Problems w/ style & general drift

Phil Rivers –

it drags – sensitive psychological & emotional concepts are handled clumsily

Jews cried out in the camps – demeaning description of their ordeal

style – very boring & drawn out

p.1 – Rangers looked

"faced" rather than saw ~~Ex~~ enemy soldiers

Point du Hoc – stark, austere place – immediate impact –

– prefer not to have an anecdotal, rambling speech –

70% chance of overcast

Phil Riviers – British landing craft

[When relief came only 90 could still bear arms . . .

ABN Guide to Pointe du Hoc – after 2 days – 225 -> 90

Louis ~~Lisko~~ Lisko – Hist. of Rangers Battalions Association

"RANGERS LEAD the WAY" Ranger Motto (statement)

UNDERWOOD story – speech is like a B movie – this ~~story~~ incident was portrayed in the movie by John Wayne

+ Le Deuxieme Regiment Blindee – arrived

○ "Commandos Kieffer" French. D-Day

W

Sean [illegible]

TELL Julie to disregard notes on Saint Laurent Cemetary -

ask Tony if we have decided to make no references to Pres. Mitterand @ Omaha Beach.

Irish Embassy - [do they have knowlege record of Ben Franklin's visit

Bilateral development assistance

Embassy remarks - 10 am -

Jim Hooley called Karen Groomes - check w/ Bill Sitman
[45 years - Mike Deaver arranged for Medal at end of remark

[have Julie talk to Bill Sitman]

[suggestion
Auten first met Pres when he was Gov. of California]

[her claim to fame - she can get anything done - wonders she work

get her
/ give Al H

[Alex Wise
330 Jackson Place
[illegible] trips

[Normandy Staff Group
Room 3E 540
(202) 694-9212
- 9213]

Secy Weinberger - speaking at Ellipse

/ Very well known quotation by
Omar Bradley
" No soldier in my command has ever been [illegible] a more difficult [illegible] than that
which befell the
work

- We're playing to the cameras rather than recognizing the heroes in front of him -

perhaps too anecdotal - doesn't seize the moment

- bland treatment of heavy emotions - [take writers on pre-advance]

need to feel & communicate emotional ~~not~~ of rather than the factual

S. Dal
(LOS) 336-0650
Ext. 1122

It misses the mark

Speech - out of time
out of location

Possibly take out Volverton

territories we hold are the ground forever is
land

The West - includes now Germany & Italy

Here the West stood - ~~not~~ not altogether

The Free World

(visual & his words)
make whole movie

4279

MEMORANDUM

NATIONAL SECURITY COUNCIL

May 28, 1984

MEMORANDUM FOR RICHARD DARMAN

FROM: ROBERT M. KIMMITT Bob

SUBJECT: President's Draft Speech for Omaha Beach Ceremonies

Attached at Tab A is a revised version of the draft Presidential remarks to be delivered at Omaha Beach. The attached draft, written by State and NSC, refocuses the speech-writer's draft -- which concentrated heavily on one personal experience -- toward a broad tribute to the sacrifices of the American and Allied soldiers. It also draws attention to the role of French Resistance which is important given the fact that President Mitterrand will attend the ceremonies with the President.

Attachment
Tab A - Draft Speech

cc: Ben Elliott

Mr. President, Distinguished Guests:

I come before you today as President of a country which has buried many of its war dead in foreign soil. I look out on the crosses and stars-of-David bearing names familiar to every American and feel an overwhelming sense of awe for the supreme sacrifice these men have made. From all parts of the American nation these men came to a foreign land to face a powerful foe. They died to free Europe, knowing at the same time that they were fighting to keep America free.

We stand today at a place of battle, one that 40 years ago saw the worst of war. Men bled and died here for a few feet or inches of sand as bullets and shellfire cut through their ranks. About them, General Omar Bradley later said: "Every man who set foot on Omaha Beach that day was a hero."

Words do not do them justice. Speeches cannot portray their suffering, their sacrifice, their heroism. President Lincoln once reminded us that -- through their deeds -- the dead of battle have spoken more eloquently for themselves than any of the living ever could, that we can only honor them by rededicating ourselves to the cause for which they gave a last full measure of devotion.

Today we do rededicate ourselves to that cause. And in this place of honor, we are humbled by the realization of how much so many have given to the cause of freedom and to their fellowman. One such hero, Private First Class Peter Robert Zanatta of the 37th Engineer Combat Battalion, was one of the first to hit Omaha Beach.

"Someday I'll go back and I'll see it all again," he promised his daughter Lisa, "I'll see the beach, the barricades, and the graves. I'll put a flower on the graves of the guys I knew and on the grave of the unknown soldier -- all the guys I fought with."

Lisa Zanatta Henn recounted these words in an essay about her father who bravely fought, and ultimately succumbed to, a battle with cancer eight years ago. "So many men died," she wrote, "I know that my father watched many of his friends be killed. I know that he must have died inside a little each time. But his explanation to me was 'you did what you had to do and you kept on going.'"

Lisa is here today, fulfilling a promise made to her father that she would go in his place and see the graves and the flowers and the ceremonies honoring the veterans of D-Day. "I will never forget what you went through, Dad," she concluded, "nor will I let anyone else forget -- and Dad, I'll always be proud."

When our allied forces stormed the beaches of Normandy 40 years ago, they came not as conquerors, but as liberators. When these troops swept across the French countryside and into the forests of Belgium and Luxembourg, they came not to take, but to restore what had been wrongfully taken. When our forces marched into a ruined Germany, they came not to prey on a brave and defeated people, but to nurture the seeds of democracy among those who yearned again to be free.

We also salute those who were already engaging the enemy inside this country -- the French Resistance -- whose valiant service for France did so much to cripple the enemy in their midst and assist in the advance of the invading armies of liberation. These French Forces of the Interior will forever offer us an image of courage and national spirit, and will be a permanent inspiration for all free peoples.

This day, we celebrate the triumph of democracy. This day, we reaffirm the unity of the democratic peoples everywhere who fought the war and then joined with the vanquished in a firm resolve to keep the peace forevermore.

We learned from that terrible war that our unity made us invincible. Now, in peace, that same unity would make us secure. We sought the inclusion of all freedom-loving nations in a

community dedicated to the defense and preservation of our sacred values. Our Alliance, forged in the crucible of war, tempered and shaped by the harsh realities of the post-war world, has succeeded in this end. In Europe, the threat has been contained. The peace has been kept.

As I look out on this sea of gravestones, my final thoughts dwell on the heroism, patriotism and supreme sacrifice of our men and women buried here. They are fittingly honored by this memorial. For those, such as Private Zanatta, who bravely fought and returned from these shores, we rejoice in their return to the hopes and dreams they had left behind. Yet I cannot help to look into the faces of the living here assembled -- officials, veterans, citizens -- and say this is the greatest tribute of all. We are free. This land is secure. And our peoples are enriched because democracy was worth fighting -- and dying -- for.

KW

Tab G

Possible Presidential Remarks at Omaha Beach

Even before dawn on June 6, 1944, two of America's most distinguished fighting units the famous 1st Infantry Division (The Big Red One) and the 29th Blue and Gray Division, a National Guard division from Maryland, Virginia and the District of Columbia, assaulted these beaches. The 116th Infantry Regiment, once commanded by our nation's most distinguished soldier, George Washington, landed in the first wave on Omaha Beach. These heroic Virginians debarked that morning from the USS Thomas Jefferson named after another distinguished Virginian. I am pleased to announce that the Department of the Army will reorganize, within the National Guard of Maryland and Virginia, the 29th Infantry Division who's colors have been folded since 1968.

BOOKS BY LOUIS UNTERMEYER

Poetry

SELECTED POEMS AND PARODIES
FOOD AND DRINK

Tales

THE DONKEY OF GOD
THE FAT OF THE CAT AND OTHER STORIES
CHIP: MY LIFE AND TIMES
THE LAST PIRATE
THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF PAUL BUNYAN

Travel

BLUE RHINE—BLACK FOREST

Essays and Biography

AMERICAN POETRY SINCE 1900
THE FORMS OF POETRY
PLAY IN POETRY
HEINRICH HEINE: PARADOX AND POET

Critical Collections

THE BOOK OF LIVING VERSE
AMERICAN POETRY FROM THE BEGINNING TO WHITMAN
MODERN AMERICAN POETRY
MODERN BRITISH POETRY
THIS SINGING WORLD
YESTERDAY AND TODAY
DOORWAYS TO POETRY
RAINBOW IN THE SKY
STARS TO STEER BY
POEMS OF HEINRICH HEINE
A TREASURY OF GREAT POEMS
A TREASURY OF LAUGHTER

Novel

MOSES

Autobiography

FROM ANOTHER WORLD

COMBINED MID-CENTURY EDITION

Modern American Poetry

Modern British Poetry

Edited by Louis Untermeyer

HARCOURT, BRACE AND COMPANY · NEW YORK

NOT PALACES

Not palaces, an era's crown
Where the mind dreams, intrigues, rests;
The architectural gold-leaved flower
From people ordered like a single mind,
I build. This only what I tell:
It is too late for rare accumulation,
For family pride, for beauty's filtered dusts;
I say, stamping the words with emphasis,
Drink from here energy and only energy,
As from the electric charge of a battery,
To will this time's change.
Eye, gazelle, delicate wanderer,
Drinker of horizon's fluid line;
Ear that suspends on a chord
The spirit drinking timelessness;
Touch, love—all senses—
Leave your gardens, your singing feasts,
Your dreams of suns circling before our sun,
Of heaven after our world.
Instead, watch images of flashing brass
That strike the outward sense, the polished will,
Flag of our purpose which the wind engraves.
No spirit seek here rest. But this: No man
Shall hunger; Man shall spend equally.
Our goal which we compel: Man shall be man.

The program of the antique Satan
Bristling with guns on the indented page,
With battleship towering from hilly waves:
For what? Drive of a ruining purpose,
Destroying all but its age-long exploiters.
Our program like this, yet opposite:
Death to the killers, bringing light to life.

I THINK CONTINUALLY OF THOSE

I think continually of those who were truly great.
Who, from the womb, remembered the soul's history
Through corridors of light where the hours are suns,
Endless and singing. Whose lovely ambition
Was that their lips, still touched with fire,
Should tell of the spirit clothed from head to foot in song.
And who hoarded from the spring branches
The desires falling across their bodies like blossoms.

What is precious is never to forget
The delight of the blood drawn from ageless springs
Breaking through rocks in worlds before our earth;

Never to deny its pleasure in the simple morning light,
Nor its grave evening demand for love;
Never to allow gradually the traffic to smother
With noise and fog the flowering of the spirit.

Near the snow, near the sun, in the highest fields
See how these names are fêted by the waving grass,
And by the streamers of white cloud,
And whispers of wind in the listening sky;
The names of those who in their lives fought for life,
Who wore at their hearts the fire's center.
Born of the sun they traveled a short while towards the sun,
And left the vivid air signed with their honor.

SONNET: "YOU WERE BORN; MUST DIE"

You were born; must die; were loved; must love;
Born naked; were clothed; still naked walk
Under your clothes. Under your skin you move
Naked; naked under acts and talk.
The miles and hours upon you feed.
They eat your eyes out with their distance
They eat your heart out with devouring need
They eat your death out with lost significance.
There is one fate beneath those ignorances
Those flesh and bone parcels in which you're split
O thing of skin and words hanging on breath:
Harlequin skeleton, it
Strums on your gut such songs and merry dances
Of love, of loneliness, of life being death.

JUDAS ISCARIOT

The eyes of twenty centuries
Pursue me along corridors to where
I am painted at their ends on many walls.
Ever-revolving futures recognize
This red hair and red beard, where I am seated
Within the dark cave of the feast of light.
Out of my heart-shaped shadow I stretch my hand
Across the white table into the dish
But not to dip the bread. It is as though
The cloth on each side of one dove-bright face
Spread dazzling wings on which the apostles ride
Uplifting them into the vision
Where their eyes watch themselves enthroned.
My russet hand across the dish
Plucks enviously against one feather
—But still the rushing wings spurn me below!

Saint Sebastian of wickedness
I stand: all eyes legitimate arrows piercing through

In fake Hermetic uniforms
Behind our battle-line, in swarms
That keep alighting,
His existentialists declare
That they are in complete despair,
Yet go on writing.

No matter. He shall be defied.
We have the ladies on our side.
What though his threat
To organize us grow more critical?
Zeus willing, we, the unpolitical
Shall best him yet.

Lone scholars, sniping from the walls
Of learned periodicals,
Our facts defend,
Our intellectual marines,
Landing in Little Magazines,
Capture a trend.

By night our student Underground
At cocktail parties whisper round
From ear to ear;
Fat figures in the public eye
Collapse next morning, ambushed by
Some witty sneer.

In our morale must lie our strength:
So, that we may behold at length
Routed Apollo's
Battalions melt away like fog,
Keep well the Hermetic Decalogue,
Which runs as follows:

Thou shalt not do as the dean pleases,
Thou shalt not write thy doctor's thesis
On education,
Thou shalt not worship projects nor
Shalt thou or thine bow down before
Administration.

Thou shalt not answer questionnaires
Or quizzes upon World Affairs,
Nor with compliance
Take any test. Thou shalt not sit
With statisticians nor commit
A social science.

Thou shalt not be on friendly terms
With guys in advertising firms,
Nor speak with such
As read the Bible for its prose,
Nor, above all, make love to those
Who wash too much.

Thou shalt not live within thy means
Nor on plain water and raw greens.
If thou must choose
Between the chances, choose the odd;
Read the *New Yorker*; trust in God;
And take short views.

AFTER CHRISTMAS

(From "For the Time Being")

Well, so that is that. Now we must dismantle the tree,
Putting the decorations back into their cardboard boxes—
Some have got broken—and carrying them up to the attic.
The holly and the mistletoe must be taken down and burnt,
And the children got ready for school. There are enough
Left-overs to do, warmed-up, for the rest of the week—
Not that we have much appetite, having drunk such a lot,
Stayed up so late, attempted—quite unsuccessfully—
To love all of our relatives, and in general
Grossly overestimated our powers. Once again
As in previous years we have seen the actual Vision and failed
To do more than entertain it as an agreeable
Possibility, once again we have sent Him away,
Begging though to remain His disobedient servant,
The promising child who cannot keep His word for long.
The Christmas Feast is already a fading memory,

And already the mind begins to be vaguely aware
Of an unpleasant whiff of apprehension at the thought
Of Lent and Good Friday which cannot, after all, now
Be very far off. But, for the time being, here we all are,
Back in the moderate Aristotelian city
Of darning and the Eight-Fifteen, where Euclid's geometry
And Newton's mechanics would account for our experience,
And the kitchen table exists because I scrub it.
It seems to have shrunk during the holidays. The streets
Are much narrower than we remembered; we had forgotten
The office was as depressing as this. To those who have seen
The Child, however dimly, however incredulously,
The Time Being is, in a sense, the most trying time of all.
For the innocent children who whispered so excitedly
Outside the locked door where they knew the presents to be
Grew up when it opened. Now, recollecting that moment
We can repress the joy, but the guilt remains conscious;
Remembering the stable where for once in our lives
Everything became a You and nothing was an It.
And craving the sensation but ignoring the cause,
We look round for something, no matter what, to inhibit
Our self-reflection, and the obvious thing for that purpose
Would be some great suffering. So, once we have met the Son,
We are tempted ever after to pray to the Father;
"Lead us into temptation and evil for our sake."
They will come, all right, don't worry; probably in a form
That we do not expect, and certainly with a force
More dreadful than we can imagine. In the meantime
There are bills to be paid, machines to keep in repair,
Irregular verbs to learn, the Time Being to redeem
From insignificance. The happy morning is over,
The night of agony still to come; the time is noon:
When the Spirit must practise his scales of rejoicing
Without even a hostile audience, and the Soul endure
A silence that is neither for nor against her faith
That God's Will will be done, that, in spite of her prayers,
God will cheat no one, not even the world of its triumph.

Stephen Spender

STEPHEN SPENDER was born near London February 28, 1909, of mixed German, Jewish and English origins; his mother was Violet Schuster, his father was Harold Spender, the well-known journalist. As a child he was especially interested in painting; at seventeen he supported himself by printing chemists' labels on his own press. At nineteen he attended University College, Oxford, but found university training alien to his temperament, and did not then complete his courses. After traveling abroad he returned to Oxford, and went down from University in 1931.

In his eighteenth year Spender himself set up and printed a paper-bound pamphlet of verse, *Nine Experiments* (1928), which is now unprocurable. Immature though much of it is, an individuality already declares itself. *Twenty Poems* (1930), printed while Spender was still an undergraduate, emphasizes his fecundity; it sounds, tentatively but distinctly, the note of passion so recognizable in the later verse. An imagination, and a fiery one, is at play in such early poems as "A Whim of Time," "Farewell in a Dream," "Winter Landscape," and "Epilogue."

Poems, published in England in 1933, reveals a complete poet. Maturity is suggested and a revolutionary fervor which caused the critics to compare Spender to Shelley. Some of the reviewers demurred at the unconcealed communism throughout, but the lyrical impulse was so great that Spender was hailed as one of the most significant voices of his day. Spender's subject matter is arresting—sometimes too arresting, for it directs too much attention on externals and leads to controversy about that which matters least in poetry. Spender himself is a little too conscious, even too belligerent, about his properties. Riding in a train, watching the world hasten away "like the quick spool of a film," he sees the grass, the cottage by the lake, the familiar symbols, "vivid but unreal."

> Real were iron lines, and, smashing the grass
> The cars in which we ride, and real our compelled time:
> Painted on enamel beneath the moving glass
> Unreal were cows, the wave-winged storks, the lime:
> These burned in a clear world from which we pass
> Like *rose* and *love* in a forgotten rhyme.

Oftener than not, Spender brings machinery over into poetry, accomplishing a fusion of modern imagery and traditional magic. He does not merely state the superficial aspects of the machine age, he assimilates and re-creates the daily symbols of his environment. As early as 1928, while a remnant of the Georgians were still invoking literary laverocks, lonely lambs, and dependable nightingales, Spender was writing, "Come let us praise the gasworks." A few years later, the same accent expressed itself in simple, transparent delight:

> More beautiful and soft than any moth
> With burring furred antennae feeling its huge path
> Through dusk, the air-liner with shut-off engines
> Glides over suburbs and the sleeves set trailing tall
> To point the wind. Gently, broadly, she falls,
> Scarcely disturbing charted currents of air.

Spender is not always as direct as this. Inclined to sentimentality he overcompensates by forcing himself to the other extreme; distrusting the appearance of his simplicities he disguises them in strained metaphors and involved images. The result is a blurring of vision and an ambiguity of communication. Too often the reader has to guess at the meaning of a line which begins clearly enough but ends in a verbal fog. There is, however, no uncertainty about Spender's emotion. The emotion is clear, warm, compelling. It is serious and straightforward, especially in such

poems as "The Express," "What I Expected," reaching a powerful climax in "The Prisoners," "The Funeral" and the moving "An Elementary Classroom."

It is not Spender's choice of opinions which makes his work exciting; it is the integrity of his aim accompanied by charged and highly suggestive phrases, the thrust of his vision. The old images have gone down with the bombed buildings, as he tells us in "Not Palaces"; they are part of "beauty's filtered dusts." All our faculties must cooperate to appreciate the new values—the eye, that quickly darting, delicately wandering gazelle; the ear, which "suspends on a chord the spirit drinking timelessness"; touch, that intensifies all senses.

Vienna (1935) is Spender's least successful effort. *The Still Centre* (1939) is a return to Spender's power, an exploration of "the human conditions," personal in method, universal in implication. It was combined with new poems and republished as *Ruins and Visions* in 1942. A new note, resolute and increasingly confessional, is apparent here and in *Poems of Dedication* (1947) and *The Edge of Being* (1949). The limitations are obvious: the heavily burdened and sometimes inchoate line, the total lack of humor, the frequent failure of the baffled brain to win the approval of the badgered heart. But there is always the desperate sincerity, the intense voice of something dearly held and deeply felt. It is the voice that speaks up for "the palpable and obvious love of man," an utterance which, achieving the high level of the lines beginning "I think continually of those who were truly great," is exalted and often noble.

In addition to his poetry, Spender has been prolific in criticism, fiction, and drama. *Trial of a Judge* (1938) is a tragedy of the Nazi terror, a telescoping of the real and the incredible. *The Burning Cactus* (1936) is a volume of short stories, slightly reminiscent of D. H. Lawrence in its hurt sensibility. *The Destructive Element* (1935) is a critical appraisal of a civilization at once creative and corrupt, and a justification of his theory that "Poetry does not state truth; it states the condition within which something felt is true." *European Witness* (1946) is a journal of observations in France and Germany after the end of the war.

FAREWELL IN A DREAM

> Now shout into my dream. These trumpets snored
> Less golden by my side, when you were there . . .
> It is no reason now to think me coward
> That, being insulted by a gamekeeper,
> I hung my head, or looked into the air:
> Thrusting between the peaks without a word,
> Buttressed against the winds, or like a sword,
> Then you were undisputed conqueror.
>
> But dragged into this nightmare symphony
> Of drum and tempest surging in my head,
> Faced by these symbols of reality
> You showed as one most pitifully naked.
> I hailed your earth. Salute my Hades too.
> Since we must part, let's part as heroes do.

CURRENT BIOGRAPHY YEARBOOK

1977

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KIERAN DUGAN
JUDITH GRAHAM

NEW YORK

THE H. W. WILSON COMPANY

Previewing the produc-
Times (November 29,
r called it "a most sig-
couraging landmark for
elevision" and observed
la, Martin Sheen takes
toward superstardom."
Private Slovik, a two-
drama based on William
versial book and shown
974, Sheen played Eddie
deserter, the only United
uted by a firing squad
"Although Martin Sheen
Kay Gardella wrote in
News (Marcr 13, 1974),
id. . . , there are many
drama."
of the Week" *The Cal-*
a 1958 hot-rodder who
where his younger brother
to confront the psychotic
g the brother at the time
eview of that movie Don
ington *Post* (September
"Sheen has become a
television's angry young
of October, NBC's three-
1962 Cuban missile crisis.
Martin Sheen, heading
od in for John and Robert
ver for *Variety* (December
ime.
in the early 1970's Sheen
es written, produced, and
Clyde Ware and shot in
home state. The first,
No Drums, No Bugles, a
in the Civil War in which
or. The others were *When*
gh, made in 1971, and
y All Gone Now (1973),
a wandering artist.
ted *Rage* (Warner, 1972)
t film as a father wrest-
on's death, brought about
cident during a chemical
at the military attempts
been received little praise
of the impersonal opera-
nt, an Army physician
sally panned. "As a per-
down to his bones this
acting," William Wolf
ber 25, 1972). "But it
shows an aptitude for
lgment, he lapses into
s which are at odds
tory."
73), written and directed
is based on the Charles
te murder spree of the
the role of the
yed twenty-five-year-old
in the film) and Sissy
teen-year-old girl friend

who accompanies him on his bloody trek across South Dakota and Montana. Many reviewers were repelled by Mallick's "sanitized" and "romanticized" version of near-mindless mass thrill killing, but many also shared the view of Judith Crist, who admired Mallick's "feel for the late 1950's and its locales" and his "gift for speaking so cinematically that all we see and hear comes to terrible truth about the alienated young who feed on trash and react to only to the moment." Miss Crist went on: "And his cast is remarkable, with Martin Sheen, that brilliant actor left too often to shine too briefly in television films these days, [James] Dean-like and beautifully complicated in his rebel complex as the killer."

The distributors planned to withhold *Badlands* from Europe, with the exception of Britain, but they changed their minds after it took first prize and Sheen the best-actor award at the San Sebastian (Spain) festival. In March 1976 the release of *Cassandra Crossing* (Avco Embassy), a Carlo Ponti production with an international cast, was announced. Two months later Sheen replaced Harvey Keitel in the lead of a movie about Vietnam being directed by Francis Ford Coppola, who admires Sheen.

Martin Sheen and his wife, Janet, met backstage at the Living Theatre when Sheen was acting in *The Connection* and she was studying art at the New School for Social Research. They were married on December 23, 1961. With their four children, Emilio, Ramon, Carlos, and Renee, the Sheens live in Malibu, California. The actor, a family man, takes his wife and children with him when he travels to film locations and other work sites, unless his absence from home is to be brief, and he often visits his brothers in Dayton. In the New York *Times* (August 11, 1968) Judy Klemesrud described Sheen as he looked at that time: "He has incredibly blue eyes and thick brown hair and a face like the map of Ireland. . . . He's short, probably no more than five feet seven inches, and there's something a bit cocky . . . in his manner. And when he talks the words come rolling out . . . fast and tough-sounding." Sheen works hard at his craft, really agonizing over some roles, such as that of Private Slovik. "He was absolutely impossible during that period," his wife says. "He couldn't stop being Slovik, even at home." Sheen told Dwight Whitney in the *TV Guide* interview: "People think acting is an accident. It's not. It's calculated, planned, scrutinized, rehearsed. A performer has to know what he's doing every instant, to invent and improvise and feel, to bleed a little or else there's no growth. . . . God, how I love to act!" As an actor he judges himself harshly but follows Krishnamurti's dictum, "Commune thyself with no one."

References

After Dark 5:46+ My '72 pors
Cue 33:21+ O 31 '64 por
N Y Times II p1+ Ag 11 '68 por
TV Guide 23:20+ O 25 '75 por

SPENDER, STEPHEN (HAROLD)

Feb. 28, 1909- Poet; essayist; journalist
Address: h. 15 Loudon Rd., London NW8, England

NOTE: This biography supersedes the article that appeared in *Current Biography* in 1940.

During the 1930's, Stephen Spender—along with a handful of other young men, including W. H. Auden, C. Day Lewis, and Louis MacNeice—revolutionized English poetry. Although those young poets were not acting in concert or as a literary group, their names came to be invariably linked as the Oxford Poets, whose special contribution was to turn poetry outward toward the world and, specifically, to warn of the dangers of fascism that would soon engulf Europe. Spender was the most lyrical and the most subjective among them, and several of his poems seem certain to stand the test of time. His work is represented in virtually every important anthology of modern English poetry. He is also a critic of distinction and a prolific journalist, and his prose, like his poetry, is noted for its warmth and candor. His sympathy for the values of Western civilization and his humanitarian concern for the underdog have caused him to stand as a profound and compassionate witness to the chief calamities of our time, from the Spanish Civil War to the present.

Stephen Harold Spender was born in London on February 28, 1909, the third of the four children of Edward Harold Spender and Violet Hilda (Schuster) Spender. His father was a liberal journalist and the author of a biography of David Lloyd George. The family lived in comfortable circumstances in Hampstead, London, but Stephen Spender's childhood was not a happy one. As he related in his autobiography, *World Within World* (1951), certain marked characteristics of his parents sowed in him the seeds of vulnerability and self-criticism that have been evident in much of his life and work. His father inculcated in him a gnawing sense of guilt by connecting the simplest events of daily life with abstract ideals. In his view, "a game of football ceased to be just the kicking about of a leather ball by bare-kneed boys," Spender recalled. "It had become confused with The Battle of Life. Honor, Integrity, Discipline, Toughness and a dozen other qualities haunted the field like ghostly footballers."

Spender's mother, who died when he was twelve, was a semi-invalid given to acting out scenes. She left him with the feeling that "our family life was acted out before a screen dividing us from an outer darkness of weeping and gnashing of teeth, immense rewards and fearful punishments." After the father's death, around 1926, the Spender children came under the benevolent influence of their maternal grandmother, Hilda Schuster, the widow of the son of a Jewish banker from Frankfurt, Germany. She assumed the responsibility for raising the

STEPHEN SPENDER

family, with the help of a pair of kindly spinster sisters whom she installed in the Spender home.

Spender obtained his early education at Gresham's School in Holt, Norfolk and then attended the University College School in London, but he never felt quite at home in the disciplined atmosphere of school. As a child he enjoyed painting but eventually became more interested in literature. At seventeen Spender set up his own hand printing press, from which he derived a small income by printing chemists' labels. In 1928 he printed on that press a small paperback volume of his own verse called *Nine Experiments; Being Poems Written at the Age of Eighteen.*

At nineteen Spender entered University College, Oxford, where he remained for two years. There he met Louis MacNeice, Bernard Spencer, and Isaiah Berlin, who all became well-known writers, but it was the young W. H. Auden and Christopher Isherwood who were the chief influences of his Oxford days. The highly independent and brilliant young Auden, who was already using images and ideas in his poems that were not traditionally thought to be "poetic," helped to direct Spender's attention to matters of everyday life as suitable subjects for poetry. It was Spender who, during his first year at Oxford, printed Auden's first collection of verse, entitled *Poems* (1928), on his hand press. Also during his stay at the university, Spender, in collaboration with Louis MacNeice and Bernard Spencer, edited two volumes of *Oxford Poetry* (Oxford; Blackwell, 1929-30).

In his book *Lions and Shadows* (1938) Isherwood wrote of the young Spender: "He burst in upon us, blushing, sniggering loudly, contriving to trip over the edge of the carpet—an immensely tall, shambling boy of nineteen with a great scarlet poppy-face, wild frizzy hair, and eyes the violent color of bluebells. . . . In any and every sort of company he would relate, with the same perfect simplicity, the circumstances of a quarrel, the inner history of his family, or the latest developments of a love affair." During the summer of 1929 Spender was in Germany, which was then troubled by soaring inflation and an anarchic drift toward Nazism. It was the first of a number of trips he was to make to that country, often in the company of Isherwood, whose Berlin stories, based on his experiences of that period, eventually resulted in the play *I Am a Camera* and the musical hit *Cabaret*. Spender's sojourns in Germany may account for the influences of such German Romantic poets as Hölderlin that critics have detected in his early verse.

After leaving Oxford in 1931, on the advice of Isherwood, who persuaded him to devote himself to his own poetry, Spender lived for a time in Hamburg on a small income that enabled him to be financially independent. His *Twenty Poems* (Blackwell, 1930), which he wrote as a student, evoked favorable critical comment for their audacity of imagination and independence of language.

After some of Spender's poems, along with contributions by Auden, C. Day Lewis, and others, appeared in the anthology *New Signatures*, compiled by Michael Roberts and published in 1932 by Virginia and Leonard Woolf's Hogarth Press, critics began to refer to the Oxford Poets, who were viewed as representatives of a new current in English poetry, characterized by a view of "a society coming to an end and of revolutionary change." Spender's first substantial collection, *Poems* (Faber, 1933; Random House, 1934), has been described as "Shelleyan" because of its romantic fervor, freshness of language, and trumpeting call for change in a disordered world.

Among Spender's most acclaimed early poems, which according to some critics surpassed his later works, are "I Think Continually of Those Who Are Truly Great," a tribute to the noble spirits of the past; "The Express" and "The Landscape Near an Aerodrome," in which he demonstrated his ability to write lyrically about objects of modern life; "The Funeral," with its memorable "Death is another milestone on their way"; and "Not Palaces, an Era's Crown," which contains the famous lines: "Eye, gazelle, delicate wanderer/Drinker of horizon's fluid line:/ Ear that suspends on a chord/The spirit drinking timelessness."

In his long narrative poem *Vienna* (Faber, 1934; Random House, 1935) Spender wrote about a recent socialist uprising. His first book of essays, *The Destructive Element* (J. Cape; Houghton, 1935), suggested that the coming collapse of Europe had been foretold by such writers as Henry James, W. B. Yeats, T. S. Eliot, James Joyce, and D. H. Lawrence. It was followed by the volume *The Burning Cactus* (Faber; Random House, 1936), a collection of short stories.

In *Forward From Liberalism* (Ryerson Press; Random House, 1937), Spender presented his political credo at that time, asserting that traditional liberals must reconcile their concern for individual freedom with Communist notions of social justice. After its publication he was invited to join the British Communist party, but

he remained a member for only a few weeks. "I wrote something for *The Daily Worker*, attacking the party," he later recalled, "and that was the last I heard of my membership."

Spender went to Spain during its Civil War, for like many intellectuals of the time, he viewed that conflict as a contest of wills between fascism and democracy. Despite the British Foreign Office's ban on visas, he managed to get into Spain with the help of French colleagues, as a delegate to the International Writers' Congress at Barcelona in the summer of 1937. He was briefly at the front, met Ernest Hemingway, André Malraux, and Pablo Neruda, and wrote an article for the *New Statesman* revealing that the International Brigade was, in fact, controlled by Stalinists. His poetry of the Spanish Civil War, however, dealt more with the horrors of war than with political issues. Probably his best-known poem to emerge from that conflict is his "Ultima Ratio Regum," which contains the lines: "The guns spell money's ultimate reason/ In letters of lead on the spring hillside./ But the boy lying dead under the olive trees/ Was too young and too silly/ To have been notable to their important eye." Among Spender's books of that period are *Poems for Spain* (Hogarth Press, 1937), which he edited with John Lehmann; his own collection of verse *The Still Centre* (Faber, 1939); and a five-act poetic drama about Nazi Germany entitled *Trial of a Judge* (Faber; Random House, 1938).

Despite his pacifism, Spender lent his support to the British World War II effort by serving from 1941 to 1944 as a volunteer fireman in London with the National Fire Service. In 1939 he helped to found, with Cyril Connolly and Peter Watson, the influential literary journal *Horizon*, which published works of Malraux, Edmund Wilson, and Dylan Thomas, among others. He served as its coeditor until 1941, when he left the publication because of a dispute with Connolly.

Spender's published works of the World War II period include the novel *The Backward Son* (Hogarth Press, 1940); the lengthy essay *Life and the Poet* (Secker & Warburg, 1942; Folcroft, 1969); and the collections *Selected Poems* (Faber, 1940) and *Ruins and Visions; Poems 1934-1942* (Faber; Random House, 1942). Although his early poetry is more widely anthologized, some of his poems written during the war—including "Rejoice in the Abyss" and "Epilogue to a Human Drama," both dealing with air raids on London—are considered by critics to be more striking in their imagery and more powerful in their effect. Intensely personal, and yet universal, Spender's wartime poems convey a mood of uncertainty and despair—and at the same time, a vague optimism—about a world convulsed by violent change. It was also during World War II that Spender published his English translations of Rainer Maria Rilke, Ernst Toller, Georg Büchner, and Federico García Lorca.

His book *European Witness* (H. Hamilton; Reynal, 1946), an account of his experiences in the British-occupied zone of Germany, includes an analysis of the plight of the German intellectual under Nazism. In his *Poems of Dedication* (Faber, 1946; Random House, 1947), including the acclaimed "Elegy for Margaret," dedicated to his terminally ill sister-in-law, Spender "reaches an intensity, almost extravagance, of personal feeling that had been only latent" in his earlier work, according to George Mayberry, writing in the *New Republic* (March 3, 1947). Critics worked up less enthusiasm for Spender's next volume of verse, *Edge of Being; Poems* (Faber; Random House, 1949), about the war and its aftermath, which includes his epic "Returning to Vienna," as well as, among others, his "Battle of London," "The Conscript," and "Time in Our Time." Reviewing it in *Poetry* (September 1949), Frank Jones suggested that Spender "may be in a minor phase, but it is that of a major poet."

Along with Arthur Koestler, André Gide, and others, Spender told of his growing disenchantment with Communism in *The God that Failed* (Harper, 1950), edited by R. H. S. Crossman. He examined his personal development in greater detail in his autobiography *World Within World* (H. Hamilton; Harcourt, 1951), which includes deeply felt scenes of Weimar Germany and war-torn Spain, as well as revealing portraits of T. S. Eliot, Yeats, Auden, and Leonard and Virginia Woolf, among others. In his *Learning Laughter* (Weidenfeld, 1952; Harcourt, 1953), based on a trip he took to Israel, Spender wrote of the settlement and education of European Jewish children in their new homeland and analyzed the problems facing the Jewish state.

In 1953 Spender and Irving Kristol founded *Encounter*, the distinguished London-based anti-Communist intellectual journal. He served as its coeditor from 1953 to 1966, and as a contributing editor in 1966-67 but resigned after the *Saturday Evening Post* in May 1967 revealed that the Paris-based Congress for Cultural Freedom, which had originally subsidized the publication, had been receiving funds from the United States Central Intelligence Agency. An anthology of essays, stories, and poems that appeared in the magazine during its first ten years, was edited by Spender, Kristol, and Melvin J. Lasky and published as *Encounters* (Basic Books, 1963).

In his *Collected Poems, 1928-1953* (Faber; Random House, 1955) Spender presented 111 of his poems that he wished to preserve. He reduced that number to forty-three for his *Selected Poems* (Random House, 1964; Faber, 1965) which, according to Webster Schott (*Christian Science Monitor*, May 20, 1965), seemed to epitomize Spender's earlier description of himself as "an autobiographer restlessly searching for forms in which to express the stages of my development." The volume includes revisions of about a dozen of his earlier works and omits some of his Marxist-influenced and Spanish Civil War poems. It also includes such previously unpublished poems as "Subject: Object: Sentence"; "Earth-Trading Stars That Make Dark Heaven

Light"; and "One More New Botched Beginning." In the last named poem he meditated on memory and lost friends: "Such pasts/ Are not diminished distances, perspective vanishing points, but doors/ Burst open suddenly by gusts/ That seek to blow the heart out."

Spender's most recent volume of verse, *The Generous Days* (Faber; Random House, 1971), a slim collection of forty-seven poems written, and, in some cases, reworked during two decades, traverses such themes as birth, death, love, and day-to-day living, and is haunted by a sense of the passage of time. In reviewing it for the *Christian Science Monitor* (December 2, 1971), Victor Howes wrote: "Forty years mellower, Spender's only discernible program is to write good poems . . . crystal clear in their imagery, resonant in their song. . . ." Commenting on Spender's poetry, Mark Perlberg observed in the Chicago *Sunday Sun-Times* (November 30, 1975) that "some of it is flawed by awkward rhythms, by a tendency toward abstractness, and sometimes by a kind of over-ripe rhetoric. Still, enough of his work—arresting in its imagery, warm in its compassion, and at times appealingly vulnerable—seems bound to endure."

In recent years Spender has produced more prose than poetry. His *The Creative Element; A Study of Vision, Despair and Orthodoxy Among Some Modern Writers* (H. Hamilton, 1953) is a commentary on the concepts that had sustained the creative process over the past century. In *The Making of a Poem* (H. Hamilton, 1955; Norton, 1962), a collection of literary essays, Spender reviewed the evolution of his own creative ideas and speculated on the nature of the poetic process. Venturing once more into fiction, he published two satirical stories in the volume *Engaged in Writing, and The Fool and the Princess,* which was published by H. Hamilton and Farrar, Straus in 1958.

In *The Struggle of the Modern* (H. Hamilton; Univ. of California Press, 1963), summed up in *Newsweek* (June 16, 1963) as "a kind of Baedeker to the muddled state of English letters in this century," Spender deplored prefabricated intellectual processes. To prepare *The Year of the Young Rebels* (Weidenfeld; Random House, 1969), a critical but basically sympathetic study of student rebellion, Spender interviewed students who took part in uprisings against university administrations in Paris, Prague, New York, and Berlin during the 1960's.

Although Spender's *Love-Hate Relations; English and American Sensibilities* (H. Hamilton; Random House, 1974) dealt with a topic for which he seemed eminently qualified, it encountered mixed and sometimes hostile reviews. Critics for the most part felt that Spender was sound when writing about the British literary tradition but maintained that he was unduly snobbish and condescending when he cited some of the more inane aspects of American popular culture as evidence for justifying the "European fear of the American future."

Spender edited *D. H. Lawrence; Novelist, Poet, Prophet* (Harper, 1973), a collection of articles and photographs. After Auden's death, he brought out a similar volume, entitled *W. H. Auden; A Tribute* (Macmillan, 1975). His critical biography *T. S. Eliot* (Viking, 1976) was described in the London *Times Literary Supplement* as "a lively, penetrating, and readily comprehensible introduction" to the poet. He has edited a number of anthologies, as well as collections of Whitman, Goethe, Shelley, and others, and he retold the story of Mozart's final opera in his *The Magic Flute* (Putnam, 1967), embellished with illustrations by Beni Montresor. With Donald Hall, Spender edited the *Concise Encyclopedia of English and American Poets and Poetry* (Hutchinson, 1963; Hawthorn, 1970). The Caedmon and Argo record companies have issued recordings of Spender reading his own poetry.

On the international scene, Spender has lectured widely in Europe and Asia for the British Council. In 1947 he was a counselor with the section of letters of UNESCO. During the 1950's and 1960's he taught and lectured at the University of Connecticut, the University of California, Northwestern University, Cambridge University, and elsewhere. As Consultant in Poetry in English to the United States Library of Congress for 1965-66, Spender was the first non-American to serve in a post that is considered an unofficial poet laureateship. Since 1970 he has been a professor of English literature at University College, a division of the University of London.

Spender became an honorary member of the American Academy of Arts and Letters in 1969. He is an honorary member of Phi Beta Kappa at Harvard and a fellow of the Institute of Advanced Studies at Wesleyan University in Middletown, Connecticut, and he holds honorary doctorates from the University of Montpelier and Loyola University in Chicago. In his own country he was honored with the rank of Commander in the Order of the British Empire in 1962 and with the Queen's Gold Medal for Poetry in 1971. Spender is active in Writers and Scholars International, an organization dedicated to publicizing writers whose work has been suppressed for political reasons.

Stephen Spender's first marriage, in 1936, to Agnes Marie (Inez) Pearn, ended in divorce. By his second wife, the former Natasha Litvin, a pianist, whom he married in 1941, he has a son, Matthew Francis, and a daughter, Elizabeth. A broad-shouldered man, six feet three inches tall, with a ruddy complexion, blue eyes, and an unruly shock of white hair, Spender was often complimented during an early stay in Germany as a "pure Nordic type," despite his partly Jewish ancestry. Although he is no longer active in politics, he considers himself a liberal and generally votes for Labor party candidates. Spender and his wife live in St. John's Wood, which is a fashionable section of London, in a house decorated with Henry Moore sculptures and drawings.

William Rose Benét

THE READER'S ENCYCLOPEDIA

SECOND EDITION

THOMAS Y. CROWELL COMPANY

New York / Established 1834

Specimen Days and Collect (1882). A collection of notes and essays by Walt WHITMAN. The book begins with an account of the poet's youth, but concentrates on his Civil War experiences. Much of the material is adapted from notebooks Whitman kept during the period. Some reminiscences of his old age are included. The "Collect" is a group of literary essays.

Spectator, The (March, 1711–December, 1712). A famous series of essays by Joseph ADDISON and Richard STEELE. In these essays, purportedly edited by the members of the fictional Spectator Club, Mr. Spectator, a shy, observant gentleman who has settled in London, provides a picture of the social life of the times, while the individual concerns of the club's other members, Sir Roger de COVERLEY, Will Honeycomb, Andrew Freeport, and Captain Sentry, add narrative depth and interest.

Spectra and the Spectrist school. A literary hoax perpetrated by Witter BYNNER and Arthur Davison FICKE. Irked by the pretentiousness of the imagist and vorticist poets, they decided to found their own school of poetry and, using the names Emanuel Morgan and Anne Knish, published *Spectra: A Book of Poetic Experiments* (1916). The so-called school was taken seriously for nearly two years.

Speculum Meditantis, also known as **Speculum Hominis** or **Mirour de l'omme** (c. 1378?). Norman-French poem by John GOWER, of 30,000 lines in 12-line stanzas. A didactic work, it describes the contest for men's souls between the seven vices, with all their offspring by the Devil, and the seven virtues, with their offspring by Reason. In doing so, it gives a detailed "mirror of men" of all classes in contemporary life. It concludes that all men are corrupt and must turn to the Virgin Mary for mercy and aid.

Spedding, James (1808–1881). English author, editor of *Works, Life and Letters of Francis Bacon* (14 vols.; 1857–1874) and author of *Life and Times of Bacon* (1878), both of which have remained standard works. He was a close friend of Tennyson, Thackeray, and Edward FitzGerald.

Speed. In Shakespeare's TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA, an inveterate punster and the clownish servant of Valentine. He is an "illiterate loiterer" whose dilatory ways belie his name.

Spence, Joseph (1699–1768). English biographer who wrote lives of such men as Stephen Duck, the so-called thresher poet, and Thomas Blacklock, a blind Scottish poet. Spence also collected examples of Alexander Pope's conversation; these were finally published as *Spence's Anecdotes* in 1820.

Spencer, Herbert (1820–1903). English philosopher and social scientist. He is known for his application of the scientific doctrines of evolution to philosophy and ethics, with a central principle, the "persistence of force," as the agent of all change, form, and organization in the knowable universe. In education, he scorned the study of the liberal arts and advocated that science be the chief subject of instruction.

Spencer's best-known works include *Principles of Psychology* (1855), and the 10-volume *System of Synthetic Philosophy,* the general title of the series that he announced in 1860 and to which he devoted the rest of his life. His *Autobiography* appeared in 1904.

Spence's Anecdotes. See Joseph SPENCE.

Spender, Stephen (1909–). English poet. A friend and follower of W. H. Auden, he was a leading member of the British group of Marxist poets of the 1930's. His poetry, especially in its later development, is more personal, lyrical, and romantic than that of his associates. It deals chiefly with his own emotional reactions as he contemplates unemployment, poverty, suffering, or injustice, or visualizes amelioration in a socialist state; many of his poems, especially his later ones, have an autobiographical basis; much of his work is characterized by imagery appropriate to an industrial and mechanical civilization. His *Collected Poems* appeared in 1954. Spender's autobiography, *World Within World* (1951), is valuable for its account of his friends W. H. Auden, Christopher Isherwood, Cecil Day-Lewis, and Louis MacNeice, and of his political beliefs and intellectual development. Spender also wrote *The Trial of a Judge* (1938), a poetic drama having the same theme as Rex Warner's novel THE PROFESSOR. His works of fiction include *The Burning Cactus* (1936) and his works of criticism include *The Destructive Element* (1935), *The Creative Element* (1953), and *The Making of a Poem* (1962). He coedited (with Cyril CONNOLLY) the magazine *Horizon* during World War II, and coedited the Anglo-American magazine *Encounter* from 1953.

Spengler, Oswald (1880–1936). German philosopher of history. His noted work *The Decline of the West* (*Der Untergang des Abendlandes;* 1918–1922) reflects the pessimistic atmosphere in Germany after World War I. Spengler maintained that history has a natural development in which every culture is a distinct organic form that grows, matures, and decays. He predicted a phase of "Caesarism" in the further development of Western culture, which, he believed, was in its last stage.

Spengler's attitude became very popular with the Nazi government, but he refused to enter into their persecution of the Jews. Being independently wealthy, he managed to exist in Germany, somewhat under a cloud, until the end of his life.

Spenlow, Dora. In Charles Dickens' DAVID COPPERFIELD, a warm-hearted, doll-like woman with no practical views of the duties of life or the value of money. She is the child-wife of David and loves to sit by him and hold his pens while he writes. After she dies David marries Agnes WICKFIELD. Dora is drawn from Dickens' wife.

Spens, Sir Patrick. See SIR PATRICK SPENS.

Spenser, Edmund (1552?–1599). One of the greatest English poets, and the first major English writer to arise after Chaucer. Born in London, Spenser was educated at the Merchant Taylors' School and Pembroke Hall, Cambridge. He was well acquainted with Plato and Aristotle, whose influences are clear in his works, with the Greek and Latin poets, and with the great Italian epics of Tasso and Ariosto. As early as 1569 he contributed some translations of Petrarch and the French poet Du Bellay to the *Theater for Worldlings,* an edifying volume of anti-Catholic propaganda. Also in his youth he wrote the hymns *In Honor of Love* and *In Honor of Beauty* (not published until 1596) which show his debt to Platonism. While at Cambridge he met Gabriel Harvey, a scholar and something of a pedant,

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I Climbed the Cliffs With the Rangers

By LT. G. K. HODENFIELD

An eyewitness account of the toughest action fought by American troops on the Normandy beachhead.

SOMEWHERE IN NORMANDY.

"RANGERS! Man your craft!" It was five minutes after four on the morning of June sixth when that command came over the public-address system of a British transport lying off the coast of France. Loud-speakers gave the voice a metallic tone which seemed a little harsh for the occasion, but it didn't seem to dampen the spirits of the 230 Rangers who were about to embark for assault on Target No. 1—six 155-mm. guns located on Pointe du Hoe, Normandy.

"All aboard for Hoboken ferry! Leaving in five minutes!" one Ranger called into the darkness, and there was nothing forced about the laughter that followed. Two hours earlier, these men had been routed out of bed, and as they ate flapjacks there was the expected number of cracks about "the condemned ate a hearty breakfast."

I had joined the Rangers only three days earlier, as correspondent for Stars and Stripes, and I was not looking forward to the next few hours with such anticipation as these men. Ahead of us was a two-hour trip in an assault landing craft, and then the assault on Hitler's western wall. Our destination was a tiny bit of land jutting into the English Channel just east of Grandcamp-les-Bains, where the Germans had placed guns which dominated the entire American landing area.

It was a matter of but a few minutes before our craft was lowered into the inky-black English Channel, rightly dubbed by Allied airmen "the longest body of water in the world." Our flotilla seemed to move aimlessly about, and then suddenly it took definite shape and began the bobbing and tossing trip to France.

"We're off, boys," cried the sergeant in front of my craft, "and this time it's really the forty-nine-cent tour!"

By the time we found fairly comfortable positions in the heavily loaded boats, the first glow of dawn began showing in the east. The laughing and joking was still going on, but it stopped abruptly when we saw another craft overturn in the heavy waves just behind us. There was nothing we could do to help those poor guys; just say a little prayer that they would be picked up before they froze to death. We all wanted to help, but the success of our mission was too vital, and the Rangers knew they were expendable.

As the morning light grew brighter, we could see hundreds of other boats all making for the shores of Normandy. But those boats were landing on beaches, while ahead of us were sheer cliffs that had to be scaled before we could come to grips with the Germans. Personally, I was less scared of the Germans than of those cliffs; I had been shot at before, but I had never had to climb a rope ladder first.

Those rope ladders were the secret weapon of this expedition. Lt. Col. James Rudder, former Texas football coach, and Capt. Harold Slater had worked out a system by which grapnel hooks were shot over the cliffs by rockets, trailing ladders and single lines.

One of the Allies' secret weapons: grapnel hooks trailing rope ladders, shot by rockets [illegible] the high cliffs at Pointe du Hoe, France. Up these the Rangers swarmed to surprise the [illegible]

The grapnels were to bite into the bomb-blasted earth on Pointe du Hoe, and when the slack was taken up, the ladders would be ready to climb.

The entire success of this operation depended on those ladders. Pointe du Hoe is accessible from the sea only by scaling the cliffs, and the Germans, believing that not even "military idiots" would dare to come from that direction, had placed all their defenses facing inland. They knew that Pointe du Hoe was an extremely important target, but they thought our attack would be made from the flank, so they had placed a ring of defenses around the inner arc of the point.

Soon we were able to see on the horizon the dim outlines of the coast of France, and about that time a terrific naval barrage started. The naval barrage was not primarily intended to destroy the German guns—they were too well casemated for that—but the barrage would drive the Germans into their deep tunnels.

The plan was that the Rangers were to land at exactly six-thirty in the morning, just five minutes after the lifting of the barrage. By the time the Germans would dare to come out of their holes, the Rangers would be over the top of the cliffs, spiking the guns. And then, after the guns had been spiked, the Rangers would be able to devote their full attention to killing Germans.

Gradually we drew nearer, and some of us ventured ourselves partially out of the boat to take our first look at Normandy. It looked very much like [illegible] which we had just left the night before, and for the same reason we felt disappointed.

But we weren't disappointed in our Navy. The Texas, bulking heavily against the horizon in the [illegible] light of early morning, was sending shell after shell screaming into Pointe du Hoe, the sound of the [illegible] reaching us long after we could see the blast of [illegible] from the gun muzzles.

As we watched the coast of France draw nearer, it didn't seem possible that this was really the invasion, the second front for which so many men had trained for so long. It looked too peaceful, too [illegible]. But suddenly we heard a sharp rat-ta-tat, and [illegible] machine-gun bullets fall into the water ahead of us.

Saturday Evening Post
Aug. 19, 1944

"Hey, boss!" yelled one man. "Those jerks are trying to hit us!"

They were, too.

The wind was blowing at least fifteen knots, and the sea, with waves reaching four feet, had pushed us off our course. A check with charts and watches showed we were well behind our carefully planned timetable. The naval barrage stopped, as scheduled, minutes before we were to make our touchdown, but we were far off the course and we had to give up the idea of surprising the Germans. So we kept bucking and bobbing about, getting closer and closer to Pointe du Hoe, but likewise getting closer to the cliff snipers, who had taken positions along the top.

We kept our heads ducked low below the gunwales of the LCA, and we jumped each time a burst of machine-gun fire rattled against our sides. When we dared to look up, we could see men floating around in the water after their boats had been overturned. One gave us a cheery wave of his hand. It was Captain ___, who had helped devise the rope-ladder-climbing idea. After two hours in the water, he was picked up by the Navy in a fit of high temper at the fate which had robbed him of his chance to see his own men in action. He didn't reach France until a day later.

I suppose that we all should have been scared when our craft nosed up to the narrow beach to make our touchdown, but we all were too excited. I was sitting next to Capt. Otto ("Big Stoop") Massney, a company commander. Together, we watched rockets being fired from other craft on our right, and he cursed loudly when he saw that some had been fired too soon and had fallen far short of the cliff top.

"Don't fire those things until I give the word!" he said. "We've got plenty of time!"

As the nose of our LCA ground against the sand, stopped, he gave the word, and, with a loud roar and whooshing sound, our rockets sailed over the top of the cliffs.

I had ducked my head when the first series of rockets exploded, heeding Massney's warning that we would be blasted if we didn't, but then I looked up to see what had happened. I was lost in admiration of the fiery picture the rockets were making, when the second and third series went off. The explosions were so deafening that I fell over backward into the bottom of the boat, but as I rose shamefacedly, Massney patted me on the back and said, "If that scared you, what do you think it did to the Germans?"

There was no time for further conversation, for the ramp had been lowered and our men were scrambling ashore with lethal weapons ranging from pistols and knives in small hip cases to big bazookas and trench mortars.

The author, Stars and Stripes writer, gives a worm's-eye view of his first day in France.

Snipers and machine gunners were on the cliffs all around us, so we scrambled to the base of the cliff for safety. Sgt. Bob Youso and Pvt. Alvin White had already started up the ladders which were hugging the face of the cliff, and others were lined up, waiting their turn, while Massney stood at the bottom, yelling advice and encouragement.

Those of us not so useful had to wait nearly an hour for our turn to start climbing, so, for lack of anything better to do, I lit a cigarette. Then the thought struck me, *This is a helluva way to invade France, sitting down in the shade with a cigarette.*

I saw Lt. Amos Potts, Army photographer, who was fuming mad because here he was, in the middle of the greatest picture story of his life, and all his equipment had been water-soaked in the landing. He and I were too nervous to sit still, so we started digging some ammunition out of the sand, where it already was being partially buried by the incoming tide. Later, we had reason to be very thankful that we had salvaged that ammunition.

Over on our right, Capt. Walter ("Doc") Block, of Chicago, the medical officer of our battalion, had set up a first-aid post for those men wounded by snipers on the trip in to the beach. He had an impressive number of patients already.

My trip up the ladder was interrupted only by numerous stops to catch my breath. We were able to hear the firing of small arms and occasional loud roars from the top of the cliff, but we had no way of telling what was going on, because Massney had become impatient and had gone up earlier than scheduled, taking the field telephone with him.

Finally I tumbled over the top of the cliff into a shell hole left by a previous bombardment from our air force, and I asked some of the men in the shell hole what the score was. But I could learn only that two of the six guns in Target No. 1 had been destroyed by the air force, prior to D Day, and that the remaining four had been removed.

Raising my head carefully over the edge of the shell hole, I got my first real look at Pointe du Hoe. Just picture it as a huge letter V, jutting into the Channel, with sides formed by cliffs 150 feet high. The Rangers had landed on the left side of the V, with our group at the extreme upper end.

Straight ahead of me for a mile was nothing but shell holes from the air and naval bombardments. At my left was a series of small fields with hedgerows extending to the cliffs. On the far right was the English Channel on the other side of the V, and along the cliff was a concrete observation post which controlled the fire of all six German guns. I moved over to the left-flank troops and stayed there until late that evening.

Meanwhile, other units which were also assaulting the cliffs had been having various sorts of trouble. The Germans had come to the edge of the cliffs and had rolled hand grenades down the ladders. Later, as a sort of afterthought, they started cutting the ropes, but by this time the Rangers had gone up and over and were pushing the jerries back.

According to the initial plan, Colonel Rudder was to have signaled at 7:15 A.M. to our reinforcements, which were lying offshore. If our situation was well in hand, the reinforcements were to land at the base of the cliffs and follow our assault group. If, however, the plan was not succeeding, the reinforcements were to beach themselves five miles to the east and attack from the flank. The idea was that, at whatever cost in time, men and materials, those guns must be spiked.

But because we had been so late in landing, there had been no chance to signal, and our reinforcements, believing that the group which (Continued on Page 98)

SIGNAL CORPS PHOTO

Back to the hard-won cliffs of Normandy, a wounded G.I. watches reinforcements land.

SIGNAL CORPS PHOTO

Their job of securing a foothold in France done, the wounded, already bandaged and tagged, wait in the shelter of the rocks for the ships that are to carry them back to England.

I CLIMBED THE CLIFFS WITH THE RANGERS

(Continued from Page 19)

had assaulted the cliffs must have been wiped out, were following the second plan. We knew they would be coming up from the flank, but we didn't know how long it would take them to get there.

Our men fanned out to destroy the guns, and then, learning that four of them had been removed, two companies formed a big patrol and set out to find them. While this patrol was out searching for our target, other Rangers were fighting snipers and seeking out German machine-gun nests.

This was a new type of warfare, a crazy kind. The jerries knew every inch of the terrain; they had the place taped right down to the last little shell hole. They had long deep tunnels, through which they would dash, firing first from one spot and then another. At one place, sixteen Rangers had to hide themselves in a ditch covered with brush—and there they stayed for fifty-eight hours, sharing three bars of chocolate, while the Germans could be heard talking as they walked down the hedgerow. Once or twice, the Germans even jumped over the ditch itself.

There was one machine gun far to our left, but not so far that it wasn't costing us a number of casualties. Between our line and that machine gun was a field with ACHTUNG! MINEN! signs hung on a fence around it. We knew that there might be mines there—and again, there might not.

Youso and White, the same two men who had been the first ones up Massney's ropes, decided to get that machine gunner, and get him good. They checked their rifles and then started crawling on their stomachs right over that field. Nary a word was said about mines. That was an "occupational hazard" which these men were ready to risk.

They got the machine gunner and they came back, but both had nasty wounds; Youso through the elbow and White through the knee. But neither would leave the line of defense until we all retired at dusk. They both said they could still see Germans and they could still shoot and, anyway, there might be some fun they didn't want to miss.

Between Germans and Deep Sea

As darkness closed in on Pointe du Hoe, our line moved back to form a defensive perimeter around the command post. This post was back of the former German air-raid shelter. Before us, we had a sixteen-foot concrete wall; in back, we had the English Channel.

Doc had found a subterranean chamber near by with sixteen bunks, and here he established a sort of base hospital, where he worked all night with a flickering candle and sometimes a flashlight. At times there were so many patients that men had to lie in the command post until, maybe, one of the other patients would die or could be patched up well enough to go back out—maybe to fight, maybe to help out around the post.

It wasn't until late that night that one man returned and reported to Lt. Robert Armand, of La Fayette, Indiana, that the four missing guns had been found and destroyed.

At one o'clock on the morning of June seventh the Germans launched their first counterattack. By daylight the seriousness of our situation really loomed big. The first jerry attack had been thrown back, but they had regrouped during the night, and this time they penetrated our lines, cutting off a number of our men. Some of them managed to work their way back to our lines, but we lost one officer killed and nineteen enlisted men missing in action.

It was about the time of that second counterattack that I gave up hope of getting off Pointe du Hoe alive. No reinforcements in sight, plenty of Germans in front of us, nothing behind us but sheer cliffs and lots of Channel. It is hard to realize now just how short we really were of supplies. Most of our men, in order to carry more ammunition, had left their canteens and rations in the supply boat which was to have followed us in, but that supply boat, it turned out, was one of the first boats sunk. Without our supply boat, we were up the creek not only for food and water but also for ammunition.

Our meals generally consisted of D-ration chocolate, biscuits and cold chopped meat. Doc was in charge of the water distribution and he gave each of us two thirds of a canteenful. He didn't say how long it had to last, because that's all there was.

Everyone around the command post not busy otherwise was wiping sand and dirt off the rifle shells which Potts and I had dug out from the sand on the beach. Every shell was needed and not one was wasted.

To ease the ammunition shortage, the Rangers were grabbing all the captured and abandoned German weapons they could lay their hands on. Pvt. Lester Zages, of Detroit, came running into the command post during the middle of the second afternoon and shouted, "Dammit! I got eight of 'em already, and with one of their own guns too!"

We even had a German machine gun right in front of the command post. Our mortar fire was particularly effective. One crew came back to the command post, on orders, with all the ammunition they had on hand—two final rounds.

But Colonel Rudder, cool and calm as ever, was still master of the situation—outwardly at least—although he, too, thought we were goners. He maintained contact with patrols through sound-power telephones and he kept constant check on the wounded and on the organization of the defenses.

During the afternoon, Massney reported to Colonel Rudder that he had found a German ammunition dump that would be easy to blow with a four-man patrol and some bangalore torpedoes. While they were discussing this, I mentioned that I would like to see the excitement—meaning I would like a nice, safe vantage point from which to view the spectacle.

First thing I knew, Massney gave me a bangalore and we were off: Massney, who was going to lead the expedition; Lt. Dutch Vermeer, of Pella, Iowa, demolition officer; Pvt. Frank Anderson, who hated Germans; and I, who went along because I didn't know how to back out.

The ammunition dump was behind the German lines, and getting there was a matter of running from shell hole to shell hole. Our men drove the jerries away, and when we got there, Anderson slipped the bangalores inside the doors of a little building, lit the fuse, and we high-tailed it out of there, with me leading. The explosion rained clouds of dirt, rifle shells and hunks of planks around us, but we were too happy to care.

Going back, I used a new system, which I now pass on for whatever it may be worth: Instead of stopping in each shell hole for breath, I ran in one side and out the other—hut fast!—figuring that jerry wouldn't expect me so soon. Apparently he didn't. But that system is very hard on the wind.

The report: "Ammunition dump blown. Some enemy fire. No casualties."

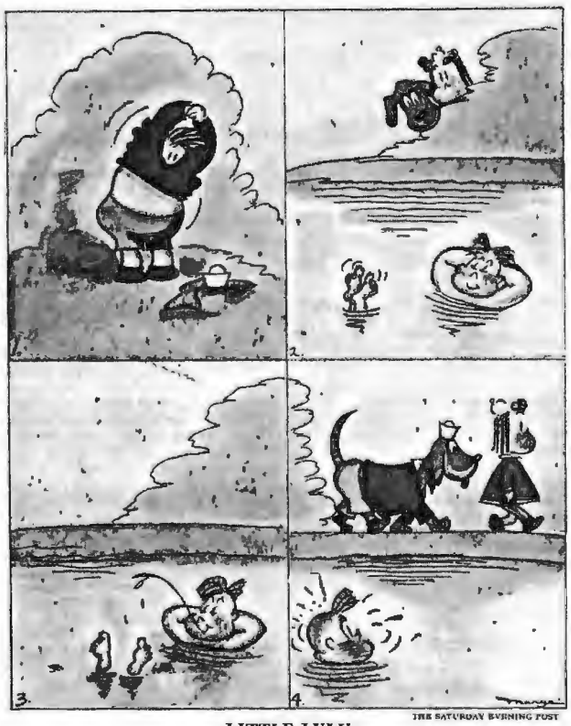
Back at the command post, I learned that Lt. James Eiker, signal officer, had established contact with the Navy destroyers just offshore and could call for artillery fire on observed enemy concentrations. His contact was with a signal lamp which he had brought along in spite of protests from his section that their boat already was overloaded. Had he not persisted in bringing that lamp, this story, with a different ending, would be written by a German correspondent.

Only that artillery fire [illegible] those ships saved our [illegible]. Every time the Germans would [illegible] one spot for attack, Eiker would [illegible] the destroyers and they would blast [illegible] with a rain of fire.

The most inspiring sight of the second day came when our Navy [illegible] the jerries out of a house on the [illegible] which led down to Grandcamp-les-Bains. I had noticed that house, already [illegible] tially demolished by previous bombardments, when I first clambered over [illegible] top of the cliff. Now I was in it, [illegible] right down to the ground. As the [illegible] fled out of it, our Rangers picked [illegible] off with rifles.

All that second day we waited for supplies from the Navy, while bitter fighting went on all over our little area [illegible] complete control of that area, [illegible] 250 yards square, with occasional [illegible] deeper than that.

Early in the morning the Navy [illegible] motor whaleboat to evacuate [illegible] and wounded, but the boat foundered on the narrow beach. Later we [illegible] tried to come in with supplies, but had to turn back because of the strong tide.



LITTLE LULU

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The Blue-Plate Special

And then, late in the afternoon—late, it seemed—two LCVP's made the beach, with everything we [illegible] including one platoon of Rangers reinforcements.

Doc started making jam sandwiches. Jam sandwiches hereafter will always be sacred with me. They used to be a thing to eat with a glass of cold milk in the afternoon, but that day they were seven-course dinners, complete with finger bowls. And someday I would like to pay personal thanks to Maj. [illegible] Street, who brought them to us. Maj. Street used to be with the first Rangers, but for this operation he was attached to the naval flagship.

There were no more counterattacks that night, just patrol activity on both sides. Off to the left, we could see a barrage of flak, as Luftwaffe reconnaissance planes scooted over the main battle, but the planes didn't bother us. It was fairly quiet when I lay down to sleep at two in the morning, and it is a commentary on how tired a person can be that I slept soundly for six hours, with a chunk of rock digging into the center of my spine.

The next day was an anticlimax. I suppose the end of a battle always is. Our reinforcements arrived from the left flank, after a terrific struggle, and the jerries took a powder. By noon we were able to walk upright. But we moved about. Two hundred and thirty of us had landed that D Day on Pointe du Hoe. Now there were comparatively few of us able to walk out under our own power. Large numbers of our party were listed as missing in action, wounded or killed.

As we walked along, we talked about the two and a half days we had been penned to Pointe du Hoe. We were proud of the fact that the guns had been destroyed—and in time—but we were humble, too, thinking of the men who weren't with us now, men who would be buried in France.

But good soldiers do not think long about things like that, and the Rangers are the best soldiers in the world. I took Lt. Dick Wentz, platoon leader from Beatrice, Nebraska, to break a spell of melancholy. On our way out I found a former German canteen, which to the roof with knives, razor blades and soap. Around outside was case after case of German beer bottles—all empty.

"Now I really hate those Germans," he screamed. "Oh, how I hate those guys! They didn't even leave us a drink!"

THE BOOK OF

Joshua

1 NOW after the death of Moses the servant of the LORD it came to pass, that the LORD spake unto Joshua the son of Nun, Moses' minister, saying,

2 Moses my servant is dead; now therefore arise, go over this Jordan, thou, and all this people, unto the land which I do give to them, *even* to the children of Israel.

3 Every place that the sole of your foot shall tread upon, that have I given unto you, as I said unto Moses.

4 From the wilderness and this Lĕb-ā-non even unto the great river, the river Eû-phrā'-tēs, all the land of the Hittites, and unto the great sea toward the going down of the sun, shall be your coast.

5 There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life: as I was with Moses, *so* I will be with thee: I will not fail thee, nor forsake thee.

6 Be strong and of a good courage: for unto this people shalt thou divide for an inheritance the land, which I sware unto their fathers to give them.

7 Only be thou strong and very courageous, that thou mayest observe to do according to all the law, which Moses my servant commanded thee: turn not from it *to* the right hand or *to* the left, that thou mayest prosper whithersoever thou goest.

8 This book of the Law shall not depart out of thy mouth; but thou shalt meditate therein day and night, that thou mayest observe to do according to all that is written therein: for then thou shalt make thy way prosperous, and then thou shalt have good success.

9 Have not I commanded thee? Be strong and of a good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed: for the LORD thy God *is* with thee whithersoever thou goest.

10 ¶ Then Joshua commanded the officers of the people, saying,

11 Pass through the host, and command the people, saying, Prepare you victuals; for within three days ye shall pass over this Jordan, to go in to possess the land, which the LORD your God giveth you to possess it.

12 ¶ And to the Reubenites, and to the Gadites, and to half the tribe of Mă-năs'-sēh, spake Joshua, saying,

13 Remember the word which Moses the servant of the LORD commanded you, saying, The LORD your God hath given you rest, and hath given you this land.

14 Your wives, your little ones, and your cattle, shall remain in the land which Moses gave you on this side Jordan; but ye shall pass before your brethren armed, all the mighty men of valour, and help them;

15 Until the LORD have given your brethren rest, as *he hath given* you, and they also have possessed the land which the LORD your God giveth them: then ye shall return unto the land of your possession, and enjoy it, which Moses the LORD's servant gave you on this side Jordan toward the sunrising.

16 ¶ And they answered Joshua, saying, All that thou commandest us we will do, and whithersoever thou sendest us, we will go.

17 According as we hearkened unto Moses in all things, so will we hearken unto thee: only the LORD thy God be with thee, as he was with Moses.

18 Whosoever *he be* that doth rebel against thy commandment, and will not hearken unto thy words in all that thou commandest him, he shall be put to death: only be strong and of a good courage.

2 AND Joshua the son of Nun sent out of Shĭt'-tĭm two men to spy secretly, saying, Go view the land, even Jericho. And they went, and came into an harlot's house, named Rahab, and lodged there.

2 And it was told the king of Jericho, saying, Behold, there came men in hither to night of the children of Israel to search out the country.

3 And the king of Jericho sent unto Rahab, saying, Bring forth the men that are come to thee, which are entered into thine house: for they be come to search out all the country.

4 And the woman took the two men, and hid them, and said thus, There came men unto me, but I wist not whence they *were*:

5 And it came to pass *about the time* of shutting of the gate, when it was dark, that the men went out: whither the men went I wot not: pursue after them quickly; for ye shall overtake them.

6 But she had brought them up to the roof of the house, and hid them with the stalks of flax, which she had laid in order upon the roof.

7 And the men pursued after them the way to Jordan unto the fords: and as soon as they which pursued after them were gone out, they shut the gate.

8 ¶ And before they were laid down, she came up unto them upon the roof;

9 And she said unto the men, I know that the LORD hath given you the land, and that your terror is fallen upon us, and that all the inhabitants of the land faint because of you.

10 For we have heard how the LORD dried up the water of the Red sea for you, when ye came out of Egypt; and what ye did unto the two kings of the Amorites, that *were* on the other side Jordan, Sī-hŏn and Og, whom ye utterly destroyed.

11 And as soon as we had heard *these things*, our hearts did melt, neither did there remain any more courage in any man, because of you: for the LORD your God, he *is* God in heaven above, and in earth beneath.

12 Now therefore, I pray you, swear unto me by the LORD, since I have shewed you kindness, that ye will also shew kindness unto my father's house, and give me a true token:

13 And *that* ye will save alive my father, and my mother, and my brethren, and my sisters,

that they have, and deliver our lives from

the men answered her, Our life for if ye utter not this our business. And it when the LORD hath given us the land, will deal kindly and truly with thee.

she let them down by a cord through dow: for her house *was* upon the town she dwelt upon the wall.

she said unto them, Get you to the lest the pursuers meet you; and hide there three days, until the pursuers med: and afterward may ye go your way.

the men said unto her, We *will be* s of this thine oath which thou hast swear.

hold, *when* we come into the land, thou this line of scarlet thread in the window thou didst let us down by: and thou ring thy father, and thy mother, and thy and all thy father's household, home

it shall be, *that* whosoever shall go out doors of thy house into the street, his *all* be upon his head, and we *will be* guilt- whosoever shall be with thee in the blood *shall be* on our head, if *any* hand him.

if thou utter this our business, then we quit of thine oath which thou hast made swear.

she said, According unto your words, so And she sent them away, and they de- and she bound the scarlet line in the

they went, and came unto the moun- abode there three days, until the pur- were returned: and the pursuers sought roughout all the way, but found *them*

the two men returned, and descended mountain, and passed over, and came the son of Nun, and told him all *things* them:

they said unto Joshua, Truly the LORD vered into our hands all the land; for the inhabitants of the country do faint of us.

Joshua rose early in the morning; and removed from Shĭt'-tĭm, and came to Jor- and all the children of Israel, and lodged fore they passed over.

came to pass after three days, that the went through the host;

they commanded the people, saying, see the ark of the covenant of the LORD , and the priests the Levites bearing it, shall remove from your place, and go

ere shall be a space between you and it, o thousand cubits by measure: come unto it, that ye may know the way by ye must go: for ye have not passed *this* etofore.

Joshua said unto the people, Sanctiselves: for to morrow the LORD will do among you.

Joshua spake unto the priests, saying, the ark of the covenant, and pass over

before the people. And they the covenant, and went bef

7 ¶ And the LORD said u will I begin to magnify th Israel, that they may know Moses, *so* I will be with the

8 And thou shalt command the ark of the covenant, s come to the brink of the wa stand still in Jordan.

9 ¶ And Joshua said unto t Come hither, and hear the your God.

10 And Joshua said, Hereb the living God *is* among y without fail drive out fr Canaanites, and the Hittite and the Pē-rĭz'-zītes, and th the Amorites, and the Jĕb-ū-

11 Behold, the ark of the c of all the earth passeth ov Jordan.

12 Now therefore take you the tribes of Israel, out of ev

13 And it shall come to p soles of the feet of the priest the LORD, the Lord of all th the waters of Jordan, *that* t shall be cut off *from* the wat from above; and they shall s

14 ¶ And it came to pass removed from their tents, t and the priests bearing th nant before the people;

15 And as they that bare unto Jordan, and the feet of the ark were dipped in the br Jordan overfloweth all his b harvest,)

16 That the waters which above stood *and* rose up up from the city Adam, that *is* b those that came down tow plain, *even* the salt sea, faile and the people passed over ri

17 And the priests that bare nant of the LORD stood firm midst of Jordan, and all th over on dry ground, until a passed clean over Jordan.

4 AND it came to pass, ple were clean passed ov LORD spake unto Joshua, say

2 Take you twelve men out every tribe a man,

3 And command ye them, hence out of the midst of Jord where the priests' feet stood and ye shall carry them over them in the lodging place, w this night.

4 Then Joshua called the tw had prepared of the childre every tribe a man:

5 And Joshua said unto th fore the ark of the LORD your of Jordan, and take ye up e stone upon his shoulder, a number of the tribes of the ch

6 That this may be a sign am

Berlin from the West, averaging 8000 tons per day. General Clay reflected the tone of the now open East–West conflict:

> When Berlin falls, western Germany will be next. . . . If we withdraw, our position in Europe is threatened. If America does not understand this now, does not know that the issue is cast, then it never will and Communism will run rampant.[30]

Although the successful airlift forced the Russians to back down in May 1949, the Berlin crisis had hastened the formation of two Germanies. Each side called for union, but on its own terms. Unable to get its own terms, each side built a bastion on that part of Germany that it controlled. The western Federal Republic of Germany became a sovereign state in September 1949. The eastern German Democratic Republic came into existence the following month.

A World in Two Blocs, 1947–49

As early as March 1946, former British Prime Minister Winston Churchill lent his gift for phrase-making to the opening East–West conflict in Europe:

> From Stettin in the Baltic to Trieste in the Adriatic, an iron curtain has descended across the continent.[31]

Western observers were already deeply disturbed by their exclusion from any role in the states bordering on the Soviet Union (Poland, Romania, Bulgaria) and from those self-liberated states with powerful Communist movements (Yugoslavia, Albania). American policy had carried forward into peacetime the basic assumption that, as Roosevelt warned Stalin in a telegram in October 1944, "there is in this global war literally no question, either military or political, in which the United States is not interested."[32] Stalin, who observed that the Soviet Union had equally little to say in the occupation policies applied to Italy and Japan, worked on quite different premises.

> This war is not as in the past; whoever occupies a territory also imposes his own social system. Everyone imposes his own system as far as his armies can reach. It cannot be otherwise.[33]

While the West could do nothing about Eastern Europe short of marching in a new army, the southern frontiers of the Soviet Union were much more fluid. The three areas of contention there from 1945 to 1947 were Iran and the two states that controlled access to the Black Sea, Turkey and Greece. Emerging conflicts in these areas led the United

[30]Lucius D. Clay, *Decision in Europe* (Garden City, N.Y., 1950), p. 361.
[31]Excerpt from a speech given at Westminster College, Fulton, Missouri, March 6, 1946.
[32]Sherwood, p. 834.
[33]Quoted in Milovan Djilas, *Conversations with Stalin*, trans. Michael B. Petrovich (New York, 1962), p. 114.

Europe in the 20th Century

States to create a new policy of military alliances and worldwide armed intervention to match its postwar ideal of "one world," a global Open Door accessible to American trade and influence.

Soviet and British troops had been stationed in Iran since 1941 to counter German influence. In 1946 the Russians sponsored independence movements among northern border minorities, the Kurds and Azerbaijanis, and demanded a share in Iranian oil rights. With British support and a favorable United Nations resolution behind it, the Iranian government suppressed the border nationalities and then cancelled the draft oil contract, while Stalin decided not to press the issue.

Turkey controlled passage from the Black Sea to the Mediterranean, and the Soviet government brought pressure to bear on the Turkish government to revise the Treaty of Montreux (1936) by which the Turks could close the Straits to warships in time of war, thereby sealing the Russians up in the Black Sea. The Turks refused, again with British support.

The British were also deeply involved in the extremely bitter civil war between the Greek royal government and Communist movements spawned by the wartime resistance. Although Stalin had given the Greek Communists little support at the beginning (apparently honoring his understanding with Churchill of October 1944), important aid began to come from Greece's neighbor, Communist Yugoslavia.

In the spring of 1947, beset by worldwide commitments and dwindling resources, the British passed all these responsibilities to the United States. On March 12 President Truman laid down the new principles of American foreign policy in a message to Congress asking for emergency appropriations to aid Turkey and Greece:

> I believe that it must be the policy of the United States to support free people who are resisting attempted subjugation by armed minorities or by outside pressures.

Although Congress voted funds only for the specific purpose of aiding Greece and Turkey, the Truman Doctrine committed the United States publicly to intervene in any area in the world that threatened to come under Communist control.

The economic counterpart to this new active American involvement was the Marshall Plan, a sweeping program of economic aid to Europe announced by Secretary of State George C. Marshall in a commencement speech at Harvard in June 1947. The United States offered substantial sums of money for restoring European prosperity—both East and West—on condition that the European recipient states join together to plan its most effective use. The American aim, Marshall said, was "the revival of a working economy in the world so as to permit the emergence of political and social conditions in which free institutions can exist."

From a Soviet point of view, Marshall Plan aid seemed likely to draw

any nation that received it into the American economic orbit. When Czechoslovakia agreed to participate, and Poland and Hungary appeared interested, the Soviet Union stepped in and blocked them. Over the next four years, the United States contributed $12 billion for the European Recovery Program, all of which went to Western Europe. The Soviet reaction had helped solidify the division of Europe into two closed camps.

Looking at the world in 1947, Stalin could see that Russian aspirations had been checked in the south, and that his experiment with multiparty regimes under Communist supervision in a ring of "friendly" states on the western borders[34] did not afford iron-clad security. The desire of some Eastern European states to affiliate with the Marshall Plan revealed the Western economies' powers of attraction. And the vagaries of multiparty systems left open the possibility of Communist electoral setbacks. In late 1947 and early 1948, therefore, Stalin cracked down hard on Eastern Europe. He replaced the multiparty regimes with full Communist control in all the areas he could influence.

The assumption of outright Communist power in Czechoslovakia in February 1948 may have been Stalin's defensive response to the prospect of serious Communist losses in forthcoming elections. But the "Prague *coup*" did more than any other single act to convince the West that Stalin's expansionist appetite was insatiable. The independence of Czechoslovakia was a tender point for all who remembered the West's betrayal at Munich in 1938. Czechoslovakia's President Eduard Beneš had aroused cautious optimism in the West by his success between 1945 and 1948 in trading off subordination in foreign policy to the Soviet Union against an internal political system that provided some degree of personal freedom and electoral expression. When Stalin brought that compromise to an end, he persuaded most Westerners that no compromise was possible with him.

The establishment of full Communist control in Hungary during the summer of 1948 and the Berlin Blockade of June 1948 confirmed Western alarm. The response was a military alliance against the Soviet Union. The North Atlantic Treaty Organization of twelve Western states (1949) faced 250 Russian divisions in Eastern Europe, later organized into the Warsaw Pact (1955). The real strength of these two alliances, however, lay with the two superpowers who faced each other as mortal enemies. Europe, split in two, seemed likely to become their battleground.

[34]The evolution from multiparty National Fronts in Eastern Europe in 1946 to outright Communist control by 1948 is explored more fully in Chapter 17, pp. 528–35.

Robert O. Paxton
Columbia University

EUROPE IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

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1975

Even the Second World War had failed to destroy the basic elements of European dynamism. To be sure, many former European markets and resources in Latin America, Africa, and the Pacific had slipped into United States hands, and European businessmen surveying the wreckage of their continent could hardly expect to compete in the future with the new Western colossus. In Eastern Europe, reparations to Russia and the diversion of old trade patterns to the Soviet bloc were additional burdens. The very destruction of war, however, offered opportunities to rebuild with the latest technology. The skills and imagination of these sophisticated peoples were intact. Refugees offered cheap and willing labor. The European birth rate was rising, a sign of revived hope and a stimulus to buying.

Marshall Plan aid from the United States further stimulated the pace of recovery in Western Europe. Over seven years, from 1947 to 1954, the European Recovery Program poured $12 billion into the sixteen participating nations. This aid amounted to $29 for each inhabitant of West Germany, $33 per capita for Italy, $72 for France, $77 for England, and $104 for Austria. At American insistence, the aid was funneled into European development through an international agency, the Organization for European Economic Cooperation (OEEC), which attempted to encourage freer trade and rational planning on a continentwide basis, steps toward the open world market that was an aim of American policymakers. Their more immediate aim was to provide an emergency remedy for hopeless poverty, which Americans believed could only feed revolution and aid communism. The Marshall Plan was clearly intended to serve the interests of the United States, but it just as clearly served the material interests of those Western Europeans who began to prosper again in the early 1950s.

Even critics of the Marshall Plan do not deny its share in Western European economic revival. The direct injection of capital funds for reconstruction in a temporarily dislocated but advanced region had far more effect than similar aid to underdeveloped regions. "The Marshall Plan had worked because the Europeans had the technical know-how and capital resources to turn every dollar of American aid into six dollars of capital formation."[10]

Critics have charged the Marshall Plan, however, with subjecting Western Europe to the American economy. That subordination, of course, was the result of far wider forces. While Europe was economically prostrate, the necessity of importing food, fuel, and manufactured goods (mostly from the United States) produced an enormous dollar gap: Europeans had to spend more dollars to import necessities than they could earn by selling goods to Americans. This gap was the reason for the great scarcity of dollars in European hands and the very high value of dollars in exchange for pounds, francs, marks, or lire. In the long run, no doubt, the Marshall Plan helped prepare the way for greater European economic independence by stimulating production; in

[10]Walter La Feber, *America, Russia and the Cold War, 1945–67* (New York, 1967), p. 180.

the short run, however, its stimulus widened the dollar gap, since revived prosperity only promoted more imports from the United States.

During the depression of the 1930s or under fascist autarky, such disparities in currency values would have been taken care of by trade restriction, barter devices, and currency controls. The Americans, supported by liberal European economists, were determined to replace these closed economic defenses with a free international market in the postwar world. The Bretton Woods Agreement of July 1944 was the cornerstone of this system: the forty-four participating nations committed themselves to the freest possible trade and currency exchange after the war, and to fixed currency exchange rates, with the International Monetary Fund[11] standing by to smooth over temporary maladjustments in international monetary exchange and keep exchange rates steady. These "administered" exchange rates were an attempt to achieve the commercial freedom of the nineteenth-century gold standard without the dangers of that system's cyclical fluctuations in a highly distorted postwar world economy.

Under the Bretton Woods Agreement, the dollar retained a privileged place in Europe for twenty-five years after the war. Individual Americans could live better than kings in Europe. They casually bought up centuries' accumulation of silver and art objects. American firms could purchase European subsidiaries with ease, threatening the independence of European economies. American economic power made it more difficult for European governments to oppose American policies, such as German rearmament, or resist repeated devaluations of the pound, the franc, or the lira to keep the open economy going.

The Soviet Union declined to participate in the Bretton Woods system. And, as noted in the preceding chapter, when some of its Eastern European clients (Poland, Hungary, and Czechoslovakia) showed interest in the Marshall Plan, the Soviet leaders began in 1947 to install one-party regimes and tie the Eastern European economies more tightly to Russia. A measure of prosperity came to Eastern Europe only in the 1960s. Thus the reconstruction of Europe took place under conditions that widened the differences between East and West.

The Labour Government in Britain, 1945–51

After the bitter 1930s, few Europeans believed that a free market could regulate an economy both justly and effectively in peacetime. Most of them believed that some degree of governmental direction and planning was a permanent necessity. Moreover, virtually all European governments now accepted the basic welfare of all citizens—health, housing, education, a living income—as part of their normal responsibilities.

[11]The IMF is an international fund intended to provide temporary support to currencies under heavy selling pressure in international exchanges and thus avoid forced devaluations, such as that of the pound in 1931. It began operating in 1946 with assets of $8.5 billion, 25 percent supplied by the United States, and kept non-Communist currencies convertible at fixed rates, by periodic support or devaluation, until the early 1970s.

Concentration camps have been employed for several purposes. Western countries have established them during emergencies for temporary internment. Totalitarian states have built them as integral components of government. The Soviet variety has been used for general terrorization of the people and special exploitation of the prisoners. The Nazis maintained camps for large-scale killings as well.

Western Camps. The modern concentration camp first appeared at the turn of the century. In the Boer War the British commander, Lord Kitchener, decreed on Dec. 27, 1900, that the families of Boer guerrilla fighters be gathered in "concentration camps." By February 1902, 117,000 Boers were interned in 46 sites. Overcrowding, unhygienic conditions, and a sparse diet led to many cases of pneumonia, measles, dysentery, and typhoid fever. The death toll in these camps is variously estimated from 18,000 to 26,000.

More recently, concentration camps have emerged on several continents during upheavals or insurrections. In 1942, during World War II, 110,000 persons of Japanese ancestry were removed from Pacific coast areas in the United States to 10 "relocation centers" in the interior. The evacuation, which was demanded by Lt. Gen. John L. DeWitt of the Western Defense Command, was approved by executive order and made enforceable by law. The camps, which had schools and newspapers, were guarded by military police and controlled by the War Relocation Authority.

In the course of the Mau Mau rebellion of Kikuyu tribesmen in Kenya during the 1950's, the British general Sir George Erskine decided upon the arrest and detention of persons suspected of supporting or supplying the rebels. Some 80,000 Kikuyu were thereupon concentrated in "emergency detention camps" to be "cured" of "lawless violence" and prepared for "rehabilitation." By February 1959, all but 1,100 had been released.

Communist Camps. Russia has long sent its political prisoners to remote, cold regions for forced labor. In imperial times this mode of imprisonment was known as the "galley" (*katorga*); later, the Communists designated their installations as "corrective labor camps."

Shortly after the Bolshevik Revolution "class enemies" were dispatched to camps on the Solovetski Islands in the White Sea. Later, the Soviet regime established an elaborate legal and administrative framework for a concentration camp system. The criminal code provided, in articles 58 and 59, for punishment of "crimes against the state." Article 58 dealt with "counter-revolutionary crimes," including "wrecking," "diversion," and "propaganda and agitation" against the regime. Article 59 defined "crimes against the administration" such as "pillage" and breach of labor discipline. The interpretation of these articles was elastic: they could be applied retroactively, and they could be made effective against acts not specifically mentioned in the code. One of the punishments for "crimes against the state" was detention in a camp.

Mass arrests followed in waves during the 1930's and 1940's. The first wave engulfed independent peasants (*kulaks*) and "wreckers." The second was an indiscriminate roundup in the purges. Following the annexation of new territories by the USSR in 1939 and 1940, the police picked up a number of Lithuanians, Latvians, Ukrainians, and Poles. After 1943 there was an infusion of persons suspected of collaboration with the Germans, plus Axis prisoners in the Soviet Union and Soviet prisoners of war returning from captivity. At least five million people were swept into the camps during these years.

The Soviet state police had overall control of the camp network. Known first as the Cheka, the police apparatus was renamed the GPU in 1922 and the OGPU in 1923. In 1934 the OGPU gave way to the NKVD, which was restyled the MVD in 1946. On the eve of the great camp expansion in 1930, the OGPU formed as one of its departments the Central Administration for Corrective Labor Camps (GULAG). The GULAG—which later became part of the NKVD and MVD—operated the installations through its "production" organs (inmate employment), "administrative" organs (housekeeping), and "regime" organs (guards, or VOKHR).

By the late 1940's there were five major camp complexes: the Dalstroi in the Far East, ranging along the Kolyma River to Magadan; the Taishet-Komsomolsk cluster, covering the Lake Baikal-Amur River region; Pechora in the European far north, including the Kotlas and Vorkuta camps; the White Sea aggregation at Archangel; and Karaganda in Kazakhstan. Well over 100 individual camps have been identified.

For more than two decades the camps played an important role in the Soviet economy. The state plan of 1941 allocated to the NKVD 17% of all capital construction, as well as 1.2% of all industrial output, including 3% of the coal mining, 12% of the timber, almost half of the chrome, and two thirds of the gold production. Most of the forced labor took place in stark surroundings. Often prisoners worked long days in icy areas, wearing ragged clothes and guarded by dogs. In 1953 and 1954, strikes and mutinies broke out in the camps. Conditions began to improve and on Oct. 25, 1956, the GULAG was transformed into GUITK (Central Administration for Corrective Labor Colonies) to indicate the withering away of the forced labor system.

After World War II, the institution of the corrective labor camp spread to several other Communist countries, from Albania to mainland China. Their criminal codes and general offices for "reform through labor" closely resembled the Soviet prototype. In China alone several million "reactionaries," "bandits," and "illegal landlords" appear to have become slave laborers.

Nazi Camps. Immediately after the rise to power of the German Nazis in 1933, eager Nazi party regional chiefs (*Gauleiters*), the State Police, the SA (storm troopers), and the SS (Hitler's elite guard) set up concentration camps. After a while, one man emerged in sole charge: the *Reichsführer*-SS Heinrich Himmler. The nucleus of Himmler's camp organization was Dachau, and an early Dachau commander, Theodor Eicke, became the first inspector for concentration camps.

In prewar days two principles were employed for the imprisonment of inmates in a camp. One was the "security arrest" of persons suspected of "tendencies" against the state, flexibly applicable to Communist or socialist functionaries, purged Nazis, Jehovah's Witnesses, opponents in the clergy, and Jews. The other criterion was the "preventive" arrest of "asocials" such as Gypsies, prostitutes, and homosexuals, and of "habitual criminals," that is, persons who had served sentences for crimes and might commit them again.

CONCEPCIÓN, Chile, is the home of the University of Concepción. The university's main entrance is shown here.

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RAUL HILBER

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CONCEPCIÓN, Chile, is the home of the University of Concepción. The university's main entrance is shown here.

J. ALLAN CASH, FROM RAPHO GUILLUMETTE

When war broke out in September 1939, the camps contained 21,000 people, but in the next few years a new and much greater influx began that included: members of resistance movements, removed to concentration camps under the "night and fog" decree; convicts from German and Polish prisons; and Soviet prisoners of war. By far the largest transports, however, consisted of Polish, Ukrainian, and Russian workers impressed in the occupied east for forced labor, and Jews who were to be gassed.

The camp network grew with the number of arrivals. There were now three kinds of authorities in control of camps. The first was the Economic-Administrative Main Office (WVHA), in which the old Inspectorate functioned as Office Group D. By August 1944 the WVHA centrally administered 20 concentration camps and 165 satellite labor camps in Germany and occupied Europe. The inmate count in the WVHA camps jumped from 88,000 at the end of 1942, to 224,000 in August 1943, 524,000 in August 1944, and 714,000 in 1945. The second group of camps was set up by regional SS chiefs—the Higher SS and Police Leaders—for temporary or pressing needs. The third group consisted of camps erected by Axis satellite states under German influence.

Inmates were usually worked to the point of death in camp maintenance, SS construction projects, SS industries, and private enterprises such as the I. G. Farben chemical company. Invalids and the sick were intermittently killed. In several camps, notably Dachau, Buchenwald, and Auschwitz, doctors performed often fatal "medical experiments" on prisoners.

The systematic gassing of Jews took place in Auschwitz, Treblinka, Belsen, Sobibor, and Chelmno in German-occupied Poland. Mass shootings of Jews occurred in Lublin as well as the Rumanian camps Bogdanovka, Dumanovka, and Akmecetka.

About 4 million inmates died in Nazi camps. Three quarters of these victims were Jews, and almost half of all the deaths were accounted for by Auschwitz and Treblinka alone. But none of these figures includes another 5 million victims who died under other circumstances.

RAUL HILBERG, *University of Vermont*

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CONCEPCIÓN, kôn-sep-syôn', a city in south central Chile, the capital of Concepción province and one of the country's largest cities, is situated on the Bío-Bío River, 6 miles (10 km) from the Pacific Ocean. It is a manufacturing, commercial, and rail center, with extensive shipping facilities at Talcahuano, its port on Concepción Bay, about 8 miles (13 km) to the northwest. Near the port are the sites of Chile's principal steel plant (the Huachipato plant) and of a major oil refinery, completed in 1966. These serve as the nucleus of an expanding industrial complex. Concepción's older industries include textile mills, tanneries, shoe factories, and glass, cement, and pulp and paper plants. Agricultural communities surround the city, which lies in Chile's principal farming region.

The University of Concepción, founded in 1919 and financed by municipal lotteries, has numerous faculties and schools. Its School of Agriculture is southern Chile's most important center for agronomical studies. The hub of Concepción's public life is the Plaza de Armas, around which are government buildings and the cathedral. Concepción was founded by Pedro de Valdivia in 1550 on a site several miles from its present location. Several times during its history, notably in 1570, 1730, 1751, and 1939, it has been devastated by earthquakes and tidal floods and subsequently rebuilt. As a result, it has few relics of the past. Population: (1964 est.) 170,034.

LAURENCE R. BIRNS
The New School for Social Research

CONCEPCIÓN, kôn-sep-syôn', is the chief commercial center of northern Paraguay and the capital of Concepción department. It is on the Paraguay River about 125 miles (200 km) north of Asunción, which is reached from Concepción by air or by river streamer. The city has sawmills and is an outlet for products of the Chaco region—cattle, yerba maté, and quebracho. Part of its trade is with Brazil, to which it is linked by road to the border town of Ponta Porã, Brazil. Population: (1962) 18,232.

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Preface

America emerged out of obscurity into history only some four centuries ago. It is the newest of great nations, yet it is in many respects the most interesting. It is interesting because its history recapitulates the history of the race, telescopes the development of social and economic and political institutions. It is interesting because upon it have played most of those great historical forces and factors that have molded the modern world: imperialism, nationalism, immigration, industrialism, science, religion, democracy, and liberty, and because the impact of these forces upon society is more clearly revealed in its history than in the history of other nations. It is interesting because, notwithstanding its youth, it is today the oldest republic and the oldest democracy and lives under the oldest written constitution in the world. It is interesting because, from its earliest beginnings, its people have been conscious of a peculiar destiny, because upon it have been fastened the hopes and aspirations of the human race, and because it has not failed to fulfill that destiny or to justify those hopes.

The story of America is the story of the impact of an old culture upon a wilderness environment. America skipped, as it were, the first six thousand years of history and emerged upon the historical scene bold and mature; for the first settlers were not primitive but civilized men, and they transplanted here a culture centuries old. Yet the New World was never merely an extension of the Old. It was what its first settlers anticipated and its founding fathers planned—something new in history. For the unconquered wilderness, confronting the pioneer from the Atlantic to the gleaming Pacific, profoundly modified inherited institutions, and the intermix-

F. REGIONAL SECURITY

Our vital interests include defense of key forward theaters, usually with the assistance of local friends and allies. This chapter describes our planning goals with respect to areas of importance to U.S. national security objectives. It discusses U.S. force commitments, command relationships, and specific defense programs (unilateral and multilateral) in each region.

1. Regional Interests and U.S. Defense Planning

Over the next several years, we could find ourselves facing serious challenges in a number of areas around the globe -- perhaps simultaneously. In the last year alone, we have dealt with incidents and crises in such widely separated places as Lebanon, Chad, Central America, and the Caribbean. The Soviet destruction of Korean Airlines Flight 007 and the Rangoon bombing have served as brutal reminders that political tensions in the Far East also remain at a high level. Underlying political tensions and increasing Soviet-bloc intervention capabilities combine to create the conditions for unanticipated crises in many other areas. Our plans and programs must, therefore, focus on strengthening our ability to respond effectively, with military force if necessary, in several strategically important areas, and in circumstances ranging from small-scale incidents to major military operations.

The need to deal with these strategic realities has led us to deploy substantial combat forces in Western Europe and the Pacific region in peacetime, while simultaneously withholding in the continental United States large numbers of active and reserve forces, some of which have the ability to deploy rapidly to trouble spots. As this chapter describes, we are particularly interested in improving our ability to deploy sizable combat forces to Europe (as reinforcements) and to Southwest Asia, an area where we do not maintain major peacetime deployments.

2. Western Europe/North Atlantic Treaty Organization (NATO)

NATO is unique among our alliances in that it provides, in peacetime, a comprehensive structure for political and military coordination that helps ensure an effective coalition defense posture. U.S. support of NATO's multilateral programs becomes particularly important as the Alliance implements the mandate provided by the June 1982 NATO Summit to strengthen NATO's defense posture, with special emphasis on conventional forces.

The vast majority of U.S. defense efforts in Europe are undertaken within the multilateral framework of NATO, or as bilateral arrangements that have a direct relationship to NATO objectives. These activities are extensive and varied, and our contributions to them complement those of our 15 allies. The resulting security benefits are far greater than we could obtain from comparable unilateral endeavors and expenditures.

Chart III.F.1
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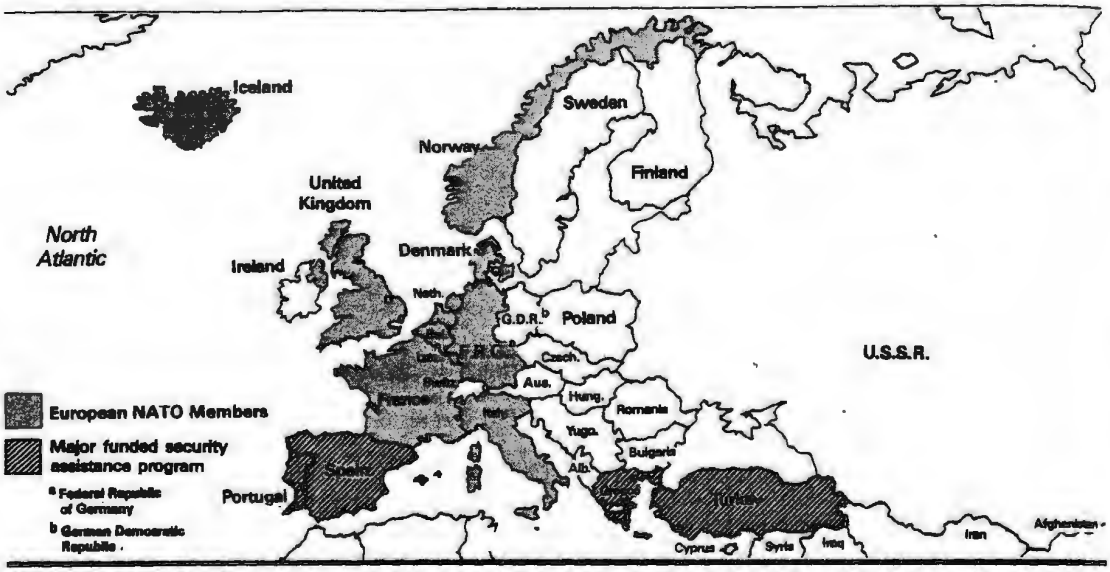

a. U.S. Forces for NATO

Under NATO arrangements, most national forces in Europe remain under national command in time of peace. They are ready to come under NATO command in times of emergency or war.

We currently maintain in Europe four Army divisions and three separate brigades, along with 28 Air Force squadrons. Our goal is to be able to increase our forces in Europe to ten Army divisions and supporting Air Force squadrons and one Marine Amphibious Brigade within ten days of a decision to reinforce. In order to achieve this important goal, U.S. programs for prepositioning materiel and for improving airlift and sealift forces, as well as European programs for providing reception and related facilities, must be completed.

The Second Fleet is in place in the Atlantic and the Sixth Fleet in the Mediterranean. In the event of an emergency, these would be reinforced as worldwide maritime conditions permitted.

b. NATO Nuclear Planning

NATO's Nuclear Planning Group (NPG) is responsible for coordinating matters involving NATO's nuclear forces. At the present time, all members of the Alliance except Iceland and France are represented on the NPG and its subsidiary for special projects, the "High-Level Group" (HLG).

The HLG prepared the analyses and recommendations that led to NATO's December 1979 decision to deploy new, longer-range intermediate-range nuclear force (LRINF) missiles (Pershing II and ground-launched cruise missiles). A separate study group, set up under the North Atlantic Council, laid the groundwork for the other half of the two-part December 1979 decision: the commitment to seek, through negotiations with the Soviet Union, limitations on LRINF missiles. The HLG also conducted the study of Alliance nuclear needs that led to the October 1983 NPG decision to withdraw 1,400 nuclear weapons from Europe over the next five to six years. U.S. initiatives and programs in support of NATO's LRINF modernization and arms control goals are discussed in Part I and in the Nuclear Forces chapter of this report.

c. NATO Conventional Force Improvement Planning and Programs

NATO sets objectives for national force improvements, particularly in the field of conventional defense, by establishing "Force Goals." These goals take existing national capabilities as a baseline and establish, for each nation and in priority order, the steps the Alliance believes should be taken to improve them. The existing Force Goals call for a level of national effort based on annual real increases of 3% in national defense expenditures plus an additional "reasonable challenge" effort. In general, the United States and its allies are making significant progress toward achieving their Force Goals, particularly by modernizing their ground, tactical air, and naval forces -- improvements that are absolutely necessary to respond to the Warsaw Pact's own major improvement effort.

In the current economic situation, however, several NATO governments have set their defense spending at a level somewhat below a 3% real annual increase, in some cases reducing operations and training costs, in other cases delaying modernization plans. We will continue to press for adequate allied funding to achieve the Force Goals.

NATO is placing special emphasis on its air defenses. A great deal of effort has been put into developing a revised plan for air defense in Europe. A key feature of the plan will be the deployment of the U.S. Patriot surface-to-air missile system as a replacement for all Nike and some Hawk units in the Central Region.

To this end, in October 1982 we began exploratory talks with the Federal Republic of Germany (FRG) on possible joint solutions, based on equivalent contributions, to the problem of point and area air defense of air bases in Germany. The negotiations between the United States and the FRG have led to subsequent talks with the Netherlands and Belgium. We believe that joint air-defense arrangements will contribute to the important objective of more equitable burdensharing within the Alliance, and we welcome the support received from the Congress for these cooperative efforts.

A second area of special planning for improving NATO's conventional capability lies in the field of "emerging technologies." Because NATO's forces are outnumbered by the Warsaw Pact in some important categories -- armor, for example -- it is essential that the Alliance retain a qualitative lead in weapons technology by exploiting new opportunities in advanced weapons, munitions, command and control, intelligence, and communications. We will continue to work closely with our NATO partners to sustain the momentum of the emerging technologies effort and to encourage maximum allied participation in it.

craft are receiving radar modifications to enhance air-to-air target detection ranges and will also be modified to carry advanced medium range air-to-air missiles. Production of F-15s and F-16s will continue into the 1990s.

Soviet Ground Forces

Out of a total of 194 active tank, motorized rifle and airborne divisions in the Soviet force, 65 are located in the western USSR, 30 in Eastern Europe and an additional 20 in the Transcaucasus and North Caucasus Military Districts (MDs). All these divisions would likely be committed to offensive operations against NATO. In addition to these forces, 17 low-strength divisions, centrally located in the USSR, constitute the Strategic Reserves. For operation in the Southern Theater the Soviets have in place six divisions in the Turkestan MD and four engaged in combat operations in Afghanistan. These forces would be reinforced by the 20 divisions from the Caucasus MDs if they were not engaged against NATO. Soviet forces for operations in the Far East are composed of 52 tank and motorized rifle divisions. The six Warsaw Pact Allies of the Soviet Union have a total of 55 active divisions, which, collectively with Soviet divisions, amount to 249 combat divisions. Many of these divisions, most notably those in the interior of the USSR, are at low stages of readiness.

The Soviets also maintain 17 mobilization bases, predominantly in the western USSR, that could form additional combat divisions. These bases usually contain the combat equipment needed to form new divisions and would require augmentation in manpower and a substantial amount of training before they could be committed to combat operations.

While technological improvements to hardware continue throughout the Soviet force, priority is given to the forces opposite NATO, giving them the capability to conduct rapid offensive operations, characterized by shock action, massive firepower and high mobility. Surface-to-air, surface-to-surface missiles, air and air defense assets have already been discussed. Additionally, the Soviets continue to modernize and expand ground equipment such as tanks, artillery and helicopters.

Tanks: The Soviet tank force has been undergoing a major upgrade since the mid-1960s, when the first truly modern post-World War II tank, the T-64, was introduced. The first model of the T-64 was followed by at least one improved version, the T-64A, and several variants of the T-72. The most modern Soviet tank, the T-80, featuring nuclear, biological, and chemical protection and enhanced firepower and survivability, is in production; more than one thousand have been deployed to the Groups of Soviet Forces in Eastern Europe. A dramatic shift in the pro-

Main Battle Tanks

	M-60A1/3 PATTON	M-1 ABRAMS
		
WEIGHT (MT)	51	55
SPEED (KM/HR)	50	70
MAIN ARMAMENT	105-mm	105-mm
MUZZLE VELOCITY (MPS)	1,350	1,350

USSR Main Battle Tanks

	T-54/55	T-62	T-64	T-72	T-80
					
WEIGHT (MT)	36	37	35	41	42
SPEED (KM/HR)	50	50	50	60	60
MAIN ARMAMENT	100-mm	115-mm	125-mm	125-mm	125-mm
MUZZLE VELOCITY (MPS)	1,400	1,600	1,750	1,750	1,750

"Believe me, Lang, the first twenty-four hours of the invasion will be decisive . . . the fate of Germany depends on the outcome . . . for the Allies, as well as Germany, it will be the longest day."

—Field Marshal Erwin Rommel
to his aide, April 22, 1944

FOREWORD

D Day, Tuesday, June 6, 1944

Operation Overlord, the Allied invasion of Europe, began at precisely fifteen minutes after midnight on June 6, 1944—in the first hour of a day that would be forever known as D Day. At that moment a few specially chosen men of the American 101st and 82nd airborne divisions stepped out of their planes into the moonlit night over Normandy. Five minutes later and fifty miles away a small group of men from the British 6th Airborne Division plunged out of their planes. These were the pathfinders, the men who were to light the dropping zones for the paratroopers and glider-borne infantry that were soon to follow.

The Allied airborne armies clearly marked the extreme limits of the Normandy battlefield. Between them and along the French coastline lay five invasion beaches: Utah, Omaha, Gold, Juno and Sword. Through the predawn hours as paratroopers fought in the dark hedgerows of Normandy, the greatest armada the world had ever known began to assemble off those beaches—almost five thousand ships carrying more than two hundred thousand soldiers, sailors and coastguardmen. Beginning at 6:30 A.M. and preceded by a massive naval and air bombardment, a few thousand of these men waded ashore in the first wave of the invasion.

What follows is not a military history. It is the story of people: the men of the Allied forces, the enemy they fought and the civilians who were caught up in the bloody confusion of D Day—the day the battle began that ended Hitler's insane gamble to dominate the world.

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D-DAY

Forty Years After the Great Crusade

June 6,

The anniversary will be a state occasion. Queen Elizabeth will cross the channel in the Royal Yacht, *Britannia*. Other chiefs of the old Alliance—Reagan and Mitterrand and Trudeau, the Queen of The Netherlands, the King of the Belgians—will assemble for the ceremonies before some of them go on to an economic summit in London. They will fly in helicopters over the famous beaches—Omaha, Utah and the rest. They will inspect the surf through which the invaders struggled 40 years ago, young amphibians buffeted by waves and torn by crossfires. Their landfall, in a chaos of metal and smoke and dead bodies, began the end of the thousand-year Reich.

Ordinary Americans and Englishmen and Canadians and others, now in late middle age, will come as well. They will wander over the pastoral killing ground. They will search in the cemetery at Colleville-sur-Mer for the graves of friends they fought beside. They will think of themselves singing as they set off from England, "Glory, glory, what a hell of a way to die . . ." They will remember exactly the spot where they were pinned down by German machine guns, or where a shell blast sent a truck pinwheeling. They will go up again to Pointe du Hoc and shake their heads again in wonder at the men who climbed that sheer cliff while Germans fired down straight into their faces. The veterans will take photographs. But the more vivid pictures will be those fixed in their minds, the ragged, brutal images etched there on the day when they undertook to save European civilization.

The ceremonies in Normandy will celebrate the victory and mourn the dead. They will also mourn, almost subliminally, a certain moral clarity that has been lost, a sense of common purpose that has all but evaporated. Never again, perhaps, would the Allies so handsomely collaborate. The invasion of Normandy was a thunderously heroic blow dealt to the evil empire. Never again, it may be, would war seem so unimpeachably right, so necessary and just. Never again, perhaps, would American power and morality so perfectly coincide.

For one thing, it is difficult for history, more than once every few centuries, to invent a villain like Hitler and then propel him to such enormous power. The bad guys are rarely so horrible—although this century has been rather richly cast. Normandy in

,1944

later years became an almost unconscious reply to the pacifist view of war, for Operation Overlord led to the final destruction of a tyranny that was deemed more terrible than war itself.

Besides, the terms of war changed in the world. After Normandy and Eisenhower's "Crusade in Europe" came Hiroshima, and then the cold war and the pervasive, sinister presence of the Bomb that has made crusades more problematic. If a confrontation like Normandy were to transpire now between superpowers, a struggle to the death, it might be called Armageddon.

Normandy was, of course, a joint Allied operation. But the Americans, from Eisenhower down, dominated the drama. The invasion, in a way, was a perfect expression of American capabilities: vast industrial energy and organizational know-how sent out into the world on an essentially knightly mission—the rescue of an entire continent in distress. There was an aspect of redemption in the drama, redemption in the Christian sense. The Old World, in centuries before, had tided westward to populate the New. Now the New World came back, out of the tide, literally, to redeem the Old. If there has sometimes been a messianic note in American foreign policy in postwar years, it derives in part from the Normandy configuration. America gave its begotten sons for the redemption of a fallen Europe, a Europe in the grip of a real Satan with a small mustache. The example of Hitler still haunts the Western conscience and the vocabulary of its policy (*Munich* and *appeasement,* for example). But when the U.S. has sought to redeem other lands—South Viet Nam, notably—from encroaching evil, the drama has proved more complex. The war in Viet Nam, in fact, had many Americans believing that the evil resided in themselves.

So the experience of Normandy, bloody as it was, has a kind of moral freshness in the American imagination, a quality of collective heroic virtue for which the nation may be wistful. *Liberation* meant something very wonderful and literal then. It had not acquired the cynical, even Orwellian overtone one hears in, say, "the liberation of Saigon." And there were things that seemed worth dying for without question. Today the questions always seem to overshadow the commitment. The morals of sacrifice, so clear then, are more confusing now. ***—By Lance Morrow***

D-Day

TIME/MAY 28, 1984

COVER STORIES

"Every Man Was a Hero"

Forty years later, a military gamble that shaped history is recalled

"From this day to the ending of the world,
. . . we in it shall be remembered,—
. . . we band of brothers;
For he today that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother."
—King Henry V

The wind howled in the darkness as they went to the meeting. It was just before 4 a.m. on June 5, 1944, and the rain slashed at them "in horizontal streaks," Dwight Eisenhower recalled later. The commanders of Operation Overlord were gathering around the fireplace in the library of Southwick House, outside Portsmouth, to hear a Scottish group captain named J.M. Stagg predict the next day's weather. On the basis of Stagg's calculations, Eisenhower would have to decide whether to give the attack order to the nearly 3 million troops assembled in southern Britain for the greatest seaborne invasion in history, the assault on Hitler's Atlantic Wall.

Just the previous day, Stagg had warned that a gale would strike on June 5, and Eisenhower had reluctantly ordered a 24-hour postponement of D-day. The first troopships, already at sea, had to be called back. But now that the storm was actually upon them, Stagg offered what he called "a gleam of hope for you, sir." The next day, June 6, there would be some clearing of the skies, a break of perhaps 36 hours, no more. The cloud ceiling over the Normandy beaches would be about 3,000 feet, the waves only about three feet high.

The risks were tremendous. Postponement would mean another month before the moon and tides would again be so favorable, yet a miscalculation now might end in enormous casualties, perhaps even a shattering defeat. "I . . . sat silently reviewing these things, maybe, I'd say, 35 or 45 seconds . . ." said Eisenhower, who had reviewed these same things many times before. "I just got up and said, 'O.K., we'll go.' "

It has been written that there is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune. Until Eisenhower made his decision, and until the highly uncertain outcome of D-day was assured, it was still theoretically possible that Hitler might yet win the war, or at least achieve a stalemate that would leave him the master of most of Europe.

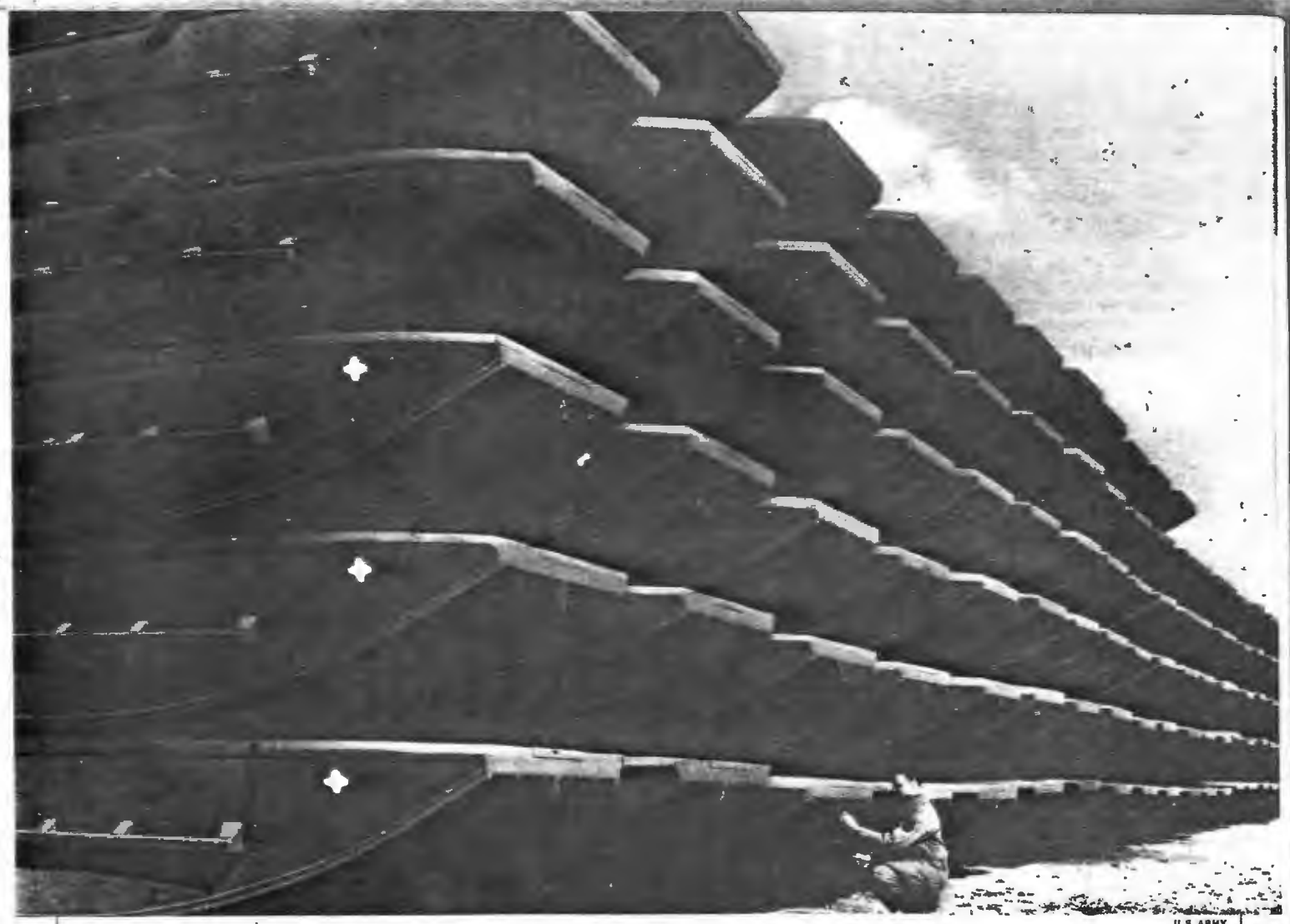
The Allies had regained a great deal since the darkest days of 1941 and early 1942, when the Germans' panzer divisions swept to within 40 miles of Moscow and their Japanese allies struck at Pearl Harbor, the Philippines, Malaya. The hitherto invincible Japanese navy had been checked at the Battle of Midway in June 1942, the Soviets held fast at Stalingrad, and the Anglo-American invasion of North Africa that autumn inspired Churchill to say that although victory there might not be the beginning of the end, it was perhaps "the end of the beginning."

Now, two years later, the Soviets had smashed all the way to the Polish frontier; the Americans had pushed northward to the gates of Rome; fleets of Allied bombers were steadily pulverizing all the major cities of Germany. But Hitler's battle-hardened force of 7 million men still dominated an empire extending 1,300 miles from the Atlantic to the Dnieper, and his scientists were on the verge of unsheathing their promised victory weapons, the long-range V-1 buzz bomb and V-2 rocket.

When and where to attack Hitler's *Festung Europa* was a question that the Allies had been debating for years. After Pearl Harbor, many American military leaders were adamant that the fight against Japan receive top priority. But the Army Chief of Staff, General George C. Marshall, and Marshall's head planner, Brigadier General Eisenhower, argued for a strategy of throwing all possible resources into an invasion of France and the over-

Omaha Landing

Drenched by the waning storm in the English Channel, and seasick as well, American troops heading for Omaha Beach hunker down as German shells burst near their landing craft. Many of the heavily burdened troops had to scramble out into neck-deep water with machine-gun bullets splashing all around them. At least ten of the landing craft foundered, as did 27 of the amphibious tanks assigned to provide support in establishing the beachhead.



U.S. ARMY

Buildup for Battle

In southern Britain, stacks of pontoons await shipment to France, where they were used to erect bridges. The two-year preparations for D-day required the greatest supply buildup in history: 2 million tons of weapons, mountains of K rations and candy bars, all bound for an artificial harbor named Port Winston.

throw of Hitler. Their major reason: the Soviets in 1942 were in full retreat, suffering heavy casualties and warning that the whole eastern front might collapse. Roosevelt and Churchill promised Stalin that they would open a second front by 1943.

Despite that promise, however, the British were haunted by the debacle of 1940, when they barely escaped destruction by evacuating their defeated army from Dunkirk just before the fall of France. They were no less haunted by the enormous bloodletting of World War I. "Memories of the Somme and Passchendaele," as Churchill put it, ". . . were not to be blotted out by time or reflection." Churchill persuaded Roosevelt to delay a risky assault on France and strike an easier target: North Africa. When that proved a swift success, the British continued urging a "Mediterranean strategy": an invasion of Sicily, an advance up the Italian peninsula. But the Italian campaign turned slow and bloody, and the American generals in Europe re-emphasized their basic plan to invade northern France, Operation Overlord. Marshall passionately wanted to take command of the operation himself. When Roosevelt insisted that he could not spare him, Marshall assigned the task to Eisenhower, by then a four-star general. Eisenhower went to London in January 1944 to lead what he was to call, on D-day itself, "a great crusade."

The Germans knew an invasion was inevitable. "An Anglo-American landing in the West will and must come," Hitler told his key commanders that spring, but he added, "How and where it will come no one knows." The obvious place to attack was the coastal bulge known as the Pas de Calais, only 20 miles across the English Channel from Dover. That was where Field Marshal Erwin Rommel, whom Hitler had assigned to defend the Atlantic Wall, expected the landing to come. Rommel deployed his whole Fifteenth Army there, 208,000 men, to defend every mile of beach. "The first 24 hours will be decisive," he said.

The Allies went to great lengths to nourish this German illusion. They repeatedly bombed and shelled the Calais area as though to soften it up for an invasion. They even created an illusory docking area near Dover, complete with inflated rubber tanks, fake landing barges, dummy warehouses and barracks. Eisenhower assigned his friend, Lieut. General George S. Patton Jr., to command a largely phantom "First United States Army Group," which sent out messages about imaginary activities of the nonexistent troops. The British, meanwhile, created a fictitious "Fourth Army" in Edinburgh to threaten an invasion of Norway. The British were secretly monitoring the German response to the Allies' feints with ULTRA, the system by which the British had cracked the German code and could eavesdrop on all German military radio traffic.

The real goal, of course, was the crescent-shaped row of beaches along the northern coast of Normandy. They lay 100 miles from the great British ports of Southampton and Portsmouth, a span that no invader had successfully crossed in nearly three centuries. The Allies spent two years turning all of southern Britain into an arsenal and point of departure. They built 163 new airfields. They shipped in 2 million tons of weapons and supplies, 1,500 tanks, mountains of food and fuel. Since the targeted beachfront lacked harbors, Allied engineers built two enormous artificial harbors that could be towed across the Channel and moored in place once the beaches were won.

D-day was supposed to be early in May, but when British Field Marshal Sir Bernard L. Montgomery took up his post as

The Strategists

Memorable figures on both sides. Clockwise from upper left: Supreme Allied Commander Dwight Eisenhower, the military diplomat, as he wishes luck to parachutists of the 101st Airborne just before their departure for the drop on Normandy; Britain's tempestuous Field Marshal Sir Bernard Montgomery, operational commander of land forces, briefing reporters on the campaign's progress; Germany's independent-minded Field Marshal Erwin Rommel, who was charged with defending the Atlantic Wall; and Lieut. General Omar Bradley, the quiet, self-effacing commander of the U.S. First Army.

Eisenhower's deputy for ground forces that January, he immediately balked at the preliminary plans for a 25-mile-wide invasion front. He told Eisenhower, who already had strong misgivings of his own, that the front must be much broader, about 50 miles, so that the Allies could land at least five divisions, instead of the planned three. The planners said they did not have enough landing craft for such an expansion. Get them, said Montgomery. That was impossible by the May deadline, said the planners. Then change the deadline, said Monty.

This was the final plan: 58,000 men from the U.S. First Army under General Omar Bradley would attack on the western section, at two strips code-named Omaha Beach and Utah Beach. To the east, a force of 75,000 men, drawn mostly from Lieut. General Sir Miles Dempsey's British Second Army but also including a Canadian division and an assortment of French, Polish and Dutch troops, would invade three adjoining beaches, Gold, Juno and Sword. Some 16,000 paratroopers from the U.S. 82nd and 101st Airborne Divisions would drop in first to guard the western flank against counterattacks, and 8,000 men of the British 6th Airborne would seize and guard the eastern flank.

On the German side, Rommel had some 500,000 men strung out along an 800-mile front from Holland to Brittany, and he knew only too well how vulnerable they were. Since the bulk of German power was committed to the Russian front, his 213,000-man Seventh Army, charged with defending Normandy, was an untested force, filled out with middle-aged conscripts and unreliable recruits from Eastern Europe. Only 70,000 of the defenders were stationed near the targeted beaches. The Luftwaffe's fighter defenses had been seriously depleted in two years of air battles, and the remnants were in the process of being pulled back to defend the Reich itself. Three crack panzer divisions stood ready as a reserve, but Rommel could not count on them, for Hitler insisted on retaining personal control over their movements. Only recently had Rommel succeeded in organizing a crash program to install 1 million mines a month along the heavily barricaded beaches.

The most serious German failure, though, was in military intelligence. Apparently because of the bad weather, neither naval patrols nor reconnaissance planes maintained surveillance of the invasion preparations on the crucial last day before the landing. German meteorologists assured their commanders that the storm would prevent any Allied attack, and that prediction prompted Rommel to take a quick trip home. His wife's birthday happened to fall on June 6. When Rommel heard the news from Normandy at his home near Ulm, he could only say, "How stupid of me! How stupid of me!"

German intelligence had managed to learn in advance that when the BBC broadcast a sequence of two well-known lines of Verlaine's poetry, it was announcing to the French underground that the invasion would begin within 48 hours. At 10:15 p.m. on June 5, a German radio monitor with the Fifteenth Army in Calais heard the second line, *"Blessent mon coeur d'une langueur monotone"* (Wound my heart with a monotonous languor). The monitor warned his superiors; they ordered an alert, but nobody ever passed the word to the Seventh Army. These German intelligence failures and Eisenhower's daring gamble on the weather combined to give the Allied commander the one great weapon that he absolutely had to have: surprise.

Unaware of the German lapses, the Allies agonized until the last moment about the tremendous risks they were taking. "I am very uneasy about the whole operation ..." said Sir Alan Brooke, chief of the Imperial General Staff, as late as June 5. "It may well be the most ghastly disaster of the whole war." In that same final week, Eisenhower's British deputy for air operations, Air Chief Marshal Sir Trafford Leigh-Mallory, formally protested to Ike about the planned American parachute assault, which he said would result in the "futile slaughter" of two fine divisions.

Eisenhower could hardly help being troubled. "I went to my tent alone and sat down to think," he said. If he canceled the airdrop, that would leave the invaders of Utah Beach vulnerable to a German counterattack. He decided to stick to his plan. There is often, at such times, a sense of fatalism, of something preor-


U.S. AIR FORCE

Command of the Air

Unopposed A-20 bombers from the U.S. Ninth Air Force attack German coastal defenses. Allied air superiority proved critically important throughout the Normandy campaign, first in softening up German positions, then in guarding the invaders on the beaches and finally in harassing German tanks moving forward for counterattacks. Germany's dwindling supply of fighters had been moved back to defend the Reich itself against punishing Allied bombing raids.

dained. General Matthew B. Ridgway, commander of the 82nd Airborne, felt it no less strongly. "Sometimes, at night," he recalled, "it was almost as if I could hear the assurance that God the Father gave to another soldier, named Joshua: 'I will not fail thee nor forsake thee.' "

Eisenhower spent that last night among the men of the 101st Airborne, who called themselves the Screaming Eagles. They had blackened their faces with burnt cork, and many had shaved their heads so that they looked like Indian warriors. They were tense and nervous, weighed down with not only rifles, pistols, knives and grenades but also cigarettes, first-aid kits, fresh socks, about 100 lbs. in all. Eisenhower's talk was simple but encouraging: "Where are you from, Soldier? Did you get those shoulders working in a coal mine? Good luck to you tonight, Soldier."

As the long line of twin-engine C-47s began taking off at seven-second intervals from Welford shortly after 10 p.m., Eisenhower stood there watching, his hands sunk deep in his pockets. He went on watching until the last plane circled into the darkness overhead. A correspondent standing near him said the general's eyes were full of tears. That same afternoon, after he watched the first troop convoys preparing to depart, Eisenhower had scribbled a strange note for himself, a message that would be ready if everything ended in disaster: "Our landings . . . have failed . . . The troops, the Air and Navy did all that bravery and devotion to duty could do. If any blame or fault attaches to the attempt it is mine alone."

The 822 C-47s flew in tight, nine-plane V formations across the English Channel, an armada of shadows, only their lavender

than three hours to cross the Channel, then they dropped to 700 ft. to make their landing run. Suddenly they plunged into the turbulence of a thick bank of clouds. The pilots reflexively separated to avoid collision. As they emerged from the blinding clouds, sheets of flak began exploding all around them. Sergeant Louis Truax saw his plane's left wing hit, and then the paratroopers went sprawling. "One man dived out the door headfirst," he said. "I grabbed the ammo belt . . . of the man I thought next and gave him a heave out nose first. The next man made it crawling. Then I dived."

Some men were dropped miles from their landing sites, some were dropped far out at sea, some were dropped so low that their parachutes never opened. Private Donald Burgett recalled that they "made a sound like large, ripe pumpkins being thrown down against the ground." The 101st's commander, Major General Maxwell Taylor, was dropped at 500 ft. and said later, "God must have opened the chute."

There was another unforeseen hazard. The Germans had permitted a number of rivers to flood the fields, and many paratroopers landed with their burden of supplies in three or four feet of water. Father Francis Sampson, a Catholic chaplain, sank into water over his head and just barely managed to cut himself free from his chute. Then he had to dive down five or six times to retrieve his equipment for saying Mass. Private John Steele had a different kind of religious problem: his parachute caught on the steeple of the church in Ste.-Mère-Eglise, so he played dead while German patrols prowled the streets below. A stray bullet hit him in the foot. He watched another ammunition-laden paratrooper land on a burning house and explode. Others were shot while hanging in trees. After two hours, a German finally spotted Steele, cut him down and took him prisoner. American forces later rescued him when they occupied the town, the first in France to be liberated.

All night long the scattered paratroopers worked to re-establish contact, snapping cricket noisemakers to locate each other. (Most of their radios had been lost, along with 60% of their other supplies.) Sometimes the cricket sound drew German gunfire, but more often it brought lonely stragglers together into makeshift units (others remained lost for days). "When I began to use my cricket," General Taylor recalled, "the first man I met in the darkness I thought was a German until he cricketed. He was the most beautiful soldier I'd ever seen, before or since. We threw our arms around each other, and from that moment I knew we had won the war."

Sometimes a single man could overcome absurd odds. Staff Sergeant Harrison Summers of the 101st was ordered to take 15 men and attack a German artillery barracks known only as WXYZ, actually a cluster of stone farm buildings. When the 15 showed signs of reluctance, Summers somewhat recklessly decided to goad them by leading the charge himself. He kicked in a door and sprayed the room with his submachine gun. Four Germans fell dead, and the rest ran out a back door. None of Summers' men had followed him, so he alone charged the second building; the Germans fled. By this time, one of Summers' men was providing covering fire as Summers burst into the third and fourth buildings, killed twelve Germans and chased out the rest. A private crept up and said to Summers, "Why are you doing it?" Said Summers: "I can't tell you." Said the private: "O.K., I'm with you." At the next building, the Americans killed 30 more Germans. Then they found 15 Germans inexplicably eating breakfast and shot them all. At the last building, the support gunner's tracers set the roof on fire, and an additional 30 Germans stumbled out to be shot down.

To the east, the British 6th Airborne had a somewhat easier time of it. Landing close to their targets just after midnight, the glider troops and parachutists caught the Germans by surprise. By dawn they had captured their main objectives, the bridges across the Orne and Dives rivers, securing the eastern flank of the British landing site.

The American assault from the Channel was set for 6:30 a.m. In the first gray and misty light, the sea suddenly appeared full of ships, some 5,000 vessels of every variety, and from the giant bat

Widening the Breach

U.S. troops and equipment kept pouring onto Omaha Beach after the D-day victory to reinforce units pressing inland. Barricades implanted by the Germans were a major obstacle to the first wave of invaders, right; but once the beaches could be partly cleared, Allied convoys funneled enormous quantities of supplies across the Channel from England, including more than 80,000 trucks and other vehicles during the first eleven days. The average G.I. used an estimated 30 lbs. of food, ammunition and other supplies every day.

ROBERT CAPA—MAGNUM

trained their 14-in. guns on German artillery batteries atop the cliffs towering over Omaha Beach; the *Nevada* and three cruisers pounded nearby Utah Beach. Twelve miles offshore, thousands of infantrymen scrambled down sheets of netting into the boxlike landing craft that began chugging toward the heavily mined and barricaded shore. Aboard the flagship *Augusta*, General Bradley stood with ears plugged by cotton and watched through binoculars as the vanguard of the 1st and 29th Infantry Divisions waded slowly into German machine-gun fire on Omaha Beach. "The commanders who are engaged report that everything is proceeding according to plan," Churchill was to announce proudly in the House of Commons at noon that day. "And what a plan!"

To the top commanders, everything is always part of a plan, but to the ordinary soldiers in the landing craft, the invasion seemed more like a series of fragments that added up to chaos. The storm that was supposed to have died down still churned up waves four and five feet high, and the landing craft wallowed through them. White-capped waves slurped over the sides. Seasickness became epidemic. Drenched, shivering, scared and loaded down with almost 70 lbs. of wet battle gear, they had to keep bailing.

At least ten of the 1,500 small landing craft foundered. One lost 30 men out of 32 aboard. Others took shellbursts and a steady pinging of bullets against the steel sides. Still others collided with the jagged obstacles and barbed wire that the Germans had embedded along the beach. The heavily burdened invaders had to scramble out into neck-deep water, or worse. A number of amphibious craft loaded with artillery turned back. Armored units had an even harder time. Their Sherman DD tanks were outfitted with devices that were supposed to keep them afloat while they lurched ashore, but of the first 32 launched, 27 sank in the choppy waves and plunged to the bottom, taking most of their helpless five-man crews with them.

"Bullets tore holes in the water around me and I made for the nearest steel obstacle . . ." said Robert Capa, the only photographer to go ashore with the first troops. "Fifty yards ahead of me, one of our half-burnt amphibious tanks stuck out of the water and offered me my next cover . . . Between floating bodies I reached it, paused for a few more pictures and gathered my guts for the last jump to the beach . . ."

Lieut. Edward Tidrick was hit in the throat when he jumped into the water. Another bullet hit him as he lay on the beach. He gasped out a last command: "Advance with the wire cutters!" There were no wire cutters; they had been lost in the blood-streaked water.

Everywhere there were noise, explosions, gunfire and wrenching cries for help. "Medico! Medico! I'm hit! Help me!" Aboard one landing craft, a German shell struck a flamethrower strapped to one soldier's back. The explosion set the whole landing craft on fire, and it burned all day long, the fire punctuated by explosions from the craft's ammunition supply.

Captain Charles Cawthon of the 29th Division managed to reach cover under the embankment at the far end of Omaha Beach, and there he found that his gun was clogged with salt water and sand. "The embankment was strewn with rifles, Browning automatics and light machine guns, all similarly fouled," he recalled. "Except for one tank that was blasting away from the sand toward the exit road, the crusade in Europe

at this point was disarmed and naked before its enemies."

Several officers desperately tried to move their pinned-down men off the beach. But there were only four heavily defended exit roads and the bluffs ahead. "They're murdering us here!" cried Colonel Charles D. Canham, commander of the 116th Regiment, a blood-soaked handkerchief around his wounded wrist. "Let's move inland and get murdered."

Brigadier General Norman ("Dutch") Cota, assistant commander of the 29th Division, waved his .45 pistol as he strode heedlessly through the gunfire. When he found a cluster of soldiers in the shelter of the embankment, he asked them who they were. They said they were Rangers. "Then, goddammit," said the general, "if you're Rangers, get up and lead the way." They did. Under the cover of a brushfire that had been started by the Navy shelling, 35 men managed to scale the bluffs and get behind the German gun positions.

Another unit of 225 Rangers under Lieut. Colonel James Rudder was dispatched to Pointe du Hoc, a 100-foot-high promontory four miles west of Omaha and ten miles east of Utah. Their assignment: to knock out six heavily defended German 155-mm guns that could command both beaches. They fired rocket-propelled grappling hooks up to the top of the cliff and then began the fearful climb up ropes and ladders. The Germans splattered the oncoming Rangers with machine-gun fire, grenades, even boulders, and they managed to cut several of the ropes on which the Rangers were inching upward. By the time Rudder's men had seized the cratered cliff (and radioed back, "Praise the Lord"), only 90 of the 225 could still bear arms. And the German guns they had fought to capture they found hidden in an orchard a mile away, apparently moved as a result of earlier air raids.

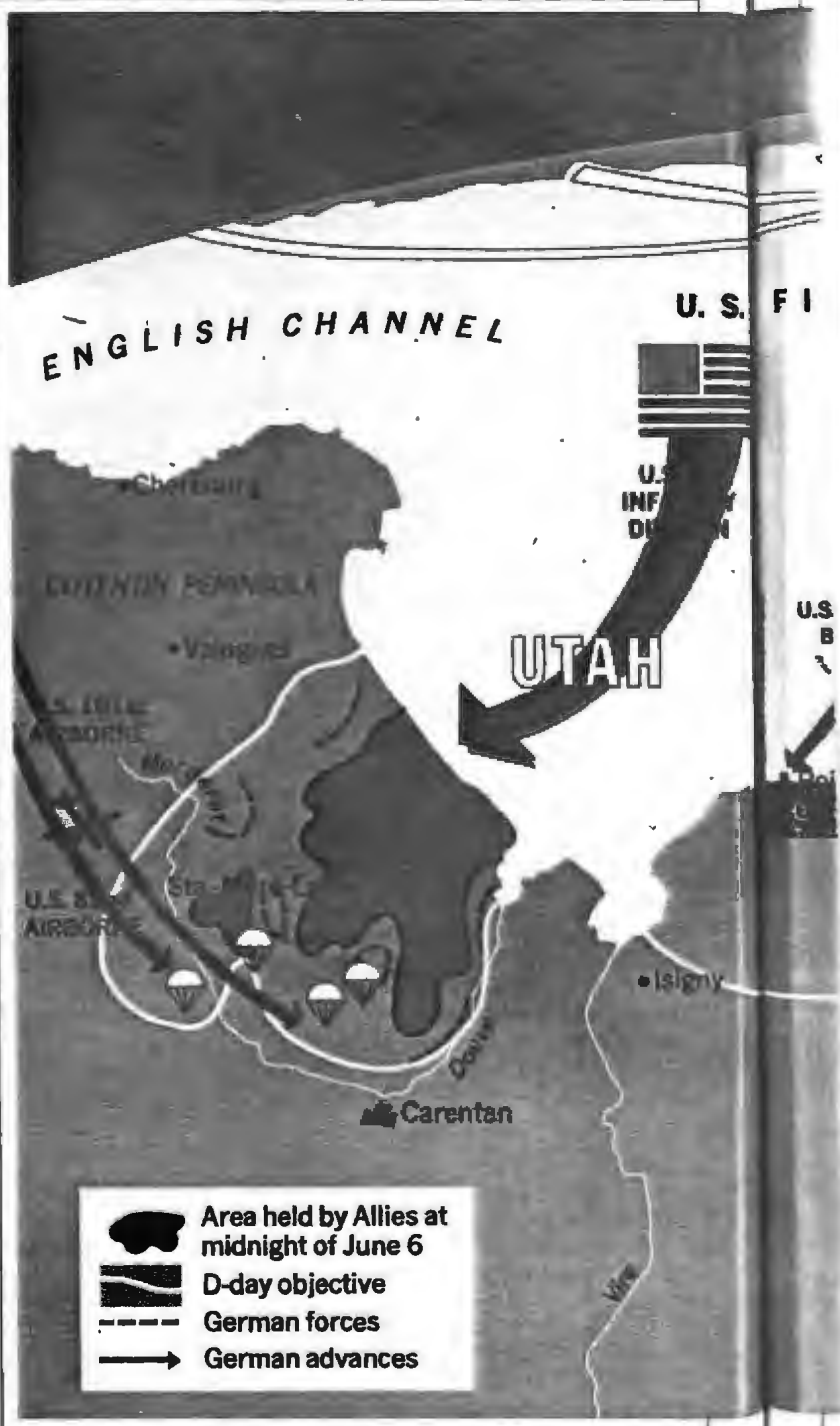
The ships, meanwhile, kept ferrying in more troops, more guns, more supplies. Major Stanley Bach of the 1st Infantry Division managed to scribble a few notes: he saw a landing craft hit three mines. "Navy men go flying through the air into the water. They never come up." He saw a shell hit a beached landing craft, "flames everywhere, men burning alive." And again: "Direct hit on 2½-ton truck gasoline load; another catches fire . . . men's clothes on fire . . . attempt to roll in sand to put out flames."

And still the Navy kept bombarding the coast. "The destroyers had run in almost to the beach and were blowing every pillbox out of the ground with their five-inch guns," wrote Ernest Hemingway, who watched from one of the landing craft. "I saw a piece of German about three feet long with an arm on it sail high up into the air in the fountaining of one shellburst. It reminded me of a scene in *Petrouchka*."

When General Bradley first spotted the faint shapes of his soldiers' corpses scattered along the beach, he began to fear that "our forces had suffered an irreversible catastrophe." He even considered abandoning Omaha Beach and diverting the reinforcements to Utah. But at 1:30 that afternoon he finally got a radio message that said, "Troops formerly pinned down . . . advancing up heights." Later, when the "nightmare" was all over, he could only say, "Every man who set foot on Omaha Beach that day was a hero."

By the end of D-day, the Americans held the ridge of cliffs overlooking Omaha Beach, and had pushed about a mile inland. They had landed two-thirds of their forces and suffered more than 90% of their casualties there. East and west of Omaha Beach, the landings had gone much more successfully. The U.S. 4th Division had seized Utah Beach with relatively little opposition and joined forces with the paratroopers who had been dropped near Ste.-Mère-Eglise. The British and Canadians had overwhelmed their three beaches and advanced about three miles inland toward the city of Caen. All told, the Allies had landed five divisions, some 154,000 men. It was a very precarious grip on the European mainland, but for this day, it would suffice.

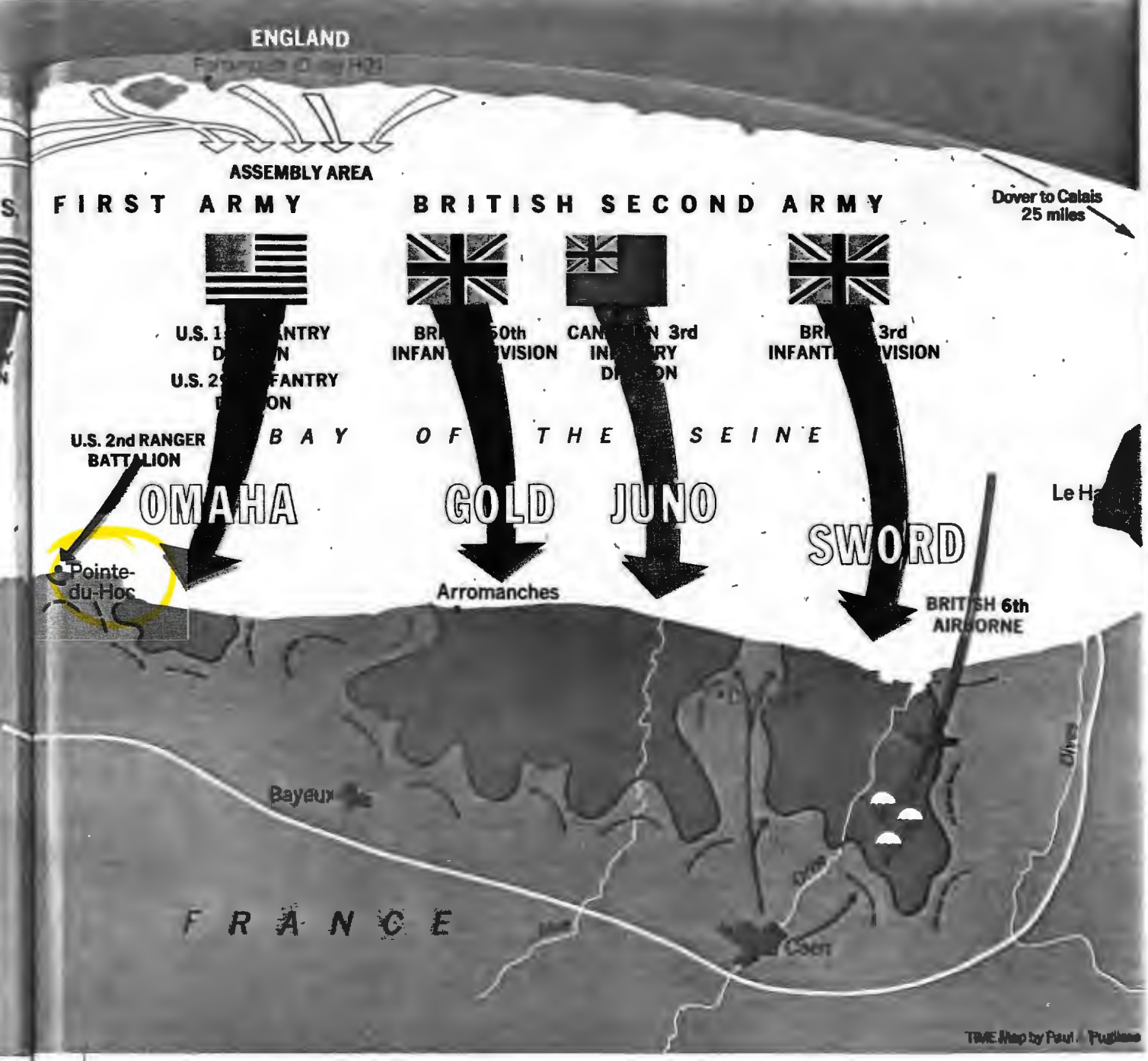
Victory did not come cheap. The American losses reported for that day were grievous: 1,465 killed, 3,184 wounded, 1,928 missing. The British, who never announced their losses, were estimated to have suffered 2,500 to 3,000 casualties. Canadian casualties came to 946. Total Allied casualties: about



10,000. Estimates of German casualties: 4,000 to 9,000.

If there were mistakes and failures on the Allied side, they were insignificant compared with the blunders by the Germans. Not only did Rommel spend D-day speeding through the countryside, not only had the Luftwaffe withdrawn all the planes that were needed in Normandy, but the armored regiments that should have been thrown into the defense of Omaha Beach could not move without direct orders from Hitler, and Hitler's aides refused to wake him before 9:30 a.m.

When he did get up and hear the news, he persisted in believing that the Normandy invasion was just a feint, that he still had to guard against the real invasion that would occur at Calais. Not until ten hours after the Normandy landings did the first tanks of the 21st Panzer Division go into action against the British, and the British beat them back. When Rommel finally returned to his headquarters that night, he found his chief of staff, Lieut. General Hans Speidel, listening to Wagnerian opera records. One of Rommel's aides protested, but Speidel coolly answered, "You don't think that my playing a little music is going to stop



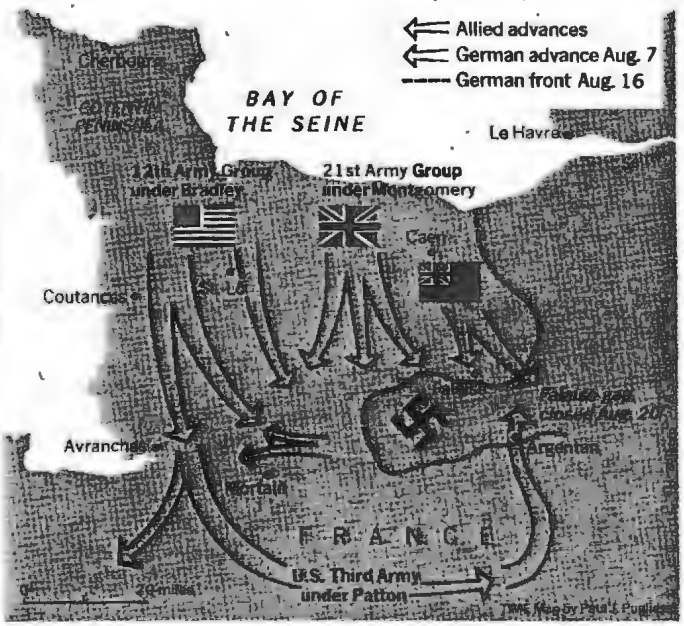
By then, nothing was likely to do that. The Americans kept pouring in; by the end of July, more than 800,000 had landed. With them came an almost unimaginable flood of equipment. Each day the average G.I. used up to 30 lbs. of food, ammo, gasoline and other supplies. More than 80,000 trucks and other vehicles landed in the first eleven days after D-day. Sixty million packs of K rations arrived in the first three weeks. Then came ice-cream machines, filing cabinets, blankets.

After the beaches had been secured on D-day, the first order of business was to organize a breakout. It had been an important part of Montgomery's strategy that British forces should thrust inland some 20 miles on D-day itself, well beyond Caen, a commercial crossroads. Partly out of caution, partly out of weariness, the vanguard of the British I Corps halted for the night about halfway there, some four miles north of the city. Compared with the victory on the beachhead, the failure to reach Caen that first day seemed a minor shortcoming. Montgomery even invited Churchill on June 10 to visit his forward headquarters in a lake-studded Norman château, and Churchill admired "the prosperity of the countryside . . . full of lovely red and white cows basking or parading in the sunshine."

The conquest of Caen was considered essential for Allied armor to break out of the checkerboard hedgerows of Normandy and move on to the plains leading to Paris. But Montgomery's British forces could not manage to rout the two panzer divisions that had quickly established themselves on the outskirts of Caen. In the first week, the British tried a direct assault; toward the end of June, they tried two encircling attacks. Each time they failed. On the night of July 7, some 450 heavy bombers pounded Caen, and only then did the Germans begin to evacuate the rubble.

Montgomery's failure aroused severe criticism. "Montgomery went to great lengths explaining why the British had done nothing," General Patton wrote bitterly in his diary. There was talk of removing the temperamental Montgomery, and Churchill almost urged it. Other critics* have faulted not only Montgomery but some of his commanders and troops, who seemed to have become cautious, unimaginative, war-weary.

*For example, Max Hastings, author of a skillful new study, *Overlord*, due out next month.



U.S. ARMY

ROBERT CAPA—MAGNUM

Allied Breakout

Two months of bloody stalemate ended with a U.S. breakthrough at St.-Lô, an ill-fated German counterattack toward Avranches, and Allied encirclement of Germans near Falaise. At right, U.S. antitank unit fires on German armor, and U.S. ambulances bring wounded soldiers back to the beach for transfer to Britain.

If so, it was painfully understandable, for the British alone had been fighting courageously against Hitler ever since the war began. While France collapsed and the Soviets stood as temporary allies of Germany, Churchill told his people that he had "nothing to offer but blood, toil, tears, and sweat," and for five long years they had proudly pledged themselves to that offer.

On June 27, Major General J. Lawton Collins' VII Corps captured Cherbourg (after the besieged Germans had destroyed most of the port facilities), but the Americans remained just as penned in as the British. More than 1 million men now appeared stalemated on a front of no more than 100 miles, and while neither side could win a decisive advantage in the swampy and hedgerowed terrain, both suffered heavy losses. "We were stuck," said Corporal Bill Preston of the 743rd Tank Battalion. "Something dreadful seemed to have happened in terms of the overall plan."

It was Bradley, working away with colored crayons on a set of maps in the seclusion of his tent, who figured out the solution that was to become known as Operation Cobra. "I said I didn't want to stand up and slug, but . . . at one time we were going to have to," Bradley told an aide. "Afterward we can make the breakthrough and run deep."

The point Bradley chose for slugging was a road that ran westward from the gutted city of St.-Lô toward a town called Périers. He picked "Lightning Joe" Collins to seize that road. At a cost of 5,000 casualties, the 29th and 35th Divisions finally captured the heights just west of St.-Lô.

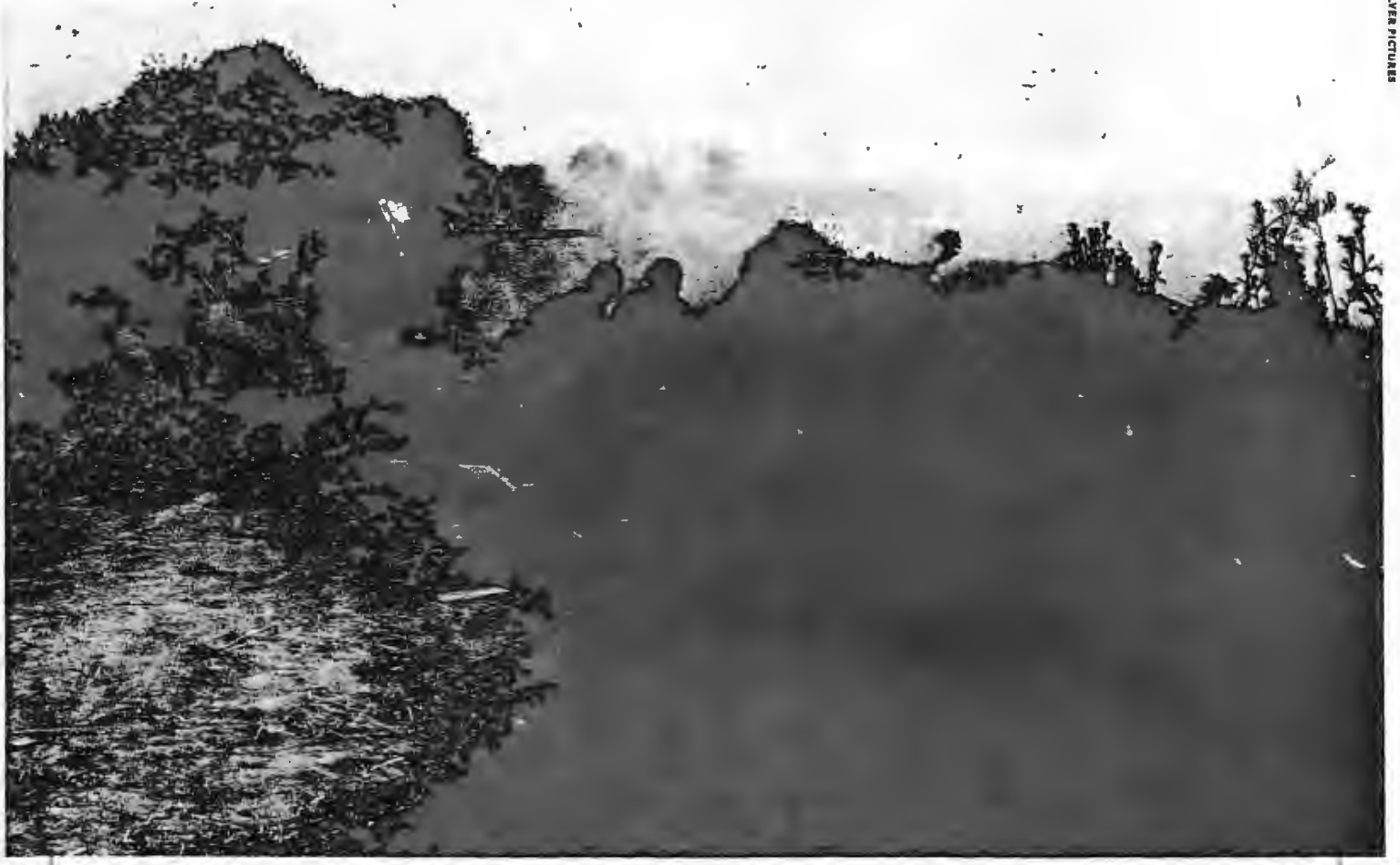
Collins had discovered a secret weapon to get his tanks by Normandy's dense hedgerows. A sergeant in the 2nd Armored Division devised a way to attach to the front of a tank a pair of saw-toothed tusks, made from the steel barricades that once obstructed the landing beaches. These tusks could hack through a hedgerow in a few minutes.

Once the breakthrough came, it came quickly. Within a week after Collins' men had seized the St.-Lô–Périers road, General Patton's newly organized Third Army started to push south and in one day advanced 40 miles into Brittany. "Whether the enemy can still be stopped at this point is questionable," German headquarters near Paris warned Hitler. "The enemy air superiority is terrific and smothers almost every one of our movements . . . Losses in men and equipment are extraordinary."

Hitler launched his "retaliation" against Britain scarcely a week after D-day: some 2,300 V-1s hit London that summer, killing 5,400 civilians more or less at random. But this new terror weapon failed to achieve Hitler's hope of somehow reversing Germany's military fortunes. On June 23, the Soviets launched a gigantic midsummer offensive across a 300-mile front east of Minsk and demolished 28 German divisions within a month. On July 20, Hitler's own Wehrmacht officers turned against him. Colonel Count Claus von Stauffenberg planted under Hitler's conference table a bomb that was supposed to kill the Führer. A shaken and partly deafened Hitler survived to wreak vengeance on the conspirators (even Rommel, who was not directly involved, was forced to take poison) and to add a manic streak to his own supervision of the war.

Hitler's top generals urged him to pull back from Normandy and establish a new defensive line on the Seine. Hitler refused. He ordered Field Marshal Günther von Kluge, his commander in the west, to launch an immediate counterattack against the American breakthrough force. Into this he flung not only the battered remnants of the Seventh Army but also the Fifteenth Army, which had been at the Pas de Calais awaiting the invasion that never came. Their mission: to cut through American lines to the port of Avranches and isolate the twelve American divisions that Patton had led south into Brittany.

Bradley was delighted at the prospect: "This is an opportunity that comes to a commander not more than once in a century," he gloated to a visitor from Washington. "We are about to destroy an entire hostile army." As the Germans plunged westward, Bradley began creating an enormous pincer to encircle them. Patton's tanks raced eastward toward Argentan while the British moved south from Caen toward Falaise. When Von Kluge's offensive hit the American lines near Mortain, it hit hard. But the Americans held until reinforcements could reach them. "What a sight they



Bloody Skirmishes

U.S. antitank unit, pinned down by sniper fire in a Normandy field, opens up on a house believed to be the source of firing. "I didn't want to stand up and slug," said General Bradley, "but at one time we were going to have to."

were, coming off the hill!" one lieutenant said, recalling that moment toward the end of the six-day battle when the relief troops arrived.

Then Bradley began to close his pincers. Patton's forces reached Argentan on Aug. 12, and Bradley ordered Patton to halt there and wait for the British to reach Falaise. But it took another week before Canadian forces finally closed the trap. During that time, a sizable number of German troops managed to escape through the unclosed pincer, but a good many more failed. Within the trap, ten German divisions were taken prisoner, and bodies lay everywhere, some 10,000 in all. "It was literally possible," said Eisenhower, "to walk for hundreds of yards at a time, stepping on nothing but dead and decaying flesh." Bulldozers were called in to sweep away the carnage.

And so the battle for Normandy was over, and when it was, the end of the war was in sight. "If by the coming winter you have freed beautiful Paris from the hands of the enemy," Churchill had said to Eisenhower shortly before D-day, "I will assert the victory to be the greatest of modern times." Said Eisenhower: "Prime Minister, I assure you that the coming winter will see the Allied forces on the borders of Germany itself." It took less than a week after the closing of the Falaise gap, until Aug. 24, for the Allies to reach the gates of Paris. There was lots of hard fighting ahead—the Battle of the Bulge, Arnhem, not to mention Iwo Jima and Okinawa—but the Allied victory was now inevitable.

But what if it had all gone differently back there on the beaches of Normandy? What if the Luftwaffe had been there to bomb and strafe the invaders? What if the panzers had moved in quickly for a counterattack? What if the storm had suddenly worsened? What if the whole landing force had been destroyed on the beach?

Hitler once indulged in some sanguine speculations. "Once the landing has been defeated, it will under no circumstances be repeated by the enemy," he told aides. Roosevelt would be defeated in the 1944 elections, "and, with luck, he would finish up somewhere in jail." Even Eisenhower, a natural optimist, thought a defeat on D-day "might mean the complete redeployment to other theaters (*i.e.*, the Pacific) of all United States forces."

More probably, the consequences would have been somewhat less apocalyptic. The Allies were all deeply and emotionally committed to the destruction of Nazism, and American industrial power was already more than making up for the depletion of British and Soviet resources. The odds are that the Allies would have reorganized their forces and invaded all over again, perhaps aiming at southern France or the Balkans. And the atomic bomb was well under way. The war had to be won.

When the fighting ended, both victors and vanquished found themselves in a world that had been changed forever. Most important, perhaps, was that the U.S., long a second-rank power primarily concerned with its own affairs, was now the world's unique superpower. "The U.S. became conscious of its world role and of its duty toward the world," says former French Foreign Secretary Maurice Schumann, who waded ashore with a British unit on D-day. "That feeling remains."

Scarcely less important, though, was that the battered and backward Soviets had also won themselves a major role in the world. It was that prospect, in fact, that inspired some Western strategists to argue for a Normandy invasion as early as 1943, not only to help Stalin continue fighting but to prevent him from eventually dominating Central Europe. One such strategist was General Albert C. Wedemeyer, who helped draft the Overlord strategy later adopted by Eisenhower and Marshall. "The idea

here," says Wedemeyer, now 87, "was to get ashore as early as we could, advance as fast as we could, and at war's end have Anglo-American troops in control." Churchill too had hopes of advancing into the Balkans and perhaps even reaching Vienna before the Soviets. The Big Three leaders agreed at the Yalta Conference of February 1945, however, that the advancing Allied armies should meet in central Germany, thus dividing the conquered land and consigning Eastern Europe to the Soviets.

To more idealistic observers, the Allied invasions demonstrated the power of international cooperation. It was the success of the wartime alliance that inspired the founders of the United Nations in 1945. The Marshall Plan was the victorious general's idea for international economic reconstruction. Even when the cold war destroyed all hope of global cooperation, memories of the wartime alliance inspired the birth of NATO and the Common Market.

Other changes that were inherent in the peace of 1945 took longer to become fully clear. When the Soviet army liberated Maidanek and Auschwitz and the other Nazi death camps in Poland, the birth of Israel in 1948 became an inevitability. The Middle East would never be the same.

More broadly, the end of the war permanently altered the imperial relations that had governed much of the world for about four centuries. Churchill, who once said he had not become Prime Minister to oversee the liquidation of the British Empire, lived to see it liquidated by others. India, Malaya, Kenya and other imperial outposts demanded and won the right to govern themselves. France's General De Gaulle, who had simply been notified of D-day rather than invited to help lead the attack, imperiously reasserted French claims to rule Lebanon, West Africa and Indochina. The Dutch vainly tried to cling to Indonesia. But the days of such European empires were irrevocably ending. A Third World was struggling to be born.

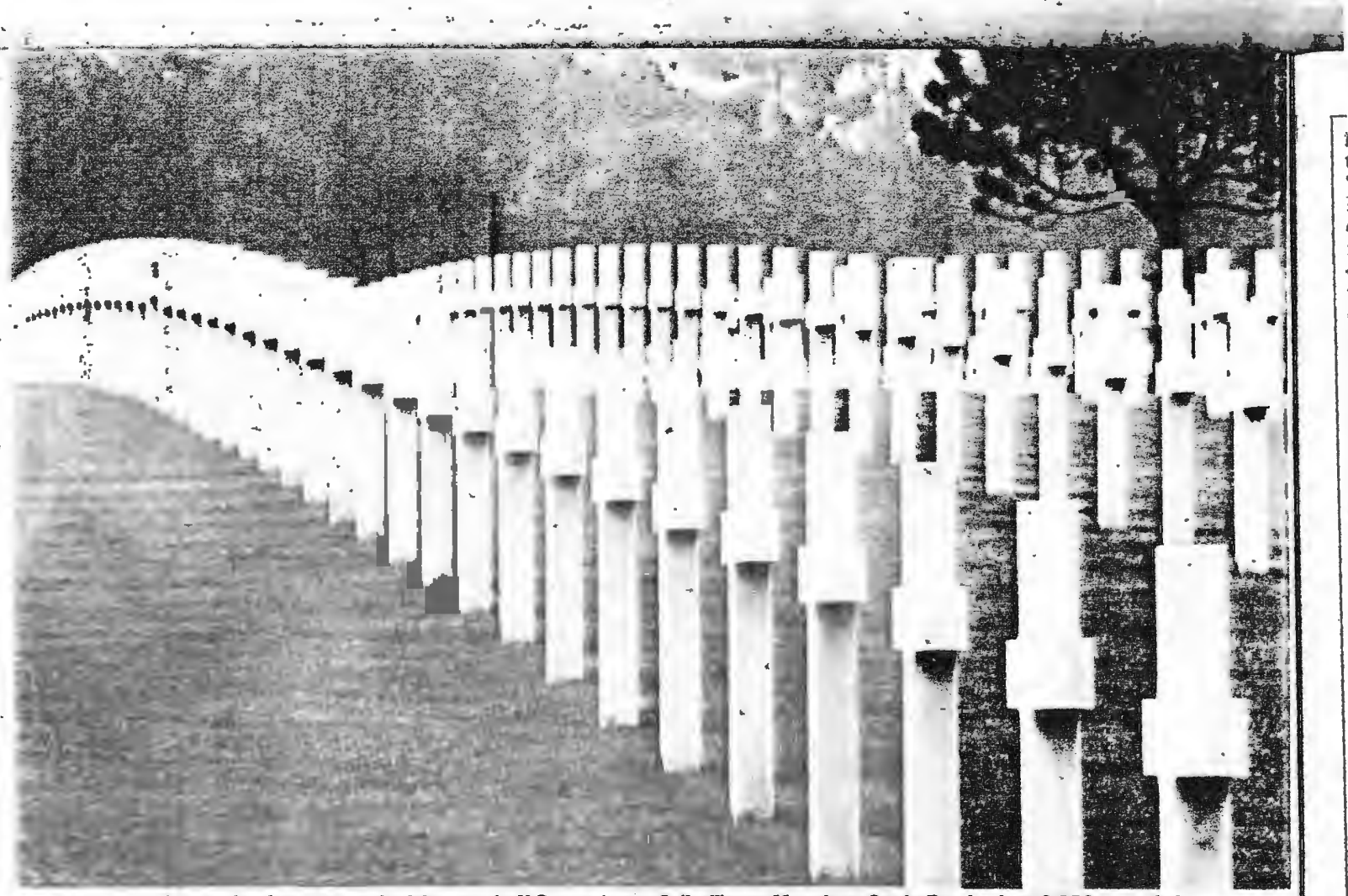
These were among the long-range political consequences of D-day, but all this was largely unknown to the men who bled on Omaha Beach. D-day was first of all a battle between two great forces, and the lessons that it teaches, 40 years later, are fundamentally the lessons that all great battles teach, over and over:

That even the most carefully prepared plans often go wrong. That lucky breaks are very important. That a small number of brave and determined men can make an immense difference. That some men fight with incredible courage under fire, and that some do not. That men usually fight better in a good cause, but that some fight just as well in a bad cause. That morale is essential to victory, and that nothing improves morale so much as superior firepower. That war is cruel and wasteful but sometimes necessary. That a blundering victory is more to be valued than a heroic defeat. That might and right sometimes come to the same end.

All these things happened on June 6, 1944. —*By Otto Friedrich*

On to Paris

British infantrymen advance through a shattered Normandy village. Below, U.S. Jeeps and a cow share a deserted street in battered but liberated St.-Lô. It took scarcely a week after the closing of the Falaise gap for Allied spearheads to reach Paris.



Row on row of graves inspire reverence in visitors to the U.S. cemetery at Colleville-sur-Mer, above Omaha Beach, where 9,386 are buried

D-Day

through to the cliffs. Recalls Fuller: "There were bodies and blood all over. How was I supposed to run? I had a horror of stepping on corpses. But I finally reached him 200 yds. away. Then Taylor did an amazing thing. He stood up and shouted, 'Two kinds of people are staying on this beach, the dead and those who are going to die. Now let's get the hell out of here.' And then he led us off."

In the chaos on the beach, Fuller recalls a burning ammunition truck, the driver dead at the wheel, careering toward his pinned-down unit. Some unknown soldier leaped into the cab and steered the smoldering vehicle into the sea, where it exploded. Soaking wet on the beach, Fuller remembers a cold so bitter he barely could move his fingers. The weeks of hedgerow fighting that followed have turned into a sickening blur: "You're out of control. You shoot at anything. Your eyes hurt. Your fingers hurt. You're driven by panic. We never looked at the faces of the dead, just at their feet—black boots for Germans, brown for G.I.s."

Even though Fuller made a movie called *The Big Red One* about his old division four years ago, he thinks war is impossible to convey on film because "you can't see anything in actual combat. To do it right," he says, "you'd have to blind the audience with smoke, deafen them with noise, then shoot one of them in the shoulder to scare the rest to death. That would give the idea, but then not many people would come to the theater."

Above the beach in the village of Colleville-sur-Mer, Fuller headed for an old café he remembered and asked for Joseph Brobant, the first French civilian he had seen. Brobant had come running down the road toward the advancing troops, carrying a shovel. "It's a wonder we didn't shoot him," says Fuller. "We were told to shoot at anything that moved on that road." Brobant, who had been forced into virtual slave labor by the Germans, excitedly indicated to the American infantrymen that he had just killed three of his captors with his shovel. Now 82, Brobant at first did not recognize the U.S. soldier who had teased him about his funny hat. Fuller drew a sketch of the white cap that Brobant had worn then, and the old Frenchman's eyes lit up in recognition. Shouting and laughing, the two men bear-hugged each other, overjoyed at finding a living connection to that distant day.

Making that kind of connection is more difficult for most veterans. Often they hunt for the side of a hill, a particular hedgerow or some other now inconspicuous landmark that is burned in their memories. Two Canadians found the precise corner of a pasture they remembered near Arromanches. No trace of war remained. But digging into the soft earth, the two men finally uncovered a rusted Canadian helmet. A former U.S. sergeant spent an entire day looking for the house where he had knocked out a German machine gun. When he found it, he cried,

British veterans survey the battlefield at Pointe-du-Hoc; a Sherman tank at Ste.-Mère-Eglise

"That is why I came, that is why I came." William K. Van Hoy, 62, a retired postman from Milwaukie, Ore., wanted to show his son the place near St.-Malo where he was wounded on Aug. 8, 1944.

What sticks in Van Hoy's memory even more vividly, though, is an incident during the attack on St.-Lô. "I had just lost two of my best friends," he says. "They were picked off right next to me. Then, in St.-Lô, we had just seized an artillery battery and taken all these prisoners when our own artillery started hitting all around us. I jumped into a bunker hole with two of the Germans. They marked on the side of the wall that they were 17 years old and had bicycled for three weeks from Germany to get there." Says Van Hoy, his face full of wonder, "You know I actually felt sorry for them."

For 37 out of the past 40 years, Theodore Liska, now a hotel manager in Mons, Belgium, has returned to Normandy for the anniversary of D-day. Liska, a native of Chicago, was a sergeant in the 4th Infantry. As a survivor he feels a debt to "the men who won the war, those who gave their lives. The rest of us didn't." Compared with Omaha, the landing at Utah was easy, but a mile or two inland Liska's unit began to take heavy casualties. The Germans had flooded a swath of fields nearly a mile wide. Liska and his men kept their sea-landing life jackets on for the first 24 hours, as they struggled through waist-high water. Says Liska: "We were just like sitting ducks for the Germans, sitting ducks in a pond." Human corpses became so familiar to Liska that by an odd flinch of his mind he vividly recalls instead pastures full of dead cows. "They were all lying there on their backs with their legs in the air," he says, "and I remember thinking that I never had seen a dead cow before."

By the same selective memory, veterans dwell on spontaneous displays of mercy in combat rather than on acts of brutality. Although no one wants to be reminded that both sides occasionally shot prisoners, usually because they lacked the time or means to guard them, one notorious exception is the 12th SS Panzer Division's murder of nearly 40 Canadian and British prisoners in a château garden near Bayeux. Liska's unit ran into a handful of soldiers in German uniforms from the conquered Eastern territories who had probably been pressed into service. Said Liska, "They kept saying they were Russians or Poles. The Americans didn't know who was who so they shot them."

Then there were the sudden gestures of respect for the enemy that occasionally graced the killing. Edwin Schmieger, a former parachutist with the German 3rd Parachute Division, is one of 100 or so German veterans who chose to settle in Normandy after the war, mainly because the Soviet army had overrun their former homes in Poland and Germany. A skilled carpenter who restores old furniture, Schmieger recalls coming under fire from three American tanks. "One of my comrades was wounded in both legs," recount-

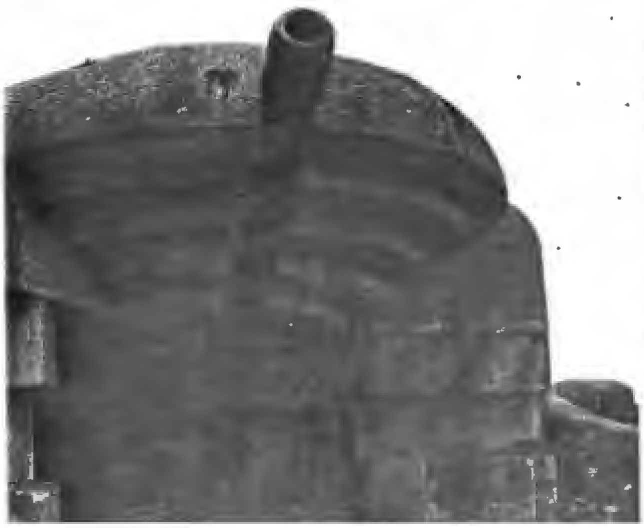
ed Schmieger, "and without thinking I left my cover to put a tourniquet on his wounds. The American tanks were shooting us like rabbits, but during those minutes while I was exposed, they held their fire. Forty years later, I take my hat off to those men for the nobility of that gesture."

Roger Lantagne, a medic with the 101st Airborne, married a Frenchwoman when the war ended and retired nine years ago to Enghien-les-Bains outside Paris after more than three decades of military service in Korea, Viet Nam and Europe. Lantagne, a native of Lewiston, Me., remembers that he was tending German and American wounded in a village church not far from Utah Beach when the village was recaptured by the Germans. "A high-ranking German, accompanied by troops with automatic weapons, suddenly burst into the church. They looked at us, at the bloodstained pews and the German wounded, then turned around and went out without saying anything." Lantagne has befriended some of the German veterans of the campaign. "The Wehrmacht soldiers were ordinary guys," he says, "but the SS troops were something else. They gave no quarter."

One of the crack German units was the Panzer Lehr Division, in which Colonel Helmut Ritgen served. Ritgen, who retired eight years ago from a military career and now lives near Hannover, says that Allied firepower in the Normandy campaign was overwhelmingly greater than anything he had faced on the Eastern Front. "We felt supe-

French survivors of that time, though, there is no undercurrent of anti-German feeling today. Liberation—and time—healed their wounds.

Michel de la Vallevielle, mayor of Ste.-Marie-du-Mont, a village above Utah Beach, lost two brothers during the German invasion of France. His family farm was occupied by the Germans, who deployed a battery of 88-mm guns in the orchard. On D-day, U.S. paratroopers mistook De la Vallevielle for a German and shot him five times. A sixth bullet split his billfold. He explains his survival by citing a thought from his grandfather, a World War I veteran, who "always said that it took a man's weight in bullets to kill him." Evacuated to England for treatment of his wounds, De la Vallevielle returned home to become an honorary member of the



became the unofficial expert for G.I.s who wanted to seek out the places they had been during the fighting. He arranged for the veterans to stay with French families. Levaufre too was made an honorary member of the 90th Division. Five years ago, he set up an extraordinary reunion between members of the 90th and the men they fought in the German 6th Parachute Regiment. No military music or medals were allowed. As the hesitant German soldiers lined up on one side of the banquet hall, the American G.I.s walked across to greet them. Each German presented an American with a rose. "One of the Americans was blind," recalls Levaufre. "As he walked by, the Germans began to cry."

For the past 37 years, a committee for the landings, made up for the most part of local Norman mayors, has organized D-day anniversaries, cared for and improved two local war museums at Utah Beach and Arromanches, and generally, but not invariably, preserved decorum at the landing sites. At Chez Mimile, a café in St.-Laurent-sur-Mer, for example, a visitor can buy small white cloth bags labeled in both French and English, EASY GIFT TO TAKE HOME—SAND FROM THE LANDING BEACHES—25 FRANCS.

Though arrangements for the 40th anniversary have largely been taken over by the French government, the local committee will be back in charge next year, working to create what it hopes will become a living museum stretching 60 miles along the length of the invasion beaches. Last year about 1.5 million visitors, almost half of them Americans, stopped to gaze

hower ordered him reduced in rank to

- Cemetary @ St. Laurent
- Pointe du Hoc
- Beach Code NAMES & Assault Forces (last page)

Patrice Boussel

D-DAY BEACHES REVISITED

Doubleday & Company, Inc. Garden City, New York

1966

on landing directly in front of the German defences rather than in the intervals; the ignoring of the presence of the 352nd German Division on the coast, and the failure to put ashore, along with the heavy armour, the specialized tanks, i.e., flailtanks, flame-throwers, anti-obstacle, etc.

The second artificial port, **Mulberry,** erected in front of Saint-Laurent, but still not completed, was more vulnerable than the one at Arromanches, and on June 19 a violent storm took it apart and soon nothing was left but a broken and half-sunk breaker. On Omaha Beach a camp had to be created for the survivors of the numerous wrecked small craft.

D-Day Beaches Revisited

TOUR No. 5

At Bayeux, take Route N 13 for Isigny-sur-Mer. Nine kilometres out the road crosses the river Aure which flows then on the left. The Germans had flooded that area, south of the road and beyond Trevières up to Isigny-sur-Mer. Follow the road till Formigny (fifteen kilometres) and turn right, for Saint-Laurent-sur-Mer, on Route N 814 E.

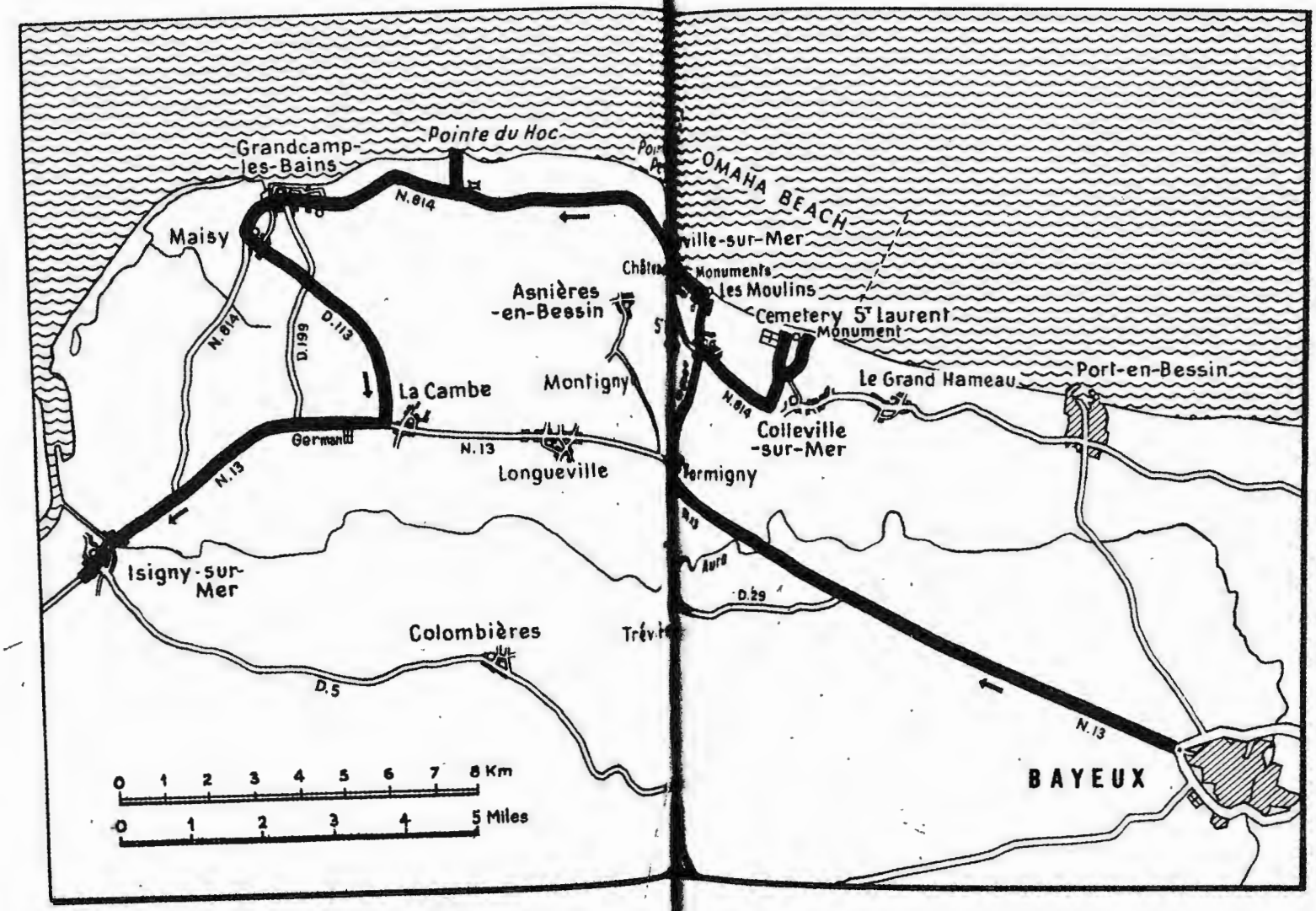
FORMIGNY

The German defence of the important intersection at Formigny had been determined by three batteries of 150-mm field guns in position at the hamlet of Montigny (two kilometres south of Asnières-en-Bessin), at Hill 61 (one kilometre northwest of Formigny) and at Hill 78 (two kilometres northeast of Formigny). Formigny was liberated on June 8 by the Americans.

Less than two miles separate Formigny from Saint-Laurent-sur-Mer, by Route N 814 E. At the entrance of Saint-Laurent, turn east on Route N 814 for Colleville-sur-Mer. Before reaching this village, turn left, toward the sea, to visit the American military cemetery of Saint-Laurent, five hundred yards off.

SAINT-LAURENT CEMETERY

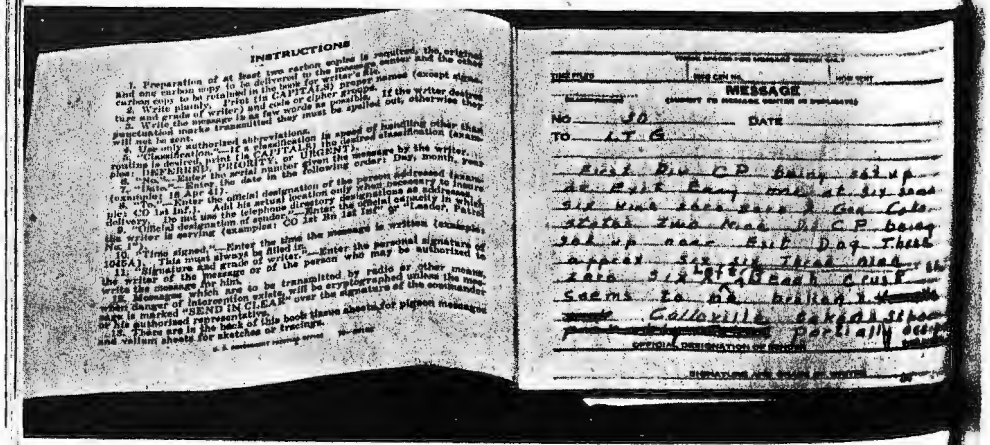
This American cemetery, covering about 140 acres, has been laid out on the cliff above **Omaha Beach** (open from 8 A.M. to 6 P.M. weekdays, and from 8 A.M. to 8 P.M. Sundays and holidays). The ground has been presented to the United States government; it slopes gently toward the


Grandcamp-les-Bains
Pointe du Hoc
OMAHA BEACH
N.814
Maisy
Asnières-en-Bessin
Monuments
Les Moulins
Cemetery
St Laurent
Monument
D.113
D.199
N.814
La Cambe
Montigny
Le Grand Hameau
Port-en-Bessin
Colleville-sur-Mer
N.814
Germanville
N.13
Longueville
Vermigny
N.13
Isigny-sur-Mer
Aure
D.29
Colombières
D.5
N.13
BAYEUX
0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 Km
0 1 2 3 4 5 Miles

TOUR Nº 5

28. Saint-Laurent Cemetery.

29. Colleville Saint-Laurent Monument to the U. S. 5th Engineer Special Brigade, erected on the roof of a blockhouse

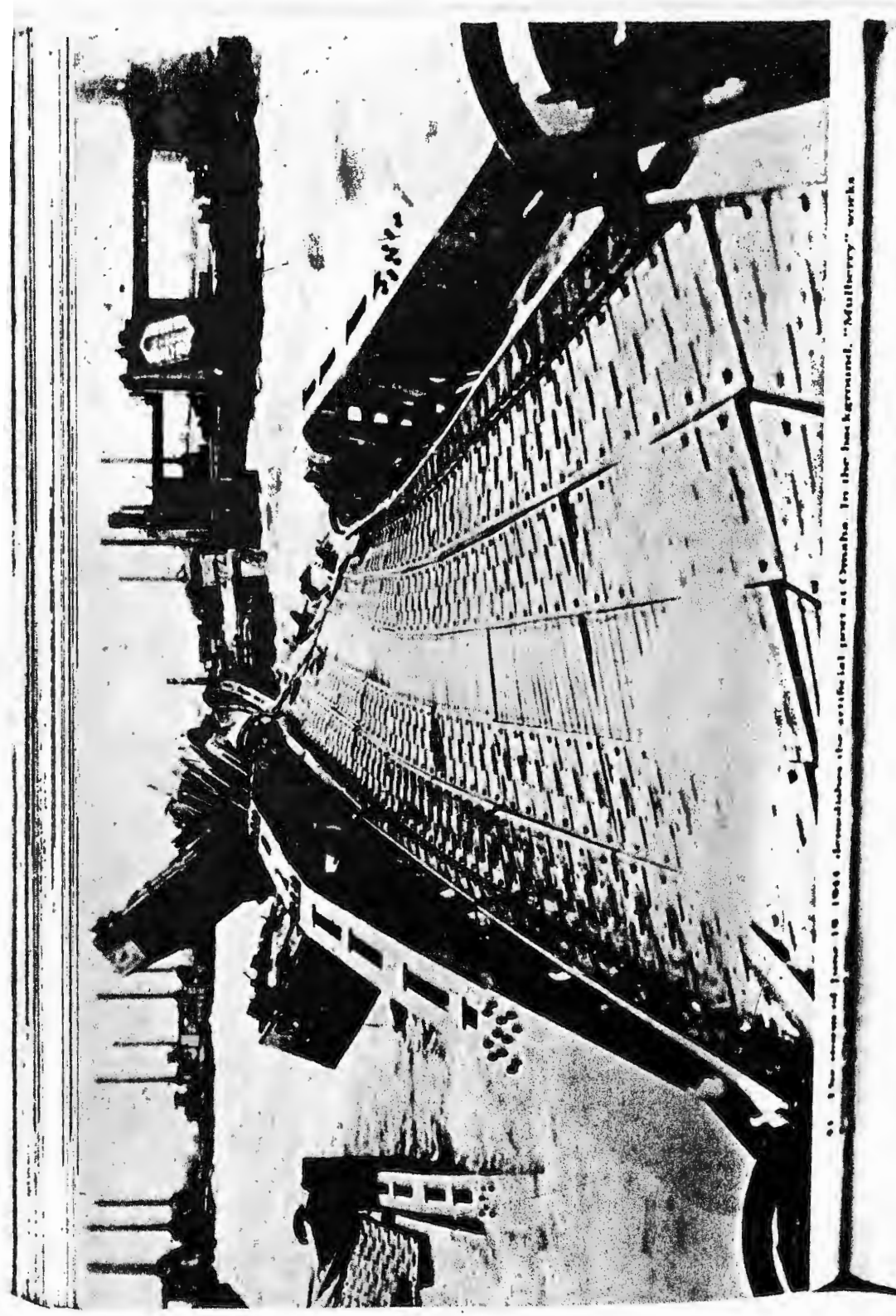


30. Code-message notebook, in the Arromanches Museum.

sea. The white marble crosses of the 9386 American soldiers, lined up on a lovely lawn, seem to encourage the visitor to turn towards the ocean and look at that sea from which these men came to die on French soil. Their number and their simplicity, their long procession on the shoulder of the cliff toward the sea, give a moving impression of immensity.

At the west end of the cemetery is a round chapel with an overhanging roof supported by square pillars; at the eastern end, a monument and, connecting them in the centre, a wide strip of lawn and a rectangular pool. The memorial (the work of architects Harbeson, Hogh, Livingston, and Larson) is composed of two pavilions linked by a crescent-shaped portico circling a terrace. In the centre of it a nude allegoric figure raising both arms to the sky, sculpted by Donald de Luc. On the front of the portico, the inscription in English pays tribute to the courage and sacrifice of Allied soldiers. Inside the pavilion is a map of the military operations. On the facade of the pavilion on the right, the inscription in French: "The United States of America, proud of the achievements of their sons, humble before their sacrifice, have erected this monument to honour their memory." A low wall surrounding the monument bears the names of 1557 soldiers whose bodies have never been found. At the entrance of the cemetery, on the left, a small building contains offices and a comfortable lounge for visitors.

As you come out of the cemetery, turn left on the little road sloping down into the valley and leave it after a few yards to take the path leading to the obelisk erected, facing the sea, to the memory of all the American soldiers killed on Omaha Beach. The obelisk bears the names of the GIs and the dates: June 4 1944–June 24 1944. Lower down, on the roof of a German blockhouse, a very simple monument to the memory of the 5th Engineer Special



Brigade, which was awarded the Croix de Guerre for exceptional services.

From the cliffs at Saint-Laurent one overlooks the eastern part of Omaha Beach. A German blockhouse marks approximately the boundary between the Easy Red and Fox Green sectors. Farther east, beyond the shallow valley, there was only Fox Red. The 16th Assault Regiment due to land on the Fox beaches were scattered on a 750-yard front; the German fire from the "casemates" defending the shallow valley of Colleville hit them just as the landing craft ramps slammed down. "Bullets and bombs hit the men in mid-air as they jumped," wrote John Frayn Turner. "Those who stopped to help the wounded were hit in their turn. Their sodden uniforms were heavy as lead; the wounded, also drenched, were heavier still and when at last they fell on the beach, they had barely enough strength left to crawl on the sand clear of the tide. They still had two hundred and fifty yards to cover before reaching the beach proper. Between 0630 and 0700, the company suffered the greatest part of their casualties, 105 for the whole day." The objective was the German strongpoint in the valley of Colleville; luckily for the 16th Regiment, several of its companies landed too far east, beyond Fox Red and also beyond the main German defences. In the face of such violent fire, the assault forces modified their plan and veered eastwards. They managed to scramble through an abrupt ravine, steep but lightly defended, the rest of the battalion following, and opened a breach in the few German works, with the help of gunfire from the destroyers just offshore. At 0930 hours the Americans had reached the top of the cliff and marched on Port-en-Bessin.

At Easy Red the situation was still less favourable, in spite of weaker German resistance. Once aground only a hundred men of the 2nd Battalion reached the beach

during the first half-hour, and they could advance no farther until a young officer walked to the barbed wire with a wounded sergeant, and came back to say to his men : " Are you going to stay there and be killed, or get up and try not to be? " Then he returned to the barbed-wire entanglement and cut a passage. All the men followed in single file, climbed the hill and marched on to Colleville.

Climb back to the Saint-Laurent cemetery to take the road to Colleville-sur-Mer and drive through Saint-Laurent where it is possible, by turning right, to go down to the beach by a good road, N 814 E, which becomes a causeway along the sea up to Vierville-sur-Mer. The hamlet of Les Moulins is at the point where this road, parallel to the sea, turns suddenly west, near the beach, to become a causeway.

LES MOULINS

The beach in front of Les Moulins was code-named Dog Red; Easy Green was to the east, then Easy Red, and to the west were Dog Green, Dog White, and then Charlie. It is possible to drive east for a few hundred yards without leaving the seashore and the beach; the pebbles, the low-lands, and the hills are just as sad looking as they were in 1944.

It took three quarters of an hour for one company to crawl across Easy Green beach and when it reached the road, it had lost half its men. The two battalions of the 116th Regiment who followed up on both sides of the road to Les Moulins had less difficulties, as the German gunners were blinded by the smoke unfurling from the bushes and the houses set on fire by the naval shelling. The smoke

was so bad at the top that the men were obliged to put on their gas masks. By 0930 hours the equipment heaped on Easy Green and Dog Red presented a choice target for the Germans. The situation got a little better only toward noon, after accurate intervention by the naval guns. The infantry were then able to proceed in the direction of Saint-Laurent, the pioneers cleared the mines, and the defence weakened ... but by nightfall Saint-Laurent was still not entirely liberated.

On the right of Route N 814 E, at Les Moulins, is a memorial, facing inland : " The Allied Forces landed on this beach they call Omaha Beach and liberated Europe. June 6, 1944." At mid-slope of the western hill of the Saint-Laurent valley, a monument has been erected in memory of the 6th Engineer Special Brigade. Finally, on the left of the causeway of Vierville, at the start, a stone indicates the place where the dead of Omaha were buried, and that it is in fact the first American cemetery of World War II in French territory.

Follow the causeway west until the road bends sharply, leaves the seashore and enters the shallow valley of Vierville. This two kilometre drive gives a chance to see in succession Dog Red (in front of Les Moulins), Dog White (slightly east of Le Hamel-au-Prêtre), and Dog Green. Charlie begins west of the place where the road turns.

The Rangers of the 116th Regiment landed on the Dog beaches. At Dog Green, the German defence was especially strong : an entire company was put out of action in just a few minutes, more than half of the men being unable to cover the distance between the barges and the edge of the beach. After 0700 hours, bombardment by the Navy, like at the eastern tip of Omaha, enabled the men to run for shelter and muster. At 0740, in front of Dog White, two

LCIs were set on fire simultaneously by the enemy artillery; in the first one was the forward command post of the 116th Regiment. Scattered and weak groups approached Vierville in the morning, part of the infantry joined them around 1400, but they had to wait for evening before their transport could come through.

The Rangers who were assigned to destroy the German strongholds at the Pointe de la Percée, west of Vierville, landed on Dog Green with the first assault wave : thirty-five out of seventy perished then and there. In the evening only twelve were left.

In front of Omaha, the Americans hastily erected Mulberry A. To facilitate access to the beach, gaps had been left in the protecting dam. During the storm of June 19 the sea rushed through those gaps, wrecked the blockships, ruined the breakwaters and pounded on the docks and the piers, severing the ships' moorings ... eight hundred boats went adrift and ashore. Much equipment and supplies were salvaged and as many as seventy-eight percent of the ships were refloated, but Mulberry A was destroyed.

VIERVILLE-SUR-MER

A German blockhouse remains on the side of the road to Vierville-sur-Mer at the point where, after climbing a slope, the road turns and enters the Vierville valley. The village, almost wiped out in 1944, has been rebuilt.

Turn right at the top of the hill, in the direction of Grandcamp-les-Bains. At the exit of the locality, on the left, the castle of Vierville served, from June 8 to July 2 1944, as "headquarters of the eleventh port of the U.S. Army."

On Route N 814, about seven kilometres from Vierville,

after passing on the left a Renaissance château, now a farm, turn right on the road to Pointe du Hoc.

LA POINTE DU HOC

A natural curiosity before 1940, the projection of lime cliffs jutting out to sea called Pointe du Hoc had become in 1944 a strategic point of defence for the Germans and was thought by the Allies to be the most dangerous enemy strongpoint in the American zone. The six 155-mm guns of this battery could cover Omaha as well as Utah beaches, and it was vital to destroy them. On April 15, 1944, the first massive air raid on the battery took place and one gun was demolished. On May 22 and June 4, the air raids were repeated and again on the night of June 5–6. Finally, at dawn on June 6, the battleships took over from the Air Force, transforming all the cliff area into a landscape on the moon. Three companies of the 2nd Battalion of Rangers received orders to capture this strongpoint, under Lieutenant Colonel James Rudder. Each group of twenty Rangers were equipped for the scaling of the cliff face with three pairs of grappling-hook-throwing rifles (rifles which could shoot to the top of the cliff the grappling-hook to which a rope was attached), hand rope-throwing rockets, and a folding tubular ladder. Four barges carried the Ranger unit. They landed forty minutes behind schedule (0630) as they had been directed too far east and after losing one LCA, one Duck, and one supply barge. There were only 180 men left. A machine gun killed fifteen. As the remainder advanced the Germans, from the top of the cliff, tried to stop them with machine guns, grenades, and boulders. The destroyer Satterlee's guns silenced them. The rangers reached the summit ...

The chief of the German battery, on the night following

32. German blockhouse at Vierville-sur-Mer.

the April 15 air raid, moved three of his guns one kilometre farther west; the others soon followed. Camouflaged in an area bordered by ditches and hedgerows, the guns were not visible on the air photos. But they were oriented west, that is toward the mouth of the Vire, and very difficult to move. On June 6 they played no part whatsoever.

On D-Day the blockhouses in course of construction were destroyed by the bombing and two of the finished ones were damaged. The command post, at the extremity of the Pointe suffered little. The light automatic weapon pits sited at the cliff top were efficient. Two hundred men of the 716th Coastal Defence Division were for the most part non-Germans and, as General von Schlieben wrote in his reports, it seemed "doubtful that Russians could be brought to fight, in France, for Germany, against Americans."

One Ranger detachment advancing inland, discovered intact a camouflaged battery, ammunition ready on the ground, the guns set to fire. But no trace of the gunners, and nothing to show that the guns had fired recently. They destroyed the guns with explosive charges.

The Rangers' situation was not so happy for all that. The Germans launched several counterattacks against them. Lieutenant Colonel Rudder begged in vain for help, by radio, in the beginning of the afternoon. A section of the 1st Company of the 5th Battalion that had landed with the 116th Infantry west of Omaha arrived only in the evening at the Pointe du Hoc. During the night the Germans attacked again, several times. On the morning of June 7 the position was still difficult and in spite of the arrival in the afternoon of thirty men with rations and ammunition, the situation remained the same until the morning of June 8, when two Sherman tanks appeared,

33. Pointe du Hoc.

followed by further reinforcements. By noon, Pointe du Hoc was liberated.

Today the ground around Pointe du Hoc is still deeply disturbed, riddled by vast craters and full of rubble and barbed wire, and the inscription placed at what had been the Pointe du Hoc sector is the most poignant of all memorials to the landing: "Here the warriors rest. The chaos of battle has united them for eternity." The memorial erected over the blockhouse built at the extreme edge of the cliff is a simple stone needle.

From there, you can see, to the east, the **Pointe de la Percée** another early objective of the Allies. The Germans had prepared there two positions for 77-mm guns aimed at the beaches of Vierville and Saint-Laurent. Fifteen hundred yards west they had placed a radar station, with two aircraft radars and two navy radars. The survivors of Company C of the 2nd Battalion of Rangers, who landed at Dog Green with the first assault wave, captured them.

Return to Route N 814 and follow it westward to Grandcamp-les-Bains, where a section of German artillery was stationed on June 6, 1944.

GRANDCAMP-LES-BAINS

The small port of Grandcamp-les-Bains was defended by a 47-mm gun "casemate" east of the summer resort. Southwest of there, two batteries had been established at one kilometre from Maisy (where a German artillery unit was also stationed): five 155-mm guns in pits and three big shelters at Maisy-la-Perruque, four "casemates" for a 90-mm gun at Maisy-la-Martinière. Grandcamp and

Beach Code Names & Assault Forces

British Army :

Sword Beach (Hermanville-Colleville) :

3rd Infantry Division, 27th Armoured Brigade, and 1st Special Service Brigade Commando, then 51st Highland Division and 4th Armoured Brigade.

Juno Beach (Bernières-Courseulles) :

Canadian 3rd Infantry Division, Canadian 2nd Armoured Brigade, and 4th Special Service Brigade Commando.

Gold Beach (Ver-Asnelles) :

50th Northumbrian Division and 8th Armoured Brigade, then 7th Armoured Brigade and 49th Infantry Division.

U.S. Army :

Omaha Beach (Colleville-Saint-Laurent) :

1st Infantry Division and 29th Infantry Division, then 2nd Infantry Division and 2nd Armoured Division.

Utah Beach (La Madeleine) :

4th Infantry Division, then 90th, 9th, 79th Infantry Divisions, and VII Corps.

Previously, during the night, east of the assault zone, the 6th British Airborne Division and, west, the U.S. 82nd and 101st Airborne Divisions would cover the flanks of the beachhead.

Early in April preparatory air attacks were launched in France on vital communication centres. These attacks were intensified in May and the beginning of June. Planes and destroyers proceeded to clean up the sea during the days preceding D-Day, which was to be June 5, later postponed to June 6.

On June 4 and 5 British and American assault forces proceeded toward the assembly zone, south of the Isle of Wight. On the fifth, the German Coastal defences suffered a particularly violent air raid, that continued still more forcefully through the night.

D-Day Beaches Revisited

On June 5, at 9 :15 P.M. (2115 hours), the B.B.C. transmitted the "Verlaine" message announcing to the French Underground that the landing was about to begin. The French believed it, the German intelligence services doubted it : "General Eisenhower isn't likely to let the B.B.C. announce the invasion landing ! "

Reagan acclaims Rangers' heroism

POINTE DU HOC, France — Here is the text of remarks by President Reagan to D-Day veterans at Pointe du Hoc yesterday, the 40th anniversary of the Allied landings in Normandy.

We are here to mark that day in history when the Allied armies joined in battle to reclaim this continent to liberty. For four long years, much of Europe had been under a terrible shadow. Free nations had fallen, Jews cried out in the camps, millions cried out for liberation. Europe was enslaved, and the world prayed for its rescue. Here, in Normandy, the rescue began. Here the Allies stood, and fought against tyranny in a giant undertaking unparalleled in human history.

We stand on a lonely, windswept point on the northern shore of France. The air is soft, but, 40 years ago at this moment, the air was dense with smoke and the cries of men; the air was filled with the crack of rifle fire and the roar of cannon. At dawn on the morning of the 6th of June, 1944, 225 American Rangers jumped off the British landing craft and ran to the bottom of these cliffs. Their mission was one of the most difficult and daring of the invasion: to climb these sheer and desolate cliffs and take out the enemy guns. The Allies had been told that some of the mightiest of those guns were here, and they would be trained on the beaches to stop the Allied advance.

The Rangers looked up and saw the enemy soldiers at the edge of the cliffs shooting down at them with machine guns and throwing grenades. And the American Rangers began to climb. They shot rope ladders over the face of these cliffs and began to pull themselves up. When one Ranger fell, another would take his place; when one rope was cut, a Ranger would grab another and begin his climb again. They climbed, shot back, and held their footing; soon, one by one, the Rangers pulled themselves over the top — and in seizing the firm land at the top of these cliffs they began to seize back the continent of Europe.

Two hundred twenty-five came here. After two days of fighting, only 90 could still bear arms.

Behind me is a memorial that symbolizes the Ranger daggers that were thrust into the top of these cliffs. And before me are the men who put them there.

These are the boys of Pointe du Hoc. These are the men who took the cliffs. These are the champions who helped free a continent; these are the heroes who helped end a war.

Gentlemen, I look at you and I think of the words of Stephen Spender's poem. You are the men who in your "lives fought for life . . . and left the vivid air signed with [your] honor."

I think I know what you may be thinking right now: "We were just part of a bigger effort; everyone was brave that day."

Everyone was. Do you remember the story of Bill Millin of the 51st Highlanders? Forty years ago today, British troops were pinned down near a bridge, waiting desperately for help. Suddenly, they heard the sound of bagpipes, and some thought it was a dream. It wasn't. They looked up and saw Bill Millin with his bagpipes, leading the reinforcements, and ignoring the smack of the bullets into the ground around him. Lord Lovat was with him — Lord Lovat of Scotland, who calmly announced when he got to the bridge: Sorry I'm a few minutes late, as if he'd been delayed by a traffic jam — when in truth he'd just come from the bloody fighting on Sword Beach, which he and his men had just taken.

There was the impossible valor of the Poles, who threw themselves between the enemy and the rest of Europe as the invasion took hold. And the unsurpassed courage of the Canadians, who had already seen the horrors of war on this coast. They knew what awaited them here, but they would not be deterred; once they hit Juno Beach, they never looked back.

All of these men were part of a roll call of honor, with names that spoke of a pride as bright as they colors they bore: the Royal Winnipeg Rifles, Poland's 24th Lancers, the Royal Scots Fusiliers, the Screaming Eagles, the Yeomen of England's armoured divisions, the forces of Free France, the Coast Guard's "Matchbox Fleet" . . . and you, the American Rangers.

Forty summers have passed since the battle you fought here. You were young the day you took these cliffs — some of you were hardly more than boys, with the deepest joys of life before you. Yet you risked everything here. Why? Why did you do it? What impelled you to put aside the instinct for self-preservation and risk your lives to take these cliffs? What inspired all the men of the armies that met here?

We look at you, and somehow we know the answer.

It was faith and belief; it was loyalty and love.

The men of Normandy had faith that what they were doing was right, faith that they fought for all humanity, faith that a just God would grant them mercy on this beachhead — or on the next. It was the deep knowledge, and pray God we have not lost it, that there is a profound, moral difference between the use of force for liberation and the use of force for conquest. They were here to liberate, not to conquer, and so they did not doubt their cause. And they were right not to doubt.

They knew some things are worth dying for: one's country is worth dying for; and democracy is worth dying for, because it is the most deeply held honorable form of government ever devised by man. They loved liberty; they were willing to fight tyranny; they knew the people of their countries were behind them.

The Americans who fought here that morning knew word of the invasion was spreading through the darkness back home. They felt in their hearts, though they could not know in fact, that in Georgia they were filling the churches at 4 a.m., in Kansas City they were kneeling on their porches and praying, and in Philadelphia they were ringing the Liberty Bell.

Something else helped the men of D-Day: their rockhard belief that Providence would have a great hand in the events that would unfold here; that God was an ally in this great cause. And, so, the night before the invasion, when Col. Wolverton asked his parachute troops to kneel with him in prayer he told them: Do not bow your heads but look up so you can see God and ask His blessing in what we are about to do. Also that night, Gen. Matthew Ridgway lay on his cot, listening in the darkness for the promise God made to Joshua: "I will not fail thee nor forsake thee."

These are the things that impelled them; these are the things that shaped the unity of the Allies.

When the war was over, there were lives to be rebuilt and governments to be returned to the people. There were nations to be reborn. Above all, there was a new peace to be assured. These were huge and daunting tasks. But the Allies summoned strength from the faith, belief, loyalty and love of those who fell here. They rebuilt a new Europe together.

There was first a great reconciliation among those who had been enemies, all of whom had suffered so greatly. The United States did its part, creating the Marshall Plan to help rebuild our allies and our former enemies. The Marshall Plan led to the Atlantic Alliance — a great alliance that serves to this day as our shield for freedom, for prosperity, and for peace.

In spite of our great efforts and successes, not all that followed the end of the war was happy, or planned. Some liberated countries were lost. The great sadness of this loss echoes down to our own time in the streets of Warsaw, Prague, and East Berlin. The Soviet troops that came to the center of this continent did not leave when peace came. They are still there, uninvited, unwanted, unyielding, almost 40 years after the war.

Because of this, Allied forces still stand on this continent. Today, as 40 years ago, our armies are here for only one purpose — to protect and defend democracy. The only territories we hold are memorials like this one and the graveyards where our heroes rest.

We in America have learned bitter lessons from two world wars: It is better to be here, ready to protect the peace, than to take blind shelter across the sea, rushing to respond only after freedom is lost. We have learned that isolationism never was and never will be an acceptable response to tyrannical governments with expansionist intent.

But we try always to be prepared for peace; prepared to deter aggression; prepared to negotiate the reduction of arms; and yes, prepared to reach out again in the spirit of reconciliation.

In truth, there is no reconciliation we would welcome more than a reconciliation with the Soviet Union, so together, we can lessen the risks of war, now and forever.

It is fitting to remember here the great losses also suffered by the Russian people during World War II: 20 million perished, a terrible price that testifies to all the world the necessity of avoiding war.

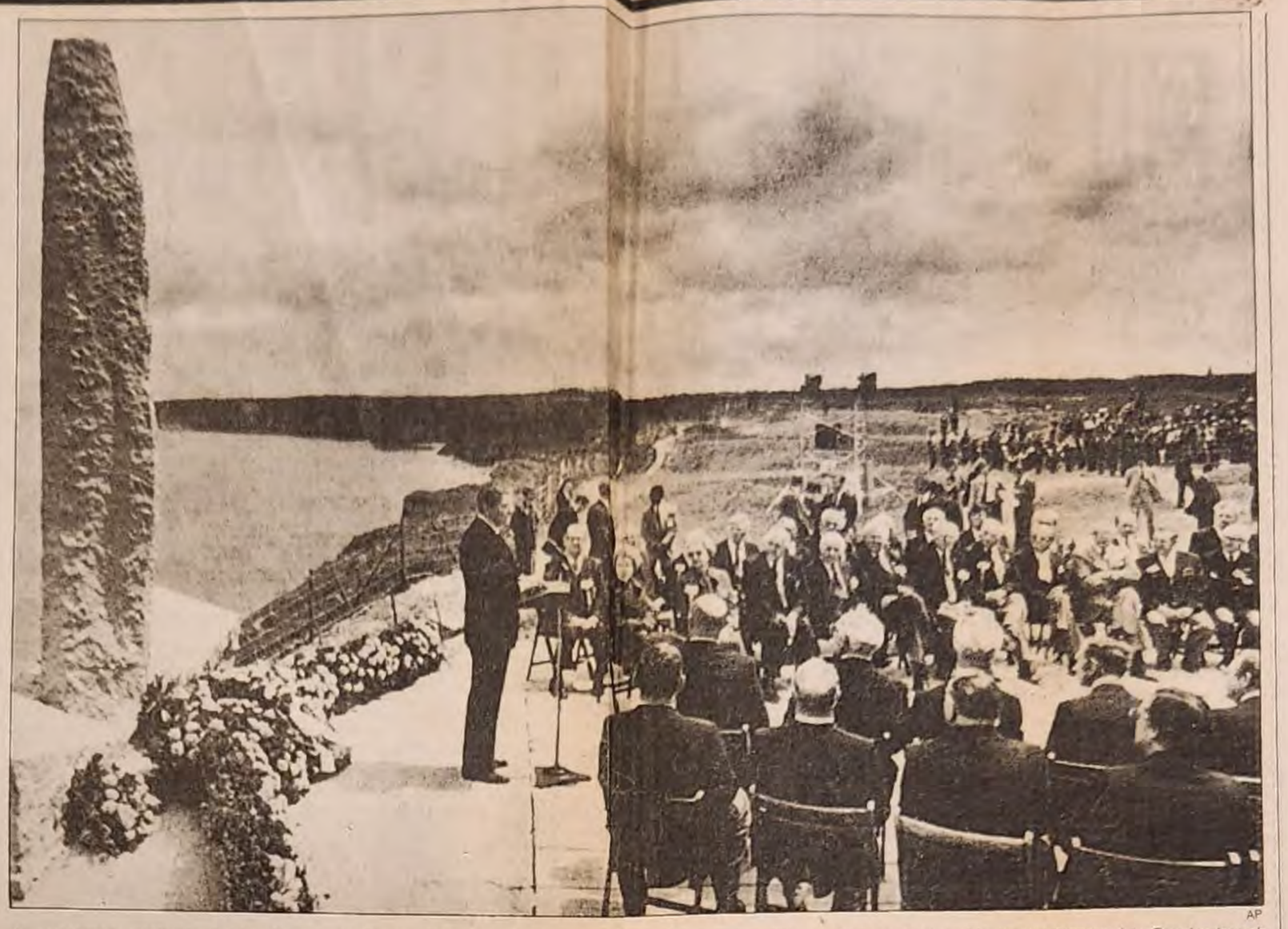
I tell you from my heart that we in the United States do not want war. We want to wipe from the face of the Earth the terrible weapons man now has in his hands. I tell you we are ready to seize that beachhead — but there must be some sign from the Soviet Union that they are willing to move forward, that they share our desire and love for peace, that they will give up the ways of conquest. There must be a changing there that will allow us to turn our hope into action.

We will pray forever that some day that changing will come. But for now, particularly today, it is good and fitting to renew our commitment to each other, to our freedom, and to the alliance that protects it.

We are bound today by what bound us 40 years ago, the same loyalties, traditions, and beliefs. And we are bound by reality: the strength of America's allies is vital to the United States, and the American security guarantee is essential to the continued freedom of Europe's democracies. We were with you then; we are with you now. Your hopes are our hopes, and your destiny is our destiny.

Here, in this place where the West held together, let us make a vow to the dead. Let us show them by our actions that we understand what they died for; let our actions say to them the words for which Matthew Ridgway listened: "I will not fail thee nor forsake thee."

Strengthened by their courage, heartened by their valor, and borne by their memory, let us continue to stand for the ideals for which they lived and died.



AP

In a ceremony at Pointe du Hoc, Normandy, France, President Reagan recalls the valor of the military forces who carried out the 1944 invasion. At left is the Memorial monument and in the background is Omaha beach. Seated are 2nd Ranger Battalion veterans who scaled the cliffs at this point.

June 7, 1984

The Washington Times

Cherish D-Day role, Queen advises

By Peter Almond
THE WASHINGTON TIMES

ARROMANCHES, Normandy — With the massive concrete caissons of the D-Day invasion in Mulberry Harbor rising out of the Atlantic behind her, Queen Elizabeth II yesterday told some 3,500 assembled British D-Day veterans and thousands of others to be proud of the part they played in laying the foundations for European reconcilation.

"There are only a few occasions when the course of human history has depended on the events of a single day. June 6, 1944, was one of those critical moments," she said.

The queen spoke just outside the D-Day museum in the square of this small Normandy town, which was part of Sword Beach, one of two British landing zones on D-Day 40 years ago.

With praise for Allied forces and for the thousands of French who came to pay tribute to their liberators, the queen said the men and women of the Free French and the French Resistance died "knowing that their cause was just and their sacrifice would not be in vain.

"Their fight for freedom laid the foundations for reconciliation against whom they fought," she said, trying to soothe the sensitivities of Germans who might be saddened by a celebration of Allied victory against their fathers.

"We can now all stand together in defense of the democratic values for which those who died and all of you here today fought so bravely . . ."

There were sentiments like those in ceremonies throughout Normandy yesterday. The entire area was all but shut down so that the heads of Britain, the United States, France, Belgium, Norway, Canada, Denmark and Holland, and thousands of Normandy veterans could crisscross the countryside from one ceremony to another.

There were many small private events, such as the small group of veteran British commandos who held a mass at dawn at the beach where they landed 40 years ago. But most attended their own national event, the biggest of which were those of the two major allies, Britain and the United States.

French President Francois Mitterrand followed protocol and started the proceeding himself in mid-afternoon with a wreath-laying ceremony at the French Liberation Monument in Bayeux.

He then went the few yards to the British ceremony where he met the queen and Prince Phillip and joined her in laying a wreath.

At Ouistreham, site of the major Free French commando engagement against a German battery, Mr. Mitterrand — himself a resistance veteran — dedicated a new French monument before going on to the Canadian and American commemorations.

UPI

Allied leaders and royalty on the reviewing stand at Utah Beach, Normandy, during ceremonies commemorating the D-Day landings. From right, President Reagan; Grand Duke Jean of Luxembourg; Queen Elizabeth II of England; President Francois Mitterand of France; King Baudouin of the Belgians; King Olav V of Norway; Queen Beatrix of the Netherlands and Canadian Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau.

For the Canadian veterans, whose casualties were thought to be the highest of any of the Allied forces in the Normandy campaign, the ceremony at Beny Reviers Cemetery was marred by an old controversy.

They stood tall for the queen and Mr. Mitterrand but some veterans earlier said Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau, who opposed the World War II draft and obtained a college deferment from military service during the war, was an inappropriate representative of the Canadian soldiers who fought here.

For Queen Elizabeth, the day was historic for another reason appreciated best by her countrymen. She had begun the day in Caen, where she had arrived overnight in the royal yacht Britannia, and she had visited the tomb of her ancestor, William the Conquerer — believed to be the first time in 900 years that a British sovereign had returned to pay homage to the Duke of Normandy, whose invasion in 1066 was the last occasion on which English troops had been defeated on their own soil.

She took note of the symbolism. "Together with our partners in this vast and courageous enterprise, we have today paid homage to the thousands of Allied soldiers, sailors and airmen who gave their lives on the beaches and in the fields and villages of our ancient conqueror William, Duke of Normandy," she said.

As a destroyer fired an eleven-gun salute, the assembled veterans, including Canadians and Poles, were treated to a fly-pass of an RAF World War II Spitfire, Hurricane, and Lancaster bomber. The pipes and drums of the Irish guards played a medley of popular World War II songs as they led the thousands of veterans in a march past the queen.

Earlier, at Bayeaux Cemetery, the queen and Prince Phillip delighted veterans and French alike by spending half an hour talking to them. One visitor who had missed the royal couple was Mrs. Kathleen Saunders of Hampshire, whose brother, Arthur, lies in the cemetery. Her mother, father, brother, and sister had been killed in a bombing raid on Portsmouth in 1941. Her grandfather was killed in the same way a year later. She is the last survivor of her family.

The queen met D-Day veteran Henry King, a reconnaissance division member who told her he was staying at the home of Michel Kairon, of Port en Bessin, one of the many Frenchmen who had opened their homes to veterans even though Mr. King and his wife were strangers and he knew little English.

The Kings knew no French.

It was, as the Queen told them both, part of the symbolism of D-Day.

Reporter's notebook: Gun aimer chastised

THE WASHINGTON TIMES

NORMANDY, France — A uniformed French security officer caused some excitement at Omaha Beach yesterday when he raised his rifle to his shoulder and appeared to take aim at a U.S. military helicopter carrying a group of journalists.

Although President Reagan was not nearby, a White House Secret Service agent sprinted toward the Frenchman and confronted him. Reporters who witnessed the incident said the French guard lowered his weapon, and it appeared the man was foolishly playing at aiming the weapon.

The Secret Service agent refused to discuss the incident.

•••

In another bizarre incident, reporters arriving at Omaha Beach from Cherbourg on a French press bus spotted a gun in the overhead rack of their bus.

Unable to find a Secret Service agent, reporters finally notified another White House official who climbed on the bus and removed the gun. It turned out to be a toy that had penetrated some of the heaviest security arrangements of modern times.

•••

President Reagan paused between ceremonies for an interview with Walter Cronkite, the retired veteran television newsman. The president was asked about plans for his own D-Day against the Democratic candidate for president — whether it be Walter Mondale, Sen. Gary Hart or whoever.

The president grinned and said, "Just tell them what we've done and what we're going to do and pretend they're not there."

•••

On his way back to London from the D-Day ceremonies in Normandy, President Reagan stopped off on the aircraft carrier Eisenhower and spoke to the crew by public address system. The carrier, which was in the English Channel in view of Omaha Beach, is named after the supreme commander of the European theater on D-Day, the late General and President Dwight D. Eisenhower.

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Some 1,000 D-Day veterans greeted President Reagan when he arrived at Pointe du Hoc. The veterans and their families yelled greetings to the president. One of them shouted, "Welcome aboard! You're 40 years late, Ronnie." As an Army officer, Mr. Reagan was in intelligence, logistical and film work and never saw combat in World War II.

•••

Gen. J. Lawton "Lightning Joe" Collins, 88, who now lives in Washington, commanded the D-Day operation 40 years ago and was here yesterday for the ceremonies. The senior surviving U.S. Army general, Gen. Collins was commander of the 7th Corps under the U.S. First Army that consisted of three infantry divisions, the Rangers and the airborne forces at Utah and Omaha Beaches and the airdrop zones near Ste Mare Eglise and Carentan.

Gen. Collins told reporters the ceremony yesterday was "wonderful." He pointed at President Reagan and said, "I voted for him once and I'm going to do it again very soon."

Of D-Day 40 years ago, he said, "It was a horrible day. We were blessed today with the weather. We were blessed then, too."

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Small American and French flags marked all the crosses and Stars of David in the American cemetery yesterday. Nancy Reagan placed a bouquet of red and white carnations and blue iris on the grave of the unknown soldier.

Actually 307 of the marble headstones are marked as graves of unknown U.S. soldiers. The cemetery on the bluff at Omaha has a father and son buried side by side and 33 sets of brothers, including the two sons of former President Theodore Roosevelt.

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Two communist officials were among the chiefs of delegations at Omaha Beach yesterday. They were Czechoslovakia's Minister of National Defense Martin Dzur and Polish Minister of Veterans Affairs Nieczaslaw Grudzien. They were present in deference to Czechs and Poles who landed with the British forces north of the American beach zone.

— Jeremiah O'Leary

Tories ba president's arms policy

THE WASHINGTON TIMES

LONDON — Thirty young Tory members of the British Parliament yesterday presented President Reagan with a letter supporting his efforts to strengthen Western defenses and deterrents as a means to safeguard peace and freedom.

The British conservatives were led by Peter Viggers, who read aloud the text of the letter of support.

The letter said in part:

"We remember with gratitude your country's sacrifices and staunch friendship for us in the past. Today we are conscious of the need for proper defense and deterrents to maintain peace and freedom.

"For this reason, we welcome your efforts to strengthen Western defenses and your country's strong support for NATO as the basis for the security of both our nations."

Mr. Reagan responded, "I'm very gratified to see that those vital lessons learned by my generation, lessons about the wisdom of collective defense and the need for allied strength and unity to defend free institutions, have been learned as well by all of you."

He said that today in Europe peace through strength is not a slogan, it is a fact of life.

— Jeremiah O'Lear

September	2.34	—	3.22	12.36-1975	Hong Kong	86/65s	Sydney	67/50s
October	4.84	—	2.90	8.18-1942	Jerusalem	83/61s	Tokyo	76/61s
November	5.09	—	2.82	6.70-1963	Lisbon	77/60pc	Toronto	90/69pc
December	5.81	—	3.18	6.54-1969	London	68/52pc	Vienna	68/53pc

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REAGAN

From page 1A

Mer cemetery who died in the bloom of youth, were present as the commander-in-chief paid homage to their heroism.

Mr. Reagan said of the Rangers at Pointe du Hoc: "You were young the day you took these cliffs. Some of you were hardly more than boys. Yet you risked everything here. Behind me is a memorial that symbolizes the Ranger daggers that were thrust into the top of these cliffs and before me are the men who put them there."

Mr. Reagan recalled emotionally how 225 Rangers climbed the sheer, desolate cliffs. They scaled rope ladders up the 130-foot precipice, climbing, shooting back at the Germans above and as quickly as one Ranger fell, another took his place.

Mr. Reagan called a roll in honor of those who came to Normandy under other flags that day. He recalled that 51st Highlanders thought they were dreaming when they heard bagpipes as their reinforcements arrived.

"The Americans who fought here that morning knew word of the invasion was spreading throughout the darkness back home," President Reagan said.

"They felt in their hearts, though they could not know in fact, that in Georgia they were filling the churches at 4 a.m., in Kansas they were kneeling on their porches and praying, and in Philadelphia they were ringing the Liberty Bell.

President Reagan said that in spite of the great reconciliation among those who had been enemies and the rebuilding of the Marshall Plan, some liberated countries were lost. The Soviet troops that came to the center of the continent did not leave when peace came and "they are still there, uninvited, unwanted, unyielding almost 40 years after the war."

"There is no reconciliation we would welcome more that a reconciliation with the Soviet Union so we can lessen the risks of war. It is fitting to remember here the great losses also suffered by the Russian people during the war: 20 million perished, the president said.

"We in America have learned bitter lessons from two world wars: It is better to be here, ready to protect peace, than to take blind shelter across the sea and rushing to respond only after freedom is lost. We have learned that isolationism never has and never will be an acceptable response to tyrannical governments with expansionist intent."

He declared that the United States is ready to seize the "beachhead of peace" but there must be a sign that the Soviet Union will give up the ways of conquest.

The president and Mrs. Reagan flew by helicopter from London to Pointe du Hoc and there inspected a powder magazine crater and gun emplacement with Ambassador to France Evan Galbraith and Superintendent Phil Rivers of the American cemetery at Normandy.

The president then walked to the cliffside with Ranger veterans Louis Lisko and Otto Masny, where they showed him how the cliffs were scaled with grappling hooks 40 years ago. Then at the nearby Ranger Monument, after speaking to the assembled veterans, Mr. Reagan unveiled the memorial plaques to the 2nd and 5th Ranger battalions.

The next stop was Omaha Beach, where the Americans landed two divisions in the invasion that on the first day cost the U.S. 1,465 killed, 3,184 wounded and 1,928 missing.

The president appeared to be deeply moved as he spoke at the U.S.-French ceremony at Omaha.

"Men bled and died here for a few inches of sand as bullets and shellfire cut through their ranks. At this place of honor, we are humbled by the realization of how much so many gave to the cause of freedom and to their fellow man. Some who survived the battle are here today. Others who hoped to return never did," he said.

Mr. Reagan told the story of Pfc. Peter R. Zanatta of the 37th Engineer Combat Battalion who was in the first wave. He learned from the soldier's daughter, Lisa Z. Henn, of Millbrae, Calif., that Mr. Zanatta died of cancer eight years ago.

The daughter said of her father's experience here four decades ago: "He made me feel the fear of being on that boat waiting to land. I can smell the ocean and feel the seasickness. I can see the soldiers' faces, the fear, the anguish, the uncertainty of what lay ahead. I can feel the strength and courage of the men who took the first steps through the tide to what must have looked like certain death. It brings tears to my eyes to think about my father as a 20-year-old boy having to face that beach.

"His explanation to me was that you did what you had to do and kept going," his daughter said.

President Reagan's voice broke with emotion in the speech at Omaha in which he used the moving language of Mrs. Henn about her memories of her father, and he was seen using his handkerchief after completing the speech. Later, Mr. Reagan told a group of women at the cemetery visitor's center: "War is terrible. This must never happen again."

The president ended what was probably the most stirring and emotional speech of his political career by telling the thousands at the Omaha Beach cemetery that Lisa Zanatta Henn was present.

He said she had promised her father she would make the journey to Normandy that he could not take. She told her father as he lay dying, "Dad, I'm going there and I'll put flowers there just like you wanted to do. I'll never forget what you went through, Dad, nor will I ever let anyone else forget — and, Dad, I'll always be proud."

President pays homage to dead of D-Day, cites hopes for peace

By Jeremiah O'Leary
THE WASHINGTON TIMES

OMAHA BEACH, France — His voice choked with the emotion of an extraordinary day commemorating one of the most dramatic days in the history of the nation, President Reagan yesterday paid homage to the dead and the aging survivors of the force of Allied liberators who came ashore on this wind-swept shore of France on D-Day 40 years ago.

"The men of Normandy had faith that what they were doing was right and God would grant them mercy on this beachhead," the president said.

Text of the president's speech is on page 5A.
Queen Elizabeth II speaks of European reconciliation. Page 5A.

The president spoke of the horrors of war, his hopes of peace, and of his determination to reach an understanding with the Soviet Union (which yesterday belittled the D-Day landings as having no military significance). But the day was an occasion to pay homage to the heroism and bravery of the nation's greatest invasion force, and the president, making no effort to hide his emotions, spoke with rare power and effectiveness.

"It was the deep knowledge, and pray God we have not lost it, that there is a profound moral difference between the use of force for liberation and the use of force for conquest," Mr. Reagan declared.

He recalled the sacrifices and the loss of life by American servicemen, some of them before they had achieved manhood. And he hailed their valor during the greatest invasion ever launched.

Kings and queens joined presidents and prime ministers at the observances at Omaha and Utah beaches and at Pointe du Hoc, where the American Rangers paid a heroic price in blood to climb a craggy precipice to silence guns that already had been moved.

UPI

President Reagan watches as Mrs. Reagan places a rose on the grave of an unknown soldier near Omaha Beach.

Similar ceremonies were held at British-Canadian beachheads of Juno, Gold and Sword, near the village of Gaen.

But Mr. Reagan's words were for the soldiers of the U.S. 1st, 4th and 29th Divisions and the Rangers who came ashore at Omaha and Utah from a heavy sea, and for the two airborne divisions who plummeted into the Normandy hedgerows inland to block German counter-attacks in the pre-dawn hours on June 6, 1944.

More than 30,000 veterans of D-day, now gray and mostly in their sixties, and 9,386 in the Colleville-Sur-

see **REAGAN**, *page 12A*

War encouraged German machinery exports decisively from 1951 to 1953. Few would attribute the German success solely to free-market policies; indeed, the *Sozialmarktwirtschaft* included increasing economic planning and widespread social security measures and public investment. But the West German success began the gradual swing of all Western Europe back toward laissez faire in the 1950s.

The German Democratic Republic, meanwhile, languished in poverty into the 1950s as the Russians drew reparations totaling an estimated 70 billion marks (at 200 times the rate the Western Allies drew reparations from West Germany after 1945) from that agricultural rump of the old Germany, a region about the size of Ohio. There was as yet little sign of the East German industrial growth of the 1960s. Many of East Germany's skilled young escaped to the West.

Both Walter Ulbricht and Konrad Adenauer governed under constitutions that were meant to be temporary. Both governed longer than Hitler, however. Although the division of Germany was accepted by few Germans, any conceivable form of unification seemed to require the victory of one half of Germany over the other.

Eastern Europe: Successor States as Russian Satellites

The dominant fact of life in Europe east of the Elbe River after 1945 was the Russian presence. Two hundred and fifty Russian divisions occupied Eastern Europe, and nothing could be done there against the will of Russian authorities.

The successor states created by the Versailles settlement of 1919 had been meant to fill the void left by the destruction of three great empires—Austria-Hungary, Germany, and Russia—with happy, prosperous, self-governing nationalities. Instead, the successor states had quarreled among themselves, divided Eastern Europe into closed economic backwaters, and fallen under various foreign influences. Resurgent Germany had established economic dominance over Eastern Europe during the depression and consolidated its hold during the Second World War.

That war replaced Germans with Russians in Eastern Europe. More or less by default, a system had evolved by which each power established its influence over the areas that its troops liberated. However earnestly the Western Allies wanted a say in the affairs of Eastern Europe, they had no physical presence in the area, nor were they inclined to reciprocate with a corresponding Russian say in the areas they had liberated, such as Italy or Japan. The Western Allies were neither physically nor morally prepared to challenge the Russian sphere in Eastern Europe. What was not yet clear in 1945 was how closely the Soviet Union would make these "friendly" states on its borders conform to its own economic and political system.

Eventually, with the exception of Austria, tightly closed Communist regimes controlled all the countries that Russian troops had entered in

1945: Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Romania, Bulgaria, Yugoslavia.[27] Albania, and East Germany (known after 1949 as the German Democratic Republic). A region of 90 million people, nearly half as populous as the Soviet Union itself, was virtually annexed to the Russian economic, political, and military system. The Russians called these countries Peoples' Democracies. Hostile Westerners called them satellites.

National Front Regimes, 1945–47

At the outset, the Russians did not install one-party Communist regimes. Until late 1947 or early 1948, the Russians permitted non-Communist elements to share power with indigenous Communists. The main mass movements in post-Hitlerian Eastern Europe—Social Democrats and agrarian or peasant parties—exercised a relatively large freedom of action within National Fronts.

No one could expect Eastern Europe to return to interwar conditions. Few would have even wanted such a restoration. The successor states' initial parliamentary systems had almost all turned into autocracies of various sorts, none of them successful. All were discredited, along with much of the ruling classes, by collaboration with the Germans. This still archaic agricultural region with an overcrowded and underemployed rural population continued to be stirred by intense land hunger. What there was of large-scale commerce and industry, much of it foreign owned and damaged by the war, was riper for nationalization than for a free-market economy, which had never really worked well in that region. Eastern Europe was no less ready to jettison its discredited interwar arrangements than was Western Europe.

There was no major grass-roots revolutionary wave in Eastern Europe in 1945 comparable to that of 1918 to 1920. The Russian liberators were not met by spontaneous soviets or workers' and peasants' councils claiming sovereignty for a revolutionary people, except in Yugoslavia and Albania, which were beyond their control. Nor did they try to stimulate anything of the sort. The Russians were interested in control of the former German empire in Eastern Europe, not a rerun of 1917. However, they did not try to smother all local aspirations for change. The Russians channeled indigenous ferments in ways beneficial to their control.

Land redistribution was the most revolutionary act of the National Front regimes in Eastern Europe. The case of Romania may serve as an example. The agrarian leader Petru Groza, of the Plowman's Front, was more or less forced on King Michael as prime minister, with Communist

[27] Yugoslavia remained Communist but outside the Russian sphere after Marshal Tito refused to accept Russian control over his secret police and Army in 1948. Since Yugoslavia had liberated itself without Russian troops, like Albania, its Communist-led resistance movement carried through a revolutionary seizure of power and assumed one-party rule, unlike the National Front regimes in the Russian-controlled areas up through 1947. Thus Yugoslavia stood first to the left of Soviet policy and then to the right.

support, soon after Romania surrendered. Through a law of March 23, 1945, even before Germany had been defeated, the state expropriated all estates larger than fifty hectares (110 acres), as well as those larger than ten hectares that had not been cultivated for seven years, and the land of collaborators. Nearly 800,000 peasant families were given about three acres apiece. Although the agrarian reform in Romania in 1919 and 1920 had involved more land (over 1 million peasant families had received an average of nearly nine acres apiece), this step in 1945 seemed to complete the triumph of the small farmer. Throughout Eastern Europe, from Poland to Bulgaria, 3 million peasant families shared about 6 million acres of land in similar acts of expropriation.

In ways reminiscent of Lenin's tactic of giving land to the peasants in 1917, the National Front regimes took over the policies of agrarians and reaped a harvest of peasant followers. This dramatic completion of the post-First World War land reforms was not without its dangers for the Communist parties, however. It created a host of inefficient small plots in a region of low agricultural productivity. The mass of small landholders would vigorously resist any turn toward collectivization. And it prepared fertile ground for the Communists' main rivals, the agrarian parties, who could promise the small landholders long-term security more convincingly than the Communists.

The other main domestic work of the National Fronts in Eastern Europe was nationalization of key sectors of the economy. The local Communist parties supported the old program of their Social Democratic allies within the National Fronts. The nationalization of steel, coal, and the major banks and insurance companies met with little opposition in Eastern Europe, where the major industries and mines had been French and British before becoming German, and where the indigenous middle class tended to be small.

Even Czechoslovakia, the only industrialized country in Eastern Europe, and one with a substantial indigenous middle class, had no trouble nationalizing its economy. It had a well-developed trade union movement and Marxist political parties. Moreover, many of the country's major industrial owners were foreigners or collaborationist Czechs, some of whom had fled ahead of the Russian armies. The provisional administration of the first days, in which Communist and socialist workers were prominent, installed temporary state administrators of such property. Much *de facto* nationalization had already taken place, therefore, before the pre-Munich rulers of Czechoslovakia returned after their country's liberation. The presidential decree of October 1945 nationalized all sectors of the economy essential to the national interest (mines, metal production, electric power, armaments works, banks, and insurance companies) as well as all firms that employed more than 120 to 500 workers, depending on the kind of enterprise involved. As in Western Europe, the Czech Social Democrats were more eager for total nationalization than the Czech Communists, who were interested in maintaining broad political alliances at this stage. The National Front

settled on nationalizing about three-quarters of Czech industries employing about two-thirds of Czech industrial workers;[28] smaller enterprises and most commerce were left in private hands. Compensation was promised, but when the Communists took power in 1948 it had not yet been paid. The Communists then nationalized all firms with more than fifty workers.

The National Fronts' agrarian and industrial policies both built on local nationalism. Land reform had a particularly nationalist character in Eastern Europe, because the largely Slavic rural population had long endured the exactions of Germanic and Magyar landlords and creditors. The last of the Germanic large farmers in Eastern Europe were now swept away in their home nation's defeat, while the Magyar landlords in Romania were reduced to small landholders. Communist parties successfully placed themselves in the forefront of this marriage of land hunger and nationalism. The Polish Communist Wladislaw Gomulka, later long-term party secretary (1956–70), was put in charge of settling Polish families on lands vacated by the Germans east of the Oder and Neisse rivers in 1945. In this way, Communist parties in Poland and elsewhere got credit for the "revenge of the Slavs and Romanians against the 'master races'."[29] Nationalization of industry was easier, too, in circumstances in which foreigners had come to dominate Eastern European enterprises between the wars.

Finally, the National Fronts profited from the immediate postwar surge of antifascist and anti-German feeling. Peoples like the Poles and the Czechs, who expelled millions of Germans from their ancestral homes in 1945, and all who remembered Nazi brutalities better than they could imagine the consequences of Russian dominance, felt they needed the Russians more than the Russians needed them. The postwar purges helped open the way for new political elites, particularly in former dictatorships and monarchies like Hungary, Romania, and Bulgaria, whose leaders and principal businessmen had collaborated with the Nazis. It is doubtful that the National Front regimes of Eastern Europe actually executed more collaborators than did Western European regimes after the liberation,[30] but the vacant leadership positions were more readily occupied by Communists in Russian-occupied Eastern Europe.

In all these ways, the National Front regimes built on indigenous pressures for change and renovation following the dark night of war and collaboration. And after the failure of the successor states to make democracy work between the wars, there was far less interest in a return to the parliamentary experiments of the 1920s than Western Europeans had felt in their own better established liberties.

[28] Josef Korbel, *The Communist Subversion of Czechoslovakia, 1938–48: The Failure of Coexistence* (Princeton, N.J., 1959), p. 165.

[29] François Fejtö, *Histoire des démocraties populaires* (Paris, 1952), p. 150.

[30] More than 2000 in Bulgaria; 362 in Czechoslovakia, of whom 250 were Germans; 430 in Hungary. France executed 767 collaborators.

Degrees of Russian Control

Russia did not treat all the states of Eastern Europe alike, of course. Russian control was most direct in the principal border states: Poland, Romania, and Bulgaria. Poland, the key to keeping Germany in check, clearly had the highest priority. We have already seen how Stalin broke with the London Poles as early as 1943 and prepared a Communist provisional government in exile in Moscow. At Yalta and Potsdam, the Western Allies had been able to persuade Stalin to include only two London Poles—including the agrarian leader Stanislaw Mikolajczyk—in the new government. When elections were finally held in January 1947, major industries had already been nationalized and opposition parties were harassed by the police and the Communist party. Following Communist successes in these elections, Mikolajczyk went into exile, in October 1947, and the Polish government could be seen as a Russian satellite regime. The commander in chief of the Polish armed forces from 1949 to 1956, Marshal Konstantin Rokossovsky, was a Russian officer.

The Russians also asserted their will forcefully in Romania, which was not only a major border state but one whose armies had invaded the Ukraine in 1941. Although the young King Michael had hastily changed sides in 1944 (and had received the Russian Order of Victory for it), he was obliged to choose his first postwar prime minister from within the National Democratic Front, a coalition of agrarians and Communists. The first elections a year and a half later, in November 1946, were marked by harassment of the opposition (as oppositions had always been harassed in Romanian elections). The Romanians lost eastern and northern territory to the Russians, but having regained Transylvania from Hungary at Russia's behest, they continued to need Russian support.

Bulgaria was the simplest case. This country of small peasant proprietors, so similar to Russia in language, religion, and culture, had felt strong sentimental ties to Russia even in tsarist times. A relatively free election in November 1945 overwhelmingly replaced the monarchy (which had been a passive Axis satellite) with the Fatherland Front, a coalition of Communists and agrarians.

Russian control remained far looser during this "dualism" period in the less strategically vital Czechoslovakia and Hungary. Czechoslovakia was the exception to every Eastern European rule. It was an industrialized country in the peasant sea of Eastern Europe. It was the one Eastern European nation with a substantial middle class and industrial working class and an experience of political democracy between the wars. Czechoslovakia was the only Eastern European country with a large indigenous Communist party even before the Second World War. And it was the only one in which prewar leaders were restored to power. During the "dualism" period, the prewar democratic leaders—President Eduard Beneš and Foreign Minister Jan Masaryk—proposed to govern

a social democracy with domestic political liberty while maintaining close voluntary relations with the Soviet Union in foreign affairs.

As early as December 1943, President Beneš—then in exile in London—visited Moscow and concluded a treaty of alliance and postwar cooperation with Stalin. Beneš told Molotov that in important matters the postwar Czechoslovak government "would always speak and act in a fashion agreeable to . . . the Soviet government."[31] Beneš' deliberate and controversial choice of close cooperation with the Soviet Union was based on his fear of postwar German revival, his disillusion with the failure of England and France to protect him in 1938, and a realistic reading of probable postwar power relationships in Eastern Europe.

The Russians later became much more powerful in Eastern Europe than Beneš (or anyone else) had imagined in 1943, but his calculation seemed to work at first. After the Soviets liberated Prague, they permitted the restoration of the prewar Czechoslovak Republic with its full range of parties and Beneš as president. In return for the cession to the Soviet Union of the eastern tip of his country (whose Ruthenian people spoke a Ukrainian dialect), Beneš had a firm guarantee against future German efforts to regain the Sudetenland, from which he expelled almost the entire German population. At the end of 1945, Soviet troops were withdrawn from Czechoslovakia. In free elections in May 1946, the Communists, building on a strong prewar base, received 38 percent of the vote. Their leader, Klement Gottwald, was the logical choice for prime minister in a coalition cabinet with socialists and Beneš' liberal followers. Beneš' regime was a test of whether it was possible for a relatively open, pluralistic regime to cooperate voluntarily with the Soviet Union as a "friendly" but non-Communist neighbor.

Hungary was an overwhelmingly agricultural country whose upper classes had been deeply implicated in Admiral Horthy's policy of cooperation with the Axis. It was not surprising, then, that in free elections in November 1945—the freest in Hungary's troubled history—the peasant Smallholders' party received an absolute majority, and the Smallholders' leader, Zoltan Tildy, became prime minister of the new Hungarian Republic. The Communist vote was about 20 percent. There seemed to be no effort at that time to tie Hungary to a closed Soviet sphere.

Could these dualist regimes, in which local Communist parties shared power with other parties under the eye of Russian Army units, be permanent? Would the Russians be satisfied with pluralist non-Communist regimes at their borders? Given the disruption and chaos of the immediate postwar years, would the mixed regimes be able to surmount problems that previous regimes had failed to deal with except by some form of autocracy?

These questions soon became academic. From the summer of 1947

[31]Quoted in Vojtech Mastny, "The Beneš-Stalin-Molotov Conversations in December 1943," *Jahrbücher für Geschichte Osteuropas,* Vol. 20 (1970): 373.

into early 1948, all the areas within reach of Soviet soldiers were brought under one-party Communist control.

Soviet Crackdown in Eastern Europe

The first sign of the Soviet crackdown was a concerted attack throughout Eastern Europe on the Communists' main rivals for a mass following, the agrarian parties. In July 1947, the Romanian National Peasant and National Liberal parties were dissolved, and the peasant leader Iuliu Maniu was sentenced to life imprisonment. In the same month the Bulgarian agrarian leader Nikolaj Petkov was brought to trial and executed. In August 1947, elections in Hungary, in which intimidation was widespread, reduced the hold of the majority Smallholders' party. In October 1947, the Polish agrarian leader Mikolajczyk fled abroad. These attacks on the agrarian parties were followed by political changes: King Michael of Romania abdicated at the end of December 1947. The Communists seized power in Czechoslovakia in February 1948. During the six months from late summer 1947 to early 1948, all the National Front, or dualist, regimes were replaced by one-party Communist regimes.

The facts are clear enough. Their meaning is more difficult to be sure of. For those who believe that the Russians meant all along to impose Communist regimes on Eastern Europe, the two years from 1945 to 1947 were mere preparation. It seems likely, however, that the Russians cracked down when confronted by two pressures: their desire to draw on the wealth of Eastern Europe for reconstruction, and their fear of losing control of Eastern Europe unless they governed it more directly. From this point of view, the turning point came with the announcement of the Marshall Plan in June 1947. Czech, Polish, and Hungarian interest in taking part was a warning that the mixed regimes might be tempted to participate in the reviving Western European economy.

The Czech takeover of February 1948 clearly suggests that the Russians feared a decline of their postwar position in Eastern Europe. In early 1948, the non-Communist members of the government proposed to resign in a body and call new elections in which the Communists were unlikely to get the 38 percent they had won in 1946. President Beneš received the resignations on February 21, 1948. The Communist party and trade unions responded by occupying the main government buildings in Prague and preventing the election from taking place. In that sense, the Prague *coup* of February 1948 was a preemptive move designed to keep Czechoslovakia from slipping back into the Western economic orbit. Beyond that, however, the Communists forced Beneš to form a government dominated by Communists under Gottwald. When Foreign Minister Jan Masaryk was found dead in the courtyard of the Foreign Ministry on March 10, an apparent suicide,[32] and when Beneš

[32]There is some evidence that he was pushed rather than jumped from the window.

died the following September, there were no further barriers to a one-party Communist regime. The Czech *coup* sent shock waves throughout the world, for it showed that Stalin would not tolerate anything short of outright Communist control of the border states, and it aroused fears of other Communist *coups* in Europe.

Peoples' Democracies

The new Communist regimes in Eastern Europe were called Peoples' Democracies, to distinguish them from the more advanced Russian socialist state. The constitutions provided for parliamentary forms and guarantees of the usual liberties. In practice, the Communist party and the security police lay at the heart of the system. The local Communist parties were brought under direct Russian control in a series of purges in the late 1940s and early 1950s. A number of old-line local Communists (of whom the most celebrated was the Hungarian Laszlo Rajk) and Jewish Communists, such as the Hungarian Anna Pauker, the Czech Rudolph Slansky, and ten other Jewish Communist leaders in Czechoslovakia, were replaced by leaders devoted to the Russians. Only Yugoslavia, which had liberated itself and had no common border with the Soviet Union, preserved a form of national communism separate from the Soviet bloc after 1948, despite efforts by the Russians first to control it and then to eliminate it.

The Eastern European satellites were geared to the economic needs of Soviet reconstruction. This entailed the forced collectivization of small farms after 1948, over vigorous peasant protests. Surplus labor was diverted into factory production under a series of Five Year Plans begun in 1948. Former trade patterns with the West were broken. The Russian share of Czech trade, for example, increased from 6 percent in 1947 to 27.5 percent in 1950 and to 34.5 percent in 1956. By 1947 Eastern Europe as a whole provided a market for nearly half of Russia's exports and supplied more than a third of Russia's imports. Because Russian exports were priced above world prices and imports below, a high degree of forced contributions to Russian reconstruction was extracted from these economies: an amount estimated at $20 billion since the end of the war. These exactions postponed Eastern European recovery and made it a grim and unhappy area long after Western Europe had returned to prosperity.

Reconstruction and Orthodoxy in the Soviet Union

The Soviet Union faced the most gigantic reconstruction task of any belligerent in the war. Up to 20 million people had been killed, and whole regions of western Russia—the most highly developed area before the war—had been devastated by fighting and scorched earth tactics. Stalin was determined not merely to restore the Russian economy to its prewar levels but to build an industrial base appropriate to Russia's new

world role as the greatest military force on the Continent and the leader of a group of "friendly" new regimes.

There were two possible routes toward industrial growth. One of them, reconstruction through aid from the West, probably seemed too costly to Stalin's freedom of political action. In any case, Stalin had been reminded of its limitations by the sudden end of lend-lease in 1945 and the disputes over reparations from the Western occupation zones in Germany. The other route was a return to the 1930s policy of extracting development capital from the labor of Soviet citizens. Reconstruction was eased slightly by the unwilling aid of Eastern Europe and by the labor of German prisoners, but it rested mostly on the willingness of most Russians to tighten their belts once more. From 1946 to 1950, while housing remained so desperately short that newly married couples lived for years with in-laws in a single room, and while only the barest minimum of consumer goods was being produced, the Russian leaders poured more capital into investment than they had in the thirteen years following the launching of the First Five Year Plan in 1928. This accomplishment rested on extracting every possible kopek of surplus value from the labor of both men and women. In a population whose males had been decimated by wars and civil wars, women made up most of the doctors, 57 percent of agricultural labor, and a third of heavy manual labor.[33] Russia was on its way to creating the industrial basis for a world power position on the backs of a population crammed into small rooms and barely supplied with the basic necessities.

It might have been expected that the end of the war would open new breathing spaces in Russia's tightly closed society. Quite the contrary happened. A certain ideological relaxation had accompanied the Great Patriotic War. Many Soviet citizens had been exposed to Western contacts, to revived religion, to a resurgence of private farm plots during wartime shortages, and even, in the Western occupied areas, to years of life under non-Communist rule. After the war the Soviet regime perceived these wartime relaxations as a threat to orthodoxy, compounded by the return of Russian prisoners of war (some of them against their will) and the need to assimilate new populations in the lands taken from Poland, Czechoslovakia, and Romania.

Stalin accompanied physical reconstruction with tightened orthodoxy. His chief lieutenant immediately after the war (1946–48) was Andrei Zhdanov, the party boss of Leningrad during the wartime siege and a particularly narrow-minded representative of that new generation of party functionaries whose career had consisted more of serving the Soviet state than of opposing tsardom.[34] The Zhdanov decrees of 1946 subordinated all forms of literary and scientific expression to the political needs of the regime.

The arts declined into numbing conformity. The great filmmaker Sergei Eisenstein, whose *Alexander Nevsky* had helped kindle Russian

[33]Isaac Deutscher, *Stalin: A Political Biography,* 2nd ed. (New York, 1967), p. 576.
[34]Zhdanov was twenty-one years old in 1917.

patriotism after 1938, ran into trouble with his striking depiction of a despot's moral decay, *Ivan the Terrible.* The composer Sergei Prokofiev, who had been persuaded to return to Russia from California in the late 1930s, found his work impeded by politicians' criticisms. Many novelists were silent. The novelist Boris Pasternak earned a living by translations. The most celebrated instance of political interference in science was the power that Trofim Lysenko wielded over biology. Lysenko was an agronomist whose conviction that acquired characteristics could be inherited fit Stalin's faith in the possibility of changing mankind by changing the environment. Lysenko's domination of biology crippled the science of genetics in the Soviet Union for a generation.

Even before the Cold War had taken clear shape in international relations, the Russian forced labor camps were filled with actual or potential dissidents. There were returning prisoners of war, some of whom were shipped directly from the camps of Hitler to the camps of Stalin. There were ethnic groups that the Russians had dispersed preventively before the Nazi advance, such as the Volga Germans, and others that had collaborated with the invader, such as the Crimean Tartars. And there were young Russians imprisoned for frank wartime speaking. The young Army Captain Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, who had been trained as a mathematician before the war, had been arrested in Germany at the war's end for criticizing Stalin in letters to a friend. As he was taken down a long escalator in the Moscow subway, on his way to fourteen years of imprisonment, facing the unknowing faces of other Russians on their way up, he resolved to become a writer to tell his fellow citizens about that other Russia, the world of prisoners, that was growing so rapidly even in the moment of Russian triumph.[35] But things were to become even tighter in the Cold War before Solzhenitsyn's name would be known to many Russians.

[35]Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, *The Gulag Archipelago, 1918–1956,* trans. Thomas P. Whitney (New York, 1974), pp. 17–18.