

in every category of vessel, from warships and aircraft carriers to destroyers and submarines. The combined Axis air strength will be much greater than our own if Hitler strikes in time—and when has he failed to strike in time? The master of Europe will have at his command the resources of 20 conquered nations to furnish his materials, the oil of the Middle East to stoke [run] his engines, the slave labor of a continent to turn out his production.

Grant Hitler the gigantic prestige of a victory over Britain, and who can doubt that the first result, on our side of the ocean, would be the prompt appearance of imitation Nazi regimes in a half-dozen Latin-American nations, forced to be on the winning side, begging favors, clamoring for admission to the Axis? What shall we do then? Make war upon these neighbors, send armies to fight in the jungles of Central or South America; run the risk of outraging native sentiment and turning the whole continent against us? Or shall we sit tight while the area of Nazi influence draws ever closer to the Panama Canal, and a spreading checkerboard of Nazi airfields provides ports of call for German planes that may choose to bomb our cities?

But even if Hitler gave us time, what kind of "time" would we have at our disposal?

There are moral and spiritual dangers for this country as well as physical dangers in a Hitler victory. There are dangers to the mind and heart as well as to the body and the land.

Victorious in Europe, dominating Africa and Asia through his Axis partners, Hitler could not afford to permit the United States to live an untroubled and successful life, even if he wished to. We are the arch enemy of all he stands for: the very citadel [stronghold] of that democracy which he hates and scorns. As long as liberty and freedom prevailed in the United States, there would be constant risk for Hitler that our ideas and our example might infect the conquered countries which he was bending to his will. In his own interest he would be forced to harry [harass] us at every turn.

Who can doubt that our lives would be poisoned every day by challenges and insults from Nazi politicians; that Nazi agents would stir up anti-American feeling in every country they controlled; that Nazi spies would overrun us here; that Hitler would produce a continual series of lightning diplomatic strokes—alliances and "nonaggressions pacts" to break our

will; in short, that a continuous war of nerves, if nothing worse, would be waged against us?

And who can doubt that, in response, we should have to turn our nation into an armed camp, with all our traditional values of culture, education, social reform, democracy, and liberty subordinated to the single, all-embracing aim of self-preservation? In this case we should indeed experience "regimentation." Every item of foreign trade, every transaction in domestic commerce, every present prerogative [right] of labor, every civil liberty we cherish, would necessarily be regulated in the interest of defense.

READING REVIEW

1. (a) What reasons did *The New York Times* give to explain why the United States must aid England against Germany? (b) Do you agree with these reasons? Why or why not?
2. What did the paper claim would happen if England was defeated?
3. Do you think the arguments in the editorial were effective or not? Why?

CHAPTER 36 Americans in World War II (1941–1945)

221 An Army Nurse in The Philippines

After the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor in December 1941, the United States entered World War II. The early months of the war were a disaster for the United States. The Japanese armed forces moved steadily through Southeast Asia, conquering nation after nation and invading island chains in the Pacific Ocean. American and Filipino troops under General Douglas MacArthur struggled to defend the Philippine Islands. But early in January 1942 Manila, capital of the Philippines, was forced to surrender. American forces then retreated to the Bataan Peninsula and the

island of Corregidor. There they fought heroically, until Bataan was conquered on April 9 and Corregidor finally fell on May 6.

Thousands of American soldiers, including many sick and wounded, were trapped in the Philippines. In this selection, an army nurse at Bataan and Corregidor described the last weeks.

READING FOCUS

1. What were the conditions at the hospital?
2. How did the people react to the bombings?

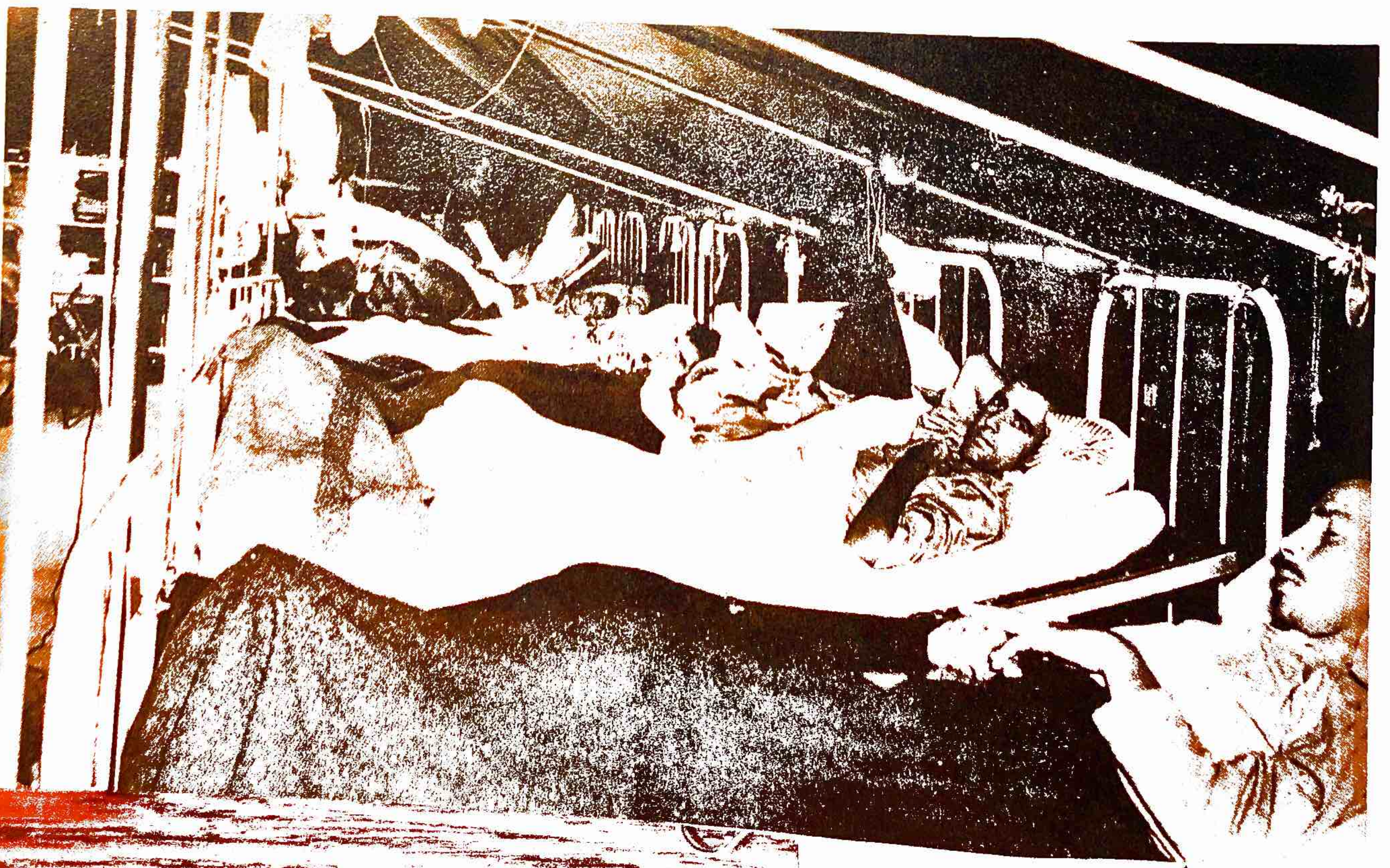
Conditions at Hospital Number 1 were not too good during the last few weeks we spent there. Patients were flooding in. We increased from 400 to 1,500 cases in two weeks' time. Most of them had serious wounds, but nine out of ten patients had malaria or dysentery besides.

We were out of quinine [a drug used in treating malaria]. There were hundreds of gas gangrene cases, and our supply of vaccine had run out months before. There were no more sulfa drugs. There weren't nearly enough cots, so triple-decker beds were built from bamboo, with a ladder at one end so we could climb up to take care of the patients. They had no blankets or mattresses.

There was almost no food except carabao [water buffalo]. We had all thought we couldn't

Adapted from "An Army Nurse at Bataan and Corregidor," as told to Annalee Jacoby in History in the Writing by Gordon Carroll.

An army hospital in the Philippines



eat carabao, but we did. Then came mule, which seemed worse, but we ate that too. Most of the nurses were wearing government-issue heavy-laced men's shoes. [From the term "government issue" came the name for American soldiers in World War II—GI's.] We had to keep our feet taped up to walk in them. Our uniforms had been gone for a long time, so we mostly wore size 32 air corps coveralls. We carried steel helmets and gas masks even in the wards, but we didn't expect to use them.

We went about our work feeling perfectly safe because of the Red Cross markings on the roof. When bombers came overhead on April 4, we hardly noticed them. Then suddenly incendiary [fire] bombs dropped. They hit the receiving wards, mess hall, doctors' and officers' quarters, and the steps of the nurses' dormitory, setting fire to all the buildings but luckily not hitting the wards. Several people walking outside were killed. The patients were terrified, of course, but behaved well. The Japanese prisoners were perhaps the most frightened of all. Everything was a blur of taking care of patients, putting out fires, straightening overturned equipment.

We remained frightened until two hours later when someone heard the Japanese radio in Manila announce that the bombings had been an accident and wouldn't happen again. After that, we wouldn't even leave the hospital for a short drive. We felt safe there and nowhere else.

The morning of April 7 we were all on duty when a wave of bombers came over. The first

bomb hit near the Filipino mess hall and knocked us down before we even knew planes were overhead. An ammunition truck was passing the hospital entrance. It got a direct hit. The boys on guard at the gate were shell-hocked, smothered in the dirt thrown up by the explosion.

Hospital patients picked us up and we began caring for patients hurt by shrapnel [bomb fragments]. Everything was terror and confusion. Patients, even amputation cases, were falling and rolling out of the triple-decker beds. Suddenly a chaplain, Father Cummings, came into the ward, threw up his hands for silence and said: "All right boys, everything's all right. Just stay quietly in bed, or lie still on the floor. Let us pray." The screams stopped instantly. He began the prayer just as a second wave of planes came over.

The first bomb hit near the officers' quarters, the next struck the patients' mess hall just a few yards away. The shock waves bounced us three feet off the cement floor and threw us down again. Beds were tumbling down. Flashes of heat and smoke burned our eyes. But through it all we could hear Father Cummings' voice reciting the Lord's Prayer. He never stopped, never even fell to the ground, and the patients never moved. Father Cummings' clear voice went through to the end. Then he turned quietly and said: "All right, you take over. Put a tourniquet on my arm, will you?" And we saw for the first time that he'd been badly hit by shrapnel.

The next few hours were a nightmare, except for the way everyone behaved. We were afraid to move, but realized we had to get to work. One Filipino with both legs amputated—he'd never gotten out of bed before by himself—rolled onto the ground and said: "Miss, are you all right, are you all right?" The ward boys all told us, "You go on outside—don't stay here any longer. We'll take care of everything." We tried to care first for the patients most seriously hurt. A great many all over the hospital were bleeding badly. We went to where the bomb had hit the ward and began pulling patients from the crater. I saw Rosemary Hogan, head ward nurse, and thought for a moment her face had been torn off. She wiped herself with a sheet, smiled and said: "It's nothing, don't bother about me. Just a nose bleed." But she had three shrapnel wounds.

It would be hard to believe the bravery

after that bombing if you hadn't seen it. A soldier had risked his life by going directly to the traction wards where patients were tied to beds by wires. He thought it was better to hurt the men temporarily than to leave them tied helpless above ground where they'd surely be hit by shrapnel, so he cut all tractions and told the patients: "Get under the bed, Joe."

We began immediately to move patients to another hospital. We were so afraid the Japanese would be back again the next day that even the most serious cases were moved, because giving them any chance was better than none. There were only 100 patients left the next morning. We worked all that day making up beds to admit new patients. It never occurred to anyone that we wouldn't go on as usual. Suddenly, after dark, we were told we were leaving in 15 minutes—that we should pack only what we could carry. Then we heard that the Japanese had broken through and the Battle of Bataan was over. The doctors all decided to stay with the patients, even doctors who had been told to go to Corregidor.

We left the hospital at 9 that night—got to Corregidor at 3 in the morning. The trip usually took a little over an hour. As we drove down to the docks, the roads were jammed. Soldiers were tired, aimless, frightened. Cars were overturned. There were bodies in the road. Clouds of dust made it hard to breathe. At midnight on the docks we heard that the Japanese had burned our hospital to the ground.

Bombers were overhead, but we were too tired to care. We waited on the docks while the navy tunnel and ammunition dump at Mariavales were blown up. Blasting explosions, blue flares, red flares, shrapnel, tracers, gasoline exploding—it was like a hundred Fourth of July all at once, but we were too frightened to be impressed. As we crossed the water with Corregidor's big guns firing over our heads and shells from somewhere landing close by, the boat suddenly shook and the whole ocean seemed to rock. We thought a big shell had hit the water in front of us. It wasn't until we landed that we learned that an earthquake had hit just as Bataan fell.

Corregidor seemed like heaven that night. They fed us and we slept, two to an army cot. We went to work the following morning. Months before, patients on Corregidor had filled a few side tunnels only. Now they were

in doubledecker beds all along the halls and in the main tunnel. There was constant bombing and shelling—sometimes shock waves from a bomb outside would knock people down at the opposite end of the tunnel. Emperor Hirohito's birthday, April 29, was a specially bad day. The bombing began at 7:30 in the morning and never stopped. Shelling was heavy; soldiers counted over 100 explosions per minute. Dive bombers were going after the gun on the hill directly above our heads and the shock waves inside were terrific.

The worst night on Corregidor was when a bomb hit outside the tunnel entrance. A crowd had gone outside for a cigarette and many were sleeping on the ground at the foot of the cliff. When the first shell hit nearby, they all ran for the tunnel, but the iron gate was shut and it opened outward. As more shells landed, they smashed men against the gate and twisted off arms and legs. All the nurses got up and went back to work—the operating room was overflowing until 5:30 in the morning. There were many amputations.

At 6 o'clock one evening, after the usual bombing and shelling, 21 of us were told we were leaving Corregidor by plane. We don't know how we were selected. Everyone wanted to leave, of course, but morale was splendid. Everyone realized the end was getting close, but none gave up hope.

Now we're safe in Australia. But the only reaction we notice is wanting to make up somehow, anyhow, for those who didn't get away.

READING REVIEW

1. Describe the conditions at Hospital Number 1 on Bataan.
2. (a) What was the mood of the patients? (b) of those working in the hospital?

222 Women and War

Although there were great changes in America during World War II, for most Americans the wartime years did not bring the severe hardships and widespread destruction endured by the peoples of Europe. Americans experienced rationing and shortages of food and other supplies, but they did not have to face enemy bombs or advancing armies.

One of the greatest changes in the United States was the profound effect the war had on the lives of American women. With millions of men in the armed forces, women took over many of the jobs in the nation's factories, farms, and businesses. Many women also now had to take care of their homes and their families alone. In this selection, written shortly after World War II, anthropologist Margaret Mead told of some of these changes in women's lives.

READING FOCUS

1. How did the war change women's role in United States society?
2. Why did the American soldiers worry about the women on the home front?

In wartime, men and women get out of step and begin to wonder about each other. "What will he be like after all those years in the army?" "What will she be like after all those years alone at home?" "I do hope he won't have changed too much." "I hope she will look the same."

All this is natural enough. Boys and girls grow up together in the same world, seeing a lot of each other, each knowing what the other is thinking. Husbands are used to coming home at night and telling their wives what they think of the news in the paper, and having their wives tell them they are exactly right—or exactly wrong. Either way, they know what's going on. Dramatic news, quintuplets and quads, double murders and triple suicides, all fall into place in peacetime. They are events that spice the usual events of life, in which most babies are born one at a time and husbands and wives may sometimes feel like murdering each other but hardly ever do. But in wartime, boys and girls, men and women, separated in time and in space, aren't in step any more, and both begin to wonder what the other one will be like . . . after the war.

The man overseas reads his paper or his magazines filled with news that women are doing new and therefore, by definition, "unwomanly" jobs. (A womanly job is just a job that everybody is used to seeing women do.) He reads about the mannish clothes women are wearing, the welding outfits they are

Adapted from "Women and War" by Margaret Mead in *While You Were Gone*, edited by Jack Goodman.

wielding, and he worries. What's happening to women anyway? What will be the use of winning the war if when you go back home all the girls' heads are filled with a lot of strange and unwelcome nonsense?

The newspapers are full of wild stories: bobby soxers [a term for teenagers in the 1940's, since many of them wore heavy white socks called "bobby socks"] wandering about Times Square or storming a performance by Frank Sinatra; the riotous living of war workers. If the man overseas were at home, all this would make sense. He'd have a chance to see that being a woman worker means long hard hours doing unfamiliar work, cramped and difficult living conditions, hours of standing in line waiting for food. He'd know that for every straying bobby soxer there are a hundred youngsters who are working in factories or doing their absent brothers' work on the farm.

Besides the bobby soxers and the quadruplets in the newspapers, there has been continuous writing on the theme: "Will women be willing to return to the home?" This worrying question is often inspired by those in whose interest it will be to discharge women workers as soon as the war is over.

Statistics on how many women are working and plan to work appear in headlines which add, "Eight out of every ten women asked say they will work after the war." Most of those women who say they will go on working are the women who would have been working anyway. The number of American women who work has been rising from 2.5 million in 1880 to over 5 million in 1920 and to 11 million in 1940. In 1950—if you ask for official estimates—you'll find that about 16 million women will be working in the United States. That's the kind of society we have, one in which many men aren't paid enough to support their wives, one in which women without husbands are expected to support themselves, one in which very few brothers are willing to support their unmarried sisters. In back of the headlines and the statistics and the threatening questions in the newspapers there lies the simple fact that more women in the United States have to work each year. And that more women than ever before will be working at some time in their lives.

This needn't worry the returning men very deeply. It was part of the America they left, and it's part of the America they are coming

back to. The war has speeded things up a little, that's all. After the war, just as it would have been if there had been no war, most girls will plan to work between school and marriage. Many will plan to work until the first baby. Some will go back to work when their children are grown. And an increasing number will work because they have no husbands and no other means of support.

However, some striking things have happened during the war which are due to the war. During the war, over 3 million women have gone to work who would *not* have worked if there had not been a war. A million girls between 14 and 18 who would ordinarily have been in school have been working part or full time. A million young married women, with and without children, have gone to work. Many of them are wives of men in the armed forces. The remainder of the 3 million women include many women who have worked before and have gone back to work. Some are mothers who cannot stand waiting for the mail to bring news of their sons. Some are mothers who already know that their sons will never return.

There are several ways of looking at these things which have been happening to women. Some people find it more interesting that women have done jobs which no one thought they could do—become welders and machine setters, railroad conductors, and taxi drivers. Most of these are strictly wartime shifts and will become men's jobs again after the war.

To some, the fact that we have women in the armed forces in this war is the most striking thing that has happened. There are only a little over a quarter of a million women in the services. They have joined up in the face of a great deal of disapproval from brothers and boy friends and fathers. They have been given, for the most part, dull and inglorious jobs to do.

What do these figures mean? What will it mean to men that women who wouldn't otherwise have worked now have worked? That their wives have been working while they were gone? That their mothers and their mothers-in-law have worked?

It means, for one thing, that women, as a group, are better informed than they were before. They understand what a time clock is and what a checkoff is. Farm women have learned a great deal more about the drudgery and techniques of farm life. Women in homes which



WOW — Women Ordnance Worker

used to employ servants will know a great deal more about housework. Women who have left housework for the factory will come back with some new ideas of what it means to work definite hours. Millions of women will understand more of what their husbands are talking about, when their husbands talk sense, and will have a sounder idea of when they are talking nonsense. A great many more women will understand more about money, how hard it is to make, as well as how hard or easy it is to spend. Here, perhaps, is one of the places where the experience of women in wartime America will be a useful supplement to the men's. While the men have had four or five years less of dealing with money, the women have had that much more.

The second important experience women have had, while the men were away, is moving about. Small-town girls have gone to cities, city girls to little country towns, factory and office girls to pick beets and milk cows. Northern girls have gone south, and eastern girls have gone west. Some of this moving-about experience will match the men's. Men have lived abroad, but mostly in camps. Women have not had such strange ways of life, but they have actually had to cope with things more—buy and prepare food and convert trailers into homes.

And most of all women have waited. Many of them—those who have worked and traveled—have waited by doing something. Others have just waited. In their minds has been the echo of his "I want to find you just the same." Many women have sensibly interpreted this to mean that he wants her to be as good a 1945 model as she was a 1940 model, as smart a 23-year-old as she was an 18-year-old.

But others, less realistic, have taken boy friends and husbands at their word and tried not to change at all. They have tried to keep their minds, if not their hats, just as they were when their men left. Many of these girls, instead of moving out into the wartime world, have gone home to Mother. They have slipped back into dependent, little-girl positions, stayed 18 years old or even slipped back a little. Getting to know a wife who has tried to stay the same is really going to be more difficult than getting acquainted with a wife who has driven a truck or worn a uniform.

When the returning man looks his wife or sweetheart in the eye, between them will stand his years of danger and hardship which she cannot share or even properly imagine, her flat, empty years which she could not value because he was away. In peacetime, men and women count upon living side by side, watching children grow and gardens flower and houses go up and bank accounts increase and chins get double or beards get stubbier and life flow more quietly—together. All of our patterns for the relations between men and women were based on this simple expectation. This generation will have to make new patterns.

Last of all, the man who left the country in 1941–42 will come back to a new generation of girls. These girls will be, inevitably, a new kind of girl, girls brought up on the war years, on a different sort of romance. They don't expect as much of boys as their older sisters did who grew up when dates were commoner. They will have practically no memory of the depression years. War has stood at the beginning of their young girlhood; war did not crash rudely into the middle of it, finding them unprepared. They will be standing on tiptoe waiting for the postwar world.

READING REVIEW

1. (a) According to Margaret Mead, what worries did American servicemen have about women on

- the home front? (b) Do you think their worries were justified? Why or why not?
- How did women working during wartime affect women's perception of their "traditional" role in American society?
 - (a) What did the author think women's roles would be in the future? (b) Was she correct? Explain.

223 Life in a Relocation Camp

After the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, many American government officials believed that Japanese Americans were a danger to the nation's security. As a result, about 112,000 Japanese Americans were placed in detention or relocation camps. Most of these Japanese Americans were not allowed to leave the relocation camps until January of 1945. Despite the federal government's internment program, over 17,000 Japanese Americans served in the American armed forces, many winning military awards for bravery.

Monica Sone, a Nisei, or Japanese American born in the United States, wrote the following account of life in a relocation camp. She was a college student in Seattle, Washington, when the war broke out and she and her family were sent to a relocation camp in Idaho.

Today, most Americans view the wartime treatment of Japanese Americans as unfair. But during World War II most Americans accepted it as necessary.

READING FOCUS

- Why did the American government send the Japanese Americans to relocation camps?
- How did Japanese Americans react when the United States government asked for volunteers?

Camp Minidoka was located in the south-central part of Idaho, north of the Snake River. It was a semidesert region. When we arrived I could see nothing but flat prairies, clumps of greasewood shrubs, and jack rabbits. And of course the hundreds and hundreds of barracks, to house 10,000 of us.

Adapted from Nisei Daughter by Monica Sone. Copyright © 1953, 1981 by Monica Sone.

Our home was one room in a large army-type barracks, measuring about 20 by 25 feet [6 by 7.5 meters]. The only furnishings were an iron pot-belly stove and cots.

On our first day in camp, we were given a rousing welcome by a dust storm. We felt as if we were standing in a gigantic sand-mixing machine as the gale lifted the loose earth up into the sky, hiding everything. Sand filled our mouths and nostrils and stung our faces and hands like a thousand darting needles.

Just as suddenly as the storm had broken out, it died away. We walked out of the mess hall under a pure blue sky, startling in its peacefulness. In the deepening blue shadows, people hurried here and there, preparing for their first night in camp. The Issei [Japanese Americans born in Japan] men stomped along in their wooden *getas* (high sandals). The Issei women in cool cotton print *yukatas* (Japanese house kimonos) slipped along noiselessly. They bowed to each other, murmuring "*Oyasumi nasai*. Rest well." These familiar words in the alien darkness of the prairie were welcome sounds. I suddenly saw that these people were living through difficult circumstances with simple dignity and patience, and I felt ashamed of my own strong emotions. That night we let ourselves sink deep into the yawning silence of the prairie, which was shattered only by the barking of the coyotes.

Idaho summer sizzled on the average of 110 degrees [43 degrees Celsius]. For the first few weeks I lay on my cot from morning till night, not daring to do more than go to the mess hall three times a day.

When September came we slowly emerged from our stupor. The sun no longer stabbed the backs of our necks. Now when I awoke in the mornings, the air felt cool and crisp.

The momentum of the change carried me along into a job at the camp hospital as ward secretary. Henry [her brother] had already been working at the hospital for weeks. Sumi [her sister] and her young friends signed up as nurse's aides. Father finally settled on becoming a member of the internal security staff—a policeman, complete with an olive-drab uniform. Mother, who was not well, stayed home to mop the floor, wash the family laundry, iron and mend our clothes, and attend the English language class, choir practice, prayer meetings, and a Japanese doll-making class.



Japanese Americans in a relocation camp

By fall, Camp Minidoka has bloomed into a full-grown town. Children went to school in the barracks, taught by professional teachers among the evacuees and people hired from the outside. Except for the members of the administration staff, the evacuees themselves supplied the entire labor force in the camp. All church activities were in full session.

During our spare hours, we confiscated scrap lumber, piece by piece, from a lumber pile. Tables and chairs gradually made their appearance in our tiny apartment. Rows of shelves lined the bare walls. We bought gallons of shellac, and white paint, yards of white organdy for curtains, and blue damask for the cots and clothes closet. We had a living room, powder room, three bedrooms, a study, storage room, and a kitchen all in one. It had everything except the kitchen sink and privacy.

Winter in Minidoka was as intense an experience as summer had been. We gave a strong cheer for the government when we were told that they would provide winter clothing for those who needed them. Mother was the first to go after her clothing. When she came

home with the bundle, we all gathered around her excitedly to see what she had. She held up a pair of longjohns [men's underwear], olive-drab trousers, and a navy pea coat [jacket].

"They're good quality woolens," she said calmly, "and they'll certainly keep me warm. Only thing, it's too bad we aren't all males."

Sumi and I protested hysterically that we were all going to look like members of the internal security staff, since these clothes were exactly what Father and his friends wore on patrol duty. It was only after a man living in our block became lost one night in a snowstorm and died from exposure that we finally gave in. We ran to the clothing office. The man gave us what was left—size 40 longjohns, sleeveless, collarless vests which hung down to our knees, and wonderful thick, bear-sized pea coats. That taught us a lesson that a man, or at any rate, a woman, cannot live on pride alone.

We had lived in camps through four seasons, and each season had served as a challenge to us. In the meantime we had drifted farther and farther away from the American scene. We had been set apart, and we had become adjusted to our existence. The great struggle in which the world was engaged seemed far away.

Then one day a group of army personnel marched into our camp on a special mission. They made a startling announcement. "The United States War Department has decided to form a special combat unit for the Nisei. We have come to recruit volunteers."

We gasped and we tried to speak. Dunks Oshima, who had brought the news to us, eyed us fiercely as he cried, "What do they take us for? Saps? First, they change my army status to 4-C because of my ancestry, and run me out of town. Now they want me to volunteer for a suicide squad so I could get killed for democracy. That's going some for sheer nerve!"

That was exactly the way most of us felt, but the recruiting officers were well prepared to cope with our emotional explosion. They called meetings and we flocked to them with an injured look.

An officer spoke to us. "You're probably wondering why we are here, recruiting for volunteers from your group. I think that my explanation is best expressed in the statement recently issued by our President, regarding a citizen's right and privilege to serve the country. I want to read it to you:

"No loyal citizens of the United States should be denied the democratic right to exercise the responsibilities of their citizenship, regardless of their ancestry. The principle on which this country was founded and by which it has always been governed is that Americanism is a matter of the mind and the heart. Americanism is not, and never was, a matter of race or ancestry. All loyal American citizens should be given the opportunity to serve this country wherever their skills will make the greatest contribution, whether it be in our armed forces, war production, agriculture, government service, or other work essential to the war effort."

It all sounded very well. It was the sort of declaration which rang true and clear in our hearts. But there were questions in our minds which needed answering. The speaker threw the meeting open for discussion. We said we didn't want a separate Nisei combat unit because it looked too much like segregation. We wanted to serve in the same way as other citizens, in a mixed group with the other Americans.

The man answered: "But if the Nisei men were to be scattered throughout the army, you'd lose your significance as Nisei. Maybe you want it that way, because in the past you suffered with your Japanese faces. Well, why not accept your Japanese face? Why be ashamed of it? Why not take advantage of it for a change? There are powerful organizations now campaigning on the [West] Coast to deport you all to Japan, citizens and residents alike. But there're also men and women who believe in you, who feel you should be given the chance to stand up and express yourselves. They thought that a Nisei combat unit would be just the thing. Whatever you accomplish, whatever you achieve, will be yours and yours alone."

We saw that the speaker was sincere and believed earnestly in this cause. Then we asked him another burning question. "Why had the government ever put us here in the first place? Why? Why? Why?"

The man looked at our wounded faces and said: "I can't answer that question. I can only repeat what you already know, that the government thought evacuation was necessary. The evacuation took place, and right or wrong, it's past. Now we're interested in your future. The War Department is offering you a chance to volunteer and to distinguish yourselves as

Japanese-American citizens in the service of your country. Believe me, this combat unit is not segregation in the sense you think it is."

The tension in the mess hall eased, and questions and answers came more naturally. After the meeting we returned to our barracks to continue the debate. Dunks came with us.

"What's a fellow to do?" Dunks said wryly. "They've got us over a barrel. If we don't do our bit, you can bet your boots there won't be much of a future for us here. Those on the Coast who want to deport us will see to that."

I put in, "I'll bet, though, that some of those characters will be totally against a Nisei combat team."

Henry snorted, "Those scrooges will be against anything which might make us look good."

Dunks said, "It's the general public I'm thinking about. They're the ones who count. They want proof of our loyalty. Okay, I'm giving it to them, and maybe I'll die for it if I'm unlucky. But if after the war's over and our two cents don't cut any ice with the American public, well, to blazes with them!"

The next day Henry announced, "Tomorrow I'm going down to volunteer." No one said a word. Father stared down at his veined hands. Mother's face turned into a white mask.

"Please don't feel so bad, Mama."

Mother smiled thinly. "I don't feel bad, Henry. In fact, I don't feel anything just now."

Father spoke to her tenderly, "Mama, if Henry had been born in Japan, he would have been taken into the army and gone off to war long ago."

"That's right. And I guess it's about time we all stopped thinking about the past. I think we should go along with our sons from now. It's the least we can do."

Father said, gratefully, "That's what I wanted to hear. At least we're together on this matter. Imagine what Dunks must be going through."

Mrs. Oshima had refused to speak to her son ever since he had decided to volunteer. "Is this what we deserve from our children," she said, "after years and years of work and hardship for their sake? Ah, we've brought up nothing but fools! They can be insulted, their parents insulted, and still they volunteer."

Early the next morning, Dunks, and George and Paul, sons of Mr. Sawada, the clothing salesman, came into our apartment

on their way to the camp hospital for their physical.

"Let's go, Hank, before the crowd gets there."

They left with a great clatter and loud shouting. Father, Mother, Sumi, and I sank to our cots feeling as if we had come out of a turbulent storm which had been raging steadily in our minds since Pearl Harbor. The birth of the Nisei combat team was the climax to our evacuee life, and the turning point. It was the road back to our rightful places.

READING REVIEW

1. What was life like in a relocation camp?
2. Give two reasons why Japanese Americans were sent to relocation camps.
3. (a) Why did the government establish a separate Nisei combat unit? (b) Do you think it was fair to segregate Nisei soldiers? Why or why not?
4. (a) If you had been a Japanese American during the war, how would you have felt about being placed in a relocation camp? (b) Would you have volunteered to serve in the armed forces? Explain.

224 Bravery at the Bulge

During World War II the United States armed forces continued their traditional policy of separate units for black Americans. Moreover, a large number of black Americans were put in service units—doing work in supply depots, driving trucks, doing repair and maintenance jobs. But some black units were assigned to combat. And for a brief period, late in the war, the barriers of racial segregation were broken down.

When the Germans broke through the Allied lines in December 1944, in their counterattack at the Battle of the Bulge, the Allies desperately needed fighting units. As a result, black units and white units fought together to stop the German advance. In this selection Walter White, who was secretary of the NAACP, told of this history-making event of black and white Americans fighting together.

READING FOCUS

1. Why were black soldiers asked to volunteer?
2. How did white and black soldiers react to fighting alongside each other?

One of the most dramatic examples of the abandonment of interracial antagonisms in combat by troops themselves—and a tragic reversal by the army high command—occurred during and after the Battle of the Bulge.

The Germans' sudden, effective breakthrough threatened disaster. The tide of war might have been changed at that point. At the very least, the war would have been longer if this daring maneuver had succeeded, even though more men and war materials would probably have brought Allied victory. Many Americans now alive would have died in the meantime.

Every available man was thrown into the fight to stop the German advance. But even then there were not enough. Desperate appeals were sent to the United States to rush more combat troops as quickly as possible. Many were sent by plane, but even these were not enough. It was at this point, during some of the fiercest fighting, that General John C. H. Lee issued an appeal to colored Service of Supply troops to volunteer for combat.

"It is planned to assign you without regard to color or race to units where assistance is most needed," General Lee promised. He made no effort to minimize the desperate nature of the fighting nor the great number of casualties caused by the German breakthrough. He pointed out that all noncommissioned officers would have to give up their ratings to qualify for service as combat troops.

Great numbers of volunteers answered General Lee's appeal. In some units 80 percent of the soldiers offered their services. In one engineer unit, 171 out of 186 men volunteered. One private in an ordnance company declared: "We've been giving a lot of sweat. Now I think we'll mix some blood with it!"

Negroes were delighted at this first opportunity to function as "real" soldiers. The response was so great that the army had to set up a quota to prevent complete disorganization of its service units.

Generals George Patton, Omar Bradley, and Courtney Hodges gave their approval to the use of Negro soldiers in completely unsegregated combat units. General Eisenhower

Adapted from A Man Called White by Walter White.

was enthusiastic. But Eisenhower's chief of staff, W. Bedell Smith, insisted that the plan be submitted to General George C. Marshall, army chief of staff.

Washington was alarmed at the idea of an unsegregated, genuinely democratic army. It ordered the plan abandoned. But the need for combat troops was so critical that the high command in Washington was forced to agree to a compromise—the use of all-Negro platoons in white regiments, instead of a mixture of whites and Negroes throughout the regiments. Although Negro soldiers felt that they had been let down, they were still enthusiastic. The Negro platoons were distributed among eleven combat divisions of the First and Seventh Armies. They fought in the crucial stages of the Battle of the Bulge and through the later Allied drive across Germany.

Several of the Negro volunteers won the Distinguished Service Cross or Silver Star. Others were cited for bravery beyond the call of duty.

The army took a poll among the white officers and soldiers who had fought with Negro troops. The results are to me a striking example of the fact that race prejudice is not as stubborn as some people imagine. The army poll showed that after having served in the same unit with black combat soldiers, 77 percent of the officers favored integration, as contrasted with 33 percent before the experience. The figures among enlisted men were 77 percent and 35 percent, after and before serving with Negroes.

A white South Carolina sergeant was quoted by the army as saying, "When I heard about it, I said I wouldn't wear the same shoulder patch they did. After that first day, when we saw how they fought, I changed my mind. They are just like any of the other men to us."

Another sergeant from Alabama, after telling how bitterly he had opposed serving with Negroes at first, confessed a total change of attitude. "I used to think they would be cowards in combat, but I saw them work."

Some 84 percent of white company officers and 81 percent of white platoon sergeants declared that Negro troops had fought superbly, and 17 percent of officers and 9 percent of enlisted men even went so far as to say that Negroes fought better than white troops.

General Patton highly praised the black volunteers. General Eisenhower declared: "All



Black soldiers in World War II

my commanders reported that these volunteers did excellent work." General Charles Lanham of the 104th Division, presenting combat decorations to eleven Negroes, went even further to declare: "I have never seen any soldiers who have performed better in combat than you have."

But Eisenhower, to the dismay of many of us who had faith in him, testified before the Senate armed services committee in 1948 that he believed racial segregation in the army should continue at the platoon level. And in April 1948 the Secretary of War bluntly told a distinguished group of 15 Negro leaders that the army would continue segregation.

READING REVIEW

1. Name two reasons why the army asked black soldiers to volunteer.
2. (a) How did black soldiers react to their recruitment for a fighting unit? (b) Why did black Americans respond as they did?
3. What was the attitude of white officers and soldiers who fought with black soldiers?

225 Dive Bombers Over Italy

Americans eagerly followed the war news on radio and in the press. Often they learned about the land campaigns and air and sea battles by reading the newspaper stories written by foreign correspondents. These American reporters covered every phase of World War II on every one of the many battle fronts. Many of these brave reporters went with the American units into battle. They shared the soldiers' daily hardships and dangers, and many of them lost their lives in battle.

Ernie Pyle, one of the most outstanding foreign war correspondents, spent many months at the battle fronts with American troops. His name and his stories were well known to most Americans by the time he died during the fighting on the Pacific island of Ie Shima in April 1945. In this selection, he wrote about the war in Europe, describing American dive bombers and their crews fighting in Italy during 1943.

READING FOCUS

1. What was the primary function of dive bomber squadrons?
2. What were the most striking features of dive bombing?

I spent some time with a dive-bomber squadron of the 12th Air Support Command. There were about 50 officers and 250 enlisted men in each squadron. They all lived in a big apartment house built by the Italian government for war workers and their families. It was out in the country at the edge of a small town.

In the dive-bomber groups in Italy, pilots and mechanics believed that the dive bomber was the most wonderful machine produced in this war. Certainly, those dive-bomber boys were a spectacular part of our air force.

Their function was to work in extremely close support of our infantry. For instance, suppose there was a German gun position just over a hill which was holding us up because our troops couldn't get at it with their guns. They called on the dive bombers and gave them the

location. Within an hour, and sometimes much quicker, bombers would come screaming out of the sky right on top of that gun and blow it up.

They could do the same thing to bunched enemy troops, bridges, tank columns, convoys, or ammunition dumps. Because of their great accuracy they could bomb much closer to our own troops than other kinds of planes would dare. Most of the time they worked less than a thousand yards [914 meters] ahead of our front lines—and sometimes even closer than that.

The group I was with had been in combat six months. During that time they had flown 10,000 missions, fired more than 1 million rounds of 50-caliber ammunition, and dropped 3 million pounds [1.4 million kilograms] of bombs. That's more than the entire Eighth Air Force in England dropped in its first year of operation.

Those boys dived about 8,000 feet [2,440 meters] before dropping their bombs. Without brakes their speed in such a dive would ordinarily build up to around 700 miles [1,125 kilometers] an hour, but the brakes held them down to about 390 miles [625 kilometers].

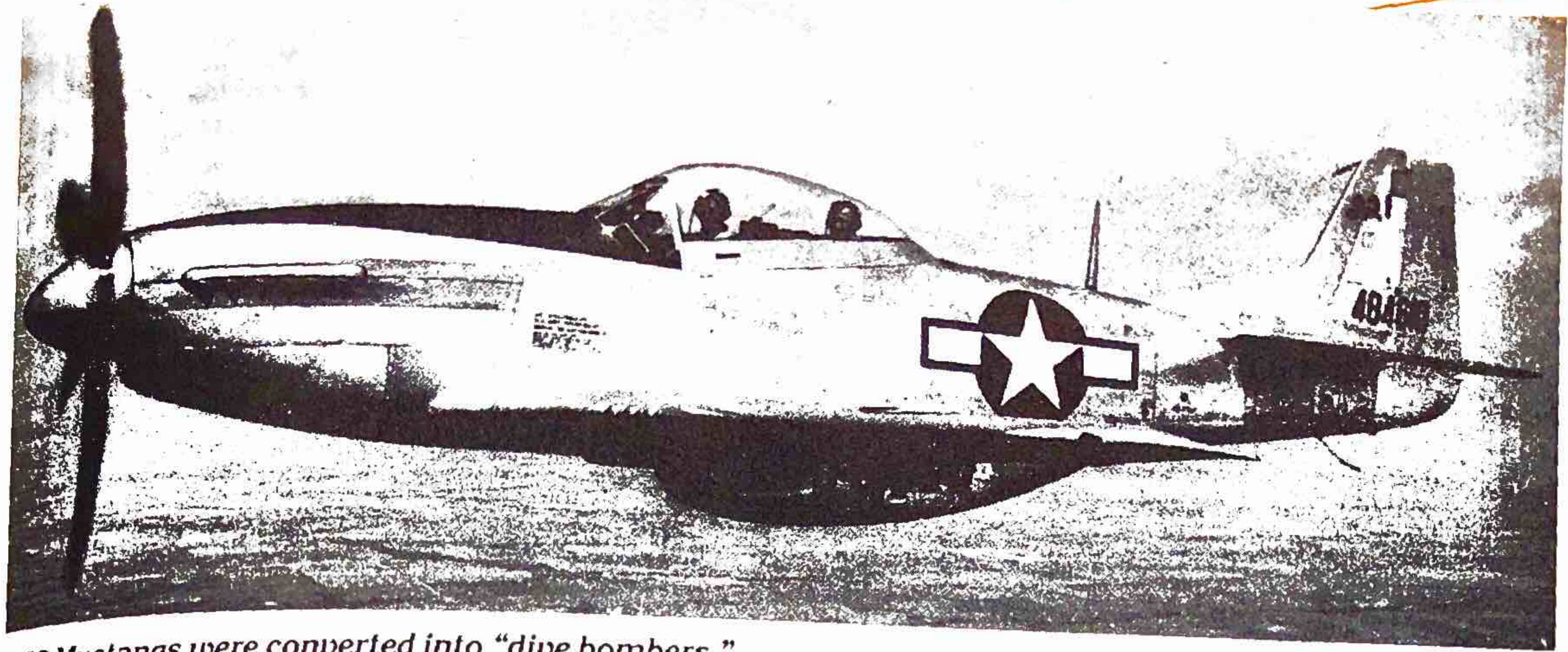
The dive bombers approached their target in formation. When the leader made sure he had spotted the target he wiggled his wings, raised his diving brakes, rolled on his back, nosed over, and down he went. The next man behind followed almost instantly, and then the next, and the next—not more than 150 feet [45 meters] apart. There was no danger of their running into each other, for the brakes held them all at the same speed.

At about 4,000 feet [1,220 meters] the pilot released his bombs. Then he started his pull-out. The strain was terrific; and all the pilots would "black out" a little bit. It was not a complete blackout, and lasted only four or five seconds. It was more a heaviness in the head and a darkness before the eyes, the pilots said.

If you ever heard a dive bombing by our planes you'd never forget it. Even in normal flight those planes made a sort of screaming noise. In a dive, the wail could be heard for miles. From the ground it sounded as though they were coming directly down on us. It was a horrifying thing.

For several months the posting period back to America [the number of missions a pilot had to fly before being sent home on leave] was set

Adapted from Brave Men by Ernie Pyle.



P52 Mustangs were converted into "dive bombers."

at a certain number of missions. Then it was suddenly increased by more than 20. When the order came, there were pilots who were within one mission of going home. So they had to stay and fly a few more months. Some of them never lived to finish the new allotment.

There is an odd psychological factor in the system of being sent home after a certain number of missions. When pilots got to within three or four missions of the finish, they became so nervous they almost jumped out of their skins. A good many were killed on their last mission. The squadron leaders wished there were some way they could surprise a man and send him home with six or eight missions still to go, thus sparing him the agony of those last few trips.

Nowhere in our fighting forces was cooperation closer or friendship greater than between Americans and British in the air. I never heard an American pilot make a critical remark about a British flier. Our pilots said the British were cooler under fire than we were. The British attitude and manner of speech amused them, but they were never scornful.

They liked to listen in on their radios as the British pilots talked to each other. For example, one day they heard one pilot call to another, "I say, old chap, there is a Jerry [the English nickname for Germans during the war] on your tail."

To which the pilot in danger answered, "Quite so, quite so, thanks very much, old man."

And another time, one of our dive bombers got shot up over the target. His engine was smoking and he was losing altitude. He made for the coast all alone, an easy target for any German fighter that might come along. He was

just barely staying in the air, and he was a sad and lonely boy indeed. Then suddenly he heard over his earphones a distinctly British voice saying, "Cheer up, chicken we have you."

He looked around and two Spitfires [British fighter planes], one on either side, were leading him back to his home field.

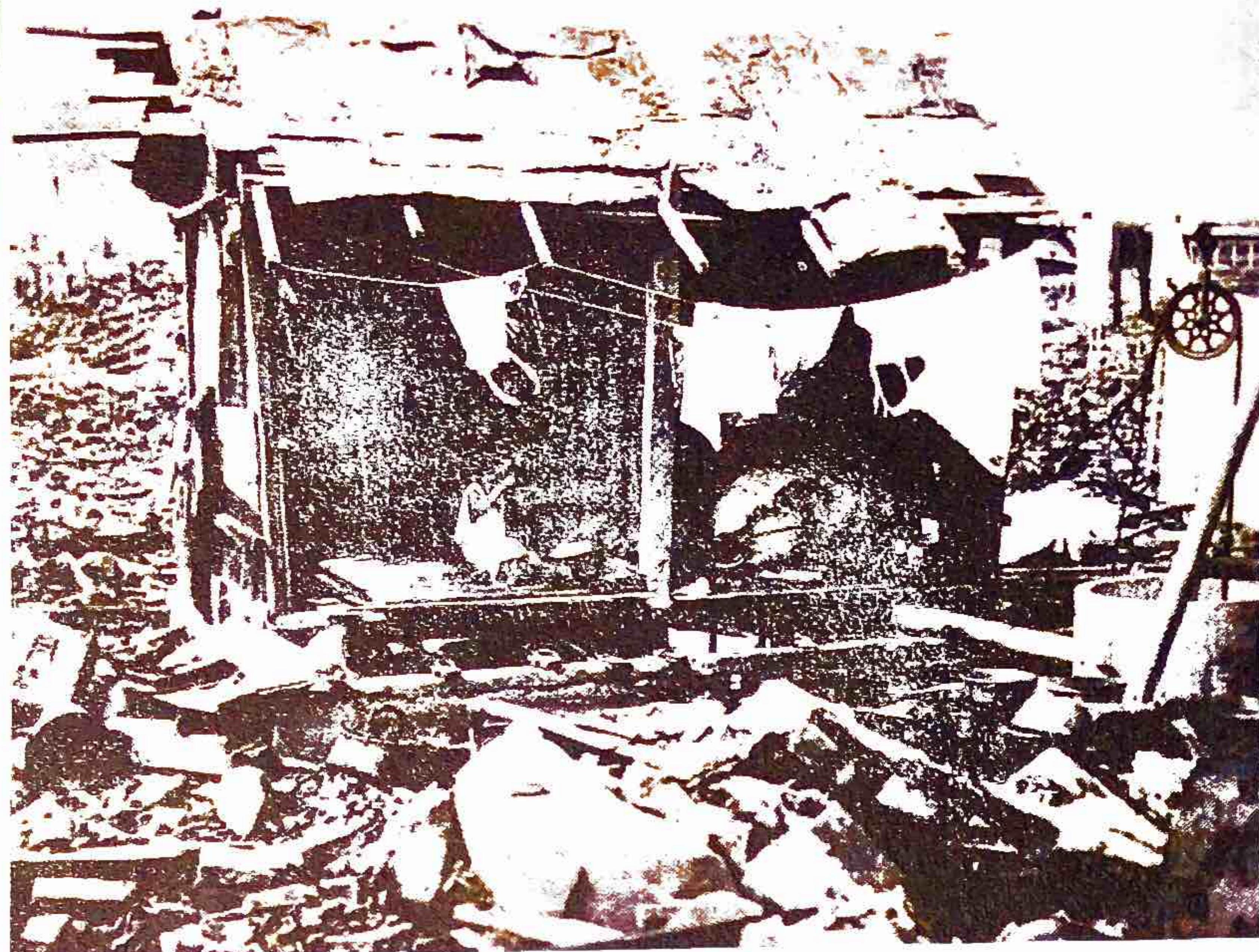
READING REVIEW

1. How did the dive bomber groups support the army infantry?
2. List two striking features of dive bombing.
3. How did the British and American pilots assist each other?

226 Dropping the Atomic Bomb

When President Roosevelt died in 1945, Vice-President Harry Truman became President. The new President now faced the tremendous task of ending the war and planning for the peace.

After the war in Europe ended, Truman and the other Allied leaders met at Potsdam, Germany, in July 1945. At the meeting they agreed to demand that Japan surrender unconditionally. Japan refused. President Truman, who had been in office less than four months, now had to make the awesome decision of whether to drop an atomic bomb on Japan. Fearing that an attack on the Japanese mainland by American warships and planes would cost as many as a million American lives, Truman decided to approve the use of the atomic bomb. In this selection, taken from President Truman's memoirs, the President explained his decision to use the atomic bomb at Hiroshima.



Nagasaki after the atomic bomb

READING FOCUS

1. Why did Truman decide to drop the atomic bomb on Japan?
2. How did Truman feel about his decision?

The idea of the atomic bomb had been suggested to President Roosevelt by the famous and brilliant Dr. Albert Einstein. Its development turned out to be a vast undertaking. It was the achievement of the combined efforts of science, industry, labor, and the military, and it had no parallel in history. The people in charge and their staffs worked under great pressure. The whole enormous task required the services of more than 100,000 people and immense quantities of material. It required over two and a half years and the spending of \$2.5 billion. Only a few of the thousands of people who worked in these plants knew what they were producing. So strict was the secrecy that even some of the highest-ranking officials in Washington did not have the slightest idea of what was going on. I did not.

Before 1939 it had been generally agreed among scientists that in theory it was possible to release energy from the atom. In 1940 we had begun to share with Great Britain all scientific knowledge useful to war, although Britain was at war at that time and we were not. Following this—in 1942—we learned that the

Adapted from Memoirs, Vol. I, Year of Decisions by Harry S Truman.

Germans were at work on a method to harness atomic energy for use as a weapon of war.

It was under the general policy of sharing knowledge between our nation and Great Britain that research on the atomic bomb started in such feverish secrecy. American and British scientists joined in the race against the Germans. Working together with the British, we thus made it possible to achieve a great scientific triumph in the field of atomic energy. Nevertheless, basic and historic as this event was, it had to be considered at the time as relatively unimportant to the far-flung war we were fighting in the Pacific at a terrible cost in American lives.

We could hope for a miracle, but the daily tragedy of a bitter war was always with us. We worked to construct a weapon of such overpowering force that the enemy could be forced to give in swiftly once we could use it. This was the primary aim of our secret and vast effort. But we also had to carry out the enormous effort of our basic and traditional military plans.

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

It was their recommendation that the bomb be used against the enemy as soon as it could be done. They recommended further that it should be used without warning and against a target that would clearly show its devastating strength. I had realized, of course, that an atomic bomb explosion would cause damage and casualties beyond imagination. On the other hand, the scientific advisers of the committee reported, "We can propose no technical demonstration likely to bring an end to the war; we see no acceptable alternative to direct military use." It was their conclusion that no technical demonstration they might propose, such as dropping the bomb on a deserted island, would be likely to bring the war to an end. It had to be used against an enemy target.

The final decision of where and when to use the atomic bomb was up to me. Let there be

no mistake about it. I regarded the bomb as a military weapon and never had any doubt that it should be used. My top military advisers recommended its use. When I talked to Churchill, he told me that he favored the use of the atomic bomb if it might help end the war.

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

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

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

General Spaatz, who commanded the Strategic Air Forces, which would drop the bomb, was given some independence as to when and on which of the four targets the bomb would be dropped. That was necessary because of weather and other operational considerations. In order to get preparations under way, the War Department instructed General Spaatz that the first bomb would be dropped as soon after August 3 as weather would permit.

A specialized B-29 unit had been selected for the task. Seven modified B-29's, with pilots and crews, were ready and waiting for orders. Meanwhile ships and planes were rushing the materials for the bomb and specialists to assemble them to the Pacific island of Tinian in the Marianas.

On July 28 Radio Tokyo announced that the Japanese government would continue to fight. There was no choice now. The bomb was

scheduled to be dropped after August 3 unless Japan surrendered before that day.

On August 6, the fourth day of my journey home from Potsdam, came the historic news that shook the world. I was eating lunch with members of the *Augusta's* crew when I was handed the following message:

TO THE PRESIDENT FROM THE SECRETARY OF WAR

BIG BOMB DROPPED ON HIROSHIMA AUGUST 5 AT 7:15 P.M. WASHINGTON TIME. FIRST REPORTS INDICATE COMPLETE SUCCESS WHICH WAS EVEN MORE CONSPICUOUS THAN EARLIER TEST.

I was greatly moved. I said to the group of sailors around me, "This is the greatest thing in history. It's time for us to get home."

A few minutes later a second message was handed to me. It read as follows:

FOLLOWING INFORMATION REGARDING MANHATTAN[†] RECEIVED. "HIROSHIMA BOMBED VISUALLY. THERE WAS NO FIGHTER OPPOSITION AND NO FLAK. PARSONS REPORTS 15 MINUTES AFTER DROP AS FOLLOWS: 'RESULTS CLEAR CUT SUCCESSFUL IN ALL RESPECTS. VISIBLE EFFECTS GREATER THAN IN ANY TEST. CONDITIONS NORMAL IN AIRPLANE FOLLOWING DELIVERY.' "

When I had read this I signaled to the crew in the mess hall that I wished to say something. I then told them of the dropping of a powerful new bomb which used an explosive twenty thousand times as powerful as a ton of TNT. I went to the wardroom, where I told the officers, who were at lunch, what had happened. I could not hide my expectation that the Pacific war might now be brought to a speedy end.

[†] The bomb's development was called the Manhattan Project.

READING REVIEW

1. Summarize the steps the President went through in making the final decision to drop the bomb.
2. What factors led to the decision on where to drop the first bomb?
3. What was President Truman's feeling about his decision to drop the bomb?
4. (a) Based on the evidence provided in the reading, do you think that President Truman made the right decision? (b) Why or why not?