lane, we do the same work and live together, she got \$27 with insurance and bonds held out.

I should get more than she, as I have less taken out. I had to write to mom to send \$5.00. Damn the Navy, you can't get a decent meal for less than 80 cents, therefore, costs you a \$1.50 per day to eat. We have forty-eight hour leave coming. Probably spend it in bed, as we are short on money. We could eat at the mess halls, but it is their idea to put us in the hotel and give us money to buy food, so we aren't eligible for mess hall food. "Mess" is an apt description.

11 July 1945

Tell your boss I don't know any sailors except Admiral King. I won't accept any rank lower than an admiral (that's about all there is here). If I were going to choose a service man, I'd prefer a Marine. Even Admiral King hasn't been around lately. Navy still slow on getting our "eating" money to us. Sometimes, skimping to eat, we remember some mess hall chicken, about half a chicken with the skin well done. Delightful stuff. I'm sure the alley cats enjoyed it. It is no wonder there is waste, it's either a case of throw out the food, or throw out the corpse. Really cheaper to throw out the food, \$10,000.00 insurance on victims adds up fast. My letter complaints. Mr. Colby, Superintendent of the Northern Pacific answers faithfully. Wouldn't you believe with his job he might be too busy to write as many of my friends are? You should be friends (more so) when you are miles apart. Katie McCulloch who left railroading in Missoula to join commented, "how easily you are forgotten when you leave home."

Sent some kleenex to my sister today. Now she can blow her nose and think of me. Also, sent some cigarettes. We can get them pretty easily here. Shortage remains the same at home. Shortage remains the same with our funds. I've run out, so I've borrowed from Lane. Lane is living off her uniform money, otherwise, we wouldn't have any. Payday is the 19th. If I don't get the correct amount this time, I'm going to protest mightily. I might be in the Navy, but I'm not going to forget my insurance and other debts and starve to death at the same time. There must be a shortage of bookkeepers or bookkeepers short on brains, not sure which.

In our room at hotel, we pondered over how to get our washing done. At work, our seersucker uniform gets covered with blue from the carbon papers we use in teletype. Trying to wash them in wash bowl not very satisfactory. Came up with bright idea, get in tub with uniform on, then you have a wash-board effect to scrub the carbon off, then drain water out, take off uniform, hang it to dry, then take your bath. Works neat. 2

18 July 1945

Received news today that I will be sent to 13th Naval District. This would be Seattle, Bremerton, Oregon or Idaho. I'm hoping for Seattle. Don't know how long before the move. Navy means hurry up and wait. My roommate, Lane, will be going to San Francisco. She lives 40 miles from Seattle, so would not be pleased to be sent to that area. Finally got a check with subsistence \$79.00. Nobody even attempts to guess what they are doing, one week they starve you, the next over-pay you. I was down to \$1.00 when I got the check. Can eat again and sight-see.

Cigarettes also in short supply. I've sent some home a couple of times. Even though I couldn't really afford it I've made plans to buy another Navy Blue uniform. Had one altered, but when it is at cleaners, have to slop around in the "too big" size 14. Size 12 fits perfectly other than being shortened. They cost \$19.80 now, used to be \$25.00. Had one put away and will get it in about two weeks when I get it paid for. We can send mail "free", but it takes so long to Montana by train, I send mine air mail. Regular mail probably takes about a week. Air mail stamp is 8 cents. You send with, "hurry, hurry, so I'll get an answer."

8 August 1945

* My God, what kind of "bomb" is that? An entire city leveled August 6th. What about the innocents, the children? the power, were they even sure what results would be? What a way to test something. I suppose if they had the knowledge, it would have been one of our cities and our people. Will it shorten the war?

When making crew change, they put me in Bureau of Naval Personnel. Most of the messages deal with kids over leave or deserters. Also, the Bureau sends us messages telling some kid out at sea that "Father died August 6th," or "Mother seriously ill, expected to live few weeks." Making a tough life a little more rugged. You can visualize message received, no chance to get home, a cold message originating in Bureau of Personnel.

A letter from Bill Huth, school classmate, from Germany. He visited one of the horror prison camps. He described the different gas chambers and torture chambers. Verified all we've heard and seen about their methods of torture.

10 August 1945

I'm leaving here. Goodbye D.C. Hello, Seattle in four or five days. Lane is still here and doesn't know when she will leave, or if she will. Glad I didn't ask for San Francisco. yesterday, Aug. 9, another atomic bomb dropped in Japan, leveled the city. Only those (any left) on the ground could know what this new method of killing will mean.

11 August 1945

On the train leaving D.C. for Seattle. Pullman car in this case has combination of Waves and sailors - destination, West Coast. Because of the man shortage, the gals are more than semi-silly. Giggle and gawk at the sailors. One sailor I sat with for awhile said that he thought I was the only one with any sense. Guess it was because I felt like a grandmother at age 23. Most of them, sailors also, were probably 20 or 21. Rumor and scuttle butt that war is over, nothing confirmed. Other than trips to dining car, we are confined to Pullman.

Lots of changes at home. My sister got married. Two of my favorite people I worked with at railroad office are now married. Even though war is over, everybody uncertain what to expect in the future. Guess we can be thankful with modern weapons of war that we may have a future.

October 1945

In order to ease military people back into the civilian field, they have a point system. You need so many points in order to be eligible for discharge. Enlistment was for the duration and six months. In my case, I will have to stay longer than six months. Not sure when I will be eligible. We can take tests to get a better rating. I do well on tests, so I am certain I could advance, however, I hear the sailors spouting resentment because Waves get new rating and they may not.

Also, watched one of the Waves in our office flounce around in front of the right people to help get her advancement. Decided not to go for any other rating, maybe some sailor will get it. Seems more fair. They probably had less choice, or no choice, to be where they are. Another day and no new dollars.

Had letter from home stating that Jack Schultz had written asking for my address. My mother sent it to him. His address: Pier 91, my address, Pier 91. Our barracks are up on a bluff above Pier 91.

November 1945

We have a wire chief who types about 100 words a minute. If you didn't feel like "fumble fingers", you would after watching him. He is assigned where he ought to be. I should be elsewhere.

Spend my free time with my aunt. Usually spend the night with her if any partying involved. We still have to be in full uniform at all times, and try to present a sensible public image. Shore patrol out all the time, so doesn't pay to be rowdy. You can have fun, but limited from acting completely asinine in public places.

Working one night, place was a mad house. My teletype tape had slipped off the reel. When Chief saw this he said, "Someone can have my job!" I immediately came forth with, "Somebody can have mine too!" During all the turmoil, I was called to the phone. When I answered, somebody said, "do you know who this is?" I wasn't in mood for guessing games or any kind of games. "No, I don't know." Finally I said, "Is it Ray?" (Ray was ticket agent from Missoula office). He had called me once when in Seattle on business. "No, it isn't Ray." Then I remembered my mother's

Records 3 through 3 of 3 returned.

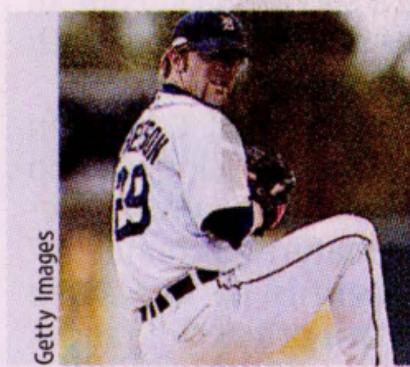
Author: Markey, John J.
 Title: The John J. Markey papers, 1939-1945.
 Description: 8 boxes.
 Notes: Available on site only.
 Contains the following types of materials:
 letters, V-mail; telegrams; cards; documents; clippings.
 Contains information pertaining to the following
 war: World War II (WWII) -- United States (U.S.); -- North
 Africa; -- Mediterranean; -- Middle East; --
 China-Burma-India CBI).
 Contains information pertaining to the following
 military units and organizations: 433rd Coast Artillery
 Battalion (AA); Army Air Force Classification Center; various
 training sites; Headquarters 12th Technical School Group; 8th
 Technical School Squadron, Chanute Field, Illinois; 1267th,
 1264th, 1252nd Base Unit, North Africa Ferrying Division;
 1328th Base Unit, India-China Division, Air Transportation
 Command.
 General description of the collection: The John
 J. Markey papers include enlisted man's WWII letters to his
 wife, parents and family from Army Air Corps duty in U.S.,
 Italy, Bahrain, Egypt, India, detailing training, living
 conditions, morale. Material on family dynamics; role of
 women and men; popular films, books; homefront morale; family
 finances; post war plans; Army humor. Some religious
 material, Catholic and unit newspapers.
 * U.S. Army Military History Institute Carlisle
 Barracks, Carlisle, Pa. 17013-5008.
 Subjects: Markey, John J. -- Archives.
 Markey, John J. -- Correspondence.
 United States. Army. Air Corps.
 World War, 1939-1945 -- Personal narratives,
 American.
 United States. Army. Air Corps -- Military life.
 Morale.
 World War, 1939-1945 -- United States.
 → United States. Army -- Humor
 World War, 1939-1945 -- Religious aspects.
 World War, 1939-1945 -- Religious aspects --
 Catholic Church.
 Control No.: ocm47671336

[Tagged display](#) | [Previous Record](#) | [Brief Record Display](#) | [New Search](#)

This display was generated by the CNIDR Web-Z39.50 gateway, version 1.08, with Library of Congress Modifications.

WSJ
March 5, '07

* * * *



Crying Fou MLB's TV MEDIA & MARKE

DÉJÀ VU

In Wartime Kitchens, Dinner Was Sculpted From Grains and Paste

WILL YOU EAT BEANS for democracy?" asked the New York City League of Women Voters in the spring of 1942 as it wound up its Know Your Onions campaign and launched a Know Your Soy Beans drive.

At the time, shortly after the U.S. entered World War II, Americans didn't have much choice about beans and democracy. Unlike today, every American felt the consequences of war. With supply channels cut off, and the army's bottomless appetite for food and other essentials, the government was starting a mandatory rationing program, limiting access to basic foods such as sugar, cheese, butter, canned goods, coffee and, most painful for a carnivorous nation, red meat. Steaks, roasts and



By Cynthia
Crossen

chops, long the centerpieces of the American dinner table, would be supplanted by legumes and other novel sources of protein.

"There is only one favorable comment to make on the meat situation," announced a newspaper food writer in late 1942.

"Pork feet and knuckles are fairly plentiful and comparatively cheap."

One of the first foods to be rationed was sugar—each person got a half-pound, or about one cup, a week. (Per capita consumption of all sweeteners now is about four cups a week.) Soon, the sugarless sweet became the Holy Grail of America's "soldiers in house dresses." Sugar was hoarded for special occasions, "and members of a family would put their sugar together to bake wedding cakes or holiday cookies," wrote Joanne Lamb Hayes in "Grandma's Wartime Kitchen." Ordinary desserts were more likely to be Salvage Pudding, using cake and cookie crumbs, or Bread Tarts.

Within months, many other foods joined the ration list, and amateur and professional cooks were forced to invent a whole new cuisine—ration-book gastronomy. Although ration amounts varied monthly depending on supplies, a general rule of thumb was that every person was entitled to ration coupons for a total of two and a half pounds a week of red meat, cheese, and butter and oils, which they could allocate as they liked. Poultry and fish were not rationed, and worse cuts of meat and internal organs cost fewer points.

"It takes longer to bring a calf into the world than to build a cruiser," explained Daniel P. Woolley, New York's Commissioner of Markets.

THE PATRIOTS IN the kitchen did the war effort proud. They invented Sausage Cornuts (sausage and corn flakes); California "Chicken" (potatoes, peas and canned tuna); and Bologna with Ginger Snap Sauce. For Emergency Steak, they were told to mix a cup of wheat cereal and a pound of ground beef and "pat into the shape of a T-bone steak."

The word "mock" appeared frequently in wartime recipes. There was Mock Pâté de Foie Gras made with beef liver and horseradish; Mock Fish Cakes flavored with bloater paste; Mock Veal Cutlets made of peas and salted peanuts; and Mock Goose (lentils) with "Stuffing." A turkey could be made of meatloaf, the legs formed by wrapping ground meat around clothespins.

Butter was sorely missed, and butterless butter, made from milk, mayonnaise, margarine and gelatin, didn't quite cut the mustard. Another butter substitute was peanut butter, recommended for adding flavor to a white sauce for boiled cabbage. Americans' per capita butter consumption dropped from 17 pounds a year in the 1930s to 11 pounds in 1945.

As dire as the situation sometimes seemed in America, with long lines winding through grocery stores, in some European countries it was worse. Between 1939 and 1945, food imports to Great Britain were nearly halved. Britons, like Americans, were urged to cultivate Victory Gardens, eat more vegetables and leave nothing on their plates. "Those who have the will to win/Cook potatoes in their skin," went one government slogan. No bananas? Mashed some new

choice about beans and democracy. Unlike today, every American felt the consequences of war. With supply channels cut off, and the army's bottomless appetite for food and other essentials, the government was starting a mandatory rationing program, limiting access to basic foods such as sugar, cheese, butter, canned goods, coffee and, most painful for a carnivorous nation, red meat. Steaks, roasts and



By Cynthia Crossen

chops, long the centerpieces of the American dinner table, would be supplanted by legumes and other novel sources of protein.

"There is only one favorable comment to make on the meat situation," announced a newspaper food writer in late 1942.

"Pork feet and knuckles are fairly plentiful and comparatively cheap."

One of the first foods to be rationed was sugar—each person got a half-pound, or about one cup, a week. (Per capita consumption of all sweeteners now is about four cups a week.) Soon, the sugarless sweet became the Holy Grail of America's "soldiers in house dresses." Sugar was hoarded for special occasions, "and members of a family would put their sugar together to bake wedding cakes or holiday cookies," wrote Joanne Lamb Hayes in "Grandma's Wartime Kitchen." Ordinary desserts were more likely to be Salvage Pudding, using cake and cookie crumbs, or Bread Tarts.

Within months, many other foods joined the ration list, and amateur and professional cooks were forced to invent a whole new cuisine—ration-book gastronomy. Although ration amounts varied monthly depending on supplies, a general rule of thumb was that every person was entitled to ration coupons for a total of two and a half pounds a week of red meat, cheese, and butter and oils, which they could allocate as they liked. Poultry and fish were not rationed, and worse cuts of meat and internal organs cost fewer points.

"It takes longer to bring a calf into the world than to build a cruiser," explained Daniel P. Woolley, New York's Commissioner of Markets.

THE PATRIOTS IN the kitchen did the war effort proud. They invented Sausage Cornuts (sausage and corn flakes); California "Chicken" (potatoes, peas and canned tuna); and Bologna with Ginger Snap Sauce. For Emergency Steak, they were told to mix a cup of wheat cereal and a pound of ground beef and "pat into the shape of a T-bone steak."

The word "mock" appeared frequently in wartime recipes. There was Mock Pâté de Foie Gras made with beef liver and horseradish; Mock Fish Cakes flavored with bloater paste; Mock Veal Cutlets made of peas and salted peanuts; and Mock Goose (lentils) with "Stuffing." A turkey could be made of meatloaf, the legs formed by wrapping ground meat around clothespins.

Butter was sorely missed, and butterless butter, made from milk, mayonnaise, margarine and gelatin, didn't quite cut the mustard. Another butter substitute was peanut butter, recommended for adding flavor to a white sauce for boiled cabbage. Americans' per capita butter consumption dropped from 17 pounds a year in the 1930s to 11 pounds in 1945.

As dire as the situation sometimes seemed in America, with long lines winding through grocery stores, in some European countries it was worse. Between 1939 and 1945, food imports to Great Britain were nearly halved. Britons, like Americans, were urged to cultivate Victory Gardens, eat more vegetables and leave nothing on their plates. "Those who have the will to win/Cook potatoes in their skin," went one government slogan. No bananas? Mash some parsnip and flavor it with a little banana essence.

RESTAURANTS AND other commercial-food businesses in the U.S. received more generous rations than individual households, but they still struggled with shortages. Gene Cavallero, chef at the Colony Restaurant in New York City, developed a "luncheon concoction" called Celery Cheese, which involved boiling celery leaves and tops, covering them with thin slices of cream cheese, sprinkling with cinnamon and baking. At the Restaurant Mayan in Rockefeller Center, customers could order Broiled Honeycomb Tripe with a thick mustard sauce or Lung Stew with Apple Dumplings. A Chinese grocer recommended Heart Chop Suey.

Not surprisingly, a brisk black market in food quickly developed, with sellers charging more cash and fewer points for precious items. Hoarding was also common: A California woman told her local ration board that she had accumulated 8,400 cans of food before canned goods were rationed.

"Most American consumers have followed the normal American disposition to try to beat any control," said a spokesman for the American Institute of Food Distribution. "We are not sufficiently war-minded to feel that we should absolutely obey government orders as a patriotic service."

Tell that to the people who were dining on Cottage Cheese Fondue, Squash Biscuits or Vegetable and Oatmeal Goulash.

Email me at Cynthia.Crossen@wsj.com.